INDIAN RISING FEARED.

Archbishop Tache Shows the Probabilities of a Future Uprising.

THE PRESENT ATTITUDE OF THE TRIBES

loronto, January 5.—The Mail publishes an interview with Archbishop Taché, of St. Boniface, by Mr. Ham, special commissioner of the Mail, who had been dispatched to 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 tillers of the soil. "But the treaties were fully made, and

should be respected by both parties to them.' "Of course, of course," was the reply, tout the Government missed a great scheme. They uidn't and they still don't understand the Indians. The great mistake was in making treaties as if the Indians were white men, who could fully understand or comprehend their share of the responsibility. The giving up their land forever. His Excellency the Governor-General saw this plainly while on his recent tour, and appreciated the importance of the fact.

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. Op 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 1882, 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 resonded, sadly. "The link that bound the ponded, 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 con that be accomplished?" "To tot e extent by showing mercy to the half-b-ed 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

"Then you think the late uprising will have an influence on the tuture one, and if so would the hulf-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 heard 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 Bluckfeet and Bloods to this day imagine that all the soldiers who went out ma Calgary and did not return that way were Parnellites protended that separation formed killed, and they believe that at Duck Lake, no part of the Nationalist programme, that Fish Crock, Cut Knife and the first day at Batoche the soldiers met with reverses. They say that although 1500 soldiers were aft 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." "But is not ammunition prohibited?" "It is in a way. But there is nothing to prevent these people going across the line and exchanging a pony or two for thousands of cartridges. They imagine a beltful of cartridges ornamental as well as useful, and some of them wear bands containing loaded

shells around their necks, arms and heads.

PATHER LACOMBE'S OPINION. "Does Esther Lacombe entertain the very

grave apprehensions credited to him?" "Weil, 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 uneasy, and he is not natisfied with their actions. The fact that they conceal their views from him is very suspicious. So it was at Batoche. the half-breeds talked with their So long as priests and even threatened them no danger was immigent. It was when they held secret meetings and avoided the priests that the "But Father Lacombe has no apprehen-

sions of immediate trouble, has he?"

"I do not say that he has." His Grace answered, " but the Indians act suddenly and unaccountably. You remember the Minnesom mussacre of 1862. All was apparently peaceful up there up to the very day of the outbreak, and in a brief space of time the whole State was thrown into the horrors of an Indian war. But don't report me in the Matt as being an alarmist. Don't make it appear that I predict immediate danger; but I do say that something should be done without delay to avert even the possibility

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. Try them. 11.7 eow

of another outbreak."

MORE RUMORS ABOUT THE POPE'S HEALTH.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5 .- A despatch from Rome says rumors of the Pope's precarious tate of health are rife again. He is suffering om a dangerous affection of the bladder. Air appetite is very bad and he often leaves his dinner almost untouched. Lately, too. after inviting guests to his table, he has several times been compelled to send them away before dinner was served. Moving about gives the Holy Father great pain, and though he complains constantly of cold, he cannot bear the heat, which gives him neuralgia. He is growing weaker daily.

From the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, copied from "Weather Proverbs:" in the instance Day on Vriday be;
The first of winter hard shall be;
With frost and snow, and with great flot
But the end thereof it shall be good.

TIRISH-HOME RULE.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL PREDICTS THE RESULT OF A SEPARATION OF IRELAND GLADSTONE TO MAKE A DECLRA-TION

London, Jan. 5.—Sir Richard Webster, the attorney-general, at a dinner given by his Lale of Wight constituents, made a remark. able declaration on Irish affairs :- "I bewould be so strongly expressed it 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, one of the most horrible and dreadful civil wars 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 indians never imagined they were to stay in those desirons of living in Ireland." As a their reserves and be fed as they are. It forestones of the actitation foreseen by Sir forerunner of the agitation foreseen by Sir never dawned on their minds that they were Richard, it is announced that at Beliast arrangements are being made for a monster meeting of Loyalists on the 18th instant to protest against any measure granting home rule to Ireland.

but the policy of the Government has pare a bill for increasing the endowment of always been a conciliatory one, and to the advantage of the Indians?" said the correspondent. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland will preother bill granting sectarian regulation of primary schools. The Government will also introduce a measure extending the powers of

the Land Purchase Act. Mr. Gladstone has summoned the Liberal members of Parliament to a meeting on the 16th inst. He privately promises them that he will then make a frank statement of the principles upon which he proposes to settle the Irish question.

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 Parliamentary fund and £233 for the League fund. Mr. Harris, M. P., who presidet, expressed the great pleasure which had been af-iorded him by Mr. Gladstone's favorable reference to the Irish home rule scheme, as Mr. Gladstone's words, he said, were far more consequence and were en-

titled 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 associa tion to-day a number of patriotic motions were voted down amid a great uproar. The meeting the first 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 pretension would beguile nobody in Ireland.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debdiry, 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. hood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co, Mar-

MR. HOWLAND ELECTED

BY A SWEEPING MAJORITY-THE INFLUENCE OF THE LADIES' VOTE.

TORONTO, Jan. 4 .- Notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain all day, a larger number of votes by 2,000 was polled in the mayoralty contest than last year. This year the total vote was 13,986, 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 annoyance, 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. The result of the vote gives Howland the very large majority of 1,864 over Mayor Manning. The Scott act 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.

IN OTTAWA. The following is the result of the voting for aldermen: —Victoria ward, Messrs. Hutchison, Dalgleish, and Gordon; Wellington ward, Messrs. Cherry, Cox, and Greene; St. George's ward, Icsars. O'Leary, Whellans, and Brown; By ward, Messrs. Heney, Gormain and O'Keefe were elected by acclamation; Ottawa ward, Messrs Durocher, Laverdure, and Desjardins. The only changes 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 McDougall, 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 remady 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 Recipet 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, Ps. (Name this paper.) 8-LDD

An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE. CHAP. X.—(Continued.)

Mr. Besuvais, pleased with the tact 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 Muss 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 tastefully, 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 finger.
"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 dressingsack that lay on a chair near the red 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 bair that hung around the child's shoulders.

"Old crooked backed, crabbed, cross Namy, 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 Isabella, laughing heartily.

"Oh, dear !" said Angelina. "Were you not sorry ?"

"Sorry! No, I was glad every time I saw her. That was two weeks age. My hair hasn't been comed since. I said I'd never let her patient. 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!"
"Ob, 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 it for?" "No, unless you would like to tell me,"

answered Angelina, suspecting that the com-panion had been provoked by Isabelle.

1'Il tell you." Isabelle stood up and des-cribed how when Nanny had called her impertinent and wished her dead, she slapped her face. Then Nanny shook her well for it,

and then I 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

"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 ratch its claws! She was almost sorry than 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 good. ness in her heart; beyond the present life her mind seldom dwelt. In her happy childhood, and up to her second disappoint. ment, a dreamy kind of awe of something beyond the tomb floated in an undefined form at times through her brain; but even that had disappeared in the darkness that over whelmed her since Daniel disappointed her.

Angelina patiently combed strand strand of the dark hair, and admired its g.ogs.
"It would be a pity to neglect such pretty hair," she said. "It is beautiful—fine and

"I won't care how it looks while I am shut

up here," said Isabelle, pouting.

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 drossed,"

replied Angelina. "Your mistress," said Isabelle. "That is joke! That 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 ward obe, 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

"Isabelle was soon dressed in the pink merino, and Angelina could not help saying : "How pretty you are, Isabelle; that color

ecomes you." " Nanny-the old cat!-said I was dread-

pretty ?" " I do." said Angelina. "Tnen I'll wear this pink dress all the time. Are you hungry ?"

"No; but if you wish something to eat I will be glad to sit with you at the table."

"Ring that bell," said Isabelle. It was rung. In an instant a nice-looking "Miss Beauvais orders lunch," said An-

gelina. "That hateful old fox never let me order anything!" said Isabelle.

Lunch was ready, and the servant in attendance was surprised to find so sudden a change for the better in Miss Beauvais. Since her imprisonment, she had not before, at-

tended in anyway to her appearance. Angelina could hardly believe the clock on the mantel struck the right time, one p.m., when they sat down to take lunch. She had never seen more elegant apartments. The exquisite taste that characterised the old French times was displayed here in simplicity, yet perfection of art in the china, the silver, the room decorations. The hangings were charming. Poor Isabelle, the only child, the one hope of her father's happiness in life, was at this time so unlike those surroundings. She was like the one broken string in a lute, that makes the instrument worthless. Her sickness, her misfortune, whatever it might be, left the lives of those around her unsongful. Angelina now, for the first time since she came into the house, looked round her to see if she could realise that her dear mother had lived here. No, there was nothing that she saw like what her mother had described in her letters. She had no appetite to eat much; but to please Isabelle she took a biscuit and some fruit with a cup around her shoulders uncombed. She of coffee.

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 Isabelie."

"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 Malibran heard me once, and said papa ought to let me learn in she called her, was a little agitated, and she Italy. Is Italy far away?"

It is not very far."

Trabelle. This rather trightened Angelina.

"You said you would mind me, you promised, and I will believe you," continued Isabelle. "Now I'd like to tell you wnat I am bound to do. Tim 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 while relating this secret, as she called it. Angelina had some experience in sickness of this kind, and

"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, it you will help me, I'll begin. What must I do?" "You have been too much excited to day

von must lie down now, and a sicep will rest you and give you strength." Isabelle consented, and Angelina called the maid to help her.

When the poor 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 sane 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 widower? What strange destiny hers seemed to be, to live continually in an atmosphere of mysteries? I 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 musio, and it upset her mind. She was quite 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 tact 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 funcies of sick people. I am hoping that under your judicious treatment and kindness my child will recover. Is 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, uncared for orphan like herself, had draited 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 scarcely knew her owr nature. It was certainly a blessing that she had now so little time to think of herown troubles. A great one had come ful looking, and I thought I was," replied upon toll amily. There was nothing in her Isabelle. "Do you, for good, thick I am mind that she could compare to insanity, and nothing so printul for anyone to see a loved

one even temporarily bereft of reason, She involuntarily said, "God spare me from such misery !"

Ange it a went 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 bome 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. Sne 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, Isabelle, Nanny, the apartments, the servants, 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 inhermind 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 somer 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

Hart's, screamed when she opened her oyes and saw the figure bending over the land instantly removed the cold hand from her cheek, and placed it over Angesiua's mouth, saying, in a harsh tone:
"Hush, Miss: you'll wake Nanny, She'll

half kill us both if you bring her backhush !!" "Ob, 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

"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 !"

Augelina'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 said :

"When she is at all out of temper, miss, "If I could get out I'd go there," said like this, if you sing to her she will be very sabelle.

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.
"What a hardhearted 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 Nauny 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 opposice to Angelina, when she made this reply. Till this moment Angelins had not remarked a bright crimson plume in the back of Isabelle's uncombed hair, and it was almost in possible to restrain her laughter, the poor hild made such a comical appearance as Augelina's mistress.

Isabelle drew herself up to a stiff, upright position, and, tossing her head with the dignity that she thought suitable to the occa sion, 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

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

Isabelle. I do not know that person. Her

me to go a minute to my room?" "Go," said Isabelle, pointing to the door with her fore finger. Her colour 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 insane for a short time, and wanted me to 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 theretore 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 in sane nationts, at ouce understood the case, and, bowing very low, he replied :

" May it please your highness that I should say a few words to your humble slave Angelina ?" 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 Angerina 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 h fever caused by the excitement of yesterday," repaid the doctor, looking on the floor all the time Augelina was speaking to him, in order not to embarrass her,

"Her hand was toy cold when she laid it upon my cheek," said Angelina. "Irregular circulation," answered the dortor.

much excited." "Have you any orders for me?" asked Angelina. "Yes, one which I am anxious you should obey, Miss Raymond. Do not become agitat-

ed. 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," sail

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. Goodmorning." The doctor turned around suddenly, bowed low to the Queen of Shebs (!) walked capidly 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 mercy! She'll prove to be one in this case, if she can bear the con finement and the excitement of such a life." " Did it strike you that she is uncommonly

" Yes." "Will that make a suitable nurse for

Isabelle?" "It will not interfere with her duty in my

WHAT WILL THE WORLDSAY? rather talk with you. Can you tell nice long mense size, which she had taken from her basket of "treasures," if she called them.
Angelina, scarcely awake enough to remember that she was not in her room, and all that?"

Stories all about love, and all that?"

But a sorrowad when she room and the room and t ever her sorrow may be. The active charity which this sympathy develops will act as a healing balm for her own sickness. Like all charity, it will bless both the giver and the receiver, so I do not fear for Miss Raymond. if the isolation is not too severe for her.' Will she be cheerful enough, do you think?"
"I think she will assume a cheerfulness,

We will see Now. good morning.'

Mr. Beanvais loved his child not only be. cause she was his only one, but because upon her depended all that was left to him of happiness in this life. Wealth and fame, so much as belonged to him, he would give this day if he could be assured that his child would pass this period of her girlhood, and be saved from the loss of her reason. Poverty would be sweet, he often said, if such a boon were granted him!
Oh, my beautiful, my noble, my gifted

Isabelle," he exclaimed, after the doctor left him alone. Clasping his hands and raising his eyes in appealing agony, he groaned, "My God, my God! take her, take my child, or restore her mind. He fell back into the chair from which he

had risen, and sobbed for several minutes. The breakfast of Angelina and Bella was over. "Now, come," said Bella, walking with a

slow stage stride across the room, "come to my wardrobe." Angelina obeyed.
"Take out my train and put it on." Angelina understood at once that the queen missed the long train of her royal robes. She

took out a light blue silk summer cloak and fastened it on the back of the dress.
"Cover it with flowers," said the queen. Angelina took them out of the box, and was as long a time as possible pinning them over the train. When she had finished, Isabelle said, "Order the chariot." Poor Angelina was puzzled. How could she go out with such a frantic looking costume? And how could she refuse her and not irritate

mon !" "I did." "He will be offended if we go out before

her. An idea came to her mind. She asked :

"Did not your majesty come to visit Solo-

" Then let us wait for him," said Isa belie.

Remembering what Annie had said, Angelina fearing another order to go out, impossible to obey, she asked her : "Will it please your majesty to hear me

sing ?"

"Sing," said the queen, pointing to the piano. Angelina for many, many months had not played nor sung, and now, so soon after her mother's death, how could she do so? It was not the time to think of herself, the figure before her was so beautiful that she did not hesitate. Isabelie slowly swept her train along the floor to the sofa near the piano. Her red plume moved with every step, and what a costume for folly at a masquerade her poor sick brain had invented! Angelina hastened to help her to be seated. Throwing her train over the back of the sofa, and putting cush-

ion; around her, she left her majesty quite satisfied. She opened the piano and played a prelude so soft and harmonious, it was like the first flush of dawn stealing over mountain and valley. And when her voice accompanied the air, Isabelle listened in wonder at its sweet ness, as if a vision of heaven had been orened to her, and she heard its music afar off. Then she gradually lost her bright color, seemed wrapt in attention. calm delight, after a time, melted her to

You are an angel!" said Isabelle. on! Oh, how beautiful this music is! Oh, now sweet! Do not stop--go on--go on--go

Angelina sang song after song, and still the poor patient was drinking in the harmony, and thirsty for more. At last Angelina stopped to rest her voice, that was from a long want of exercise becoming a little husky. You learned in heaven, didn't you?

usked I-abelle.
"I suppose so," said Angelina. "I'd like to live there!" answered Isabelle.

"One piece more, Augelina, and then I'll lie down, I am sleepy."

Angelina was so glad to hear it. She knew that the excitement had passed, and that the sleepiness was caused by the reaction.

The song was sung, and then Isabelle con-

sented to be undressed and to put on a wrapper. While she was taking off her train, she looked at it in great astorishment, and inquired who had dressed her in such a costume as that!
"You forget." said Angelina, "we are

playing that you were the Queen of Sheba." "Did we, I do not remember it. I am very sleepy. Do not wake me it I sleep a long time. I am so very tired, and my head —my head is dizzy!"

While the patient slept, Angelina wrote a

letter to Mrs. Hart, as follows:"MY DEAR MRS. HART-Can I believe that t is only one day since I left you? So much has been said that is new to me, and everything is so different here from what I have known before, that I wonder how it all could have happened, and in so few hours. I do not seem like the same person you knew as Angelina Raymond, I have to be every moment watchful and ready to act wisely without anyone to tell me how to do it or what to say. I am bound by a promise to ted no one about family matters here, though I would like to tell you what is my principal occupation, but I cannot. The family is one most respectable. The young lady is young and handsome. I have large and handsomely furnished apartments, and three servants to wait upon my pupil and me. I need not see any company, and only very seldom I can ask to have a day to visit you and the good Captain. I am not allowed to see visitors here, only that I would like so much to see you I would not mind this rule, for I have no friends in Havre that I care to see. I hope that you do not think I can ever forget your kindness. I can't. I feel so strangely here it would not surprise me if I should wake up in my nice room at your house, and find I have been dreaming all the time. I am airaid that Mr. Beauvais will not like to have me even write letters. I think he wishes me white here to forget everything and everybody outside of this house. If he does, I must do so or leave, and I can't see how I can leave very well. It seems right that I should stay. If I get sick, you

said, I might go back to you."

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 signed hor name to the letter, put it in an envelope, addressed it, and ordered the servant to drop it in the

post-box. Another hour slone! 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 wonopinion. I think it will work as I have seen dered if Daniel would ever tell her that she

had dressed herself in the pink dress

"Angelina," said Isabelle, "tell Edward Angelina liked, and she had added on her we shall not ride this afternoon. I would aboom a bright yellow tow of ribbon of im. wit do in other loases. They will consider the mother who loved her, who stood at we shall not ride this afternoon. I would aboom a bright yellow tow of ribbon of im. wit do in other loases. They will consider a mother who loved her, who stood at we shall not ride this afternoon. I would aboom a bright yellow tow of ribbon of im. with do in other loases. They will consider a mother who loved her, who stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who stood at the will be a mother who loved her. They will be a mother who loved her. Who stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who stood at the will be a mother who loved her. They will be a mother who loved her. Who stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who is the stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who is the stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who is the stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who is the stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who is the stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who is the stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who is the stood at the will be a mother who loved her. Who is the stood at the will be a mother who loved her.

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