

A THRUST HOME.

REV. JAS. KAVANAGH, D.D., OF KILDARE, REPLIES TO AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT IN THE "TIMES"—HIS VIEWS ON THE OUTCOME OF IRISH HOME RULE.

A gentleman writing anonymously has recently assailed the Rev. James Kavanagh, D.D., the noble priest of Kildare, for certain expressions used by him with reference to the present position in Ireland. His assailant merely signed his letter "X." The letter of Dr. Kavanagh will, after this introduction, speak for itself. He writes to the Times as follows:—

An Irish priest in a rural district rarely sees The Times until many days after the issue. The letter of "X" seems to imply that I advocate resistance to lawful authority. To advocate resistance to lawful authority is a grave crime in a priest and, if proved, would be visited with the severe punishment of suspension. As my ancestors took part in the struggle of '98 and suffered much I may not be an impartial witness, but I wish to state for the information of "X" that I never regarded the rising of '98 as a resistance to lawful authority, but as the attempt of brave men to protect the honor of their wives and daughters from the outrages of a brutal soldiery. Sir Ralph Abercrombie has left us his estimate of the English forces in Ireland in '98 and the correspondence of Lord Cornwallis makes it painfully evident that the government of the day instigated a brutal soldiery and still more brutal yeomanry to outrage the peasantry of Wexford and to drive them into open resistance that they might be mercilessly butchered and their political organizations suppressed. If "X" will conceive the supposition of Lord Macaulay realized, it will assist him to form a more correct notion of the position of Irishmen during the rebellion of '98. If England had remained a dependency of France; if every office of emolument in England were filled by Frenchmen; if the expression of English sentiment were vigorously suppressed, and a system of officialism established, in which the essential condition of preferment was hatred and contempt of the English people; if a policy of extermination were adopted; if openly advocated by the leading journals of the day; if every form of constitutional liberty were desired, that the people of England and the country ruled from Paris by a pure despotism, with unrelenting doses of drastic coercion and periodic visitations of famine; if, after centuries of this rule, with such interludes as the assassinations of Elizabeth, the atrocities of Cromwell, and the penal laws, an army of Frenchmen, remarkable only for their lack and cruelty, were let loose on the people of Kent and told by the French Government to outrage the peasantry and drive them into rebellion, and if the brave men of Kent rose up to defend the sanctity of their homes and the honor of their wives and daughters, I should ask "X" what his conduct would be in such a case? If his own friends fought bravely to drive out the invader, would he consider an expression of just pride in their heroic unworthy of a Christian priest? Judas was a traitor and he led his countrymen to battle. The cause of the Jews was not more sacred than that of Ireland, and the oppression of Antiochus were mild compared with the atrocities of Cromwell and the cruelties and outrages perpetrated on the brave men of Wexford. Ireland in 1886 will not make the mistake of Wexford in '98. The country is too well organized and too well guided for the first time in her chequered history. The priests, the bishops, and the parliamentary leaders are perfectly united. They speak with one voice, and the people are perfectly in hand and obey them with docility. English rule in Ireland is the strangest chapter in political history. In 1886 English statesmen are forging a coercion bill for Ireland, as if coercion were about to be tried for the first time and were the one specific for Irish ills, the one method of dealing with Irish grievances. Every intelligent man in England who is not blinded by bigotry, prejudice or self interest knows that the present relations between England and Ireland cannot continue and that coercion is not likely to improve them. Coercion has been tried for centuries and failed, and it is not strange that some English statesmen would not try justice just for variety? In 1780 Lord Carleton, the Viceroy, wrote to Lord Hillsborough: "It is hopeless to govern Ireland by laws made in England. The Irish people could be easily and happily governed by laws made at home." The same is true to-day. There are few in Ireland who wish separation from England, but as the Lord-Lieutenant in 1781 said, "The independence of Irish legislation has become the creed of the kingdom, but on every point which does not contravene this principle His Majesty's Government possesses a loyal, practical and effectual support." Independence is not separation, nor does it involve it. My conviction is it would promote a more perfect union. Hungary and Canada illustrate the principle. The great Grattan was one of the most loyal men in the Empire. Yet Grattan struggled for independence as ardently as Mr. Parnell. Independence does not imply separation, nor are those who seek independence disloyal to the supremacy of the Crown and the integrity of the Empire.

DEATH OF JOHN B. GOUGH, THE TEMPERANCE ORATOR.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18.—John B. Gough, the famous temperance lecturer and writer, died here at five o'clock this evening. Mr. Gough was born at Sandgate, Kent, England, August 22, 1817. In 1829 he emigrated to New York, learned the trade of a bookseller, and fell into habits of intemperance. In October, 1842, he was induced to attend a temperance meeting, where he took the pledge of total abstinence, and soon began to publicly advocate the principle. His reputation as an orator spread through the United States and Canada, and reached England, which he visited in 1853 on the invitation of the London Temperance League. His visit, intended to last only six weeks, was protracted to two years, during which he advocated the cause of temperance throughout the island. He then resumed his labors in America, returning to England in 1857, where he lectured with greater success than ever until 1860, when he returned to America. In 1846 he published his "Autobiography," a volume of "Orations" in 1854; a collection of "Sunlight and Shadow, or Gleanings from My Life Work," in 1880. His home was at Boylston, Mass., where it is probable he will be buried.

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WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

An American Tale of Real Life.

BY RHODA E. WHITE.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"My PREVIOUS ANGEL—Shall I call you naughty for making me so unhappy by leaving us, or shall I tell you I kiss your pillow every night, and will not allow any one to use it? I say you will come back like the dove that could not find a green spot to rest its tiny feet upon, and came back to the ark. Oh, Angel, I've wished so often you were here. We do have such grand times riding in the Cascades every afternoon. Away we dash through the long grove under those high, grand old trees—it looks like a fairy bower for two miles, and all the other carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen dash along too, trying to look finer one than the other. Then the dresses of the ladies are so beautiful, and the plumes in their hats wave, and their scarfs flutter with wind, and the gentlemen look proud and gay, and the coachmen and footmen, all in fine livery, look stiff and grand, and the gold and silver harness are like Cinderella's made out of the pumpkin. I feel like a good mother. I declare, Angel, I feel like a butter fly, and I want to start out of the carriage and put my head into some of the flower cups on the green lawn. Papa says I'm half crazy, and calls me a little gypsy and all kinds of pet names. We have lots and lots of company, some as nice as nice can be, but I haven't seen one single face as pretty as yours, and there is only one, yes, two persons I love as well as I do you. One is Papa, the other—is, you know who—oh, laws! how red my face is! It burns so—I always told you I loved him better than anyone in the world, and so I do! Lots of gentlemen are always at the Villa. They say I'm awful hard to please. You and I know the secret, Angel, because I'm pleased already! Shall I tell papa, Angel? or had I better not? You know I never let that one somebody know I love him. I scarcely speak to him, and he sees me talking lively to everyone else, but so long as he doesn't seem to care if I do, I'm not going to tell him I only love him—would you?"

"Oh, Angel, do come back! Papa was gloomy after you left. I know he likes you very much. I wish—I wish, Angel—but it's no use wishing. Papa said you had to go, and I must not ask questions. Will you have to stay long? I do miss you so much. I have a great deal, too, I want to ask you that I can't even ask papa. You know I love you—best in the world, my angel, and do you love me third best in your world? I sealed this. I don't want papa to read it. You are the only person she let me write to without showing my letters to him."

"We had a riding party yesterday, and twelve ladies and gentlemen of us rode up the mountain to Fiesole. Oh, it was grand. Such beautiful gardens all the way up, and villas, and grand old convents and old houses, and crowds of people going and coming up the steep roads, and the peasant men and women, and the lots of women plaiting straw for hats and baskets and fans. Plaiting while walking along! Oh, it was beautiful on the top of the mountain. What a view! There was Florence below, and the river and mountains all around to make the back-ground. I screamed with delight. When we came back all the company had supper with us. Someone, you know who, once by my side all the way, and, like a doctor, would you believe it, Angel, he did not talk a dozen words to me all the way, and looked like a person half sorry or half sick. I don't know which. Some one is dreadfully stupid when I am with him, but let any other girl talk to him, he can say enough. I won't care for him any more, would you?"

"You must tell me now when you will come back. I must have my Angel again or I can't be satisfied. May I? Oh, say yes to your crazy little gypsy, BELLA."

Angelina showed these letters to Mrs. Hart and Dr. Fleury. Bella's letter, so characteristic of her, amused them. Dr. Fleury read in Mr. Beauvais' reply what Angelina had seen there too, that he had still more than an ordinary interest in the poor rival one. He did not exactly like such a trial. The only dream of future happiness which the good doctor ever had indulged in, was that Angelina after a time would not reject a second offer he resolved to make to her when it would be delicate to do so. And now he wondered if he could have any chance of success, if a man with Mr. Beauvais' advantages continued to be her lover. He and Mr. Beauvais were friends, too, warm friends—ought he then to come between him and a chance of such happiness? But he asked himself, would his friend, Mr. Beauvais, feel called upon to withdraw his suit, if he told him that his own love had been drawn to Angelina since the first time they met. He thought not, nor would it be natural; and the doctor allowed himself to dream on, hoping that his dreams would be realized, acting prudently, meantime, by showing to Mrs. Courtney only the most reserved and respectful attention that would put an elder brother for whom she had a warm attachment and upon whom she relied to advise her. Meantime, Angelina was looking around her, but not intending to make any decided steps for the future till the Captain returned. She knew she owed this to these sincere friends. But her mind was irrevocably made up to be somewhere and somehow independent of other support than that which she could gain by her own efforts. This she made known to Mr. Beauvais, a little later, and to Dr. Fleury.

The Captain had reached New Orleans and went on shore determined to gather all rumors that were afloat within his reach respecting Mr. Courtney—of his death, his will, and of the new possessors of the Courtney Estate.

All whom he conversed with agreed in saying that Louisiana had lost her best man. All extolled his goodness and his generosity. Every day there came out a new story of his private charities; instances when he had saved persons from bankruptcy and their families from utter want. His generosity to Riggs and Blunt was still the theme of wonder to a thousand young men, less fortunate, to whom it held out the possibility that there were other gold slippers which lucky men might put on and be like those two once penniless orphans, the envy of all beneath them who heard of their good fortune.

Not one of the many to whom the Captain spoke gave the slightest hint that Daniel Courtney ever had a wife or child—though some of these men were his most intimate friends. This did not lessen the Captain's confidence in the assertion of Angelina, that he had persuaded her that there were good reasons for concealing their marriage. The letter from Mr. Ralf was proof sufficient to him; and he saw now that Riggs and Blunt and Ralf had conspired to put down Angelina's attempt to assert her claims. They knew that their money could prevail, thought the Captain, and so it could, but

they don't like the thing stirred up. They mean to frighten the poor creature. I don't believe that Ralf is too good to put her out of the way.

"Where is the Hall, Courtney's home stead?" inquired the Captain. "I would like to see it."

"I'm just going there now, jump into my Tilbury and go with me," said his friend.

All the way, this and that building, this and the other pieces of ground were pointed out as belonging to the Courtney estate, till they reached the suburbs of the city. The great, double iron gates swung open and they entered a broad gravel carriage road, lined on both sides with aged oaks and other trees. The lawns on either side were artistically planted with clusters of trees and flowering shrubs and vines; orange and lemon trees scented the air. At the end of this winding road stood a large double house with a frontage of a hundred feet; covered porches, supported by pillars, made a pleasant promenade on three sides.

"And this," thought the Captain, "was, or ought to have been, the home of that poor child, who found a refuge under our humble roof! God forgive all men who wrong those who trust in them."

There were men and women coming and going in and out of the house, and there was a general appearance of desolation and disorder around it.

"What does this mean?" asked the Captain.

"Riggs and Blunt had an auction of the furniture, replied his friend, "and since then the articles that did not bring a good price and were saved by the auctioneer, are for sale. But most of these people tramp in and out for mere curiosity. I purchased a pair of magnificent vases and an Italian mosaic table, and I have come up to-day to have them put away. The house is for sale. There is a story among the slaves that the room Mr. Courtney died in is haunted."

"What vanity there is in worldly goods after all," said the Captain. "This man no doubt believed when he furnished his house that he had a long lease of life."

"Yes, and while he lived he got as much as most men get out of what they call worldly pleasure. Only two weeks before he died there was the grandest ball given here that was ever known before in the South."

"He never married," inquired the Captain.

"No, he was a strange man. In late years,—that is, in the last two or three years, he avoided women's society. He took no interest in it. He never seemed gay like after he was elected Senator and went to Washington. The story is here that Miss Crawford jilted him. Daniel Courtney was not a man to bear that peacefully. If he loved anyone he did it without any interested motive. So I rather believe this story is true. At all events, everyone saw that there was something at work that made him take no interest in the society of women. In fact, he did not look like a man who cared for anything the last six months of his life. It may have been sickness, but he didn't complain of any special illness at last."

"Why, no; and at first there were whispers in the crowd about the secrecy there was about his last sickness. His best friends were told to the hour of his death that he was in no danger; but that the patient wished to be excused from seeing anyone. He was only ill about ten days."

"I don't like the look of things," said the Captain, "but it is not my business."

"Just what a good many of us said," replied the other. "But it is too late now even to talk of suspicion. There is a power of money to back the denial of anything that could be hinted, and the offender might have a suit for slander for his pains. So no one now takes any notice of what is done or said."

"Do you know a man of the name of Ralf?" asked the Captain.

"I've heard of him. He is a brutal, low fellow. Riggs and Blunt employed him last week to sell a large lot of the old plantation slaves in Mississippi. There is no fear equal to that the negroes feel when they are told they will be sold to Mississippi masters. They say the scene was heartrending enough to bring their old Master Daniel from his grave, when they were dragged from one another on the Courtney Plantations. Ralf used the whip right and left as he would on rebellious cattle! and boasted after how he coddled the creatures before they reached the new masters."

"Oh, the villain!" exclaimed the Captain, "I'd like a chance to put my hands on him. What a lashing he'd get!"

A few days after the drive above narrated, Ralf heard of the arrival of the ship Neptune, and made a call at the office of Riggs and Blunt to show them a letter which he had prepared for Mrs. Courtney that would for ever silence her on the subject of her claim on the property of the Courtney estate. He was anxious to impress Captain Hart with an idea of his dignity and importance, and had dressed himself in superlative cloths and a new hat. Captain Hart was on the look out for the visit. Ralf's promise to Angelina to write soon again made him pretty sure that another letter would be brought to him for her before he sailed for France. His favorite boatman, old Jack, knew the Captain's wishes in a look, and often had his confidence in cases that needed prompt action.

"Jack, be on hand!" was the signal well understood by Jack to mean have little mercy on the rascal, and he knew well that when he was never administered except when deserved, so the order was to the letter obeyed by Jack when given.

"Jack," said the Captain, "if a gentleman will come on board and you see him hand me a letter, be on hand."

"Yes, Captain," answered Jack, taking off his cap.

That afternoon Ralf made his appearance. The Captain made it a point to see him on the deck instead of in his office.

The usual salutations passed between them. The Captain looked stern, but made no demonstration of his feelings till Ralf took a letter from his pocket, and going close up to the Captain's ear whispered, while giving a sardonic leer:—

"That girl—that Miss Raymond—can you tell me who has her in care now? She is a good riddance to the man she pretended was her husband. This letter will settle her. Can you see that she gets this?"

The Captain was only waiting to get the letter in his hand, and then putting his broad front overboard, saying:—

"I can send you to the Devil, you miserable villain!"

Ralf floundered a moment, and went down out of sight. The Captain motioned to Jack to jump overboard. Jack understood that after the scare he was to save him. The life-boat, quick as thought, was lowered and the dripping man was lifted into it. The whole scene was enacted in a short space of time, and Ralf was puzzled to know what sent him flying so unexpectedly into the muddy waters of the Mississippi.

"You need drying," said the Captain, when he came into the ship. "Jack, take the gentleman into the lower cabin and be on hand."

Jack understood the order, and no sooner had Ralf taken off his muddy clothes than

Jack began strapping him with all his might. Ralf howled and screamed "murder." The Captain came down and said:—

"Stop, Jack, that's enough for his game with the woman! Now give him ten good ones for the lashing he gave the poor slaves when he took them to Mississippi, and then, put on some cast off sailor clothes and send the fellow ashore!"

Jack went to work with a will to pay the ten more to him for hundreds he had ordered on the backs of men and women who pined in vain to him for mercy! When Ralf saw himself dressed in the dirty, ragged clothes in which he must go on shore, he asked himself:—

"Am I on earth, or am I in hell! What has happened to me?"

"A greater villain than you are is not left alive!" said Captain Hart, "and if I find you in Louisiana when I come back, I'll expose your plots and plans, and I'll treat your masters to the same bath you've had, and the public shall hear of it!"

Jack shook his sides with laughter when he saw the fine gentleman in his new costume! Trying up the wet clothing in a large handkerchief he offered the dress suit to Ralf!

"Master Captain was very kind," said Jack, "that hot pepper bath, sar, I g'ave yer, 'll keep yer from takin' cold after your drowin'!"

Ralf felt grateful that he had been saved, but how to get home was the trouble, or what to say when he got there was worse, and how could he face Riggs and Blunt. A big, round, full-grown lie, he said, was the only remedy for this unexpected ending to his afternoon call on the Captain! The Captain knew that the fellow would never tell of what he got, and he had led him to believe that he knew of all his diabolical plans with Riggs!

When the Captain read the vile letter that he left to be given to Angelina, he was sorry Jack had not doubled the lashes.

"If ever that fellow comes in my way again, Jack, be on hand. He did not get half he deserved," said Captain Hart.

Riding home in a cab, when he got there Ralf told a plausible story to his wife of having been saved from drowning by a good sailor who lent him his clothing to go home in. The next day he called upon Riggs and Blunt and assured them there was no further fear of their being troubled by Courtney's wife. He told them that a letter from Captain Donaldson offered him a good opening in Australia, and he wanted the rest of the money promised to him to go there at once and invest it in trade. Riggs had no confidence in the fellow, but it would rid them of a bad hanger-on, and he told Blunt to ship him off.

Ralf was afraid of being found in New Orleans when the Captain returned, for he understood from the Captain's hints that somehow he knew of the agreement made between him and Riggs.

"But how the devil has it got out?" he said to himself. "I'd better be off and leave them to fight out their own battles. That letter of mine to Angelina will quiet her, and I've earned my money honestly enough."

The Captain had read the letter given to him because he was very sure it was a plot to injure the poor woman, and as her protector he felt bound to examine it as he would any other destructive weapon placed in his hand for her injury.

Ralf told her in the letter that her only way to save her reputation was to change her name and never tell anyone she had been married. He told her that it was a mock marriage, and if she ever, troubled Riggs and Blunt he would swear that to his own knowledge she was an abandoned woman.

It was well for him that the Captain had not read the letter before he sent the rascal adrift, or he would have had a second taste of muddy water and a hot pepper bath in the lash after it. He was well inspired to be off to Australia, for it was the Captain's intention on his return to New Orleans to finish the castigation, and Jack was quite prepared "to be on hand!"

Captain Hart put the letter in safe keeping for a future time if it ever were needed to prove the villainy of this creature. He was pretty sure he was only one of a nest of conspirators that time and justice would bring to light. He must save Angelina from the pain of knowing anything of the letter, and now more than ever he was convinced that there had been something wrong in the sickness and death of Daniel Courtney. But what could he do, having only suspicion to set up against the testimony of such men of power as Riggs and Blunt, who were in the full tide of favor and prosperity. He doubted if it were well even to hint his fears to Mrs. Hart. Where would be the good from so doing? It was a strange mystery like many other hidden lives, and must weave its own dark web to the finishing.

CHAPTER XVI.

ANGELINA, who was the victim of this deep tragedy of human weakness, of sordid avarice, and unprincipled greed, was pierced with grief to the inmost heart, and she passed days and nights in restless and sleepless agony.

The death of her husband awakened a stronger love in her motherly breast for Pura; and she would willingly even walk the world over to find her child well, if possible. Had she been asleep or dead, she asked herself, to be so careless of the faith of her child? No, oh, no; but she thought while Daniel lived her poverty could not give. But now, when—with whom could she go? Would the adopted parents give her up? Could she not, disguised, be the child's nurse or teacher? No, that could not be! Never again would she enslave herself. There must be no more disguise. If she could find her child she would pay any price for the boon within her power to bestow. What else had she on earth to love? What duty so sacred to perform? She called, and called in bitter anguish, on God to give her back her child. No answer came that reached her ear; but was not her prayers already registered in heaven? She did not know that she would clasp her child to her heart, as she prayed it might be; but it would not be for long years to come. When is an earnest prayer unheard?

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were kind adopted parents to the little one. She was a bright child, of a warm nature, and promised to be an attractive woman. Her large brown eyes and auburn hair made her clear complexion look fairer, and the glow in her cheeks indicated health and kind care. Mrs. Ellis was a tender hearted woman, and a woman of religious principles, who would not have aided her unscrupulous husband in his mercenary schemes, and she knew them. Mr. Ellis, from caution, gave way to moods of irritability that made her life at times her hell. Even little Pura was not without freedom from suffering from his temper on certain occasions. But he would follow these outbursts of ill nature with such fits of extraordinary gentleness and over indulgence, that the child only remembered the "kind papa," which she was taught to call him.

Like all men ill at ease in mind, Mr. Ellis was restless and discontented, and moved from place to place, as if haunted by an evil spirit that would allow him no repose.

He was suspicious of everyone he met, until assured that there was no spy on his actions, and seldom formed intimate acquaintances, with anyone. He lived like a man of wealth. His only daughter, when old enough, would have a large fortune was not concealed.

He told his sons that they like himself must build their own fortunes.

Pura was the darling pet of Mrs. Ellis, and she loved her mother passionately.

Poor Angelina, so far away, if she could have seen the little arms around the neck of Mrs. Ellis and heard her calling her "dear, dear, sweet mamma" it would have broken her heart to know that Pura would never love her as she did Mrs. Ellis; and she would rather have died than, than to see Pura looking at her in years to come with cold heart and eyes asking her in a strange and husky voice, "Are you my mother? Oh, my God, how cruelly I have been deceived! Why did I live to know it?"

But Angelina could not see into the future. Kind Providence forbid it! She was in the house of good Mr. and Mrs. Hart, trying to be brave, and to hope that what the doctor said to her would come to pass—"brighter, happier days." Alas! Alas!

The Captain had returned again, and was kinder than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford had sailed for America, and Mr. Beauvais wrote that nothing would satisfy Isabelle but coming back for a time to the old house in Havre, and that he hoped Mrs. Courtney would make them a short visit, at least. Florence began to fatigue them from its abundance of every kind of pleasure and delight, of which they had partaken without stint. A little repose would be a pleasant change to them.

One evening, soon after the Captain's return, Doctor Fleury and the good Captain remained in the sitting room to talk over the subject that interested them both. Mrs. Hart and Angelina were in Angelina's room, where they had gone to discuss the propriety of a visit to Isabelle when she returned to Havre.

"I know how much the poor motherless child loves you," said Mrs. Hart, "and I do not see why you should not gratify her wishes."

All my trouble has come from my indiscretion, dear M. S.—perhaps I ought to say, my wrong impulses and ignorance; and I am afraid now to act without the advice of some one able to advise me.

"Will you let me speak plainly to you, darling, and not call me cruel and heartless?" "Sincerely nothing you could say would offend me, dear Mrs. Hart."

"Well, you are in need, my dear, not only of an adviser, but a protector. You are free now, but Capt. Hart and I do not wish to see you throw away chances of finding a kind husband and a good home."

Angelina leaned upon the table and covered her face with her hands. She made no reply, and Mrs. Hart continued:—

"You do not know, dear Angelina, with what cruel eyes the world watches a lonely dependent woman, particularly one who is young and attractive, like yourself."

Angelina sighed heavily. "You were peculiarly fortunate, dear, in meeting so noble a man as Mr. Beauvais, and he was still more blessed in having so good a woman as you for a companion for his daughter."

Angelina was weeping, and could only answer in a whisper:—

"Mrs. Hart, you were my guardian angel—what could I have done but for this refuge you have given me. Oh, I am so desolate. And where is there a place for me now! Mr. Beauvais is too kind to wish me to return to his house. I think he has not the same respect that he had for me before he knew that I did not what I seemed to be. God knows I did not! I thought was best and right. But I see now what a wrong act it was to leave my husband and to abandon my child! It has brought to me punishment and bitter experience. I have only one wish now, one prayer, that I may find my child and be a true mother to her."

Mrs. Hart could not control her emotion. "One so young as you, my poor Angelina, has seldom had so much sorrow. Will you think on what I said to you, and not cast away the opportunity Providence puts in your way to have a comfortable home, Angelina?"

"How could I dare to ruin anyone's life by giving my child heart in place of a warm one offered to me. Mrs. Hart, that is the greatest cruelty anyone can commit. Mr. Beauvais will not offer me his heart and hand. I must not conceal from you, my best of friends, that I have already refused both."

"Not since you were free to accept them?" inquired Mrs. Hart, anxiously.

"No, when it was a shame to me to have allowed him to be deceived—but, oh, I did not mean to do wrong!"

"If he makes you an offer when he comes to Havre?"

"I think I would refuse him. Indeed, I am sure I would."

"Well, dear, we will not say any more to-day—Good-night! I hope you will try to put away these sad thoughts. Leave yourself in God's hands, and only be anxious to do his will. Good-night!"

"This is an extraordinary case," said the Captain, as soon as Mrs. Hart and Angelina had left the sitting room. "I made all the inquiries I could in New Orleans and never found a man or woman who had heard that he ever married."

"Could it be that he deceived her and had a mock marriage?" asked Dr. Fleury.

"I think not. They say he was notably honorable."

"What she told me was that he was ashamed of the DeGrasse affair, out of which he rescued her from future degradation."

"And postponed acknowledging the marriage from month to month," added the doctor.

"Exactly."

"I see how it was," said the doctor, looking into the fire that had burned low, and seeming to be thinking aloud, went on:—

"That man, the victim of vanity, sacrificed the woman he married to save himself from public censure; he no doubt, supposed that a man with his wealth and position must marry the greatest woman to be found anywhere! And he kept the poor child nearly two years in a false position. Heavens! I admire her more for rebelling at last," said he, in a loud voice, and, rising from his chair, stood in front of the Captain. "There is not one woman out of ten million would have shown the self-respect Angelina Raymond has shown. With all his wealth, his fame, his education, he was not good enough for such a woman!"

"They say," said the Captain, "that he was a miserable man for the last two years of his life, and that he would have done for it."

"God forgive him! He was a noble fellow, I hope. It is better than a name for the man that begot such misery for his wife, and that may be inherited by the second and third generations."

heavy; and the second time wounded, it no wonder she became what she was and she engaged to be a governess, broken-hearted and miserable."

"From what she has told my wife in her absence," said the Captain, "I know she knows that the step was a downward one for both."

"Yes, I agree with you it was, Captain, and I am heartily glad the road is ended. The poor fellow we leave to Divine justice, and I mean to do all in my power to make her life happy. She is a noble woman. This experience has been a great lesson to her. She has proven that her purity of life is angelic. Her discretion has been supernatural, and—"

"Stop, stop, Doctor," said Captain Hart. "Take care you'll let out a secret."

"With you who are her best friend, Captain Hart, I have no right to conceal that love Angelina Courtney with all my heart. I never loved a woman as I love her. She is an angel that God has sent me to cherish and to guard, and I will never be happy again till I can call her my wife."

The declaration silenced both men for a minute. Then the Captain poured out his glasses of wine, and with mock gravity handed one to the Doctor, and said:—

"Your very good health, my friend."

"I am not at all sure," added the Doctor, "that I can be so fortunate. I must make clean breast of it to you. I have my suspicions that Beauvais is in love with her. Can't blame the woman if she would prefer hands me, rich fellow like myself, to a working, ugly old doctor like myself. Captain, I'd stake my heart against him any day—that is, if I love for Angelina Courtney. I don't know if I've a chance so long as he's coming back."

"To be plain," replied the Captain, "don't believe she would have either of you. You asked her to marry. She is half proud with grief about the loss of a child. A little time hence she'll be inclined to think of her own desolate condition."

Two hours later the house was darkened and Mrs. Hart and the Captain were having a sleepless chat before sinking into slumber.

"I had a talk with Angelina to-night," said Mrs. Hart.

"Well?"

"She is very unhappy, and blames herself."

"Anything more?"

"I advised her to think of marriage again."

"The best thing she can do—oh, dear, dear!"

"Yes, if she can find a good husband. Are they so scarce?—oh, Bess, dear, I never saw one like you."

"Well, I'll tell you a secret."

"Be quick."