

MACDONALD--RIEL.

Some Stubborn Facts About the Premier's Double-dealing.

How the Lord When he said "I wish to God I could catch him." The Division in the Tory Cabinet over the Metis Question.

The Tory newspapers represent Riel as being a mercenary, as having crossed the border for the purpose of "raising the wind." He had obtained a few thousand dollars from Sir John Macdonald on a former occasion, and the generous donation made at that time by the Prime Minister had whetted his appetite for more, and that he returned solely for the purpose of obtaining from the Government a still larger sum. We have no interest in ascertaining whether this is so or not. It may or may not be true. It is true, however, that Riel did not return to Canada until he was invited; that he would not have been invited if the half breeds had been able to secure a redress of those grievances of which they complained; that after he had returned many months elapsed before the first step was taken to do what ought to have been done four or five years ago. The public seem to have forgotten some of the incidents connected with that earlier monetary transaction. On the 27th October, 1871, Sir John Macdonald sent to Archbishop Tache a check for \$1,000 for Riel. The letter which accompanied the check read as follows:

"Private and strictly confidential."

"Ottawa, Dec. 27, 1871.
"My Dear Lord Archbishop,--I have been able to make the arrangement for the individual that we have talked about."

"I now send you a slight draft on the Bank of Montreal for \$1,000. I need not press upon your Grace the importance of the money being paid to him periodically (say monthly or quarterly), and not in a lump, otherwise the money would be wasted, and our embarrassment begin again. The payment should spread over a year. Believe me, Your Grace's very obedient servant,
(Signed) JOHN A. MACDONALD.
"His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, Montreal."

In January, 1872, at the solicitation of Lieut.-Governor Archibald, the Hon. D. E. Smith advanced \$500, which was placed in the hands of Archbishop Tache, and part of which was to be paid to Riel and part to Lepine to induce them to leave the country. In reference to this transaction the Archbishop gave the following testimony:

"I left Montreal on the 2nd January, and at a station between Prescott and Sarnia I received a letter from Sir George, which I have not with me, and I do not know whether it is in existence. In this Sir George alluded to the draft which had been sent me by Sir John, and stated that it would be advisable that Lepine should leave also, and that the money should be divided between the two."

Further on he stated:
"It was then that I saw Lieutenant-Governor Archibald of the subject of money. There were conversations between the Lieutenant-Governor and Manitoba and myself on the subject. The Lieutenant-Governor called on Mr. Smith, and in my presence, asked if he could furnish the funds, which of course, he said would be reimbursed by the Canadian Government. I named at first \$800 sterling to the Governor as the sum required by Riel and Lepine for themselves and their families. The Governor asked Mr. Smith to lend \$800 sterling. I mentioned that I had \$1,000 at my disposal, without mentioning the source, and thus the sum to be furnished by Mr. Smith was reduced to \$200 sterling. I understand that the advance was asked of and made by Mr. Smith in his capacity of agent for the company who were the bankers for the Territory. Mr. Smith said he could, and did, in fact, furnish \$200 sterling. It was handed to me, and I added to the \$1,000 sterling. The remainder of the \$1,000 I kept in the bank of the Company, to be used as required for the support of their families, and it was so used. I wrote the letter which they had asked of me, and I produced a copy, dated 16th February, 1872. I am certain that the Lieutenant-Governor and the Ottawa Government would repay the money. That money was furnished under the directions of Governor Archibald."

Riel was being rushed out of the country because he had ordered Thomas Scott to be shot. Sir John Macdonald and his supporters knew what Riel's offense was, and Mr. Masson and Mr. Moussaux both declared that he was not an ordinary criminal; that his offense was a political offense; that he was possessed of the line of sovereign power, and he had used it, and that what he did was not a crime, but an error in judgment. Now, when Riel headed a rebellion and failed, he was put upon his trial as a political offender, was condemned, and was executed. A large number of the French population profess to regard him as a Jungist, and are angry with the Administration because the sentence of death was carried out regardless of the recommendation of the jury, and regardless of the testimony of some physicians who believed him to be insane. Now, Reformers of this Province are warned against having anything to do with the Blues. To have two prominent members of Sir John Macdonald's party defend the conduct of Riel on the occasion of Scott's death is to give the public as much evidence of the Tory party, and to vote with the Lower Canadians upon any other question because of their views on this issue as to offend in the estimation of the Mass. We are inclined to think very few will give much heed to such a line of policy. If these men who have so long acted with Sir John Macdonald were to drop into line tomorrow, we should hear nothing more of French separatism. The old war against the Reform party in this province would be carried on upon the old lines, and the Blues would be pictured to the public as men of great moderation and fairness. London Advertiser.

A Disinterested Opinion.

The Toronto Mail now pretends that the Liberal party violates all the proprieties, by charging the responsibility for the rebellion upon the government, but that was not always the opinion. Here is evidence to the contrary from that leading government organ made on July 8, last, sentences from which were given in yesterday's issue:

"It has never been denied by the Mail that the Metis had good ground for grievances. By the passage of the Manitoba Act of 1870, Canada had formally and finally recognized the right of the half breeds of that province to share in the Indian title, and it follows as a matter of course that if they had rights in the soil of Manitoba, those of them dwelling in the regions beyond had rights in the soil there. This admitted of no dispute. It must have been quite well understood by parliament in 1870: at all events the records show that the government of the day recognized the point, though a settlement was not then asked for. In spite of this recognition, however, and of the manifest and unanswerable logic of the Halfbreed case, the department for years and years steadily refused to move in the matter. It was a tangled question; it would involve the appointment of a commission and no end of trouble; St. Albert and St. Laurent were far distant dependencies without political influence; it was a claim that would be none the worse for blue-moulding in the pigeon-holes. This was the way in which the officials treated the just demands of the Metis, and we agree with Mr. Blake, that their negligence was gross and incurable, and contributed to bring about the insurrection."

Thus, it will be seen that an organ, no less unbiased than the Toronto Mail, admits Mr. Blake that the official "negligence was gross and incurable, and contributed to bring about the insurrection." Our contemporary may argue that it only intended to censure the officials; but it must know that under responsible government the cabinet ministers cannot thus shelter themselves. In truth if they could do so, the country might as well dispense with the cabinet, and leave the permanent departmental officials to run the administration. There, however, can be no question that the cabinet ministers are responsible for the actions of their subordinate officials, and therefore are chargeable with the gross and incurable negligence, which the Mail properly says contributed to bring about the rebellion. But our contemporary did not halt there. It went so far as to assign a motive for the Government's indifference to the prayers of the half breeds; and that motive was the fact that the Metis had no votes!

Metis had no votes! It may be easily depended upon, it would consciously do no injury; and, therefore, when it intimates that the lack of votes by the Metis prejudiced their claims in the eyes of the administration, it must be accepted as a spring by the book. Here are its own words:

"Had they had votes, like white men or like Indians they had been numerous enough to command respect and reverence; and, without doubt, the wheels of the office would have revolved for them; but being only half breeds, they were put off with an eternal promise until patience ceased to be a virtue. We repeat again that the departmental system under which such callous and cruel neglect of the rights of a portion of the community was possible, was wrong and should be censured."

The Mail of July 8, last, stated that this gross injustice should be censured; and it is certain that in January or February next, parliament will take our contemporary at its word. A vote of censure will be moved and probably carried. But strange to say that our contemporary is not pleased at the prospect of its excellent advice being carried into effect. It threatens civil war and the break up of Confederation as a consequence. As a consequence of what? Why, merely, of its own advice being responsible for the rebellion being censured by parliament. A Tory is naturally a discontented animal and one impossible of being pleased; and after this inconsistent exhibition by the Toronto organ of the ministry that opinion is confirmed. (Ottawa Free Press.)

The Best Cough Cure.

The best remedy for Cough and all Throat and Lung troubles, is one that loosens and dissolves the tough mucus, clears the bronchial tubes, and allays irritation. This is what Hagar's Balsam does in every case.

Get your auction sale bills printed at TAYLOR'S office. They are always done promptly and at low rates. Notice is drawn to sales through THE SIGNAL free of charge, which is read by thousands.

BOYS AND GIRLS who are growing rapidly, should, to ensure strong and healthy constitutions, be given regularly Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion, to keep up the waste, that is continually going on in the system during the growing period.

The Secret of Success.

The reason why Hagar's Yellow Oil is so popular with the people as a household remedy for pain, is in the fact that while many liniments only relieve, Yellow Oil both relieves and cures Rheumatism and all aches, pains, soreness and lameness.

A line in one of Moore's songs runs thus: "Our cheeks shall be rosy, be spangled with dew." To which a sensible girl replied: "It would give me the rheumatism and so it would you."

All the owners of homes in our village are delighted with the effects of Gile's Liniment Iodide Ammonia; it never disappoints. I know of some wonderful cures that have been made by it, other remedies having failed to accomplish the result. Gile's Liniment was successfully used by L. M. HORT, druggist, South Norwalk Conn. Sold by F. Jordan.

The aggregate annual cost of the armies of Europe is nearly \$750,000,000, and the average number of men with-drawn from industrial employments for military service is about 3,000,000.

A Happy Christmas!

By the Author of "Black Bramwell," "The Mistletoe Mystery," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

"Of all the flirts I ever knew that girl is the worst!"

"Which girl?"

"That one!" and as he spoke Mr. Scrope bowed to the flirt, and his companion did the same. She was walking with an elderly lady, and smiled in recognition of both gentlemen. Flirt or not, she was wonderfully pretty, with great brown eyes, soft sunny hair, and the daintiest rose-tint in her cheek.

"Look, here, Scrope! if you make a remark like that again about Miss Ashton I'll punch your head--by Jove I will!"

And Dr. Gerald Murche, standing five feet ten in his stockings, looked quite capable of doing it, as his dark blue eyes gazed from under their straight stern brows into the colorless orbs of his companion--colorless or nondescript, like the hair, and the moustache not quite hiding a vindictive mouth.

"What's Miss Ashton to you, may I ask?"

"That is my business, not yours. But if you are particularly anxious to know, I hope to call that lady my wife, and I object to your tone in speaking of her. Do you understand?"

"Oh! yes, I learnt English at school!" returned Scrope, into whose eyes had crept the green evil of jealousy. "But a good many may have that hope, my dear fellow--"

"I am going on!" said Murche, curtly; and he moved away as he spoke, leaving Philip Scrope to choose his own way, which was straight after the young lady he had called "flirt."

Dr. Murche went onward, not musing on the words, but on the subject of them--Miss Hilary Ashton, sole daughter of Sir Arthur Ashton, a kindly old Baronet with a craze for geology. Like Mrs. Bayham Badger's "dear second," he went about chipping bits of stone from public buildings; and at present he was chipping an old palace on the Mediterranean, leaving his daughter to the care of his deceased wife's sister in the small and scandal-loving town of Fairweather.

When Dr. Murche had bought the practice from old Dr. Jamieson's executors he had resolved, being young and ardent, to devote himself heart and soul to his profession. He had no thought of love or marriage--in fact was something of a misogynist; nevertheless, he soon made himself liked in the town, though people wished he wasn't quite so dreadfully in earnest. He was true as steel and as unbending, and he had a large share of that quality without which no man is manly--decision. And yet he, with all his strength of mind, with his sense of life's reality and earnestness, felt overhauled and ears in love with that frivolous little mortal, Hilary Ashton, a spoilt child--who knew nothing of life's seamy side, and cried if she couldn't go to a dance.

Dr. Gerald knew Hilary's aunt well enough; he was a favorite with the lady, who was a martyr to neuralgia in the head and temper. He had known her--with her grumbles and crochets, her queer gowns with great cords, and buttons and tabs, suggesting that she was upholstered rather than dressed--for a long time, and liked her fairly; but that was no reason why he should lose his heart to her niece.

He had tried very hard not to like her; he had drawn those black brows of his very sternly together when he had seen her amid a throng of gilded youth, her eyes dancing with pleased vanity. She loved admiration, and was a vain, frivolous butterfly to Dr. Murche, empty-headed and empty hearted.

"I hate doctors, they always remind me of codliver oil!" Hilary once declared to aunt Augusta, "and I detect Dr. Murche. I know he means his discourse on high heels for me. I wonder if he thinks I am tight-laced?"

"I don't suppose he thinks about you at all," replied aunt Augusta with a sniff.

When was it that she had consented to inspire Gerald with contempt? Was it not on that day when he had lifted from among the wheels of an overturned cab a child, bruised, and bleeding, and somehow, carrying it, tenderly as a woman, to the first house--the house of aunt Augusta? Was it not Hilary who took the little one from his strong arms so tenderly, so kindly, with great tears in her eyes, and her long hair drooping like an angel's wings over the little white face?

And when he went away she gave her hand to him with a smile, and he thought that those dainty fingers touched his as they had never touched man's before--that not even Phil Scrope had received a smile so sweet. He asked himself why he should find fault with her for her mirth and brightness; or a might as well call the sea shallow because its surface sparkled, as call her frivolous because she loved gaiety. He visited aunt Augusta more frequently than the neuralgia required, and soon

he and Hilary began to understand each other, though they had not yet attained that state of perfect love which casteth out fear and doubt. Of late there were certainly fewer "idiots dancing about" Hilary. Gerald had scared them away, according to aunt Augusta, but Phil Scrope had not deserted the shrub. He had an advantage over Murche too; he knew Hilary's idolized papa very well, and could talk by the hour about him to the daughter who loved him and was proud of him.

Dr. Murche tramped over the snow with an occasional glance at the stationers' shops, adorned as they were with cards and gifts.

"Ah! if I could only get Hilary to say yes," he thought, "it would indeed be for me a happy Christmas!"

Meanwhile Mr. Scrope had overtaken the ladies, and aunt Augusta invited him indoors--an invitation he accepted "just to warm himself."

Aunt Augusta was a fire-worshipper, and the room was all aglow with warmth and light. In a porcelain basket was a beautiful bouquet of hothouse flowers, having for centre one lovely white blossom with a cream heart.

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you, Miss Hilary," said Scrope when aunt Augusta had gone upstairs with her headgear.

"What about?" asked Miss Ashton.

"Your engagement to Dr. Murche."

"I am not engaged to Dr. Murche."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you were. From his way of speaking, you know, he certainly seemed as if he had the right to choose your friends for you, and so objects to my coming here."

"Why in the world should he object to you?" said Hilary, without interest.

"Jealousy! Ha, ha! By Jove, I feel flattered! But he evidently isn't a believer in the Tennysonian ideal."

"Trust me in all or not at all!" Hilary reddened a little; she and Gerald had had one or two disputes in re Scrope, and she had promised to be jealous of that young man no more.

Philip watched that rising color tranquilly; the proud, sensitive, impulsive nature of the girl was an open book to him.

"Murche is a fine fellow, though!" he went on meditatively; "believes that one should sacrifice everything to duty, don't you know! His duty is his profession."

"And that is noble enough!"

"Oh, yes, very; and he means to succeed in it--get to the top of the tree. And, you see, a married doctor, always gets on better than a single one, so I can understand his eagerness to marry. There's no nonsense about Murche. By the way, have you heard from Sir Arthur lately?"

Hilary answered something--she was not quite sure what. A poisoned arrow was ranking in her heart, and her pride was in arms. Did Dr. Murche simply seek her as his wife--from a professional point of view? and yet would dare object to the visits of an old friend?

"What lovely flowers!" said Scrope, when he was going. "Do you mind giving me one, Miss Hilary? May I take one?"

"Oh, certainly," said she, smiling, and he drew from the centre the white blossom, the very gem of the bouquet, airily fastening it in his coat.

As he left the house he encountered Dr. Murche, and the eyes of Dr. Murche went straight to that floral decoration.

He was very tired and a little annoyed; a fractious patient had disobeyed his orders, and reproached him with the consequences, and various other small things had cited him. The small things are the worst. Thackeray avers that if a man could have all the wealth, and fame, and rank possible, on condition of wearing two sharp pebbles in his shoes, he would forget all his splendors and give them up to get rid of those small trials.

Some of the wags of life had been stinging Dr. Murche all day, and the smart was not healed when he saw that flower, selected by himself and presented to Hilary, adorning the coat of Philip Scrope.

"So Scrope has been here?" he said to Hilary, entering the cheerful room where she was still smarting.

"Well! Does that break any of the laws?" she asked pettishly.

"Oh dear, no! Only, if you must give him flowers--and mind you, I'd rather you did not--you might take others besides those of my giving, Hilary."

"You are making a great fuss about nothing!"

"Am I! I know that I would not give away even a leaf of a flower you gave me."

"And may I ask, Dr. Murche, what right have you to dictate to me on any subject, even the most trifling?"

Gerald looked at her in astonishment. "I have not tried certainly--as yet."

"As yet? My dear sir, do you suppose you ever will have?"

He stared at the scornful lips and disdainful eyes with an air of consternation.

"Hilary, what do you mean? It is not possible that you have only been trifling with me?"

"Why not possible? Am I not a coquette--a flirt, a butterfly--and doesn't it add to my triumph to have so wise a man?"

"Now, look here, Hilary," said Dr. Murche in his brusque fashion. "I admit that at first I misjudged you; you forgive me that long ago--and since the day you said you loved me I have had perfect faith in you. If you are only trying me, you may as well stop now, because this is the sort of thing I can't stand!"

"You assume great authority, sir! But suppose I decline to sacrifice myself on the altar of your duty?"

"I do not understand one word you are saying, Hilary. What do you mean?"

"Is not your wife to be only the stepping stone to your ambition?"

A blue ray shot lightning like from Gerald's eye.

"I know where that comes from," he said very quietly. "There is ambition in me, certainly; but I think there is also self-respect. And if you listen to the malicious lies of Philip Scrope, I have only one thing to say, and that is 'good-evening!' I shall not need a second reminder that you are an heiress!"

"Gerald! Gerald! I didn't mean that!" cried the girl in swift penitence.

But Dr. Murche had gone, and Hilary was left to cry alone. She resolved to send her lover a penitent, humble note, and never again tease one so true and many; but her penitence, like many other things in life, came too late. His carriage rolled past the window later on, and aunt Augusta volunteered the information that Dr. Gerald had been summoned away to a consultation to be held some miles distant, and probably would not return for two or three days.

Even in that short space of time a good deal may happen.

CHAPTER II.

ALL PAIR IN LOVE OR WAR.

Never had Hilary been so wretched as she was on the day after her quarrel with Murche, for then she realized how dear he was, and what his loss would mean.

And she had sent him away so cruelly, reminding him of her miserable money. As though any wealth could buy a good man's heart. Everything reminded her of him; there was music he had given her; there books, his favorite Ruskin, his prized "Sartor Resartus," with all the magnificent passages marked for her edification. Close at hand was the Christmas season, when papa would return, and she had been plotting and planning his introduction to Gerald--Gerald who had gone away so hurt, so justly angry, and was not the man to be won back by a few tears.

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When aunt Augusta, an hour and half after Hilary's departure, returned home, she was amazed and alarmed to hear from the servants that Miss Ashton could not be found. Upstairs and downstairs, in every hole and corner, did the unhappy lady search, under the impression that her willful niece was somewhere in hiding. All in vain; and, half distracted, Miss Gresham rushed out just as she was, scarcely knowing what she did; and almost at her own gate she ran against a gentleman hurrying homewards through the snow.

"Good heaven, Miss Gresham! what is the matter?"

"Is it Gerald Murche? I thought you had gone."

"I got a telegram informing me that my services were not needed. But, my dear Miss Gresham, what are you doing out on such a night in this state?"

"Hilary has gone!" gasped aunt Augusta. "Oh, Gerald! won't you help me to find her?"

Dr. Murche stared; then he led Miss Gresham back to the house, and gave more coherent statement from her. A sudden suspicion made his black brows meet in one straight, angry line across his dark blue eyes.

"I will come back as soon as possible," he said, quietly; and leaving Miss Gresham to resume her vain search, he made his way to the station.

A week ago he had written to Sir Arthur Ashton, explaining the state of his feelings towards that daughter; and only last night after quarrel with Hilary, had he written following letter:

"HOTEL DE BALAIS.
"DEAR DR. MURCHE,--Do you know for your very frank wish which I shall answer in the most satisfactory manner. In the meantime, that from what I know of my sister, my feelings are very favorable."

"Favorably yours,
"ARTHUR HILARY ASHTON."

Armed with this letter, Gerald had intended to seek reconciliation with Hilary on the morrow; but now--when hope was at the highest--where was she?

"Perhaps I am unjust to her," he said, "only--"

A bribe, and a question of two addressed to a porter, and he learnt that Miss Ashton and Mr. Scrope had left together rather more than two hours ago--

"He had left Naples for England, Hilary, coming home to give us all a surprise, and as--at Dover he met with a serious accident, and he is lying there now."

"Is it serious?"

"Very," replied Scrope, gravely. "They telegraphed this to me by your father's wish; he knew that I would do my best for you, Hilary."

"Philip, I must go to my father," said Hilary, putting her hand on her lips to steady them.

"Yes, he asks for you. I will take you, Hilary. There is a train in fifteen minutes, and if you will hurry I will take you to the station."

"But I must see aunt Augusta, Philip; she is at Mrs. Morison's."

"There is no time to go there," said Scrope; "your father's message is 'Come at once.' If you wish to see him in life, Hilary--"

"Don't!" cried the girl, putting both hands to her ears for a moment, and she turned so white that he feared she was going to faint.

After a moment's silence, she spoke again:

"Give me the telegram; I will write to aunt, and leave it for her."

She sat down and wrote, as rapidly as the trembling of her fingers would allow, a note to her aunt, telling her whether she had gone and why, and begging that lady to follow; then enclosing the flimsy slip of pink paper Scrope handed to her, she put letter and all on the table where Miss Gresham would at once see it.

Hastening up stairs, she put on hat and mantle, her eyes blinded by tears as she thought of that good and loving father who had spoiled and petted her all his life. The Christmas she had believed would be so happy was, it seemed, to be most miserable.

She came downstairs speedily, and Scrope went to the front door with her, then all at once turned back.

"I have forgotten something," he said, returning to the drawing-room, to snatch up Hilary's note and thrust it into the very heart of the fire; then he went back to the girl patiently waiting in the hall, and they left the house together.

It was snowing fast, and there were few people about. When they arrived at the station Scrope had just time to rush to the booking-office, and then he assisted Hilary into a compartment, and sprang in himself.

"I did not know you were coming!" he said.

"Do you think I would allow you to go alone? What could you, with your inexperience, do? Besides, I too wish to see poor Sir Arthur!" was Scrope's answer.

Hilary was silent. She was too sorrowful for speech; and he, apparently respecting her grief, was mute and motionless also.

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a piece of information station-master.

"And that is the I'd have given my life himself, with axes he turned away, heart."

CHAPTER I.

VICTOR AND

When the train arrived, Miss Ashton was in a state of confusion. The young man, through his, and through the busy hotel.

A great lump rose in her throat, and she could scarcely see a short man in live companion, who was in an undertone, led the way up, threw open the sitting-room, which loved by Scrope, behind them.

"In