

WE SHOULD BRUI OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time invades the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and in fact, the entire granular system; and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death greets him in relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted. Do you have a constant pain or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes yellowing? Does a thick, sticky mucus gather about the gums and teeth in the morning, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the sides and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there constipation? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they form the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against the utter agonizing disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipientity. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will affect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a reliable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, London, K.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system. Ask your chemist for Seigel's Curative Syrup.

The people of Canada speak confirming the above. RICHMOND CORNWALL, N.B., Jan. 10, 1886. Dear Sir, I wish to inform you the good your Syrup has done me. I thought at one time I would be better dead than alive, but had the luck to find one of your Almanacs and read the testimonial of your Syrup. I tried one bottle and found my health so much improved that I continued it until now I feel like a new man. I have taken several bottles. Every body here speaks well of it. JOSEPH WARD, Wood Corners, N.B.

SPRINGFIELD, N.B., Oct. 16, 1886. J. WHITE, Limited. Gives good satisfaction where Gent's Syrup is used. (where the cure used. One case of a miracle) was greatly benefited by your medicine. Your respectfully, J. G. G. GARRISON.

STEVENSVILLE, WELLS CO., Ont., Feb. 17, 1884. A. J. WHITE, Limited. I commenced using the "Shaker Extract" in my family a short time since. I was then afflicted with a sick headache, weak stomach, pain in my left side, often attended with a cough, but am now fast gaining my health; my neighbors are also astonished at the results of your medicine. Yours, etc., MANASSEH E. DEAM.

FREDERICTON, N.B. A. J. WHITE, Limited. Your medicine has done more for me than any doctor ever did, and I would not be without it. Yours truly, PATRICK MCCORMY.

FRONT LAKES, Ont., May 12, 1885. J. WHITE, Limited. (gentlemen)—Your medicine is just what is needed here for disordered liver. When I was in London, the doctors there said I was "one man," and advised me to travel. I did so, and came across Seigel's Syrup, which cured me entirely by continued use, which proved that sometimes the best of skill is not always the only hope. Yours truly, W. J. ROBERTSON, Evangelist.

ALBERT BRIDGE, N.S., May 16, 1885. J. WHITE, Limited. Gentlemen—I am now using Seigel's Syrup for Dyspepsia, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for that complaint. It is a precious boon to any one afflicted with indigestion. Yours truly, WM. BURKE.

SOUTH BAY, Ont., Dec. 7, 1885. Sir,—I take great pleasure in informing you that I have been cured by your Syrup and pills. I suffered for twelve years with indigestion and constipation of the bowels, vomiting, and pain in the stomach, which caused great pain. I tried several good physicians, none of whom were able to give me any relief. I tried several patent medicines, some of them giving relief for the time being, but you finally gave me the medicine which cured me. I commenced to take your Syrup and pills, and I started with your medicine about one year ago and have taken it in about a dozen bottles. I did not feel some little time to stop the vomiting, but I say that now my health is greatly improved. I will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from stomach complaints. I can give you the names of several others if you wish. You may print this if you wish, as it may be of some use to others. Yours truly, LEWIS WALDRAN.

SOUTH BAY, Ontario. Proprietors: A. J. White (Limited), 17 Farringdon Road, London, E.C. Branch office: 47 St. James Street, Montreal. For sale by every druggist in Montreal.

EVICTIONS IN IRELAND. DUBLIN, August 22.—Evictions at Gweedore, in the district of Donegal, have been concluded. The total amount of rents concerned does not exceed £50 yearly. There were 150 policemen and bailiffs and sixty cars and boats engaged for eleven days in the proceedings, at a cost of £100 a day. The scenes were pitiful, the people being steeped in poverty.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

THE GOVERNMENT'S OPPOSITION. LONDON, Aug. 21.—In the Commons last night Churchill announced that the Government would oppose all notices of motion and private member's bills in order to prolong the session. Labouchere occasioned laughter by asking if the Government would agree to refer such bills to a Royal Commission.

A Most Liberal Offer. THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, etc. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"You are here, you mountain spirit!" said the old gentleman, kissing the pale suffering face of Lucy, who was with him a great favorite. "I am jealous of your grandpa," cried Gertrude, coming forward with her sisters to receive the coveted carriage. "No! my little girls are never jealous of anybody," said their grandfather. "There is no jealousy where there is no preference; and here, my little girls," he continued, giving a double share to this youngest and most beautiful of Mrs. D'Arcy's daughters. "I am sure there is no jealousy, father," said Louis D'Arcy; "but I am not quite so sure about there being no preference in Mrs. D'Arcy's case."

While the gentlemen were shaking hands with the venerable hero of the day, Gaston, who rode up with Mrs. D'Arcy, and Mrs. Hutchinson, two ladies in their own carriage, the former following on horseback with Frank Hutchinson, Lucy's only brother.

Mr. Hutchinson was a good type of the man of his class, tall, strongly built, with a great head of curly gray hair, bronzed, hard features, dark, restless eyes, that expressed in quick succession wrath, fierce resolution, and a great goodness and kindness. He had all beneath him with respect. But with all his natural fierceness and imperiousness, he was more loved than feared by his dependants. He was never known to forsake a friend, to betray a secret, to go back of his word, or to flinch from the consequences of his own private conduct or political principles. He was wrong in some things, extreme in many, and honest in all. He was an ambitious man, though not one who could ever sacrifice his conscience to his ambition. He neglected his own domestic affairs, the government of his large household and the management of his estate, to what he called the public welfare, which meant in reality the interests of his party in Congress. For, the clever men who lead in politics always know how to use the honest zeal and conscientious convictions of their followers for their own selfish ends.

Mrs. Hutchinson, a refined, sensitive, delicate woman, with a warm and faithful heart, was much loved and much trusted by her husband, but not much feared by her numerous slaves, who played upon her natural gentleness of disposition, and profited by her weak health to have things pretty much their own way. Frank, her only son, was a young man of splendid physique and rare natural abilities. But Mr. Hutchinson's continual absence from home, and his devotion to political matters, having left him but little opportunity or inclination to direct his son's studies or watch his intellectual and moral development, Frank was allowed to grow up without proper culture or wholesome restraint. The overseer on the estate, a clever but unprincipled fellow, taught the boy to drink, and fostered and fed the dread propensity as he passed from boyhood to youth. When Frank was sent to grammar school, far away from home, and afterward to college, his fatal passion waxed stronger, as well from the example and encouragement of his associates, as from the unlimited amount of money he young fellow could command. Thus did one noxious vice, as it grew up with him, choke or overshadow all the young man's native virtues. He only returned to his home during vacation time, to be the tyrant of his mother and sister, the scourge of the servants, and the scandal of the neighborhood.

Mr. Hutchinson, from whom the fond and weak mother concealed the worst features of these excesses, hoped that they would wear away with age; and that once engaged in the serious business of life, his son would form both more honorable associations and more gentlemanly habits. These hopes were, indeed, to be realized, as we shall see, but not through the means contemplated by the over-indulgent parent. To his sister Lucy, many years his younger, Frank Hutchinson had, up to the moment at which we meet them both, been a terror and a shame. The child inherited the great qualities of both her parents, together with her mother's sensitiveness and weakly disposition. At the age of nine her brother, in a half-tipsy frolic, forced her to ride with him on horseback across the swollen Tealica, and, as the frightened animal that bore them missed his footing in mid-stream, both Frank and Lucy were only saved from drowning by a miracle. From the effects of this accident Lucy did not recover for several years. The shock and the long exposure to the icy-cold water brought on a slow fever, with pneumonia. This, with the constant unhappiness caused to her mother by Frank's ill-conduct, preyed fearfully on the little girl's spirits and retarded her growth. She was only saved from the most fatal consequences by the friendship of Mrs. D'Arcy, and by Rose's sisterly care of her. Indeed the warm affection which bound to each other the two ladies, was, after her husband's unfeeling love, Mrs. Hutchinson's great happiness in life. And Rose D'Arcy's presence was to Lucy as necessary as the sunlight to the flower.

Such were the neighbors Fairview sent to Fairy Dell on that bright May morning. As Mr. Hutchinson sprung lightly from his carriage, and helped his pale, but lovely companion out, Mrs. D'Arcy and Rose hastened to welcome her.

"Well, my patriarch of the hills!" exclaimed the Congressman, as he flew up the steps of the porch; "may we see you as erect and fresh as this, ten years hence? I see, my wife would not wait till dinner-time to present you in person her congratulations."

"I know of old old Mr. Hutchinson's goodness," replied Mr. D'Arcy, advancing and welcoming heartily the lady herself; "as well as I have proved her husband's truth and friendship."

"That is the most precious compliment I have received in my life," said Hutchinson, as he again shook his friend's hand. "And I know it is a well-deserved compliment," added Mrs. D'Arcy. "Dear father means even more than he says."

"Ah, Frank, how tall we've grown!" said Mr. D'Arcy, as young Hutchinson came up to present his respects. "You will soon outstrip Gaston if you continue."

"They are of nearly the same age," said Frank's mother; "only six months difference, I believe."

The difference in stature and character between the two young men was soon apparent enough, as Gaston hastened toward his grandfather, seized the outstretched hand, and kissed it again and again, with a reverence and a fervor that struck all present. Mr. D'Arcy, however, was well-acquainted to such demonstrations of filial piety from his favorite grandson. Favorite, assuredly, he deserved to be, that splendid specimen of young manhood, taller a good deal than Frank Hutchinson, taller even than his father and grandfather, wonderfully like these in features and expression, and reflecting on his broad brow and in his deep brown eyes the innocence and

strength, which lay at the bottom of his many great qualities.

Mr. D'Arcy retained in both of his hands of his boy, pressing them with a warmth what Gaston well understood though not a syllable was uttered by either. Meanwhile the whole group of parents and children were mixed up of the broad veranda or of the adjoining lawn, awaiting some of them impatiently, the signal for breakfast.

"At length Mrs. D'Arcy's major-domo came to say that breakfast was on the table. 'I am at your service, my dear,' said Mr. D'Arcy to his daughter-in-law, as he took her arm; 'Louisa,' he continued, 'I will not take Mrs. Hutchinson and you, Mr. Hutchinson, must take care of Mrs. de Beaumont. 'Richard (to Mr. Montgomery), you will have to look after my dear Gertrude.' 'He is well accustomed to that part,' responded the lady."

"And always find the care a new delight," put in her husband, as he looked admiringly at the still beautiful woman he had learned to love in his life.

The table was so arranged that the older people were seated on one side of the table and the young folks on the other. Thus, Rose sat immediately opposite to her grandfather, with her cousin Duncan on one hand and Frank Hutchinson on the other, Lucy being between Gaston and Duncan. Mr. D'Arcy reached his place at the center of the table, the color came to his face and his eyes were lit up with a flash of pleasure, as they rested on the exquisite Japanese bowl with its brilliant burden of lilies. "It is all Rose and Lucy's doings," whispered Mrs. D'Arcy, as the old gentleman conveyed to both his thanks with a warm smile. Then, as was his wont, giving a rapid and rapt look upward and around him on his assembled children and the sunlit scene outside, he reverently bent his head, invoked a brief and fervent blessing on the bountiful board before them and on all present there, and they began with a right good will to do justice to Mrs. D'Arcy's royal breakfast.

Of what occurred during this repast and of the incidents which followed, we shall entertain the reader in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II. FEASTING IN MAYTIME.

Down thro' the park; strange was the sight to me; For all the sloping pasture murmured down With happy faces and with holiday.

They were a most happy company who sat down around Mrs. D'Arcy's hospitable board. Nor to judge from the radiant countenances of the numerous colored servants, who stood there marshalled under Rodrigo Gomez, the major-domo, Francis D'Arcy's old and trusty Portuguese servant, was there less of heartily joy among the dependants than among the members of the family. The slaves there were none of Francis D'Arcy's estate, nor among the many colored people employed by him in his factories. Brought up with care, every one of them, educated under the special direction of the ladies of the family, and bound to their master and employer by uniform and unvarying kindness, these simple souls loved him and his sincerely, and served them devotedly.

Moreover, Mrs. D'Arcy had exacted strict order and discipline from all those attached to her household. She knew that domestic comfort depended on giving the servants precisely what each could do well, and in seeing that it was well done, and at the proper time. Her house did in truth resemble a beehive, in which there was no loud noise, but the continual murmur of activity, none being so active and energetic as the queen-bee herself, and no one going about her many duties with a more quiet step or a lower voice.

And they all loved to obey such a mistress, and vied with each other in pleasing her, so beautiful was she, so gentle, so winning with her wise words of praise to the deserving, and so commanding, with that same imperious gentleness of hers!

They were a most imperious family, all together, there— that blessed family and their friends, and that array of shining black faces that stood around, ready and anxious to minister to their slightest wish.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Hutchinson," Mr. D'Arcy asked of the lady at his right hand, "that Lucy is improving wonderfully? See how bright she looks."

"She and Rose were up long before the sun," said his daughter-in-law, "they gathered all these flowers on the table; and went down to Fairy Island to cull these beautiful lilies."

"Don't praise me for it, mamma," exclaimed Lucy from across the table. "It was all Rose's doing, and she was only forced to let me be with her."

"Grandpa," answered Rose, "she insisted on gathering for you the first water-lily. That splendid blue Australian lily is dear Lucy's offering to you."

"And it shall be preserved by me in memory of the day and the giver," said Mr. D'Arcy. "Lucy, you must yourself place and press it in my album, with your name and the date."

"Oh, thank you, dear Mr. D'Arcy," said the delighted girl. "That will be a reward!" "I believe Lucy did more than that," Mrs. D'Arcy added. "If Rodrigo has not mistaken me, she has had the principal share in decorating the breakfast-room, especially the family portraits."

"I have only one fault to find with your work, my little fairy," said Mr. D'Arcy, glancing around him. "That is that you have paid more honor to the living than to the dead."

Now Mr. D'Arcy's portrait was placed between that of his father and mother, and was surrounded by a double wreath of immortal flowers, and forget-me-nots, while two angels held a crown of oak, laurel, and olive leaves over the portrait itself. The wreaths and sparse hangings that the girls had added here and there to the rich panel-work of the walls and ceiling, only served to bring into greater relief the rich tints of the wainscoting and of the elegant and massive furniture.

"I am delighted that my little girl has bestowed on living worth a double and treble wreath of honor," said Mr. Hutchinson. "You are the creator of Fairy Dell and its prosperity."

"That's so, massa," said, in a half-whisper, young Joe Porter, who stood behind Mr. Hutchinson's chair.

"Yes, that is so," repeated Mr. Hutchinson. "All our people, white and colored, love to say it."

Mr. D'Arcy, who had been rather startled by Joe Porter's voice—for Joe was exceedingly modest and quiet—only smiled at the boy's affectionate earnestness, and at the deeper color that now overspread his handsome black features. "Ah, but, friend Hutchinson," he said, "we must not depart from the good old paths."

"Nay," said the other, "to honor the living is as ancient as the world." "True," replied Mr. D'Arcy; "but the ancients knew well how to honor the living, that in so doing they honored the dead still more."

growth. But I believe that the American heart is as hospitable and fruitful a soil for the noble sentiments and the customs which embody them, a soil that is favorable to the growth of these most rare and magnificent productions of the vegetable world, was Mr. D'Arcy's answer.

"Well, then, let us see what is the beautiful custom you would engrave on our social life," said Hutchinson.

"I did not say that I wished you to engrave it," replied the old gentleman. "But were it to be or not worthy of living amongst us, the ancient ritual of the Chinese Empire, which had for ages been long before the Christian Era, prescribed that honorific titles or distinctions marked during his life by any man, should be entered, not on himself, but on his parents, whether living or dead."

"Ah, I see," said Hutchinson, "what you mean. It won't do here, my dear Mr. D'Arcy. The inhabitants of Fairy Dell and neighborhood, will not forego the pleasure of honoring in a living benefactor—though we shall also be careful not to forget the honored dead."

"Rose and Lucy say, dear father," put in Mrs. D'Arcy, "that they are willing to be answerable to the charge of worshipping the living. How is it, Lucy?"

"It was all my fault," said Miss Hutchinson. "Rose had made wreaths of immortal flowers for all the portraits of her ancestors; but I spoiled them in hanging them up, so that we had barely enough to make one wreath, and that I put on Mr. D'Arcy's picture, with the forget-me-nots, which were of my choosing."

"And a very appropriate and graceful choice, Miss Lucy," Mr. D'Arcy said. "Do you know that in the valleys of Southern Tyrol, where the population is mostly Italian, they call the forget-me-not 'the flower of St. Lucy'?"

"Pray, do not make a Papist of my little girl," said Mr. Hutchinson to Rose.

"I assure you, sir, I never permit myself to speak to her of such things," said Rose, coloring deeply.

"Rose has never said one word to me about St. Lucy," replied the little maiden herself, with her characteristic spirit. "I only know what I have read in 'Sacred and Legendary Art' in mamma's library, that St. Lucy is honored in Italy as the patron saint and protectress of the laboring poor; just what I should like to be."

"Be true to yourself, dear child," said Mr. D'Arcy; "and you will be the idol alike of rich and poor. By the way, Hutchinson, Gomez, the major-domo, Francis D'Arcy's old and trusty Portuguese servant, was there less of heartily joy among the dependants than among the members of the family?"

"The slaves there were none of Francis D'Arcy's estate, nor among the many colored people employed by him in his factories. Brought up with care, every one of them, educated under the special direction of the ladies of the family, and bound to their master and employer by uniform and unvarying kindness, these simple souls loved him and his sincerely, and served them devotedly."

"Nor would you even if you could, mother," replied the Major, "especially if my country needed my services."

"Except in fighting the poor Indians on the plains," answered Mrs. de Beaumont, "I do not know of any service you have rendered her. And I think, so far that fighting is concerned, that all the glory was for the Indians."

"I'm not far from that opinion myself," added Mr. Hutchinson.

"That is the worst news I have heard in a lifetime," replied Mr. D'Arcy. "And, as I see that your dear good Aunt Mary is distressed by our introducing politics, we shall adjourn that subject till after breakfast."

"You know, dear father," Mrs. D'Arcy said, "that our boys are apt to go wild when war is spoken of. Even Gaston has been putting on a more martial air of late. And the other day I stumbled on him as he was addressing himself in a suit of old regimentals belonging to yourself."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. D'Arcy, with a heavy laugh, "they saw service with me in 1812 on the Canadian frontier."

There was much merriment among the young people at poor Gaston's expense. But he was one who could hold his own against a host.

"Mother has been rather hard on me," he said. "But I think that, in a pinch, I could still wear those old regimentals and not disgrace the name of D'Arcy in them."

"I am sure," said Major de Beaumont, "that you will always honor every uniform you wear and every cause you fight for."

"Pray, don't talk of fighting, my dear Gustave," said Mrs. D'Arcy; "I know your mother would rather have you at home just now, than flying about the country as the bidding of the Secretary of War."

"Gustave has his father's French blood in him," said that gentleman's mother; "I could never keep him at home."

"How is it with you in Charleston and New Orleans, Gustave?" said Mr. D'Arcy, addressing Major de Beaumont.

"They are preparing for war with the utmost activity and determination," answered his grandson. "No matter who is elected president, they are determined to secede from the Union."

"Well," said the Major, "if the Government—that is, the next President,—wishes to prevent secession by force of arms, we shall have war as sure as we are sitting here. And what remains of the government army with whatever volunteers the Executive may call to his aid, will find other foes than Indians in their path."

"I hope the President of the United States may never find in arms against him in the exercise of his lawful authority any man in whose veins runs the blood of the D'Arcys," said his grandfather, solemnly.

"You may be sure, sir," replied the soldier, "that no one will ever meet them on any road that is not the road of honor."

"Well, my dear Gustave, we shall not discuss that topic here. I see that our little Mary is looking around anxiously, as if she would find some means of escape from the breakfast room. And, I fancy that her sisters and all our young people are impatient to be abroad."

"Our people are already beginning to fill the lawn," said Mr. Louis D'Arcy, "and, as the ladies must have their hands full all day, we had not better detain them here any longer."

And so, they all rose. Mr. D'Arcy returned thanks, the ladies, under Mrs. D'Arcy's direction, took charge of the vast preparations necessary for the entertainment of the hundreds of men, women and children who were to be Mr. D'Arcy's guests on that day, while the gentlemen sat on the broad veranda and discussed what was uppermost in their minds, the progress of the secession movement in the slave States, and the corresponding increase of activity and bitter denunciation among the Republican party in the Eastern and Western States.

industry which has given the master of Fairy Dell such influence and popularity. This family, like very many others, had followed, through conscientious conviction and a high sense of honor, the fortunes of the exiled States. They had suffered much for conscience's sake under very prices of that wrong-headed dynasty, remaining faithful to James II., in spite of the ingratitude with which he had repaid their services, and the wrongs which they repented in himself and his unprincipled brother.

The head of the house of D'Arcy perished on the field of Old Bridge, having contributed not a little to the victory which shed such a transient lustre on the royal arms. Some of his brothers suffered at home, partly for their fidelity to their religious belief, partly for their attachment to the exiled sovereign; of the others, one accompanied James II. to France and died there, and some preferred going to Spain. The only son of the chief claimant to the throne, James D'Arcy, or Don Diego D'Arcy, as he was called thenceforth, married into the great Mendoza family, was appointed commander of a Spanish ship of the line, and sent on service to the Gulf of Mexico. There he helped, about 1702, to defeat the attempt made by Moore, the usurpator, Governor of Carolina, to destroy the colony of St. Augustine, and, having soon afterward lost his wife, he threw up his command in the navy, and settled with his three children on a large and beautiful tract of land which he had purchased among the Appalachees.

Wearily of his adventurous life, disgusted with the political world in which he had beheld wrong triumphant, justice down-trodden, and expediency become the universal law of State government; saddened, too, by the loss of his country, his paternal estates, and a wife whom he idolized, he yearned for solitude, repose, and freedom to his children in the pure atmosphere of a new world, and to teach them by his own example to be the benefactors of their fellow men, far away from the contentions of national animosity, and the scandals of the fierce religious passions that burned in men's breasts on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Appalachees among whom he settled revered him, while much of his wealth and all his influence were bestowed in aiding the devoted missionaries to christianize and civilize these rude but high-souled children of the American wilderness. Around Don Diego D'Arcy's home, near the site of the modern Tallahassee, a little colony of Europeans soon arose, the families composing it being, like Mrs. D'Arcy, of gentle blood, of a kindred religious and political faith, and, like her, seeking for perfect liberty in the seclusion and peace of these vast solitudes.

All of them deemed it their highest duty to honor their ancestral faith in the eyes of the heathen native, by spotless purity of life and boundless beneficence.

Of his two daughters one became a member of the Franciscan community of St. Augustine, dying at an early age the victim of her devotion to the spiritual needs of the neighboring Indian tribes, while the other sister became the wife of an Andalusian noble, and helped to contribute much to the support of missionary enterprises along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

Gerald, the only son of Diego D'Arcy, in his turn married a Spanish wife, who consented to share her husband's fortunes in the New World. They were indeed checked fortunes. The home which his father had created near the Wakulla Lake was ruthlessly destroyed by the English, and the D'Arcys found a temporary refuge with the friendly Creeks of the Tallapoosa tribe. Most bitter to the souls of both father and son as had been the ruthless destruction of the Appalachean Christian missions, the indiscriminate massacre of their inhabitants, both heroically resolved to repair, so far as they might, the scandal and disaster of such invasions, made by one Christian colony against another. They profited by the friendship in which they were held by the Creeks, to spread among the latter some of the most lasting fruits of civilization; taught them to build more spacious and comfortable dwellings, introduced the plants and seed grains most suited to the climate and country, and distributed among their villages such farming implements as could facilitate field labor.

The D'Arcys rendered their Indian friends still more important service by protecting them against the unjust attacks of the European colonists, who made war on the natives for the express purpose of reducing them to slavery. To the English settlers of Georgia and Carolina they were also enabled to be of signal service on more than one occasion. Governor Oglethorpe held them, and deservedly, in great esteem. Gerald D'Arcy sided the latter not a little in defeating Montezeno's invasion in 1740.

Then-forward Gerald and his family were but little annoyed on account of their Jacobinism or their religion. They never obstructed their principles or their creed upon their neighbors, while remaining unalterably attached to both. Gerald and his wife were most careful to bestow on their children's education all the pains they could. The father taught his sons—there were three of them—all that he had himself learned from his parent and the best European masters; and his wife was no less devoted to the training of her two daughters in all the branches that were then considered parts of a lady's education. And both boys and girls were accustomed from childhood to be the instructors of the Indian children around them.

Thus were the descendants of Diego D'Arcy brought up in the hatred of all forms of tyranny and the enthusiastic love of freedom in all its most hallowed forms, till the Revolutionary War of 1775 called them to espouse the cause of the American colonists against the home government. They struggled hard, but in vain, to bind the Indians to the cause of popular rights. In the war their home was again destroyed, this time by the allied Creeks and English, and one of Gerald's grandsons fell mortally wounded in defending it. Another perished at a later period in the war, while resisting the royal forces in South Carolina, and the survivor—the father of our venerable acquaintance, Francis D'Arcy—continued to devote his life and his fortune to the struggle for independence, rendering more important service by his wise counsels than even by his bravery in the field.

While quite a boy Francis was in the habit of accompanying a Cherokee chief, devotedly attached to his family, into the mountainous tracts of Northwestern Carolina, where the Mendozas, his ancestors, had owned and worked some gold mines, and where the friendly Cherokees bestowed on James D'Arcy the younger a large tract of land as a reward for some signal services done their tribe.

Of this tract, however, Francis D'Arcy retained a very small portion, and even for this he paid an equitable price to the Federal government. The old home, which he still maintained and cherished on the spot selected by his ancestor, continued to be the winter residence of the family; but he himself ever showed a predilection for Fairy Dell. It was his own creation, and so were the thrifty industries his wise patriotism had fostered in the neighborhood.

To some of the ancient Spanish gold mines in one of the adjacent counties, the D'Arcys

had preferred an early claim. But the mine with its carefully-constructed shafts and wells, remained in the hands of the Spaniards, whose practical sagacity was not inferior to his deep and varied learning, had early found a more profitable mine in the beautiful Florida, with which the plateau, between the Ridge and the Smoky Mountains, abounded. Collecting therefore a body of skilled labor, he established several factories of cabinet work.

As from the beginning the D'Arcy's had been most strenuous in resisting all efforts to reduce the Indians to bondage, so they had been consistent in opposing the introduction of negro slavery. The comparative freedom which he enjoyed in his mountain home employing such labor as he preferred, was a chief reason of his predilection for the place. And his fatherly love for every one of those who looked up to him, the rare talent he had of employing every individual in the work best suited to his capacity and inclination, and his generosity in compensating laborers for his labor, diffused satisfaction through all classes of his workmen. He divided his finest arable lands among them; he preferred farming, providing them with beginning with prepared wood for their huts and outbuildings, with farming implements at what they had cost himself, with seed grain at a mere nominal price, gratuitously when the beginning could afford to pay for all for it. To farmers who settled on the lands adjacent to his own, he was scarcely less liberal. Thence he began to his mechanics and their families, and an abundant supply of provisions the winter round, while the farmers themselves had a ready market at their very doors.

To the free colored men and a few of the more civilized Cherokees, who had not migrated with their tribe beyond the Mississippi, he assigned the best of selecting carefully the timber for manufacture, of felling hauling and sawing it. They formed a class apart, comfortable cottages, surrounded, each, by a few acres of good land, where their families enjoyed privacy and independence. Their hands were provided for with the wise and fatherly generosity. There were schools in which the children were taught competent persons, who received a salary, a handsome residence, and a special share of regard from the master and the family. The Protestant portion of these laborers had a neat church and regular church attendance. The Catholics, who were in a small minority, met for worship in a chapel near the Manor House, were visited monthly by a clergyman from one of the neighboring cities, and, in the intervals of visits, were left to the ministrations of Mrs. D'Arcy, who saw to it that they remained ignorant of the great Christian truths, or uncomfortable during illness or distress, or deprived of the help to a bad death when the supreme hour was at hand.

In Fairy Dell, therefore, and among a population that centered around it, there happened, order, peace, industry, domestic virtue—the love of labor and the love of man for his brother—because there was root liberty for all of obeying the divine conscience, and of striving after what was deemed best, without any disposition to dictate to others what they should or should not believe.

Mrs. D'Arcy had the supreme control of the little school for the children of her faith. As Rose grew up to womanhood, however, she was allowed by her mother to superintend everything. Indeed, she and her sisters were, not unfrequently, obliged to sole teachers as well; and right excellent most zealous teachers they made. Sober, however, was Miss D'Arcy among classes of her grandfather's laborers and antry, that the Protestant teachers, looked up to her for guidance and encouragement. But she and her mother never interfered in any matter relating to religious training themselves to securing excellent teaching and zeal for self-improvement of the scholars.

Whenever there was sickness or unhappiness in any home, then was the noble with her daughters unwearied and unselfish of self so long as the suffering lasted.

As for Louis D'Arcy and his oldest children, they seemed only their venerable grandfather's plans for his people every best interest. And these good themselves united the three gentlemen one warm sentiment of the most generous and respectful affection. There was, in front of the little chapel attached to the Mansion House, a second lawn, scarcely extensive than that which fronted the living itself, but equally well cared for, which the people were free to assemble on festive occasions, and holidays to themselves with various many games. These the gentlemen of the family variably took a part, while the women looked on or had pleasant sports of their own, or went round with Mrs. D'Arcy Rose to select for their home-garden pretty flowers or valuable kitchen plants.

Such, then, were the guests who were invited on that loveliest of May mornings to brave Francis D'Arcy's eightieth birthday.

The farmers had come in their own companies with their wives and children, were assigned the place of honor, in the die, because they had been Mr. D'Arc