

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "ESPIRITU SANTO."

CHAPTER XIX.

I remember wondering what it would feel like to be in the free open air again, in no man's power, and well out of this disagreeable scrape. It was all so clear to me now that we seemed blind not to have known from the first the true state of affairs. I had no experience with the insane, but it appeared to me best to avoid a struggle or a trial of physical strength, and to sympathize with his illusions or gradually divert his mind from them, as one would that of a child. Fortunately he seemed at the moment to have no feeling of personal antipathy for me, but I could not tell how long this would last. He still held my wrists uncomfortably tight, and I dared not complain. I expressed surprise and interest in what he told me, but he did not stop to listen.

"There was a carriage in waiting at the end of the block when I came in. The door was half open, and there was no one inside. 'For me! They want to take me off! They believe what she says, but they are all deceived.' Suddenly his voice dropped to a whisper, and he began to push me towards the window. 'See there! The carriage has moved! It has crossed to the opposite side of the street. What does that mean?' I did not resist him, but, though I did not wish to appear afraid of him, yet I could hardly be said to relish the idea of standing at a fifth-story window with a lunatic who had tight hold of me and might take it into his head at any moment to pitch me out into the street below.

"Is it another signal?" I suggested, mysteriously. "Do they know we are together here?" He looked troubled, and to my immense relief dropped my hands and stepped back a pace or two. "They must not see me," he said, over and over again. "I have written to her father and told him the true state of the case," he muttered, after a pause. "Perhaps he has sent the carriage to take her to the asylum." "Dr. Hude's asylum."

He started a little. "Dr. Hude knows she is crazy, for I have told him all about it. We will drive her there now before her spies know what we are doing." Then he paused and looked around suspiciously. "I am afraid of them," he said, trembling. "Suppose the coachman should be a spy, and should take me off instead of her?" "I might take her to the doctor's," I suggested, "and you stay here safely till I return."

It was absurd to suppose that he would consent to anything so simple and obvious, but in his distorted frame of mind he did not see what was plainly a sign of relief, and began to fumble in his pocket for the key. "They will not know you," he said, eagerly. "You can do it. She will not suspect, and she will go with you anywhere." With some difficulty he flitted the key to the lock and opened the door. I should have liked to spring through the outside freedom, but thought it wiser to hang back and feign indifference.

"Go, go!" he said, hurriedly, pushing me through the aperture. "Put her in the carriage and drive her off. I will hide here, so that they will not see me." I have said that I had no conscious sensation of fear, but when I passed out of the open door and heard him close it behind me and lock himself into the room, then I knew that I had been in deadly terror. I became so weak suddenly that I could hardly pull myself together sufficiently to descend the stairs. As I landed on the head room floor Etienne was waiting. She looked up at me with appealing, inquiring eyes. I spoke low and rapidly:

"Put on your bonnet as quick as you can and come with me. Your father sent me to rescue you, and I have obtained your husband's consent to take you away. Don't lose a moment!" She obeyed unquestioningly, and we passed down the stairs together and out into the street. There was so much to be said, and so much to be explained, yet we neither of us spoke. We crossed the street, and walked in silence half the length of the block to where the carriage stood. I opened its door and motioned her to get in.

"Stay here while I go in to see Dr. Hude. This is his carriage. He is consulting with Dr. Netley within and expects me. Sit so that you can keep your eye on the door of your house. If Colonel Moir comes out, you must leave the carriage and run up the steps into the doctor's office. We shall probably call you to come in presently. We must all consult together and try to act for the best."

"Dear, brave, good girl! She did as she was told, without question or complaint. With a word at the astonished coachman, I left her and mounted the steps. The door was instantly opened to me, and Dr. Hude was at the threshold to meet me. "She is all right," I exclaimed, breathlessly, "but he is as crazy as a loon!" The physician smiled blandly. "Of course we know that, but we wished you to be satisfied of it. Mr. Fremont, permit me to introduce you to my colleague, Dr. Netley."

side to confine him. He will now think her in my hospital, and it will then be easier to persuade him to follow our plan of procedure." My colleague and I are perfectly agreed as he states, about the line of action to be pursued with regard to Mrs. Moir," said Dr. Netley, somewhat ponderously. "Unfortunately we are not as well in accord as to the method of procedure with the patient in question. We—" I interrupted, "that the first thing is to secure Mrs. Moir's immediate safety. Her husband has commissioned me to deliver her into Dr. Hude's hands. I do so. I would now suggest that Dr. Hude drive her at once to a hotel where she will be beyond reach of danger, for Colonel Moir may change his mind at any moment and rush out to seek her."

The physicians hesitated. "We should not wish to take any step without due authorization from the family," said Dr. Netley, at last, slowly. "I would suggest that Mr. Fremont, representing Dr. Chabert, should take Mrs. Moir away." "I do not understand professional etiquette," I said, with scant courtesy, "but I do understand common propriety. I know that I, who am absolutely in no relation to either, have no right to hide a man who would not go from him. I have done all that Mrs. Moir's father and husband have commissioned me to do. But you can advise her professionally to leave him; she will do as you say, and there is no time to be lost."

The doctors stepped aside and parleyed together. I was in an agony of impatience. I knew perfectly well that if Moir should appear on the scene no power on earth could keep me from interfering between husband and wife. There would be murder before I would see Etienne fall into his hands in his present mental condition. I prayed God that it would not come to that. But the doctors finished their consultation, the whisper of which was that Dr. Hude could, consistently with etiquette, warn his patient's wife that she had best separate from him for a few days until Mr. Arthur could be consulted and it could be determined how to treat his case.

"I do not know if she had her purse with her," I said hesitatingly. "Will you kindly give her these bills? She may need them. She left home absolutely without preparation." Dr. Hude descended the steps, stood a moment talking to Etienne through the carriage window, then he gave instructions to the coachman, and then the carriage drove off rapidly. I knew not whether, or how long, he would stay. After writing full particulars to Dr. Chabert, I took the train for Washington that evening. Major Halliburton had accompanied me to New York, as he intended to take the steamer from there to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he was to visit some relations. The steamer sailed duly the day after my departure, as I saw by the papers. What was my surprise, then, on my return to New York, five days later, to be welcomed at the hotel door by my old friend.

"Not started yet?" I exclaimed. "No, sonny," he said cheerily. "I got down to the wharf, carpet-bag and all, and somehow I kinder recollected that you looked a little down in the mouth when you left for the national capital, and says I to myself, 'It'll be Robert good to see a friendly face when he returns.' The steamer goes every week, and I reckon my folks can live gone along for three years, and it hasn't busted their hearts yet."

I was much affected by this proof of his attachment. The major knew in a general way that Dr. Chabert was anxious about his daughter's health, but knew nothing of the danger which would have confronted any trouble of my own to me. This was hardly my secret, and until something was definitely arranged I should not speak of it. With great delicacy he refrained from asking me any question. I hastened round to Dr. Hude's office to find what had been done. He was out of town and I had to wait an hour later until I could see Dr. Netley.

"Mrs. Moir is to leave to-night for her father's home," he said. "Who goes with her?" I asked. "She prefers to go alone. She does not wish to take her maid for fear she will gossip, and I did not suggest you very properly do not wish to be connected with her leaving her husband. It is best for her sake, and no doubt she feels it so, for she did not refer to you. It has been decided by Dr. Hude and Mr. Arthur that Colonel Moir shall travel for a year under the care of a young physician and attended by his valet. They feel secure of good results."

"And you do not agree with them?" "I cannot," he said, decidedly. "I speak to you as I should wish you to report to Dr. Chabert in my name. Mrs. Moir is a very brave and a very loyal young woman. As long as there is any hope of her husband's recovery it is doubtful if she will ever confide even to her own father what she has suffered for the past four years. But when she consulted me about her husband's health, she felt obliged to tell me all that had served as a key to his condition. Colonel Moir's mind seems to have been slightly unhinged from the first year of their marriage."

"Do you mean that she had seen this coming on for years and has not spoken to her family of it?" "It seems that from the first he has been very strange to her, giving her very little money, not even allowing her to touch the pin-money her father had settled on her. He was jealous and restless if she went anywhere alone, and finally forbade her to stir without him. She has been almost a prisoner in her own house for two years, except when Colonel Moir chose to take her about with him. He took a dislike to music, forbade her to sing, and sent the piano out of the house. He opened and read all her letters. She has led a lonely existence, in terror of her life of late. He buys her most extravagant clothes and keeps her supplied with

books, but does not allow her to see any friends unless he brings them to the house himself. Frequently those he brings are undesirable for her to meet. She is a young woman of spirit, and was inclined at first to resent his treatment until she became convinced that he was deranged. Then she was too nervous and apprehensive to do more than try to keep the peace at any sacrifice. Of general society she has long seen nothing. For many months past he has been threatening to send her to an asylum, and she was only able to consult me in secret."

"Oh, Etienne! Poor little Etienne! To think that we knew not one word of what you were enduring! But did not Mr. Arthur notice his nephew's condition?" "It appears they are not on good terms. Arthur claimed a large share in some sugar deal, and Moir would not give him a cent. Arthur would not go to court about it—it is whispered that he shabby about the transaction. But of this I know nothing. For the present they are reconciled, and there has been a compromise."

"And you do not believe in Moir's ultimate recovery?" "I believe that he may be relieved, may appear cured, but the trouble is liable to break out again in a more dangerous form. If it recurs he is likely to have a peculiar aversion to all who have had any connection in his mind with this first illness that will make it dangerous for them to ever put themselves in his power. He may become sane, and remain so to the end of his days, but again a very slight thing may upset him, and the result may be a tragedy."

"Is he likely to live long in this condition?" "His general health is good. Barring accidents, he is likely to live beyond middle life. I groaned in spirit. No one wishes to be a murderer, yet how often one would bless Providence if it saw fit to remove a fellow-mortal before his time from this vale of tears!" As the affair was now public property and no longer a family secret, I felt liberty to tell my good old friend the outline of the story, that Dr. Chabert's daughter was going back to her father's home, as her husband was temporarily insane.

"She! That's pretty hard lines!" he remarked. "I remember her in Washington as a bride—a pretty, black-eyed girl, with lots of fine clothes, but a good girl and real spunky. She won't go back because she seemed so cut up about you, and didn't give herself no rest till she had everything prepared in the style for you when you come out of prison. There wasn't anything in the whole hospital good enough for her. I'd 'a' been her husband, I'd 'a' been laid as if it were a good joke."

"S'pose you'll be takin' her home in a day or two?" he suggested. "No," I said, dearly. "She is going on to-night." "Not alone!" he exclaimed. "I am afraid so." "Where is she now?" I asked. "I don't know," I replied, unwillingly. "She is stopping at some hotel in the city; I haven't asked where."

"What in thunder—" he began, then he stopped, mumbled to himself a while, and then came and sat down near me in silence, putting my shoulder with his hand from time to time. His delicacy and kindness were too much for me, and I put my head down on my arms and sobbed. I tried to speak, but he would not let me.

"You needn't say nothing," he said, soothingly. "I don't do nothing that might lead any way that wasn't the straightest and best. Yes, when a woman's unhappy, a man that's fond of her ain't so sure of himself as when she don't need no help or comfort, and he had better leave others to do for her at such times. I've never asked you a question, Robert, but I believe a man should marry young if he can make up his mind to even if it ain't his first love. But there is times when he can't." He paused. "I ain't never married," he added, slowly.

I raised my head and drew a shade nearer to him. He tipped his hat, his chin thrust up, and stared steadily before him. "I come of a better family 'n you'd think. I know I don't talk like a man of education, but the education went to my elder brother. He war smart and wanted to be a doctor, and my father couldn't afford to send two college boys out here. There war just one girl round our way that all of us boys war crazy to marry. Her mother's folks war from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and her father war a professor at the medical school. My brother always got the good things, and he got her. I married a little nearer him and laid him on and his arm. He swallowed hard for a moment and went on:

CHAPTER XX.

I did not feel that I could trust myself immediately to return to Detroit.

I needed a few weeks of absence and change to brace my will to meet the new situation. Etienne living next door again, where I could see her every day, Etienne separated from a husband who had ill-treated her and made Major Halliburton head of help, and comfort, this was a picture which I must turn my eyes from and harden my heart against. I did not feel prepared at once to meet the situation, and my good friend came to my rescue.

"Sonny," he said, a little later that afternoon, "I reckon I know you feel. You done right, but it's hard for a strong man with chivalry in his soul to leave a lone woman to travel that distance without an escort. She'll have to change cars once or twice and spend a night on the road, at Albany, maybe, or Syracuse, and she brought up like a French girl not to go anywhere alone! I ain't rubbin' it in—I just want you to be free with me, Robert. I'm no lady's man, I'm not cultivated like what she's used ter, but I stand ready to go with her and she don't want for nothin'." He turned and looked at me in a way that I could not resist.

"I was overjoyed at his proposition, and convinced him of my delight. It was an easy matter to get Mrs. Moir's address from a New York address book, which were accepted with such grace that he returned to our rooms in the best of spirits. "Did you have to refer to me at all?" I asked, hesitatingly, as he crammed his belongings into his capacious carpet-bag with ruthless hands. "He turned half round and gave me one of his long, comprehensive winks. "Robert," he said, impressively, "there ain't a man livin' has a greater regard for truth, as truth, than Levi T. Halliburton. But you air detained in Washington, Robert. Not that she come to offer as her escort. The Secretary of the Interior had important business with you concernin' some canal, and it might detain you for days. You are a very talented engineer, Robert, and Uncle Sam's government thinks a heap of you."

I nodded wearily, and he went on to care how I appeared in Nita's eyes. But the major looked uneasy at my silence, and seemed to think it necessary to justify his action. "You see, the Good Book says, Robert, that if you talk with the tongue of an angel and haven't the heart to do it, you are a dead man; which I religion call to mean that you needn't be so all-fired truthful as to hurt any one's feelings. Now I didn't want that pretty creature to think that you nor no man else would ever neglect her, or fail to provide for her comfort. It always buttered toast when they get up in the mornin', and breakfast at 10, and they take a bite of somethin' with a cocktail when they get to bed, so 'tain't likely they'll die from lack of sustenance."

"Don't worry about the dinner-party, Uncle Lee," he said, reassuredly. "I had once told me that was the name his niece called him by, not fancying his Christian name of Levi, and I had adopted the appellation. "Give the dollar bill to me and I'll tell you what to do as well as any nigger." I persuaded him to send a formal acceptance, but his spirits were lower and lower as the time grew near.

"It ain't no use," he complained. "As soon as I begin to think about it I grow weak and shivery all over and my insides squirm all around in my stomach. I'm going to have an illness, Robert. I know I am. Such feelin's ain't natural. I have rode through a hail of bullets without turnin' a hair, but just the thought of this here party makes me as sick as a cat."

"Oh, you just need a little coaching," I exclaimed, cheerily. "As soon as you feel confidence in yourself you'll be all right. Now, I will tell you how it will be. We shall enter the drawing-room together, and there will be a big footman at the door who will ask our names and shout out 'Major Halliburton and Mr. Fremont!' The host and hostess will be standing near the door and will shake hands with us. Then we cross over to a corner and stand by ourselves till dinner is announced, when the hostess will introduce you to some lady, and you will offer her your arm."

"Which arm?" he interrupted. "I gapsed in pretended dismay. 'I've got a little mixed up on the arms,' I stammered, "but it's bound to be one or the other, not both at once." Obviously he had lost confidence in me. "I might see which one she starts to hook on to," he suggested. "You can leave everything to the lady," I said, eagerly. "She will fall into line when it is your turn to walk into the dining-room, and she will go straight to the right seats at table. They are trained to know these things. You must not sit down or begin to talk when you get to the table, for the host will ask a blessing first. Then about the middle of dinner, just after the game and before the sweets, the host will suddenly fall forward in his seat with his head and arms on the table, his eyes rolling and a kind of apoplectic gurgle in his throat, and there will be a start and hush all round the table; but don't be alarmed, he isn't in a fit he is only saying grace. The Halliburtons always return thanks in the middle of dinner, I suppose for fear they won't be in condition to do it at the end."

"But the forks, Robert," he groaned. "The forks and spoons?" I suppose I could say I felt a little out of sorts, and only eat the soup and ice-cream. But one of the worst things comes at the very start and puts me all out of countenance, and that's the shell oysters. I'd a heap sight rather eat 'em stewed; then you can chase 'em round with a spoon with some chance of gettin' 'em cornered. But these raw things are women I had hardened my heart against because they heaved the high-bred charm and beauty of Miss Bourke. There was no doubt at all that I was an unreasonable ead. I hated myself for it, and told myself severely that the ladies were probably far more critical of me than I of them.

winter, had its summer headquarters at Halifax, the chief garrison town of British America. The presence of a large number of young officers with plenty of time on their hands for social enjoyment gave rise to continuous entertainments in the form of military balls, dinners, picnics, high teas, lawn parties, hops on board of all kinds, small dances and sports of all kinds. My grandfather had procured for me from some of the dignitaries in Upper Canada letters of introduction to the Governor of Nova Scotia and many Halifax officials, and I also carried letters from Washington officials to the colonel of the Royal Engineers and to some of the leading civil engineers of Nova Scotia.

I did not wish to force myself upon the major and his friends, or to disturb the privacy of a family reunion, and had not accompanied him in his first visits to Sir Everard's residence in the suburbs, but at the end of a few days I received a formal invitation to dine there. I went to show my note to the major and found him in a regular panic.

"Robert," he said, in an awestricken whisper, "I wish you to accept. I'm proud of you and I wish them to know you. But I—er, I don't feel well. I'm a little ill, I don't think a dinner'll agree with me. I never been to a dinner-party in all my life, and there's goin' to be twenty at table. Lido tells me, young and old, twenty low-neck and swallow-tails, and they air goin' to hunt in complex, ten pair men and women, and dinner to begin at half-past seven. Of course, I been to political banquets, but there they give the nigger behind my chair a dollar bill to keep me posted what knife and fork to use, and there's so much speechifyin' and hurrahin' that nobody pays attention to yo'r table manners, anyhow. But I done pretty well here till now. I ain't do no more discredit so far as I know, and I don't want to begin now. The New York tailor give me the right clothes, and you tell me when to put them on; I've been mighty careful of my grammar, an' I've took no meal at the big house but tea, which is plain stately, with bread in the draw-saloon, only they take it in the drawing-room, and I ain't quite hearty enough for small. I like preserve and a bit o' ham or chipped beef with mine, and a couple o' baked potatoes, and a table to spread it out on. But seems they feed again later, and tea is just a kind o' stop-gap between 2 o'clock dinner and 7 o'clock dinner. They have a cup of tea and a buttered toast when they get up in the mornin', and breakfast at 10, and they take a bite of somethin' with a cocktail when they get to bed, so 'tain't likely they'll die from lack of sustenance."

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My medicine chest contained three remedies—quinine, paregoric, and calomel—and I tried them all in turn without success. He went from bad to worse, until I decided that he had better send word without delay to Sir Everard and Lady Bourke of his inability to attend the dinner on the morrow, that they might secure a guest in his place. When I returned from despatching the note, I found him sitting up looking a little shamed.

"I feel some better, sonny," he said, apologetically. "I guess yo'r remedies air beginnin' to take hold." "I am very glad," I said mischievously, "for I couldn't hire any one to take that note way out to the Northwest Arm, and you'll have to go, after all."

He turned so pale and looked at me in such consternation that I had not nearly frightened him back to bed. I admitted that the note was well on the way to its destination, and he breathed freely again.

Captain Larpent, of the Royal Engineers, drove me out in his trap to the Bourke residence on the Northwest Arm, a lovely spot, situated on an inlet of Halifax Bay, surrounded by the country-houses of wealthy Halifaxians. After we had passed through the lodge gates and were driving up the shady approach, I noticed a pretty cottage buried under the trees, which he told me was occupied by Miss Sophy Bourke.

"She is an independent, energetic little old maiden lady, and lives there with a niece that she has adopted. They have not been returned from home." "Hm," of course meant England, where all good Nova Scotians who could afford it sent their sons and daughters to be educated. After entering the drawing-room and paying my respects to Sir Everard and Lady Bourke, I was introduced in rapid succession to "Miss Bourke," "Miss Sophy Bourke," "Miss Bourke again," "Miss Bourke again." This was puzzling, for the major had not told me there were so many granddaughters in the family. Miss Sophy Bourke I distinguished at once from his description—a lady about fifty years of age, short, plump, and gray, but the dress of the younger generation were strikingly alike. They were of the Celtic order of coloring, with black hair, blue eyes, very fair brows and lashes, and red-and-white complexions. The Halifax girls, as a rule, were small and lively, but the three Miss Bourkes were tall and stately, with broad shoulders, small waists and slender hips, long necks and shapely heads. Their manners were correct and dignified; they were reserved of speech and sparing of smiles. Their noses were aquiline; they had arched nostrils and short upper lips, and all the other adjuncts that go to make up the high-bred, aristocratic type of British beauty.

I had hoped that I should be appointed to take Miss Halliburton into dinner, but I found myself assigned to one of the Miss Bourkes. I made as careful a study of her face as I dared, so that I might be able to distinguish her from her sisters, for the three girls dressed alike and seemed to be exactly of the same age. My Miss Bourke I discovered to be not quite so tall as her sisters, to have blacker hair and eyelashes, eyebrows that nearly met, and a shy, startled-fawn expression in her Irish-blue eyes. The three maidens all looked proud and grave, but I believed mine to be more timid than the proud, and inexperienced rather than serious, and it put me on my mettle at once to try to rouse her and draw her out. It proved to be a very difficult task. I did wish to treat her as a school-girl, ask her how long she had been back from England, if she liked dancing and played croquet, if she preferred riding to driving, drawing, or singing; but unfortunately I had not acquired the small-talk of Halifax, and as she introduced no subject of conversation I had unwillingly to resort to the catechising process. I extorted the information that she had been six years at school in the country in England, and had lived with years in London, and that she preferred Halifax to London, because here she was allowed to attend dinner-parties, which was not customary with unmarried young girls at "home," that she did not play the piano nor sing, but was fond of drawing and sketching in water-colors, that she could play croquet, that she had no saddle-horse of her own, and therefore seldom rode, and that her favorite sport was lobster-spearin'. I was not familiar with this sport, though I had speared frogs and black bass in the lake country, and asked her to describe to me, but she looked alarmed, and said, hesitatingly, that I should probably have a chance to try it for myself before I left Halifax.

I began to fear that my handsome companion with the poetic brow and romantic eyes, the aristocratic profile and classic throat, was not merely shy but dull. There was no doubt that Etienne had spoiled me for other women—Etienne, so vivacious and well-travelled; witty, but always refined; lively, yet always modest and self-respecting; gay, though full of deep and sincere feeling. I realized with a little pang at my heart that I must not let my thoughts go back to her, and I would have been well pleased to find myself fallen despondent in love at this juncture. I was on the lookout for an object for my affections and it annoyed me to find myself so fastidious. This young girl beside me was almost ideally handsome in face and figure, sensitively good and sweet in disposition, if look and manner were to be Heved, and I was so carefully educated that I was sure to find in her all the feminine models, yet I turned from her impatiently and set her down as dull because she failed to entertain me with a lot of society small-talk. On the other hand, how many attractive and entertaining young women I had hardened my heart against because they heaved the high-bred charm and beauty of Miss Bourke. There was no doubt at all that I was an unreasonable ead. I hated myself for it, and told myself severely that the ladies were probably far more critical of me than I of them.

"I am very desirous of your cousin," I said, at last, in the conversation ably long, and she had relieve it. "Which cousin?" "Oncle, Miss Bourke complained. "Her uncle, has been a friend of my father's." He tells me, "Dido."

She looked up at me with a full, romantic, Irish-shy wildness, like the gazelle. A wave of her soft oval of her face, and I am Dido, she said, embarrassed tones.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

SOULS FROM PURGATORY. VENT A

It was fair-day I Pyreces. This is year only—the first for the 8th of September. It is a day of great in and is, villages and the people flock to the fairs.

A wealthy farmer, autumn fair his n had good luck in and, at the close of ket, at the satis away with him a exchange for his flo Not all were as jolly farmer. No around the stalls market place had profitably as he d nothing to sell, and to buy.

The latter was men who had nothing to watch their neighbors. They beheld the ing in his luck, a horses, cows and and bank-notes, an er's leather wallet fortune.

These two men luck," as they call manner of life. "No friend of theirs talking over the fence, they grew aged, gloomy and "Why should I have so much reason the other. Their eyes met the same. The f their way too. stream, through lonely paths, with river, whose bed current swift, the so did the farmer will never miss it. "He is strong answered the other. "We are two, but he is still. We are two; y is cold; your c hungry and naked. "But if he is for us?" "No reply, only other's gloomy c asked the other hain?" "The question tering that ask long in coming weak and in an "I would not resist?" replied there was n groan, and the The night was g The farmer tate they are feasti carries a light l. "Let his pu the reply. "The darkness ows gathered a path became le. "Let us wait. They took shi crag that shut Darkness sett waited; and A footstep hearts beat lo the rustling b blood, was surg. "Come, ar. The voice of ling and the startled from t. It was only a flood of light showed them of a goodly co. "His friend part of the way we can intere. Again all fo forth and fol time to time through the them the farm erect and be erected them again—within dark, awful. to wait for th. "He comes. "Ready!" "Stop! He draws no friends are c chance is lo- They must their work, village which. "Who were each other, were, they the gorge at l alone! Beyond they followe. At a lonely c were crouc hardly beat heard by th. "An ivy-c their sight l passes, it w. "But lo h side them, a