

THE SITUATION.

OPINIONS ON THE NORTH-WEST TROUBLES.

THE MAIL'S PERSISTENT ATTACKS UPON THE CITY—HOW SIR JOHN IS ALLEGED TO HAVE DECEIVED HIS FOLLOWERS—THE PETITIONS AND COUNTER-PETITIONS.

Those who are not amused over the chief Conservative's attempts to create a race war are indignant at the infamous falsehoods that are being circulated through its columns, with the view no doubt of provoking a reach of the peace here. But then it has always been a part of the Mail's policy in its business, and the character of our citizens. The stories about English-speaking men being insulted and maltreated in the streets by French Canadians are pure inventions. Montreal is as peaceable as Toronto, and all efforts to excite a war of races here must fail. No incident of Montreal would be mentioned in the Mail under the heading of Montreal news, and hence the alleged despatches must be bogus. If the Tories could only induce some French Canadian to assault an English-speaking person just now they would be supremely happy.

It is well known that the whole Orange row raised here in 1877 was a "put-up job," designed to injure Mr. Mackenzie's Government, and if the Tories get into difficulties no doubt they will try a similar game next summer. A Tory out of office is like a fish out of water, and if Sir John Macdonald finds his influence waning he will go in for

ORANGE INFLENCE. To the Editor of THE POST: Sir, I quite agree with you that Costigan and Smith should resign. It is a disgrace to the Roman Catholic population that these Ministers should sit in the same Cabinet along with such Orangemen as Sir John A. Macdonald, head of the list, Sir A. Campbell, and Bowell, "the list & Co." declared that they should hang, and the unfortunate Roman Catholic was sacrificed to please the Orangemen of Ontario. On the night of the execution we find the Orangemen parading the streets of this city and playing party tunes. Is this Canadian justice? Had Smith and Chapple, Costigan and Langevin, Caron and Thompson—all professing to be Roman Catholics—said to Sir John Macdonald, "We protest against the hanging of one who has been recommended to mercy, and if you do hang him we shall resign"—had they done this, to-day they would have been heroes, whereas they are traitors! Whenever there is a Roman Catholic appointed to an office in the Dominion Government Sir A. Campbell protests! Why do not the Catholics protest strongly against such Orangemen as he being placed in the Government, and more especially because he has taken an oath in the name of his God never to assist a Roman Catholic under any consideration? Shame to a man he said who looks down upon his fellow-countryman on account of his religious belief. The same Campbell is the bigot who protested in the strongest terms against the appointment of James O'Reilly, of Kingston, to the judgeship, also John Gray, of Prescott, whose appointment to the collectorship of Inland Revenue, Prescott, he cancelled. Let the Roman Catholics, both Liberal and Conservative, unite together and send a delegation of their most influential Catholics to Ottawa and demand that this notorious bigot, Campbell, be removed from the Cabinet; also these Catholics who are unworthy of the name. Let there be men appointed who will not stand by and see one of their own kind sacrificed to please this bloodthirsty crew of Orangemen. So the head of the Orange Cabinet has taken flight to England, and "shame" to him who caused the rebellion; "shame" to Campbell, whom Sir John pleased and made happy by sacrificing poor Riel on the gallows at Regina. Who caused the rebellion? The bad management of the Orange crew at Ottawa, had Sir John, head of his Ministers to enquire into the half-bred's grievances previous to the outbreak, there would have been no loss of life, and Riel would be alive to-day.

INDEPENDENT ROMAN CATHOLIC. P.S.—What can the Roman Catholics expect but the crumbs that fall from the table when such Orangemen as these are at the head of Canada's Government:—Sir John Macdonald, Sir Alex. Campbell, Brother Bowell, Brother White, Brother Catling, Brother McLean. New members of this Orange Cabinet: Brother Langevin, Brother Chapple, Brother Caron, Brother Costigan, Brother Smith (he cares for no one, and no one cares for him), Brother Thompson—figure heads.

TORONTO, Nov. 23. A HANDY REMEDY for Pains, Aches, and accidental injuries is an almost universal requirement. Such a ready remedy is best found in Haggard's Yellow Oil, that cures Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Colds, and all Pains, Lameness, and Soreness, whether internal or external.

Schools in Spain undergo medical inspection once a week as a preventive against cholera and small-pox.

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An agricultural school for girls has been established in France.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS. Much is blamed upon the Kidneys when people are ill and suffer from weak and painful back, etc. If you regulate the Liver and Blood with Burdock Blood Bitters the Kidneys will soon resume a right action. Burdock Blood Bitters cleanses the whole system, Kidneys included.

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Sir John Walslam has been appointed British ambassador at Peking.

A CRYING EVIL.—Children are often fretful and ill when worms are the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all worms.

THE IRISHMEN OF ORILLIA.

SUPPORT FOR PARNELL AND HOME RULE.

ORILLIA, Nov. 23.—The following are the resolutions passed at the Home Rule meeting, which was largely attended. It was moved by Rev. K. A. Campbell, and seconded by A. D. Keen, and resolved:—"That we endorse the present system of government, which has had a long trial; Ireland has been the most wretched, miserable and poverty-stricken country on the face of the globe; that we believe a local government such as Canada and all the British colonies enjoy would make her prosperous, happy, and contented, and that it would make her people contented to none in loyalty to the Crown of England, for which she has been pre-eminently on occasion called for it even in her sufferings."

Moved by Dr. Staven, seconded by S. C. Robinson, and resolved:—"That the members of the English House of Commons receive no remuneration for their Parliamentary attendance; that landlords and their nominees having heretofore been principally returned as the representatives of Ireland in the Assembly, and that it having been thought advisable by the Irish National party in Ireland to pay such of its members as may not be in a position to bear their own expense, we fully endorse the principle, and call on all lovers of freedom, justice, and fair play to strengthen the cause by generously subscribing to the Irish Parliamentary Fund."

Moved by Mr. Curran, seconded by Mr. Mulcahy, and resolved:—"That we heartily endorse the resolutions moved by the Hon. Mr. Costigan in the Canadian House of Commons in the spring of 1882, and the address to Her Majesty, passed unanimously by the representatives of Canada, at the same time praying that some means might be found for meeting the express desire of the Irish people to regard to self-government, so that Ireland might become a source of strength to the Empire, and the Irish people at home and abroad might feel a pride in the greatness of it."

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WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American's View of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Captain Donaldson, with the cold blood of a serpent, took from his pocket a letter written to him by Ralf, which he had received that day, full of misrepresentations about Daniel, but with the slightest coloring of truth. It described Mr. Courtney as passing himself off as an unmarried man, and encouraging ladies to accept his love-like attentions. "He is a lion," the writer said, "and enjoys his honor like a prince. If his wife only knew all that is going on here, she would have no confidence in her future comfort. It is my opinion he never means to acknowledge that woman as his wife, for report is abroad here that Miss Crawford has caught him, and that they will soon be married."

Angelina could read no more. She flung the letter into the blazing fire without finishing it, and said, in scarcely audible tones, so violent was her anger and so choked her voice: "Captain Donaldson, you are a villain, to show me such a letter. My husband ought to shoot you. It is a lie. I do not believe one word of it. Go, go away. I can't see you—Marie! Marie! Marie!" called Angelina.

Captain Donaldson hastened from the room before Marie appeared. She could only make signs to loosen her dress and help her to her bed. Mrs. Harper was sent for, and after that night came daily to try and keep up the poor wife's spirits under her disappointment. And never for a moment did she doubt the integrity of Daniel's love for Angelina. This friend then was an angel of consolation after the last visit of Captain Donaldson. Angelina told her the conversation they had had; his attempt to undermine her confidence in her husband, and his impudent threats and boldness of manner; and at last she repeated the contents of the letter.

"My dear child, these are enemies, not friends of Daniel's. He has unwisely given the Captain his confidence, and the Captain is doing what he thinks will, by-and-by, be most beneficial to himself. He has an idea that Daniel is as wicked as he is, and that he is doing him a benefit to induce you to dislike your husband and to consent to a separation. I see it all. He has not known Daniel Courtney as I do. Daniel is, I may say it to you, not a bad fellow; and the latter declared himself as I do of public opinion, and he cannot be so stupid as to think that it will condemn him for not marrying a woman of great distinction in the world. But, my dear, he loved you. He loves you now for your pure heart and your goodness."

"Could it be that those ladies in Washington appear to him now better for him than I do?" "No, my dear, have no such thought or fear. Was not his last letter full of love, and a yearning to see you?" Angelina drew it from her bosom and handed it to Mrs. Harper, who, after reading it again aloud to the poor wife, said: "No husband could write more affectionately, Angelina. Be comforted."

"No one shall make me doubt Daniel," replied Angelina. "What wicked men they are who try to injure Daniel!" "It would be more merciful and less sinful if they took your life," said Mrs. Harper, indignantly. "I shall write to Daniel and tell him all that the Captain has done."

"Oh, no, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Harper, who was always most judicious on such occasions. "Not yet, we shall hear from him, I am sure, in a very few days, if not sooner. If it should be that he is sick, such a letter might prove to be most dangerous, perhaps fatal, to his recovery."

"It must be that Daniel is sick," said the poor wife, bursting into tears. "By no means certain," replied Mrs. Harper, soothingly. "He may now be on his way, indeed; who knows but he may be near home?"

Angelina looked up and smiled again. Two more long, dreary weeks passed and no news came from Mr. Courtney. At least if they had news at the Hall—Mrs. Harper suspected that they had—no one sent the letters to her. At the Hall they had all important news of Mr. Courtney's personal interest. To Angelina, Daniel wrote, addressing her by her former name, Raymond, and to the Cottage in a street. She had heretofore received his letters regularly, and now, how she suffered from this suspense and anxiety! The days and nights were, oh, so long, so long, she said. Mrs. Harper visited her every day, and always had left her more resigned than when she came. One day they were praising Daniel and building castles of future happiness, when Mrs. Harper said Angelina would be the acknowledged wife, and Daniel so much the happier man. It was growing late, and Mrs. Harper thought that she must leave her little protégée. She rose to say good-bye with a motherly embrace, when Marie came in, her face beaming with delight, a paper in her hand, directed to Angelina from Washington.

"News, news at last," said her delighted maid, Angelina snatched the paper from her, tore off the envelope, and hastily read the headings of several articles to see what it contained for her. Mrs. Harper stood motionless in suspense.

The accused and malicious article that had made Daniel sick had been sent to poison the mind of his wife!

The paper fell from her hand. "It is not true," she said. Mrs. Harper saw her falling. She and Marie caught her in their arms, and laid her on the bed. Restoratives soon brought her to consciousness, and all she could say was: "Oh, Mrs. Harper, do not leave me. It is not true; but do not leave me!"

We may be sure that Mrs. Harper did not leave her that night, nor the next day, for Angelina was very ill. The third day she awoke much better, and told Mrs. Harper that it was only the effects of waiting for letters and a long season of mental anxiety.

"I have no doubt in my mind of Daniel's love for me," she said. "He is good and true. These bad men do not know what they do!" "I am glad you are better, my dear," and I have received something for you to-day, if you are sure you can bear whatever comes from Daniel," said Mrs. Harper, drawing a letter from her pocket that had come that morning, addressed to Angelina in a strange hand. It was the writing of Dr. Blow. Angelina said in almost a whisper, "Read it, dear Mrs. Harper." That good lady broke the seal and read as follows:—"MY DEAR WIFE—I have been very ill, but I am now much better. Do not be unhappy. I do not know if Col. Keane wrote for me to Riggs and Blunt, and to my dear friend, Mrs. Harper, in time to save you from appointment for Christmas; but I am afraid not. Oh, my dear Angelina, I know you are suffering, and I am the cause. Will you ever forgive me? I cannot forgive myself. I am better. I shall sit up a little to-morrow. I've told my doctor all, for I thought I might die, and I wanted him to know what you and I were doing, and that only one I love now on earth, except Pura and Mrs. Harper."

"Pura Angelina was sobbing; Mrs. Harper had to pause a while, and then continued to read:—"Dear, dear Angelina, do not love me less. If any one tells you I am not true, do you do not believe it. I am not worthy of you like yours, my good, true wife, for I have treated you badly; but I have been the greatest sufferer. Let me find you well and trusting me. I will be the happiest man living when I can take you to be mistress at the Hall. My doctor will not let me write more. Your devoted husband, "DANIEL COURTNEY."

"I shall write to Mrs. Harper in a few days. Give my love to her." When the letter was read they both cried for joy, as women will, and then talked over the strange mutability of events in life. But Angelina was comforted. A few lines from the doctor assured them that Mr. Courtney was now quite out of danger, and would, with care, soon be up again, but that he must not undertake the long journey south, by land or by sea, during the winter month.

Mr. Courtney's illness caused much regret and sympathy in Washington, for the sick had many friends, such as are divided into classes by Ecclesiastes, chapter vii, verse 8: "There is a friend for his own occasion, and he will not abide in the day of thy trouble." Verse 9: "And there is a friend that turneth to an enemy, and there is a friend that will disclose thy secrets, and straiten thy throat." Verse 10: "And there is a friend, a companion at the table, and he will not abide in the day of thy distress." Verse 11: "A friend, if he continue steadfast shall be to thee as thyself, and shall act with confidence among them of thy household." Verse 13: "Separate thyself from thy enemies, and take heed of thy friends." Verse 14: "A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found him hath found a treasure. Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold and silver is able to counterbalance the goodness of his fidelity."

Mr. Courtney had all these varieties of friends, and the crown of the faithful one must be laid upon the head of Mrs. Harper. Colonel Keane was, it is true, a good and kind companion and an admirer of Daniel Courtney, and was called his "ultimate friend;" yet Daniel had not wholly confided in him as yet. It was not friendship that made Mr. Courtney trust Captain Donaldson, but not willing to make known to any of his equals the secret of his marriage, so he thought that the Captain, who was dependent upon him for many favors, would be glad to secure more in future by being his confidant in this affair. He had believed him to be well-principled and good-hearted. Daniel Courtney judged other men by his own heart, and few men, in many respects, were better hearted or purer minded than Daniel Courtney. He had no base views. His weakness of will was his misfortune. In his judgment of Captain Donaldson he was so far correct, that the Captain had but one motive in his conduct towards Angelina. He thought in his heart that now that Mr. Courtney was so honored and courted in Washington, he would be obliged to break his marriage vows. So the Captain intended to place him under life-long obligations if he could accomplish the destruction of all love between the wife and husband. To do this the reputation of each must be destroyed in the eyes of the other. He was greatly surprised to find Angelina a woman of such deep feeling and of so strong a character. He saw that she would not admit him again into her house. She would not. The door was, by her order closed in his face the next time that he called on her. That evening he went to Mrs. Harper's to complain of his reception at the cottage; but he was told by the servant at the door that Mrs. Harper could not see him. Revenge was kindled in his heart against both these women, and bitter were his intentions towards them.

Meantime Mr. Courtney's illness was known on every plantation, and Colonel Keane wrote for him to the Hall, that the doctor would not allow him to return before spring. His slaves were cast down by the news; but everyone noticed that Riggs and Blunt were unusually gay, and but largely at the gambling tables often than usual by old heavily sided wagers. They were evidently glad to be supreme masters without the surveillance they had expected on Christmas, and they scattered favors pretty freely on their flatterers and sycophants; who knew how to please their vanity. A good many of Mr. Courtney's friends had misgivings respecting the honesty of these men, for they could not believe that their salaries could afford the extravagant life they led. But no one liked to be the first to warn Mr. Courtney to look after them, or to disturb his mind after his illness; so these young men were unmolested, and grew more and more careless in the display of expenses which attracted the attention of all business men in the city of N—

With the excellent attention Mr. Courtney received from his good friend and physician, and from the care of his faithful slave Lubin, it was not surprising that his recovery was rapid, after Doctor Blow had pronounced him out of danger. These few weeks convalescence were a treat to the invalid. He had every reason to be gratified by the daily inquiries of friends concerning his state of health, and their cards and notes expressed deep sympathy. His sick room was filled with delicacies sent by kind ladies, as well as flowers in abundance. Those whom he had benefited, and there were many of the lower classes, modestly inquired of the servants of the hotel if Mr. Courtney was better; they left no message, but a heartfelt "thank God" was murmured in a whisper, and a prayer for his speedy recovery was offered with sincere faith and fervor.

He heard very often from Mrs. Harper. Her letters were like water from the fresh running stream to the thirsty traveler, when he pauses footsore and weary by the roadside to drink. She was so motherly in her tenderness, so patient, so encouraging, and she gave him such sweet pictures of Angelina and Pura, that she made him glad to be with them. "What could compensate," he thought "for such love as Angelina's, if I lost it! God forbid! I need not fear." Then he read over again a particular passage in Mrs. Harper's letter:—"Since Angelina received news of your better health, she is all joy again. Her faith in you and her own ardent love for you, gives her happiness that glows like a sun ray upon everything around her. She looks more beautiful than ever, Daniel. Your letters to her are her food. Oh, Daniel, what a blessing to her the love of such a pure young heart is! The world has not come in contact with its bloom. She has not, as I once thought a passive character. There is a force beneath her calm exterior that, when developed by circumstances, will astonish you. I look forward to your making of her a great and good woman. What is more admirable! What influence in life is more powerful than that of such a woman who has a husband like you to love her, and a gigantic fortune entrusted by

God to him, which she can help him to employ justly? Daniel, you are a man more than ordinarily blessed and favored. What more in life can you ask than what you have? Be cheerful, be grateful! We count the days till spring, and then—oh, then, come joyous to you both!" "Come for, come peace," repeated Daniel, "my Angelina, you shall yet know my sorrow for my weakness. How exalted you are above me, only God and I can see at this moment!"

"Now, Master Daniel, looking so sad again? Thought you said, sir, that Mrs. Harper sent you no bad news.—Wish letters would not come!" The last words were muttered to himself, while Lubin went to the sideboard for a glass of wine and some medicine for Mr. Courtney, who was sitting by the fire in his dressing-gown, waiting for Lubin to get him ready for a drive in the sleigh.

"No bad news, Lubin," said Daniel, "but it is dull work sitting here alone and doing nothing so long." "Yes, master, so I say. The doctor don't like many people to come and talk of business and such excitements till we are stronger. After a ride or so you'll be able to see some of the crowd. You never saw such a time as I've had to keep out the House gentlemen!" "I can't see anyone yet who comes on business, Lubin."

"No, sir. Could you see Mr. Crawford, sir, and Mrs. Crawford, if I let them know you would like them to come?" Mr. Courtney did not answer for a few moments. The solitude of the sick room was becoming painful to him and it left him so much time for thinking of his troubles, that he longed to see his old friends, the Crawfords and a few others. It seemed he had been imprisoned an age. He had been carried through scenes of the wildest kind in his fever, and he could hardly persuade himself that he had not been led a dance through purgatory. Nothing could so well convince him that this fancy was only a fever dream, as a visit from the Crawfords.

"I'll see when I come back how I feel, Lubin, and I will ask the doctor then," he answered; but it was so long after the question had been asked that Lubin forgot what he had proposed. The drive greatly refreshed the invalid, although the day was cold and the entire landscape was covered with snow. The trees were covered with brilliant frozen pendants, and the sunshine on them made them look like clusters of opals and diamonds, and the snow was like frosted silver.

Muffled in warm furs, Mr. Courtney dashed along the smooth road in his handsome sleigh, unnoticed in the crowd of others that filled the air with the music of their bells; no one thought that he was well enough to be out yet. It was a cheering drive, and everyone of the gay train were bent on merrymaking.

"Master Daniel, this has done you all the good in the world, sir," replied the servant, taking off the fur coat and preparing the easy-chair for Mr. Courtney. "Ah, Dr. Blow, you come just in time. I am myself again. What do you think of letting some of my friends see me this afternoon?" said Mr. Courtney. "Yes, said Colonel Keane every day, do you not?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, but good as he is, a little variety would be pleasant, you know." "I am so pleased with the effect of this drive out, Mr. Courtney, that I would rather make no further experiments to-day. Suppose we say to-morrow?" "That will do," answered the submissive patient.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Crawford came to see Daniel, and brought Miss Crawford's card with kind messages from her to him. "We do not know how much we value our friends till they are in trouble," said Mr. Crawford, taking Daniel's hand affectionately, "we have all watched your improvement, Mr. Courtney, with the deepest interest."

"Oh, a thousand thanks," replied Daniel, giving his thin hand a moment to Mrs. Crawford, and begging her to be seated near him. Turning again to Mr. Crawford he continued, "I've had a long and severe illness, but the doctor tells me that with prudence I will soon be at my post again."

"Not too soon, my good fellow. Let me urge you to give yourself full time to regain your strength."

"Yes, after all," he answered, "we are not so necessary as we think. I presume I have not been much missed out of the crowd here, except by my personal friends."

"I don't say that you are altogether right in this supposition, Mr. Courtney. You are missed, and very much, by your party in the House. But, somehow, everyone's place is filled, even in the greatest dire; but what they have done is not lost, it goes on bearing fruit good or bad for generations."

"You are becoming very philosophical," interrupted Mrs. Crawford. "I must tell Mr. Courtney something of less importance or you will both grow too serious for a sick room. Miss Wrie has gone home engaged to Major Thompson."

"Indeed, I thought Lord L— was the gentleman most favored and desired her," answered Mr. Courtney, laughing. "Oh, dear, no, she was under the impression that he was the accepted lover of my daughter!" said Mrs. Crawford, "and she was quite generous!"

Mr. Courtney would have liked to know if Lord L— was the accepted lover of Miss Crawford, but delicacy prevented him from asking and Mrs. Crawford from saying more. His color rose and his voice trembled when he turned the subject and inquired if Miss Crawford had a gay season in society during the Christmas holidays.

"I believe she has never been in so much dissipation," said Mr. Crawford. "It was unavoidable, however, we had our cousins with us from Virginia, and it was a new life to them; so we were all unusually gay, and for three weeks past we have had open house."

"It must have been pleasant for all parties. I am a lover of, and an advocate for, hospitality. My own house has open doors," said Daniel; but thinking that he was on a dangerous subject that might lead to questions that it would be not pleasant to answer respecting Bachelor Hall, he drew Mr. Crawford into conversation on political matters. Mrs. Crawford, in a few moments, suggested that it would be more prudent to make a short visit, to which her husband assented, and they bade their friend good-bye.

After this visit Daniel's mind was less at ease than before they came. The last influence over him had been Mrs. Harper's letter. He said to himself:—"Now, that miserable, contemptible vanity, which is my worst enemy and has begotten all my trouble in life, begins to stir within me a feeling of jealousy that Emily, whom I know in my heart loves me, could under any circumstances be gayer 'than she had ever been' during my 'dangerous sickness.' This she could not do, could she? Has she thought of my days of pain and my nights of feverish wakefulness? It seems not! But what is this to me? How can I be so weak as to cling to the love of her affection for me when it would render us both guilty and miserable."

"I shall be as you like, my love." When Daniel arrived at the house, about

the latter Emily would rather believe. "Could it be the sadness caused by sickness, mamma?" "No, darling, I know the difference. The struggles of the tried heart leave their marks on the face as plainly as scars on the body from battle wounds."