inding channel into the waters of Lake

Michigan. Of great depth, free from obstructions, and sheltered from storms, the inner lake or bay made a perfect

harbor for vessels of the largest size. The town at the inner extremity of the

bay was the centre of a fertile agricultural district, one of the richest fruit-growing regions of the country. It was also a fine lumber district, and

many of the Dutch settlers were engaged in boat-building. With a rail-

with the farms and orchards of the

region, with a deep enough channel to allow the regular lake steamers to enter

the bay with safety, the town might have a great future before it. Natur-

ally my first thought was for the chan-

steam-launch, and as we emerged into Lake Michigan I took in at a glance the

sand-bars lay on either side the channel's mouth, stretching out into the

large lake for nearly a mile. The sand often shifted with the heavy winter storms and ice - drifts,

channel was almost completely blocked. A long, canted, wooden pier

ran out into the lake for some distance,

and the former light-house, a frail wooden structure, had been built on

piles at the end. The great ice-floe

destroyed the foundation and wrecked the building, and the sands showed us

where storm-driven vessels, seeking

refuge, had lost the channel and been

ground to pieces on the treacherous

completely

till at times the mouth of

wooden structure, had been

beating against it

whole difficulty of the situation.

to bring it into communication

We passed through it in a small

BY MENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF

CHAPTER XVII. In the four years succeeding the Civil War, Michigan had begun to enter upon her wonderful career of development. These were great days for the engineers, both civil and could have help or my health and spirits than the constant activity and out-of-door life required by my fession. I threw myself into my with enthusiasm, and was lucky in being constantly employed. Copper and iron mines were being opened, railroads built, lumber districts surveyed, and, what most concerned me-for marine engineering was my specialty

-the United States government was erecting light-houses and life-saving stations, building canals and locks, and dredging deep water-ways, while the great freight companies were constructing immense docks, piers, and bridges nocessary to the marvellous increase in the commerce of the lakes. It is true that my plans were not always accepted by the authorities, who complained that I provided for a greater commerce and for vessels of a larger draught than anything warranted us to expect in lake traffic; but in a generation that has passed I have seen to my satisfaction that the development merce has even surpassed my dreams, that in rejecting my plans and accepting those of lesser magnitude they have railed upon their successors the work of rebuilding, enlarging, deeping, until I have been more than justified. Yet perhaps they were wise in building for their day only. They have thus shared the expense with a morrow which was better able to bear it, and they have provided work for a gener-

of engineers to come.

But it was in lumber that the most marvellous fortunes were being made. That industry did not require the outlay of money or skill, or the long de-lay in returns that made speculation in mines and manufactures so costly and uncertain. Timber-lands could be bought for a song. Were they but near a natural water-way, all that was needed was a few rude tools, unskilled labor, a little energy, and the returns were immediate. The fortunate owner of a few hundreds of dollars who could prospect the land and hire labor becane a millionaire in two or asons. My heart leaped at the possi bilities. At first I had not even the few hundreds necessary, for my grandfather had been obliged to use up the little capital remaining from the sale of the orchard in his long search me. But in two or three years I had more than made it up. We needed little ready money, for the farm paid its own expenses and supplied our few wants. We heeded not shabby furniture, and our table was better than that of many a millionaire, for we had old French Kate to cook for us, and was not our farm the pride of our half-breed farmer's heart? cows, fruit or vegetables than we? And were there not inexhaustible sup-plies of fish, frogs, and game within wenty miles of Detriot for any who had rod, spear, or gun? I worked hard at my profession, but I always found time to catch whitefish off Belle Isle, or shoot a brace of wild ducks at the Sainte-Claire Flats, and were there not idle French boys in plenty to supply us with anything that could be trapped or shot in Wayne or Oakland counties, in exchange for a jug of cider or a pound of cheese? We had little use, as I said for ready money; I was well and regularly paid for my engineering work, and I was the owner of a vast

mberman?
The day came when the Chevalier and their day-school for the white children I set off in the best of spirits to survey my forest primeval. I was employed by the United States government to de- who were instructed in sewing and sign a light-house and breakwater on a sand-bar at the entrance to a harbor on Lake Michigan. Many wrecks had occurred there, and the slight wooden trial training of the Indian had been trial training of the Indian had bee occurred there, and the slight wooden structure that had served for a lightstructure that had served for a light-house hitherto had been swept away in the heavy waves and crushing ice of a spring storm. My lands lay along the monk to whom I said this shook his same stretch of coast. Major fiali-burton was then visiting us for a few weeks, and we invited him to accom-fied from the spiritual point of view," pany us. This invitation he accepted with great pleasure, for the pioneer spirit was strong in him, and he de-clared that he could give points on trees to the best lumbermen in Michigan, would make my fortune for me. opportunity to see the upper lakes with one who knew so much of their history

tract of fine timber-lands, on the shores of Lake Michigan. Why, then,

should not I, too, become a millionaire

No railroad then existed, as now, which would convey us from Detroit to our destination in four or five hours, but that would have been a sadly unropared to the hardship of the confinement. mantic way of progressing. Partly to see the lakes, partly to avoid the fatigue their innocence and faith, but they see the lakes, partiy to avoid the farighe of much wagon-travel, we took the large side-wheel steamer Northern Light, plying between Toledo and Chicago by the Strait of Mackina. as I looked toward the Indian encampments dotting the shores of Little by the history and romance of French exploration and Indian warfare, and the favored that lovely spot. Who would exploration and Indian wartare, and the heroic labors of martyred missionaries. We left Detroit and Lake Sainte-Claire ior forests stocked with game, its little behind us, threaded our way through the shallow, prettily wooded banks of the Sainte-Clair River, past Fort Gratiot, constructed for the protection of French fur-traders by Du Lhut in free agent would willingly leave this 1688. Opposite each other, at the for the whirring machinery, the screech 1688. Opposite each other, at the entrance of the river, stood the small freight-handling railroad towns of Port tainted air of a manufacturing town? Huron and Sarnia, one guardian of American, the other of British interests. Out into Lake Huron we swept, lost for a while to sight of land in this glorious fresh-water ocean, with its heaven-clear depths. Then we neared shore, the state of Lake Michigan, so deeply, waters of Lake Michigan, so deeply, ounded the picturesque Pointe aux marvellously blue, gleaming in the sur Barques, lonely and grand, as it like a huge sapphire. Not a sail was to brooded over its past history of romance and sacrifice. Into vast Saginaw Bay sweep of horizon. The shades of night we steamed, visiting the brand-new sawdust village bearing the pretentious logging town, about six miles to the northward of our final destination. name of Bay City, then out of sight of land again for half a day, towards night touching at another straggling saw logger's hotel for my grandfather, I when the watched from their hilltops,

dust village - Alpena. Everywhere sawdust, rafts of logs, barren bill-sides with unsightly stumps and busy, screeching saw-mills told the story of Nature robbed of her wealth by the brigand

hand of man.

In the night we passed by the outlet of picturesque Georgian Bay, with its thirty thousand islands and its inexhaustible treasures of fish and lumber. Phrough its waters the explorers first Through its waters the explores has reached the Great Lakes, and at its lower extremity the settlement of Pentanguishene marked the first mission on the lakes and the martyrdom of Breboeuf and Lallemant in 1649.

It was early dawn when we steamed a sight of the regal isle of Mackinac. Michilimackinac! orthwest! with your forest-growned cliffs, your beaches and nestling vil-lages, and the little white fort, with its lages, and the fittle white forty years of struggle with red foe and white foe, Indian, French, or British, writ in blood and tears. What do you not tell us, as you stand there in your isolation, n miles from land, guarding the waterten miles from land, guarding the water-ways of four great lakes—Huron, Geor-gian Bay, Michigan, Superior? Of strength and heroism, of Cross and Sword, of martyrdom and massacre; of Indian friend and British foe, of Fren friend and Indian foe; of undaunted explorer, of energetic trader, of saintly sionary; of courage, fortitude, and missionary; of codrage, fortitate, and piety; of greed, treachery, and crime—of all these things is your history writ in the past. And to-day! Today you smile on the sweep of peaceful commerce, for the Northwest has unocked the treasures of her mines and her forests, her corn-fields, her flocks and herds, her orchards and gardens, and it is your watch, Sentinel of the Lakes, that has guarded for the benefit of her children the fruit of the labors, the sufferings, the tragedies of their forefathers. To-day the fortune-fav-ored children of the Northwest come gayly trooping to your shores to while away a summer holiday. In the shade away a summer horizontal away a summer horizon the ripple of the water on the smooth sand-beaches that tringe your shores, or gazing at the matchless views of lake of islands and continent, of rock and forest, they pay homage to your beauty and healthfulness, indeed; out they are of newer races and tradi-tions, ignorant of your history, heedless

a modern sawdust village. There

could yet see the Fathers, in their brown serge robes and sandalled feet,

as their predecessors had been two cer turies before when they first crossed

from Georgian Bay in their frail canoes

The mission church, a plain, white, frame structure, stood beside the long,

low, barrack-like monastery and th

where the monks instructed nearly two

hundred Indian boys in carpentering,

printing, baking, and harness-making.
Across the square from the monastery

was the convent of the gentle-faced

ildings of the manual-training school,

For miles in either direction, as far as eye could see, the shore was bold and picturesque, the sandcliffs rising in harp-pointed hills to a height of two and three hundred feet, with ser rated outlines, like mountain-peaks.
To the north of the Delft channel the of its lessons.

To the northward of us, westward sand-hills had been almost completely leading, were the rapids of the Sault Sainte-Marie, and alongside of them the great canals and locks by which the lenuded of trees, but to the south lay magnificent stretch of timber-land, a orest primeval of stately pines, giant oaks and walnuts, and fragrant hem-locks. There was little or no under-I wealth of the upper peninsula Michigan and the commerce of Lake uperior were conveyed to the waters growth of brush, pretty streams course through the ravines, and the trees had advanced their front boldly to the very of the lower lakes. My interest was not in copper-mines or iron-ore, and our course lay southerly, through the Strait edge of the wide strip of smooth sandbeach, on which the long rollers broke of Mackinac, past St. Ignace, scene of the heroic labors and last resting-place three deep, and the surf sounded with a peculiar, long-drawn of Pere Marquette, to Lake Michigan, the "Lac des Illinois" of the French sound, life the scraping of a violin the foam retired from the so-called explorers. A short passage took us back as it were into the historic past, for around the corner of Little Traverse And all this was mine-mine to do with as I would. Those stately monarchs Bay our steamer ploughed her way up the deep, narrow, forest-enclosed chanmust stand or fall at my command ! There lay the wealth that was to nel of Harbor Springs, where an ancient is back the orehard on the banks of le Franciscan mission still stood between an encampment of Ottawa Indians and Detroit and restore to my grandfather

the home of his youth! But for many days I had no time to nink of this. My grandfather and think of this. Major Haliburton could go over my lands and devise plans for the best methods of clearing it and of turning its resources to account, but my first duty was to solve the problem which the government had put before me of faciliating navigation along the shore. With all the earnestness of my nature I threw myself into the question of conquering the combined forces of wind, waves, and still more destructive ice, to ight-house, break-water, and life-saving station, to deepen and straighten the shifty channel, and open the beautiful landlocked habor to the commerce of the lakes. The safety of innumerable seamen, the future of a promising town, the interests of a vast agricultural district, depended upon the accomplishent of this design. It was work that ment of this design. It was work that I loved from my soul, and I devoted my-self to it with all the intelligence and energy at my command. For the water was my element. To construct a lighthouse many miles out at sea, contending against the winds and the waves. with our ingenuity taxed to the utm life and limb in peril, and witnessing daily scenes of heroism on every hand —this was worth while. It stirred the fied from the spiritual point of view," he said. "Our Indians are moral, sober, and so honest that no one in the town ever locks his door or hides his blood, it gave us faith in manhood, it purse from an Indian. But from the industrial point of view there is little lind obedience of the soldier, the intelto encourage us. They learn quickly, they are marvellously clever at their trades; but they are children of the ligence and resourcefulness of the con

of toil. We, who had once done this work in deep water, forever after scorned the safety and shelter of inland forest and have no love for shop or factory or kitchen. As soon as they eonstruction.

But at last I had time to turn to the consideration of my own prospects and carefully to survey and reconnoitre my pared to the hardship of the confinement lands. It was a perfect day in early June when my grandfather, Major Hali-burton, and I climbed up from the beach to the crest of one of the highest of the wooded hills. The crisp, fresh, westerly below us we could hear the hooting of owls from tree-top to tree-top, but overhead the birds were singing in the gay sunshine, and the warmth coaxed

ructor, the innate nobility of the sons

out the delicious aroma of balsam-fir and The Ohioan fell to measuring the trees with an eye to business. "They tell me the bay freezes over three feet solid ice in midwinter," he remarked. They can fetch out the biggest kind teams for haulin' timber over it. ing mills, the confined tenements, and Lumberin' hereabouts is as easy as

The Chevalier and I seated ourselves at the foot of a noble walnut, and gazed in silence at the beautiful scene about ns, lake and forest, beach and woodland stream, the brilliant sky, the life-giving air, the roar of the surf, the song of the birds, the murmur of the tree tops. A glad, exultant sense of proprietorship came over me. These were my trees I looked around at the majestic crea-

drove over to the little Dutch town of two centuries before, the little fleet of drove over to the little Duten town of Delft, where we had engaged rooms at the house of one of its principal citi-the house of the marginal cannot be a superscript of the waters of the "Lac des Illinois" on waters of the "Lac des Illino that marvellous voyage of discovery from the St. Lawrence, through the Survey Office. The following day he conducted me to the scene of my future length of the Mississippi, to the salt length of the Mississippi, to the Sait waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Earlier yet they had witnessed the voyages of the saintly Marquette and his devoted band of Indians. How much of romance operations.
The town was situated, as are many towns on the coast of Lake Michigan, at the end of a pretty inland lake or bay some five or six miles long by a mile and a half in width, fed by springs and trout-streams. This inner lake emptied itself through a short, narrow, and adventure had passed before them,

while they stood there, calm and strong in their ancient beauty! How much of unwritten history they might unfold to us! Who knows what they were croon-ing to us, even now, in the sweetest music of Nature, as they swayed rhythmically before the caressing caressing ezes laden with messages from the

parkling lake?
In contrast to all this ancient nobilty and ever-youthful vitality I recalled the denuded hill-sides and blackened stumps, the bare, tossing booms of logs, stumps, the bare, tossing booms of logs, the busy, screeching sawmills, the squalid sawdust towns, and all the unlovely associations of lumber-yard and loggers' camp. The thought of this wanton destruction, the barbarous massacre of Nature's kings, made megick at heart. No wealth this traffic sick at heart. No wealth this traffic could bring would induce me to consent to such desecration had I only my own to such desceration had I only my con-interests to consult. Bot my grand-father had sacrificed for me much that was dear and sacred to him in nature. For his sake I must not draw back, I must sign the death-warrant of majesty, though it tore my heart's tenderest

chords. The Ohioan paused in his work. The spell of the scene appeared to have fallen on his spirit and diminished its " Seems kinder too bad, "he remarked, though he did not ecify what he had reference to.

rose and wound my arms around the earest pine-tree, a superb, towering reature. I stroked its rough bark with loving hands, leaned my brow sady against its massive trunk. grandfather lifted his head an He had not looked at me, yet he emed to have seen into my soul.
"Roderic." he said. "We do no Roderic.

lack food nor drink !" "No, Pepe "I answered.
"Nor clothing, nor comfortable

shelter! No. Pepe," I replied again.

And we have each other! Yes, yes, dear Pepe!"

"Then," said the Chevalier, with decision—"then, lad, let that suffice us! Let the old trees stand!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"A pair of sentimental fools!" was all the neighborly comment that Dr. Chabert had to make when we returned to Hamtramek, without having embarked in the lumber business.
"Let the lad alone," said Major Hal-

"Let the lad alone, "He iburton, with a certain solemnity. "He iburton, with a certain solemnity. He has the nows what he's about. He spirit of the Free-monts, that is always or doin' high, grade things and can't coop to nothing unkind or igne Nature is a mighty mother, and we shouldn't do her no hurt but where the lawo' necessity obliges, and then Nature herself is generous and gives us poor, sinful men all she has. I kind o' understand myself how Robert feels. I never did kill a deer or cut down a healthy tree without a sneakin' sense o' bein

nilty o' murder." The Chevalier and I had felt as if we guilty owed the major an apology for having taken him on a wildgoose chase, as it were, but he fully understood our senit, and almost persuaded us that he would have been unhappy had we taken any other course. Such was his idolatry of the name of Fremont that I might have committed the wildest eccenpaid to my paternal inheritances. Hitherto my virtues had been ascribed the blood of the Macartys, and the Fremonts had received scant notice save when I gave evidence of some disagree-able trait of character, when the Chevalier was wont to declare that I had it direct from my grandfather Fremont

and his Spanish consort.

We had returned to find Dr. Chabert in a very perturbed frame of mind. He had been thrown from his horse lately and was still confined to his bed, and had to submit to the ministrations of his wife and an old French nurse, which fretted him beyond bounds. were both absent from home - Remy, now a surgeon in the regular army, being stationed on the far Western frontier, and Frank studying for the priesthood in Mount St. Mary's Semin Cincinnati. Etienette he had rarely heard from of late.
"I wish I didn't worry about her so,"

he complained. "She was so quiet and still the last time I saw her in New York that it has haunted me ever since She is never so silent as when she has something serious to say. I couldn't ask for her confidence, for she didn't volunteer it, and now that she is a married woman I haven't the same right to

speak to her that I had before."
"Is Colonel Moir still absorbed in his speculations?" I asked, for I knew that he had given up his position in the commissary and settled in New York to devote himself to his business interests. Yes, it is business, and nothing but business morning, noon, and night, till he is as thin as a rail. Still you can't

times I think she would be happier if he het her have more to do, a little more housekeeping and shopping, and things that women like. But he goes to the markets himself and provides everything and gives the orders to the cook. He even buys Etienette's dresses and laces and gloves, and a thousand things that she would like to fuss over herself. It is none of my business, and I must not interfere between husband and wife, but I should like to make some sugges-

tious, all the same."
"What she needs to fuss over is children," said the Chevalier, bluntly.
"I think that weighs on her mind, too," said the doctor, sadly. "She

than to mount one of those big coaches. I always expect them to upset. But her husband was driving, and of course she was goose enough to think nothing could happen when he was handling the rib-bons. Besides, coaching and the theatre are the only amusements that he in-dulges in, and she is always ready to that he indulges in, and she is always reassacrifice herself for his pleasures.

Two days later I was about to start for Washington on business of the Lake Survey Office, when an urgent call from Dr. Chahert brought me to his bed-side. Dr. Chabert brought me to his bad-side. He was in great grief, as I could see at once, and handed me a letter to read. It was from Montgomerie Moir, written evidently in the deepest distress and gitation, saying that able to conceal from them that Etienette's mind was affected, and that steps must be taken immediately to her in an asylum.

I had never seen the doctor so com-pletely broken down, not even at Alix's death. He did not seem able to recon-

death. He did not seem able to reconcile himself to the blow.

"I cannot believe it!" he cried, over, and over again. "I cannot believe it! The doctors must be mistaken! There is no such thing in the lamily far or near, and she is too healthy mentally and physically to be unfamily far or near, and she is too healthy mentally and physically to be un-balanced by any of the ordinary troubles or illnesses of life. Oh, why am I chained to this miserable bed when my child needs me as she never did before? My poor little Nita! with not even one of her brothers to go to her; and her mother, though I say it that shouldn't, not the one to do her good."

This was true enough, though the doctor had been too loyal ever to let such words drop before. But Mrs. Chabert, though headstrong enough about little things, was singularly helps and inefficient in any emergency.
Roderic, you have been almost like

a brother to her, almost like a son to me, can you not see her once for me and report how she is? minent specialists in New York r Philadelphia—spare no pains, no exense! Don't let them be in haste. Confound my leg! Oh, my little Nita! my little Nita!" I promised everything, for this was

no time to think of myself. I lost not a moment in setting out on my journey, nd my haste had a soothing effect o the poor, anxious father. I could not share his hope, however, that there was a mistake. Had he not two days be-fore admitted that she was low-spirited and silent, unlike her buoyant, talkative self? He had feared something, but not this—oh, not this! Yet did it not seem prophetic in the light of what

we now knew?
The moment I arrived in New York I went immediately to consult a special-ist on mental diseases, to whom I had been sent with a letter from Dr. Cha-

oert.
"I am particularly glad to see you Mr. Fremont,' he said. "Colonel Moir has spoken to me about his wife's mental condition, and I have seen her two or three times without her suspecting my object, but it is well that she should be seen by some old friend of the family. Dr. Chabert tells me yo have known his daughter since her infancy. Do you know Colonel Moir well, also?" And the physician looked keenly at me as he spoke.
"I have known him off and on for ten

years," I replied, "but we are not on the best of terms, owing to some business misunderstandings. However, there is no actual breach, and he will not refuse to receive me."
"If you drop in upon them about 1

clock, they would probably ask you to ake lunch with them."
"I should suppose so."

"Very well. Then call there within an hour. I shall be lunching at Dr. Netley's, in the same block with Colonel tricities, and he would always have seen in them a mark of nobility. It was a new thing to me to have such tribute with the same block with Colonel Moir's residence, and you might join me there after you have made your visit. I shall be interested to know

faltered. think of any cloud on her bright intel-

ceive an unbiased impression. My paintenance of the property opinion is formed, but the case is interpreted from the fearless, saucy opinion is formed, but the case is interest earness, sately esting and peculiar. By-the-way, I would not let Mrs. Moir know that her tetral to the days.

We lingered long over that unhappy father sent you. Let her think your visit friendly and accidental."

friendship, a radiant smile on her sweet mouth, her cheeks glowing with color. She was the same little Etienette—oh, thank God! the same in health, in truth, in brightness and sweetness! gasped so with joy that I could not speak straight. I do not know what I said: I only know that in my happiness I took her in my arms and kiss with all the hearty affection I used when she was a little romping girl and was her big, teasing, school-boy com-

"Oh, Nita, I forgot!" I exclaimed. in consternation, letting her go. "I suppose it isn't proper now! You mustn't look so young, you witch! How should I remember that you are a day over fifteen? "Indeed, Roderic, you never kissed

rade.

me when I was fifteen! Your memory must go further back than that for any such thing. But I cannot seold you, because I am so glad to see you looking you come and see me as you used to do in the old days. But have you really come just in friendship, or have you any news to bring me? Have you found

too," said the doctor, sadiy. "She your bramble-bush, eh?" with a merry has been disappointed twice and was at death's door, first from a fall on the stairs, and lately from a carriage accident. She should have known better girls wished me to bring them the latest screamed. "She is trying to poison

your bramble-bush, eh?" with a merry

fashions from New York. Jump up. Nita, and let me look at you. My conscience! What do you call that kind of balloon-jib rig astern? The Wolver-

vet. 'Nonsense, Roderic! Every girl in New York has been wearing overskirt

and bustles for years!" "Well, I have only been in New York for two hours. You are the first girl I have seen.' "Only two hours? And you came

here so soon? Then I fear it is bad news,? she said, in a startled way, "Did you come direct from home? Is papa well?' He is well enough, except for a

broken leg or two, that keeps him in state of mortal sin, swearing from dawn of one day till sunrise of the next. Your mother and Fanchette are nursing "That explains it," she said, so

soberly that I burst out laughing. don't mean their nursing, you disrespectful boy! I mean that Colonel Moir said he had written to papa to come on and make us a visit, and we should have had a reply yesterday or to-day, but none has come. Perhayou are the reply?" I remembered the doctor's injune-

tion, and said, evasively: "Why will not you believe that I came out of pure friendliness? Truly, Nita, I did not know that your father had been ask to visit you, and he sent no reply by me. But perhaps you will observe that I turned up at your luncheon hour and take a hint from that.'

"I—yes, of course, oh yes," she said, hurriedly and confusedly; "of course you will lunch with us. I expect Montgomerie every moment, and the butler was to tell him you were here. He will invite you formally as soon as he comes." Her confused manner was s unlike Etienette's ready grace that looked at her a little more closely, and with a strange sensation of pity in my heart. During the past few minutes the rich color that was in her face when she greeted me had slowly faded away and given place to a waxen paleness.

A shade of melancholy settled over the fine, dark eyes. All her bright vivacity was gone. My heart sank within me, for I began to fear what her altered looks and ways might indicate.

" Have I put my foot in it again, I am only a country boy, and not used to New York ways. Should I have called on Colonel Moir first?'

Suddenly a formidable-looking butler stood before us, though I had heard no footstep. He delivered a very elaborate message from Colonel Moir, who had returned home and would join us presently, and hoped that Mr. Fremont would stop to luncheon.

A more uncomfortable meal I neve ate. Moir must have guessed my errand, especially after I had referred to Dr. Chabert's accident, and he look troubled and absent-minded. My heart softened towards him, for it was evident that anxiety had told deeply on him He was thin and worn and hollow-eyed his appetite had left him, and he pushe away his plate untouched. Nita hardly ate more than he, but she talked ince santly, trying first one subject, another, in a vain effort to make the meal more cheerful. bright intellect was not impaired, for she spoke with excellent judgment and keen penetration of affairs social, dramatic, of current literature and art. Fortunately I was able to respond to some of her efforts, for Detroi was well advanced for a city of its size, and all the leading dramatic and atle companies of the past season had visited us. I had heard the principal musical stars ; I had read the two pop ular novels of the hour. The Moonsto me there after you have made your visit. I shall be interested to know how she appears to you."

"Do you think there is any hope that it is a mistake—that it may be a merely temporary affection of some kind?" I and The Last Chronicles of Barset. I 'It seems so impossible to snub her so cruelly that I had not felt compassisn for him in his great anxiety lect! She was always so clear-headed I should have pleaded another engage and sensible, so reasonable and self- ment and left the table. To my surprise. Etienette was ivery subdu "I do not care to give an opinion at resent," said the eminent man, warily. I particularly wish to have you releve an unbiased impression. My

lunch-table, till suddenly Moir arose, pushed his chair half across the room, and beckened me to follow him. I saw I do not know that I have ever been more agitated than during the few moments after I was admitted within Etienette turn deadly pale, gasp, and the brown-stone mansion on Fifth Avenue, and awaited in the drawing-room the coming of its mistress. I do not know what melancholy vision I to be about her and her mental condition, for her husband's anxiety not know what melancholy vision I to be about her and her mental conditions to the about her and her mental conditions are specified by the solution of the hands outstretched in eager greeting, her dark eyes shining with true, cordial intended to be ignorned by the solution of the same to be about her and her mental conditions have to be about her and her husband's anxiety have a better her and her

I tried to smile cheerfully and reassuringly at her, but she only turned her head sadly away.

"My study is at the top of the house," said Moir, leading the way.
"We can talk better there."

I followed him up past the drawing-room floor, past the bedroom floor, to the upper story, where the large front room, the width of the house, was costly and luxuriously furnished with everything supposed to be indispenseverything supposed to be indispensable to manly comfort. He signed to me to enter first. I walked towards the centre-table to turn over some curious pipes, for I thought he would ask me to smoke. He entered after me and closed the door, I heard the key turn in the lock, and, looking around quickly, saw him thrust it in his pocket nd advance towards me with fixed,

glittering eyes.

I do not know why I had no sensation of fear. I was only conscious of intense but perfectly quiet and repressed

excitement.

He came up to me and seized my wrists in a prip of iron. "Hol your right hand to heaven!" hissed, " and swear to God you will not reveal a word of what I am going to

I swear it is she! I had no need to herent speech, I h into his terrified, ha and wild, burning e feel his iron gri know that I was loc with a madman!

curtains, but they behind them. Did she had the shade d

way in the dining-re

of her signals to the

is I that am crazy

OCTOBER 25 I dare not touc me. I dare... She is crazy! She sylum! She tells that am crazy. She me up and have my i my valet to spy on in the opposite hou not see them? The

> TO BE CO HOW I CA The following is

Herbert's conversion

self, in English C

ciety's Publications I was brought up ow call the "Hig of the Established It was utterly and It was utterly and to me. I was eage thusiastic; and I rounded by cold a high pews, long pu intolerably dry ser were a perfect to made to learn lo Christian Year by I even now, I can addition to the Ep the day: the rest of spent in reading se where kneeling b made me faint. difficulty in learni so that I could ne and my evening wa erally spent in t metimes have the I felt on voking in Then came my

which I can only not prepared at came and asked me which I did; af hands with me, a sure I had been not to be prepar-ticket. I went th in a dream. Then munion, and I munion, and I frightened. I did now I see and fee peating to myself taken" and wond were to be taken non-natural sense why they were le For two years aft change in mysel round of my religi Then came the it was called. view of real reli

writings of that n

hungered after fo

and warmth and

really attracted n

not, was their Ca

neart and mind

every book of the What I could no rowed. The son nine (afterwards house), was then supplied me with racts for the and Manning's Se of the Fathers," contemporaneous Churton, Froude and Yonge, Will ley and the like pray and watch, myself, and try a things. I longe temperament do, of Charity. Abo mensely startle announcing to joining the Ch would be almost mother," he said grieved him mo help himself—h indignant, and f course between never to meet a later, I saw him

monastery. Soon after th

from the west of

the midland been left to us Here I found a a hitherto neg formed part of there was neith There was the elry, dedicated bell turret, clo the rector of the was three or four times a ve to the tithe sional service i people had no 'it was called, and strong en parish church. school, and by ing and sellin kindness of fr money to buil neglected gabi forget, the joy munions and place-many langlected the all this work the Rural Dea lican clergym too, were dra towards Catho

> at my religio said truly, the with Protesta discouraged, ters she had I

> far more tha

aware of.

alarmed at our