adornments and we see oks at the heart of u and to master life is eyes. So when tro loneliness or grief a dark day dawns, be g chance for self-study for a clearing up, for al house cleaning.-

AN AWFUL CH

A few years ag omerstown, Englan care of an aged but man who devoted h and watched over ea as was in his r the weary hours he whose ears seemed d tions, and many the such as never prayed

There was one p who caused him m was a young girl w attachment for and enter into marriage vicious charac The priest habits. with these facts and an alliance would of girl a life of utter m his power to prev yielding to her past girl peremptorily worthy suitor.

The man was fur concentrated upon priest, whom he shr being the occasion of He set himself to He method of reveng justice of his inten by determining upo and murder. He severe illness in a place, remote from for the priest and the heart when he locality before the

presbytery.

It was somewhat to call so late, weather, and the door of his room a the housekeeper the rain made suc windows that he words. In a few keeper came up st A sick call, I

her master; "te morrow morning." "But Father,

hopes you will go priest, and going whether the case saying he would ing day ; but the was most pressing deed dangerously

to come to-night.

poured down in beat against the

shivered with still he walked

gardless of the

een asked to de

Divine Master?

After they has their way for

turned down

stopped before

building. He u entering, but p motioned the pr

rickety staircas

stepped aside, door, and said :

' That is the

calculating o

tected. Having found a c himself, he told him sired him to go to him to come at or he in the meantime the house designation priestarrived be m on of any decepti fixed upon, the fr

It was a dark ni violent storm of old priest had just office and was prep when he heard a door.

the stranger's re siness, but the

"It is too late man who sent hi

I will speak t

' Well, I canno

through the ink

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

" You used to declare you were going

than one twist in prison, which excuse,

I observe, is convenient in glossing over

answer her letters nor pay her

When he found his eyes were out, With all his might and main, H s jumped into another bush And scratched them in again ! "

"Yes." I cried, bitterly, not quite

" Excuse me, Etienette," I said, re-

your marriage. I was unprepared.

You must not expect me to reconcile

mercenary or unworthy motives in your

There were tears in her eyes, and her

ce shook a little as she replied, " In-

covering myself as best I could. "You must overlook a little bitterness, for you

the

your past.'

who

laughed merrily, but withal

HEART AND SOUL. BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER AUTHOR 'ESPIRITU SANTO"

2

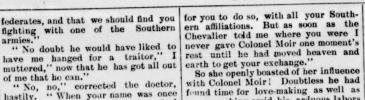
CHAPTER XV.

Perhaps I should include among my Bervices to my country the sufferin twenty-two months of slow torture in the prisons of my captors. I have no complaint to make against the Confeder . God knows they suffered them ates, fo selves. They had no agriculture, no commence to provide them with food no factories to supply them with blank ets and clothing, no salt-works to pre-serve their meats. Their own soldiers, during those latter years of the war, were sleeping without shelter or covering, were eating rotten, wormy food, were dying of exposure and disease. What, then, had they to offer their prisoners ? Freedom of movement and the frequent change of camping-ground gave them, of course, an immense sani tary advantage over prisoners herded together like cattle in pens, but I attribute nothing in the misery of ou condition to any inhumanity on the My later experipart of our captors. of war and warfare have taugh me that the horrors of our situation were practically unavoidable under were practically unitoritable such conditions, and I have no feelings but those of liking and respect for the gallant supporters of a lost cause. The uselessness of my sacrifices some-tic the support of the sacrifices of the sa

The uselessness of my sacriflees some times weighed upon my spirits. I seemed as if I should have served m It my country better by staying with my dear grandfather and laboring for the extension of its commerce and the beautifying of its waterways, rather than by shovelling dirt for five weeks languishing in prison for nearly two years. Perhaps, if I had gone through the excitement of a battle the sacrif would have seemed more worth while; but as it was, I could only strive to conbut as it was, I could only scrive to con-sole myself by calling to mind the words of Pere Lacordaire, "Prepare yourself assiduously to be worthy of the highest citizenship, and if no beautiful day is to dawn on your country, at least the day of God will dawn upon your own soul!" I had dawn upon your own soul !" faithfully endeavored to do I had what seemed to be my duty of citizenship, and if my work showed little result I must leave the end to God and be at peace. The day that I was led forth from

prison and carried to Washingtongaunt, emaciated, bearded, hollow-eyed, and fever-worn-the friends to whose arms I was restored hardly knew me. I was too weak and weary to understand why they wept at sight of me, why Dr. Chabert and Remy lifted me in their strong arms, laid me on the hospital cot with such tenderness, and spoke in whispers about " breaking it to the Chevalier." Apparently they thought I was going to die, which sur-prised me, for I really felt well and contented, and very happy to be among my own again, only strangely weak. I thought, too, that they had all grown deaf, for though I spoke out loud strong, as it seemed to me, yet I had difficulty in making them hear. They told me afterwards that my voice had toid me afterwards that my code had been a mere whisper. My grandfather did not weep over me as they had done, but, as he came and stood by my bedside, declared, in a loud, emphatic voice, that all I needed to make me look as sturdy as the best of them was a clean shave and some good, nourish-ing food ; that a soldier would be ashamed to come through a warlooking as sleek and well-fed as a civilian. But they told me later that he only bravado as far as the doorway and there he fell in a dead faint, and all through the night he was weeping and calling for his bonnie, laughing little Rory to come back to him again.

I had often wondering during those why my friends tesy. weary months in prison weary months in prison why my friends had not effected an exchange for me, as was done in the case of so many prisoners. I feared that my grandfather must be dead, for I could not imagine that is why you still are so thin. I usually visit the hospitals in business like manner, with apron and cap; but to-day I was to see you, so I have put on my best bib and tucker, to make an him sitting still and letting me suffer while there was anything to be done. One day, after my strength had begun to return again, I felt sufficient internpression on you." "You never have failed to make an est in life to make inquiries of my good impression on me in any costume," I remarked. "You have made many



No, no," corrected the was one tily. "When your name was one hastily. "When your name was once cleared there was no one worked harder than he to effect your exchange. Major Haliburton had sworn all along that the little lieutenant was lying in order to get the credit of all the good engineering work you had done him ; but for a long time he could him ; but for a long time he could not leave his regiment to look up proof in the matter. It was your poor, dear grandfather, Roderic, who travelled up and down the length of the land, who and down the length of the land, who spent every penny he possessed, who haunted the War Department and dogged the footsteps of generals and cabinet officers, and of that great-hearted man, the President, who-forced the scoundrelly young lieutenant into a confession of the true state of shock so unflinchingly. the knowledge fully took possession of me at once, for I did not stagger under it or faint, weak as I still was. There into a confession of the true state of was an almost imperceptible pause, then affairs, who convinced Colonel Moir I said, with a poor attempt at gayety: that you were a prisoner not a deserter, to marry me, if I remember aright. and now has succeeded in establishing But perhaps my memory received more your good name, in dragging you from your living grave and nursing you how to life and health again." My dear grandfather! What did

beloved parent. But it was an easy delt to repay, for I had only to grow well and strong, to be near him and to look contented, that was all that he required to make him happy and to required to make him happy and to reward him a hundredfold for the toil " counted as nothing. " Dans les prisons de Nantes," sang

First it was Alix, poor, dear Alix ! Then you were going to be a monk. Then it was I don't know who, I only a gay, sweet voice at my door one day, I had been pronounced strong enough to sit up.

In the prison cell at Nantes There is a prisoner, Gay, etc. No on ² visits him there Sive the jailer's daughter Gay, etc.

A gracious apparition floated into view, in which I had no difficulty in recognizing our pretty Etienette. I was not prepared, however, to have my heart beat so tumultuously at sight of her, and was furious to find myself greeting her with the awkwardness and ichingly stylish and dainty sho oked, her turban hat tipped down witchingly stylish she

successful, in high favor with the powers looked. that be, is a match far more worthy of over her straight little nose, her black eyes flashing out brilliantly from under its brim. She was taller than I had your bright eyes !" "Don't Eric, don't," she faltered. "Gon't speak to me in that way ! It doesn't sound like you. I don't like expected, and the round, chubby face girlhood had lengthened into exquisite oval. She had developed in the three years since I had last seen it. her into a very sweet, graceful of elegant young womanhood. My embarrassment was slightly relieved have been very dear to me, and it is only now that for the first time I hear bp the discovery that, in spite of he elegance and vivacity, Miss Nita was also suffering from a slight feeling of embarrassment. She talked and laughed a little too much at first to be myself to it in a moment. But, believe me, I know you too well to think for an instant that you were governed by perfectly natural, and this put me more

"You have fallen off dreadfully in your looks," she declared—" that is, measuring them only by bulk. I do not criticise you for what you are but voice shook a little as she replied, 'In-deed, Roderic, I may be vain and worldly and ambitious—you have always told me I was, and I suppose it must be so—but I would never have married for what you are not. No wonder they would not let me see you before they had 'fattened you up,' as they call it I should have mistaken you for the Loup Garou, and fied." "How happens it that you are in

Colonel Moir or any one else unless I truly thought at the time that I was in love with him." "I know it, and I should wish it to Washington, brightening the lives of poor convalescents, instead of gracing Washington, the lives of be so," I replied, rising and smiling at her as kindly as I could. "I wish you the Court of the Louvre? Where are

"the court of the Louvre? where are your ambitions?" I asked. "I am still ambitious," she laughed, "the same bad penny, a little shined up to pass muster here, for one must o love your husband, and I wish you always any reason the love should grow less. Sentiment does not always last, but be patriotic nowadays or nothing. duty is always there. I have a duty, too, and I shall try not to forget it. I am a member of the Sanitary Commis-sion, if you please," with a low cour-tesy. "I pull lint by the bushel and always, Etienette, if I do not see you often now, for I shall return to Detroit

the scar of a scratch near the corner

childish life for mine in a moment of danger. We had grown year by year more congenial, more companionable, and I had looked upon our affection as something foreordained, had relied upon its continuance, had foolishly con upon it that the attachment of the child would develop into the love of the woman without effort on my part to cherish it or to win it. It had simply money-making amid his arduous labors ever possibly belong to any one else. in the Commissary Department! I felt "Is he still devoted to you, Nita?" Others might admire her, might make I asked somewhat shakily. "Why, of course he is devcted!" she answered, in a surprised way. "We haven't been married long enough for him to be very husband-like yet!" love to her, she might even seem to

encourage them for a while, but I believed that her loyalty would be unshaken in its foundations, that she would be true to the end to him who had never spoken a word of love to her, never asked for her fidelity, never flat-As I look back at it now, fully undertered her, never hidden from her what he considered to be her faults or shortstanding now much I cared for her, I wonder that I could have borne the I do not think Her faults, did I say ? She had none!

Her faults, did I say? Snehad none: She was perfect! What was a little vanity in one so pretty and with such faultless taste in dress? Had she not once gone an entire Lent without lookher face in the glass because had accused her of wasting time at her ing at toilet ? Had she not voluntarily denied tollet? Had she not voluntarily denied herself a thousand little fineries be-cause she feared her iather might be indulging her beyond the point of prudence? Had I not often known her to refrain from spending her pin-money on ribbons and sweet-meats that she might give more towards some object of charity ? I called her worldly because she was young and healthy and gay, and entered joyously into the pleas-ures of the world; but had I ever marry you and nobody else from the time I can first remember. But you never seconded my good intentions. known her to sacrifice to the world one iota of Christian principle or girlish desty, or had the world ever turned her from a single one of her accusknow that you cannot expect a girl to wait forever for a man when he does not med duties of home or of religion I called her ambitious because she had worked diligently to develop her rare ments; but who more ready to sacri-fice herself for those she loved, who more ready to meet with a brave heart and cheery smile all the little annoy ances, disappointments, and humilia tions which even the most cherished most cherished arling of fortune must meet from time master of myself, for the blow was hard to time? Who so true, who so generous, who so trusty as this Nita that I loved, and I was not strong. "You would have been blind, indeed, to marry me, a and she—oh, my God! she belonged now to another man, a man that I hated and who hated me, and by all that was penniless invalid, inglorious, and for a time disgraced ! Colonel Moir, rich, noly and right I must never, never again think of her as one that might

have belonged to me ! " J'ai perau ma maitresse S.ns pouvoir la trouver; Pour un boquet ce rose Que je lui refusai ! Il y a longtemps ne je t'alme, Famais je ne t'oubliersi ! Chante, rossignol, chante; Toi, qui as le coeur gai. Ta as le coeur a rire M si, ja l'ai a pleurer! It y a long remps que ja t'aime, Famais je ne t'oubliera!"

" Confound it all !" muttered the ionest doctor, in the intimacy of an after-dinner smoke by the side of my couch, "I needn't hold in before you, Chevalier, and before Roderic. both know my son-in-law as I do, and there is no need of my keeping it back. I do not like him, never did, and never shall. It is all the women's fault! I never should have consented to a marriage had I known in time how affairs were drifting. But you see how it was. While I was at the front, Nita and her mother were in New York, where they had few acquaintances. They missed terribly the gayety and the artistic atmosphere of Paris. Nita felt that her talents and accomplish-Nita ments, her knowledge of European languages, literature, and politics were thrown away, that no one in New York cared for those things. Moir had much the same experience. He was deeply absorbed in his sugar speculations, but when his artistic nature sought companionship it was to Nita he

energy. "Etienette must not be told them; she must have every chance for happiness," he said, impressively.

"Of course, Pepe, of course," I re-plied, smiling reasuringly at him. "Of course," muttered the doctor. "We must all hold our tongues for her sake, even if we have to go hang for I think Dr. Chabert felt better after

this outburst of confidence. He had seemed to feel that some sort of an sort of an apology was necessary to us because we knew so well his son-in-law's character, or perhaps because he suspected we had entertained secret hopes which were now blighted, and he did not wish us unfriendlito think it was through any ness of his. I had no confidences with my grandfather, not feeling that I could entirely trast myself to talk things over. For his sake I wished to grow strong and appear cheerful, but at heart I was as weak, as morbid and melancholy as a love-sick girl. seemed to be such a failure ! I s I I suc

eded in nothing that I undertook. and she had Alix, had worshipped never had as much as a thought for me. loved Etienette and she had married another. I had wished to devote my life to God's service, and His minist had sent me back to life in the world. I had started well in my profession and had to leave it at my country's call. I had done nothing in war but lose to freedom and my health, without ben but lose my fiting my country. I had wished to sustain and comfort my grandfather in his old age, and I had been nothing to him but a heavy expense and untold anxiety. From every view-point I saw nothing in my life but mortification and disappointment, nothing in the future but loneliness, poverty, and illhealth

But I was determined my grandfather should not suffer from my despondency. Though I did not confide in him, yet I talked openly and with as much gay unconcern as I could assume about the occurrences of the day. of my visit from the dashing young bride, of her pretty costume, of her good luck in having secured a rich husband who could gratify all her little vanities and ambitions. I spoke hopefully of the fortune I should make from my timberands in northern Michigan, and of how back to me in my health would come back to me in all its vigor in the freedom of a woods man's life amid the exhilarating breezes from the Great Lakes. I was full of courage and bravado-for him ; but all the while the Chevalier would eye me narrowly and with a dissatisfied The We could not deceive each other. moment he was gay I relapsed into sad-ness, but as soon as I forced myself to appear gay then he fell into despond-

I wish I might have avoided seeing Nita again, I wish I might have avoided meeting her husband, but it had to be. When I had recovered sufficiently to be able to travel, I called with my grand-father to bid her good-bye. Her husband was present, for it was their gen-eral reception to-day, and I had to shake hands with him when I would rather have knocked him down. I had to talk and laugh unconcernedly her when I would have liked to rush out into the open air and cry with pain. "By the way," she said, hesitatingly, when we were alone for a moment, "there are two things I want so much to explain to you before you go away. They have been on my mind a long time. Truly, I was your loyal friend and I do not think I could ever have liked any one who had knowingly done you an injury. I was very indignant at closed.

the way Mr. Arthur mismanaged your property, but there is one thing you must believe," and she looked up beseechingly into my face, "Colonel Moir was in Europe at the time, and he knew absolutely nothing of what Mr. Arthur was doing, and has never profited in any manner by your loss. nature the contrary, had it been in his power, Nita he he would had done everything to re-

OCTOBER 18, 1902.

gratulate you on your good luck, cr good management, whichever you may call it," said a Boston gentleman who was present, sauntering up to our on-happy group. " I hear that it is the happy group. " I hear that it is the old Fremont plantation from which such a fortune has been made in sugar. You are fortunate in having Mr Arthur and Coionel Moir as your busi-

our amazement yet at the way you red us on sugar in '61.' I am sorry I cannot claim your con-

was a cajetal, not an ingenio, and it was

the wife of a business man, and we understand all these little bankruptcy transactions. I knew Arthur well at the time he was managing that pro-perty for you. He borrowed a lot of money in Boston, with your estate as security, and turned the coffee farm into a sugar plantation. By the time is more completely transformed the it was completely transformed the mortgage had to be renewed, Arthur declared your estate bankrupt, the mortgage was foreclosed, and the whole estate and plant were bid in for a nominal sum by a third party. Of course we all knew what that meant, and that it was Moir bidding for you under his own name. It was cleverly done, Don't disclaim it, Mr. Fremont! As I say, we all know how those little things are arranged !"

I dared not Moir's lips were twitching nervously, but he had himself well in hand. "There is a little confusion here, Mr. " You are

" I think I ought to know if any one should," interrupted I, looking stead-ily at Moir. "You have confused two separate transactions, Mr. Breed, as colonel Moir is about to explain. He ourchased the Selva Alegre sugar planation in 1861. The Fremont coffee plantation - which, by-the-way, an English name-was sold as far back

Etienette rewarded my bold invention The color had crept back into her face and she smiled gratefully at me,

Mr. Breed was not so easily satisfied. "It is strange I should have made such a mistake," he exclaimed. "I should like to be satisfied on this point. was the broker through whom th loan was transacted, just ten years ago, in 1854, and I am perfectly positive that the Fremont plantation was one concerned. Here is some one that can tell me," he broke off, eagerly, as my grandfather drew near. I tried to make him a sign, but failed to catch his eye. " The Chevalier de Macarty will ely be able to help me out.

'I am at your service, sir. "Can you tell me, Chevalier, at what date the Fremont plantation in Cuba

was sold? ' Just at the outbreak of the war, I think." replied the old man, cautiously "My only authority is the account which Mr. Arthur handed in to the probate court when my grandson at tained his majority in 1861. The Cubar estate had been mortgaged to convert into a sugar plantation, but Mr Arthur was forced to declare the estate bankrapt just as it was beginning to be profitable, and the mortgage was fore-

"Just as I thought! And who bought cried Mr. Breed, triumphantly, "The purchaser's name was immater-ial; I never inquired," replied the

Chevalier. "One more thing, Chevalier. Will you be good enough to tell me the Spanish name of the plantation?"

"I believe it had a Spanish name in a former generation," explained my grandfather, "but of that I have no resought companions in prevention. They found turned for appreciation. They found each other more and more congenial, her mother knew nothing against him, her brothers and I were away. The ingly for her sake. "I do not attach ingly for her sake. "I do not attach name of Blithewood." Blithewood! Blithe is the equivalent of gay, merry, and "Merry literally rendered into Spanish is Selva Alegre. But Mr. Breed had no knowledge of the Castilian tongue. The English name only puzzled him and threw him completely off the track. "Strange," he muttered that there should be two cases so much alike, dates and all! It is no wonder I confused them." "No wonder, indeed," said Moir. carelessly. " Pray do not apologize. It was a very natural mistake. But I knew that Etienette understood Spanish, and one glance at her white face and quivering lips showed me that she saw there was no mistake, that she comprehended it all. "You see, Mr. Breed," I said, impressively, speaking to him, but looking straight at Nita, "that whatever has transpired has been in the line of legit-imate business. I have nothing to dis-claim and nothing to regret. I am no longer the owner or the part owner of the Fremont plantation; but had I retained it I should not have made a fortune from it, as I have neither the busi ness talent nor the capital to manage such an estate. It has but melancholy associations for me and mine, and I have no shadow of regret at its passing from our hands. Whoever may be its present owners, I hope it will bring

ness partners. Some of us old hands in the stock market have not got over

gratulation, Mr. Breed," I said ," but unfortunately the Fremont plantation

was a caletat, not an internet, and it was ruined during an insurrection and sold for debt some years ago." "Oh, come, come!" laughed Mr. Breed. "Don't disclaim it ! We are besiness men, and Mrs. Moir, here, is

look at Etienette

Breed," he said, quietly. mixing up two transactions."

as 1856, if I remember rightly." A quick, short sigh of relief from

My grandfather bowed courteously.

' It is past 11 old man, " and I " I was desired immediately," r " my poor friend at this moment."

at this moment." " I will be with morrow morning, "For the love

me for the lov devoted priest, t paring to follow In a few mon

est in hie to make inquiries of my good friend the doctor. "Why, you see, it was this way, Eric : nobody knew exactly what had become of you. You might as well know first as last that it was supposed ineffaceable ones which I shall carry to my grave. I do not refer to the one on my heart—that would be out of place just now—but I still carry a a long while you were a deserter." A deserter ?" I echoed, astonblack-and-blue spot on my shin, and

ished and indignant.

"You were missing, you see, and no one could give a satisfactory explana-tion of your movements. The lieutenof my eye-" For s "For shame, Eric Fremont! you calumniator! I never did such a thing in my life!" she cried, indigant in command of your company said that you had left your post, had gone antly. "I may have slapped you becasionally, I admit it, for I had pronantly. to a neighboring tavern, and that later when he warned you the Confederates

were coming up, you tried to lead him into a trap where some rebel sharp-shooters were concealed in the woods. cratching !' He swore that the last he saw of you gravely.

was in company with a man who had deserted from Major Haliburton's regiment two days before." "That part is true," I said. "The

rest is perverted. course, of course ! All is known

now, and

w, and the officer has been art-martialled and sentenced to fine eric, I shall be sorry I ever got you out

and loss of rank. But for nearly two years, my poor Roderic, your name was on the rolls of your regiment as a de-first I h serter. It was only through the un-ceasing efforts of the Chevalier and Major Haliburton that your reputation tell! was cleared and your whereabouts dis-covered. I was in the field hospitals,

and could do little in your service, but we applied to Colonel Moir—" "Colonel !" I interrupted. "Colonel !" I interrupted. "Moir a colonel ! I thought he was

disabled and could not enter the army.

• Er— he was disabled for field duty, explained the honest doctor with slight, embarrassed hesitation; •• buthe obtained a colonelcy in the commishe obtained a coloneley in the commis-sary department, with headquarters in Washington, about a year ago. He has made a fortune in Cuban sugar, and has given a good deal of money to the campaign, and so has the ear of all the Washington officials. Unfortu-nately he had not the faith in you that,

drew the line at pinching and "And pulling hair," I added, "It was the other way. Your mem ory is distorted by your long imprison-ment. It was you that did the hair pulling. You might have a fine wig of brown curls in your possession by this time if you had cared for keepsakes.

"You!" I exclaimed. "This is the

first I have heard of your having anything to do with it ! "The ungrateful ungrateful Chevalier not to

"You did!" I exclaimed, mockingly taking up the refrain of her song.

The girl so young and gentle Unchained his feet straight ightway

Then I, half mischievously, half enderly, added the concluding verses tenderly, added the of the old chanson.

When I return to Nantes Fill marry without delay ; Gay, etc And the jailer's pretty daughter Shall be my wife that day, Gay, etc.

But she checked me with sudden gravity and continued: "Of course, I didn't know until three months ago nately he had not the faith in you that, what with your Southern blood and your well-known aversion to negroes, he was convinced you had taken the opportunity to slide over to the Con-

with Pepe as soon as possible, and we may not meet again. So we had better say good-bye," and I held out my hand. She laid hers in it with a firm, friend-ly clasp. I returned the pressure and instantly withdrew my hand. I flattered myself I was behaving very well. Then, with a parting good wish for my speedy convalescence, the sweet vision glided out of my sight.

shall not be the less your true friend

to be loyal to him, even if for

I sank back on my couch and buried my face in the pillow, half choked by sobs. The only words that would come to me were those of the old love song that I had sung so merrily the day that I had fought my first duel for the little maiden that was forever lost to me. I was melancholy now, and the sad refrain the last stanzas of "A la Claire were the ones that sprang Fontaine to my trembling lips.

O nightingale, sing on ! S) gay and light of heart, Your heart is full of joy. But mine is full of tears ! Long have I loved thee, N s'er can I forget thee !

For I have lost my loved one N vor to find her more ! And all for a luckless rose Which I refused to her. Long have Hoved thee, Ne'er can I forget thee !

I would the unhappy rose Still bloomed upon the bush; And that the bush itself Ware cart into a still the bush itself Vere cast into the sea Long have I loved thee, Ne'er can I forget thee!

CHAPTER XVI.

When I was alone and could think

things over, I began to understand the depth and the strength of my disappointment. I began to understand that my whole heart was bound up in Etienette; that I had expected as a matter of not. as an acquaintance," resumed the doc-tor at last. "He is clever and entershould be grown up and I should be started in my profession; that to have her wrenched out of my life was like the bitterness of parting with life itself. I had worshipped Alix as some being of course to marry her as soon as she should be grown up and I should be which surprises me a little, as he I could not speak for ind had worshipped Alix as some being of superior rank or angelic grace whom I little Etienette.' uld never aspire to win, but Nita I

could never aspire to win, but but a had always looked upon as my special property. She had always been fond of me-indeed, as a tiny child had been so passionately attached to me that she would leave mother or father or nurse mur to the doctor's eloquent pause. At last he said, with a sigh: "I don't try to like him, and I can't try to make you like him. We all know too many things to his disadvantage."

My grandfather started up with

didn't

her brothers and I were away. The first I knew of it was when my wife wrote me they were engaged, that Moir had an appointement in Washington, and wished to marry at once."

nd wished to marry at once." My grandfather and I sat in silence Selva Alegre sugar plantation out of

while the good doctor, between volu-minous puffs of smoke, gave his apology which Colonel Moir made his fortune minous puffs of smoke, gave his apology was yours. It seemed to be situated for a state of affairs evidently unsatis- in the same district and to have so much the same history that, when I first heard Montgomerie, three years factory to him. We let him talk on without interruption, for what could we say ? I knew well what the dearest ago, speak of his intention of buying it and making a fortune in sugar out of it, wish of my grandfather's heart would

have been, and that the recital was hardly less painful to him than to me. "I opposed the marriage at first," done Colonel Moir an injustice by the went on the doctor, after waiting in vain for some comment from us. "Nita plantation and had an English name. was very submissive. She was always an obedient, reasonable child. She wrote me that there wasn't a man in I was so relieved.'

"I am sorry you were uneasy about it," I said, kindly. "I had not underthe world good enough for her to marry stood your warning, and never thought approve of him. I don't of it again. think I could have written that way at

"I am so glad," she sighed. At this moment Moir joined us.

her age. Of course, her submissiveness disarmed me, and then her mother "We were sincerely pleased to have you justified and your good name cleared, Mr. Fremont," he said, with an air of great frankness and cordiality, wrote how congenial they were, what a fine, steady business man Moir had developed into, what a brilliant position Etienette would have, how her " and I beg you will not thank me for any little service I may have done you in the matter "-(I had not attempted knowledge of languages and European politics would be appreciated in the diplomatic society in Washington and I don't know what else. The upshot of come, I am sure, for old friendship' welit all was that I wrote back for the sake. Indeed, I was inclined from the women to go ahead and have their own way, which they did." first to believe your officer's story fabrication. But still, boys will

Another awkward pause, for I could boys, and without breach of confidence not speak, and my grandfather would not. "I don't say that I dislike him I may try that there were episodes -connected with boyish days in France -eh?-here he laughed with insolent familiarity-" that seemed to lend color

I could not speak for indignation. How dared he, before his wife, make dreamy kind that they call artistic. But the point of view from which I dis-like him is that of a husband for my power to disclose about himself? If power to disclose about himself? If

they were to have hanged me on the spot I would have scorned to say a word in defence of my innocence. I I doubt if three persons could have spot been found more thoroughly in sym-pathy on any one point, and yet there was not so much as an answering mur-ing mur-i ice or guilt, I cared not. Nita, too, was white. She looked at neither one nor the other, but straight before her. Moir laughed heartily, as if he had perpetrated some good joke. "By-the-way, Fremont, let me con-

them a fortune and a happiness that could have been mine And with these words I passed from the presence of the man I hated and the woman I loved.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Chance For Self Study.

Pain and grief clears the mind and helps the man to know himself. Trouble sweeps away as a mist all deceits and false living, and leaves the man to see himself just as he is. Hence he can study his motives, his tendencies, his Temporary pleascharacter honestly. Temp ures, momentary delights, glare of the suplight are all taken away, and just as

you be pleased the is expecting The unsuspic directed, the g outside. The lighted, but in could distinguis of a man stretch covered entirel clothes. The man ma priest approac with inquiries a Somewhat alar aside the bed horror that th cold and the ey felt for the pu fingers touched contact with clenched in That the weapo the good price imagined ; goi

for the man wh and who quick ding. Pointin the bed the a an explanation For some gazed at the associate in then suddenly before their in out the whole