GRAPES AND THORNS. By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE wicked." HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED "As a

×

WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER IV. - CONTINUED. practice, nothing to speak of, every-thing went so well the last time." She was tying on her bonnet before hand, looking out at the carriage waiting at the gate. He did not seem

who will be sure to go to the concert and help along," she continued, twirl-ing lightly about to see if the volu-minous folds of her black silk train fell No other brand of Tobacco has ever en= joyed such an immense properly. She wanted Lawrence to sale and popularity in the same period as this to her; and the delicate lavender gloves, and bunch of scarlet geranium-flowers half lost in lace just behind her brand of Cut Plug and left ear, gave precisely the touch of color that was needed. But he stood immovable, watching the horses, per-Oldest Cut Tobacco manufac-

rowful.

her hand.

me very

report of the rehearsal before he comes

to it, and have it out to morrow morn-

' Are you ready ?" asked Lawrence,

turers in Canada.

OldChum

(CUT PLUG.)

**OLD CHUM** 

(PLUG.)

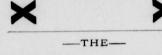


Plug Tobacco.

2

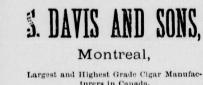
×

MONTREAL. Cut Plug, 10c. 1 1b Plug, 10c. 4 1b Plug, 20c.



## RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS "Mungo" "Kicker" "Cable."

Universally acknowledged to be superior in every respect to any other brands in the market. Always reliable, as has been fully demonstrated by the millions that are sold annually and the increasing demand for them, notwith standing an increased com petition of over One Hundred and Twenty five Factories. This fact speaks volumes. We are not *cheap* Cigar manufacturers





Why allow yous gray hair to make you look prema-turely old, when

"It is very true," she said calmly, after a moment's consideration. "I do not believe I ever did anything Miss Ferrier was a benefactor to their

nor intimate with her.

them.

had a dazzling fairness of complexion to which her simple brown dress was in

admirable contrast. Her eyes were

blue and almost always downcast, as if

she would wish to hide that full, un-

steady radiance that shone out through

charming than her manner - timid without awkwardness, and showing

that innocent reserve of a child which

Annette's kiss, to which she only sub-

Nothing could have been more

"As a rule, I don't like religious people," the young man observed; "but I've no objection to any of the The fact that they will wear able people who were neither related to nuns.

"I think our rehearsal may as well be also a little garden party," Annette said to him. "We need scarcely any practice, nothing to speak of, every-thing went so well the last time." Annette. Just think a minute, and you'll find it is so. Now, look at that a mirror in the drawing-room, and little Anita I saw up there once. She's Lawrence stood by a window, hat in as pink and white as the inside of a sea-shell, and her hair must be a yard long, and beautiful hair at that. Yet she is going to have those braids cut

to have heard her. "I should only ask a few persons off, and hide her face under a black bonnet. That means something. only hope she may not be sorry when it is too late. I'd like to talk with her. Ask to see her to-day, won't you." Annette's answer was very gravely notice her, for she was looking un-commonly well. Black was becoming to her; and the delicate lavender much opportunity for conversation with her.

He roused himself, just beginning to which lingered for some time after. She was one of those sensitive flowers take some interest in their talk. "You can manage it, Annette. Get that shrink from the slightest touch. her singing for me, then take Sister No love was delicate enough for her except that ineffable love of the Cecilia off out of the room.

haps, or watching nothing. Seeing him so abstracted, she looked at him a moment, remembering an old He spoke coaxingly, and with a faint smile; but she did not lift her story she had read of Apollo appren-ticed to a swine-herd. Here was one, "You know there must be no eyes. triffing with such a person, Lawrence she thought, who might have graced Olympus, yet who had been bound down to poverty, and labor, and dis-appointment. His pale and melan-choly face showed that he might be memory approximation on the success." cloistered snowdrop! Poor Annette, with her grieved and disappointed He threw himself back on the cush-

mourning even now his ignominious captivity. Thank God, she could help captivity. Thank God, she could help him! He should not always be so sorions again. "Oh ! if you are jealous, there is no more to be said about it." As she remained silent, he presently

He moved slightly, without looking stole a questioning glance into he toward her, aware of her silence, face, and, seeing the cloud on it, smiled again. It always amused him to see any evidence of his power over She checked, with an effort, the impulse women, and no proof could be strongen to go to him with some affectionate inquiry, and went on with what she had been saying. "We need the editors, "Don't be silly now, N

been saying. "We need the editors, of course, and I can ask Dr. Porson to bring Mr. Sales. They say he is very clever, and will bring the Aurora up again. They will give us puffs, you know. If I send the doctor a note this afternoon, he will tell Mr. Sales, this afternoon, he will tell Mr. Sales this evening, and he can write a nice little Be good, dear !"

That coaxing voice could still make ner smile, though it could no longer cheat her into delight. She looked at him indulgently, as one looks at a spoilt child whom one has no desire to

turning round from the window. "All but this." She gave him a reprove, yet sighs over. 'I will do what I can, Lawrence; but you must be careful not to behave so that the little gold glove-buttoner, and held out Sisters will wish to exclude you in "By the way," she said suddenly, future.

"have you heard the story about Mr. Schoninger?" "That's a good girl !"

Then his momentary gaiety dropped Lawrence let slip the tiny button he had just caught and stared at her in off like a mask. "Yes, I like to see that kind of re-ligion," he resumed. But I hate a gilt

Perhaps he remembered something that Jane the priest's house edged piety. I despise those people who are so nice that they call the devil 'the D., you know,' and whose religion is all promenade-dress keeper, had charged him not to tell. "Such a romantic story !" she said, smiling at having won his attention. "I forgot to tell you. They say that he has a lawsuit going on in England and genuflections. I suspect them. I was talking the other day with a lady about an immense property to which he is the rightful heir. It is from who said something about the 'D., you know,' and I answered, 'No, I don't know. What do you mean?' She had distant relative who left Germany for England a hundred years to say it; and I haven't a doubt she ago. He has no personal acquaintance always says it when she is angry. with any of the family there now ; but Bah !" ago. He has no personal acquaintance

ten years ago, he learned that the heirs They had reached the gate, and, see had died out leaving him nearest to the estate. He was then in Germany, riage there. But Sister Cecilia me riage there. But Sister Cecilia met them at the entrance, her welcoming and had a little property, on which he lived like a gentleman. He spent smile like a benediction.

every dollar he had in the effort to ob-As they entered the parlor, they sur tain his rights, but did not succeed. prised a little domestic tableau. The door leading to an inner room was had ended, and sat with her eyes Neither did he fail ; but more money downcast, the lashes making a shadow was needed. And that's the reason partly open, and braced against a chair on her smooth, colorless cheeks. why he came to this country and be-in which were a pail of steaming came a music-teacher, and why he water and a bar of soap. Sister Berna-"It is a sweet song," he said ; "but ou can sing what is far more difficult lives so plainly, and works all the dette, the chief music-teacher, held the and expressive. Sing once again, time. Lily Carthusen told me she heard that he sent money to England something stronger. Give me a loveevery quarter, and that all his earn-Her sleeves was rolled up to He trembled at his own audacity. panels. ings go into that lawsuit. the shoulders, a large apron covered and his face reddened as he brought "Lily Carthusen knows a great deal her from chin to slipper, and her vei out the last words. Would she start about other people's business," the was removed. As she scoured, her full, sweet face was uplifted, and her large up and rush out of the room? Would she blush, or burst into tears? young man remarked ungraciously. blue eyes watched the success of he She is one of the kind who peep into Nothing of the kind. She merely sat etters and listen at doors. I wouldn't with her eyes downcast, and her fingers labor with perfect earnestness and epeat any of her stories, Annette." good-will. resting lightly on the keys, and tried 'I only tell you, Lawrence," she A burst of laughter revealed the to recollect something. Then a little smile, faint from with-

than any other. She spoke of love in the last waking moment at night and the first one in the morning. There was no reason why she should fear the word. As to the rest, it was nothing the direct man, with sharp eyes that, looking through a pair of clear and re-markably lustrous glasses, saw the chink in everybody's armor. Those community, and, therefore, a person to be obliged. Otherwise they might not to receive a morning-call from fashion-" "Why did you come out, my dear?"

entry. "Sister Bernadette told me never to

Anita came in presently, as a moon-beams comes in when you lift the cur-tain at night. Softly luminous and without sound, it is there. This girl was rather small and dark-haired, and remain alone with a gentleman," Anita compared to the short laugh that replied simply.

Lawrence was just saying to himself He had not stirred the faintest ripple on the surface of her heart. It was a salutary mortification. Sister Cecilia carried in her hands a

man's large gray shawl. Opening it out, she threw it over their improvised She met Miss Ferrier sweetly, but was not the first to extend her hand ; and sofa, and tucked it in around the arms and the cushions. "It will do nicely," she said. "And we do not need it for wrap or a spread. Annette viewed it a little. "So it

mitted, left a red spot on her cheek will," she acquiesced. "A few large pins will keep it in place. But here is a little tear in the corner. Let me turn it the other way. There! that does nicely, doesn't it, Lawrence?" Spouse of virgins." Lawrence Gerald watched her with

She turned in speaking to him, but he was not there. He had stepped out enchantment. The immense gravity into the porch, and was beckoning Jack and respect of her salution to him had to drive the carriage up inside the made him smile. It was a new study grounds.

for him. How sunburnt and hackneved They took leave after a minute. Annette seemed beside this fair little "Be sure you all pray for the suc cess of our concert," was Annette's farewell charge to the Sister. "We are to have our last rehearsal toheart, which surely had not chosen the rough ways of the world, and would night."

She glanced into her companion's gladly have been loved and shielded as this girl had been, received scant charity from the man whose sole hope face as they drove along, but refrained from asking him any questions about she was. So are our misfortunes im his interview with Anita. His expres sion did not indicate that he had de Anita played admirably on the rived much pleasure from it.

piano, turning the music for herself. After her first gentle refusal of his help, Lawrence did not venture to press CHAPTER V. SHADOWS AND LILIES. the matter, fearing to alarm her timidity ; but he seated himself near and Mr. Schoninger came early to the

ffecting not to observe her, watched chearsal that evening, and, in his stately fashion, made himself unusu-ally agreeable. There was, perhaps, every movement. After the first piece, Miss Ferrier a very slight widening of the eyes, ex-pressive of surprise, if not of displeasand Sister Cecilia, seated by a distant

window, began to talk in whispers about various business affairs ; but as the gentleman by the piano was listen-ing, and pushed toward her a second sheet of music when she laid the first aside, the performer did not rise.

puted to us as crimes !

"Yes," Sister Cecilia was saying, ier eves fixed on a rough sofa the nuns had themselves stuffed cushions for, think there is something upstairs that will do to cover it. We have several

will try it again. large packages that have not been opened. They were sent here the day after Mother Chevreuse died, and we have had no heart to touch them since. There are some shawls, and blankets, and quilts that Mrs. Macon gathered for us from any one who would give.

I am sure we shall find something there that will do very well. "And now sing for me," Law-rence said gently, as Anita ended her second price. "I am sure you sing. You ....." He checked himself You . . . " He checked himself there, not daring to finish his speech. "You have the full throat of a sing-

ing-bird," he was going to say. He placed on the music-rack a simple little Ave Maria, and she sang

it in a pure, flute-toned voice, and with a composed painstaking to do her best that provoked him. He leaned a little, only a little, nearer when she

Dr. Porson was a tall, aquiline-faced.

**NOVEMBER 19, 1892.** 

who knew him would rather see lightning than meet the flash of his glasse asked Sister Cecilia, meeting her in the turned on them, and feel the probing glances that shot through, and thunder would have been music to their ears

greeted a sinister discovery. The other was Mr. Sales, the new

that, after all, her fear of staying with editor of The Aurora, a little wasp of a him was rather flattering, when she man. He had twinkling black eyes re-entered the room with Annette and that needed no lens to assist their the Sister, and came to the piano again. vision, and a thin-lipped mouth with a It was impossible for vanity to blind slim black moustache hanging at either corner, like a strong pen-dash made with black ink. Dr. Porson called them quotation-marks, and had a way of smoothing imaginary moustaches on his own clean-shaven face whenever the younger man said any very good

thing without giving credit for it. "A clever little eclectic," the doctor said of him. "He pilfers with the best taste in the world, and, with the innocence of a babe, believes everybody else to be original. He never writes anything worth reading but I want to congratulate him on his 'able scissors.' 'Able scissors ' is not mine," the doctor added, "but it is good. I found it in

Blackwood's.' These two gentlemen had arrived early, and, seated apart, in a side-window of the long drawing-room, crunched the people between their teeth as they entered. Between the

morsels, the doctor enlightened his companion, a new-comer in the city. regarding Crichton and the Crichton ians

"There's little Jones, the most irritating person I know," the doctor said. "By what chance he should have that robust voice I cannot imagine. times I think it doesn't come out of his own throat, but that he has a large ventriloquist whom he carries about with him. I shouldn't wonder if the fellow were now just outside that open sash. Did you see the way he marched past us, all dickey and boot-heels? A man who is but five feet high has no right to assume six foot manners ; he has scarcely the right to exist at all among well-grown people. Besides, they always wear large hats. Not but respect a small stature in a clever person," he admitted, with a side glance at Mr. Sales' slight figure. ure, when he saw Miss Ferrier's critics, but his salutation did not lack any necessary courtesy. He did not los 'We don't wish to have our diamonds his equanimity even when, later, while by the hundredweight. But common, they were singing a fugue passage, a sonorous but stupid bass came in enpudding-stone men must be in imposing masses, or we want them cleared away as debris."

thusiastically just one bar too soon. "I am glad you chose to do that to night instead of to-morrow night, sir," "Is Mr. Schoninger a pudding stone man?" the young editor asked, when that gentleman had passed them by. the director said quietly. "Now we

Dr. Porson's face unconsciously dropped its mocking. "If you should And yet Mr. Schoninger was, in his strike Mr. Schoninger in any way," he said, "you would find him profession, an object of terror to some of his pupils, and of scrupulous, if not anxious, attention to all; for not only flint. The only faults I see in the did he possess notably that exalted man are his excessive caution and musical sensitiveness which no true artist lacks, but he concealed under an secretiveness. He is here, evidently, only to get all the money he can, and habitual self-control, and great exactwhen he has enough, will wash his ness in the discharge of his duty, a hands of us; therefore, wishes for no intimacies. That is my interpretation. fiery impatience of temper, and hearty dislike for the drudgery of his He is a gentleman, however. A man

profession. must have the most perfect politeness "If your doctrines regarding future punishments are true," he once said to of soul to salute Mme. Ferrier as he did While they were speaking together she actually had the air of a lady F. Chevreuse, "then the physical part of a musician's purgatory will be to her look after him. It is an art which listen to discords striving after, but we critics cannot learn, sir, that of set never attaining to, harmony, and his ting people in their best light. Of hell to hear sublime harmonies rent and course it would spoil our trade if we did learn it; but, for all that, we miss something. Schoninger is a Jew, distorted by discords. I never come so near believing in an embodied spirit of evil as when I hear a masterpiece of to be sure, but that signifies nothing. one of the great composers mangled by a tyro. I haven't a doubt that Chopin or Schumann might be played so as to When you say that a man believes this heave ma into a that, it's as though u said, And F. Chevreuse had answered this or that. The world moves. Why, after his kind : "And your spiritual sir, a few years ago, we wouldn't have purgatory, sir, will be the recollection spoken to a man who ate frogs any of those long years during which you have persisted in playing with one thumb, as a bleak monody, that divine more than to a cannibal ; and now we are so fond of the little reptiles that there isn't a frog left to sing in the trio of which all the harmonies of the swamps." "But," Mr. Sales objected, "society universe are but faint echoes." Nothing of this artistic irritability has established certain rules-" then stopped, finding himself in deep water. "Undoubtedly," the doctor replied, appeared to-night, as we have said. In its stead was a gentleness quite new as gravely as though something had been said. "The Flat-head Indians n the musician's demeanor, and so slight as to be like that first film o coming verdure on the oak, when, now, who seem to have understood the ome spring morning, one looks out science of phrenology, think it the and doubts whether it is a dimness of proper thing to have a plateau on the the eyes or the atmosphere, or a budtop of the head. Their reason is, probding foliage which has set swimming ably, a moral rather than an æsthetic those sharp outlines of branch and one. They know that the peaceful and twig. "He is really human," Annette placable qualities, those which impel a man to let go, are kept in little chamwhispered to Miss Pembroke; bers in the front top of the brain. Honora smiled acquiescence, though They have other use for their attics. she would scarcely have employed such So they just clap a board on the baby's soft head, and press the space meant an expression for her thought. She had already discovered in Mr. Schonfor such useless stuff as benevolence inger a very gentle humanity. Low as the whisper was, his ears and reverence back, so as to increase the storage for the noble qualities of firmness and self-esteem. That is one caught it, and two sharp eyes, watch firmness and self-esteem. of the rules of their society ; and I have him, saw an almost imperceptible tremor of the eyelids, which was the always considered it a most striking only sign he gave. The owner of and beautiful instance of the proper these eyes did not by any means apemployment of means to an There is a certain sublime and simple prove of the manner in which their leader had given Miss Pembroke her directness in it. No circuitous, cen music that evening, leaving the other tury-long labor of trying to square the ladies to be served as they might ; still fluid contents of a round vessel, but less did she approve of the coldness with just a board on the head. That, sir, should be the first step in evangelizing which her own coquettish demands on his attention had been met. the heathen-shape their heads. When scarcely worth while to submit to the you want a man to think in a certain drudgery of rehearsing, in a chorus too, if that was to be all the return. way, put a strong pressure on his contradictory bumps, and preach to him Rising carelessly, therefore, and allowafterwards. That's what I tell our minister, Mr. Atherton. There he is ing the sheet of music on her lap to fall unheeded to the floor, Miss Carthusen now, that bald man with the fair hair. He is a glorious base. His great-grandfather was a conceited Anglo-Saxon, and he's the fourth power of sauntered off toward where Miss Ferrier's two critics sat apart, taking busily, having, apparently, as she had anticipated, written their reports of the him. The reason why he does not berehearsal before coming to it lieve in the divinity of Christ is be-These critics were a formidable pair. cause he was not of Anglo-Saxon birth."

NOVEMBI

sharp zigzags, st silence

"That was't when she ended The younger with such enth blushed with ple but one thing to

fect," he said, "

sorrow.

"Yes, as I w time ago," the are a liberal and Crichton. We Everybody is we We are æsthetic. picturesque. V seeing an intere dren shot with would fall with mother would a attitude. In li shine ! We have

Carthusen, now poetry. How ni conceit of Monta is peculiar beca ities. I've forg I read him. II new edition tha has peeped into of. But yester e it scintilling the Olympian of

over the well Fleur-de-lis." The young He had never re announced this and remarkable writer to be a g choose to tell D "What would

ing his eyebroy philosophical r the paper ; an good thought a originals. Ho

Here Annett again. Strange th night," said th

glasses for a clooks well, too.

tion of her lo the kind of fel takes a fancy young man wi secret sorrow, ing reference awrence G and seemed to pation of cuttir slices with his ing his mother tress. But wh he looked up seeming to b And, looking little, expressi surprise, as if thing worth lo not noticed be observe, he m that Miss Ferr beautiful. Ti

There is a light, when th cheeks, the lip does not touch shine with a may well be r With such feve radiant this e ment of singing added the last The progra chiefly of pop old-fashioned popular, part had attained

of the superficia



London, Ont., Can.

eplied humbly pectators to her. Mr. Gerald stood

"Well, I don't believe a word of it, ust within the room, bowing pro "Schoninger is a fine felfoundly, with gravity and some diffihe said low; and people imagine there is some lence, but the two ladies were thor mystery about him, simply because he won't tell everybody his business, and oughly amused.

"Would you not think," cried Siste who his grandfather and grandmother Cecilia. "that she expected to see tha dingy old door turn between her hand There are thousands of persons were. in this city who, if you should keep into the great pearl of the New Jerusa one room in your house locked, would You certainly did expect a lem gate? believe that it was full of stolen miracle, Bernadette.

Sister Bernadette's blush was but goods. They were going out through the momentary, only the rapid color of sur door now, and Annette assumed a bright smile. No one must see her prise that faded away in dimples as sh smiled. Her sleeves were pulled down looking mortified or sad, least of all when she was with Lawrence. She and her veil snatched on in a trice and she went to meet their stepped lightly into the carriage, and with an air that would have adorned a gave her order with the air of one drawing-room. "To

anticipating a charming drive. "Sister is a witch." she said. "I was the convent, Jack, straight through thinking of the gates of the New Jeruthe town, and slowly salem, though not expecting a mir Which meant that they intended to acle. have some conversation, and were not

This lady, whom we find scrubbing unwilling to be observed. a door, with her sleeves rolled up,

"I always like to see the Sisters was the child of wealth and gentle when I am out of tune," Miss Ferrier said. "They are so soothing and blood. She had beauty, talents and culture, and her life had been without heerful. Besides, they are brave a cloud, save those little ones that only They fear nothing. They are not always quaking, as people in the enhance the surrounding brightness Yet she had turned away from the

world are. They have the courage of children why know that they will be world, not in bitterness and disappointment, nor because it was to her un taken care of. I always feel stronger after being with them. Not that I am beautiful, but because its fragments of beauty served only to remind her of usually timid, though. I think I have the infinite loveliness. She had not Sister Cecilia's enthusiasm ; but her nore courage than you, Lawrence.

She smiled playfully, giving her heart was a fountain for ever full of true words the air of a jest. love, and cheerfulness, and a gentle He looked straight ahead, and igcourage. courage. She seemed to live in a sunny, spiritual calm above the storms nored the jest. "You have a clear conscience, that is the reason," he reof life plied. "It's the old serpent in the tree that makes it shaky."

After a few graceful words, she took leave, promising to send Anita to

in, touched the corners of her mouth, her eves were lifted fully and fixed on air, and she sang that hymn beloved by S. Francis Xaverius :

"O Deus ! ego amo te."

It was no longer the pale and timid novice. Fire shone from her uplifted eyes, a roseate color warmed her transparent face, and the soul of a smile hovered about her lips. It was the bride singing to her Beloved.

When she had finished the last words, the singer turned toward the window, as if looking to Sister Cecilia for sympathy, knowing well that only with her could she find it, and per ceived then that she was alone with Lawrence Gerald.

Annette, half ashamed of herself for doing it, had kept her promise, and lured the Sister out of the parlor on ome pretext.

Anita rose immediately, made the gentleman a slight obeisance, and lided from the room without uttering word.

When she had gone, he sat there confounded. "She a child !" he mut-"She is the most self-possessed and determined woman I ever met. The love-song he had asked for addressed to God, and her abrupt departure, were to his mind proofs of the most mortifying rebuff he had ever received.

But he mistook, not knowing the difference between a child of earth and a child of heaven. That he could mean any other kind of love song than he one she had sung never entered

for they criticised everybod; and Here, across the pianissimo chorus everything. One of them added to a which made the vocal accompaniment Anita's mind. Love was to her man's sarcasm a woman's finer malice, an everyday word, oftener on her lips which pricks with the needle-point. voice flashed like lightning in clear,

woman who Schoninger's cult aria. such a requ success. "Mademois

in executing

charming, an

and operatic

em. It w

" you have a of the Pattis Y ginning. Y bet of music poems. Who Norma, I w teacher who то One of t satire in lite cursory read

the point of in J. M. B where the b his comrade musician, as of him, mot sore sight, stoned him : Martyrs." gospel of re

last eight wo A movem purchase of which has be the sepulche sition has r covering the 000, which ' ground and

rilege and d Giv GENTLEME medicine can benefit I der from headac nearly three great success and I now en

THE WII Milburn's Cod delicious in t power. MILBURN' restores stre rich red blood Why go li corns, when Corn Cure wi and you will

Minard's Li