"You never know how it

subjects, yet he sits down quietly under his wife's desertion and allows himself

and his children to suffer the loss of al

home life just to shield her, instead of

saying to the heartless creature, "Go and be dammed! My children and I will

have a happy home without you!'
Another fellow without half Larpent's

Another fellow without has a row, got a divorce, and been weil rid of her. It is the same way with the women. A fine, strong woman, that you would had a will of her own, will put up with the worst a row of a ro

kind of treatment from some brute of a husband, while another gentle-looking

creature, married to some nice, amiable fellow, will raise the devil of a row for

the merest trifle. We see matrimony at pretty close quarters in the barracks.

You can't keep any family secrets there. The world thinks that the colonel and

The world thinks that the colonel and his wife are a happy, united couple, but every one in the officers' quarters knows that they both have devilish

tempers, that they are horribly jealous,

tempers, that they are norrhiv jeasous, call each other names and fling plates at each other across the breakfast-table. Whatever you do, Fremont," his head emerging through an immaculate shirt,

A few minutes later we were in th dining-room feasting merrily on broiled

formal dance in the drawing-room

rought the evening to pleasant close

and, taking all its features into consideration, I was not surprised that Miss Dido should think lobster-spearing

the most enjoyable of all the sports.

The young ladies furnished the music

offered claret-cup between dances. I had fresh occasion in the waltzing to

admire the stately grace of the three Miss Bourkes. With them dancing was

Miss Stairs, a mere merry romp, but was lifted to the grade of a divine art.

I could not but express my admiration of their exquisite movements to Lar-

I understand that they were trained

balancing a

Miss Bourkes. With them dancin not, as with Miss Day and the

pent on our homeward ride.

at the piano, and we were

't marry in quarters.'

ive lobster, hot coffee and ale.

pretty, close quarters in

Here is Lar

NOVEMBER FATHER MURT "Fling away amb vice of Shakespeare's Murtagh had not

seem that was all very well fo outlaw ambition as

long run to bring d

without the inspir ive? True enoug director at Brighton

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Father Murtagh.

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The secret of

Poor old De

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BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR 'ESPIRITU SANTO."

CHAPTER XXI. Larpent explained the situation to

be as we drove home that night.
"Miss Sophy has had the care of her niece ever since she was a baby, and has legally adopted her as her heir name of Bourke, the father under the name of Bourke, the lather having given up all rights in the child. has never been known here any other name. She like her cousins, and they make a handsome group, so near of an age, too. Sir and-daughters are Everard's gr Anna and Minna, but they are such young goddesses in figure that every one calls them 'Diana' and Minerva.' Their cousin Oneida is six months younger, and such a queenly girl that she is 'Dido' to every one. Sir she is 'Dido' to every one. Sir Everard's daughters will be heiresses, Everard's daughters will be helresses, however, while Miss Oneida will only have what Miss Sophy will leave her, a very modest sum, I suspect, unless her American uncle comes down generously. If he would only provide hand-somely for her she could easily cut her

I could honestly say that I did not I could honestly say that I did not know what the major's circumstances were. That he was more than the humble engineer of a lake tug that he appeared at our first meeting I had soon satisfied myself. He had assumed that position as he had assumed many others of difficulty or danger, when the Underground Railroad called for his services in the rescue of fugiin the rescue of fugi-es. The younger son of a paid minister in a small New England town, his interests had bee sacrificed to the college education of his older brother. At fourteen he had been taken away from the village been taken away from the village school and set to work upon a small, struggling farm. At twenty-four dis-appointed in love and discontented with the narrow outlook in his native village, he had started for the North-west Territory. These has had been west Territory. There he had been successful in pioneer work and farming, and had built himself what was con sidered a fine residence in the main street of Sandusky, a square white house with a cupola in the centre, having colored-glass windows. But after the Civil War his restless spirit was not satisfied with the limitations of city life. The negroes still appealed to his sympathies, and now that they had been emancipated and there was no more rescue work to be done, a new form of bondage threatened them in the persecutions of the "carpet-baggers" and low whites. The major sold his Sandusky residence, took up his carpet-bag and moved first into West Virginia, then down into

North Carolina. "There air carpet-baggers and car et-baggers," he had said, "I am ne, and I am goin' down there to see that the nigger gets fair play, if I hav to do some reconstructin' myself."

I doubted if he had accumulated much

wealth under these circumstances. He always seemed to have plenty of money and, but his wants were few, and his greatest vice tobacco-chewing. was shrewd at a bargain, and a little money would go a long way with him, but his generosity led him to be reckless in expenditure where others were Perhaps he would save he had an object in view, like laying up an inheritance for his niece dowing an institution for the education of the negro, but for himself I knew to be indifferent.

He was sitting up when I returned to rooms. He tried to look humble, knew that he was bursting with

but I knew that he was buisting with pride and exultant expectancy.
"You are a humbug, Uncle Lee, that's what you are—a regular sly one!"
I exclaimed. "To think of your never the proof the most heavy. even hinting that one of the most beautiful girls in the world was your niece. Heavens! how an artist would rave over that head or a poet over those eyes, and you to sit there like a bump log with never a word!

He gave a chuckle of delight, which instantly tried to repress.
"How should I know?" he asked,

deprecatingly. "She is good-lookin' in my eyes, but how should I know she would be in your n? You have seen all the beauties of Europe from the Em-press You-gence down. You air mighty fastidious about women, Robert, and how'd I know what was goin' to suit your ideels o'female leveliness?' I could honestly satisfy him on that

nt, and every feature of his rugged face radiated with joy.

"And what did you two talk about,

and get into civilized garments again.
"My I take you home in my trap?"
asked McCulloh, who was apportioned 'About you," I replied. "At first he asked. I didn't know that she was your niece; I thought she was one of Sir Everard's daughters, Miss Diana or Miss Minerva, so I didn't know what would interest her. But as soon as she told me she was your Dido, we talked a blue streak and all about you, about the fugitive slaves and the war, and what you are doing for the negroes now, and what you have done for me. She said she had always been proud of yoa, and now she was prouder than ever."

"Sho! She did't, did she? I want he ejaculated, grinning with ght. "That's a good boy to stand for your old friend! I tell you, when I'm talkin' to her yo'r Robert, when I'm talkin to her yo'r reputation don't suffer, neither. She knows as how you sailed that ice-boat the coldest night o' winter at the peril o' yo'r life; she knows how you risked life and limb for niggers when you adn't no cause to love 'em. She knows how you built that breakwater in Lake Huron, and how when the float broke moorin's you held on to that rope with the waves rushin' over you liked great mountains, till every mother's son among the workmen was slung ashore in safety, and then you ided the rope round yo'r shou'ders an i does not go to see them for fear they fainted away, and they pulled you will ask why their mother is not with the breakers more dead'n alive. I seen yo'r hands a week after, and they war a sight!"

"Pshaw!" I said, impatiently. 'Trings like that are done every day in marine engineering, and nobody ever mentions it. If you were on the lookout for heroes you'd find them as thick as bees among the workingmen, I boys.'

"He is not yet forty—married at twenty-one, I believe. All the best years of his life sacrificed to a woman but we don't stop to think of those but we don't stop to think of those things. I may have saved a few work-men's lives once, but the brave boys have saved mine a dozen times under far worse circumstances. They don't who doesn't deserve such fidelity. It is a queer thing, this matrimony," went on Mr. McCulloh, rubbing himself down pose for the newspapers, they just do their duty." vigorously. "You never know how is going to take a man. Here is L pent, a spirited, sensible fellow on m

"Well, some bosses don't share perils with their workmen like you do. ( used to think to be a hero a man had to bear soldier, but I guess you air right. Heroes air lyin' round thick in every

occupation and perfession, if you only look out for 'em.'

From this time on I was a frequent guest at "Middelds." Finding that I was not familiar with the sport of

lobster-spearing, a party was arranged shortly after for my benefit. We were a merry group of young people that gathered a dozen strong in the hall as soon as it was fully the hall as soon as it was fully dark. l'dies were equipped in short linsey - woolsey Balmoral petti-coats and Gariboldi shirts of red coats and Gariboldi shirts of red flannel, the men in stout jerseys, bare-footed, with trousers rolled up to the knee. The ladies carried torches of pitch-pine, and the men were armed with long, two-pronged spears, and in this gaise we crossed the smooth lawn the boat-houses, where three large flat-bottomed row-boats were awaiting us. To Oneida was appointed the task of initiating me into the mysteries of the sport, assisted by a merry, fair-headed Haligonian lass by the name of Day. Our other cavalier was Mr. Mc-Culloh, of the Royal Artillery. Two other boat-loads of young couples pushed off, and from a canoe we were decorously chaperoned by Mrs. Darcy, the young wife of the colonel of hussars, accompanied by Mr. Beaumaris, of her Britannic Majesty's ship Bucentaur. Until we met, two hours later, at the rendezvous, this was the last we saw of our discrect chaperon or of our companion boats. Having installed the young ladies, one in the bow, the other in the stern, McCulloh and I waded out through the gentle surf till we floated the boat in comparatively deep water, then we tumbled in, and standing up to our oars, poled quietly along the shore towards Halifax Bay. About a mile down the Haiifax Bay. About a mile down the Arm we stopped and allowed the boat to drift silently in shoal water. The girls then held the flickering torches over the bat's edge, and, looking over the side, we could clearly discern the sandy bottom strewn with rocks and stones, thick with a heavy growth of servered. These were the abidiog sea-weed. These were the abidi-places of crabs and lobsters, and could see their dark forms, disturbed by our presence, hurrying from shelter to shelter across the stretches of clear sand. McCulloh, who was an old hand

nstrument without any misgivings

suddenly, with a sort of mocking cour-

the end of an hour and a half I found my-

oy the mekering torenes. Her stience fitted with the scene. There was no moon, and the night was very dark, but across the bay we could see the twinkle of approaching torches. I rowed rapidly

back to the boat-house, and all met promptly at the rendezvous. As we

arrived at the house, wet and grimy,

and took us to the bedrooms to clean up

"Thank you, but I have already ac-

mother's name, so that they will not

guess she is away from home, and he does not go to see them for fear they

our host regaled us with hot Scote

the same room as myself.

though.'

but was quickly undeceived. The un

to it at the old-fashioned select school they attended near London," he said. Calisthenics and deportment were great feature of the training. Miss Minerva tells me that they learned to walk and to dance while glass full of water on their heads, order to move quietly, keep themselves perfectly erect, and obtain the proper poise of the head. Of course they had at the sport, took his spear, and, biding his chance, darted it suddenly at hi inherited fine figures to begin with, dusky prey, striking it exactly behind the training has much to do with it. Their mothers went through the same discipline before them, and they will give it to their children in turn. fore-claws, where the prongs, one of which acted as a spring, losed over the shell, and the cr was raised to the surface, liberated, and All races that carry burdens on the head walk well and are erect and gracethrown into the bottom of the boat, he crawled about, making oc sional vicious attacks at your feet. The spearing process appeared to be a simple one, and not unlike other sports I was iamiliar with, and I took hold of my

As we neared the town he begged m As we neared the town he begged he to finish the evening with a cigar in his room at the club. "It you are as enthusiastic a smoker as I, Mr. Freemont, you will have been dying for a cigar ever since supper."

I accepted his invitation gratefully certain light from the flickering torches, the refraction of the water which gave the spear the look of bending off at an

enough. He seemed to have taken fancy to me, and I, on my side, felt , the motion of the boat, and the strange interest in him, especially since subtlety of the lobster himself, who hearing his story. As we settled our selves comfortably to our cigars, would remain immovable until the spear was within six inches of his body, then

"I ought to explain to you that my tesy, slide swiftly away from it in a name is not Freemont, as it is so generally pronounced here. It is called in totally unexpected direction—all com-bined to make the spearman's work ex-asperatingly difficult and exciting. At the States Fremont, but is really of French origin and should be Frémont—Rodérie, or, as I am often called, Eric self very hot, very smoked-begrimed, partly vexed and partly amused, with Frémont."
"Eric!" he echoed, in a low voice,

two very pugnacious brown specimens to show for my work. My companions comforted me by the assurance that it looking at me strangely.

'Yes.'' I replied, easily. "Though
an American, I have more French blood
an American, I have more Irish. My
He than any except Irish. My than any except Irish. My who has adopted me, was Macarty. I have betrayed myself. I was rare for a novice to capture any at all. McCulloh, more experienced at the sport, soon had fourteen to his credit.
Miss Day held the torches for us, while

a de Macarty. In fact, during my a de Macarty. In fact, during my residence in France some years ago I was always known as Eric de Mac-Miss Day held the torches for us, while Oneida, quiet and stately, gently propelled the boat with a short paddle. The romantic, pirturesque character of the girl's beauty was revealed more charmingly than ever unfer the wavering, uncertain lights and shadows cast by the flickering torches. Her silence fitted with the scene. There was no

He had sprung to his feet, his cigar had dropped to the floor, he was star-ing at me with startled eyes from a face

Eric de Macarty!" he stammered, with thick, hoarse utterance. "You are the man I have been waiting eleven vears to kill

CHAPTER XXII.

The man before me was neither mad The man before me was neither mad nor drunk. He was agitated, but he was in perfect possession of all his faculties. That he must be laboring under some frightful mistake was evident, but until I could prove it a mistake my position was not a pleasant one. It seemed to be my fate to get cepted the kindness from Larpent.
Sorry, I'm sure, but you'll enjoy
Larpent. Awfully nice fellow and a
general favorite. Awfully sad story, into unpleasant positions, and I won-dered if I should escape from this one as easily as from my adventure with Mont-

I looked up at him coolly, took the cigar from my lips and laid it upon the ash-tray. There was no particular reason why I should smoke the cigars "I have not heard his story," I said. "Is it generally known? No one has yet spoken of it to me." of a man who was thirsting for my "His wife left him ten or twelve years

ago. He had just been sent to this station after the Crimea, and had nice heart's blood.
"I am sorry I did not know you were waiting for me," I remarked, quietly.
"I would have kept you waiting a little longer. Do you intend to kill me quarters at the Engineer Barracks, and quarters at the Engineer Barracks, and was busy preparing them for her and the children, who were waiting in Paristill he should be ready for them. One fine day he hears that she has sent the on the spot, or do you give me a chance

to try conclusions with you? "I am no assassin," he said, scorn-illy. "You shall have your choice of the day he hears that she has send the has eloped with some other fellow. He pistols, but it must be here and now pistols, but it must be here and now pistols, but it must be here and now pistols.

is always expecting her to come back to him, and keeps his quarters in readiness. His children are still in England at school, and spent the holidays with the grandmother. It is said he writes the grandmother week in their languages letters every week in their and thought to make you my friend!"

The veins stood out on his forehead, The veins stood out on his forehead, and his hands trembled violently. Why did it not strike me before that you exactly answered the description? There is but one thing more,

will ask why their mother is not with him. He began this way when they were little chaps, hoping that she would soon return, and that they need never of her absence, but he can't keep it up know up much longer. They are big lads fourteen and sixteen, and they must soon find out now." write out your name for me in full? I said, taking up the "Certainly," I said, taking pen he pushed towards me. As I I saw him move to a cupboard, take out a pair of pistols and lay them on the table by my side. I could see also that soon find out now." table by my side. I could see also that "He looks young to have such big in his hand he held a yellow, crumpled

"The same handwriting!" he exclaimed, watching me as I wrote my name in firm, bold characters. "Just one thing more, Mr. Eric de Macarty. Add the date!" he hissed into my ear "the date, July 12, 1857." I threw down the pen. I saw it all

"So she was your wife!" I exclaimed "You admit it!" he cried, laying his hand on one of the pistols. "You admit it, do you? you cold-blooded,

I turned round on him fiercely. "Admit what?" I asked. "We "Admit what?" I asked. "We are speaking of your wife. What do you wish me to admit?"

His hand clenched the pistol, his

breath came hard. "You left Paris with her on the noon express of that date for Fontainebleau," he said, hoarsely.

arsely. "I acknowledge it," I replied, unflinchingly. "And what do you "You took a coupe to the station and from that drove her in it to the Hotel de la Ville

de Lyon.

"I admit it," I said again, boldly, "and I ask you again, what do you infer from that?" "You went with her to her rooms, he continued, gaspingly, but I inter

rupted him.
"I admit it!" I cried, furiously bringing my fist down on the table. "I admit it, and I repeat my question, what do you infer from it? If you what do you inter from 10, 11 you inter dishonor to your wife or insult to me, then take up your pistol, you coward, and defend yourself!"

He staggered a little and seemed un-

certain what to say or do. I followed

up my advantage.
"Whichever kills the other, the result is the same," I said, "a public scandal, dishonor to your wife, disgrace to your home, perdition to your soul. You are a fool!"

You are a fool!"

He dropped the pistol, sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. "Macarty," he groaned, "you are right. I am a coward and a fool. I cannot kill you, or her, or myself. I have waited so long for my revenge, and now the moment has come my hand fails me.

I sat down quietly near him. "It fails you," I said, gently, "because this is not the right moment, nor am I the right man. Look well at me, Cap-tain Larpent. How old a man am 1?" He raised his eyes heavily. "Twenty-eight or thirty."

eight or thirty."

"I am twenty-eight," I replied. My birth and baptism are recorded in the Cathedral of San Cristobal of Havana, the 6th of January, 1840. Eleven years ago I was a boy f seventeen, a friendless student in Paris. I determined to run away from a guardian I disliked and seek refuge with an old family friend living in Fontaine You could have been no more than

a boy at that time," he assented, in a low voice. "She was then twentylow voice. "I took a second-class ticket," I ontinued. "The carriage was very

continued. "The carriage was very full when an England lady got in, and showed her a slight courtesy in finding her a seat. She spoke kindly to the lonely boy, and I confided in her that I had not the address of my friend in Fontainebleau. She suggested a search at the hotels, and I went with her first to the Ville de Lyon, where she offered me the hospitality of a cup of tea, after our hot journey, which I accepted, the tea being served by her maid. I then started in search of my friend, and was met at the door by the driver of the coupé, asking for a written statement from me that I had hailed his vehicle and no other, as his fellowcoachmen were jealous. you have somehow obtained possession of. I have never laid eyes again on the gracious English lady that I now suppose to be your wife, for she told me that her husband was an officer stationed at Hal

have been a fool!"

"You are not yourself to-night,
Captain Larpent," I suggested, "nor
am I. By to-morrow morning we shall
have both forgotten what has been said

here. But he shook his head sadly. "You mean kindly, Macarty, but we are neither of us drunk, nor is there any use in my trying to conceal what you probably know as well as every one else. For my boys' sake I have hoped against hope that my wife would return against hope that my wife would return to me, that I might take her home to children who would never know characteridaten who would never know characteristics which had been away from me. But I am she had been away from me. But I am she had been away from the lenger. I have always to be a lenger. farce much longer. I have always believed that I could not stand face-to face with the man who led her to leave me without killing him, but now I see that my children would not thank me for it. I must give up my revenge, the only thing that has helped me to keep my self-respect all these years."

"May I ask you to explain one thing?" I inquired. "How did you obtain that paper ? What clew had you

that led to your getting possession of it? "To be sure, I owe you that explanation, though it will cost me much to give it. In the spring of 1857 I was ordered to Haliax. My wife and children were to join me in midsummer. Their coming was postponed, and soon after I heard that she had sent the children to my mother, and was living after I heard that she had sent the children to my mother, and was living in an apartment in Paris. She was a woman, fond of admiration : w were often separated by the necessities gearous. I took the next steamer for your home. Give your life into her England, after writing to an artist friend of mine who was studying in Paris to secure rooms for me, and to the property of the proper of my profession, and I was morbidly jealous. I took the next steamer for Paris to sectore rooms to me, wife's and get the address of my wife's apartment. He met me at Paris to sectore rooms with emotion, and I was conscious of a strange chokstation with the desired address, ing at my throat, though my predominapartment. The desired address, station with the desired address, which he had obtained through the wild he had obtained through the prise. I could not mistake his meaning. and was told by the porter that the lady had left a week previously, the lady had left a week previously, the morning of July 12th, for Fontainebleau. lieved her to be attracted towards When I told my friend of this he informed me that, curiously enough, a young man who had been for some weeks at one of the fashionable foreign win a woman's heart in a week. You

traced to Fontainebleau in company with an English lady who exactly answered my wife's description." Your friend was very ready,"

suggested.
He lifted his head suddenly. you suspect him?" he asked.
I parried the question. "Did

never occur to you to do so?"

"Never, before God! I followed up the clew he gave me, traced you to the hotel at Fontainebleau, obtained this paper from the coachman, signed by you, and found that my wife had left by you, and found that my wife had left read in her lovely eyes that you did not the day before for Biarritz. I set

had yet been found."
Of course not! They should have looked for me in Paris. Did not your informant know that I had returned and had yet been found." was living openly in the home of my friends there? If he knew so well of my disappearance he should certainly have heard that I was found!"

heard that I was found!" No. He urged upon me to follow Biarritz clew. I had to return to the Biarritz clew. I had to return to my duties, and I vowed before Heaven to shield my wife as far as I could for our children's sake, but that if her lover ever crossed my path I would kill

A suspicion was burning itself into my brain. "May I know, Captain Larpent, the name of the friend who was so conversant with my affairs, so ready to throw suspicion on my good

name?"
"You must not look at it in that light, Macarty. The suspicion gave him great pain, especially as he was in some way connected with your family."
"It was Montgomerie Moir!" I explained.

exclaimed. Moir is a charming, refined fellow, with whom I have kept up relations ever since, said Larpent, in a marked way, and who married a very brilliant and gifted society girl. It would dis-

honor me to suspect him."

I crossed the room to the fireplace in a tunult of emotions. There was nothing short of murder in my heart and a ing short of murder in my heart and a wild desire to tell this man how he had been deceived, for it danced madly through my brain that if Larpent killed Moir then Etienette would be free, free from a madman's claims, free to marry me! I do not know how long it was before I could control myself enough to say, in a tolerably natural voice: "Of course Moir is out of the question. I uttered my suspicion before I knew who your friend was. It simply goes to show your friend was. It simply goes to sho that I should not make a good detective. But I am very grateful to you, Captain Larpent, for your confidence in me. I am almost a stranger to you, yet you have believed my word against very strong evidence. I thank you for it." I started to go, for the hour was late,

but he made a sign for me to linger. There was evidently more that he wished to say when he felt calm enough. last he began, a little unsteadily:

" I have not had a happy home, bu perhaps I did not deserve it. I was a faithful husband, but my youth had been wild, and it is only disappointment and sorrow that have taught me the beauty and value of domestic virtue. But cannot now see a young man like you, good looking and good principled, g with youth, health, talent, and high aims, without at once praying God that he may be blessed with a wife as good as himself, and found with her a happy, blessed home. I have given you my confidence, Macarty, but I have no eight to yours.

" One confidence deserves another, said, trying to speak not too feelingly I am neither married nor engaged for the sufficent reason that I grew up loving one little girl with all my heart but when I went to the war I supposed her still too young to be thinking of marriage, and when I returned I found er-married. He leaned forward and looked at me

as if he would read into my very soul.

"I find it the harder to forget her,
as I know that her married life is not a happy one," I went on. "Of course that makes no difference in her duty, or in mine either, and God kn trying to forget her. It would be both unworthy and criminal to waste the best years of this life in hoping that another man might be providentially removed from it for my possible benefit. Besides," I added with a miserable attempt at a laugh, "he is healthy, and comes of long-lived stock. No! I know my duty under these conditions, and I shall bless with my whole heart the voman who will teach me to say, 'I have forgotten!' Larpent arose and walked about the

room in an agitated manner, dropping

sentences at intervals as he passed near

me, and at last stopping by my chair

and laying his hand on my shoulder

Do you think that I do not understand

what the temptation is, to waste one' life longing for things that cannot come except through the death of another? I am not yet forty years old. I have have no wife, no home for eleven years, and I am constantly thrown with good young women who would bring a blessing into any man's life. Am I made of stone, that I never think of this? You have the advantage of being free. She may not be your first choice, but when you meet the desirable woman you may marry her and I may not. She is near you, as beautiful and good, as into your eyes and seen her hero. She is yours for the asking, and you are

He stopped, overcome with emotion. He loved Oneida Haliburton; he was

hotels had mysteriously disappeared on the morning of July 12th, and had been dreams, and you have unconsciously willocks Street, Toronto, Canada.

woven an impossible romance. In time I might perhaps hope to win a happiness of which I am so unworthy, but for the present you are dreaming!" I

repeated.
"Am I?" he asked, with a sad smile. " Perhaps I am, but she has known you longer than you think. From her child hood you have been pictured to her as a hero by one who loves you both in his homely, honest fashion. You were no stranger to her when she met you a few disappoint her maidenly expectation the day before for Biarritz. I set detectives upon her path, not to find her, but to trace you. I had to leave France six weeks later in my country's service, and no trace of you had set been found."

disappoint her maidenty expectations, disappoint her maidenty expectations and in the first, and the first and fancied you from the first, and the saw you together I felt you should belong to each and that she knew it, but you did not—yet. My horror when I momentarily believed you a criminal was greater than you can conceive. As soon as I became calm I should have known instinctively that you were guiltless, even had you made me no explanation. But what I have said will be held sacred in your honor able keeping. God bless you and preserve you worthy of a happiness that I have never deserved!

I was touched and sorry for him, but as I walked down Pleasant street from his club to the Renfrew House I told myself that the whole thing was absurd on the face of it—the morbid fancy of romantic, unhappy dreamer. If Haliburton had been an impressionable school girl of sixteen it would be dif-ferent; but she was a self-possessed, unimaginative young woman of twenty one, who had had two seasons in London and doubtless a host of admirers, among whom one had surely touched her heart before this. I quickly dismissed the subject from my mind and my thoughts reverted to the earlier hase of our extraordinary interview and the flood of recollections it called up. How strangely the mark of Moir's hand seemed to have impressed itself on every page of my history since my youth! Had he perhaps been sincere in believing me guilty of an attempt to elope with Mrs. Larpent, or was he, as I had reason to think, simply making a scapegoat of me to divert the husband's suspicions from himself

I tound the major in his chair overce with sleep, though he would not admit that he had closed an eye.

that he had closed an eye.

"Sitting up with the boys?—a sober, steady man like you! Oh, fie, Uncle Lee! Oh, fie!"

"Two o'clock last night, half-past two to-night," he complained. "I can't keep it up long at this rate, sonny. Did you mix too many of their outland is bliggers or can you say, 'truly man'. ish liquors, or can you say, 'truly rural and 'constitutional convention?'

"Try me in the morning." I said, yawning wearily. "Hot Scotch, ale, and claret-cup, not to mention broiled live lobsters, are a severe test of a man's capacity. If I am restless to-night you will know I am seeing snakes, that a particularly large one, of the variety known as 'snake in the grass, is coiled directly over my heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## RITUALISM AND PROTESTANT-

A new ritualist church was ope A new ritualist entered was specified as Sunday in New York City. At the opening services Bishop Grafton, the ritualist bishop of Wisconsin, delivered an address, in the course of which he dwelt upon the spread of ritualism in the United States. Among other things he said: "This Church is part of the Catholic Church and not a part of the Protestant sects. It is the church of the worshipers of the Catacombs and through the Middle Ages to to-day. is the church authorized by Christ

through St. Peter."
Our ritualist friends for whom Bishop Grafton speaks desire to get away from Protestantism as far as pos and, therefore, in many things copy after the Catholic Church. Naturally enough they would like to establish for their church the claim of continuity from the days of St. Peter down present. Bishop Grafton tells us is the church of the worshipers in

Catacombs and through the Middle
Ages to to-day."

Let us suppose for a moment that
the worshipers of the Catacombs should return to life. And let us further suppose that a ritualist bishop should tell them that the Church he represents is not in common with the Holy We can imagine how the "worsh of the Catacombs" would receive this piece of information. To them it would seem strange that any Church refusing obedience to the successor of St. Peter should claim to be Catholic. The Protestant sects refuse to yield this obedience. They are frankly non-Catholic. Our ritualistic friends do not exhibit a similar frankness. They claim to be Catholics, though their attitude toward the Holy See is essentially Protestant Among them are good men and women who believe that because the ritualistic church copies after the Catholic Church it is Catholic. Yet it is as far from being Catholic as is any one of the

The test of Catholicity in the twentieth century, as it was in the first and in all the intervening centuries, is communion with the successor of St. Peter.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## THE LIQUOR HABIT.

Rev. J. A. McCallen's Lecture.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience in Windsor Hall. Montreal, in honor of the Father Matthew anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. S., of St anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S. S., olso-Patrick's Church, and President of Si. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. Dixon's new discovery for the cure of alcohol

Dixon's new discovery to the checkers and drug habits.

Referring to the physical crave engendered by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he said: "When such a crave manifests itself there's no escape unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately, and if I am to judge of the value of the Dixon remedy by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes, I must come to the conunder my own eyes, I must come to the con clusion that what I have longed for for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found

Full particulars regarding this medicine can

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