BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF

CHAPTER VIII.

I had a glorious welcome, as I knew I should have. Etienette greeted me with enthusiasm and danced all about me, clapping her hands and laughing gleefully. The boys, Remy and Frank, fine fellows of eighteen and fourteen, were delighted to have an old companion in mischief turn up, and Mrs. bert, though I liked her the least of any in the family, was certainly not lacking in cordiality. It was the first time we in cordiality. It was the first time we had all met together since Alix's death, and there was, of course, a sense of desolation, of a vacant place that never could be filled, but we did not allude to her openly, and I was too glad to be again in this dear home atmosphere to yield to sadness. Of late the air I breathed had been tainted with cynicism and unbelief, and I had felt a certain sense of contamination, even though not sense of contamination, even though not ielding to these influences. But the healthy air of home sanctity and affection blew away the murky vapors. breathed it in greedily, strengthened and uplifted by the sweet tonic. How Mr. Arthur and the doctor

smoothed over the matter of their rival guardianships I know not, but I con-tinued to make my home with the Chatinued to make my home with the Chaberts through the summer. Whenever I met Mr. Arthur, he was all suavity and condescension, and I was made to feel that much was forgiven me on account of my poor bringing-up. But with Montgomerie Moir it was different. He had formerly been friendly and kind to me, with the kindness of a mature young man of twenty-four for an unyoung man of twenty-four for an un-formed lad of seventeen. The change in him was now startling, for he either shunned me or treated me with marked seorn and frigid contempt. I became uneasy as I realized how completely my character was at the mercy of an offended, unprincipled woman. There was no saying what color she might have given to our meeting, nor in how despicable a light she might have placed me, while the paper I had signed ve witness to my identity. I resolved confide my misgivings to the good gave witness to my ide doctor, and after some preliminary hesitation I at length launched into the story of my adventure with the English-I had been tortured lately with the fear of having perhaps misjudged a kindly, well-meaning person, of having acted in a cowardly, unchivalrous way towards one truly worthy of my consider-To my relief, when I reached the tea episode and the ruined gown, the burly doctor burst into a hearty laugh, dug his fist into my ribs, and laughed again till the tears ran down his cheeks

"Served her right, Roderic, my boy," he roared. "Served her just right! Oh, Lord, why wasn't I there to see!" "And there is something else," I stammered. "I have reason to think that she is acquainted with Mr. Moir, and that she may have..." and that she may have-"She has," interrupted the doctor,

composedly. "And they have told you stories against me, and yet you have kept me your family without asking me a

single question?"
He turned round and faced m squarely, his mouth twitching a little "Eric Fremont, haven't I summered you and wintered you for thirteen years, ever since you were brought up from Cuba, a pale, weazened little atom buff pelisses? I knew you would tell me about this affair sooner or later, and in the meantime I would as soon have suspected my Etienette of evil as you. But, I say, it isn't good for any boy to stop too long in bad company.

Mr. Arthur may look after your property well where I should probably make ducks and drakes of it in short ducks and drakes of it in sho order, but, when it comes to morals, between you and me you are safer with us than with my honored co-trustee and his precious nephew."

"But suppose that they should have

my grandfather

"I don't suppose it, I know they have, and that they have given you a good coat of black paint. You are an underhand scoundrel, a hypocrite of the deepest dye, a youthful adept in crime masquerading in the guise of a milksop and prig, at seventeen trifling with the as of an innocent married woman allections of an innocent married woman and enticing her away from her happy home! Oh, fie! Oh, fie!" If I had any auxiety about my grand-father's reception of this flattering characterization it was soon put to rest

by the following communication from

"My Dean Boy—I enclose an order for \$100.00 for pocket money fearing your skinflint of a trustee may keep you too close. Draw on me for all you want for you too close. Draw on me for all you want for you will never make your old grandfather sigh nor your angel mother blush for the way you will use it. I can't j sia you till Christmas, for I've dismissed Morisseau. It's wonderful how many more eggs the hens lay, and how many more quarts of mik the cows give, since his d parture. I believe I shall till a six of the man, after all, but I shall die sooik nolles, which old Kate gives me every day excause Monsieur Eric liked them. Every trust on the old spot is sighing for you my had and every little wavelet on the river rises and falls to the tune of 'Roderic, Roderic'. A happy day it will be when you come home to the old place and to the heart of your old Pepe.

And so I dismissed the adventure

And so I dismissed the adventure from my mind, little dreaming how it would exert its baneful influence upon my future life.

With the autumn came my return to Paris to take up my studies at the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussees, but this time under happier auspices, for, while awaiting my grandfather's arrival, I shared quarters with Remy Chahert. He was a year older than I, knew Paris well, and was preparing to study medicine. The French lads to whom he introduced me were fine young fellows, trained in the best homes, eager students, and enthusiastic adherents of the young Liberal Catholic party under the leadership of Ozanam, Montalembert, and the Dominican Lacordaire—a very different set from the cynical, dis-illusionized, world-weary youths whom I had met at the cafes and clubs patron-Arthur Montgomerie ized by Mr. Arthur Moir. My new surroundings were congenial and stimulating. The very air we breathed inspired devotion and sacrifice and carried me back to the atmosphere of boyish ideals and enthusiasms, for no country in the world has

given so generously of its wealth and the lives of its children to the things of God as France. From my childhood a halo of romance and heroism had crowned the picturesque figure of French monk and missionary in the his-

tory of the exploration of the Great Lakes. The fascinating volumes of Montalembert's Monks of the West came to add an earlier chapter to the glorious pages of devotion and martyr dom, and had led many a generous young heart in France to the conse-cration of the cloister, or sent it forth to a martyr's reward in China or Africa.

After having rubbed against the vorld of unbelief and materialism for a few months, the religious ideals of my childhood became a very rock of refuge. The ardor, the enthusiasm, of my pres The ardor, the enthusiasm, of my present companions fostered my new-born piety, and it was while in this mood that I passed one day by a somewhat gloomy portal in the Rue de Vaugirard. It was surmounted by a cross, and I took it to be the entrance to a church or convent, and entered in hesitatingly. It proved to be the outer chapel of friars of the Dominican order. I was well filled with a congregation from the outside world, and as I took my place at a priedicu near the door I

ced around me. Near by knelt a lady that might have been the colonel's "charitable and distinguished" wife, with two schoolboys that might have been his 'cent and studious' sons. A cent and studious" sons. A little farther off, accompanied by their governess, knelt two young girls that might have been his "virtuous and accomplished " daughters. were others, also, men and women, and these were they who, as the colonel had said, lived in a different world from

For there was, as I now kn different world, even here in Paris—a world that believed in faith and moralthat worshipped God in this life

nd hoped for heaven hereafter.

Soon I realized that some one wa reaching, that in the pulpit stood a riest, tall, ascetic, clad in the white abit of the Friars Preachers, who was finishing an exquisite peroration on the fitness and beauty of personal holiness words from the divine Revelation t the beloved Apostle John. I sank back in my chair, closed my eyes, while my

are they which came out of the same they?

These are they which came out of the same are they which came out of the same out of the same are they which came out of the same o great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God and serve Hir day and night in His temple, and He that sitteth on His throne shall dwell The Lamb which is in the among them. The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. These are they which are not defiled with women, for they are virgins, which follow the Lamb withersoever He goeth, and in mouth was found no guile, fo their mouth was found in gaire, for they are without fault before the throne of God. These were redeemed from among men, the first fruits unto God and the Lamb. For he that over-cometh shall inherit all things, and I vill be his God, and he shall be My

I opened my eyes and looked before me. In the foreground were the kneeling figures of worshippers from the rld outside. Divided from the main body of the chapel by the high carved rood-screen was the long, narrow choir, with the altar in its midst, and in its shadow knelt rows of white-robed, youthful figures, the Dominican novices the great order of Friars Preachers, youths from sixteen years of age up to maturer manhood, young men who, in the heyday of life, had turned away not from its sinful pleasures only, but also from humanity's most sacred joys, to consecrate their youthful ardor to the Lamb without spot. The innocence and fervor of their devoted lives radiand fervor of their devotes and modest eyes. These were the chivalry of God, the flowers of the Church Militant, the flowers of the Church Militant, the glorious young knighthood of heaven, without fear and without reproach!

And I beheld their faces as they had

been the faces of the elect !

CHAPTER IX.

From the hour of this visit at the Dominican chapel in the Rue de Vau-girard the seed of desire for the monasic life, already sown in my heart, took oot there and grew rapidly, choking but the weeds of worldly ambitions. I would have knocked at once for admission at the convent gates and begged that its doors might close on me forever but for one thought which re-strained me and kept me in misery, for I knew not whether to consider it a knew not whether to consider natural weakness, holding me back from God, unworthy of one who had put his hand to the plough, or whether it was the voice of Duty bidding me to stay in the world. my grandfather, of him who had been father, mother, all in all to me, and to whom I owed everything, then I felt irresolute and unhappy. How could I leave him desolate in his old age? Did not every sentiment of duty, affection, and gratitude bind me to him? Did not God Himself place duty towards our parents as the fire court towards our parents as the first of all our human obligations? Yet on the other hand He had said: "He that Yet on the : " He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. Leave all things and follow Me. He that leaveth father and mother or lands for My sake, shall receive an hundredfold in this world and the world to come."

Eager, uncertain, troubled, I took refuge in the thought of making a spirtual retreat with the Dominican friars, of spending the customary eight days in prayer and consultation with them. their decision I would abide, after before them laying everything

onestly as I knew how.

The announcement of my plan was net by those nearest me with a storn of disapproval variously expressed.

or disapproval variously expressed.

"Rory Macarty a monk!" jeered the
Chabart boys. "Are you very ill, my
dear? Let us feel your pulse. Bleed
him a little and he'll get over it."

"Why, Eric!" exclaimed Etienette, why, Eric? extended between with tearful, reproachful eyes. "What shall I do? I expect to marry you when I grow up, and if you turn monk what will become of me?"

"You need not speak of eight days,

as if you could ever get away from there," said Mrs. Chabert, shappishly. "Those monks will never you once get inside their gates. talented young man with an independent fortune is too good a prize to lose. Take my advice and don't go near them.
The world really needs fine young men like you. It would be a sin to bury yourself in a convent. Just think how ch good you could do in the world, and what good use you could make of your money and talents!" "Roderic," said the doctor, seriously

and affectionately, taking me aside and laying both hands on my shoulders, have you thought about your grand-father, my lad? It will break his heart. He will not try to keep you back — he de will not try to keep you back he s an Irishman to the core and they are always proud to give a son to God. always proud to give a son to God. He will make the sacrifice, and then — he will die — for his is no ordinary affection. Few parents love as he loves you, and he is growing old and feeble. God knows I respect the priesthood and reverence the religious life, but I can-not think you are called to leave your

only parent. You need not be afraid of his remaining," sneered Mr. Arthur. "I know monks, and know that they always have an eye for profit. They will not care to keep Eric when I tell them how seriously impaired his financial pros-pects are, that he will not be of age for four years, and that not a cent of dowry will they get from me as trustee

"I hope you will all come to see the Fathers while I am making the retreat," I rejoined, "and tell them frankly what you think. I ask nothing better than to have them fully informed of every ide of the question.

I was filled with joyous anticipation when the convent door was opened to ne. Its bare walls seemed to me like a impse of Paradise; the manly, white robed forms that moved about within then were to me as the angels and archangels of God, the boyish figures of the ovices were as the ministering spirits pefore the throne. They were human and pleasant enough, with strong, sensible faces, frank, open manners, and kindly smiles, but the thought of their consecrated hearts, their lives united through different avocations into one service of God and the Lamb, seemed to lend them a touch of supernatural grace and bind them together in the onds of a charity all divine. I was conducted to the small, whitewashed cell that was to be mine during the eight hays of my retreat, and when I found myself alone a flood of joy came over me. I glanced fearlessly at the bare walls, the hard couch and chair, the board floor. I was undaunted by poverty and penance.

As the days passed by my happiness did not lessen, though it changed in character. It was instinctive, unrea-soning, at first, like the happiness of a did not lessen, though it healthy child on being turned loose into a field of flowers. Later it was less emotional, but the solid, reasonable, unshakable joy of a man who has possessed himself of a treasure and finds even beyond his dreams. As the ale of the Dominican order was exlained to me, as the religious life unolded itself practically before me, I was more and more satisfied. I loved it all: the midnight chanting of the divine office, the austere life with its penitenial practices, its long months bstinence from meat, its many seasons of strict fast, the humility and devoted to study of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, of theory and canon law, of philosophy and science, of letters and oratory, and all the irduous preparation for the life of preacher and missionary. When my imbs ached with contact from the hard couch, I murmured not. When I, the lazy, sleepy Eric Fremont, was roused from my first slumbers to join the choir in single the state of the choir in single the state of the in singing the praises of God during hours when the world forgetfulness, I rewrapped in forgetfulness, sponded gladly. My heart was of flowing with love for God and man. heart was overwas not hard to love man under these surroundings, for those about me were choice spirits, intellectually and mor ally, manhood ennobled by lofty aims, pure living and disinterested labor for the elevation and sanctification of their fellows. The monks were manly, kindly, genial and it was no credit to me that I was happy in their midst, but I verily believe that had I found them hurlish and crabbed I could still have served them with humility and gladness in those fervent days.

But in the midst of my joy there was one thought that wrung my heart with misery—my grandfather! I had en-deavored to be perfectly honest with my superiors, to lay all the circumstances of the case before them plainly, hoping to be guided by their advice. But with to be guided by their advice. But with great delicacy they refused to force my judgment in any way, and I was utterly unable to come to any decision myself. It looked as if the suspense was going to continue indefinitely, was going to continue indefinitely, when they suggested that the matter might be laid before the Father Provincial, who was to be in Paris for

The Father Provincial! Pere Lacordaire! How my heart bounded at his name! Lacordaire, the impassioned orator, the most eloquent preacher since orator, the most eloquent preagher since the days of Bossuet! Lacordaire, the idol of the Catholic youth of France, the Apostle of Liberty, the valiant soldier of the Cross, the hero of every generous heart! No wonder I was overcome at the thought of meeting him of having my fate, haid in his him, of having my fate laid in his

hands. I did not see him the night of his arrival, but in the morning he sent for me, and I found myself standing in the presence of the great Lacordaire with a tranquil heart and a great confidence that I should hear from his lips that which was to be my vocation in life. I had no fear or embarrassment. I knelt before the stately figure, and asked his blessing; then 1 stood up and looked into his noble face and luminous eyes as

ally he talked to me of my affairs, as if we had been friends for years and everything was understood between us. There was no trace of the eloquence, the megnatism the power that the illed. ne magnetism, the power that thrilled hearts of multitudes. with great decision, simplicity, even affectionateness, if I may sa at from the first glance that he gave me out of those deep, glowing eyes I would have died for him had he bid me. He lost no time asking me questions, but began at once.
"I will tell you straightforwardly my

views with regard to your position. Your leaving the world and your grandather cannot, it seems to me, be serously thought of. Your duty lies paused a moment. I bowed be-

fore his decision, but my heart was heavy. It was as if he had shut the gates of heaven against me. neavy. It was as if he had shut the gates of heaven against me! I could not speak a word.
"Poor boy!" he said, gently. "I understand! Many think that in re-

nderstand! Many think that in rethey are making a sacrifice; out with you it is the other way, the sacrifice lies in renouncing the convent re-enter the world. Is it not so?"

For a moment I could not control my voice. Then I stammered, "But I am glad not to make my grandfather "Yes, yes," he replied; "you owe

him a duty as your only parent, you owe him a debt as the protector of your infancy. These are sacred bonds. God gave to all men the commandment, Honor thy father, but only to a chosen few the counsel, 'Leave thy father and follow Me.' He asks of all, as He did of the rich young man in the Gospel who sought perfection, that, as a funwho sought perfection, that, as a rundamental requirement, they fulfil the
commandments first. The counsels
come later. You may not now see
God's object in keeping you in the
world, but you cannot fail to recognize
in the duties of your position a mark of
His will to which you must submit. It seems to me clear that you should seize the advantages offered you in the way study, and devote yourself to the rofession for which you are fitted, ithout further anxiety. Providence has put in the way of your pious dreams the obstacle of a plain duty—the sup-port and consolation of your only remaining parent. Have no trouble about the future, my child. Do your

hen you get at the secret of life. "But there seems to be so little that I can do for God in the world," I said, hesitatingly. "I am not rebelling against your decision, Father, but I want to serve Him in some special vay.

daily work, bear each day's burden, and believe that you will always find the will of your Lord good and lovable

"So little?" he repeated, with a eculiar smile. "Do you, then, think ourself capable of something great?"
I hung my head in confusion, but he estantly resumed his kind, friendly

"Indeed, my child, it is very likely that you may be called upon for a little heroism. Begin with the duties of our state of life, your loving ministrations to your grandparent, the work of your profession, which is your perccomplishment of that sentence sonal accomplishment of that sentence passed by God upon our first father, In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread. Then come the duties of citizenship. You cannot, as the citizen of a great Democracy, be initizen of a great Democracy, different to its various public vicissi-tudes, and you may be called upon to the full measure of No country can live without strength. an educated class, especially when that educated class is the only nobility which exists within it; but an education which ignores the things of God cannot regenerate the State. Prepare yourself assiduously to be worthy highest citizenship, and if no beautiful day is to dawn on your country, at least the day of God will dawn upon your own soul."

I had never thought much about the

foreign birth making me an alien in the land, I had given but a half-hearted allegiance to the country of my adoption; but now I inwardly resolved to be a loyal, zealous American citizen from that moment, and to be naturalized immediately on my return.

"As aids to perseverance," he continued, "the first thing is to choose a

spiritual adviser and friend who will help you keep to the right path. The next is to have the society of young men of your own age. Do not be with souls inferior to your own, but choose such company as your heart must want. You will find many here in Paris worthy of your highest aspirations. With these safeguards you will issue faithful and good from the dangers about you. God will bless and help you, my child, and the memory of this retreat and the sacrifice it asked of you will benefit sacrifice it

your whole life."

I then started to withdraw, well knowing how he was with weightier affairs than mine. But he stepped after me, laying his hands on my shoulders, said impressively, as if his keen, soulsearching eyes saw in futurity some des-

tiny hovering over me:
"Never forget, my child, that you are the follower of Him Who died for His enemies." And in many troublous hours the re-collection of these words, inspired by his prophetic vision, glowed in my memory, and was to me as a beacon light amid the tempests of the soul.

CHAPTER X.

Four years later I had finished my course of instruction at the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussees, and was a fullcivil engineer, ready to seek fledged the land of my fame and fortune in fame and fortune in the land of my adoption. My grandfather had joined me in Paris early in the course of my studies, and had remained with me for

one would look into the face of trusted friend and sympathetic father.

I remembered afterwards how very simple he was, how quietly and naturally he talked to me of my affairs, as if he had no sympathy with the republics or with the Nanoleonia dynasty. The or with the Napoleonic dynasty. The Duke of Bordeaux was his king, whom he saluted as "Henri V." while the Second Empire, with all its pomp and glitter, was a source of constant irrita-tion to his loyal spirit. The ruthless destruction of historic landmarks which characterized the administration of Baron Uaussmann as Prefect of the Seine was nothing less than sacrilegious in his eyes, and he prophesied a tentille activities to the opposite the sacrification to the opposite tentille sacrification to the opposite for terrible retribution to the empire for its unholy desecrations. That the saniation of the city was vastly improved, that it was growing daily in beauty and magnificence, was no compensation. His only pleasure was to meet the old Legitimist aristocrats at their club, to regramment aristocrats at their cito, to grumble with them over the degeneracy of the age, and to drink the health of Henri V. standing. At the end of the second year he received with resignation a progration from his growth. nation a suggestion from his agent in Detroit that the farm at Hamtramck

redded his personal supervision.

For the remaining two years of my stay in Paris I shared bachelor quarters with Remy Chabert and two French she was lads from the provinces, students at the University of Paris. We were merry and congenial in our tastes and in and congenial in our tastes, and in vacation-time we tramped gayly, vacation-time we tramped gayly, student-wise, through Switzerland and the Black Forest, the Pyrnees and the Low Countries, with our knapsacks on our shoulders, sticks and guide-books in hand, singing and making merry wherever we went, as only youth, and innocent youth at that, knows how to do. I had renounced completely and for-ever all idea of entering a religious order, and threw myself eagerly into not only my professional work and ambitions, but also into the amusements and interests of youth.

The last days of my vacation brought

us to Lucerne, where Dr. and Mrs. Chabert, Frank and Etienette were established at a pension on one of the hills overlooking the town. the four years of my stay in Paris I had ever been received with open-hearted affection as a son and brother in their family, and I had grown more and more attached to them and their interests. Mrs. Chabert I had never fancied. She never seemed to me wholly worthy of her noble husband or her fine, gifted children. She appeared to have thought but for Etienette and worldly advancement. Etienette was the most brilliant and promising of her children. She excelled in every study that she took up. She talked fluently in five longuages, each with the accent and gesture of a native. She danced with inimitable grace; she prodigy at the piano, gifted with a marked sense of rhythm, an unfailing memory, and strong, supple fingers. Her young voice was full of rare promise and her understanding far years. She had much girlish beauty also—her eyes were large and intensely black, her cheeks rosy, her chestnut hair thick and curly, her small nose straight and delicately cut, her teeth regular and brilliantly white, her mouth a fascinating little Cupid's bow. On all these personal advantages her foolish mother had expatiated in her presence a dozen times a day, till the girl had become painfully vain and selfonscious. Mrs. Chabert's one thought was to give Nita every mental and physical advantage that Paris could afford—the most celebrated masters, the most accomplished governess, the most picturesque clothes, the most desirable young friends. Of the girl's spiritual nature she thought no more pagan, perhaps not as much, for I never heard an appeal to any higher notive than a desire to appear well in the eyes of the world. The doctor, fortunately for his children, was of finer fibre and deeper faith than his wife.

Vain, conceited, stuffed full of worldly notions and silly dreams, ye Etienette had many noble natural qualities. She was fearlessly honest, was staunch and loyal in her friendships, I had never thought much about the United States as my country. With so many strains of foreign blood, with my foreign birth making me an alien in the bearing. For these things I reverenced her in my heart and had absolute trust in her, but her faults often angered me, and she could never, never fill in my heart the place of her idolized, idealized, and loyally remembered idealized, and loyally remembered sister, my first and, as I told myself, my last and only love.

We found Nita in all the glory of her first long skirts and sweeping burnous, her hair rolled off her face and coiled in braids at the back of her head. was now nearly sixteen, and was to be introduced at court the following

Between you and me, Roderic, it is all wrong, but the women will have it," grumbled the doctor. "She ought to be kept at dolls for three years yet; but what is a poor, helpless man to do, even though he be a father and a physician? I had my way about her going to a convent-school last winter, but it seems I must give in to everything

With all her new dignity Miss Nita was not too fine to loop up her long gown over a short, linsey-woolsey Balmoral skirt, don one of the red flannel Garibadi shirts that were all the vogue with the young people on account of the Austro-Italian war, and tramp through the woods and over the hills or row on the lake with her "three brothers." I was quite content to be ner brother, for I still thought that the love of my life was buried with Alix deep under the water of the blue Detroit, though I doubt if a brother's pulses beat as happily as mine did in the companionship of a spoiled young sister.

A ball was to be given at one of the fashionable hotels, and Etienette was all agog to go. At first her mother demurred, fearing the assemblage might not be sufficiently select; but finding that it was under the patronage of an English duchess and a Russian princess, and that the number of invitations was strictly limited, she gave her consent. Mrs. Chabert was of the Bretagne family, of Quebec, and there was a

tradition that this family traced its descent from the ancient duke Beittany. This tradition Mrs. Chabert had found convenient to revive during her residence in France, and her visiting cards, which at first had read "Chabert nee Bretagne," were now boldly engraved "Chabert de Bretagne," and to my astonishment I heard Etienette being introduced as "Made moiselle de Bretagne." saw my surprise and poked me jocosely in the ribs.

"Roderic," he whispered, "my family has its traditions as well as my wife's. It is well proved that the Chaberts are descended from Noah, Dr. Chabert de Noe, Prince de l' Ararat,' would look well on a card, The dukes of Brittany couldn't

better than that, eh?"
Madame Chabert de Bretagne fulfilled her arduous duties as chaperon by dancing as gayly as her daughter while the "Prince of Ararat" joine some English acquaintances of mature years at a rubber of whist in the cardrooms. I did not dance much myself but was content to lean against a pilla the ballroom and watch Nita's amphs. How pretty and happy, and how good she looked, and how eager! past year of convent training had had marred the beauty of he student-wise, through Switzerland and the Black Forest, the Pyrnees and the sweet, modest air of pleased surprise with which she accepted the compli ments and attentions showered her. How merrily she laughed, daintily he danced, how incessantly she chatted in one language after another, French or Italian, German, English or Spanish, all were alike easy to her!

Nothing happened to spoil her ple ure till after the supper, when I see that she was annoyed by assiduous devotion of a h young German sprig of nobility. immediately crossed the ballroom offered her my arm, saying with a of apology towards her partner: mother has sent me to conduct you to her. She has met some old friends to she wishes to introduce you.

She moved off with me gladly enough. "Eric, you are an angel," she whispered. "How good of you to rescue me from that What do you think? He has not known me fifteen minutes, and he already declares that existence has no char except at my side!"

"He is drunk," I said, dryly—

' drunk as a loon-or he couldn't think

such a thing.'

"You ungallant creature!" she pouted, withdrawing her hand from my arm. "I shall have to punish you by arm. refusing you the dance you were ab ask me for."
'Take my arm again instantly!"

exclaimed, with an assumption of great sternness. "Don't you know that a young woman must take her escort's rm or people will think he is ashamed Now, however much I may be of her? shamed of you, I am a self-respec young man, and I wish the world to think well of you for my sake. Therefore Infine well of you for my sake. Therefore I will dance with you, especially as I see your mother is waltzing and cannot introduce you to those friends of hers just now."

"So sorry!" she murmured; "but

they will do for another emergency. I enjoyed my waltz perhaps somewhat more than brothers usually enjoy dancng with their sisters, although perfectly prepared, after I had surendered her to her mother's care at the end of the dance, to be taken aside by a Swiss youth, who presented the card of the young German sprig of nobility and demanded that I should either apologize mmediately for robbing him partner or else meet him in a certain field on the road to Brunnen at

clock the following morning. 'I shall be there punctually," I said, handing my card to the second, "unless, indeed, your principal will come to his senses and apologize to the young lady and her family for thrusting his attentions upon her when he was in no condition for polite society."

I sought one of my French student friends, who consented to act as my second and to make the necessary arrangements. Before retiring that night I took down my foils and asked Remy to try a turn with me, saying that I needed exercise after supper and close air of suspected nothing and expressed no surprise, for fencing was our usual daily exercise. I slept soundly enough that night. The prospect of a duel did not bother me much. Nobody fought not bother me much. Nobody fought life-and-death combats nowadays; they only stood up and fenced awhile till one or the other was either scratched or disarmed. I knew very well that the Church condemned duelling, but, boylike, without consulting a theologian, I took it carelessly for granted that the condemnation referred only to combats a l'outrance, and not to the convention-al fencing-bouts of Continental students, It was only in the Southern and South-western States of America that it was still the fashion for gentlemen to shoot the life out of each other. In Europe the average duel was not worth losing sleep about, nor as dangerous as an ordinary boxing-match in an English public school.

At the first gray light of dawn I was up and dressing stealthily. Remy's bed was close to the door, which I re-membered squeaked infernally; therefore, my best way was to get out of the window and drop from the roof of the veranda on to the terrace below. erawling over the roof, shoes in hand, when a window opened hastily and a head was thrust out—Etienette's head with the curls falling round it as they used to when she was a little child.
"Eric Fremont! What under the

sun-I thought you were a burglar ! " Don't hide, my dear ! well worth looking at as a burglar, and you are too sweet for anything, with your curls tumbling down like old

"But why are you climbing over respectable roofs at this hour of the morning, I should like to know?"
"Hush! Don't betray me! I am

going to take an early dip in the lake."
"You!" she exclaimed, contemptuous-

ly—" you sacrifice two sleep for a dip in the you too well for that! eive me, Eric Fremont me mischief !" on some miserier:
"I know you are diorumbled. "You wish

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grumbled. "You wish something romantic—fig you, or something of the more likely to die in the Your fancy ford of you, Nir your fancy for adventu-care a great deal for care a great deal for Do you realize that you ing my reputation by lin this position? Just scandal in the pension if and see me at your wing But I had no no fortifice. With a little artifice. she sprang back and c while, chuckling at quickly slid off the roo shoes, and ran lightly the freshness of a sur found myself humming the sweet gayly in gayly in the going to meet my lad an angry rival. It wa Canadian love-song th head, and it struck m funny that I, Eric Fr singing love-songs ar black-eyed Etienette, on my knee and m stories. "A la Clai

By the crystal spr I wandered weari Under an oak-tree I lay me down to Long have I le Ne'er can I fo Under an oak-tree I laid me down to While from the to Sang the nighti Long bave I lov Ne'er can I forg

sang:

And from the tor Sang the nightin O nightingale, si Your heart is lig Long have I lo Ne'er can I for TO BE CO THE HONOR OF

Of the terrible pe that swept over Ir the year 1845, the f remembered as the

hamlets and among

farmers that the f greatest havor, for there were no phil The cabin of Sh ated on a barren t mountain region, miles northwest lived with his w five years that he death of Captai death marked a hitherto uneventi captain, and his a tions back, had be domain that st

drinker and an an a poor business were so heavil death that his so ing them, and co into other hands. With the passi Shaun lost his po the manor house the sale and t moved away. M while tilling the on the mountain

Manor. A typica of that period, the

good old days ain.
It had been a ice the first starvation away failure of the p blight, the er For awhile the on the half-deca dug from the g that they must

decaying veget Even this so exhausted whe sickness Shaun tionless, a desp and his pale with both men Maggie, his w on her wan fac with words of on : but in th when she thousoftly stole ou followed her, against the wi her heart wou

"Come, Ma this way. I whin ye wint comes I'll the Drying he lowed him t dwelling whi

plan.
"A good " I had a go a great man-City of Cork if I ever ne him. Mayb it'll do no h whin the da the village it'll go agai to him." · It's al

good eight on the sid child lay to way, but must thry With the

he made rethe child lowed him pathetic g

"Are y Murray, noticed h