

INDIAN RISING FEARED.

Archbishop Tache Shows the Probabilities of a Future Uprising.

THE PRESENT ATTITUDE OF THE TRIBES

TORONTO, January 5.—The Mail publishes an interview with Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, by Mr. Ham, special commissioner of the Northwest with instructions to give the Indian grievances without fear or favor. His Grace, in replying to a question by the correspondent, "Had not the Government kept faith with the Indians?" said, "The Government has spent millions, but money cannot make an untutored man happy, while the remembrance of happy times is forever making him miserable. The red race cannot be transformed into the white race, and should be respected by both parties to them."

THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY.

"But the policy of the Government has always been a conciliatory one, and to the advantage of the Indians?" said the correspondent. "Policy! Policy has had nothing to do with it. His Grace answered warmly. "There was no policy at all until three or four years ago. Up till then the Indians went where they pleased and did as they liked. When the treaties were first made the buffalo had not disappeared. The Indians led their accustomed free and untrammelled life. The Government policy was never felt till 1862, when the railway was constructed and the presence of the white man became more notably observed. And what has been the result since then?"

"Well, what scheme would you suggest?" "It's too late, too late," His Grace responded, sadly. "The link that bound the Indian to Canada was the half-breed and that is now broken. It will take a long time to heal the breach; but it is only by the mending of the broken link that impending trouble can be avoided."

MERCY ASKED FOR.

"And how can that be accomplished?" "To a certain extent by showing mercy to the half-breed prisoners, by showing these people that the Government can be generous as well as powerful. That alone would have a beneficial effect on the Indian's mind."

"Then you think the late uprising will have an influence on the future one, and if so would the half-breeds rise again?"

"I have no idea that they would as a body, but if the Blackfeet and Bloods rise, as it is rumored they will, their old-time enemy, the Crees, will join them. Let me tell you that during the trouble last spring the Blackfeet hoards of the deaths of their inveterate enemies, even the Stonies, with as much regret as if they had been of their own tribe. The tie of race bound them together. The Blackfeet and Bloods to this day imagine that all the soldiers who went out on Calgary and did not return that way were killed, and they believe that at Duck Lake, Fish Creek, Cut Knife and the first day at Batoche the soldiers met with reverses. They say that although 1500 soldiers were after Big Bear, he ran through their lines and was only taken when he delivered himself up. They say that both Poundmaker and Riel also surrendered and were not captured."

INDIANS PROFIT BY THE LESSON.

"Then to what do they attribute the failure of the rebellion?" "To the lack of ammunition and to that only, and you may be sure they have profited by the lesson. They will not go on the war path until a plentiful supply is laid in. They are now, I am told, fairly well munitioned, and doubtless they will secure further supplies, which will be cached until the time for action arrives."

FATHER LACOMBE'S OPINION.

"Does Father Lacombe entertain the very grave apprehensions credited to him?" "Well, I think he has been somewhat misreported. He has lived amongst the Indians thirty years, and knows both the Crees and Blackfeet thoroughly. He says they are easy, and he is not troubled with their actions. The fact is, that he conceals their views from him in very suspicious ways. So I was at Batoche. So long as the half-breeds talked with their priests, and were threatened no danger was imminent. It was when they held secret meetings and avoided the priests that the trouble began."

MR. HOWLAND ELECTED

By a Sweeping Majority—The Influence of the Ladies' Vote.

TORONTO, Jan. 4.—Notwithstanding the heavy down-pour of rain all day, a larger number of votes by 2,000 was polled in the majority contest than last year. This year the total vote was 13,988, as compared with 11,904 last election. Of course there were about 2,900 lady voters who for the first time exercised the franchise, which would in great measure account for the difference, but, as owing to the disagreeable weather, it is believed that less than half that number of ladies recorded their votes it will be seen that every means has been used by both candidates to bring every vote out. Most of the ladies had to undergo the ordeal of taking the oath and the majority did it promptly. Several, however, expressed their indignation at being subjected to this ancient indignation and a few refused in consequence to vote. They were not at all reticent in telling who they were to vote for, their favorite being Mr. Howland. The result of the vote gives Howland the very large majority of 1,864 over Mayor Manning. The Scott and people who backed Mr. Howland with all their strength, are merry, and claim the victory as one for the temperance cause, or, as one enthusiastic Scott act supporter expressed it, a victory of virtue over vice. Many heavy bets were made, odds being in most cases laid on Manning. In the aldermanic contests only two of those seeking re-election were defeated, viz., Ald. Mitchell and Ald. Smith.

The following is the result of the voting for aldermen:—Victoria ward, Messrs. Hutchinson, Dalgleish, and Gordon; Wellington ward, Messrs. Cherry, Cox, and Greene; St. George's ward, Messrs. O'Leary, Whelan, and Brown; by ward, Messrs. Honey, O'Connell and O'Keefe were elected by acclamation; Ottawa ward, Messrs. O'Leary, Laverdure, and Desjardins. The only change in the representation for 1886 is that Mr. Dalgleish replaces Mr. Cunningham in Victoria ward and Mr. Laverdure Mr. Bingham in Ottawa ward. Mr. Frank McLaughlin, mayor, was elected by acclamation.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician having had placed in his hands by a returned Medical Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., after having tested its wonderful curative powers, in hundreds of cases, desires to make it known to such as may need it. The Receipt will be sent FREE with full directions for preparing and using. Send 2 cent stamp. Address Dr. W. H. Armstrong, 44 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (Name this paper.)

From the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, copied from "Weather Proverbs."

If Christmas Day on Friday be, The first of winter shall be. With frost and snow, and with great-flood, But the end thereof it shall be good.

IRISH HOME RULE.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL PREDICTS THE RESULT OF A SEPARATION OF IRELAND—GLADSTONE TO MAKE A DECLARATION.

LONDON, Jan. 5.—Sir Richard Webster, the attorney-general, at a dinner given by his late of Wight constituents, made a remarkable declaration on the Irish affairs:—"I believe the separation of the Conservative party would be absolutely impossible for any man to endeavor to gain popularity or power by meddling with the union between England and Ireland. Those who talked of the possibility of Ireland being placed in the position of a colony, or of some day or other regaining her independence, were not real subjects of Her Majesty the Queen. They were traitors to their sovereign. What does the separation of Ireland mean? In the first place, it means the most horrible and dreadful civil war that could be conceived, because there exists in Ireland two antagonistic parties, opposite to one another in religion and politics. The Protestants of Ulster would have to fight for their lives against their implacable foes in the Southern districts, and in all probability there would soon be a state of things little short of declared war between England and Ireland before the country would be able to secure peaceable possession for those desirous of living in Ireland." As a forerunner of the agitation foreseen by Sir Richard, it is announced that at Belfast arrangements are being made for a monster meeting of Loyalists on the 18th instant to protest against any measure granting home rule to Ireland.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland will prepare a bill for increasing the endowment of Catholic colleges in Ireland and converting the Queen's colleges of Galway and Cork into Catholic institutions. He will prepare another bill granting sectarian regulation of primary schools. The Government will also introduce a measure extending the powers of the Land Purchase Act.

THE LEAGUE PROGRAMME.

DUBLIN, Jan. 5.—At the National League meeting to-day the treasurer of the League reported that within the past two weeks £3,603 had been received for the League fund and £233 for the League press. Mr. Harris, M. P., who presided, expressed the great pleasure which had been afforded him by Mr. Gladstone's favorable reference to the Irish home rule scheme, as Mr. Gladstone's words, he said, were of far more consequence and were entitled to greater consideration than those of Chamberlain, Bright, or even Lord Randolph Churchill. Irish industries, he said, had sunk to the lowest point, and it would be a hard task for Mr. Parnell and his followers to revive those industries. Only home rule would enable them to bring about a revival. Ireland would then resume her proper position among the nations of the earth. Unless home rule was granted the agitation would be continued on the old lines, and the Irish in America would freely help their countrymen.

At a meeting of the Loyal National association to-day a number of patriotic motions were voted down amid a great uproar. The meeting finally dispersed with shouts of "Home Rule and God save Ireland." The Evening Mail ridicules the idea of Mr. Labouchere that the Irish would be content with a parliament similar to the Grattan Parliament. It says that even if leading Parnellites pretended that separation formed no part of the Nationalist programme, that pretension would beguile nobody in Ireland.

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

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WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAP. X.—(Continued.)

Mr. Beauvais, pleased with the fact Miss Raymond had already shown, smiled, and answered: "So it seems. Not only to do what you like, but you are to decide also what Miss Raymond shall do." "Come, then," said Isabelle, "I want you to take off your bonnet, and then tell me all about where you came from."

When they had left the room Mr. Beauvais slipped out and locked the door. The excitement of the visit agitated and depressed him:—It always did, to see his sick child. Isabelle looked at Angelina when she had taken off her bonnet and shawl. Her thick golden-colored hair was wound around her head like a wreath, and fastened with jet combs; a necklace of jet and a locket pendant were all the ornaments she wore, except two diamond rings upon her fingers.

"You are pretty," said Isabelle. "I wish my hair was like yours. I like to look at you." "You can put your hair up like mine. Would you like it, if I arranged it for you?" "You wouldn't, would you?" "Yes, let me try."

Isabelle sat down. Angelina put a dressing-sack that lay on a chair near the bed around the young girl's neck, and opened a mahogany dressing case, in which there were all kinds of toilet articles. Then she began the difficult task of disentangling the long matted hair that hung around the child's shoulders. "Old crooked-backed, crabbed, cross Nanny, nearly killed me, combing my hair. The last time she did it I flung a brush at her head, and knocked out her front tooth," said Isabelle, laughing heartily.

"Oh, dear!" said Angelina. "Were you not sorry?" "Sorry? No, I was glad every time I saw her. That was two weeks ago. My hair hasn't been combed since. I said I'd never let her pull me so again."

"I can't think she meant to do it," answered Angelina. "Yes, she did. The day before she was angry with me, and dragged me across the room by the hair. Dear, how it hurt me!" "Oh, dreadful!" said Angelina, laying down the comb and stopping her work to listen. "She really dragged you across the room by your hair?"

"Indeed she did! Do you want to know what she did to it?" "No, unless you would like to tell me," answered Angelina, suspecting that the companion had been provoked by Isabelle. "I'll tell you," Isabelle stood up and described how when Nanny had called her impertinent and wished her dead, she slapped her face. Then Nanny shook her well for it, and when it bit her, said Isabelle.

"What a scene!" said Angelina. "Don't you think I paid her off, knocking out that front tooth? Oh, Angelina! I have a temper like my mother's, Nanny says, when it's roused."

"I think it is better for you, dear, that she is gone." "Better for her, too," answered Isabelle. "I had a big lot of tortures ready for her." Angelina felt as if she was caged with a wild cat, and must be at all times awake to watch its claws! She was almost sorry that she had been bold enough to undertake such a life. Something said to her—if you tame her it will be a good work. But it was simply the suggestion of natural goodness in her heart; beyond the present life her mind seldom dwelt. In her happy childhood, and up to her second disappointment, a dreamy kind of awe of something beyond the tomb floated in an undefined form through her brain; but even that had disappeared in the darkness that overwhelmed her since Daniel disappointed her.

Angelina patiently combed strand by strand of the dark hair, and admired its gloss. "It would be a pity to neglect such pretty hair," she said. "It is beautiful—fine and glossy." "I won't care how it looks while I am shut up here," said Isabelle, putting.

It was put up nicely in time, and Isabelle, looking in the glass, laughed out to see her hair once more decently combed. "My dress is all torn," she said. "You don't mind it, do you? If you do, I've plenty of others—the wardrobe is full." "I like to see my mistress well dressed," replied Angelina.

"Your mistress?" said Isabelle. "That is a joke! The old Nanny called me baby, and all kinds of ugly names. I used to want to scratch her eyes out!" While she was making her complaints, Angelina went to the wardrobe, and laid upon the bed a pretty pink merino dress and white lace cape. "Shall I put these on?" asked Isabelle. "If you wish to do so, I would like to see you in them. They will become you, I know."

rather talk with you. Can you tell nice long stories?" "Yes." "Stories all about love, and all that?" Angelina did not know how to reply, she did not wish to vex her, and yet she did not think love stories exactly the food for a girl of fifteen.

"I can tell you some pretty stories that you will like I think," she answered. "Do you love anybody very, very much, Angelina?" "No, not now, since my mother died."

"I am so glad; then you'll love me?" "Are you fond of reading, Miss Isabelle?" "Call me Isabelle."

"Do you like to read?" "No, I don't like to read." "Can you play and sing?" "Yes, I like that. I am wild about music. I'd like to be a prima donna. Papa is angry when I say that."

"Does he like to hear you sing?" "He never says so." "Do you study?" "I never studied much. I play by ear and sing of myself. Madame Malbran heard me once, and said papa ought to let me learn in Italy. Is Italy far away?"

"It is not very far." "If I could get out I'd go there," said Isabelle. "This rather frightened Angelina. 'You said you would mind me, you promised, and I will believe you,' continued Isabelle. 'Now I'd like to tell you what I am bound to do. I'm going to Italy and you must come with me. There is a poor prince there on a mountain, a beautiful mountain all covered with vines and beautiful groves and it looks like fairyland. This prince has been turned into a large beast of some kind, and is chained. No one can take that chain off till I go there and do it. Then he will be a prince again and will love me. Will you come?'"

Angelina was alarmed. Isabelle's color from its former death-like pallor became a bright rose color and her large eyes sparkled with the excitement she felt in relating this secret, as she called it. Angelina had some experience in sickness of this kind, and the knowledge it was necessary to humor the patient.

"My dear Isabelle," she answered, "this will be a great charity on our part, and we must in some way see it accomplished. But it will take time. We must lay our plans well first. I have read more about these things than you have, and I know that to break such a spell and remove chains, the persons who can do it must be those who are not bound by any faults of their own. You and I must give up all our bad ways first."

"Must we? Well, if you will help me, I'll begin. What must I do?" "You have been too much excited to-day; you must lie down now, and a sleep will rest you and give you strength."

Isabelle consented, and Angelina called the maid to help her. When the child was asleep, Angelina burst into tears from pure exhaustion. Could she endure what she had promised to do? How had it been possible for Isabelle to be so all day until she unfortunately asked her about the music? It must be that her sickness had something to do with music. Could it be a love affair with some one from Italy on the stage? Had she a mother? Where was she? Or was her father a widower? What strange destiny hers seemed to be, to live continually in an atmosphere of mysteries? She may stumble again into a subject that should be forbidden to Isabelle. I think I shall send a note to her father.

Angelina saw a writing desk near Isabelle's bed, and sat down at the moment and wrote the following lines on a piece of paper and sent it without an envelope to him:—

MONSIEUR BEAUVAIS.—Your daughter was quite happy all the early part of the day, and I think she likes me. I asked her if she liked music, and it upset her mind. She was quite insane for a short time, and wanted to run away with her to Italy. Is this subject to be avoided? "A. RAYMOND."

Miss Raymond sent the note to the library. In a few moments an answer was returned:—"Miss RAYMOND, I am grateful for your letter in pleasing my child. You need not avoid any special subjects. To-morrow it may be something else besides Italy that will affect her in this painful manner. The Doctor assures me, that if we can in any way reconcile her to this confinement, she will recover in a few months. I hope you will be able to bear the solitude and excitement of mind attendant upon the care of such an invalid. I dared not to advertise for a companion for an insane person. It is so difficult to find one who has heart enough to be patient with the humors and fancies of sick people. I am hoping that the under your judicious treatment and kindness my child will recover. It will be a great charity to remain with her, Miss Raymond. Pray do not abandon the idea."

"L. BEAUVAIS."

Angelina wondered how it had come to pass that a timid, lonely, unloved orphan like herself, had drifted into a place so responsible. And would she be able to do what was required of her? She had been all her life dependent on others, and certainly knew her own nature, she was certainly thinking that she had now so little time to think of her own troubles. A great one had come upon her. There was nothing in her mind that she could compare to insanity, and nothing so painful for anyone to see a loved one even temporarily bereft of reason.

She involuntarily said, "God spare me from such misery!"

Angelina wanted to bed, but not to sleep. It had been a day of such strange experiences, and everything was so new around her, that it seemed as if the dear good people and the quiet home she had left that morning had suddenly disappeared, and that she had been carried off miles, and miles, and miles away from them, into a different world altogether. She wanted to think what Mrs. Hart was doing, or saying, or thinking; and she closed her eyes, and tried to see the sweet little sitting-room, and her own quiet room again, and to fancy Mrs. Hart consoling her. It was impossible. Even the memory of the parting that day was dim; while the conversation in the library, the Doctor, Mr. Beauvais, and the wild appearance of Isabelle when she first saw her on the floor with her lap full of ribbons, laces and flowers, were so vivid in her mind that she could scarcely believe these scenes were not passing again in reality. What a new page of life for her it all was!

Poor Angelina turned from side to side with restlessness. She shook her pillow again and again to make it softer under her aching head, and every means that she had heard of to induce sleep she tried. It was all in vain until near daybreak. Then she fell asleep to dream of falling over precipices, that made her start and awake. Again falling asleep, she was so exhausted that the usual hour for rising had passed, when she was awakened by a cold hand that was laid upon her cheek, Isabelle's great soft black eyes were looking down upon her face. She was leaning over her, her black hair in thick masses fell around her shoulders uncombed. She had dressed herself in the pink dress Angelina liked, and she had added on her bosom a bright yellow bow of ribbon of immense size, which she had taken from her basket of "treasures," she called them. Angelina, scarcely awake enough to remember that she was not in her room, said, "Mrs. Hart," screamed when she opened her eyes and saw the figure bending over her. Isabelle instantly removed the cold hand from her forehead, and placed it over Angelina's mouth, saying, "In a hour's time I'll be here."

"Hush, Miss Raymond! You'll wake Nanny. She'll half-kiss us both, if you bring her back—hush!" "Oh, oh!" said Angelina, trying to laugh. "Excuse me, dear; I was dreaming—I was not awake. I see you are ready for breakfast. I will be ready in a few moments to be with you."

Annie came to assist her, but did not seem to notice the wild appearance of Miss Isabelle. "I'll wait for you," replied Isabelle, softened by the gentleness of Angelina; "but if you had slapped me for waking you, I meant to choke you!"

Angelina's heart beat quickly. She was afraid of the child. It would not do to show her fear. Annie saw that the "new lady," as she called her, was a little agitated, and she said: "When she is at all of temper, miss, like this, if you sing to her she will be very quiet directly. Never answer her crossly. Miss Nanny used to treat her dreadfully. I dared not tell Monsieur Beauvais what I heard and saw; she never was cruel before any one; but very, very bad when Miss Bella vexed her, and then she said it was all Miss Bella's fault. Oh, I did pity Miss Bella!"

"You ought to have complained of it," said Angelina. "I was afraid Miss Nanny would leave, and then until some one else came I had to stay with her. If you are kind to her she is very good."

"Poor child, poor child!" said Angelina. Tears came into her eyes. "What a hard-hearted woman Nanny is! How did she like my coming?" "Not at all. She gets a great deal of money from Mr. Beauvais. The Doctor said Miss Bella must be heard, and when he asked her if she wanted Miss Nanny to leave, she screamed: 'Yes, yes; she will kill me if she stays here!'"

"What are you talking about, Angelina? Why do you not come with me? Annie, mind your affairs," said Isabelle. "Yes, dear, I am ready now. Annie was telling me how wicked and cross Nanny was to you; she is gone, and we shall be so happy here without her, shall we not?" "I think so," said Isabelle, putting her arm in Angelina's while they walked to the breakfast room. "I mean if you do all I ask you, and if you never pinch, or strike, or pull me about by my hair."

"I will never do those things, dear; and you will be a good mistress to me, I know." They were at the table, Isabelle sitting opposite to Angelina, when she made this reply. Till this moment Angelina had not remarked a bright crimson plume in the back of Isabelle's uncombed hair, and it was almost impossible to restrain her laughter, the poor child made such a comical appearance as Angelina's mistress.

Isabelle drew herself up to a stiff, upright position, and, tossing her head with the dignity that she thought suitable to the occasion, she demanded, in a dramatic manner: "Do you, Angelina, know who I am? I am the Queen of Sheba, and please address me as you ought—Your Majesty—and not Isabelle. I do not know that person. Her head, I hear, was cut off, and she, poor thing, is going about without it."

"I shall obey your majesty's orders," said Angelina, more frightened than she dared show to the child. "Will your majesty allow me to go a minute to my room?"

"Go," said Isabelle, pointing to the door with her fore finger. Her color was high, and her eyes sparkled. Angelina wrote a line and sent it to Mr. Beauvais, telling him that his daughter was under great excitement this morning. Both he and the Doctor had expected it would be so, after the scene of the day before. Her father's visit always produced such a result. The Doctor was therefore in the library when Miss Raymond's note came.

"You will please go in and see her," said Mr. Beauvais. "It will be necessary to give Miss Raymond encouragement to calm my child."

The Doctor prepared some powders, and then went to the breakfast room, where the two ladies, so different in appearance, were sitting opposite to one another, Angelina in deep mourning, and Bella so fantastically and gaily dressed.

As soon as he opened the door, Angelina, with thoughtful prudence and tact, arose, and pointing to Isabelle, said, with an assumed gravity and mock humility: "Here is her Majesty the Queen of Sheba, Doctor."

The Doctor, experienced in the case of insane patients, at once understood the case, and, bowing very low, he replied: "May I please your highness that I should say a few words to your humble slave?"

Isabelle deigned no word but a bow of assent, and waved her hand for Angelina to rise and speak to him. They went to the window at the other side of the room. As rapidly as possible Angelina told him the state of the child the day before, and how much she had alarmed her this morning.

"I shall give her a powder that will allay the fever caused by the excitement of yesterday," replied the doctor, looking on the floor all the time Angelina was speaking to him, in order not to embarrass her. "Her hand was icy cold when she laid it upon my cheek," said Angelina.

"Irregular circulation," answered the doctor. "She must go out to-day, if not too much excited."

"Have you any orders for me?" asked Angelina. "Yes, one which I am anxious you should obey, Miss Raymond. Do not become agitated. Everything will depend upon your calm self-possession. Have no fear of the patient. She may threaten much, but unless she is irritated, she is quite harmless."

"I hope I am competent to take charge of the poor child. But I can't tell yet," said Angelina. Her voice trembled when she spoke. "I have no doubt of it," said the doctor. "Please to give these powders, in a little water, to Isabelle, every two hours. Good-morning." The doctor turned around suddenly, bowed low to the Queen of Sheba (!) walked rapidly out of the room, and went to the library.

"It is what we expected," said the doctor to Mr. Beauvais; "but even now there is less violence in the fever than there was the last time after your visit. That young woman is just the companion we need for the child. Upon my word, when I went into the room and saw her at the table, she looked like one of Leonardo's angels of gold. I shall prove to be one in this case, if she can bear the confinement and excitement of such a life."

"Did it strike you that she is uncommonly sad?" "Yes."

"Will that make a suitable nurse for Isabelle?" "It will not interfere with her duty in my opinion. I think it will work as I have seen it do in other cases. They will benefit one another."

Isabelle awoke and asked for a glass of water. Angelina looked at her watch—it was time for a second powder. She mixed it in the water without her seeing it, and she drank it. Angelina signified to the servant to let her, put it in an envelope, addressed it, and ordered the servant to drop it in the post-box.

Another hour alone! The sick child slept sweetly, and Angelina arranged her few articles of apparel in her bureau and wardrobe. Tears fell upon them, and her bosom heaved with sighs.

Like a vision in a dream, in her reverie she saw little Pura in the magnificent home Daniel had prepared for her, and she wondered if Daniel would ever tell her that she had a mother who loved her. She stood at the window, and gazed out upon the city.

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