BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANAGEA has no equal for relieving pain, both interval and external [11] it cures Pain in the Sile ack of Bowers Sore Throat Rheumatism.

Toothsche, Lumbego and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea, being schnowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Gramps in the Stomach, and. Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggiset at 25 cents a bottle. [G26

MOTHERS! MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLUW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediatelydepend upon it; there is no mistake about it There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents [G2`

George Dodge, ar., a weil known citizen of Emporium, writes that one of his men (Sam Servie) whilst working in the woods so severely sprained his ankle that he could scarcely get home, but after one or two applications of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil he was able to go to work next day.

THE, HIEBAROHY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Rome, May 15 .- The Gerarchia Cattolica is a sort of directory of the Oatholic Church. It is due from the publishers early in the year, but the appearance of the present issue has been delayed in order to include the important nominations and appointments that have heen made recently. The Gerarchia contains s complete list of the dignitaries, both high and small, of the Church throughout the world.

This book was published first at the beginning of the last century, under the pontificate of Clement XI. The publication is commonly known and spoken of in Rome, not by its proper title, but as It Cracas, a name derived from the fact that it had its origin in a newspaper printed as early as 1716 by one Giovanni Francesco Chracas.

The present number gives a list of the 263 Popes, ending as follows:

Joachim Pecci, born in Carpineto, March 2 1810, elected Feb. 20, 1878, and crowned March, 3, is now in his 73d year and the fifth year of his pontificate.

The Sacred College is now composed of 65 Cardinals. They are consequently five vacancies, of which only four remain to be filled, since the name of one new Cardinal is reserved in pectore-that is to say, has been determined upon but not yet published.

The oldest member of the Sacred College is Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux; he is 87. The youngest is Cardinal Zigliari, only 49, a learned Dominican supposed to be the greatest Thomist living. The nationalitles of the Sacred College are as follows :-

Italians 34 | Portuguese 2 French 9 | Irish 1 Spanish...... 4 Belgian......

The tallest Cardinal is Howard, the shortest Jacobini, Secretary of State. The tattest is Bartolini, the thinnest McCloskey. All agree that the most learned is Bilio, possibly the future Pope. The greatest orator is Alimonds, the greatest student Pitra, the greatest linguist Haynald. Ten Cardinals have been relected out of religious communities, fiftyfive from the secular clergy. The aggregate age of the members of the Sacred College is 3,390 years, which gives an average of a little over 52 years.

Of the 65 Cardinals, 6 are of the order of Bishops, 46 of the order of Priests, and 13 of the order of Deacons. Only one Cardinal is now living who was created as far back as Gregory XVI., Cardinal Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague. He is fourteen years younger than Donnet, but has been a Cardinal ten years longer. There are 43 Cardinals of Plo None's creation, and 21 created by the present Pope. Since Leo XIII., was crowned, 20 Cardinals have died, averaging five yearly. It seems only yesterday since Archbishop McCloskey was made a Cardinal; yet be

stands already in the first quarter of the college in regard to age of creation. Of the nine patriarchial sees of the Catholie Church, that of Constantinople is vacant, while the others are filled. The Latin rite has all over the world 149 archiepiscopal sees, and the Oriental rite has 27. There are

568 Bishops of the Latin rite; 47 of the Orl-

RaFigures corrected to April 1st of the present year show that throughout the world the Catholic Church has a bierarchy composed of 1,289 prelates having jurisdiction. In this number are not included the Vicar-Generals of the dioceses nor the honorary Monsignors. During his pontificate, Leo XIII. has erected 5 archiepiscopal sees, 15 episcopal sees, 7 apostolic vicarates and 3 apostolic prefectures. The ordinary denomination of some sees in partibus infidelium has been dropped this year. For example, Archbishop Corrigan, Coadjutor of New York, who last year was known as Archbishop of Petra, in partibus, is mentioned this year as Arch-bishop of the titular see of Petra, the in partibus being dropped altogether. The Pope has taken this step because many of those ancient sees are no longer inhabited by in-

fidels, but by Christians.

-EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING. —" By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected or e. E. Mrs has provided our breakfast tables w l delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judiclous use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."— Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (4 lb, and lb.) labelled-" JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England." .. Also makers of Erea's Onocolars has put upon him.

By the Author of "Guy Earlscourts Wife,"
"A Wonderful Woman," "A Mad
"Marriage," "Redmond
"O'Donnell," etc.

CHAPTER XI. CONTRIUED. It is the tone, the look, insolent beyond lessure addressed to his mother, that stings him For Mrs. Abbott she does not say a word. She looks once at the man before her and then back at her plate.

Ah I sit down, my lad—there is nothing for

you to get your mettle up about. Only Bleaf ford's Joseph won't come here. Lee is my daughter—I'll know who she associates with And, by Heaven it shen't be with a cub out of Giles Sleaford's den!"

The veins in his forehead stand out purple -he brings his clenched fists down on the table, until the glass rings.

Geoffrey's face flushes crimson; he looks at his mother, prepared to resent his violence. She is a shade paler than usual; a little ourb of scorn and disgust dilates the delicate nostrils-otherwise she is perfectly calm.

"Do not excite yourself, Mr. Abbott," she need. course it shall be quite as Mr. Abbott

And then silence falls—such silence! Mrs. Abbott seems slowly to petrify as she sits. Geoffrey's face is rigid with wrath. Mr. Abbott makes short work of his dinner, and departs without a word. Only little Leo, of the quartett, dines at all.

But one sentence, at rising, passes between the mother and son. "You will tell this poor child she cannot come,". Mrs. Abbott says, and Geoffrey

nods But an obstinate look comes about his mouth; he is not easily baffled; those resolute lips, that curved chin were not given him for nothing. Joanua may not come here, but he will go instead to Miss Rrice and arrange with her to give the girl lessons at her own rooms. His pocket money is abundant; he will pay

for her himself. She shall be taught, that is as fix ed as fate if he has to buy Sleaford's consent with his last penny. Contradiction has the effect on young Lamar it has on all determined people -it only redoubles his determination.

It rains the next day, a steady, drizzling, persistent rain. But he cares very little for wet jacket; sleeping on his resolution only makes him more resolute. He mounts his "dapple gray" and rides through the dripping woods to Sleaford's. No mocking bird is perched among the branches to-day, to waylay him with its delusive melody. He reaches the house, puts his horse under cover, and enters. Only two of the family are to be seen—Joanna scrubbing a floor that very much needs scrubbing, and Giles himself smoking, in a corner, a meditative pipe. He greets his visitor with a surprised nod, and watches him curiously. For Joanna-it is evidently one of her dark days, her small face looks cross and eantankerous, she curtly returns his salutation, she scrubs the boards with ill-tempered vehemence. Toe rain beals against the panes, the house and every-

thing about it looks dismal and forlorn. "Well, Joanna, Geoffrey says, in an undertone "I promised to come, and I am here. But my project has failed for the present. I intended you to come to Abbott Wood every day for lessons, but it seems it cannot be. We must hit on some other plan. You would not mind going up the village every after-

noon, would you?"

Before Joanna can reply, Sleaford takes his pipe from his mouth, and breaks in. He has caught the words, low as they are spoken.

"What's that?" he demands, gruffly. "I mean't to tell you," Geoffrey courteously returns, "and ask your consent. Of course tle girl is clever, I think, and has a fine voice. intended to have her taught, and that voic cultivated-always with your permission. 1 thought at first of getting her to come every

day to our house, but-" " Well, but what?"

"It cannot be, it seems. Still I can manage it. She can go to Brightbrook, and take her lessons there instead." "Stop a bit," says Giles Sleaford, resuming

his pipe; "why can't she go to Abbott Wood ?

"Well, Geoffrey replies, with that frank regard for simple truth that is characteristic of him, "well the fact is, Mr. Abbott objects. Not that it matters at all—the other way will do just as well."

"Stop a bit!" repeats Mr. Sleaford; "did you put it to your guy'ner, "I want to learn little girl," says you, "that don't know nothin' but cussin' and lowness and make a lady out o' her!" Did you put it like that?"

"Something like that—yes." "Namin' no other names at fust?"

"Exactly."

"And what did he say then?" "Well, he said yes," answered Geoffrey, a little embarrassed, but still adhering to truth

"And when he found who it was he wouldn't. "Give her a name," says he. "Sleaford's Joanns," ses you. "I'm d-dif you do!" ses he, "none o' that lot comes here!"

That was it, wasn't it?" "Well, more or less," Geoffrey returns. laughing in spite of himself. "You must be a wizard, I think, Mr. Sleaford. But it really does not matter, you know; the other

way-" "Stop a bit!" reiterates Giles Sleaford. Was it your intentions as how your mar should look arter Joanner when she went up to the big house, an' kind o' help to edicate

her and that?"

· It was, but as I sayway, sendin' her to the village to a teacher woman. The girl shall go to your guviner's house or she shau't go at all. Now you stop a bit. don't nothin' alore to-morrow, and mapbe-I name no names, mind you!-and may-

be she can be let go to your mar." With which Mr. Sleaford relapses into ruminstive silence, and slowly refills his pipe, which has gone out. There is a grim sort of grin on his forbidding face as he does so, and he awallows a chuckle or two as he watches the heir of Abbott Wood rise and go away.

"So Red Jack won't, won't he?" he says, half aloud, with one of these suppressed chuckles; because she's a Sleaford! Ahl well, we will see."

> CHAPTER XII. "NOBODY'S CHILD."

Abbott Wood. For the very great personage quite the repose that marks the cast of Vere he is in some respects, his position is an un- i de Vere. The master of the mansion takes o dignified one. He has tilted back the carved and cushioned chair in which his bulky body reposes, elevated his boots on the low black marble mantel, and is rapidly filling the room with tobacco smoke. A frown still rests on his brow; he has not forgiven his wife—he is a reason for it. Come! I'll buy you off. I'll not disposed to forgive her; it is only one more added to the lengthy list of affronts she

Essence for afternoon use, tachisari delay And if ever I get a chance," he mutters as want three hundred dollars." tradit to seem to and for a common, by find por two a manual and an entire of which it is a find the and a continued to the first of the t

he smokes, "I'll pay you back my high and mighty lady!" himself in hand Little Leo has just left him . She is his at auy rate; he will have her with him when he

chooses, in the very teeth of her scornful mo-ther? The child is sufficiently fond of him; he is foolishly indulgent to her, after the man-ner of his kind; but now she too, has quitted him. Nine has struck, and nurse has come bott. and borne her off. At present he is solacing himself with a pipe, the evening paper, and seme crusty port, until it shall, be time to go

"A wet night, by jingo!" he says, as in the pauses of rattling the paper he hears the dash of the rain against the glass, and the sough of the wind in the trees.

The room in which he sits is a grand one -a hundred years old to look at, at least; everything in it, about it, is richly hued, deeply tinted, warmly toned. There is an oriel window, where sunset lights fall through on a dark-polished oaken floor in orange, and ruby, and amethyst dyes. A soft-rose red carpet covers the centre of the floor; a tigerekin rug is stretched in front of the shining grate. Mellow brown panels are everywhere

where books are not.

Books are many; hundreds of volumes in "Do not excite yourself, Mr. Abbott," she costly bindings purple, crimson, white and says in slow, iced tones, "there is really no gold—not a "demy," among them all. There Resume your dinner, Geoffrey. Ot are bronzes, and a few dark paintings of the literary lights of the world, quaint old furniture, all carved with arabecques and griffins'heads, and upkolstered in bright crimson cloth.

Here, too, as in nearly every room of the house, is burned in the panes the escutcheon of his Southern wife. It looks a very temple of culture and learning, and, with the usual fine irony of fate, John Abbott is its high priest. Not one of all these hundreds of costly volumes does his stumpy brown fingers ever open; his literature is confined to the New York and Brightbrook daily papers, and all the sporting journals he can buy.

As he sits and puffs his clouds of smoke. and swallows his wine, there is a tap at the door, and a man-servant enters.

"Well!" inquires Mr. Abbott, what now?" "There is a man in the hall, sir, to see you particular. He says his name is Sleaford."

The servant looks at hin with a covert cunning as he makes this announcement. In a place like Brightbrook there can be no such thing as a secret. The servants of Abbott Wood have heard of the Sleafords, but this is the first time one of that celebrated family has presented himself at the manor.

Mr. Abbott drops his paper, and slowly rises from his chair, a gray pallor overspreading the peony hue of his face. "Sleaford," he repeats, blankly; "did you say Sleaford?"

"Sleaford, sir-Giles Sleaford. He is waiting in the vestibule. Told him I didn't know you were at home, sir, but would see. Ara you at home, sir ?" "Show him in you fool, and be quick?"

The man retreats. Mr. Abbott resumes his chair, breathing quickly, that grayish shade still on his face, and tries to resume his usual bluff, blustering manner as well, but in vain. He is frightened-braggart, boaster that he is ; his hand shakes—he in forced to | whenever you like." fling aside his paper with an oath.

"Sleaford!" he thinks: "this time of night -and such a night! Good G--d! what is he give.

The door re opens, and, dripping like a huge water dog, his hat on his head, his hands in his pockets, Giles Sleaford stalks into the room

"Oh, you are to home!" he says with a speer; "the flunky said as how he didn't more. Fetch her here and forget my know. It ain't the kind o' night heevy swells words." like John Abbott, Esquire, of Abbott word, would be like to go out promenadin'. It's as black as a wolf's mouth, and comin' down like | mouth somewhat stern. It is a very natural blazes."

tone of marked civility. He sends one of the ford's he rides, instead of to the village, and carved and cushioned chairs whirling on its the result is, that dressed in her holiday best, castors toward him, but Mr. Sleaford only Sleaford's Joanna presents herself on Monday long and so steadily that you gasped from glances at it with profound contempt. "It alternoon at Abbott Wood to begin her edu- sympathy, and than running down the scale is, as you say, the deuce and all of a night to cation. be out in. But now that you are here, if there is anything I can do for you---"

"Ah! If there is?" returns Mr. Sleaford, still sardonic; "as if there was anything a this grand room, before this grand lady, she rich gent like Mr. Abbott couldn't do for a stands shifting from one foot to the other, poor bloke like me. As if I would trame it downcast of face, awkward of manner, shy, sithrough mud and water a good three mile for the pleasure of lookin' at your jim-cracks and axin arter your 'clth. Yes, there is somethin' you can do for me, and what's more, you've her by their painful novelty. Miss Bice is

got to do it, or I'll know the reason why." The sneer changes to a menace. Mr. Abbott rises with precipitation, opens the door quickly, and looks down the long, lighted passage. There are no eavesdroppers. He closes the door, and locks it, and faces his man. The danger is here, and he does not

lack pluck to meet it. "What do you want?" he demands; it was part of our bargain that you were never to come here. Why are you here? I'm not a man to be trifled with-you ought to know that before to-night."

"There ain't much about you, Jack Abbott, that I don't know." Sleaford retorts, coolly. Don't take on none o' your richman airs with me. This is a snug crib--all this here poety furniture and books cost a few dollars, reckon. You wouldn't like to swop 'em for a cell in Sing Sing, and a guv'ment striped suit? What am I here for? I'm here to find out why one o' my kids ain't to come to your wife to geta eddication, if that there young sport, your step-son, says so?"

The two men look each other straight in the yes-fierce, dogged determination in Siesford's; malignant, baffled fury in Abbott's.

"So! this is what you want, Black Giles?" "This is what I want, Jack Abbott. And what I'll have, by the Eternal! Mind you, I don't care a cuss about eddication, nor whether the gal ever knows D from a cow's horn; "Stop a bit! hold on-it ain't the same no but the young gent wants it, and you were willin' till you found out who she was, and then you wouldn't. Now, I'll stend none o' that. My gal's comin' up here to be eddicated by your wife, says Mr. Sleaford, beating out his proposition with the finger of one hand on the palm of the other, "which is a lady born and bred, and by your step-son, "which he's what all the gold that ever panned out in the diggins can't make you-a gentleman. You forbid it yesterday---you'll take that back tomorrow, and whenever the young swell says the word. Joanner's comin' up here for that

there eddication!" All this Mr. Siesford says slowly and impressively-by no means in a passion. His hat is still on his head, politeness with Black Giles is not a matter of hat. And he fixes Mr. Abbott with his "glittering eye," while he thus did actually lay down the law. Mr. Abbott, too, has cooled. Indeed, for two ex-Mr. Abbott is sitting alone in the library at | tremely choleric gentlemen, their manner has turn or two up and down the slippery floor before he replies. The tenant of the Red Farm eyes him with stolid malignity.

"I wish you wouldn't insist on this, Giles," he says, in a troubled tone, at last. "I have give you—"

'No, you won't. I sin't to be bought off. She's got to come. But I'm out of cash, I

oond Abbotts eyes flash, but still he holds "You are joking! Only last week I gave | "It is virgin soli, says Miss Rice, briskly,

"Never mind last week, that's gone with last year's sum. It's no good palaverin you know what I want. All your money wouldn't buy me off. She's got to come." Again silence-again broken by Mr. Ab-

"How old is this confounded girl," he de mands, and mentally consigns her to perdi tion. "Your girls ought to be all grown up

Bleaford." "Ought they? Well, they sin't. She's twelve just."

"Twelve! What nonsense! Why, your wife's been dead these sixteen years." "Ah !" says Giles Sleaford.

It is a brief interjection, but the tone, the glare that goes with it brings back the blood in a purple glow to the other man's face.

"We won't talk about that," says Sleaford

between his teeth, "nor what followed. Cause why? I might forget you was the richest, respectablest gent hereabouts, and fly at your throat, and choke the black heart oot o' you. Gimme that money and let me git! The blackest night that ever blowed is better than a pallis with you in it."

.With a cowed look, Mr. Abbott goes to a desk, counts over a roll of bills, and hands i to his tenant.

"Sleaford," he says, almost in a supplicating tone, "I wish you would go away from here. People are talking. The Red Farm is going to the dogs. It's not that I care for that. I don't care for that but-but I don't want people to talk. I've been a good friend

to you, Giles---" The wild beast glare that looks at him out of Giles Sleaford's eyes makes him pause. "About money, I mean," he resumes hurriedly. "I'm not stingy, no man ever called me that. Name your price and go. Back to San Francisco; you can have a good time there; and let bygones he bygones. I'll

come down handsome, by Jove I will." Glies Sleaford pockets the money, and looks at him with wolfish eyes.

"I'm a poor devil," he says, but if I was take half your millions and leave you. I had your father or mother?" work enough to find you, Lord knows. But I have found you, and while you and me's above ground we'll never part."

He turns with the words and leaves the library. No more is said, no good-night is ex-changed. Mr. Abbott in person sees his visitor to the door, and lets him out. The darkness is profound, a great gust of wind and rain beats in their faces, but Giles Sleaford plunges into the black gulf and tramps doggedly out of sight.

Next day, as Geoffrey Lamar is leaving the house after breakfast, on purpose to ride to the village and see Miss Rice, the teacher, his step-father approaches, in a shuffling way, and

lays his hand on his shoulder. "If I said anything tother day at dinner, he says, grufily, but apologetically, "I want you to overlook it, dear boy. I was put out, and I showed it. Let that little girl come

Geoffrey giances at him, rather haughtily. It is one of his failings that he is slow to for-

"It is a matter of no consequence whother she ever comes here or not. I am perfectly s tisfied to let it drop."

"No, you ain't, dear hoy-you know you ain't. You want her to come, and so does your mother. I'm sorry-I can't say no "Very well, sir," Geoffrey returns in his grand manner-his head thrown back, his

manner with the lad, and is exceedingly "Sit down, Sleaford," says Mr. Abbott, in a effective with most people. So it is to Slea-Mrs. Abbott looks at the wild creature in wonder and pity. Out in the woods, there is

a certain free, lithe grace about the girl-in lent, uncouth. Even the attempts at civilization, the shoes and stockings, the smoothed that glowing room. Her hair, of which she hair, the washed and shining face, embarrass has a profusion, and which is red-brown in there, a little brisk old body, with round birdlike eyes, and the general air of a lively robin, in her brown stuff dress.

"My son tells me you can sing," Mrs. Abbott says in her slow, sweet way. "Will you sing something for us that we may judge?" As well ask her to fly! Joanna stands mute, a desperate feeling creeping over her to make a dash for the door, and fly for ever to

Black's Dam. "You cannot?" with a smile. "Ah! well, it is natural. Miss Rice will play something for you instead, and I will leave you to get

acquainted. So Mrs. Abbott with fine tact goes and Joanna draws a free breath for the first time. So much beauty, and condescension, and silk dress have overwhelmed her. Miss Rice is insignificant—she never overwhelmed any smiles; an unlimited capacity for discontent one in her life. She goes to the piano, and plays what she thinks Joanna will like, a

sparkling waltz and a gay polka. Joanna does like it, and listens with rapture.

"Now tell me some of your songs, and I will play the accompaniment," says Miss Joanna goes over half a dezen-"Old Dog

Tray," " Wait for the Waggon," "Sally, Come Up," Miss Rice knows none of them. " Here is " Nobody's Child." Can you sing that?" she asks.

As it chances, Joanna can, and does. All her embarrassment is gone with Mrs. Abbott. Her strong young voice takes up the air, as Miss Rice softly strikes the chords, and peals out full and clear. There is a mournful appropriateness in every word :

Out in the dreary and pitiless street. With my torn old shoes and my bare cold

All day I have wandered to and fro, Hungry and shivering, nowhere to go. The night's coming down in darkness and dread.

And the cold sleet is teating upon my roor head. Ah! why does the wind rush about me so wild!

Is it because I am Nobody's Ohild?"

Miss Rice listens surprised and delighted And Mrs. Abbott, just outside the open window listens too, and mentally decides that Geoffrey was right. This girl is worth sav-ing if only for the sake of that charming voice. She sings with expression, the pathos of the words find an echo in her untaught heart. She, too, is Nobody's Child.

"Oh, you have a lovely voto indeed!" cries little Miss Rice, enthusiastically, "and wait! That will do now; we will see what eyes. else you know and get out a fev books."

The "what else " turned out to be nothing mas festivities - Geoffrey at twenty-one, not so ringe, brooches, bracelets, jewellery of and at all. " She can read with tolerable correct very much unlike the Geoffrey of sixteen.

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ness, and write a little. She cannot sew, knit, crochet -knows nothing, in fact,

Mss Rice trips away, and Joanna more slowly follows. She passes the Gothle lodge, and is well out of eight of that neat little structure where the master of Abbott Wood comes suddenly upon her, and stretching out his brawny right hand, catches her by the wrist. He has been lying in wait.

"You are Joanna Sleaford?" atmosphere of her life, and impish Joanna is

Joanna at once. Who are you, then?" Don't tell me lies!"

Don't you tell them I am Sleaford's Joanta.' "What d'ye mean? It't the same thing." "Oh, no, 'taint. My name ain't Bleaford,

mister." All Joanna's usual pertness is in her elfish tone and face.

"What is it, then?" "Don't know, and don't care. Sleaford's Joanna does as good as anything else." She begins to whistle—then breaks off to

laugh shrilly. "You'll know me next time for certain. What are you starin' at? It ain't good manners, old gentleman." To tell the truth, he is staring as Joanna

blank expression of new-born, constarnation. in his face. "Little girl," he says, "I am Mr. Abbott,

and I want you to answer me a few questions. Who are you, if you are not Sleaford's daughter?" "Told you before I didn't know. I don't tell lies. You mightn't think so, but I don't. It's sneaky. Picked me up in a gutter, he

ter than his house any day." "How old are you?"

"Just twelve." "Do you remember nothing of the time be-

gutter, I guess. Say, Mister, it's getting late. ences are at work, driving her two ways I want to go home."

"Go then," he suys, mechanically. He draws back, and she darts off fleet as a

squirrel. He stands and watches her out of sight, that blank expression still on his give her up altogether, but he obstinately an " Of all that could happen I never thought

of that," he mutters. " I never thought Black Giles was so deep. No, I thought of everything, but I'm blessed if I ever thought of that." She has disappeared and the dinner bell is a I never said so, an' I'm the only one at

summoning the master of the house. He knows." turns up the avenue, but all that day, and for many days after, John Abbott muses and muses, and is strangely silent and still. And so it comes to pass, that from that day

a new life begins for Sleaford's Joanna." PART II.

> CHAPTER I. WHAT FIVE YEARS MAKE OF JOANNA.

It is a December afternoon, and brightly crisply clear. The last yellow light of the wintry sunset, shining in between parted curtains of lace, and heavy crimson drapery, falls upon a young girl seated at a grand piano, touching the keys with flexible, strong You're a game young rooster, and I respect fingers, and singing in a full, rich contralto that makes everything in the room vibrate. It is the winter drawing room of Abbott Wood, a spacious and splendid spartment, vast and lofty, but the trained powerful voice fills it easily. She is singing exercises and solfeggios; she has been so practising for the past hour running up in a shower of silvery high notes, holding the highest sometimes so

until the last low sweet tone melten into the chords her fingers struck. The girl is young-seventeen-tall, slight, a little angular at present, but promising well for the future. She is dressed in a black alpaca that has seen service, and which is nelther particularly neat nor well fitting-a rusty garment, that looks distinctly out of place in bue, but more red than brown, is knotted in a loose and careless knot, without the slightest attempt at the becoming. Her face is pale and thin, the features good, but the expres-

sion set and severe for seventeen. "What a peculiar-looking girl !" people say of her when they see her first, and are apt to look again with some curiosity. "She is not pretty at all, but it is rather a-s striking face," and the word describes it very well. It is not pretty; it is far from plain; and it is a face most people are apt to look at more than once. It is what five years have made of Sleaford's Joanna.

Five years! They work changes from twelve to seventeen; that is what five years of much cere, instruction, and painstaking on the part of good Miss Bice have made Joanna. A slim young person, with a face that seldom with her own life, that increases every day of that life; an utter apathy as to dress, tidiness, needlework; a conviction that she is hopelessly ugly, and that it is of no use wasting time trying to redeem that ugliness; a delicious voice, a tolerable amount of proficiency as a pianist-that is Joanna.

She sits alone. Voices and laughteryoung voices -- reach her from the grounds; once her name is called, but she pays no heed. A gay group are out there, enjoying the windless winter evening, but with gaiety this girl has little-has ever had little-to do. Wild Joanna she can be called no longer; she seems quiet enough. Sleaford's Joanna she is still—the household drudge—even as she was five years ago, with work-reddened, workhardened hands.

She grows tired of exercises after a little and begins almost unconsciously to sing snatches of songs-English, German, Italian -- a very pot pourri. Then all at once she strikes a few solemn resounding chords, and begins Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and the instrument quivers with the force of these grand tones.

"Cujus animum gementum !" It is a glorious anthem, sung with passion pa-

thos and power.
"Bravo!" says a voice; "encore, mademoiselle. If I had a bouquet I would throw

She glances round and smiles, and when she smiles you discover that this girl: might be almost handsome if she chose. For she has a rare smile that quite transforms her sallow, moody face. She has very fine teeth, too -- not in the least like pearls but fully equal to those beautiful enamelled half circles that grin at you from dental show-cases.

"Sing "When Swallows Build," Joanna," says the new-comer, throwing himself on a after a few mouths' training-ah well, only sofa near, and looking at her with kindly

It is Geoffrey Lamar down for the Ohrist-

Grown taller, though still not tall; looking strong and well trained both as to muscle and mind, retaining that resolute mouth and chin, to her p troness; "lienty of weeds, and no retaining also that slightly haughty air, and cultivation. Well, we must pluck up the weed, and plant the seeds of knowledge. retains everything; even that pleasant friendly regard for bleaford's Joanna to which she is indebted for her power to-day to make the room ring with the "Stabat Mater" She turns over the music and finds the

Bong. "What have you done with the others? she asks carelessly,

"Oh!" Livingston is there, and where girl are concerned he is slways a host in himself, Sie jerks away her land. Roughness is the There were a great many pretty people present at the Ventnor's last night," says Geof. rey laughing, "but Frank was the belle of the ball. Do you want me to turn your music Joanns? Because if you do, I will sacrifice comtort to politeness and get up."

"No, don't trouble yourself," Joanna answers. " As you work so hard all the rest of the year, I suppose you claim the right to be lazy at Christmas. And besider, I am not used to politeness."

"No!" said Geoffrey, and looks at her thoughtfully : "it strikes me you seem trifle out sorts of late, Joanna. You are as thin as a shadow and nearly as mute. Tell me-is it the old trouble? Do these people

treat you badly stil? She shrugs her shoulders; and an impatien freful look darkens her face.

"What does it matter? she says, in voice of irritated weariness; " I ought to b has never been stated at before in her life, a used to it by this, but the trouble with me is I get used to nothing. Do not mind my looks—I am always this and cross—it is natural, I suppose; and as to being muta when one has nothing pleasant to say, one had best hold one's tongue. Every one is good to me here: better than I deserve. That ought to suffice."

She begins her song, but the impatient ring is yet in her voice. Geoffrey lies still and watches her. He has the interest in her we says. Wish he'd left me there. Gutter's betall have in the thing we have saved and protected; he would like to see her repay that it terest by blooming looks and bright laughter but his power falls-something is amiss. She poorer, if I was a dog in a ditch, I wouldn't fore you lived with Sleaford? Nothing of is educated, refined, cared for, but she is not our father or mother?"

hoppy—he has a vague, uneasy suspicion she
"Never. Had none maybe. Grew in the is not particularly good. Antagonistic infly once-here all is luxury, refinement, highbreeding, tender care; there all is coarseness

vulgarity, brutal usage. Long ago Giles Sleaford was implored doggedly refused.

"She is not your daughter, Geoffrey ha urged. "You do not care for her. Givo her to us. She is none of yours." "How d'ye know that, youngster?' Slea ford says, a cumbing look in his bleary eyes

"Well, if she is then you should have be welfare at heart. Let her come to us for good and all. She is attached to my mother, and would like it."

would like it.

"Ah!" I dare say! She's a lazy jade, at would like to be a fine lady, with nothin' to do but play the plaony and sing songs. But it won't do, young gent. I don't give her away. I ain't goin' to give up Joanna. "If monoy is any inducement—"beging Geoffrey, after a pause. He is exceedingly

tanacious of purpose—he hates to give us anything on which he has once set his mind. "Look a here, young gentleman," says Giles Sleaford, "I sin't got no spite agin you yer. But let this here come to an end. won't give up Joanna to you or no living man. That gal's the trump card in my hand though the time ain't come to play her yet. She may keep on goin' to your house-l're said so, and I'll stick to it—but back here she

comes rain or shine, every night for life. Now drop it !" And so night after night Joanna turns from the beauty and grandeur of Abbott Wood to the bleak ugliness and disorder of the field Farm ; from good-natured Miss Rice to scolding Liz or speering Lora; from the stately kindness of Mrs. Abbott to the imprecation of Black Giles; from the melodies of Chopin and Schubert to the grimy kitchen labor, the washboard and scrubbing-brush of Sleaford's It is an abnormal life-two existences, gla-

ingly wide apart, and the girl is simply being ruined between them. "Ah! that is fine," says a second voice, at a second face appears at the open window. My word of honor, Joanna, you have voice! Sing us something else.

She starts a little, and something-it is faint you can hardly call it color-flashes it to her face. She does not glare round, he fingers strike a discordant chord, she stops confusedly, her head droops a little. "How like the grand Turk, surveying his

favorite Sultana, Lomar looks!' goes ou, sarcastically, this voice, "stretched out there drinking in all this melody. Luxurious Sybarite, bid the Light of the darem sing us another. She pays no attention to my deferential request." But before Lamar can obey, Joanna has be gun again. Without notes this time, some

subtle chord of memory awakened, she sing

a song she has not thought of for years, the first she ever sung in this house-" Nobody's Child." There is a pause. The trite saying of tears in the voice comes to the mind of Geoffrey-pain, pathos, passion, are in th simple words. She feels them—oh! she feels them to the very depths of her soul. Nameless, homeless, parentless, a waif and stray, castaway of the city streets-nothing more All the kind charity, the triendly good.ne ture of these rich people cannot alte

As she sings the last words, two young girls who have been lingering in the doorway, unwilling to disturb the music, enter. A greater contrast to the words she has been singing to the singer hercelf, can hardly be imagined. They are heiresees both; they have everything this girl has not-name, lineage, wealth, beauty, love. They are Olg Ventnor and Leo Abbott.

They advance. Leo's arm is around Olga's walst; she is one of the clinging, affections! sort of little people, as addicted to caresses at to bon-bons. She hardly comes up to Olga's shoulder, though but a year younger. She's a pretty little brunette of fiffeen, plump, pale dark-eyed, dark-haired, dressed in the daint. est and brightest of costumes. She worship Olga, and looks up to her; she is her idea, immensely wiser, and more grown up that herself-her superior in every way.

Miss Olga Ventnor at sixteen is certainly very fair young lady. Tall, slight, etc., graceful, the delicate head proudly poised and "sunning over with ourls," still won girlish fashion, loose on her shoulders, the "flower face' quite without a flaw-a lift proud, perhaps but very, very lovely. The eyes are more purple than blue—"panes! eyes" a stricken youth of eighteen has been known to call them—a thought cold in er pression, but rarely beautiful. She is dressed in pale gray silk, very simply made, and trip med with garnet velvet, a ribbon of the same color tying back her profuse blonde hair-1

(Obntinued on Third Page.) and the figure of the state of