

THE RUSSELL ELECTORS.

THE RUEL QUESTION IN ONTARIO—MR. TASSÉ, M. P., DEMOLISHED—MR. BOBILLARD, M. P., REPUDIATED.

OTTAWA, May 24.—A large mass meeting was held at Clarence Creek, in the County of Russell, Ont., to discuss the Ruel question and the conduct of Mr. Robillard, the local Conservative member for the county. The people of this district, heretofore strong supporters of Mr. Robillard, M. P., but now having reversed their opinion, called this meeting. Mr. Robillard was invited to be present. He did so and was accompanied by Mr. Tassé, M. P., and Mr. Goyette, of Hull, a Conservative, attended a meeting of the Liberal party. By arrangement each side was allowed an hour and a half to speak, with twenty minutes to Mr. Robillard to reply, he having opened the meeting. At the outset, Mr. Robillard said the question of Ruel's execution was not that of an individual, but one in which the whole Canadian race was concerned. It was the French-Canadians, in fact, to-day, it might be that of some other nationality to-morrow. He showed indisputable proof by letters from Archbishop Taché and Father André that they looked upon Ruel as an honest and upright man, but considered him insane; and also read letters from Archbishop Taché and Father Hatch, stating that Sir John Macdonald had always acted in a friendly way towards the French-Canadians, even as far back as 1871. He made a telling point against Mr. Robillard, when he showed that his latter's treachery to his fellow-countrymen was purchased with a timber limit and positions for two of his sons. The picture he drew of Mr. Robillard, *Le Ministre*, at the time of the execution of Ruel, and Mr. Tassé to-day, was very telling. He showed that the Liberal party, in fact, were forced to call out Robillard, to Mr. Tassé. The rebellion, Mr. Robillard said, was not caused by Riel, but the product of the government brought it on. The Medical Commission, addressing a meeting, said that he was not capable of examining into Riel's mental condition, yet he suggested a place in the commission. As to the commission, it was a farce, since Sir John's letter to Sir Adolphe Caron at Winnipeg showed that before the commission was appointed the government was determined to hang Riel. Afterwards the report was destroyed. Mr. Robillard was accorded an excellent hearing and was warmly applauded on taking his seat.

ADmits His Faults.

Mr. Robillard tried to defend his vote and a unanimous speech made in the local legislature, but it was no good, and while he was proceeding with his incoherent harangue, the people, having no much good sense to interrupt him, passed the time conversing together. He said that his vote was given in the interest of French-Canadians and the prisoners taken during the rebellion. That was why he voted to justify the Government executing Riel. He admitted having received a timber limit from the Government, as well as positions for his two sons.

Mr. Goyette made an excellent speech and handled Mr. Tassé without gloves. The castigation he gave to the junior member was such as to make the latter feel so uneasy as to be scarcely able to restrain himself. He (Goyette) dealt with the colonization question fully, and in a manner which was cheered by the audience. Mr. Tassé made a personal attack on Mr. Goyette, and called a thoroughly respectable farmer from the county a blackguard, because he would not think with him (Tassé). He characterized Riel as an apostate and deserving the fate that befell him. He abused Robillard and said that the latter issued a proclamation offering \$5,000 for Riel's head.

MR. TASSÉ DEMOLISHED.

Mr. Robillard, in reply, refuted the last charge by reading the proclamation from *Le Canada*, Tassé's paper. He exposed the arrangement which existed between Mr. Tassé and the Orangemen in 1878, before the latter left the civil service to enter Ottawa. Much was made of the time by Mr. Tassé that he (Robillard) was asked to join the Conservative ranks and accept the nomination of the party. So satisfactorily did Mr. Robillard demolish every argument put forth by Messrs. Robillard and Tassé, that the audience was, before the close of the meeting, more than two-thirds in favor of the Liberals.

Mr. Doucet, M. P., speaking to a large number at the meeting, although not from the platform, said with tears in his eyes that he regretted he voted he gave on the Riel question.

Messrs. Tassé and Robillard took their departure very much accompanied with the regret.

A REJECTED LOVER.

He Sends Threatening Letters to the Father of the Girl He Desires to Marry.

Quite an interesting case has recently come to light in which the name of a young lady of Terrebonne and the son of a well known organ builder of St. Antoine street figure prominently. It appears according to the testimony and depositions made at the time by Mr. Tassé that he (Robillard) was asked to join the Conservative ranks and accept the nomination of the party. So satisfactorily did Mr. Robillard demolish every argument put forth by Messrs. Robillard and Tassé, that the audience was, before the close of the meeting, more than two-thirds in favor of the Liberals.

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BLIND DRUNK.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 30, 1885.—A few years ago I suffered intensely from uric acid poisoning. I would become totally blind and stagger. My friends repeatedly thought I was drunk. Took twelve bottles of Warner's safe cure and am well. GEORGE F. RIDGEWAY, ex-deputy sheriff, 608 Marion street.

England owns 25,000,000 fowls, and 1,000,000,000 eggs were imported in 1885.

LADIES WHO SUFFER, as only themselves know, are now beginning to know that a congested condition of the system, if not removed, causes the chronic complaints from which they so much suffer; this congestion occurs most frequently in the kidneys, liver and other abdominal organs, and it can readily be removed by that wonderful preparation, Warner's safe cure.

SANTA ROSA OF LIMA.

CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF AN AMERICAN SAINT.

LIMA, May 1.—Politics have been forgotten in the religious observance of the week. The third centennial anniversary of the birth of Santa Rosa of Lima has been celebrated with all the pomp and piety of the authorities and people of this capital, and despite the general poverty the occasion has been worthily observed. Six months ago the Most Reverend Archbishop of Lima, the dean of the Catholic hierarchy in Spanish America, issued an eloquent pastoral calling upon his flock to unite with him in honoring the memory of Santa Rosa, the only American saint, and the patroness of the two continents. The invitation was generously responded to. Government immediately made as liberal an appropriation of money as was possible in the depleted condition of the treasury; private citizens and corporations contributed to the fund, and a commission of distinguished persons was appointed to form a programme of the festivities. A cordial invitation was sent by the Archbishop to the principal religious dignitaries in South and Central America and Mexico to visit Lima on this memorable occasion, and to accept the national hospitality. The Athenaeum of Lima, a society composed of the leading literary men of the capital, offered medals of honor for compositions of prose and verse relating to the life and virtues of the saint, and the competition was opened to all South American and Spain.

On the 26th ult. the ceremonies were commenced. The body of Santa Rosa was taken from its resting place in the Church of Santo Domingo and borne in solemn procession to the church erected on the site of her birthplace. The day was declared a holiday. From every house top flags and streamers were flying; the different legations and consulates displayed their national emblems; flowers were strewn in the streets through which the cortege was to pass, and from the windows and balconies hung superb coverings of silk and velvet. The remains of the Saint, deposited in a beautifully ornamented urn, were carried on the shoulders of the Dominican monks, and the Mayor and municipality of the city, with the few remaining survivors of the War of Independence, acted as the guard of honor.

The municipal and the consular private schools of both sexes followed, the girls in charmingly dressed in white and blue, the favorite colors of Santa Rosa, and with garlands of roses in their hands. Along the route the different fire brigades had erected artistic arches from their ladders and apparatus, and as the procession passed white doves were loosened from their fastenings and flew gracefully amid the banners and canopies overhanging the streets. In some of the streets traversed carpets were laid down and covered with roses. Arriving at the church of Santa Rosa of the Fathers, the precious urn was deposited on the altar, surrounded by a dazzling blaze of light, and was watched over during the night by a special guard of honor.

DEPOSITING THE REMAINS.

The next day the same ceremonial was observed, the object being to carry the remains of the Saint to those places with which her life was most intimately related. Thus the Convent of Santa Catalina, the Church of Santa Rosa of the Mino, establishments founded by the intercession of the Rose of Peru, were visited, and yesterday the three hundredth anniversary of her birth, the final ceremonies were performed at the Cathedral. The interior of this massive edifice, larger than the Cathedral of New York, was handsomely decorated with hangings of scarlet velvet bound with gold, the superb altar with its pillars carved in silver, covered with an exquisite display of lights and flowers, and the venerable Archbishop, with his numerous retinue of monks, dignitaries, and friars, officiated at the solemn high mass, with the votive offering especially permitted by the Holy Father in reply to a request from the Lima ecclesiastical.

The square without was filled by the troops in garb of the same soldiers that Caceres brought with him from the mountains; from the citadel of Santa Catalina national salutes were fired, and all Lima in gala dress was in the streets. The Ministers of State, the Justices of the Supreme and Superior Courts, and in a word, all of the principal authorities joined in the procession, which, after the conclusion of the ceremony at the Cathedral, proceeded to Santo Domingo to deposit the remains underneath the grand altar where for nearly three centuries they have rested.

THE ONLY AMERICAN SAINT.

Santa Rosa was born at Lima in the year 1586, of humble parents, her father being a matchlock man in the escort of the Viceroy and her mother a woman of the lower class. She was christened under the name of Isabel, but while yet an infant the beautiful color appearing on her cheeks caused her to be called Rosa. From her earliest years she manifested a deep religious spirit, and, although poor in the world's goods, her extraordinary charity and self-sacrifice for the poor and sick brought her into the notice of the people. Refusing all inducements and invitations to enter upon a monastic life, she steadily dedicated her efforts toward doing good. Many miraculous cures are attributed to her. She died in 1617. Shortly after her death the authorities of Lima petitioned the Archbishop that the necessary investigations be initiated to establish her sanctity, and when the proofs were obtained they were laid before Pope Urban VIII at Rome, who, in 1625, sent a commission to Lima to conclude the investigation. After due consideration of the facts presented to the Holy College at Rome, Pope Clement IX., in 1668, ordered the canonization of Rosa under the title of Saint Rosa of Lima.

A HEAVY BURDEN.

Mr. George Russell, of Aurora, Ont., says he was a great sufferer from a running sore of the worst description, which baffled the best medical skill, and his life was a burden. He was cured by B.B.B., to his great joy and the surprise of his friends.

A single hair will support the weight of about four ounces.

CURE FOR SORE THROAT.

A prompt and efficient remedy for sore throat as well as croup, asthma, pain in the side, ear ache, deafness and many other common and painful complaints, is found in Haggard's Yellow Oil.

A lock of Schiller's hair and Goethe's signet ring and cup were sold for a mere bagatelle in Germany the other day.

OFF WORK.

"I was off work for two years suffering from kidney disease, and could get no relief, until advised by a friend to try B.B.B. I was cured by two bottles and consider it a miraculous cure." The above is the substance of a communication from Wm. Tier, of St. Marys, Ont.

Don Carlos has published a manifesto repudiating the infant son of Queen Christina as the rightful successor to the throne of Spain.

LADY ETHEL.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT,
(Mrs. ROSE CHURCH.)

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"New things, my dear Thomas! new clothes, do you mean? Why, your cousin had no less than four dresses made last month, and I believe the one she is wearing this morning is put on for the first time." "Really? Will I don't know how it is, but it doesn't look right to me. Ought not ladies' dresses to have some bobs and tails behind now-a-days, and little crinkly things all round the edge of the skirt?"

Lady Ethel's dress being the only one the man had ever taken the trouble to observe, had been made somewhat after the fashion he attempted to describe, and the remembrance of them was still running sadly in Colonel Bainbridge's head. But "bobs," and "tails," and "little crinkly things" were a paraphrase of the last Parisian mode, and a flight of dressmaking altogether beyond the comprehension of his worthy mother.

"My dear Thomas," she exclaimed, more amused than interested, "I really don't know what you are talking about; Maggie's dress appears very neat to me, and very suitable for a girl of her age, and Jeanie Ransom, who came over from Birtwick expressly to make it" (Birtwick was the nearest town, distant about ten miles from Cranshaw), "said that she was out-fitting all the ladies' dresses now in the same style. And I know that Jeanie has the fashion books regularly from London. What fault can you have to find with it?"

"Oh, none, mother! it is very suitable for her, as you say; and, after all, it signifies little what one wears in the country—only I should have liked Grant and Hammond to see Maggie at her best; and don't you think she's just a little bit more in her way of answering, and so on? I may be too particular, but it strikes me so."

"Towards the other gentlemen, Thomas? well, perhaps she may be, but I am sure you always find her considerate enough with yourself."

"Oh yes! I have no complaints to make on that score! Maggie is affectionate and kind; she is a thoroughly good, honest little creature, and I love her dearly, which is, perhaps, the reason I perceive her faults sooner than I should those of another person."

"You can scarcely call it a fault, Thomas. In my time it was considered a *desideratum* in young women not to be too forward in their manner."

"Oh, by Jove! and so it is now. But Maggie certainly wants a little polish; she'll never get a proposal if she sets her face so determinedly against small talk."

"Our Maggie will not go ogling for a husband," said Mrs. Bainbridge, with an oracular smile.

"Not to be so sure," rejoined her son, "she is too good for that." And then he wandered off to join his cousin in the garden, whilst his mother hurried away to repeat the important conversation which they had held together to his father, for with all his anxiety about Maggie's dress and behavior he had not lost sight of a conviction of the particular interest he took in her.

That he was interested in her was indisputable, though in a very different manner from what his parents imagined. From his boyhood he had seen this girl growing up beside him, like a younger sister, and his earliest memories of Cranshaw were associated with her bright face and smiling ways. After a service of three years in India, he had returned home about a year or two previously, to find his childhood playmate changed into a young woman, but ready to extend the same affectionate welcome to him as of old. He had thought then (with the memory of the pallid faces he had left behind him fresh in his mind), that he had seldom seen a more attractive countenance than that of his country cousin, and if Colonel Bainbridge had ever stood in danger of falling in love with Maggie Henderson, it must assuredly have been at the moment of his return. A great deal of innocent but affectionate intercourse had taken place between the cousins at that period, but his stay at Cranshaw was necessarily limited, and when he quitted it to rejoin his battery at Woolwich, he left behind him an impression which, even at that date, he would have been shocked to discover.

Since which time he had mixed much, as has been said, in good society, and had his eyes opened wider and wider to poor Maggie's deficiencies. He did not love her less; on the contrary, the more intimately he came to know her character, the more estimable he perceived her to be; but his eyes could not see beyond the rendered taciturnity by the ultra-refinement of the circles in which he moved, guided by the shock of the rusticity of her address, and the obsolete, not to say vulgar fashion of her clothes.

Every one knows what a dress, let the materials be what they may, turned out by a country dressmaker, looks like—how it bulges out wherever it ought to lie flat, and turns all a woman's curves into squares, and makes its unfortunate wearer appear about as easy as though clothed in a suit of armour. Miss Jeanie Ransom's productions (although she did come all the way from Birtwick to make them) were no exception to the general rule, and Colonel Bainbridge's mind, already filled with a fairer and more fashionable image, had no leisure to bestow on the dissection of the generous, self-denying, womanly heart that beat beneath those ill-made coverings of silk and marino.

Yet he was pleased to hear his friends speak in warm terms of Maggie's bloom and youth, and as he gained her presence on the occasion alluded to, and threw himself beside her on the grass, the old brotherly feeling returned so strongly upon him that he longed to make her a candidate of the anxiety then preying upon his spirit.

This impulsive, tender, and compassionate little heart, he thought, which was always ready to listen even to a beggar's tale of misery, would be so sure to sympathize with the prolonged pain of suspense occasioned by his uncertain hopes.

The girl changed color as she saw his tall figure issue from the French windows of his mother's morning room, and advance towards her, but Colonel Bainbridge was too indolent or too uninterested to observe the action.

"A glorious morning, Maggie!" he exclaimed, as he stretched his huge limbs lazily on the smooth sward; "but almost too warm for tramping over heather. I feel sadly inclined to waste a few hours in your company instead."

She did not appear to notice the indifferent compliment his words conveyed, but inquired, anxiously:

"Have you a headache, Cousin Thomas?"

For Colonel Bainbridge's altered looks had been the subject of universal comment since his arrival at Cranshaw, and he had been compelled in self-defence to attribute them to

the effect of the late hours he had kept during the season.

"A mere trifle, Maggie!—I did not sleep well last night. What a lovely prospect we have from here! It is a thousand pities that Cranshaw is not nearer some good town. It is terribly isolated."

"But Birtwick is not much more than an hour's drive," replied Maggie, "and you can get everything there that you can possibly want."

Colonel Bainbridge laughed.

"Bah! my dear child! why, Birtwick is nothing but a stupid little pottering country town. I don't suppose there's a pair of gloves fit to wear to be procured in the place. No woman of fashion could dress herself from a hole like Birtwick."

"Oh no! I suppose not. I know so little about such things," said Maggie, timidly.

"But you are happy at Cranshaw, are you not?" he resumed presently. "It is pretty lively here, I suppose?—for the country, that is to say—during the summer and autumn weather. In the winter it must be unbearable."

"I never find it so," replied the girl, whose heart had commenced to beat very rapidly at his question, so significantly like that of her Aunt Letty; "but I have always lived here, you see."

"It might be vastly improved," he went on, dreamily, "there is no croquet-ground, and the paddock at the back of the castle would be just the place for archery. It was a mistake of my father's not having a billiard table on the lower floor; that stupid orangery, which is no good at all and little ornament, just takes up the room required for it."

"He would have little use for it, you see, cousin, as he never plays billiards himself, and we shall change all that perhaps, by and by," Maggie, he said, with a bright glance upwards. "I suppose you think I am such an old bachelor, there is no chance of my ever marrying; but more wonderful things have come to pass before now."

"Oh yes! I know," she answered, confusedly, as she bent her eyes upon the work in her hands.

"Heaven forbid I should wish to cast the dear old people from their places; but Cranshaw may own a younger mistress some day; and if that ever happens, I shall make it as bright and pleasant for her as I can. It would be a jolly place to live in for six months in the year."

"Uncle and aunt have lived in it all the year round," suggested Maggie, who could not help thinking what his parents would say to hear him speak so lightly of his obligations towards Cranshaw.

"Ah! yes—but then they are old people, who have never been used to mix in gayer scenes; you could not expect a young girl to be contented with what makes them happy. Now, tell me the truth, Maggie: do you really believe that a girl, say of your own age, could settle herself, as my wife, down here at Cranshaw, and live through all the weary round of spring, summer, autumn and winter, year after year, without wishing for something a little livelier than the company of her husband, and the prospect of these everlasting moors?"

"Oh! I don't know. I really can't tell," faltered his blushing cousin. But at that moment the voices of Sir Charles Hammond and his other friends were heard in search of him, and he rose to join them in their morning sport.

"I think well of it, then," he answered, laughing, as he rose to his feet, "and let me have your deliberate conclusion. A great deal may depend upon it, Maggie; you don't know but what I shall be guided by your answer in one of the most important occasions of my life."

And so he left her, jesting on his part it is true, but with a firm conviction on hers that Aunt Letty's surmise was correct, and that she should very soon be told that her cousin's future happiness was bound up in her own. And, thinking on his final words, Maggie shed tears of excited joy and gratitude.

CHAPTER VII.

A DECIDED REFUSAL.

It was but a few days after the circumstances just detailed that Mr. Bainbridge called his son into his study.

"Can you give me a few minutes of your time, Thomas?"

"Certainly, father! and in a second the door was closed behind him."

They were a great contrast, this father and son; for Mr. Bainbridge was a small, stout man, with the rounded shoulders acquired from stooping over a desk, and plain unadorned features; and as he sat opposite his noble looking offspring, whose personal appearance had been all derived from the other side of the house, a stranger would have found it hard to believe they were so nearly related to each other.

Yet there was that on the face of Mr. Bainbridge which almost baffled it; which certainly made his friends forget that it was his own, and which, joined to its kindly expression, impressed all who saw it; and that was the stamp of a settled and abiding peace, such as had never softened the dark features of his son. Indeed, as they now appeared, notwithstanding his disadvantages of age and person, the father looked almost the younger of the two, for in many a tussle with the world and thought, the brow of Colonel Bainbridge had gained deep furrows, which Time, and a heart at rest with God and itself, had smoothed out of the forehead of the other.

And this fact seemed to strike Mr. Bainbridge, as though almost for the first time, as he looked at his son, and contemplated the earnest expression of the man who had thrown himself into a chair beside him.

"My boy," he said, affectionately, as he touched his hand, "there are more lines in your face than there should be at your age. You are not concealing anything from us, Thomas; you are in good health, are you not?"

"Perfectly so, father," replied Colonel Bainbridge, rousing himself. "I have the strength of a lion and the appetite of a horse—if that is sufficient to satisfy you."

The reason goes deeper, perhaps," said the old man interrogatively, for to see the lad when his own good looks were so good, and which he had ceased to live for but he knew what Englishmen are when any one, even a parent, attempts to probe their most sacred feelings. Colonel Bainbridge sat bolt upright in his chair, affirmed that if anything was to blame for his wrinkles, it was the climate of India, and putting on a look of the most perfect indifference, begged that he might hear for what purpose his father desired to speak with him.

Mr. Bainbridge returned to his desk with a sigh, but still with a degree of satisfaction. Here was, perhaps, the very remedy or his son's waning youth and premature cares; the means, too, by which Heaven designed to lead him into the way of peace. He entered on his self-imposed business with alacrity.

"I have just been looking over these papers," he said, "the title-deeds to the little farm of Brackenburgh, our Maggie's single possession, you know. It's a poor place, very poor indeed; and we've only

been drawing a pound an acre for the best part of it, for many years past. But Taylor, who held it up to Lady Day, has just vacated, and Robson, the Glasgow manufacturer, wants to take it on lease for the next fourteen years. He has two other farms about there, and Brackenburgh divides his property. Only he won't give even as much rent as Taylor did, but promises, on the other hand, to use the ground for arable purposes. Now, my difficulty is this. Brackenburgh ought to bring in a higher rent than Robson offers us, and so Maggie will be losing by it for the next fourteen years; but still the place wants draining and a dozen other improvements, and if I let it again to a sheep grazer, the property will go on deteriorating till it's worth nothing at all. Robson will do his duty by it, for he's an affluent man and an honest one; and if Maggie is cheated out of part of her rent, she will profit by the loss in the end. But I should like to have your ideas on the subject, Thomas, for two heads are better than one; and it's hard to choose for another person."

Colonel Bainbridge had listened to the harangue with the utmost astonishment. It was the first time in his life that his father had appealed to him for advice about anything connected with agriculture; and, considering that he had chosen his profession at an early age, and followed it closely ever since, it was but natural he should know nothing of such matters.

He remained quiet till Mr. Bainbridge had finished speaking, and then, as might have been expected, he replied:

"I am really so totally ignorant of everything concerning the business of a farm, that I am afraid I can be of little service to you. I have never seen Brackenburgh, you know; so my opinion, if I had any, would be utterly worthless."

"Don't you think it is time you began to think of such things, Thomas?" said the old man, gently. "I may be called home at any moment; and if Cranshaw is not to run to waste after my death, you will be compelled to superintend the farm yourself."

"I trust the contingency is a very long way off," replied his son, affectionately.

"That is as *de places*, Thomas, though, whenever you are master here, I hope that you will be a good one. Not that that was my reason for introducing the subject of Brackenburgh to you this morning," continued Mr. Bainbridge, a slight degree of nervousness becoming apparent in his movements; "Maggie's interests are very dear to me, Thomas, and I should like to feel that you hold them so, and in the same degree."

"I do," exclaimed the younger man, firmly. "Have I ever given you reason to think otherwise, sir? I am as fond of Maggie as though she were my sister, and you may rest assured that I shall never divide her interests from my own." (This he said, thinking that the old man was troubled by the idea of what would become of his orphan niece after his own death.) "All whom you leave behind you," continued Colonel Bainbridge, "will become sacred charges to me, and I shall guard their happiness with the greatest care."

"I am sure of that, my son. But Maggie is the only child of my only sister; her poor mother used to be the plaything of my boyhood, as she has been of yours, and when she lay dying, she said I made death easy for her by the promise that I would rear Maggie as my daughter. Now, I feel as though my deathbed would be easier if I could see her future lot decided before I lie down upon it."

"It may be," said Colonel Bainbridge encouragingly. "Maggie leads rather a secluded life here, but I should think she was a girl who attracted a good deal of admiration."

"I don't want to see her married to a man who only admires her, replied the other, impatiently; "my fondest wish, Thomas, is to leave her settled here at Cranshaw."

"At Cranshaw?" repeated Colonel Bainbridge. "At first he had some indistinct idea that as a father desired to cast him from his heritage, and settle Cranshaw Castle on his cousin instead; but the moment his eyes met those of Mr. Bainbridge, the truth flashed on his mind. "Do you want me to marry her?" he said, quickly; and then, struck by what appeared to him the absurdity of the idea, he burst out laughing.

Nothing could have grated so harshly on the feelings of the elder Bainbridge as that undignified and hearty laugh. Had he been a worldly man, I should have said that he considered Maggie Henderson to be perfection; but, even as he, he believed her to be as innocent and free from the taint of sin as is possible to a fallen creature, and that any man could ridicule the idea of an alliance with her was incredible to him.

Had his son looked surprised or thoughtful, or protested against his chances of success, or a becoming love for his young cousin, hope still might have remained behind, and persuasion have done much, but in that genuine mirth all concealment was impossible. It was evident at once that Maggie Henderson could never reign at Cranshaw.

Colonel Bainbridge saw that he had hurt his father's feelings, and hastened to apologise.

"My dear father, I am so sorry that I laughed, but pray dismiss that idea from your mind for ever. It can never, never be! I could as soon think of marrying old Hetty the henwife, whom I have known ever since I was put into jackets, Maggie and I are far too much like brother and sister to become anything nearer. It would be impossible!"

"I am sorry for it," was all that Mr. Bainbridge said in reply.

"She knows nothing about this, I hope," resumed his son, anxiously.

"Oh no!" was the prompt reply, for it must be remembered that Miss Lloyd had never even mentioned that she had spoken to Maggie on the subject.

"Thank heaven for that!" ejaculated Colonel Bainbridge, "or it would have broken up all our pleasant intercourse. Father, I can't imagine what should have put such an idea in your head."

"It seemed feasible to me, Thomas, she is a sweet, lovable girl, and I suppose you will marry some day."

A dark shade passed over his son's face.

"Perhaps so! but it is not at all certain. Anyway, I should have thought with your sound sense, that in the event of my marrying, you would have seen the advisability of not extending instead of contracting the family circle."

"Of raising it, you mean, Thomas?" rejoined Mr. Bainbridge, quickly.

"Well, yes, father, of raising it," was the honest reply. "I am not ashamed of my birth, as you know; but your wealth and my profession enable me to take a higher stand in society than you have done, and to choose a wife in accordance with my improved position."

"You are ambitious of getting one with a handle to her name, perhaps, Thomas."

"She will make you none the worse daughter-in-law for that circumstance, if I am," was the hasty reply.

"I was rather afraid of that when I heard you had got amongst the aristocracy," said Mr. Bainbridge with a sigh. "I am not like many self-made men, Thomas; I don't rail against the aristocracy, and think it unfair that some should be born to a high station and others to a low. I know that God appoints our different conditions, and that what He does cannot be wrong. But

yet I should be very sorry to see you take a wife from amongst them, and bring her home to Cranshaw to look down upon your mother, and aunt, and cousin."

"I should never bring home any one but a lady, sir," interposed the colonel, with marked emphasis.

"Ladies can be very bitter sometimes," replied his father, "when they don't fear God. The higher classes are exposed to more temptations in that respect than we are, Thomas; the flattery they meet with, the requirements of the society they move in, and the demands made upon their time, leave them in general little leisure to devote to serious things. Now, my dear boy, you know that I can't control you in this matter, and that I should not wish to do so if I could. But promise me one thing: that you will never bring home a careless, irreligious woman to be the mistress of Cranshaw."

Col. Bainbridge moved easily in his chair. The only creature whom, at that moment, he would have made mistress of himself and his possessions, he knew nothing of, except that she was beautiful and that her image haunted his imagination. And yet he believed that, however careless in speech, she must be at heart religious (does not every man try to believe so of the woman he loves?), and was sincere when he replied that he would never take a wife who was not, at the least, as pure and innocent as his cousin Maggie.

"Nobody is pure in this life," said Mr. Bainbridge. "And the world's interpretation is very different from that of Heaven. Here, every woman is called innocent who has not grossly sinned. You are not a religious man yourself, Thomas (I wish to God you were), but you have been brought up, to the best of our ability, to know the signs