

J. J. CALLANAN,

Peet, etc., dated 18th September.

He was calm, he was kind, he was gentle in manner. No form more slight, no cheek ever so wan. No heart was more true, and no spirit was prouder.

As yet in his childhood, so bright was each look. That often and often again was it spoken. "His thoughts for this cold earth, he never is framing.

From where in the North all the mad waves are splashing. An Antrim's wild rocks as the fury is dashing. To where, through each valley, by brake and by bigland.

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes F. Craig.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIX.

"IT IS GOOD TO BE LOYAL AND TRUE."

Early in the December of that year, some who read this may recall a fashionable wedding, with which the papers of that day rang. It was a magnificent affair, quite royal really.

What mother would not have wanted to see her darling, her one and only lamb, safely from the storms of life in manly and martial arms, and with five thousand a year pin-money settled on her for life?

whose beauty and wealth had been so much talked of. People looked at her eagerly on this occasion, and those who saw her for the first time were apt to be disappointed.

"That beautiful Mrs. Nolan—that pale, almost sickly looking girl? Absurd! She is no more a beauty than I am."

"My dear sir, you have heard of the youth who loved and who rode away? Well, that is precisely the case here. Her knight has gone to the wars, gayly says the bride, at the breakfast table half an hour later to one of those wondrous inquiries."

"The only reason," answers Mrs. Vanderdonck, with her most caustic laugh. "Oh, you may wear that unbelieving face if you please, but it is perfectly true! Quite a pastoral, a New York idyll, a bit of Arcadia, a love sonnet, this marriage of my cousin Sydney's."

"And out of her bosom there grew a red rose, And out of Lord Lovell's bride's hair— hums Mrs. Vanderdonck under her breath as she goes up to her maiden bower to change her dress. But there is a touch of envy in her mockery."

"The church was a fad; and as the bride floated in gleam of satin and glimmer of pearls, an audible murmur of: 'How lovely!' ran through the house. These are the hours in which we are made indeed to feel that virtue is its own reward, and that 'Patient virtues are no losers.'"

Seven weeks had elapsed since his departure, and no letters had passed between them. What was there for either to say? She carried the solemn farewell letter close to her heart; she read it again and again, with eyes blinded in tears; but she never answered."

conundrums as to what that mythical Santa Claus—no myth, but a jovial reality to Master Ted—might bring. The child was in one bright spot in Sydney's life, it is impossible to stagnate, even in the profoundest grief, with a jolly, romping, shouting, noisy, bounding human boy, as Mr. Chaddband hath it, in the house, whose lusty yells ring from mansard to cellar."

"Mrs. Nolan was very busy; there was no end of surprises to buy for him, a package to send to mamma out in her Chicago School, mamma who had promised to come and spend New Year's week with her boy. There were mother's presents, and Lucy's, there were hosts of poor people to supply with turkeys, and coals, and blankets, and beef; and last, but not least, there was a box to go to Virginia, to one whose Christmas it wrung the young wife's heart to think of—something to let him know that, although separation was written between them, love would last the same to the end."

"The day before Christmas eve Mrs. Nolan, with Teddy as attendant cavalier, drove down Broadway, shopping. Master Frederick Carey delighted in this sort of thing; the shops and the people were never-ending sources of jubilee. He had but one unsatisfied ambition, and that was to mount the perch beside coachman Thompson, in top boots and gilt hat band, and sit with his small arms folded across his small chest, a footman William. But this Aunt Sydney would in no wise allow, and Teddy glared his dimmutive nose to the glass, while aunt got out and went into the big stores on Broadway."

"On one of these occasions the carriage was studding in front of a milliner's establishment; Mrs. Nolan, who had been for half an hour in the place, was crossing the pavement to re-enter, when one of two gentlemen, sauntering up arm-in-arm, stopped suddenly with a look of startled recognition. Instantly an eye-glass went up to two handsome, short-sighted blue eyes, in a long surprising stare."

"The other enters the great millinery emporium; advances to a shop girl—I beg her pardon—sales-lady, and removes his hat. 'Will you have the great kindness, madam, to flutter that rising infection, that fluttering of vowels, that instantly bespeaks the Englishman to American ears, to tell me the name of the lady who has just left—the lady in black and adslskins.'"

"Certainly, my dear fellow," responds his friend, politely, but with a puzzled look; and the owner of the eye-glass hails an up-to-date stage, gets in, and is jolted toward 126 West—tenth street. He finds the number and rings the bell. Jim—his aid and black—an eruption of buttons all over his sable breast, a beaming smile on his ebony face—admits him, and takes his card. His mistress has just returned, and she has removed her bonnet and jacket, and is sitting, tired and listless before the fire. She takes the proffered card, with a half-weary, half-impatient sigh, but the moment she looks at it all listlessness vanishes. She sits upright and stares at it blankly as half an hour before its owner had stared at herself; for the name she reads is: Frederick Dunnith Carow!"

"She sits stumped. Mr. Carow here! She has never thought of that. Has he discovered that 'Teddy'—but, no! he is not aware of Teddy's existence. Rare chance has driven him to her. No doubt he is in search of his wife, and what is she to say to him? Tell the truth she cannot, tell an untruth she will not. She stands pledged to Cynthia to keep the secret of her hiding-place a secret from all; and yet if Cynthia's husband has forgiven her and has come back in search of her, how is she to send him away disappointed? She sits still, blankly looking at the card, not in the least knowing what she shall say or do. 'Gen'lman's in the drawing room, missis,' hints black Jim, thinking his mistress has studied that card long enough. She rises, with a bewildered feeling, and goes down. Mr. Carow, hat in hand, stands up and bows, and in spite of the golden tan, in spite of the profuse blonde beard, she recognizes him instantly. 'Mr. Carow, she says, and comes forward, holding out her hand. I have not been mistaken,' he rejoins, smiling; 'I thought I was not, although your new name puzzled me for a moment. That you were married was news to me, and late in the day although it may be, permit me to offer my felicitations.'"

"You were always her best friend. She never cared to make many friends, poor Cynthia! but she loved and trusted you. If any one could help me in my search, I knew you were that one; and I am sure, if you have the power, you also have the will."

"But Mrs. Nolan, looping and unlooping that slender cable of dull gold, does not reply. 'During the past four years,' pursues Mr. Carow, with a grave earnestness of manner that becomes him, 'I have been in India. I do not deny that I left Canada in a very reckless and desperate frame of mind—'

"I exchanged and went to India,' goes on the gentleman, who does not notice the smile and who is in profound earnest himself. 'I had made up my mind to forget my wife, to banish her from my heart, to see her no more, come what might. In the first heat of anger this seemed easy; when anger cooled, and I found myself fairly in it, I discovered that forgetfulness was impossible. I saw my folly, my wrong, even when it was too late, in deserting her, in throwing her on the world, a forsaken wife, and I would have given worlds to undo it. But it could not be undone—all I could do I did. I wrote to Montreal, and found out she had been disinherited by her aunt, and quitted Canada, had been sick in Boston hospital, had been provided with funds by the kindness of Mr. McKelvin, and had then disappeared. All my efforts to learn further have been useless. I would have written to you, but your address I did not know, I will not try to tell you what I have suffered in those years, thinking of my poor girl, deserted, friendless, alone. It half maddened me at times. Then a sudden change in my fortunes came. My uncle, the late Lord Dunrith, died, and remembered me in the most handsome manner in his will. I immediately sold out, returned to England, and from thence here. I only landed two days ago, and it seems as if Providence had interposed in my behalf, in our signal reconre on Broadway. If Cynthia would go to any one in her loneliness, it would be to you. Tell me where to find her; I have long ago forgiven all, and I will owe you a debt I can never repay."

"What shall she say? His earnestness, his loyalty, his unchanged love, have touched her to the heart; she can gauge the measure of his feelings and his longings by her own. Will it indeed be a branch of faith if she tells? Will Cynthia be angry? In any case she has promised, and cannot break her word. She sat silent, distressed. She knows he can read in her face her reluctance to speak, and a great and sudden fear blanches his. 'You do not answer,' he says. 'You look troubled. Mrs. Nolan, my wife is not dead? 'Oh, no, no!' she cries out. 'Heaven forbid! She is alive, and safe, and well—'

"She does not finish. Fate is coming to the front, and taking the matter in her own hands. There is a shout outside, the door flies open, and there bounds in briskly Master Teddy, all azure velvet, white ruffe, and gold curls, calling as he comes: 'Auntie Sydney!' Auntie Sydney sits with clasped hands, her breath taken away by this dramatic denouement. Teddy espies the stranger, and comes to a stand still, and surveys him with dauntless black eyes. Mr. Carow smiles in a friendly way, but something in the lustrous black eyes seems to disconcert him too. 'Come here,' he says, and extends the hand of acquaintance. 'Teddy, never averse to adding to his list of friends, comes promptly, and permits himself to be lifted upon the gentleman's knee. Sydney sits motionless, perfectly pale. 'What is your name?' asks Mr. Carow, the inevitable first question always, to a child. The dark, bright eyes look up at him with an answering smile, and the prompt response comes. 'Teddy Carow!'

"A NEW YEAR GIFT. No need of one word further—no need of more than one startled glance at Mrs. Nolan's agitated face. Frederick Carey comprehends that it is his son he holds on his knee. He grows white for a moment; then he stoops and kisses the bright, pretty face. It is a moment before he speaks, and then with a tremor of the voice that Sydney detects. Her own eyes are full of tears. 'How old are you, Teddy,' he asks. 'Five years,' promptly responds Teddy. 'Ain't it, Auntie Syd?' 'And where is mamma all this time?' 'Oh! mamma's away—ever so far away,' replies Teddy, with a vague wave of his arm; 'out there, where the cars come from. Me and mamma came to New York in the cars.' Master Teddy's powers of speech, as you may perceive, have improved. 'And I have got a wookin-hoss, and a goat-carriage, and a gun; and Santa Claus is going to bring me heaps of things on Christmas Eve—ain't he, Auntie Sydney? To-morrow's Christmas Eve, runs on Teddy, imparting all this information without once drawing his breath, and 'I've got to hang up my stocking and Santa Claus will come down the chimney and fill it. Ain't it hunky?' 'Santa Claus has brought you something already, Teddy, that you didn't expect.' 'What?' demands Teddy, opening his ebony eyes. 'Your father. I think you must be my little boy, Teddy. Hasn't mamma told you you had a papa somewhere?' 'Yes,' says Teddy, with an intelligent nod; 'papa's away in England—ain't it England, Auntie Syd? and mamma don't know he's comin' back. I say, Bless papa, and mamma and Auntie Sydney, and Uncle Lewis, every night, don't I, Auntie Syd? Is you my papa?' asked Ted, calmly, looking up in his new friend's face. 'I am your papa, Teddy. Won't you give me a kiss for the news?' 'Teddy gives the kiss, and receives the information without any undue excitement. He accepts his long-lost parent with composure, and as a matter of course; and proceeds to inform him that Uncle Lewis has gone to the war, and how greatly that untoward event has put him (the informant) out. This, and a great deal more varied and miscellaneous information, Fred Carey, junior, pours into the listening ear of Fred Carey, senior, until Sydney finds that the first shock, half painful, half-pleasant, is over, and that there is nothing for it but a frank confession of the whole. 'That will do, Teddy,' she interposes. 'Kiss papa again and run away. Auntie Sydney wants to talk to him, and it is time for Teddy's supper!'

"The last clause of this address is effective. 'Teddy is a frank gourmand—is he not a man-child?—any one might win his heart through his stomach. He slips like an eel off papa's knee, and darts away in search of the commissariat. Mr. Carow and Mrs. Nolan are left alone, the lady visibly embarrassed, the gentleman with a smile on his lips and a look in his eyes that makes Sydney's whole sympathetic heart go out to him. 'There is not much for you to confess, he says; that much I know you will confess; her attendant had been Bertie Vaughan; now she stood alone. 'Dearest Cy!' 'Dearest Sydney!' Kisses, smiles, ejaculations, etc., etc. 'How well you look, Cynthia! Sydney cries out in admiration. 'You are a perfect picture of health and happiness.' 'I am perfectly well in health, Cynthia answers, gravely; and yes—in a way—I am happy, too. But you, dear child, how changed you are since last September.' 'Changed—yes,' Sydney says, and the anguish of memory is in face and voice. 'Your husband has rejoined the army,' says Cynthia, looking at her with those far-seeing, thoughtful, dark eyes. She makes a motion of assent; not even to Cynthia can she speak of him. 'I would have brought Ted,' she observes, as they fly along through the twilight streets, 'but—well, the fact is, the little ingrate was so taken up with a gentleman friend of mine, who has lately won his fickle affections, that he declined to come. Ah! Cy, you don't know what a blessing Teddy has been to me. What shall I do when you take him away?' 'It may be years before the catastrophe happens,' says Mrs. Carey, with a half smile, half sigh. 'I seem to be as far off a home as ever.' 'They reach the house; Sydney's heart is beating fast with excitement. Cynthia is eager, but calm. She leads her to an upper room. 'Ted is here,' she says, 'go in, and find him and away.' Cynthia enters. One pale star of gas alone lights the apartment, and in the middle of the room, a huge Noah's ark between his sturdy legs, and a million, more or less, it seems to his mamma, sits Master Teddy absorbed. 'My boy! my Teddy!' cries 'Teddy's mamma, and Ted is suddenly caught up and hugged. 'Oh, my darling, how good it seems to see you again!'

Need I tell you that if I had known this, nothing would have held me away? I owe you more than I can say; thanks I will not attempt. Mr. wife has, indeed, found that rare treasure, a true friend, in you."

"Oh, hush! Sydney exclaims; 'I have done nothing—nothing. The favor has been done me in giving me Teddy. Yes, Mr. Carow, I will tell you what I may, not where Cynthia is at present, for that I have promised not to tell, but everything else as she has told it to me.' Then Sydney, in an agitated voice, begins and relates the episode of Cynthia's unexpected coming with Teddy, and repeats the story Cynthia has told. Of her intense longing for the stage, and of her conquering that longing because he had once said it was not fitting for her, or rather, that she was not fitted for the life. 'I will not betray trust,' she says; 'you shall not go to her, but she shall come to you. As you have waited so long, Mr. Carow, you shall wait one week more. Cynthia has promised to come and spend New Year with me and see Teddy, whom she has not seen for three months. You shall wait, Mr. Carow. Meantime, I shall expect you to come and see Teddy very constantly, and if by chance you should happen in some day when Mrs. Carey is here—why I shall not be to blame—you understand?'

"She gives him her hand, with a reflection of Sydney's own bright, saucy smile, and Fred Carey lifts that little hand, and kisses it. 'I cannot thank you,' he says, his low voice husky, his honest, blue eyes dim; 'you are, indeed, a friend. I will do whatever you say, but it will be the longest week of my life.' So Mr. Carey departs, and Mrs. Nolan goes up stairs, and surprises Master Ted by suddenly catching him in her arms, and kissing and crying over him. 'Oh! my Teddy—my Teddy,' she says, 'am I to lose you too?'

"This performance on the part of Auntie Syd does not surprise Teddy—indeed nothing ever does surprise that youthful philosopher very greatly—but it discomposes his feelings and dampens his ruffe, and he cavalierly cuts it short. 'I ain't goin' to get lost,' says Teddy, eyeing Auntie Sydney's tears with extreme disfavor; 'what's you cryin' 'bout now. 'Cause my papa's gone?' 'Not exactly, but because I am afraid your papa will take you, Teddy.' 'Will he take me to Uncle Lewis?' demands Teddy, brightening up. 'Cause I want to go to Uncle Lewis. Auntie Syd, why don't you take me to Uncle Lewis come back?'

"It is a daily question on the child's lips, and it wrings the wife's heart to hear it. Teddy's one grand passion, outside of sweetmeats, is Uncle Lewis; never once has that devotion flinched. He has even howled at times over his prolonged absence, and tears and howling are weaknesses study little Ted, as a rule, disdains. Mr. Carey accepts Mrs. Nolan's invitation, comes every day, and spends many hours with her and his boy. Ted fraternizes with his father in an off-hand, indignant sort of way—he is very well, this new papa of his, Teddy seems to consider, his presents are many and handsome, but he is not to be compared to Uncle Lewis. To sit, while Mrs. Nolan's needle flies, and talk to her of the old days, and 'Beauty,' and their runaway honeymoon, their brief married life, and the still older vagabond days in London, when Jack Hendrick's dingy lodgings were brightened and gladdened by the smiling presence of 'Little Beauty Hendrick,' is the delight of Frederick Carey's present life. Of that dreadful day when they parted, he says little—that little to make excuses for Cynthia, not very logical perhaps, but which do Sydney never fails to hear. In the intervals, for he cannot always sit at Mrs. Nolan's side and 'Beauty,' he goes forth with his little son, drives him through the park and the city streets, and becomes a frequenter of toy stores and bakeries to the most charming extent; and Teddy is in a fair way of being killed by kindness and confectionery. A new interest has been added to Sydney's Christmas, fortunately for herself for the great troubles of life come most keenly home to all of us on this joyful anniversary of Peace on earth, good-will toward men. All the presents are bought, two packages are sent—one to Virginia, without a word or message, for it she speaks at all she will say too much—the other to Chicago, with a cheerful little letter, which ends thus: 'I send you a little Christmas token which I know you will value for my sake, and I have something here you will value far more, for a New Year's gift. Do not fail to come, let nothing detain you. Ted longs to see mamma—this last a pure fiction, for Ted has expressed no desire on the subject—and Sydney longs to kiss Cynthia.'

"Something you will value far more for a New Year gift—it was not Sydney's way to allude in that manner to her own generous gifts. She was generous—the little packet contained a cable chain, with a large locket suspended, set with rubies, and within Ted's picture, and a curl of his amber hair. Cynthia kissed the fair child's face, and the black, brilliant eyes grew soft and dewy. 'Dear little Syd,' she said, 'it is a heart of gold.' Her present came on Christmas Day. The school had broken up until the second week of January, and on the third day after, Cynthia Carey, looking handsome, and stately, and elegant, with much more the air of a grand dame than a poor governess, took the train for New York. Cynthia's splendid vitality was something to marvel at; her health was perfect, her five years of trouble and toil had not altered her character but not her beauty. That had but grown ripe and perfect; maturity had had a charm and sweetness of its own. Cynthia Carey, the teacher, was a far nobler woman than Cynthia Hendrick, Miss Dofmer's wardward, willful, haughty and nice. She tried to read as the train flew along, but in vain. The old, wild love of freedom was strong still, and for a week she was free—free to seek her boy, to be with Sydney, and talk of the dear old days forever gone. Where was he this Christmas? she thought, with a sharp contraction of the heart. Did he ever think of her now? Was she remembered only in cold, slow, pitiless anger? or worse, not remembered at all? Slow to wrath, Fred Carey was slow also to forgive, and hers had been an offence few men would have found easy to pardon. Oh, if the past could but come over again, and she were free once more to choose between Miss Dofmer's money and Fred Carey's love. Men looked at her as she sat there quite alone, her book lying unopened in her lap, her dark, brooding eyes fixed on the flitting wintry landscape, and turned and looked again. She was the sort of woman men always look at, but the coquette's spirit was dead within her, with many other evil things. The long, dreary, weary railway journey ended at last, and the train rushed thunderously into the New York depot. There on a platform, as she had once before awaited her in the Wyckoff station, stood Sydney. Then

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"There! exclaims Teddy; 'you've upset my fellanant and broke his trunk. Has you brought me anything in your pocket, mamma?'

"Little gourmand! Something in my pocket is all you care for. Are you not glad to see mamma at all? 'Oh, yes, I'm glad; Teddy rejoins, in his calmest accents, and all the while with a regretful eye upon the prostrate elephant. 'Will you help me put my bestnesses in the ark again? I can get 'em out easy, but I can't get 'em in.' To be continued.

"The pure flour of the finest Mustard Seed without any adulteration or dilution." This is the report of the Government Analyst on the only Genuine Mustard. Users of this article may just as well buy the best. This is the only pure brand in the market, all others being what is called "Mustard Condiments," that is mustard mixed with farina, etc., and do not possess the pungent aromatic flavour of the genuine article—Be sure you get "Colman's" with the Bull's Head on every tin. 11-G

"The BEST AND SUREST REMEDY IN the world for all diseases with which children are afflicted during the process of teething, is MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, and, by giving quiet sleep to the child, gives rest to the mother. 7-4

MORE PEOPLE, ADULTS AND CHILDREN, are troubled with worms, than would be supposed by those who are not physicians. A poor appetite to-day, and a ravenous one to-morrow, often result from these pests, whose existence is never dreamed of. Eat BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS or Worm Lozenges, and if the cause be worms, you will be cured. 7-2

Persons suffering from Bile, Indigestion and Costiveness are recommended to try Dr. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS and PURGATIVE PILLS, which in hundreds of cases have not only given relief, but have effected a cure. They contain no mercury, and require no restraint in diet or exercise. Prepared only by MURTON H. BUISSETTE, PROPRIETOR, MONTREAL.

COLDS.—A MEDICINAL PREPARATION in the form of a Lozenge is the most convenient. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" allay irritation which induces coughing, giving relief in Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, Consumptive and Asthmatic complaints. 7-2

MANY PEOPLE SUFFER TERRIBLY by cramps in the limbs. A plentiful application of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment will give instant relief. Cramps come on suddenly, and it is not well to wait until the attack is gone and buy a bottle at once and have it ready, waiting for the dolorous wretch. 7-4