THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

August 23, 1882

PERSONAL ITEM.

2

The following references are a matter of sufficient importance to enlist the attention of all our readers : OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE,

HAMILTON, ONT

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OF

By JUSTIN MCOARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER II. .-. CONTINUED.

"Anyhow, I'll go," his daughter insisted.

She gave an exclamation of eager delight.

that you don't know already. It was written

splendid weather, and a good wind to help

them along. They must be half-way across

"How soon shall we see him?" Sydney

asked, anxiously-and she asked only for

"Ob, well, in a very few days. We shall

hear from them when they get to Queens.

town. Don't you be anxious; don't think

about it at all. He'll be here before

way, they have rather a remarkable fel-

manner of subjects, and having the first of

Marion escape the remarkable fellow-passen-

"You have heard of Montana, Miss Mar-

"A place in America ?' Miss Marion said,

a little doubtfully. "Yes, there is a Montana in America, sure

low-passenger, he tells me."

coming over in the steamer."

he turned to Miss Marion :

by this time."

ger so easily.

to tell.

ion, I am sure?"

daughter asked.

Melissa obscrved.

" Montana is a man."

I never happened to see him."

in America," Melissa interposed.

him

A

I have much pleasure in stating that I lately used St. Jacobs Oll in a case of very severe sprain, with marvelous effect. I had been badiy hurt and could not afford to rest too long; I therefore used the quickest means of relief, St. Jacobs Oil, which certainly worked wonders in my case. I consider it to be an invaluable remedy and shall not hesitate to recommend it to any one whom I meet, suffering from want of a reliable remely. I regard St. Jacobs Oll as a wonderfal preparation, and shall freely suggest its use to my friends-or enemics for that days and days before he left New York, and matter-when I find them seeking anything for the alleviation of the terrible torture of say what I think of the Oil, and it may be in the pilot-boat from Bandy Hook.

A. D. STEWABT, Chief of Police.

RELIGIOUS COINCIDENCES.

RELIGIOUS COINCIDENCES, A religious exchange points out what it re-gards as a religious coincidence that the Rev. Father Bertram Wilberforce, the first cousin of the new Bishop of Newcastle, bas been appoint-ed Prior of the Dominican Monastry at New-castle, and is likely hereatier to succeed to the Roman Catholic See of Hexam and Newcastle. Such a coincidence, it is pointed out, although striking, is not unique in ecclesiastical history. Towards the close of the last century two protuers named O'Beirne held, at the same time, respectively the Protestant and Roman Catholic Bishopries of Meath, Ireland; and it is alleged that in early life when the one was a Protestant and the other a Roman Catholic bishopries of the leading on the coles in a Roman Catholic bishopries of the opinion, is unique. A leading Methodist minister in England, Dr. W. H. Rule, for many years a resident in Spain, and the author of a number of historical and controversial works, has a Son a Roman Cathol in protest, who originally was a clerzyman of the Church of England, from which church he drifted on the extreme Ritualistic tide. In this province there are two brothers widely separat-ed in relig'on. The one is the Rev. Father Mc-Cann, of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Cathe-dral, Toronto, and the other is the Rev. Alfred McCann, Methodist Minister, North Gower. Such cases are not numerous; but they prove that in religious matters members of the same family do not always see "eye to eye." — Ottawa Caticen.

The REV. CHAS. E. PIPER, formerly of Pittfield, N.H., but now of Wakefield, R.I, writes: "I have used Baxter's Mandrake Bitters in my family for over two years, and as a result have not called a physician in the whole time. My wife had been an invalid for two years, but these Bitters have cured 2 D her.

BONAPARTIST MEETING.

PARIS. Aug. 15.-A meeting of Bonapartists was held to day and attended by four thousand persons. Among those present were M. De Cassagrac and A. Miguez. Resolutions were passed favoring the placing of Prince Victor Napoleon on the Throne of France. M. Cas-sagnac made a speech. in which he declared that the Imperialists were ready for power and meant to take it. meant to take it. M. Cassagnac stated that to-day had been

especially chosen for holding the meeting, and in a few years, he said, the 15th of August *fete* Napoleon would be the *fete* day of the Empire Napoleon voi France.

HOW REIDSVILLE, N. C. HAS PRO-SPERED

We announced last week that two of our young townsmen, Messrs. E. E. Richardson good record there, and now he is a lecturer, and Joseph Lyles, were the successful competitors in the July drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery; the amount, \$15,000, in people cail a mission of some sort. I have actual cash, has been received and deposited in the Reidsville Bank. This is one of mission." the most successful speculations that was observed, in her genial way. "I hate people ever known in our enterprising town, and we congratulate our young friends who take with missions." their good fortune in to easy and matter of moment. "I wonder will papa like him. fact manner. Mr. Richardson informs us that it was a plain open-handed business transaction; he invested \$20 for tickets, and

He doesn't generally like strangers." "People are not strangers to each other at the regular drawing it was announced that on board an ocean steamer," Mr. Aquitaine said. " Come, young ladies, get ready, and days he was informed of the fact, and with- let us be moving; we have a great deal to was out of fashion helped to make her some-800."

Aquitaine could not have understood if seemed to like her. He was evidently not in get her hands away, and she could not cry struggle is short. In America we give up at over with Melissa, and the seemed to feel it once again. "But you are not five-and-twenty?" "But you are not five-and-twenty?" "But you are not five-and-twenty?" "No; but why do you assume that I have the to feel it once again. In America we given up?" thern girl Sydney Marion was in many ways. She showed a deep interest in schools and it was clearly impossible that such two could workhouses and ventilation, and even rates ever be in love. Sydney had sometimes, in and taxes. She wanted to know the averages of everything. She examined the little boys and girls at various Board schools, and praised some of those institutions and gravely "All right, girl," her father said, compla-cently. Suddenly remembering something, shook her young head at others.

"Where did you get all this common sense. Miss Marrion ?" Mr. Aquitaine once bluntly "I forgot to say I had a latter from your father this morning, Miss Marion." asked. "I am sure your father her. Sydney could not even have the hadn't much of it; and from what I saw of luxury of hating the supposed rival. She your sister Katherine, I don't think she was richly endowed with it either." "But it tells us nothing-I mean, nothing

Sydney could not, perhaps, have well explained. Yet the causes were not far to you know we have had telegrams from him since. We had one after he seek. She was three years older than her siater Katherine, and when their father died rheumstism. I write this note voluntarily to had actually leit New York, sent back she was left in charge of the household, being then only eighteen. She soon found that say what I think of the Oil, and it may be in the pilot-boat from Bandy HOOK. The only organoon. One soul found that used in any way to accomplish the most So, of course, his letter tells us nothing so far good. A. D. STEWART. Chief of Police, and you may make your mind quite easy Her mother was a sweet, bright, clever and you may make your mind quite easy about him and his companions. They have creature, who always looked young, always to think a good deal and to study her own kept young in face and in heart, was loved by mind, and, without any egotism, she knew kept young in face and in heart, was loved by every one, and let things go as they would. Captain Marion had been in the army for a short time, but had sold out when he got married, and settled down to enjoy comestic life, and to cultivate his literary tastes. He meant to write a book. He was her enemies-if she had any enemies-and still writing it. He had put most of his own they were not wholly in the wrong. She money and his wife's into American railways, looked forward with a sinking heart to the and for a long time it seemed as if he might

as well have deposited it in the Atlantic. you know where you are; before we have half-done these schools. By the Sydney had some trouble to keep things straight for a while; and not the least of her troubles was the effort to induce her younger in London. Sydney did not seem to care much about sister to put up with any manner of little privation without too much grumbling. the remarkable fellow-passenger. But Mr. Aquitaine liked instructing people about all

Katherine was very vain, and soon grew very fond of admiration, and could hardly everything. He was not going to let Miss endure a life of restriction and dulness. Now, however, the railway property was at last coming to be a genuine thing; Captain Marion seemed likely to be a man of means again. He had gone out to the States to look after his affairs there, and to have the pleasant holiday of a successful business man who combines business with pleasure and

enough, but it isn't that Montana that is enjoys both. Why did not Sydney go with him? Well, Miss Marion shock her head; she did not Sydney was a sort of pretty girl; but some-know of any other Montana. Mr. Aquitaine how she was not attractive. There are fashions in beauty as capricious, and for their was glad, on the whole ; it gave him the more time as inexorable, as the fashions in dress. It is easy to believe in the satirist's account "Is Montava a man or a woman?" his of what happoned when the vision of Helen of Troy was conjured up to delight the eyes of a modern group of spectators. The ladies all declared that she was a mere fright and "Sounds more like a woman, doesn't it? "No; it's a queer name, when one comes dowdy. It was not their jealousy; the expression was doubtless quite sincere. Helen's to think of it; not an American name, cerbeauty was not the reigning style, and to them it was the same thing as ugliness. and sister. Perhaps, too, Sydney thought Sydney Marion was by no means a Helen; she could be more free to indulge in all her tainly. But I don't suppose Montana is an American, except perhaps by birth; I fancy them it was the same thing as ugliness. he hails from somewhere in Europe. Any-Sydney Marion was by no means a Helen; how, he is a very remarkable man, Miss her face might have been thought handsome Marion. They were talking a great deal in the day when oval faces and high foreheads were assumed to be the portion of every true about him when I was last in the States, but heroine. But by the time she was able to come out in the living world and emerge a " I thought everyone was a remarkable man little from the almost cloister-like retirement only too glad to go in the way of anything Her father went on, addressing himself to of the cathedral town and her family difficulties, that style of beauty had passed utterly Sydney : This is really a man out of the common-I have never heard how he began ; but out of fashion. She ought to have a square he was a moldier in the war- the great civil out face and a long chin, and Nature had war, you know; and he left what they call a denied her these attractions. Her hair ought to have come down in a fringe over or preacher, or something of the kind, and her forehead, and it refused to do so of itself; and she would not use artifical means to the head of a great new school, and has what coerce it. Her sister Katherine used to be thought rather a little tright in her schoolno doubt he is coming to Europe on some days, because of her tiny turn-up nose, her sharp chin, and her unmanageable hair. "He must be a tiresome old man," Melissa Now she was regarded by every one as the beauty of the family. Sydney Marion's face "It is interesting," Miss Marion said after a was an anachronism; and she was set down as old-fashioned. No doubt the fashion would change; but Sydney Marion's youth would hardly wait for that revenge of time. She was already in her twenty-fifth Perhaps the consciousness that her face what practical and opinionsted. She seemed to most people a little hard. She kept chance. She was wildly fond of her father her that both preferred Katherine. She sdored her father and she felt sure that, with and yet he seemed to enjoy Katherine's society more. A handsome young man used elder son of Sir Stephen Trescoe, a neighborlove him, felt herself drawn toward him, was sure she could confide in him, almost fancled he seemed to show some feeling with regard to her: and he proposed for Katherinefand was accepted, and evidently believed he had carried off the most beautiful woman in the Frescoe's stately and rich family might dislike a marriage with the daughter of a man who appeared to be poor; but no sooner was Katherine seen by the lover's father and mother than they were captivated by her, and metaphorically clasped her to their bosoms Sydney felt certain that if it had been she they would have been sure to object deidedly to the match. When the young married pair States, Sydney made some excuse for remainher feelings-he was very quick and sympaleft at home to wear her green stockings unseen. Now another alarm has sprung up in her mind; a vague alarm, indeed, and with no reason that she could put into words. Oaptain Marion had met in the States the daughter of a dear old friend, Colonel Rowan, an Irish officer, who had served with him during his short military career. Colonel Rowan was dead long ago, and his widow and daughter had gone out to the United States and taken up their residence with Mrs. Rowan's sister. In some out-of the-way town-or city, its inhabitants would proudly call it-Captain Marion sought them out, and so warmly renewed in them his friendship for Colonel Rowan, that the daughter was preveiled upon to come over to England with the returning party. Sydney heard of almost nothing but the beauty, the grace, the cleverness, the brightness, the accomplishments, the enthusiasm, the affection, the daughterly tenderness, the noble aspirations, and what not of this unique young lady. The whole party, Osptain Marion, Kutherine, Katherine's husbind, seemed in a conspiracy to sound Miss Bowan's praises. Now an alarm arose in Sydney's heart. It was not of the nature that Melissa Aquitaine had kindly suggested. She had not the remotes idea that her father would marry the incomparable young Irish-American. But there was a young man who used to come to see the

anticipatory weariness. Sydney heard ber, and her mind somewhat too well regulated. She was almost inclined to feel hurt. But Melissa | could have fallen in love, and was longing to smiled on her with such a pretty, saucy smile love some one; but she had not as yet hed a impossible to feel angry; impossible not to and other mother; and it always seemed to fore turning away; it was still all sparkl-ing and full of hope to. If it had been ruffled and more devoted daughter than Katherine; taken it as an evil augury. But it still spark. to visit them in their country obscurity, the youth at their prow and pleasure at their ing landlord, and Sydney thought she would as to be greatly alarmed about the dangers of world. There was some fear lest young wonder as to whether her father would find ing; behind, and her father, perhaps divining tressing her mind a little about the remark- | thetic-fell in with her ideas, and she was

chaff her, and be saucily chaffed by her, and the most secret recesses of her heart, imagined that he looked at her with eyes of kindly emotion. And now, behold! she is threatened with the invasion of a distracting delightful and wonderful girl, and it is certain that the moment young Mr. Fanshawe sees Miss Bowan he will fall straightway in love with her. Sydney could not even have the was unfortunately too just in mind for that She was too like her father. She knew it. She knew that if Miss Rowan really turnedout worthy of regard, she could never help liking her, even though the girl were to come between her and her dearest hopes. For the moment Sydney was vexed with herself for her absurdly critical and judicial nature, and wished she could hate people for nothing, as Katherine would do, and feel no scruples of conscience. She was accustomed herself and her own weakness pretty well, and she knew that she had a nervous kind of foible for justice, something akin to a physical nervougness, which she could not get over, and which would make her impotent to hate even

coming of this odiously bewitching and cruelly admirable stranger-and Miss Rowan was to go with them to London ; to stay a long time with them there; and young Fanshawe lived

"Come, Miss Marion-come, Mel," Aquitaine exclaimed one morning. "No time to lose; the 'Transatlantic' is signalled. We shall only have time to drive down and get on board the tender." "The 'Transatlantic'-to-day ?" Sydney

exclaimed, turning pale, and trembling with delight and with the nervous alarm which even delight brings to sensitive and anxious persons. "Just so. I didn't tell you she was ex-

pected so soon. I didn't want you to be ex-citing yourself before there was any occasion, and counting the moments."

Mr. Aquitaine's shrewd mind had long since seen into the temper and nature of Sydney Marion.

"Now, then, young women, get ready. I'll rattie you down in rather considerably less than no time. My horses can go like those of Mephistopheles."

"Perhaps you won't care to go, Meliesa ?" putting a kindly hand on her shoulder. She did not want Melissa to be tired and bored own feelings without the girl.

"Indeed I'll go," Melissa promptly answered. "What an unkind creature you are Sydney! You know I am longing to see Miss Rowan and Mr. Trescoe, and you know I am out of the regular routine. I want something to happen; not that I think anything will happen to-day."

Marion will feel if he doesn't see his daughter | quickly here."

there to meet him." They were soon on their way.

Sydney Marion's heart beat strongly as the kept straining her eyes anxiously for her father's figure long before she could dis-tinguish one form from another. As they drew nearer and nearer she still could not see him. Now she could plainly see the it." figure of a tall man who was leaning over the That must direction of the tender. surely be her father. Her eyes were sparkappointment and with a nameless sensation of discomfort. The man she has seen is handsome; even in that short moment she observbehind or beside this man, and she is vexed and her father's. She sees her sister and her husband and a girl whom she assumes, of course, to be Miss Rowan. She is hurried up the ladder and on to the deck of the steamer and her father catches her in his arms. Meanwhile, Miss Melissa was not particu larly anxious about the whole expedition. She was not greatly absorbed in longing to mset Sydney's father; she felt a little interest about the probable appearance of Sydnev's sister, and still more about Miss Bowan. She allowed herself to be guided and helped and lifted on the steamer's deck in a dreamy sort of mood, thinking about hardly anything except the ciscomiort of steamers in general and the annoyance of having friends who had relations coming from America. In the eagerness of all the others of her party, each somebody, little Melissa found herself almost resolved to go with Captain Marion to the isolated for a moment. Every one appeared girls. to have forgotten her-a condition of things which was new to her, and which, however short its lasting, was not at all agreeable. She hardly knew where she was going, when suddenly her feet caught in a rope. She staggered and floundered a little, and she might perhaps have fallen but for the promptness of a man who stepped forward just at the right time, and caught her and lifted her safely over the danger. In her odd little languid way she closed her eyes when she found herself slipping, and hardly opened them quite until she knew she was firmly and sately on her feet again. There was something strong, gentle, and fatherly in the touch of the hand which held her up, and she thought perhaps it was Sydney's father. was inclined to make a pretty little filial sort of scene. But opening her eyes, she saw two intensely deep, brilliant eyes looking into hers, and saw that a very tall, dark man was her supporter. She qualled under those strange eyes. She felt herself growing red and tramulous. She looked up to him again; their eyes met again. He must have seen that here sunk under his look. But his face showed not the slightest gleam of interest in her. He had not spoken a word as he was helping her out of her little difficulty; he appeared to take no more in terest in her than he would have done in a fallen chair which he happened to lift up, The moment she was rafely on her feet he drew aside without bowing or uttering a word. Melissa tried to say something in the way of thanks, but she could not find speech; and it Aquitaines very often, a yound barrister, who did not seem as if he was listening for her to belonged to that purt of the country, and speak. He had clearly not given a thought came that circuit waiting for the time when | to her. When she was a child she had once about England. Mellssa did not know, and he should have briefs; and Sydney was a good taken hold of the handles of an electric bat-did not intend to know, anything about such deal taken with him, he seemed so straight try, and abe received a shock of pain that

In a moment, however, she is in the centre, given up ?" of the group of greeting friends, and has to make several new acquaintances all at once. | have only to go in and win." The man with the dark eyes is one of them. He is the only one of whose presence she is He is the only one or whose presence such as a compliments." distinctly conscious. He is first introduced compliments." to her father, and then her father presents "Very well.. You are going to London him to Melissa, and Melissa finds that he is soon ?" the Mr. Montana, the remarkable fellow-passenger. He does not appear to remember or to know that he has just given her a helping hand. She can only stammer out a wretched unmeaning little word or two, and then somebody else is there. She scarcely knows one from another; she hardly even notices Miss here once, but he sold it. He got not to like Rowan.

Sydney Maroz, too, goes through a series of the whole place any more." father when her sister greeted her with a died, who could bear to see it always?" playful pull at her hair. Her brother-in-law "It was a sad story altogether" hesitated, as if he did not quite know wheshe found herself making the acquaintance, Miss Bowan and Mr. Montana.

Thought formed and re-formed itself in a moment within her mind. "She is very lovely; no, I don't think she is; she is too is very charming. But what an extraordinary man! Is he very handsome, or is he the young man. very ugly? He looks like a prophet. He looks like Monte Cristo. Was he buried or sixteen years. I was at school all the alive and dug up again ?"

She found herself close to Melissa as they were all preparing to get on board the tender. Melissa looked shaken or sffrighted or somehurt herself, Sydney at first imagined.

"Has anything happened ?" she asked, in a low voice, and putting her arm round the girl.

"No, nothing," Melissa answered, distractedly. Then looking up, and with her old manner, she added, "Oh, no; what could happen? I always told you nothing ever happens.'

CHAPTER IV.

A VEILED PROPHET.

Mr. Montana was to remain only one night in Mr. Aquitaine's house. He was to go on to London by the next morning's train. Be had important work to do in London, he said,

but he did not explain what it was. He only Sydney said, turning to Miss Aquitaine, and went so far as to say it was a business which now engrossed his life, and which he would submit to the world for the first time in London.

Mr. Aquitaine noticed that, as they drove from the steamer and passed through the streets of the town, Montana glanced around him inquiringly here and there, as if he were looking out for places he knew.

"You have been in this place before," Mr. Aquitaine said. "I can see that."

" How do you know?" The question was put in a cold and cautious tone, and Montana drew himself back in the carriage.

"I see you are looking about inquiringly. as, if you were looking out for some place you "One thing will happen, I can assure you," as, if you were looking out for some place you her father said. "We shall be late if you had known, and couldn't find it. Nothing don't be quick; and I know what Captain | wonderful in that; we make changes very

"I have come from a country where changes are quicker," Montana said. He spoke in a deep, clear voice, habitually monotonus, givtender approached the great steamer. She ing the impression of a total absence of interest in what was going on around. "Yes; I was here long ago; when I was a boy. I hardly recollect it. I am not quite certain sometimes whether I did not only dream of

There was not much time that day for the side of the steamer, and looking evidently in new-comers to see the place, or for either set | the sea itself has had the love of pcets, of persons-those who came from across the

"I don't assume anything of the kind. You

"Thank you; that was kindly said, but don't try any more like it. Let us not pay

"Yes; I am longing to go."

"I am so glad you are going. I live there." "I am very glad you live there."

"Thank you especially as you banish com-pliments. Yes—I come from this town; but I live in London now. My father had a place it. My sister died here; and he didn't like

bewildering experiences. She had hardly "I am not surprised," said Miss Rowan, been released from the loving embrace of her softly. "The place where one we loved has

"It was a sad story altogether," Fangave her a kindly kiss, which would have shawe said. "They had quarrelled, been much less embarrassing if he had not don't you know-at least, you couldn't know, of course; but they had quarther he ought to kiss her or not, and then relied - about a love-match my sister would make; and then my people would almost in a breath, of her father's new friends, have made it up gladly, but-well, she died and there was an end of it. Then my father couldn't stand the place any more, and so he

gave it up." "Was this long ago ?" Geraldine asked, thin; she has too much manner; oh, yes, she | hoping that it was long ago, so that the revival of its memory might be less of a pain to

"Yer, It was a good long time ago-fifteen time in Germany, and didn't know very much about it until the end."

Geraldine liked the young man's fresh and genial manner. There was something about thing of the kind; as if she had fallen and him sympathetic. His talk was refreshing. For the rest, the dinner party wanted brightness. Mr. Montana spoke little, and was ap. parently content that people should look at him and ask each other why he did not speak. If he spoke little, he ate and drank less. He made it evident that he regarded the dinner as only a ceremonial for him. Mr. Aquitaine and Captain Marion talked a good deal ; but Mr. Aquitaine often went into local affairs and Captain Marion know nothing about even the local affairs of the localities which ought to have been of perconal concern to himself. Mrs. Trescoe was not near any one she cared to talk to. Melissa remained resolutely silent: Mrs. Aquitaine hardly ever

talked. Geraldine rose early next morning. She was an early riser even for Mr. Agultaine's habits. She had lived for some years lately in an American town or village where it was an article of faith that no one ought to be out of bed much after nine o'clock in the evening, or in bed after five in the morning. She had fallen into the ways of the country with a flexibility natural to her fresh and vigorous nature. She was a girl of a quick and lively curlosity, and when she was at any new place was unresting until she had seen and learned all that was within her reach to know about it. This first morning, therefore, of her stay at Mr. Aquitaine's she rose very early. She had heard the murmuring of water in her ca:s all the night through, and she was in hopes, not being quite clear as to the exact situation of her host's dwelling, that when she went to her window in the morning she might look upon the tossing sea-"Sing oh !' she kept murmuring to herseli now and then at wakeful moments of the night; "let man learn liberty from crashing wind and lashing sea !" murmuring from the verses of a poet to whom English criticism has not yet done justice, and probably never will. When she woke in the morning, and ran to her window, she saw not the sea, indeed, but a sight surely not less lovely -a bright broad river flowing in the faint light of a breezy spring dawn. Not even

and of all natures that, like the poet's, are

his number was the "lucky one;" in a few out trouble he sent the ticket to New Orleans, had it presented at the office of the Company-it was ca hed, and in due time a package came to their address by Express containing the money in currency .- Reidsville, N.C., Webster's Dollar Weekly, July 25.

SMALL TALK AND CHAFF.

Sir Stafford Northcote is called the "Grand old woman."

General McClellan is writing magazine articles about Egypt.

Joseph Arch will stand for Hull at the next general election.

The position of Arabi near Ramleh is now considered impregnable.

The arrest of Messars. George and Meany has caused President Arthur great annoy. ance.

The new Premier of Nova Scotia is 26 years old. He was admitted to the Bar seven years ago.

It is not true that a deputation will shortly wait upon Goldwin Smith to request him to keep himself cool.

The Winnipeg Sun complains a good cigar cannot be had for love or money in that city. Better stick to the editorial clay.

"Oaida," the novelist, in a letter to the Times, says the Italians are hissing at England like a million tlocks of geese.

It is thought Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P. for Mayo, will be given the position of Underfor Foreign Affaits, if Sir Secretary Charles Dlike is promoted to a seat in the Cabinet, instead of Mr. Bright.

A man named Chene has brought an action of damages against the Hull Catholic School Board for \$199 for depriving him of the right to vote for School Trustees.

The gigantic oak at Mount Vernon known as Washington's Oak, was destroyed by lightning the other day. The free had many historic associations, and Washington's favorite resting place after the heat and lators of the day was beneath its shade.

EPPS'E COCOA--- GBATEFUL AND COMFORTING. -" By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to situck wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure Essence for afternoon use.

"Ab, yes," Melissa assented, with a sigh of of innocent, infantile wilfulness that it was laugh with the tormenting little creature. Sydney looked anxiously along the river beever so little more than when she first looked on it that morning, she might have led as if if it had only to bear up vessels with helm; pretty dancing things made in the shape of sea-shells with silken sails, and little Ouplds playing at seamen, and nereids swimming all round and occasionally pulling the boat along in sport with their dripping shoulders. Sydney was not, in truth, so foolish the deep for people crossing the Atlantic in fine spring weather and in a great steamer. But she had an anxious way about most things. She was commonly uneasy about her own people, about her father whom she loved, and her sister whom she tried to love. She was aimost always thinking whether this or that would be agreeable to her father or not. If anybody were to mention anything in connection with her father's name, her first thought was one of anxious himself or not pleased. Now she was disable person coming over in the steamer with Captain Marion, and wondering whether her father would find the companionship an advantage of a nuisance on the voyage.

They saw a great many sights that day, and for two or three days following. Mr. Aquitaine was determined to keep Sydney going incessantly, in order that she might not have too much time to think of her father on the sea. He took care that the girl should be very tired when she returned to dinner overy day; and he had always a numbir of people to dine with them. He left her few moments for anxious meditation.

Mr. Aquitaine found that in all things, apart from her over-anxious ways about her father, he had a decidedly practical young woman to deal with in Sydney Marion. He was used to practi-cal girls in the North, but he was under the impression that no such creatures came from the South. He had not faith in the practical work of man or woman below Birmingham, but he was especially inclined t> put little faith in the business capacity of woman. In the North, indeed, there were so many practical and efficient women, that perhaps t made home life a pleasant variety to Mr. Aquitaine to have his wile and daughter so absolutely devoid of the practical element. Mrs. Aquitaine was still as ignorant of the working of English domestic, political, or social institutions as if she had never been out of the Levantine region; and had never read a book or asked a question

ses, or those who welcomed them-to study forever fresh and young, as the rivers have ling with anxiety. She was now almost near each other's ways and peculiarities. It was had. The mother may, as Burns sings, forenough to see his face; it did not seem like somewhat late when they reached Mr. Aquithe outline of her tather's. Nearer and nearer | taine's house, and nearly time to dress for still; and now, gezing anxiously up, her eyes dinner. Two or three friends only were are met by those of a stranger. His eyes look | invited to meet the new guests. Miss Rowan straight into hers, and she looks down in dis- was seated next to a young man who, some one told her, was a barrister, and whose name was Fanshawe. He did not seem to her in the least like any species of lawyer. He He ed that he had intensely dark hair, and eyes looked very young, to begin with. He of an almost oppressive brilliancy. Then was a strong young fellow, slender, like an suddenly she sees that Captain Marion is just | atblete in build ; he had short curling fair hair, and an audacions yellow mustache; that any face should have come between her | bright blue eyes, a complexion fair as a giri's and a boyish laugh, that spoke a genuine sence of enjoyment. He and she soon became friendly.

"Are you really a lawyer? she asked him, without hesitation.

"A sort of lawyer ; yes ; a barrister. I believe the two branches are all in one in your country ; isn't that so ?"

" My country ? America is not my country." "No? I thought it was. I thought you were an American girl. You come from America."

"So does Mrs. Trescoe. Do you call her an American girl ?"

"Oh, but she has only been across for a few months or weeks or something. However, if you say you are not an American girl, Miss Rowan. I am sure I believe you. I hope you hurrying forward to meet somebody or see are not offended with me. I meant no harm; there are some charming American

"I should be very proud of being an American girl if I were one. I don't think there is a more enviable being in the world than an American girl : except one."

"Yes; and who is that one ?"

"An American boy, of course."

" Oh, I say !" and Fanshawe laughed.

"But I am not an American girl," Miss Rowan said. "I am Irish; I have only been living in America."

" Do von like America ?"

"I love it. So you are really a lawyer ?" "Well, 1 shall be really a lawyer when the law-going public find out my merits and the solicitors send me briefs -- which as yet they have unaccountably omitted to do, perhaps by reason of some vile conspiracy."

"A lawyer! I should never have thought it," Geraldine said, meditatively. " Why not?"

"Well, I thought lawyers were generally old and grizzled and grim, and that they wore spectacles."

"When we are successful we come to that," Fanshawe said, gravely. "That's what we look torward to.

"Success is all like that, I really believe," Geraldine said, with samestness.

" Like what, Miss Rowan?"

"Like that. I am sure you understand. It comes too late to be enjoyed ; or if it comes early, it often goes too soon. It is bought too dearly. I am sometimes sorry for men because they have to try to be successful. I am glad to be a woman for that reason; we have not to try for it. There is no success for us."

"Except a brilliant match."

"Yes; that is our laurel wreath, our one hope to make life worth enduring. Happily, time. He was looking on the river. He

get the child, and the monarch forget the crown that has only been an hour upon his head; but who ever forgets the river of his youth? As Geraldine looked out upon the stream below her window, the river of her youth came back upon her memory ; and with the river the thought of those who were happy with her by the ripple of its waters; of the father who was father, and friend, and companion alike; there were tears in her eyes. She was soon out upon the breezy lawn. Preparations were being made for Mr. Montanal's going. His train was started at an early hour, and Mr. Aquitaine was to accompany him to the station. No other of the family or the guests was yet stirring. Geraldine saw Montana and Mr. Aquitaine on the lawn at a short distance from her. She was rather given to studying character, and of course, like most clever girls, fancied she had a distinct gift for the quick understanding of of men and women. She had occupied herself a good deal in the voyage across the Atlantic in studying the characters of her companions, and she was of opinion that she had contrived to sound the depths of each nature except one. She was by no means clear about Mr. Montana. Sometimes he seemed to her merely vain and shallow; but at other times he impressed her with a certain sense of awe or dread, as if there were some hidden strength of dangerous will about bim; and again in other moods he seemed to her only a self-deluded visionary. On the whole, she did not like bim-a rare condition of feeling with her: for her first and natural impulse was to like people. Most of us are otherwise constructed by nature : our first instinctive impulse is to dislike any new-comer, even though he be only a wayfarer getting into a railway-carriage, where he has full as good a right to be as we have. If he turns out a good fellow or an agreeable person after, we may like him well enough ; but we leave the burden of self-vindication to him. It is enough for us that he is getting into the carrisge where we are already seated, and although there be ample room for him and us, our impulse is to dislike him all the same. Now, Miss Rowan's first impulse would have been to like him, and think that he ought to be made welcome.

She went up to Mr. Aquitaine at once and received his wondering congratulations upon her early rising.

" My daughter won't think of getting up these four or five hours yet. I am going to see Mr. Montana off by his train."

" May I go too ?" Garaldine asked, delighted at the prospect of the drive, and the railway station, and the sights new to her. She had no more hesitation about offering herself as Mr. Aquitains's companion than if she had been tendering her companionship to

Mr. Aquitalae's wlfe. He looked for a moment a little surprised, but Geraldine did not notice his surprise, and he answered at once that he should be dolighted to take her with him, and show her some of the town as they passed along, and bring her back before most of the other

people in the house had got out of bed. Mr. Montana had remained silent all the