INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

REV. DR. O'REILLY'S LETTER

An Interesting Account of Artane Industrial School, Dublin

ARTANE, May 29.—After going over every part of the industrial school created here by the Christian Brothers, aided by the sceningly inexhaustible charity of the citizens of Dubliu, I was not surprised that Lord Spencer had selected this Catholic establishment from among so many as deserving of a visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lord in Cork, does not hesitate to affirm that the industrial school at Artane has not its equal means the good Brothers began here their beneficent labors, with what heroic self-sacriwhat wonderful results they have achieved.

Began fourteen years ago, "without a single shilling of their own." as the Brother Director expressed it, the beautiful grounds have been purchased, the vast central building, with the workshops and subsele on cithout the workshops are cithout the workshops and subsele on cithout the workshops are cithout the workshop are cithout the workshops are cithout the work fice their undertaking was carried on, and with the workshops and schools on cither side, has grown as grows a great bee's rest, from a single little cell, until now 900 loys, thoroughly educated and taught respectively

some twenty odd trades 'Both the Prince and Princess showed their warm approciation of these results, and so did the crowd of the titled and the wealthy who had flocked to Artane to look upon their futere King and Queen, and to whom the eight of this institution with its 900 bright, intelligent, happy children was a revela-

Let us bear in mind that the Government has never contributed a penny toward the purchase of the ground or the erection or furniture of the vast pile I have now before which we had the pleasure of hearing at the me. A small pittance towards the maintendance of our visit. These little musicians of me. A small pittance towards the maintenance of each of the boys was granted by the Treasury when the establishment had evercome the first difficulties and was attracting a good deal of public attention. The Brothers, from the beginning, had to send some of their number to collect the necessary funds through the streets of Dublin, while others of their community were impy with their serolars in doing the work of masons, bricklayers and carpenters, constructing the hive that now shelters so many industries and so many happy young toilers. And, as one must see on approaching the great central building, the school is still increasing : and the Brothers, as their means permit them, are continually making additions to the waifs gathered from the streets and by-

As I have said, both the Government and the City Corporation grant the School of Artane a yearly pittance for each boy, which merely goes to supply him with food. The remaining enormous expenses of the cetallishment are met by the donation of the citizens of Public, whose charity supports an incredible number of similar institutions. Of course, nothing but this charity and the unpaid devotion of the Brothers themselves, together with the produce of the pupils' skilled labor, could enable the School of Artane to live a single year. But, thanks especially to this self sacrificing devotion of noble men, this school steadily grows and prospers. To se men, not one of whom is in priest's orders, give their whole time, their whole strength, their whole life, and with a love that never wearies or weakens, to the task of lifting up from vice, degradation, and misery, those hundreds of children of the grat of the laboring poor. The Christian Brothers are only one division of the great army of educators who are laying deep in the souls of the laboring, the middle, and the wealthy classes the imperishable foundations of that rectionality toward which the New Ireland is aspiring -a nationality founded not on the mere cultivation of the mind, but on the training of the heart to the virtues of perspiration, but when these are suddenly true Christian naphood.

While the royal visitors at Artane were admiring and praising with such unfeigned satisfaction these 900 boys, so well taught in all necessary book knowledge and so well trained in the most improved methods of modern industry and handicraft, neither they Several large companies in Bombay manusor Lord Spencer nor the titled ladies and facture ice and sell it at half an anna, one gentlemen w to shared their admiration re- and three-fourths cents, per pound. flected, probady, that the Christian Brothers clucate in Dubin alone 7,000 boys ; that, in all Ireland, they yearly number upward of 30,000 scholars. Every fourteen years 60,000 young men, thoroughly prepared to enter successfully on industrial carcers, or to compete for university honors and professional distinction, go forth from their schools.

I have said that twenty and more trades are taught in this school, every one of them under well-selected and well-paid masters chosen from the trades, all superintended by the Brothers. The course lasts seven years, boys who manifest special aptitude being allowed to remain longer to perfect them still more The pupils of this school are already in great demand in the foremost industrial establishments in the United Kingdom. A wise economy of time allows three hours daily for the schoolroom, in which all are carefully taught the elements of literary and scientific knowledge in view of their future avocations. The remaining hours of the day are divided between the workshop, meal times and healthful play in the beautiful grounds.

Our first surprise at Artane was caused by our entrance into the great junior school, or workshop rather, in the main building, where 150 of the younger boys-from eight to ten years of age-were as busy as bees, working in classes in three ranks down the sides of a vest hall, lefty, well aired, well lighted, and nandsomely decorated. Printers, weavers, tailors, carvers of ornamental woodwork were wholly intent on their labor; experienced artisans and mechanicians superintending the little workmen, while foremen taken from the more advanced classes stood in front of each group of knitters, weavers, etc., ready to detect and correct minor misakes. No one seemed to notice our presence as we passed through. Here is made most of the light clothing used in the establishment-stockings, slippers, woven panta-loons and jackets, neckties and linen collars, cotton and woollen coverlets. Several of the boys were moving about, dressed from head to foot in habiliments of their own manufacture. And right smart and nest they appeared. The others were their working suits. For play they put on stronger

clothing. Passing by the music hall and through a vast and lofty corridor some 300 feet long, which serves on occasion for general musters and exhibitions, we visited, outside the main building, the two great piles of workshops and class rooms. One one side are the engine room, with the flour mill, bakery, browery, blacksmith's forge, the iron, brass and tin workers, the carpenters, cabinetmakers, slice! makers, tailors, saddlers, plumbers and for torpidity of the liver, costiveness, and all glaziers. On the other side are the graduated derangements of the digestive apparatus. tts

class-rooms, all fitted with the admirable charts and school furniture of the Christian Brothers; then come the larger workshops, in which are the most improved looms for weaving the cloths, shirting, sheeting, bedticking, etc., as well as the manufacture for hair and wire mattresses.

We passed through all, examining scruti-nizing, comparing. The dormitories, which occupy the entire unper portion of the main building, are marvels of neatness, order and cleanliness, forming vast and lotty halls, lightsome and airy, and commanding a wide prospect over the adjoining historic plain of Clontarf, the Bay of Dublin, the Hill of Howth, and the Wicklow mountains. Each dormitory has its lavatory, with a shining waxed floor, two towels for each basin, and everything as fresh and new looking as if it were of recent manufacture. When Mr. Gladstone visited the place some years ago, he inquired how the Brothers managed to Spencer, who expressed a warm admiration for the Christian Brothers' educational labors in Cork, does not hesitate to affirm that the industrial school at Artane has not its equal exclaimed the Prime Minister. "Aye, inin all Europe. This must seem a not deed," said the other. "When any of our exaggerated judgment to any one who boys commit a fault against discipline, they knows with what inadequate worldly do penance by polishing these floors: and do penance by polishing these floors: and they do not think it a nacdship." A statue of the youthful St. Aloysius Gonzaga is in the middle of the princ ; al lavatory. "Whom

Need I say that everywhere, from the blacksmith's forge, with its group of bare armed, well fed, sturdy, and smiling apprentaken from the slums of Dublin, are here tice lade, to the music hall with its admirably trained bands of instrumentalists and voca lists, we saw contentment, earnestness, and that bright and intolligent alacrity which indicates a consciousness of advancing in one's studies? There was not a cloudy or moody countenance to be seen, nor any but rosy,

happy faces. "What, then," I hear it asked, "do they teach these poor lads music and the fine arts?" Music, both vocal and instrumental, they do certainly teach, and most successfully. They have, besides, an admirable military band, an orchestra of some forty performers, from nine to fourteen years of age played two very difficult concert pieces, the leader being ala i of sixteen, named Keane, looked upon already as an accomplished musician, and who is muster of the piano, organ, violin, ciarinet, etc. Old and distinguished musical connoisseurs were I and in praise of the faultless execution of the pieces. And then a lady present asked for a sing, and we had one of Moore's melodies and another beautiful song rendered in solo an ! chorus with a perfection which Dub-

lin and onces applaud with enthusiasm. I have not said one-tenth of what I purposed saying about this school, and the great school (the O'Connell School) in North Richmond street, and the Deaf Mute Institute at the structure and opening their doors to Cabra -all under the Brothers, and equally to be graised and admired. These and such as these are the glory and the hope of New Ireland.

A FORTUNE FOR " " CHAPIN, OF

MAYNAKU, MASS. Mr. J. W. Chapin, a dealer in teas, etc., in Mr. J. W. Chapin, a dealer in tens, etc., in Maynard, Maes., came into the city to collect \$1,200, providentially his property. Some weeks ago he purchased from M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., a one-fifth of ticket No. 18 807, in the drawing for May 12th, in The Louisiana State Lottery. He received from Adams' Express Co. \$1,200,—Roston (Mass.) Star. June 3.

Referring to the wealth of flowers at Florence, a correspondent writes thence: "Yesterday I bought four dozen beautiful Marshal Niel and other roses for half a franc.

In this country the degrees of heat and cold are not only various in the different seaextreme to the other in a few hours, and as these changes cannot fail to increase or diminish the praspiration, they must of course affeet the healt's. Nothing so suddenly ob structs the perspiration as sudden transitions from leat to cold. Heat rarifles the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. In such cases use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup.

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[Now First Published].

CAMIOLA

A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of Athens," dc.

CHAPTER XII.-Continued.

Alas! this was the only way to make Camiola more resolute than ever in her sacri fice. Lady Letitia did not mean to do this for the moment she really meant what she said. She felt a stronger and a better will rising up within her, and she would have gone and told Georgie her resolve il Camiola had allowed her, but Camiola would not. It seemed to the girl that it would be better to be married at once and done with it put out of the reach of any more per secution. Her late experiences had put her into a mood to seek refuge and shelter anywhere; and to a girl marriage seems almost as secure a retreat from the troubles of the outer world itself. Besides, when she got murried she would be done with her absurd fancy for Romont ; so she said to her own heart. She would make the whole family of the Lisles happy; she would secure herself from foolish love fancies of her own, and from the persecution of other people's love fancies. Oh yes; she saw her way growing quite clear before her.

For the moment, however, Lady Letitia would not yield. She insisted that Camiola must think the matter over once more before deciding; and Camiola promised to think it over, being quite decided in her own mind all the time. So the day went by, and she had said nothing about Janette's love affair; and that very evening Jauette came to her breath less, and drew her aside, and began with looks of intense earnestness:

"Camiola, dear; you didu't say anything about that to-day? There was only one business in the world

for Janette now, and it was that. "No! Janette, dear," Camiola said, rather penitently. "I hadn't much of a chance, you

know. I thought it would not be well."
"Oh, I am so glad; I am so glad. Please don't say a word to anyone."

"No, have you changed your mind : Has anything happened?" Changed my mind, Camiola : 1 wonder at you. No, indeed ; I never could change But I have seen Walter, and he does not wish; he is particularly anxious that nothing should be said to anyone just yet. He has reasons, the best reasons; I leave all to his judgment. Promise me this, Camiola-oh, you are so kind and good : promise me that you will not say a word to anyone until I ask

you again." What could Camiola do but promise? Per haps if she had been less troubled with her own affairs she might have suspected some thing in this change of purpose, but she suspected nothing and felt it a relief not to have to open the matter to Lady Letitia.

There was a strong family likeness between Georgie Lisle and his sister Janette. Both were impulsive, impetuous, sentimental, effusive, even hysterical; both were capable of any amount of illusion and delusion; self-delusion not the least. But there was one great difference which out of qualities that otherwise might have been absclutely the same sent forth two human creawith tendencies totally different. tures Georgie was an egotist: Janette was not. Janctte's affections, loves, hopes, dreams, ambitions, were all for others and of others. Poor Georgie's egetism made him in many ways merely selfish. He could not conceive in his own mind the idea of self-sacrifice. He could not understand it; it never appealed to him: it made no part of his existence. He was madly in love with Camiola, and he merely thought of marrying her for her own sake, be ause he loved her. Janette had fallen madly in love with Walter Fitzurse and she thought morning and night only of what would please him; what would suit him and serve him, what would bring her people to love him. It was for his sake solely that she consented not to speak out openly to her father and mother, not to tell them of her strong love and ask them to allow her to marry her lover. Walter would not have this; and she urged it no more. He told her that their only safe course was to make their marriage certain in the first instance; and she thought it was for him to say. Nobody could understand her welfare. she was satisfied, so well as the man who loved her and whom she loved. She would positively have conscuted to give him up if that would be for his good.

Some days of monotonous and unspeakable dreariness followed. The rector's house broaded in gloom. Poor Georgie continued very unwell; so unwell that all talk of love and marriage was put aside for the moment; and this in itself was something of a relief if not an actual comfort to Camiola. But the face of Lady Letitia bore always a melancholy, half-reproachful expression as she looked at Camiola. "What have you done, what are you doing with my boy?"she scemed to ask. "Have you killed him, him whom Providence allowed to get over the danger of the savage enemy's spear?" Lady Letitia was far too kind and was too much of a Christian woman to say anything like this to Camiola, and in her calmer moments shorecognized the cruel injustice of such a thought. But her boy was ailing; her boy was weak; her boy was dying, perhaps; and if Camiola had been more kind to him in time she might have saved him. People don't die of love now, to be sure, Lady Letitia admitted to herself; but George might not have been sick at all if it had not been for his fatal passion. Lady Letitia did not know anything of the reopening of Georgie's physical wound on the unlucky night of the entertainments at Fitzurse House. If she had known she would have found out another and a much stronger reason for holding Camiola Sabine responsible for the illness and the danger of her boy. Camiola began to think in despair "I cannot stand this any longer. If Georgie recoversand oh, please God, he will recover—I will marry him; I will do anything they all like; what does it matter about me?

One dreary, windy, wintry, wild, cold even-ing, when summer seemed to have suddenly dropped out of the sky, Camiola utterly gave

way. Georgie was getting better.
"Oh, Lady Letitia; you must tell poor dear foolish Georgie that of course I'll marry him; since he really wishes it. I am follow. ing the dictates of my own heart and my own conscience when I say that I will do what I know you would all like me to do; and I like it myself; I do, indeed; now. I will go and tell Georgie myself-but you must come

Camiola suddenly remembered that her announcement to her lover might penhaps be the signal for a storm of kisses if she were alone with him, and she shrank from this prospect with a shuddering sensation that did not seem the natural prelude to a happy

ust come with me."

Lady Letitia's heart sank within her. She understood Camiola's re-uctance. She could not help seeing only too plainly that Cami-

ola's was a mere sacrifice.
"Camiola," she said, staying the girl with
one hand, "I am afraid you have not thought enough of this.'

"Oh, yes, I have thought quite enough; I don't want to think about it any more." Little Alice suddenly bounced into the

room with angry cheeks, and eyes of fire.
"Don't do it, Camiola," the child exclaimed, "don't marry Georgie -he's a had, nasty, selfish, silly boy; and you shan't marry him. I don't love him any more; not

one bit, for he wants to take you away. Alice kissed Camiola passionately and clung

to her.
"But, Alice dear, he is not going to take me away; I am to be here always. "He will take you away," the child repeated; "I know he will. People always go away when they are married. Mr. Fitz-

" For shame, you silly child," Lady Letitia said, turning crimson with surprise and anger; "how can you say such things? who told you to say that? what do you mean?"
"No one told me; but I know it all the same," Alice said, doggedly. "Janette is going to marry Mr. Fitzurse and he will take her away; and I am fonder of Camiola now; and I won't have her taken away. I'll go and

urse is going to take Janette away."

tell Georgie that he shan't." This created something like a diversion in Lady Letitia's mind, and for a moment Georgie's love pangs were forgotten. The child was talking nonsense she thought: utter nonsense; she was always saying odd things But a to sing chill went through Lady Letitia nevertheless. Was there a new trouble before her, of which, up to that moment, she had never dreamed ?

"Where is Janette :" she asked. Do you know.Camiola :''

"Janette is gone out with Mr. Fitzurse, Alice promptly answered; "I know she is."

CHAPTER XIII .- THE MUSIC ROOM.

The decision was taken and was announced: Camiola had told Georgie Lisle in his mother's presence that she would marry him. The eremonial, if it may be called so, was not exactly cladsome. Georgie, indeed, was feverishly overy pyed, and seemed to think that with Camiona's promise a positive change in their natures and destinies was ensured for him. Lady Letitia read only of sacrifice in Camiola's eyes, and thought that the girl oanish of be happy, and wondered what Mr. Lisle would say, and what prople generally would say. Meanwhile Janette and Fitzurse had not returned.

It was now about half past six on the evening of the strange sort of day which we have described, which anticipated late autumn, or even winter itself, at a season when summer was still not past its prime. Camiola felt that the blown clouds and the wind and the harsh wintry skies were congenial with her mood. She had made up her mind that come what would she must see Mrs. Pollen at once; for she had heard by chance that Mrs. Pollen was at Fitzurseham. Camiola had of late been feeling herself drawn more and more into sympathy with Mrs. Pollen; and Mrs. Pollen knew more about her than any other women did. Nor was she thinking only about her own trouble. She was thinking much about Janette's love for Fitzurse, and Lady Letitia's sudden alarm. Camiola had positively promised Janette not to tell arything to any one for the present, and she did not see how she could break that promise, and yet it seemed hardly right of her to know so much and keep it all-keep any hint of it-from the knowledge of Lady Letitia. This was another reason why she must see Mrs. Pollen, and try to get from her some idea as to Walter Fitzurse's real character and prospects, after having confided to Mrs. Pollen her own story. For she felt that she must confide it

she could not bear the burthen if she had to keep it to herself. Camiola was not afraid of meeting Christian 'algrim again; although she would much rather not meet him. She was a girl of spirit, with a high sense of bonor, and inclined therefore to put much trust in the honor of others. Pilgrim had told her he would never trouble her with love-making again, and she to it a full reliance in his promise. She would much rather not see him, but it was certain that she would have to see him many times glance at Camiola. Unbelief might be a very in the future; and it little mattered when. She would have time enough to go to Fitzurse House and have quite a long talk with its owner, and get back and be ready for dinner. In any case she preferred not to be in the Rectory when Janette returned; for she feared there would be some sort of a without any capacity on her part to make things the better for anybody. In what way Mrs. Pollen could help her or help anybody concerned, she had no idea, and did not stop to think. Mrs. Pollen generally managed to impress those who knew her with the conviction that she was a woman who could suggest something helpful in any manner of human emergency. So Camiola left the Rectory and made for l'itzurse House.

The day was falling amid stormy cloud and boding of bad weather. The steps of the Old Ferry Inn were bespattered by sullen waves lashing themselves into anger; chains and ropes were groaning and creaking every-where; the trees in the churchyard bent their heads and mouned; the water was of ivid steel-like color. It would have needed very high animal spirits indeed to keep one from a dull sense of approaching evil of some kind on such an evening, and in such a place. Camiola had enough of genuine and personal reason for repression to be proof against any mere omen of cloud or wind, Her heart was beating so loudly that she could hear the sound at intervals when the wind was hushed for a moment; yet, burthened as she was with her own expectations of trouble, she could not repress a shudder of mero physical gloom and awe as she looked in through the railings of the churchyard and saw the tombs and the graves in that ghastly twilight.

She hurried on, struggling against the wind at corners and fearing sometimes that she must be blown off her feet. She got somehow to Fitzurse House. The great gate was closed, but there was a smaller side gate which she knew was always open until very late at night. She made her way in and looked around her; there was no light in any of the front windows, although the dusk had gathered heavily over the forlorn place. For a moment Camiola felt as if she were venturing on some fateful errand to some dread lone home of enchantment.

Fitzurse House was still in an unfinished condition. All day long workmen were busy there. Mrs. Pollen was gradually reclaiming or reconstructing room after room; but it was not yet in a condition to be called a dwelling house, much less a home. Mrs. Pollen never slept there. No one, in fact, slept there, but Christian Pilgrim. When Mrs. Pollen came there in the day time she generally brought her maid with her and took "Won't you go to him yourself, Camiola? the maid back to her town lodging at night. Don't you think Georgie would rather hear it from your own lips without any one clse being there?"

They would do any the maid back to her town lodging at night. Mrs. Fitzurse, you will not bring this child into a quarrel with her father irregular manner, and was pleased to be allowed to come and go without the most of the maid back to her town lodging at night. Mrs. Fitzurse, you will not played with an easy, firm touch, with full bring this child into a quarrel with her father irregular manner, and was pleased to be allowed to come and go without this moment Mrs. Pollen came back. She gave to Camiola a dainty little key of ignoble, of pathos that is not enervating.

I couldn't do that; I couldn't indeed. You the workmon had gone for the evening she was sometimes absolutely alone in the house. She often despatched Christin Pilgrim to execute some commission for her, sent her maid somewhere else, and remained in the house alone. Perhaps when Christian or the maid returned, Mrs. Pollen was gone. If she had not to dine in town, she sometimes had a morsel of dinner brought to her in Fitzurse House, and stayed there until late in the night. She had been a long time in the habit of doing as she pleased, so she used to say,

and it pleased her to do as she pleased.
Camiola, therefore, did not feel by any
means assured that because Mrs. Pollon had been in Fitzurse House an hour before, she must necessarily be in bitzurse now. great front door was closed: but Camiola knew ker way in one of the side doors; and she found it invitingly open, and was glad to see light in some of the rooms in that part of the house. She went in and was guided on her quest by the soft sound of an organ played in low tone and with a touch that somehow seemed to say that the organist was listening to something else while waking the sound of keys. Camiola knew at once that Mrs. Pollen was in the music-room which ste was having constructed, and in which she took immense pride and interest. Camiola had not yet seen it. Following the strain of the music she soon came near the half-open door of a room, at the end of a long corridor or gallery. As she came near this the organ ceased its sound, and she heard Mrs. Pollen say in a high and animated tone:
CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Tell the truth, then; tell the whole truth. Go to the girl fairly and openly and tell her, and then I will help you if I can. But I'll not stand any deceit. Tell her that you are no more a Fitzurse than I am, and if she doesn't mind, then take your chance; but let us have the truth if you want help or countenance from me."

Camiola was actually knocking at the door to stop any further utterances not meant for her when these last words were spoken. She would have given much that she had not heard them; she would have been rejoiced to get away even now. But it was too late. The voices ceased.

"I came to look for you. Mrs. Pollen." Camiola said, almost breathless. "Have I disturbed you? May I come in?"

"Come in, you darling girl, of course you may come in ; I am delighted to see you. It's only Mr. Fitzurse ; he has been admiring my music-room. Don't you admire it? All my own ideas. We shall have many a concert here. How do you like the effect of the light?"

The room was a beautiful amphitheatre with very long enclosing arms and a narrow platform, making the chord of the arc. On the platform was an organ. All round the cornices, just beneath the ceiling, ran a succession of lights concealed and softened by screens of pearly glass. The light filled the room, but no lamp or burner was to be seen; no point of distracting lustre. Be neath there were windows now so heavily curtained that no streak of the pallid twilight was seen within, and no gleam could have shone out upon the night. There was a great fireplace with much creamy marble and tiles. The roof looked like an inverted shell. There were no actual adornments—no spangles, so to speak. The form and colour of the music room were their own ornamentation.

Not much perhaps in the humor for artistic admiration, Camiola nevertheless did admire the room, the marbles, the tiles, the noble organ, the music stands and instruments, the soft involving light. She had, however, first to exchange a greeting with Walter Fitzurse, who was looking embarrassed and sullen when she came came in. There was a sort of insolence, too, of something like defiance in his manner now, Camiola thought.
"By the time I have this great old house

all finished," Mrs. Pollen said, "it will be about the proper period for me to die. No matter; I will leave it to some charming person who shall make it look beautiful by er presence; and she will sit here of ever ings and play delicious things on that organ; they do not justify it. They tell me that I and I shall see her; oh! yes: I shall hear her.

" Even in death?" Fitzurse asked.

"Why not? I suppose you don't believe in anything to come after death, Mr. Fitz urse? I am told it is not the way with elever young men now to believe anything. "Oh, paidon me, I didn't say that," Walter hastened to interpose. He cast an clarmed tine thing in its way and show off well under proper conditions; but it would never do it Miss Sabine were to be allowed to tell the people at the Rectory that Walter Fitzurse

was an unbeliever.
"I am glad," Mrs. Polien said quietly, her deepest tone. She saw through him with one quick, penetrating glance. "You are scene, and that she might be brought into it one quick, penetrating glance. "You are without any capacity on her part to make looking at that curtain, Miss Sabine? It

puzzles you." For there was a heavy curtain of pearl-grey plush, which hung down apparently for no purpose at one side of the room.

"Yes; it's a beautiful thing in itself, but

I don't quite understand what it is doing

there."
"This is the idea, you see." Mrs. Pollen lifted an edge of the curtain and showed that there was a small door, itself also curtained. behind it. "That door opens out on the lawn. I mean to have it locked, but each of my few special friends shall have a key. They can come in from the grounds without passing through the house, and go in the same way. That shall be the privilege of my friends; and then we have only to lock the door on the corridor side and we shall be safe from all dull intruders. We shall want nobody but those who have the privileged key. You shall have a key, Miss Sabine, of course; and then you can come and play here whenever you like without any trouble of ringing at doors and being shown in by servants. I have promised Mr. Fitzurse a key also-if he will be good and do

"You may trust me," Walter said ferven! '' Yes. Well I do trust you. Stay, I will get you both your keys. Don't go a moment,

everything I

Mr. Fitzurse." These latter words reassured Camiola, who began to fear her visit would all come to "Don't go a moment" clearly meant " you are to go after a moment."

Mrs. Pollen left the room. "Is Janette at home, Mr. Fitzurse?" Camiola asked, quickly.
"Oh, yes; at least I suppose so. Miss

Lisle was going home when I left her."

"I am glad," Camiola said, emphatically.
"You know all," Fitzurse said, approaching her and speaking in a tone a little above a whisper; "she told me. You know our secret; you know that we los each other. You will not betray us?"

"I have promised Janette. I am afraid I did wrong, but I have promised, and I suppose I must keep my word. But you will go to Mr. Lisle or Lady Letitia and speak to have had my little silly hour or two of raving;

them?"
"They would hate me because I am poor," "Oh, no, no, not if she leved you. They are too fond of her. They would do any

silver. "That is your passport and your pledge of eternal welcome," she said; "and Mr. Fitzurse, here is the key I meant for you, Oh-another thing I want you to notice. You see that little box?" she pointed to a casket, not very little, that stood on a table Each of these keys opens that, too; and I generally keep some money in it. Money is always wanted for something or other here while all this work is still going on, and if I should not be here, or Mr. Pilgrim, I should be glad that my friend who happened to be in the way should know where a few sove. reigns could be had to pay wages and that sort of thing. I pay my own wages; I don't contract in the ordinary way; I much prefet to do my own work. Of course, Pilgrim generally does the actual business of paying but still I have to do it myself sometimes."

She opened the casket and showed a great deal of gold.
"I think you keep too much money lying about in a place like this," Walter said.
"Nobody knows, except Pelgrim and a few

of us. The ordinary burglar would never think of looking for money in a music-room and a lady's glove box. One must have money on hand here; a cheque would cometimes paralyze the resources of Fitzurse. ham

"Still there are a great many had characters about Filzurseham, and I strongly recon mend you to be cautious."

"My dear friend, I am cautious. I have lived in countries and slept in places where your host would cut your throat for the value of one of your rings if only he could do it without being found out. I have learned some lessons in caution, I can assure you, Are you going?"

Yes; he was going; he said good bye and looked an imploring look into Camicla's eyes as he went.

The moment he was gone Mrs. Pollen sot a chair for Camiola and sat herself down to the organ again ; but she did not touch the keys.

"Now then, Camiola, dear," sho said, "tell me all about it—something has hap roued and you have come to talk me. Well, what is it?"

" First, it is about me." "Oh, first it is about you. Yes; and next it is about Janette Lisle."

"It is; but how did you know?" "Oh, I knew; well, first about yourself."
"I have been and done it, Mrs. Poller," Camiola said, with downcast eyes and a

dismal attempt at pleasantry.
"You don't mean to say you have pro mised to marry that crazy boy-promised to marry Georgie Lisle?"

I do ; I have promistal."

"What on earth made you do that "
"They are all so fond of him; I am so fond of them; I owe so much to Lady Letitia; I couldn't see them in trouble about him; and besides what does it matter: How could I do better with my life? I have a great affection for him, and if 1 can make him happy is not that the best use I could put my life to? A girl ought to try to make some man happy. Perhaps I am fortunate that there is anyone who thinks me necessary to his happiness. It is something to live for.

I haven't anything else."
"Stuff!" Mrs. Pollen vehemently interrupted. "A girl like you ought to know bet ter than that. You have no right to give yourself away to this young man merely to indulge his father and mother. He is a miserable creature, who persuades you or allows you to do such a thing. Have you positively promised; are you actually engaged?"

"Yes, Mrs. Pollen, I gave my promise today."
"Break it off then! Tell them you cannot marry him. Speak frank out to Lady Letitia. Speak to Mr. Lisle. He is a good man; he will not allow you to be talked into

such a marriage.' "He has been so good and kind to me. He spoke as kindly and tenderly as if I were his daughter. He told me not to do anything that my heart and my conscience did not justify, and I have followed his advice. I have asked my heart and my conscience, a could not do anything better with my life than to make poor George and Lady Letitia happy. Oh, of what other use is life to me? Camiola stood up and clasped her hands across her forchead. She did not want her tears to be seen.

"Tell me, dear," Mrs. Pollen said gently, "why-if you have resolved on this and given your promise--why did you come

"I hardly know; oh, I don't know at all. I wanted to tell you; to talk to you; I don't know why.

"I do; I know it even though you may think you don't. Shall I tell you why you came here at once to me. Camiola?' "No. Mrs. Pollen : at least I don't think I

want to know. You might have guessed something wrong." "I have guessed something and it is not wrong. Come; I'll tell you, and we shall see how your resolve will hold after that."

"Prav don't," Camiola implored, covering her face more closely than ever with her hands.

"Oh, yes: I must show you what you are doing. You came to me out of a sort of sympathy, a yearning for sympathy; because am the only person in the world who knows

that you do not love George Lisle; who knows that you do love some one else, and knows who that someone is. That is what forced you to come to me." There was a silence for a moment.
"Come, look up and talk to me," Mrs. Pollen said, going to Camiola, and gently drawing her hands from her eyes. Camiola

had recevered some of her composure. The worst was known and said now. "But what would be the use, Mrs. Pollen, even if this were so? It is mere folly on my part : sheer madness. I hardly know him at all; I haven't often spoken to him; there never was a word of love making between us;

he never thought about me—you can't call that being really in love with a man." "I am romantic enough even yet to be a believer in affinities and love at first sight," Mrs. Pollen said composedly; "and I believe your love for him will last you all your life; and I believe still more that he is just the man you ought to love. These are my senti-

"Still, as things are," Camiola said, more courageously, "you see my loving, whether it is for age or for all time, couldn't come to anything. I must do my best to forget him; and the surest way of forgetting him it to think of someone else. Then I have Georgie Lisle to make happy, Then 1 that will fill my life for me, and I suppos I shall come to love him in the end. Oh, I have thought over all this; I have not been acting on mere impulse and the spur of the moment. I know my own weakness; but also think I know where I could be strong. No, you are kind and sweet and I thank you ever so much; but I believe this is right to do. So my mind is made up, Mrs. Pollen. I

and now I am a sensible girl again. Camiola felt very brave and resolute now. Mrs. Pollen returned to her organ and began to play something of Beethoven's. She played with an easy, firm touch, with full