

REDMOND O'DONNELL

OR LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

He entered a hansom on his arrival at the metropolis, and drove at once to the residence of Dr. Otis. It was a cosy cottage hanging on the outskirts of the genteel neighborhood of St. John's Wood, wherein the young Castleford practitioner had set up his household gods.

"No, sir, not at home—won't be at home until to-morrow—run down to the country for his health. But if it's a patient," brightening suddenly.

"It's not a patient—it's business—important business. You don't appear to know, I suppose, what part of the country your master has gone to."

"The pink ribbons shook again. 'No, sir—he often goes—the country he calls it—just that. But if it's important business, miss, she'll in, and will see you, I dare say.' 'What name shall I say sir?'"

"O'Donnell paused a moment. Mr. Otis had probably gone to Castleford to see Miss Herculio, and no doubt his name was familiar to both mother and son by this time. If he sent in his card she might refuse to see him; he rather preferred to take her by surprise.

"Well, sir," the young person in the pink ribbons interposed impatiently. "Just tell your mistress a gentleman desires to see her for five minutes. I won't detain her longer."

The girl vanished—reappeared. "Misses will see you. Walk this way, sir, please," she announced, and the next moment he was ushered into the parlor and the presence of Mrs. Otis.

It was like the parlor of a doll's house, so diminutive, so spick-and-span, so glistening neat, and the little old lady with her pleasant, motherly face, her gray silk dress, her snow-white muslin cap, and neckerchief, sitting placidly knitting, was in size and neatness a most perfect match for the room.

"You wanted to see me, sir." The knitting was suspended for a moment, as she looked curiously and admiringly up at the tall figure and handsome face of the Chasseur d'Afrique. "Pray come in and take a seat."

"Thank you, madame. It was your son I desired to see, but in his absence I have no doubt it will do equally well to say what I have come to say to you. Mr. Otis is in the country, your servant tells me—that means the town of Castleford, in Sussex, does it not?"

Her knitting dropped in her lap—the little old lady gave a gasp. He saw at once he had guessed the truth.

"I see I am right," he said quietly. "I have come direct to-day from Castleford, Sussex, myself. On the occasion of your son's last visit to that place I believe I chanced to see him. It was in the cemetery; you recollect the little Methodist cemetery, no doubt—just outside the town and adjoining your former residence. Yes, I see you do. I saw him in the cemetery talking to a lady by appointment, I judge; rather an odd place, too, for a tryst, by the way. The lady was Miss Helen Herculio. Do you know her, Mrs. Otis?"

Again Mrs. Otis gave a sort of gasp, her pleasant, rosy, motherly face growing quite white. There were no words needed here—her face answered every question. He felt a species of compunction for alarming her as he saw he was doing, but there was no help for it.

"You know Miss Herculio?" he said, not without a smile at her evident terror; "and are interested in her welfare. Your son did her great service once, and is her nearest and most confidential friend still. It is of Miss Herculio I have come to London to speak, knowing that you and Mr. Otis have her welfare at heart. She must leave Scarswood, and at once, or else—rather, painful as my duty may be, Sir Peter Dangerfield shall know the whole truth."

The knitting dropped on the floor—little Mrs. Otis rose to her feet pale and trembling. "Who are you, sir?" she cried in a sort of whisper. "Who are you?"

"My name is Redmond O'Donnell."

She uttered a loud, terrified exclamation—then in frightened silence sank back into her chair. "You are the man who had heard of all about him, and now sat pale and trembling with nervous dread, looking at him with wild scared eyes."

"I am very sorry to frighten and agitate you in this way, my dear Mrs. Otis," he said, speaking very gently, "and—Miss Herculio will listen to reason—there is really no thing to be frightened about. But one thing or other she must do—leave Scarswood or tell the truth."

"The truth?"

"That she is Katherine Dangerfield—not lying in Castleford churchyard, but alive and in the flesh. You see I know all—"

She sat looking at him, pale, helpless, speechless with fear and amazement.

"I know all," O'Donnell repeated. "That what all took for death was merely a trance, and that your son alone knew it. Knowing it, he allowed her to be buried, and that same secretly had the coffin opened, and its living inmate removed. He restored her to life and consciousness. You kept her hid in your house. She passed for Miss Otis, and was never seen by any one but yourself and your son. At night, when all was asleep, she took her airing in your garden, and after remaining a fortnight, until perfectly restored, she ran away. She went to America—she became an actress, made money, and returned to England. She has sworn vengeance upon Sir Peter Dangerfield, and all these years had never fallen in her purpose. She made her way into his family as governess, and has nearly driven him out of the few senses he possesses, by playing ghost. It is a darling game she is carrying on. She is a bold woman, indeed. That Katherine Dangerfield and Helen Herculio are one and the same, no one but yourself knows or suspects. There is the grave where they saw her buried, the tombstone with its false inscription, to stagger them. I alone know—I know, Mrs. Otis. Shall I tell you how I have done what you son did? I opened the grave I opened the coffin, and found it empty. No considering remains no strand, no ghastly skull and bones, and dust and ashes, but a clean and empty coffin. How I have discovered the secret does not matter. I know the whole truth. I am prepared to prove it. Whatever motive keeps Miss Herculio at Scarswood, beyond that of trying to see her superstitious little master, I don't know, but it is a sinister motive, a revengeful motive—of that I am sure. And as they are my friends I cannot stand by and see it. Let Miss Herculio go to Sir Peter—to Sir Arthur Tregenna—to Lord Ruyssland or his daughter, and tell them her story, and

then stay her lifetime, if she chooses, and they permit. If she will not, then I will tell all, and give Sir Peter a chance to defend himself from a foe so ready to stab in the dark. I might have said all this to herself, but she has looked upon me as her enemy from the first, and would set all warning of mine at defiance. Your son is her friend; let him speak and she may heed. I have no wish to be hard upon her—I pity her—I even admire her—she has suffered greatly; but nothing save evil can come of the course she is pursuing now. She must speak before this week ends, or leave Scarswood—that is my ultimatum."

He arose. "I see that I have distressed you Mrs. Otis—alarmed you—and I regret having done so. There is no occasion for alarm, however. Miss Herculio has only to drop her masquerade and come forward in her true character, and I am ready and willing to become her friend instead of her enemy. But I will not stand by and see this deception go on. I wish you good-night."

He turned to go, but Mrs. Otis, in the same frightened sort of way, made a motion for him to remain.

"You take a good deal for granted," she said, in a gasping sort of voice. "I never admitted that I knew Miss Herculio—that she is Katherine Dangerfield; and I think it was wicked of you, and sacrilegious, to dare to open her grave. She was hunted down in her life, poor girl, and it appears she cannot be left in peace even in her grave. I have heard of you before, Captain O'Donnell of your watching, and following, and interfering where you have no business." She stopped as a smile broke over her face.

"From whom, madame? since you do not own to knowing Miss Herculio. You are right, too I have watched and followed. Fate seems to have taken a malicious pleasure in pitting me against her. And as I find the role of amateur detective disagreeable enough in itself, I trust Miss Herculio will not compel me to add that of informer to it. But if she persists you may tell her from me, that I never shirk any duty, however personally unpleasant. Once more—good-day, madame—here is my card—my London address is on the back; I shall remain in town three or four days. If Mr. Otis returns during that time, I shall be happy to see him."

And then the chasseur bowed himself out, and never had the new duty which so strangely devolved upon him of all mankind, been half so distasteful as when he took his last look at poor little trembling Mrs. Otis' distressed face.

"Confound the whole affair!" he thought, savagely; "I wish to Heaven I had never seen Scarswood, nor any one in it. What is Sir Peter Dangerfield to me? or Sir Arthur Tregenna either, for that matter, that I should fight their battles? Now that I have got into the thick of the fray it is impossible to get out without dishonor somewhere; I can't shut my eyes and see the one driven stark mad with his superstitious ghost-seeing, and the life-long misery of the other insured. I wish I might see this Henry Otis. Why can't Miss Herculio marry him and settle down into a sensible, commonplace matrimony?"

He waited impatiently during the four ensuing days, but he waited in vain. If Mr. Henry Otis has returned to town, he did not call upon Captain O'Donnell; and disgusted and desperate, on the evening of the fifth he returned once more to Castleford.

He presented himself at Scarswood at once. He had not seen his sister for a week. It was close upon eight o'clock, and the silver gray of the summer evening was deepening into twilight, as he walked up the avenue. The flutter of a white dress caught his eye amid the dark-green depths of fern; a tall, slender shape, with bright, hazel hair, was slowly pacing the terrace alone. It was Lady Cecil.

A soft mask of rose-pink cashmere, silk, and down, wrapped her. She held a letter in her hand which she read as she walked. And even in that "dim religious light" Captain O'Donnell saw, or fancied, that the fair pale face had grown paler and graver than ever he had seen it, in those five past days.

He lifted his hat and stood before her. She had not heard him until he spoke. A faint, tremulous flush rose up over the sensitive face as she turned and gave him her hand.

"Captain O'Donnell! and just as we all began to give you up for lost. I am glad you have come—I have been wishing for you unceasingly. Do you know that Rose is ill?"

"Lanty said something of it but I thought—"

"She is really ill—something has happened—I don't know what, only that Miss Herculio is at the bottom of that too. Your sister has worked herself into a fever—she has neither eaten nor slept, I believe, since you went away. Something is preying on her mind—something which Miss Herculio alone knows. Oh, that dreadful Miss Herculio! Why did she ever enter this house! Captain O'Donnell, we are in trouble—terrible trouble—and she is the cause of it all. Do you know that she is gone?"

"Gone?"

"Been dismissed—discharged—sent away in disgrace. It is the strangest thing the most wickedly malicious; and whatever her object could have been puzzles me all."

"Lady Cecil, you puzzle me. What new enormity has Miss Herculio been guilty of?"

"You do well to call it enormity. She has parted Sir Peter Dangerfield and his wife—for life, I greatly fear."

He had been walking by her side—he stopped and looked at her now. He had delayed too long he had shown her his cards and let her win the game. He had thought to spare her, and the mischief was done.

"Parted Sir Peter and his wife! Do I here you aright, my dear Lady Cecil?"

"It sounds incredible, does it not? Nevertheless, it is true. You remember the Masquerade at Mrs. Everleigh's last Thursday that most miserable masquerade? Ginevra would insist upon going with Major Frankland as the Page Kaled—she abhors masquerades and male costumes for women. Of course, he was right and Ginevra was wrong, but his very opposition made her more resolute to go. He told her if she went she should never return, that she should not live under his roof and disgrace it. Ginevra defied him; but in her heart, she owns now, she was afraid, and ready to draw back. But that fatal Miss Herculio would not let her. She had suggested the costume, made Ginevra's, and used every persuasion to induce her to defy Sir Peter—deceive him rather, and go. Ginevra yielded. She wrote a note at the dictation of the governess, to Major Frankland, in London, telling him of Sir Peter's opposition, asking him to come secretly down, remain at one of the inns, and go from thence to the ball. My poor cousin cannot even keep her own secrets, and she told me, and I never saw papa so worried—so annoyed in all my life before. He says Miss Herculio is a mischief-maker in disguise, and that all her mischief is not done yet."

"I agree with his lordship. And her champion—her admirer of other days, the chivalrous Cornishman—where is he that he does not break a lance in favor of his proscribed lady?"

"The soft summer dusk might have hidden from any other than the keen blue eyes of O'Donnell, the flush that rose up all over Lady Cecil's face."

"It is hardly a fitting time or subject for Captain O'Donnell's treason," she answered sadly. "Sir Arthur Tregenna is in Cornwall. He left very early in the morning following the masquerade—before the news had spread."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Cecil—believe I sympathize with you at least. Will you pardon me again, if I say I feel but very little for Lady Dangerfield. Her own disobedience has wrought her ruin—she has no one to blame but herself."

"That does not make it any easier to bear. But I know of old how little sympathy you have for human error. She may have done wrong, but she is suffering now, and suffering goes far to atone for sin."

She had grown white again—her face looked like marble in the faint misty light. She was looking away from him as she spoke, a wistfulness, a passion in her brown eyes he could not understand.

"I dare say people who go through life as you have gone, neither loving nor hating very greatly, can afford to be cynical, and hard, and cold. You have never suffered yourself—nor erred, I suppose—how are you to understand or feel for your weaker fellow-mortals who do? But at least I hope you will be able to descend from your tower of strength far enough to sympathize with your sister. Be gentle with her, Captain O'Donnell—at least as far as you understand the word, for she is in trouble. Don't be too hard—your life is not all over—even you may learn what it is to suffer before you die!"

She turned from him, and was gone—the graceful willowy figure, the flashing hazel eyes. The passion in her voice—what did it mean? He watched—her an inexplicable look on his face—a hard sort of smile on his lips.

"Even you may learn what it is to suffer before you die." He repeated her words inwardly, as he took his way to his sister's room. "Ah, Lady Cecil, you taught me that lesson—fourteen years ago. I was a fool then—a fool now—and I fear the folly will go with me to my grave." He tapped at his sister's door. "It is I, Rose, my familiar voice said. 'May I come in?'"

He heard a stifled cry from within—a cry of terror it sounded, and his heart smote him. Poor little Rose! Had it come to this—had he been hard and unfeeling with her, and taught her to fear instead of love him? With the remorseful thought still in his mind, the door opened and she stood before him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"SIX YEARS TOO LATE."

Poor little Rose, indeed! In the dusk she came gliding forward, so unlike herself—so like a spirit—so woe-washed—that with a shocked exclamation, he drew her to him, and looked into her woe-washed face.

"They told me you were ill, Rose, but not like this. If I had thought—if I had known—"

She flung her arms round his neck, and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Don't, Redmond. Don't look—don't speak to me like that. I don't deserve it—I don't deserve any love or kindness from you. I have deceived you shamefully. You will despise me—you will hate me when I have told you all."

"Will I? I am not sure of that. When you have told me all, I think I shall be sorry to see those hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and wasted hands. Shall I light the lamps, Rose, or—"

"No, no! no light; such a wretch as I am should tell her story in the dark. Here, sit down in this chair, Redmond, and let me take this stool at your feet. At your feet, my fitting place."

"My dear Rose, a most ominous beginning. What must the story be like when the preface is so terrible? Have you not grown nervous and hysterical, and inclined to magnify molehills into mountains? Out with it, Rose; I promise not to be too stern a father confessor. It's the story, I suppose, about this fellow Dantree?"

She had seated herself at his feet, her arms across his knee, her face lying upon it. He laid his hand very gently on her bowed, humbled head.

"Speak, Rose. I am sorry to see you have learned to fear me like this. If I was stern with you the other night I ask you to forgive me now. If you and I may not trust each other, whom may we trust? I promise to be merciful. Is it about this fellow Dantree?"

"It is. Redmond, I ought to have told you that other night, but I am a coward—a weak, pitiful coward. They say a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all, and mine's a guilty conscience indeed. For seven years I have kept the great secret I tell you to-night. Redmond, I was my lover, and I said yes. I should have told you the truth; but I was more than my lover—she was my—husband."

The last word seemed to choke her. She crouched farther down as though shrinking almost from a blow. She had expected a great start—an exclamation of amazement and horror—either as hard to bear as a blow. Neither came. Dead silence fell. He sat perfectly still—a dark statue in the dark. What ever look his face wore, she could not see. That pause lasted for perhaps ten seconds—ten hours it seemed to her. Then, "Your husband! This is a surprise. And for seven years you have been this scoundrel's wife?"

"For seven long, miserable years. Oh, brother, forgive me. I have done shamefully wrong—I have been a living lie—I have deceived the kindest grandfather—the dearest brother, but if you knew what I have suffered—"

That choking in her voice made her pause again. "And suffering goes far to atone for sin." He remembered Lady Cecil's soft, sad words of reproach, and again his caressing touch fell upon the bowed head. It had been a blow to him, a blow to his love and his pride, and both were great, but his voice and touch were far more tender than she had ever known them for years.

"I can believe it," he said; "you have atoned for your folly indeed. Don't fear Rose. I can only regret that you did not tell me long ago. Tell me now at least—all."

She told him—in broken sentences—with bowed head, while the darkness of the August night deepened in the little room, the old story of a girl's love and folly—of "marrying in haste and repenting at leisure."

"I wasn't quite eighteen, and just home from my convent school when I met him first, with all a girl's foolish dreams of beauty, and love, and romance. He was very handsome—I have never seen such a face as his—with the dash, and ease, and grace of a man of the world. And if he had been a very vulgar ugliness, his divine voice might have won my dreaming, sentimental girl's heart. The arms of conquest hung about him—married ladies raved and spoiled him—young ladies laved his beaux yeux and his hair, and I—I fell in love with him. I was reckless, desperate, Katherine Dangerfield in this very house. I was M. De Lantree's reputed mistress then, and just the sort of prize he was looking out for. Very young, very silly, not bad-looking, and the heiress of

one or two million dollars—a prize even worth his stooping to win. And—Redmond, in these days, I think he even liked me a little too. My grandfather detested him—forbade him the house—forbade me to see or speak to him. Then, begged, my wrong doing—I did—did I—did I—did I—did I—I loved him—you wouldn't understand if I told you how dearly, and—Redmond—I consented to a private marriage. He was afraid to lose M. De Lantree's heiress, and I was afraid to lose him. He threatened to leave New Orleans and never to return if I refused. I married him and for a little time was happy in a fool's Paradise. Only for a very little while indeed. My grandfather, in the most unexpected and sudden manner, as you know, got married. Gaston was furious—no need to tell you how he stooped, and raved, or the names he called M. De Lantree. I received my first lesson in his real character then. That year he remained in New Orleans—then little Louis was born, and all his hopes were at an end. He might bid good-by to M. De Lantree's great fortune. He came to me one night—we met in secret in the grounds—like a man beside himself with rage and disappointment. He accused me of being the cause of all; it was bad enough to be a beggar himself without being deluded into marrying a beggar. He had me savagely keep our marriage a dead secret from the world. He was going to England, he said; if he retrieved his fortune there some day he might send for me; if he did not, why I was still safe at Menardville. That was our parting. I have never set eyes on him since."

"He went to England; he wrote me from London and gave me a London address—some publishers there. I answered, but received no second letter. I waited and wrote again—still no reply. Then I got desperate, the little pride I had left me rose up. I wrote for the last time. If he wished to be free he was free as the wind; I would hold him or no man against his will. Only let him return my picture, and letters, and consider me as dead to him forever. I did not dream he would take me at my word, but he did; and the next mail brought me what I asked, my letters, my picture, and not one word beside."

She paused, her breath coming in quick short sobs. Her voice was fainter than ever when she resumed.

"I was ill after that—ill in body and mind. A great longing of New Orleans and all in it took possession of me—a longing of life for that matter. I wanted to die and make an end of all the miserable, never-ceasing pain that tortured me. As I could not die, I wanted to leave New Orleans, the scene of my troubles, forever. A great and an indescribable longing to see Ireland once more—to see you—took possession of me. To add to the finishing blow, I saw in an English paper, the announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Katherine Dangerfield, only daughter of Sir John Dangerfield, of Scarswood Park, Sussex, to Mr. Gaston Dantree, of New Orleans, with a few romantic details."

"I think I felt sunned, worn out. In a dim sort of way it struck me I ought to prevent this marriage. I look in the paper again, determined if possible, to save Miss Katherine Dangerfield, and dropped it in despair. The wedding day was fixed for the first of January; it was the twentieth then. It was too late. How was I to tell, that in New York or elsewhere, he might not have still a third wife, whose claim was prior to mine? I turned sick and cold with the thought."

"Redmond, I wonder I did not die. I wanted to die. I had such a horror of myself—of him—a horror too of ever being found out. But there was little danger of that; no one knew; my secret was safe enough. I wrote to you, but you had gone to Algiers. There was no hope but to remain, and drag out life at Menardville. I still read the English papers for further news of him, and at last I read the cruel story—the horrible tragedy enacted in this house—the story of Katherine Dangerfield's wedding day, and what came after. She was happier than I. She died, and I could only live on and bear my trouble alone. I wrote to you again and again. A desperate longing to know whether Gaston were alive filled me. I didn't care for him. I abhorred him now, but I wanted to know. If he were dead, I thought, and I were free, I would enter a convent, and find peace for the rest of my days. But I was years waiting before you came. You did come at last—you brought me here where he disappeared, and where I hoped to discover something more. This is my story, Redmond. Pity me, forgive me, if you can."

He had listened in grave silence—he had not interrupted her once. His hand rested still on her soft, dark hair.

"I pity you, I forgive you. It is easy to do both. And this is why you came to Castleford? If you had only told me—but it may not be too late yet. Trust me, Rose; I shall discover, and speedily, whether Dantree be living or dead."

She clasped her hands impassionately.

"If you only could, Oh, Redmond, how good you are—how good—how good! If you only knew what a relief it is to have told you that—to know that you do not hate me for what I have done. I dreaded your knowing more than anything else on earth—dreaded the loss of your love and trust. Even now, for Miss Herculio I might still be dumb."

"Ah, Miss Herculio. And she knows, of course she does. Pray what has this very remarkable Miss Herculio to say on the subject?"

"She knew it all, that I am Gaston Dantree's wife—how she knows it, she won't tell. She knows, too, whether he is living or dead, but she keeps her knowledge to herself. She told me she had little reason to love or serve my brother's sister—what did she mean by it? That you were very clever in the amateur detective line, and here was an opening for your genius. I couldn't understand her—I implored her to tell me the truth, but it was all in vain—she bade me go to you and tell you one good turn deserved another. Redmond, she is a mystery, a strange, desperate, dangerous woman."

"A mystery," her brother said. "Well, perhaps so, and yet a mystery I think I can understand. A dangerous woman. Well, perhaps so again, and yet a woman almost more sinned against than sinning. I pity you, Rose, but I pity Miss Herculio more."

His sister looked up at him in wonder, but the darkness hid his face.

"You pity her," she repeated, because she has been turned out of Scarswood?"

"Hardly. Never mind, Rose; you will hear it all soon enough, and when you do, I think you will look upon this designing governess as I do, more in sorrow than in anger." Let us drop Miss Herculio and Gaston Dantree, too, for the present, and talk of yourself. You must understand, of course, that in the present state of domestic affairs at Scarswood, the sooner all the guests leave, the better. Lord Ruyssland and his daughter who are Lady Dangerfield's relatives, are privileged to stay. For you—you must leave at once. Are you able to travel? You look dreadfully ill."

"Yes," she answered wearily, "I think so. It is more a mind disease than anything else. It is such an unutterable relief to have told you, and obtained your forgiveness and help, that I feel stronger already. You are

right, we must go at once. Poor Lady Dangerfield. Oh, Redmond, brother, what a wretched, wrong-doing world it is!"

"Wrong-doing, indeed," and the chasseur's mouth grew stern; "I have little compassion for Lady Dangerfield or any of her class. Place Miss Herculio, the contumacious, and Lady Dangerfield, the injured wife, in the balance, and let us see who will kick the beam. Can you pack to-morrow, Rose? I shall take you to France at once. Then, when you are safe with Madame Landeau, I shall return, begin my search for Dantree, and move heaven and earth until I find him."

She stooped and kissed his hand.

"I can't be ready. I shall have only one farewell to make—and that is to Lady Cecil. I wonder if she is happy—you have heard her news; I suppose?"

"He knew in an instant what it was—knew before the words were quite uttered. His voice—his grave, steady tones—had changed when he spoke."

"I have heard no news of Lady Cecil. What is it you mean?"

"I mean her engagement to Sir Arthur. He asked her to be his wife on the night of the masquerade, and she has consented. He departed for Cornwall early next morning. It was Lord Ruyssland who told us, and somehow, Redmond, I don't think she is very much happier than the rest of us, after all. He is very wealthy, and it is the desire of her father's heart, but yet I think—"

Her brother rose abruptly.

"A great deal of nonsense, no doubt, Rose. You women never quite outgrow your sentimentality. Sir Arthur Tregenna is a mate for a princess—she should certainly be happy. It grows late, Rose, and you are not strong. You had better retire at once, and by a good night's rest, prepare yourself for to-morrow's fitting. Good-night, my little sister—let us hope even your clouds may have their silver lining."

He stooped and touched his mustached lips to her pale cheek—then he was gone.

"The house was very still as he passed out—a sort of awed hush, as though it were a house of death or mourning, reigned."

What a contrast to the brilliantly lit, brilliantly filled rooms of a week ago. "Sir transit," he said as his masculine tread echoed along the vaulted hall; "life is a sea—swell up and down. And Lord Ruyssland's daughter's engagement to Sir Arthur Tregenna is a mate for a princess—she should certainly be happy. It grows late, Rose, and you are not strong. You had better retire at once, and by a good night's rest, prepare yourself for to-morrow's fitting. Good-night, my little sister—let us hope even your clouds may have their silver lining."

"Ah, O'Donnell!" It was the debonair voice of Lord Ruyssland himself that spoke. "Glad to see you again—glad to see any human being in this miserable house. I suppose you have heard all—devil of an affair altogether. May old Nick fly away with Miss Herculio. Who ever heard of such a proceeding before. Dressing herself up in Frankland's clothes, and deceiving even Ginevra! Gad! she's a wonderful woman! And what the dickens did she do for? Out of pure, innate malevolence, and nothing else, I believe in my soul!"

(To be continued.)

GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well—a day! That is remarkable! I will go to-day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."—Salem Post.

THE POPE ON THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

Rome, March 21st.—Yesterday morning the Pope granted audience to the Catholic Society for the Observance of Sunday and Religious Festivals, and, in reply to an address read to him, delivered a discourse on the want of respect prevailing amongst the authorities for this day. Amongst other things he said—

"In the shadow of a great liberty, it is very difficult indeed to distinguish the days consecrated to the Lord from those destined to work. The shops and stores are opened; manual labor, public and private, is practiced to a late hour. It seems as if the proposals of the impious to wipe out from the earth the Lord's Day had prevailed. As the observance was willed by God from the first origin of man, so it is demanded by the absolute dependence of the creature on the Creator. And this law, which so admirably responds to the honor of God, regards not only individuals, but the peoples and the nations, who are debtors to Divine Providence for their well-being. Through that fatal tendency, which prevails to-day, of leading man away from God, and of organizing the nations without the idea of God, it is owing that the Lord's Day is being lost. It is said that thus it is intended to promote industry and to procure prosperity. Foolish and false words. It is sought, instead, to take from the people the consolations of religion; it is desired to weaken the sentiment of faith; and they call down upon their heads the most tremendous chastisements of God, justly inflicted. That which renders still more deplorable such an excess is that it happens in the midst of the Catholic nations upon which God has shed His benefits—in Rome, the centre of Catholicity, at the very time when anti-Catholic nations feel the need of returning to the observance of the days sacred to the Lord. Hence it is that we cannot, without sorrow, see that the faithful of the whole world, instead of finding motives of edification, find motives of scandal. Our grief becomes still deeper, since we, being reduced to this state, find it impossible to repair the evil and to vindicate the outraged honor of God."

The Pope then recommends these Catholic associations to use every effort to bring a remedy to this crying evil. It is indeed too true that the aspect of Rome on Sundays is shocking to the ideas of Christianity. Paris seems to be the model adopted by the new Government, and public works proceed with more energy on this than on other days.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-creatures. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SASSAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

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