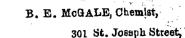
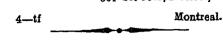
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THE BOYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY. THE GRIEVANCES.

To understand the position of the Irish Constabulary force as to pay and allowances it is necessary to go back to the year 1874, when the last Constabulary act was passed. In 1873 a commission sat in Dublin and took evidence as to the pay of the Constabulary. This was found to be necessary owing to the great falling off in recruiting. The following tables show the rate of pay of certain ranks at the time of the sitting of the commission and the rates granted by act of Parliament on the report :---

Dy act of Langadone on				
	Old F	ay.	New I	Pay.
First County Inspector	£300	Ō	£350	0
Second County Inspector	270	0	300	0
First Sub-Inspector	200	0	200	0
Second Sub-Inspector	150	Õ	150	0
Third Sub-Inspector	125	0	125	0
First Head Constable	70	14	91	0
Second Head Constable	65	14	81	0
Constable	49	8	72	0
Acting Constable	44	4	67	12
Sub-Constable-20 years.	42	18	62	8
Fourteen years		•••	59	16
Twelve ; years	41	12		
Eight years		••	57	4
Six years	39	0		
Under six years	36	8		
Four years		••	54	12
Under icur years			52	0
			•	

It will thus be seen that while the county Inspectors had £50 a year added to their pay the other officers of the force got no increase, the commission "not feeling justified in resupply of officers could be obtained." The men obtained an addition of about thirty-five per cont to their pay, and since then their allowances have been increased very considerably. It must be remembered that in addition to their pay the Irish constables, from the Head Constable downward, are supplied with clothing, lodging and fuel allowance. The uumarried men mess together in barracks, and as the average monthly cost of messing does not exceed £2 10s., a very respectable sum of money can be put in the savings bank every year.

The question of pensions is another branch of the demands of the force. It was not dealt with by the commission of 1873, and is settled by two acts of Parliament of 1847 and 1866. By the former act, constables then in the force who were returned as medically unfit were to receive after fifteen years service two thirds of their pay, and after twenty years their full pay. Those who joined after the passing of the act were to receive, between fifteen and twenty years, onehalf their salary; between twenty and twenty-five years, two-thirds; between twenty-five and thirty, three-fourths; and after thirty, the full salary. In 1866, by the act then passed, the proportion was again changed, and it was enacted that for members of the force appointed after the 19th of August. 1866, the scale of pension was to be, on the completion of fifteen years' service, an annual pension of fifteen-fiftieths of theealary and an increase of one-fifteenth for every Aquaitaine, too." year's service up to thirty-fiftieths, which was the highest rate of pension granted under the act. There are, then, three scales of pension open to men in the Irish Constabulary who have joined at different periods ; or, putting aside the men who joined before 1847 and who are now entitled to their full pay, there are two rates, on the difference in which rests most of the present discontent. All constables who entered the force before the 10th of August, 1866, were entitled to their full pay if returned medically unfit at his secret and felt sympathy with him. the expiration of thirty years. Taking for convenience, the rank of a sub-constable of that service, he would have received during his service a total amount of £1,214 49., and after that time was entitled to an annual pension of £42 183. The sub-constable who joined on the 11th of August, 1866, will have received, at the expiration of thirty years, £1,639, and be entitled to an annual pension of £37 8s. 9d.; while the sub-constable who joined after 1874, being entitled to the same pension as the last mentioned, will have received as pay in thirty years £1,752.

*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound strengthens the stomach and kidneys and aids digestion.

1.

THE COMET OF A SEASON

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER VIII.--- CONTINUED.

"Who is he? A friend of your father ?" " Ob, yes; wait outeide, Jane; Pll call you in a moment. Oh, yes. My father delights in him ; adores him; my father likes everybody. He is a dreadful man-not my father, but Clement Hope-a dreadful boy; a silly, sickening goose. He takes it into his ridiculous head, I believe, to tall in love with me-at least, I believe he does-and 1 hate

"You seem to hate us all, dear, don't you ?" Geraldine said, with a smile.

Melissa positively smiled in return. The very absurdity which she saw in the visit of joying herself. her hapless lover seemed to rouse her into better spirits.

"I don't think I hate you now so much as I did; and, anyhow, I know you are just the sort of girl to get me out of this scrape. How could I go and see him? Look at my eyes; look at my cheeks; how could I see any one? Will you see him, Miss Rowan? I'll call you Geraldine if you will go and see turn him away. Say I'm not well, and I'm to every one; it's your way; you like it; I but received neither assistance nor countendon't. But he's a nice boy, people say, if he ance from the young lady, who was now not 12 he isn't much more of a fool than other creatures.

"I don't see any particular evidence of 16 `<u>4</u> with a kindly smile. "I am not at all surprised; I can imagine a very wise boy falling •• in love with you. 12 "Can you, really? That's very nice of

you to say, anyhow. But he is such a nuisanco all the same, and I won't have it," Melissa declared, with renewed energy.

"I'll go and see him with pleasure," Miss Rowan said. "When may he come?" For commending an increase while an abundant she fancied that, somehow, Melissa did not really want to have him dismissed once for all.

"I would much rather he never came, but papa wouldn't stand that, I am airaid, even for me. Let him come to-morrow at five. There will be other people here then, and he can't talk to me. He can talk to you. I dare say you will discover all sorts of great the ascending Madonna in that immortal and good qualities in him. I declare I picture of Titlan's which stands in the great and good qualities in him. I declare I think he is just such another good person gallery by the Venetian canal. To his someas you are-good natured and sweet; and not malicious and bad-tempered, and all this, like some whoshall be nameless."

Miss Rowan went at once to see the fond youth whom Melissa would not favor. Clement turned round with deepened color and sparkling eyes when he heard the rustle of a woman's drets. Even Miss Rowan, for all her 'short sight, could not fail to see the shade of disappointment which came over his face as he locked upon a strange young woman, and not Melissa. Geraldine's heart was touched by his expression. He locked very handsome and winning, she thought, and worthy of all compassion. It came over her mind that if she could have a brother, she could wish to have one like him.

"Miss Aquataine begs you will excuse her," she said; "she is not quite well to-day, and cannot see any one. But she hopes you will call to-morrow, about five."

"Miss Marion, I presume ?" Clement said. "No, not Miss Marion; Miss Rowan, a triend of Captain Marion's-and of Miss

as he could, and he actually succeeded in seeing Miss Aquitaine. She was seated on an keenly interested in the Tower, but probably ottoman, her, profile turned to him; she was talking to a lady, and apparently not thinking about him in the least. He had to go ap and call her attention, in the most unheroio and commonplace manner, with the vapid words, "How do you do, Miss Aquitaine ?" The moment he had said these words he

felt that a declaration of love would, under any circumstances, be impossible for that time Miss Aquitaine looked round very com-

posedly, and answered his question by putting the same question to him, with apparently little interest in any answer. "How do you do, Mr. Hope?"

"I did not know you were in town until the other day." "No ?" said she. "We have not been long

here." "I hope you are enjoying yourself," he re-

marked. "Yes," she replied, "we have been enjoying ourselves;" in a manner which, whether she meant it or not, almost seemed to imply that at that precise moment she was not en-

"I saw Mr. Aquitaine the day before yesterday," murmured the forlorn ycuth. " Indeed !" said the damsel. "He has gone

home again." This was dreadful. It was impossible for

any lover to get on well after such a fashion this. Besides, he had put his 88 compliments to the young lady, he had said his say, and there really seemed bim and send him away. Tell him to call nothing for him now but either to fall to-morrow; papa wouldn't like it if we simply back and talk to somebody else, or make his escape out of the room as soon as he decently not well; get rid of him for to-day. I needn't | could, and never come back any more. He ask you to be kind to him, for you are kind tried to say another word or two to Melissa, railings, despite Melissa's sad little protest were not such a fool; and I suppose, after all, looking at him at all. He felt himself constrained to fall back. He looked around for somebody else to speak to. There were two or three ladies, and one or two gentlemen. folly in what you say of him," Geraldine said, He was about wildly to address one of the men who was nearest, and remark to him that it was a fine day, when he was suddenly saved from his embarrassment by the friendly

voice of one of the ladies. "I am glad to see you again, Mr. Hope. I suppose you are a Londoner; now you can tell me something I want to know about London. We all happen to be stranger here."

He looked in the face of the lady-the lady ?--- no; the reneficent and redeeming sugel who had thus rescued him from utter confusion, had taken him by the hand and drawn him within the circle of living humanity. She was tall and cark, and, as he thought, strikingly handsome. One of the faces he most admired in art was the face of what bewildered eyes it now seemed as though the face and the kindly expression of the girl talking to him were almost as beautifal and delightful as the Madonna of his

asthetic dreams. Then in an instant he saw that it was the girl who had spoken so kindly to him the day before, and had pledged herself to procure him that interview which now seemed so hopeful and satisfactory; and he felt that she was asking him about London only to relieve him from an embarrassment which she could well understand and feel for. Clement hastened to say that he knew all about London, and could guide anybody everywhere. It turned out that, among other things, Miss Rowan particularly wanted to walk round the Tower of London; to see and study Tower Hill; and she wanted some one to go with her and tell her all about it, and let her linger on any particular spot; some one who was not a protessional guide. Miss Marion wanted to too, and even Melissa would go; go but Ceptain Marion hated old places, especially places down among dingy, narrow que or historical attribute. Clement was still more interested in the task of pointing out all its peculiarities and beauties to his from all the meaner associations of the place. They thought nothing of the Minories or of Lower Thames Street, or of the cab-stand on Tower Hill itself, or of the guides who importuned them as they passed the principal entrance with the request that they would inspect the Tower inside and see all the wonders. They were really absorbed

contemplation-in admiration of the in Tower as it stands; not as a curlosity-shop, but as a great historical building, made picturesque by its site and by its memories, even more, perhaps, than its material structure. But it would be rather too much to say that all the little party of four were equally interested Melissa was neither interested nor pretended to be. She had come there simply bscause, little as she cared for the sight, she still less liked to be left at home by herself.

She had told her companions that she only came because she did not choose to be left alone, and because, if anything was to be seen, she was not going to be what she called "out of the swim." But she cared not much for the historical associations of the Tower. She cared, perhaps, still less for its appearance. She thought the most a dreary, dirty old place; and her chief impression of the enterprise was that it was very monotonous walking round rusty old railings, and that the mud was particularly sticky and very (is:essing when one had thin and pretty shoes and stockings. Yet it was destined that the expedition should prove to be of more interest to her than to any other of the party. As they were preparing to make another round of the and her eager demand to know whether they had not seen enough of the old thing yet, they saw a tall man crossing Tower Hill, who looked at them, and then made straight for them in so direct a way that it was clear he was about to claim acquaintance. There was no mistaking the man when he came a little nearer. Melissa forgot for the moment the Tower, the misty atmosphere, her persenal fatigue, her hatred of historical build-

ings, the mud sticking to her shoes, and the chance of spolling her stockings, when she saw that the new-comer was Mr. Montana. Melissa was not the only one whose heart beat quickly Mr. Montana came up and joined the party. Clement almost forgot for the moment the fact that his heart was broken by disappointed love in the surprise of keen interest which Montana's sudden appearance aroused in him. "Destiny-destiny itself," thought our young lover, "has brought me in his way just now. Here begins my rescue, my career."

Miss Marion did most of the talking on behalf of the select party. She explained the object of their visit to that region. "I am here on different business," Montana

said. "I am interested in an institution here-the Church of Free Souls. Let me walk with you for a little."

They could not all walk five abreast round she would not walk alone with Montana, and she resolutely kept with Sydney; besides, Miss Marion and she were interested in the Tower, and wanted to have their attention directed to any new point which might have fresh interest. Clearly it was the duty of our young friend, since the party could not all walk together, to walk with the two young ladies who made his company welcome, and to whom he might be of positive assistance. He had come out as a guide, and they slone wanted to be guided. Naturally, therefore Melissa fell behind; and as she fell behind Mr. Montana walked with her. She had never before exchanged more than the most formal words of conversation with him. She sometimes fancied that he regarded her mere-

ly as a little girl, with whom it was not necessarv for a great man like him lar knowledge of the Tower, and had only a lofty mission, to exchange anything more than an occasional and ceremonious sentence. I don't. She was not usually given to embarrassment, nor at a loss to say straight out whatever she clared. wished to put into words; but this time she was not morely embarrassed. At first she remained absolutely silent. Montana had contracted the habit of silence, and he too for a while said nothing. But after they had walked a very few paces it became apparent that if he did not speak neither would she, and that thus they must continue to pace around the Tower in si-

pliments and conveying with his eyes the the meaning of the new ones that were pliments and conveying with his eyes the the meaning of the how one. Clement really impression that he admired her. That would coming up in their place. Clement really have been powerless, indeed, compared with was what Mr. Aquitaine had described him, have been powerless, indeed, compared with the course he unconsciously took. He had companions. They became free in a moment litted, as it seemed, poor little Mellsse into the world outside themselves, the poets who his own atmosphere, into sympathy with him. She stood on the same plane with him; and, metaphorically at least, they were handin-hand. To her it seemed as if for the moment they two were alone.

> CHAPTER X. CLEMENT'S EVENING WALK.

GEBALDINE was very thoughtful all the evening after her excursion to Tower Hill. She was a good deal interested in Ulement Hope, and somewhat touched as well as amused by his melancholy and his passion. She was sorry that Melissa did not care for would not be well for the young man if she did.

It is superflucus to say that Geraldine was greatly interested in love-making of any kind. She had never as yet been herself in love. She had not even teft the school-girl's immemorial passion for the music-master or the drawing-master. She had had a great deal of admiration, and she often knew well enough that men were hinting love to her; and she had even had direct offers of hand and heart, and so forth. But although she liked men in general, and some men in particular, she had never been brought to heartthrobs for any man as yet. The very fact gave her much of her ease and what might be called good-fellowship, in the company of men

She had lived in all her younger days a happy and a sheltered life. She was so deeply attached to her father, and had such a friend and companion in him, that she liked all mankind the better for him, and no man in particular, for the same reason. Then came sorrow, and, after the worst of the sorrow had passed away, a season of anxiety. not yet drawn to an end, in which money matters were a good deal mixed up. It was not even yet certain whether Geraldine and and her mother were to be actually poor or not; whether Geraldine would not have to fight her way through the world by teaching or by such painting as she could do, or in some such way. Her mother was a very sweet, but not very strong-minded woman and the most of the thinking fell upon Geraldine. Her visit to Europe with Captain Mar. ion's family was Geraldine's first holiday of any kind for some years. It was her first uprising after the prostration of grief and the long season of anxiety. It was like a convalescent's first drive in the open air. When she was leaving her American home her mother made one earnest request of her "Darling, you are going to have a holiday; now, let it be a holiday. Promise me that you will realiy do your best, your very best, to enjoy yourself; that you won't keep thinking of things that make you anxious, and that you will let yourself be happy with our friends." Geraldine promised, and was determined that she would do her best to keep the hower. Clement could not venture to the promise. It was very, very difficult at fail back with Melissa ; he knew she did not first ; but as the days went on it became easier want him. Geraldine was determined that and easier, and now in London Geraldine was really and truly enjoying herself. She had by nature a soul and spirit made for enjoyment; made to find happiness easily and to give it freely. She had health and strength. a splendid constitution, and high spirits. Perhaps her courage and elasticity of temperament might have made her even heedless and over-impulsive in her ways, if so much of her natural inclinations had not been curbed and

> longed anxiety. "I like your young friend very much, said Geraldine to Miss Aquitaine that same evening when they had returned to their home. "What young friend ?" asked Melissa, lan-

> guidly.

"Ob, come! you know; your hopeless Mr.

Sept. 13, 1882

one of that class of mortals very trying to all do not compose verses. His mind had for long time been filled with his hopeless love for Meilissa. Mr. Aquitaine had gauged very accurately the depth of his feelings on that subject. Melissa was the first pretty and graceful girl Clement ever had th chance of knowing, and he met her at a time when his fancy and his feelings were elike yearning for some one to fall in love with. A pretty servant-girl would almost have served his purpose if no more attrac. tive woman had come in his way. Melissa's little rudenesses and saucy ways had natural. ly rather the effect of inflaming than chill. ing his love. He grew more and more into him, and yet was inclined to think that it the conviction that she was the one being etc. sential to his happiness, the one love for his life. He honestly believed that he was in love with her, and that he never, never could be in love with any other woman on earth, This idea he had nursed and humored so lorg that all the strength and sweetness of it came to be added to the self-delight and self-tor. ment of imagined passion. He had no serious hope of marrying Melisca, and, indeed. for the present, marriage was out of the question for him. Gratitude to the old man who had adopted him and made him a son rendered it impossible for Clement to think of taking any step in life which could have interfored with his home duties. Besides, to this young man, brought up modestly in the great northern seaport, the bare idea of his marrying a daughter of the house of Aquitaine seemed about as wild a fantasy as it would be, according to Major Pendennis, for young Arthur to dream of asking in marriage a daughter of one of the greatest houses into which his uncle kindly introduced him. Perhaps at this time of life, and of his feelings also, it was rather gratifying than otherwise to Clem. ent Hope to believe that he fed upon a hope. less passion. Despair is a great deal more soothing to the self-love of youth than hope. To believe one's self marked out by destiny for a rulned life tends very much to make life itself pass meanwhile pleasantly. Clement was not conscious that he thus enjoyed his despair, but the enjoyment was there none the lees.

In the midst of his conflict of emotions there rose upon his horizon the figure of Montana, as yet but a shadow to him. He heard of the great, strange orstor and leader from the New World, who was opening up an entirely fresh career to young men of promise and of soul. In a moment Clement became impressed with the conviction that under the banner of Montana it was his duty to rank himself. Aquitaine had put it well. Montana and his new colony became the Sa-racens and the Holy Land of Clement's disappointed imagination. A few centuries before he would have longed to buckle on his armor and make his way into Syria to fight the infidel and obtain, if Providence were only kind enough, the glory of a warrior's grave. Now it seemed a special dispensation on his behalf which brought into light Montana's scheme for a new commonwealth, and Montana himself right across our young hero's path. Over all this conflict between the past and the future there was shed a certain soft, kindly light, which, although Clement then hardly quite knew it, undoubtedly shone from Geraldine Rowan's sympathetic

ØYOS He had been introduced to Montana. He had spoken with the great man. The great man had taken kindly to him, and invited made patient by a sudden sorrow and prohim to come and see him. The great man had looked at him fixedly, and Clement felt sure that Montana at that moment was putting him through a mental process of ordeal, ubjecting him to a spiritual examination just as a new recruit is tried by a physical test, and was examining into Clement's strength of soul, in order to docide whether he really was or was not a utting disciple of the new movement. When, after this mental inspection, Montana spoke to him kindly and invited him to call on him, Clement accepted the invitation as an acknow. ledgment that he was esteemed a welcome suppose he is four or five and twenty. If and a worthy recruit. Montana, indeed, had not been subjecting Clement to any such mental test; nor was he, after his usual fashion, engaged in thinking of something quite different while he looked fixedly at the person before him. He was thinking about Clement, and was greatly attracted by him. He was puzzling himself to think what young man he could ever have known who seemed to look like Olement, and how it came about that the face, the figure, and the eves were so familiar to him-that they seemed to have been part of his own youth. He was greatly attracted toward Clement, and convinced that in him he would indeed find a valuable follower, a companion full of faith and courage. "Call for me on Sunday," said Montana, as they were parting, "and we will both go together to the Church of Free Souls." Olement walked slowly home through the gathering evening. The evening was finer than the day had been, and the west was now glowing with all the richness that belongs to the surset of a summer day that has been wet. Clement's way led him far from Piccadilly, whither he had conducted the young ladies to their home, and he walked all the way. It seemed to him as if he wanted all the time he could have for thought-for thinking over things, for thinking of himself and the new conditions that were growing around him, of his disappointment and of his hopes. In truth, our young, verseless poet was very happy if he did but know it. Perhaps no possible success in life and ambition and love could make any man so happy as Clement Hope might now have been in his ideal disappointment and his ideal prospects. The very sunlight drew for him a softer coloring from his postic love-pain and his postic hopes. Sometimes he was for a moment dimly conscious, as he loitered along, that the clouds driven to the east and the fires of the west, the grass and flowers of the parks, and the ripple of the water by which be now and then had to pass, were steeped in a new and special beauty for him, which made his disappointment seem easy to bear, and made the form of Melissa Aquitaine seem less distinct than it had been before. Although he did not then know it. one little star in his life's firmament was growing dimmer and dimmer, because another, and a nearer and brighter, had now come up in the sky. Yes, that was a delightful, thoughtful walk home that evening for unhappy, very happy Clement Hope. His way lay through Regent's Park; and he had to cross a bridge where once a certain Minola Grev, now Lady Heron, wife of the distinguisue olonial governor, Sir Victor Herop, used to inger at quiet hours, when there were no loungers near. Clement stopped and leaned on the railing of the bridge, and blocked down on the ruffled water of the canal. The face and the eyes of Montana seemed to look up to him out of the darkening water. He could not tall what had put this odd idea into ms nead ; but whenever he .ooked fixedly into the water he seemed to see Montana's eyes looking up to his own. The impression was uncomfortable, uncanny ; (Continued on Ihird Page.)

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An incident in the reckless career of the Marquis of Hastings is related by a traveller, who claimed to be staying in the chief hotel at Sheffield, one evening when he and a few companions resolved on what they termed a "lark," Their frolic took the turn of demolishing all the mirrors, chandellers, pictures, and furniture of two large drawing-rooms. "If ever I saw a madman," says the narrator, " it was the Marquis that night, as, with the butt end of a heavy riding whip, he trantically dashed out windows, rulaed statuettes and vases, and defaced book-cases and sideboards, shricking the while like an incarnate demon. Then, when he had done, he drew forth his check-book, signed a bank draft, and, with an oath, ordered the manager to pay himself for the damage done, which, I have no doubt, the manager did without omitting a single item."

PBOFIT \$1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden mickness, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200 -all of this expense was stopped by three Bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit .-- N. E.

your place without health, the found tion of all success. For instance, a railroad en-receiving he oranary drawing-room, with gineer in the employ of the O. M. & St. Paul R. B. had been grievously affected with dia- four aplace lind, shutting off his coldbetes for six years. He took four boxes of coved true love from his sight. He ad. Kidney-Wort and now writes that he is en- Aced into the nom, however, as composedly they looked brought out this or that p'ctures- way, by addressing to her some graceful comtirely cured and working regularly.

"She will see me to morrow?" Clement asked.

"She will see you to-morrow; yee, ceris not well enough to see any one to day. But she will see you to morrow; I can prcmise you that."

and Clement knew, both by her look and by

CHAPTER IX.

ON TOWER HILL.

CLEMENT HOPE had come apparently on a fool's errand. From the moment of his having Mr. Aquitaine, the day before, he had been filled with a wild desire to take the father at his word and go straight away and propose for the daughter. He could not possibly have explained why this insane impulse took possession of him; but it seized him in a mo ment, and could not be shaken off.

desire that his repulse might be all as painful as Mr. Aquitaine had led him to expect. Let the knife be applied to the discased part idle passion which consumed him. The again, promptly at five, and sent us his card to Miss Aquitsine.

He was shown into a waiting-room, and he remained there what seemed to him an unending time. His pulses throbbed, and there His agony was intense. A door room. alarmed and confused as he approached nearer to the sacred presence.

Clement had expected anything rather than the kind of anticlimax which awaited him. He had made up his mind that somehow he like a building that might have been mouldwas to be alone with Miss Aquitaine, ap' ed out of the clouds themselver, so entirely in now he was shown into a room at harmony was it with the prevailing atmoswhich his uncertain eyes could on the phere. It was the London of an olden time first make out that there were curtains and draperies, and closed 24ys of the girls who have been born in America, or who lowered blinds, to keep out thaile hardly lowered blinds, to keep out the lie bardly sun; and Olement could for the were people discover whether its or the feelings. The river could he seen here tive to Meliass, he could not have taken vieitor, and it out of an abeurd pro-ous impress upon an abeurd pro-wild young lover af Olement had, in an opportunionce of babishment. New he

streats: and other gentlemen had no particudim recollection of having seen it long ago tainly. She is not seriously unwell, but she on the same day as the Thames Tounel. Geraldine positively declined to go with any one who regarded the Tower from that point of view. Clement would have been delighted She smiled, and held out her hand to him |at that moment to act the part of one of the as he was taking his leave. Their eyes met ; | protessional guardians of the Tower, Beefeater costume and all, if it could have relieved him the touch of her hand, that she somehow had of the sense of being in everybody's way, and a subject of derision to himselt and all the

earth. So r was arranged the next day Olement

was to ' personally conduct " a select party to Tower Lill, and that this select party too were to wilk all the way, and to be shown Eastcheap is they went along, in memory of the wild Prince, and Poins, and Jack Falstaff. It was a dul and gray afternoon when they reached the Tover. The day had been a very unusual one fo summer; not, indeed, un usual because it had been raining heavily in the forenoon, but because there was something more of lat. winter or early spring "Anyhow, it will end the matter," he than of summer h the atmosphere, and thought, and he felt a sort of wild and bitter even in the soft ain. When the rain ceased the sky was still heavily hung with gray clouds, and wist glimpses could be seen between the dim mages were themselves ot his frame; let the cautery burn out the only a faint and more delicate gray, with streaks of silvery sunlight slanting across sconer the better. So he paid his visit, and Fancy herself might have seen inclined to only saw Geraldine. Next day he came to fall before the prospect of a muddy walk to fall before the prospect of , muddy walk round the Tower, but the young ladies who had resolveed on the expedition were not so easily to be discouraged. Miss Rowap and lived in a country where you must - ake up your mind to go out occasionally 4 rain and snow, and to tramp over very huddy reads, was a singing in his ears, and he saw objects snow, and to tramp over very huddy roads, dickering before him. He sat down; he or else resolve to house you with the sat down is the or else resolve to house you with the sat down is the or else resolve to house you with the sat down is the or else resolve to house you with the sat down is the or else resolve to house you with the sat down is the or else resolve to house you with the sat down is or else resolve to house you diven late Novstood up; he tried to walk up and down the during all the months. To her, therefore, ember and early Mencounter the soft and opened at last, and a servant came and told it seemed nothing of encounter the soft and be him Miss Aquitaine wished him to come up-stairs. He followed, feeling more and more descent stairs old and descent stairs and descent picturesque, old, and dreamlike under look vy sky, of which itself was orly, it the mean a softer shade. With the most might seem, a solution billage. This and its round-topped seem, a softer shade. With its most, irrets and ancient weathercocks, it looked symbolized and made living in stone and moreral persons. The room was dark sics, and tar. Miss Rowan, like most enthusiastic have lived there, was full of interest in every the feelings. The river could be seen here tive to Melissa, he could not have taken and there; and, as the eun slanted across it any step more aptly fitted for the purpose The select party welked round the landward sides of the Tower gardens, doing nothing else but observing from all external points of visw, and commenting on the man-

lence. He therefore began ; "I see you don't care much for the Tower, Miss Aquitaine. Do you care for old buildings or historical associations in general ?" "I do not care at all about them," Melissa

to find how young she was, and with what trepidation she got the words out. "You are right," Montana said, emphati-

cally. "The time for living in historical associations is past. It is only the indolence of the mind that can busy itself or amuse itself in this way. We must live in the present and for the present. 1 am glad to think that that is your idea of life too."

Now, it is not certain that Melissa had any particular idea of life, or that she had ever made it her duty to live for the present any more than for the past or for the future. She had always lived in and for the present-that is to say, for herself; but it had never occurred to her that it might be one's theory of life to live in the present for other people. Howover, she had a flexible mind, and instantly asenmed that such had always been her doctrine and purpose of life, and she accepted the implied sympathy which Mr. Montana's words conveyed.

"I am so glad you like my feeling," she ::splled, gaining courage and voice; "I do not see what we have to do with old buildings or with ruins. This is our time, is it not ?" Then he said, a little abruptly.

"Living for the present, I suppose you make use of your life for the present?"

Melissa had not the least idea what he meant, but she was deeply impressed, and in her heart what it was that Clement Hope thought there was something prophetic in his saw in Melissa to make him so completely manner.

"I am trying," she said; "I shall always try. I should try all the more if I had any one to encourage me; but-" and then she stopped. "Your people," he said, "I suppose, do not

think much of the great summons that calls

Montana was not really thinking about Melissa. He was only, after his mahion. finding vague, imposing sentences to express some general idea. If he had been desirous to capture the little girl, it is not impossible Hope. I like him very much. "Do you ?" said Melissa, "I am very glad.

"I think he is a sweet boy," Geraldine de-

"He is not quite a boy," said Melissa; think he is quite old enough to have more sense, and to know what he is going to do with himself. I think he is a very stupid boy, or man, or whatever you choose to call him-stupider even than men in general, it that were possible."

"He seems to me very clever and full of promise. I should think he is a young man likely to make a name for himself in the world."

"I wish he would make a name for himself," said Melissa, "if he likes it; but what answered, in a faint voice, wondering herself I object to is his trying to make a name for me.

"I think you like him, after all, at the bottom of your heart," Geraldine said, trying to find response in Melissa's downcast eyes.

"If he comes here very often he will soon find whether I do or rot," was Melissa's genial auswer.

"How do you like Mr. Montans?" Melissa remsined sitent, and Geraldine fancying she had not heard the question, put it again."

"Mr. Montane," Melissa said at last, " is very different person from Clement Hope." "Yes, he is indeed," Geraldine answered, with emphasis, "very different. If I understand anything of men, I think young Hope is a true man.

"I don't understand anything of men, said Melissa, "and so I don't know whether he is true or false, but I don't regard Mr. Montana as an ordinary may, and I don't care to discuss him on the same level with Mr. Hope.

Somebody entered at this moment, and the conversation dropped. Geraldine was 'nll of plty for Olement Hope, and not without a certain womanly anger for the scornful little maiden who thought so lightly of him an . litlove. "She could not help wondering her slave. "He seems such a fine, noble young fellow," she thought, "with a good deal of the poet's soul in him ; and, after all, there is nothing in Melissa. She has not much brains, and I don't think she has any tender feeling; she is a sort of a girl who ought to be happy; she has everything she can want for her-self, and she scarcely seems to think of anything but herself, she is safe against any chance of falling in love; and if she fell in love it would "ot hurt her. Whatever is wrong with her, it can't be love." Geraldine auddenly renembered that tucro certainly was something wrong with Melissa. Her tears the other day were very genuine.

Meanwhile, Clement dope was going home with his mind and heart all aflame. The incidents of the day might seem unimportant to others; they consisted for the most part of a muddy walk round three sides of the Tower, and an introduction to a gentleman from America; but they seemed to Clement to promise a revolution in his whole conditions ner in which each new position from which | that he might have gone about it in the usual analyze his own emotions, to say what had of being. He hardly found himself able to become of old thoughts, and what was