### ROMAN EVENTS.

[From the Liverpool Catholic Times.] MGR. CZACKI,

the able Polish prelate who has so signally distinguished himself in the French Nunciature during the last few years, is about to be relieved from his laborious duties, and, owing to failing health, recalled to Rome, where he is to be rewarded with the cardinalice purple. The French Government itself, recognising the merits of the Nuncio, craved that that honor should be conferred upon him by the Holy See, and Mgr. Czacki will receive the bazetta from the hands of the President of the Republic, and not leave Paris before his successor is installed in his place. It is said in Vatican circles that Mgr. Rampolls, formerly auditor of the Papal Nunciature at Madrid, is to succeed Mgr. Czacki, but, for the present,

only as inter Nuncio. THE "GERARCHIA CATTOLICA,"

lately published, contains some interesting information. There is but one remaining Cardinal among the members of the Sacred College of the creation of Gregory XVI .- his Eminence Prince Cardinal Schwarzenberg. Forty-three Cardinals have been created by Pius IX., and twenty-one by the reigning Pontiff. There was besides a Cudinal reserved in petto in the cousistory of December, 1880, and there would be another in the eventual elevation of Mgr. Czacki; the numher of vacant hats actually amounts to four, the plenum of the Sacred College consisting in seventy-eight members. As regards the lower grades of ecclesiastical hierarchy the Gerarchia mentions ten patriarche of both rites, one hundred and forty-five Archbishops, and six hundred and eighteen Bishops of the Latin communion, forty-nine Archbishops and Bishops of the Oriental rite, and one hundred and forty-six Delegates, Vicars, and Apostolic Prefects. No less than eightyfour episcopal dignities and posts are vacant The name of the new Prussian Plenipotentiary, Herr Schlozer, who has returned to Bome, figures in the Gerarchia among the members of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Roman See. The places for the names of the Belgian and Swiss representatives are still blank.

ARCH.EOLOGISTS IN ROME

are looking forward to the commencement of the excavations that are to take place upon the spot now occupied by the Church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, which is situated, as your readers who have been to Rome well know, at the angle of the ancient ruins of the palace of the Casars, and precisely opposite to Antonice and Faustine's temple. It seems that there is an immemorial tradition, admitted by all the archivologists who have ever studied or written about the Forum, that a particular part of the old Roman Forum, comprised between the Palatine and Consolazione Hospital, hides and contains inestimable treasurers. Hitherto the Popes have been naturally loth to allow any works to be begun that might injure the solidity of the foundation of Santa Maria Liberatrice. But now the Vicariate having been appealed to by the municipality has not seen their way to make objection to the proposed plan, which is shortly to be car- mother. ried into execution. The Hon. Sig. Bacelli is for losing no time about it, and archæologists, of whatever political color and opinions, work to be begun forthwith. Special efforts are being at present made at the Ministry of Public Instruction for the preparation of archreological maps of the Italian Peninsula and the collection of all documents relating to the history of museums and excavations. When these materials are complete it is probable that the Government will get one of its protessors in archieology to write the interesting history of the rich archieological soil of Italy with that of its museums and treasures. THE GERMAN COLONY

has just sustained a loss of one of its mem- ground." Rome for his hospitality. Buron Dachroeden, Irish servant girl who had obtained a place at Prefect of the Palace of the German Court, a mansion in New York. On the day after her who had taken up in late years his abode in strival her mistress observed her coming over her; she covers her face with her hands, house, another and another, and she starts up Rome, on account of health, has just died at down the grand staircase backwards, and and her tears flow. Idle tears, no doubtthe age of seventy-five. Baron Dachroeden naturally inquired the resson of this crab- and the seventy-five. Baron Dachroeden naturally inquired the resson of this crab- and the seventy-five. occupied an elevated post among the Free-like movement. "Lor' bless you, mum," was a cared for this dead man, she committed a sin freezied cries resound. For the moment she masons; he was very fond of Italy, and was the answer, "we always came down that way besciended by the Emperor William. His aboard ship!" salons were much frequented by Italian and foreign artists.

MISCELLANEA.

Dake Braschi Onesti (Don Romualdo) has lately married the daughter of a wealthy Ganoese banker. Mgr. English, who has paid a passing ten

days' visit to Rome, has returned to the seat of his labors in Bristol.

JUST AT THE WRONG TIME.

Mr. Robert Wilson, of the City Surveyor's office, and Street Commissioner of the Eastern Division for the Board of Public Works, Toronto, Ont,, who is very fond of shooting, says: "To lose a duck hunt is a loss for which there is no adequate recompense. This misfortune lately overtook me. The boys got together recently and made arrangements for a good hunt. At the time the arrangements were entered into I was in good health generally; but, just as the shooting was to take place, my old enemy, the rheumatism, came back to stay with me awhile again, and I had to forego the pleasure. The rheumatism has been a source of great bother to me, and I have done a great deal of doctoring for it, without much good. When this last attack came on me and crippled my hands so that they were drawn up, a triend of mine recommended St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I tried it, I am happy to say, and the result is that I am now cured and as well as ever. St. Jacobs Oil succeeded where more than a score of other liniments and medicines had failed."

## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH IN ENGLAND - GRAND RE-CEPTION AT WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL-THE METROPOLITAN PRESS ON THE GUSH-THE DAY IN LIVERPOOL-DEMONSTRATION NEAR THE MAIDEN CITY.

commemoration of the declaration of independence was given in the Westminster Palace Hotel under the auspices of the American exchange. A concert was given by Marie Roze, Emma Thursby and Minnie Hank taking part. Miss Agnes Huntington sang the "Star Sprangled Banner" and "God Save the Queen," which were received with great applause. Sir Julius Benedict, Gen. much to a subsctiber, but \$10,000 is some-Merritth, and J. B. Puleston aided in the re-thing to us. ception of the guests who numbered over one thousand, including Minister Lowell, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Sir Arnold Kemball, Irving and Booth, Justin McCarthy, Lord Coleridge, Dean and others. At the supper the "Bed, White and Blue" was sung,

the entire company joining in the chorus. the mighty nation which, from all quarters of for you to recover in.—Boston Globe.

J. 16/6 (5/5)

the globe, is watched with sympathetic eyes by those who entertain the largest hopes for the future development of the human race.

At Liverpool the United States Consul gave a banquet to American shipmasters in honour of the Fourth. Many leading citizens were present. President Arthur was tossted in culogiatic terms.

LONDONDERRY, July 4 -A meeting was held mula o that simple vegetable remedy distoday under the anspices of three released covered by an East India missionary, suspects on the Heights of Cruckaughrim to and tound so effective for the speedy celebrate the Fourth. The American flag and permaneunt cure of Consumpwas carried in procession with another hear- tion, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and ing a picture of O'Connell.

THAT HUSBAND OF MINE Is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Benewer." - \$1. Druggists.

#### THE CHINESE QUESTION.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 4 .- At the nomina-VICTORIA, B.O., July 1.—As the homistic tion for the Commons to day, Baker, Shakes-pears, DeCosmos, Fell, Booth and Boyd, all Conservatives, were nominated. Polling takes place on July 21st. A. large meeting on Saturday was addressed by the five caudidates. All took strong ground against the Chinese. Boothseld slavery existed under the British flag on British soil, and the Chinese All Chinese and The Chinese men and wemen were sold. The Chinese were slaves, and if the British Government could not protect British Columbia from such people they had better haul down the flag. His remarks were received with tumultuous applause,

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

"She insists that it is of more importance that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She, therefore, sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters at the first appearance of any symptoms of any ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way .- New Haven Palladium.

#### WIT AND HUMOR.

" Well," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, casting feel the least commotion of envy towards any of my fellow-creatures who are less miserable, though my own sufferings continue as astute as ever.'

A dissenting descen nearly captured five boys who had been devastating his muit trees on Sunday afternoon. Shaking his fist after their retreating forms, he angily shouted, "The sneaking little fellows! If I only had hold of 'em one minute" and then, sud-denly espying his pastor on the scene, he added with unction "I'd pray for 'em!"

How to Frustrate Thieves .- A contemporary asks-"How shall women carry their purses to frustrate thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse, following her half s mile, and then finds that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grand-

A bad-tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentlemen who had a very chronic cough, and after repeatedly desiring the crier to keep seem to agree in their impatience for the the court quiet, at length angrily told the offending gentleman that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing, when he

A lot of farmers who had been listening to railroad land agent's praise of Arkansas Valley soil, at last asked him sarcastically if "Yes," said the agent quickly, "pumpkins won't." "Why not?" "The soil is so rich, and the vines grow so fast, that they wear out the pumpkins, dragging them over the

bers, well known to all fereign visitors to | The following story is told of a newly-arrived |

A transatlantic contemporary gives the following definition of a baby: "It is composed of a bald head and a pair of lungs. One of the lungs takes a rest while the other runs the shop. One of them is always on deck all of the time. The baby is a bigger man than his mother. He likes to walk around with his father at night. The father does most of the walking and all of the swearing.

A certain lighthouse-keeper, newly appointed to a post on a dangerous coast, was told by the coastguard officer that complaints were made against him. "For The maid resumes her weeping as her miswhat?" was the inquiry. "Well," replied trees leaves off. It is not sorrow on her part the officer, "they say that your lights do not either—simply the shock has unnerved her. burn after twelve o'clock at night." "Well," was the reply, "I know they don't, for I put 'em out myself then; for I thought all the vessels had got in by that time, and I wanted to save the ils."

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, rouches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks gophers. 15c.

Ir is disagrecable to us that of late we

## TO OUR EUBSCRIBERS.

should have so often had to call upon our readers to pay up their accounts, but it is really an absolute necessity we should receive the amounts represented in them. As before explained, there are heavy demands being made upon us, and heavier to come in connection with a great lawsuit. A good many subscribers to the TRUE WITNESS are in arrears for several years on account of hard times, and other circumstances over which they had no control. If now, when the times are mending, they are LONDON, July 4.-A grand reception in | not able to pay all at once, they might at least pay a portiou and liquidate their indebtedness by instalments. As for those who owe only for a year or two, we are sure it is through carelessness, and that they have only to be remiaded in order to get square on our

# FROM THE HUB.

books. Remember that a few dollars is not

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic the room. She sees the stern, white face of value as the Hop Bittern. Just at this sea- the pitiless young Rhadamanthus, and won- ly, that vacation at the pretty resedrance son of the year, when the stomach needs an | ders what nameless crime it can be poor mas-The News and Telegraph have congratula- appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the ter can ever have done. tory articles on the anniversary of American | cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. Independence. The Telegraph says there An ounce of prevention is better than a will be everywhere cordial aspirations for the pound of cure; don't wait until you are

Consumption Cured. Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent, from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the forall Throat and Lung Diseases; also a posi-

tive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English.—W. A. Novas, 149
Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 16-13eow

By the Author of "Guy Earlscourt's Wife,"
"A Wonderful Woman," "A Mad
Marriage," "Redmond
O'Donnell," etc.

PART II.

CHAPTER XI .- CONTINUED.

"Oh! Mrs. Abbott! Ch! madam! something awful has happened! The girl drops into a chair, panting with sheer affeight. "Oh! ma'am, I don't know how to tell

Mrs. Abbott looks at her a moment and grows white.

"Is it-anything about my son?" she aske, almost in a whisper. "Mr. Geoffrey? Oh! no, ma'am, nothing about him. It's master, please. Oh! how

shall I tell you! It's dreadful-dreadful?" her eye on the title page of Victor Hugo's stands erect again, pale, composed, a trifle Lora has married a love-stricken butcher, and great werk. "I am thankful that I do not haughty. There is nothing about Mr. Ab- has gone to live in the next town; Liz has bott that can very greatly surprise or shock | drifted away to the city, the boys have disap-Mr. Abbott's wife.

"Do not be an idlot!" she says, sharply. "What is it? Say what you have come to say, and go. I am going out,"

"Oh! no, ma'am, you can't go out to-day. Oh! I beg your pardon, but you don't know. Prepare yourself-oh! please do-for-the worst. Mr. Abbott's very-very ill."

Mrs. Abbott recalls his looks, his incoherent speech last night, and slightly shrugs her graceful shoulders. It has happened to | violent death. Mr. Abbott to be very-very ill before, ofdelirium tremens!

"Have you sent for Dr. Gillson?" she says, coldly, and moving away as if to go.

"Oh! my dear lady, wait! It-it isn't what you think. Dr. Gillson was bere hours and hours ago, but he can do nothing. Nobody can. Oh! ma'am, with a burst "master's

dead !" word, awe stricken, and gazes incredulously tion with her husband has never come near all this boundless wealth the dead man has her—he and the idea have been so entirely and left. tegonistic. "Dead!" she repeats for the tones.

"Davis, his man, found him early this morning, ma'am," the girl says, with a byster-Ical, feminine sob," and sent for the doctor at | ing in the snow, and gold, and amber of the there was anything that wouldn't grow there. once. But it was too late. He had been dead many hours then. The doctor knew the house was full of people, and would not please there is to be an request.

Mrs. Abbott sits down, feeling suddonly in. sick and faint. A passion of romorse sweeps dragging a lengthening chain." She has held him in utter contempt, and has let him see it. But "he who dies pays all debts;" in a dead faint. and now, for all this, a very passion of pain, of remorse, of humiliation, fills her. And, last night, he came to her in some great need, and she rebuffed him! Now he is dead! But moments of weakness are but moments with this woman, whose life for many years has been one long, bitter self-repression. She lifts her head and looks at the girl again.

"It is very sudden-it is dreadfully sudden. Was it-spoplexy?" The maid resumes her weeping as her mis-

trees leaves off. It is not sorrow on her part "Oh! ms'am Mrs. Abbott-that is the worst! No, it isn't apoplexy-it isn't anything natural. It was suicide!"
"Suicide!" The lady recoils a step in pale

horror, and puts outdier hands.

Oh! dear lady, yes. That is the awful part. It was suicide. He shot himself. While everybody was dancing and enjoying thomselves last night, he went into his study and done it. Davis found him all cold and stift this morning—shot through the head. Ob, dear! oh, dear! Oh! Mrs. Abbott, don't left in charge of Mrs. Hill and one or two of faint! Oh! here is Mr. Geoffrey. Oh! the servants. Mrs. Abbott, her son and thank the Lord! Mr. Geoffrey, sir, come and say something to your ma!" For it is Geoffrey who hurries in, pale, ex-

cited, with startled face, and hastens to his mother's side. " My dearest mother, the news has but just

reached me. Dr. Gillson brought it, and I have hastened here at once. It is very shocking. Mother, do not give way so! Mother, motehr, what is this?'

his neck, and she lies white and speechless ist; for Abbott Wood; that they must look with horror and remorse. "Nothing of the sort!" her son says, ener-

getically. "Mother, listen to me-I know what I am saying—you had nothing to do with this stragic deuth. It was I. I saw him last night—a terrible secret of his past life has been made known to me, and I came | Vel, us all the world thinks; they are going and accused him of his crime. I threatened him with public exposure. This is the result. I do not regret my part in it; I simply did my duty; I would do it again. I repeat with this ghastly ending you had nothing to. And, mother, he deserved his fate; he merits name of Abbott, loathsome to her ears, but he is -I say it! Look up, shed no tears for | -not even the Ventnors-are to know of him, except in thanksgiving that you are

All this the maid hears as she hurries from | sion, anguish, shame, remains.

John Abobtt will occupy alone. -

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

It is a very large and imposing funeral, and Mrs. Abbott in trailing crapes and Some American heiresses have lately been sables, looks pale but composed, and hand marrying brilliantly abroad—marrying both somer than ever. Leo's tears people note, are the only tears that fall. There has been ingeton's chances grow fewer and faither bean inquest, but no cause, except that useful and well worn one temporary abstration of mind can be assigned for the rash deed.

Business has summoned Geoffroy Lamar to try, try, try, with Olga, before one of those all-the city on the day before, and among the fascinating British officers and nobles carry the city on the day before, and among the melancholy cortege he is conspicuous by his absence. All the Ventnors are down to con. sole the widow and orphan. But Mrs. Abbott's high-bred calm standa her in good ing to cazy little artist reunions, sketching stend now, as in all the other emergencies of and painting after a desultory fashion, and life-consolatory platitudes would simply be impertinences here. As yet, she knows nothing, only—that she is free! After a very dreadful and disgraceful manner truly, but the idol of his heart, his big brown meeretili--frod.

They bury the dead men, and his will is read. The widow is superbly dowered, her son inherits Abbott Wood and half the great fyrtune the millionaire bas left. Servants If not, he shrugs his shoulders, and hums that and friends are handsomely remembered. No | couplet that has consoled so many when the fairer or more generous will was ever made.

People began to find out his good points; be was rough-and-roady, certainly, says Brightbrook, but an off-hand, whole-souled fellow, free with his money always, and if he sworcuta " belp" this moment, he was just as ready to tip him a dollar the next. He wasn't such a bad sort of man. Brightbrook owes him everything-he has made the place, built churches, schools, town halls, jails almshouses, laid out the park, donated the fountain, erected model cottages for his tenants, was a capital landlord, if he was a little strict. So, in spite of the suicide, he is after a manner canonized in the village.

As to the death itself-people rather shirk that-he did not live happily with his wifeshe and her son looked down upon him from first to last. And he drank to excess. And he had had D. T, and in one of these fits the deed was done, and that was all about it.

The day after the funeral George Lamar re turns. He wears no mourning, and settled sternness and gloom rest on his face. The and he learns the Sleafords are gone, driven Mrs. Abbott draws a long breath, and lawey, the farm deserted, the house empty. peared, loneliness reigns at Sleaford's.

The Red Farm is for rent. Geoffrey rides over and looks at it—already it has the air of a deserted house, already desolation has settled upon it, already the timid avoid it after nightfall, already it is hinted Sleaford "walks."

It is very strange that these two men, conso quickly and awfully follow each other to a

"They were ugly in their lives," says ghastly wit of the village, "and in death they

are not divided." No news of Joanna as yet, and of late the search has rather been given up. George Blake, poor faithful foolish fellow, still mourns and searches, Geoffrey proposes soon to recommence, but he has another and sadder cuty first to fulfill. He has yet to tell his "Dead!" Mrs. Abbott repeals the solemn mother, the awful truth that she has never for one hour been John Abbott's wife; that Leo at the girl. "Dead!" that strong, burly, red- is "nobody's child;" that neither he nor one faced man. The thought of death in conec. of them have any shadow of rightful claim on

As the night falls of that day, that day never was met with the reply, "I will give your third time, mechanically, in slow, wondering to be forgotten in their lives, he tells her. lordship £200 if you will stop it for me." tones. They sit alone in her darkening sittingroom with closed doors, looking out at the falling winter night, the red gleam of the fire flickerbijou room.

Infinitely gentle, infinitely tender are his words; he holds her hands, he breaks it to let Davis tell until they were gone. He is in her, this revelation that is to drag her pride his study still, ma'am, where they found him | in the very dust. For a long time it is im- | ling in the levely light of a June afternoon. lying on the sots, dressed. And, oh! if you possible to make her comprehend, the horror A great willow bending over the wall droops

Then suddenly a shrick rings through the against herself and her womanhood by mar- is mad. What was John Abbott's suicide, a rying him. Life by his side has been but hecatomb of suicider, to such horror as this! Then she sways and falls-almost for the first time in her son's knowledge of her, headlong

After that there are weeks that in all the future time are blank.

She lies very ill, ill unto death, frantic, delitious, burning with fever, talking rapidly, wildly, incoherently, shricking out at times that she will not believe it, she cannot believe it, that John Abbott, with that pistol hole in his head, is pursuing her, and that | and down the white sands, then she takes up Geoffrey is holding her until he comes up.

Her ravings are continuous, are frightful. kept out of the room by force-it is too shocking for her to see or hear. Every one, doctors included, think sho will die, but her superb unbroken health hitherto, saves ber

Slowly the fever subsides, slowly life and reason come back, and pale, spent, weak as a babe, white as a snow spirit, she looks cut one May day, and sees the green young world, the jubilant sunshine, the sweet spring flowere, once more.

In two or three weeks she is to be taken away—for her health. Aubott Wood is to be comes, with mellow sweetness, "La Donna e left in charge of Mrs. Hill and one or two of mobile. She glances round, half petulantly, daughter may be absent for years. After all, says Brightbrook, that cold, proud woman must have cared a little for her plebeian husband to he stricken with fever in this way by the spock of his death. And Brightbrook has thought her especially cold and heartless at the funeral. So easy it is to be mistaken.

Early in June they depart. Nothing is said to Leo-time enough to tell her later, and then only part of the miserable whole. "I have killed him, she whispers, and her head falls on his shoulder, her arms encircle that another claimant with a better right exto Geoffrey and his profession now for their support.

For it is needless to say that reither mother nor son can touch one penny of that man's money—the money that is rightfully Joanna's. They are not going abroad to trato a little house in one of the suburbs of New York for the present, while Geoffrey begins his new life of hard tabor, heavily handicapped in the race.

For obvious reasons his mother retains the them or their plans; that world and all in it

For the Ventnors-Olga finds it very loneville, and mourns disconselutely for her friends. She is nearly seventeen now -- 'a Four days later they bury the master of the thraldom of her asshionable school life is a wonderfully good to look at, and the half ple as her cheeks. What a mistake first love smile comes back into Olga Ventnor's eyes as left to be sure!"

The production of the first love smile comes back into Olga Ventnor's eyes as left to be sure!" Abbott Wood in that vast gray stone vault over. But this fall and winter she is to go they rest on him. continued growth, prosperity and harmony of prostrated by a disease that may take months over in Brightbrook. Cemetery that gray on, under the best masters, with music, paint-

papa and mamma for that two years' Euro-

pean trip.
Some American heiresses have lately been tween. His mamma's angulah breaks out whenever she thinks of it. She writes him agonized appeals to meet the Ventnors, and off the prize. But Frank, smoking, sight-secing, church visiting in Rome, seeing statuary, and paintings, and trescoes, a great deal, gohaving a good time, does not concern himself very greatly about his fair, far-off cousin. Art is his mistress at present, storied Rome schaum rather more to him than all the heiresses and beauties in wide America. If Olga has a mind, and is pleased to approve of him when next they meet, be has no objection. grapes were sour and hung beyond reach-

#### "If she be not fair to me. What care I how fair she be?"

And now this record has come back to the beginning—to that wet October evening when Miss Ventnor drove past the Red Farm in the pony carriage, and pointed it out to her friend. Giles Sleaford is dead, Lora is married, Liz has gone cityward, the "boys" have dissppeared, Joanua has run away with George Blake, and is not to be found. Sienford's is a "haunted house." At Abbott Wood silence and loneliness reign. It, too, is a deserted mansion Its master has died a tragic death? Mrs. Abbott, Leo, Geoffrey, are abroad, travelling for health and forgetfulness. At Ventnor Villa Olga practises, sings, paints, the figure on the grass. But Frank, still gaz. reads French, German, Italian, rides, drives, blooms a rose of the world.

"Fair as a star when only one Is shining in the sky."

And so, with sweet, slow voice, she tells her first inquiries he makes are for the Sleafords, friend, in brief, this wet October night, the story of the Slesfords.

> PART III. CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE STORY ENDED.

"And now, my dearest Hilds, having narrated all the incidents of the vovage. I proceed to answer your very artial question about a certain person. Well, yes, le beau cousin, as you torm poor Frank, is still here, still hovering as the moth around the flame, nected in some way in their lifetime, should to quote your rather backneyed smile. He followed us down here from New York a week ago, and is poor mamma's cavalier servant, and to me the most devoted of friends and cousins. Friends and cousins, I repeat. You need not smile—he will never be more. All that you say of his good looks, and charming manners, and sunny temper, I admit. Still looks, and manners, and temper are not all that one requires in a husband. You

perceive I put your delicately-veiled hints into plain English. lam not a sentimental person. I read my Tennyson, and my novels, and dimly, and as in a dream, I realize what it is all about—this grand passion writers make the burden of their song. But I have never felt it, and for Frank Livingston I never will. I like him too well ever to love him. And yet, my Hilda, I have my ideal

The pencil-she had written this with a slender golden trinket suspended from her chatelaine-pauses here, and the writer looks out before her with dreamy azure, half-smillag eyes. She sits on the low sen wall of Abbott Wood, her sketch-book on her lap, and scribbles on thin fereign paper, this letter. The sea lies before her, dimpting and aparkits feathery plumes nearly to her fair head. Her hat is on the grass beside her, she has been sketching, but nothing in the view is lovelier than heraelf. Sho sits here, a tall, slender, most gracefal figure, dressed in light muslin, her pale golden hair plaited about her head. There is not a touch of brown in the perfect tinting of that pale gold, and her eyebrows and lashes are fairer than her hair. Her eyes are really wonderful in their limpid sapphire blus. Her complexion is colorless, but has the vivid warmth of first youth and perfect health. A little gold cross clasps some creamy lace at the throat, a white cashmere wrap, embroidered with gold, lies with her hat. As she sits there, she is a vision of radiant youth and dazzling blonde beauty.

She sits for a little, watching with that mistly far off look the tiny waves, slipping up

her pencil and resumes. "I have my ideal, and he is not in the least Night and day her son is beside her; Leo is like Frank. Beauty shall by no means be an essential, nor a perfectly cloudless temper either-we might weary of perpetual sweetness and sunshine. But, oh! my dear Hilds, he shall be noble, he shall be capable of selfsacrifice, he shall be a king among men to mo. He shall be above me in all his ways

> A second time she breaks off; this time the crumples up the flimsy sheet of perfumed French paper, and thrusts it into her pocket. For a step comes quickly down the path behind her, and a man's voice sings, as he comes, with mellow sweetness, "L. Donns e as he draws near.

"You are like a shadow," she says, in a tone that suits the glance; "like a detective on the trail. How did you know that I was

here?" "Don't be cross, Olga," says Frank Livings. ton, throwing himself on the grass beside her. "How can I tell? Some spirit in my feethow is it Shelley goes?—led me to the charmed spot. What are you doing-sketch. ing ?"

"I came with that design, but I believe, miserable as it may sound—I have been thinking."

"Ah! dare I hope-" "Nr, Frank, it was not of you. so do not put on that completent look. Did mumma tell you to bring me home?"

"Your mamma is asleep, my dearest O'ga, and does not need you in the least. Do you know I feel it disticult to realize after all our wanderings that we are home once more.. And here! This place seems haunted. The last time I was here was with Geoffrey Lamar."

He takes off his bat, and the soft sea wind stire his dark curly hair. It is a new Frank no pay-from you. He was a villain-dead as Leo must be first considered now. No one Livingston, bronzed, bearded, mustached, muscular, improved almost out of knowledge by years, and travel, and oultured associahas gone for ever; nothing but pover; seclu- tion. He looks handsome as a latter day Adonis in his gray tweed suit, and with a dash of his old Bohemian insouciance upon him still. Lying here, with the flickering sunshine sifting through willow plumes on his upturned face and uncovered head, he is

"You look like a picture as you lie there, mausoleum bearing the name Abbott over its | ing and languages; live very quietly at Frank," she says, in an amused tone. "Do

gloomy front, and which, until time ends, Brightbrook, and early in April Start with not stir, please-I want to sketch you. You are a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, when you fall into picturesque attitudes and hold your tongue. You spoil everything when you open your mouth. You ought to go through life posing, and never destroy the illusion by speaking a word. I shall send this to Hilda Stafford in my next letter. Do you know, she admires you immonsely?"

"Lady Hilda does me much honor," says Livingston, confusedly. "You, too, my dear cousin, with your more than doubtful compliments. The role of barber's block which you so kindly assign me-"

"Turn a hair-breadth this way," interrupts Miss Ventuor, "and please be silent. I never can sketch and talk. I will have you in black and white in a second, and I know Lady Hilda will wear you next her heart,"

Livingston laughs, but with a vexed look. and obeys. His blue eyes, very like Olga's own, rest on the lovely face above him, with a look Olga Ventuor has seen in the eyes of many men before to-day, and which certainly. in the present case, stirs her pulses no more than if Frank were her Spitz dog. It is a face that can be very mutinous and imperious, as he knows to his cost-a face that can be as exasperating as it is allusing, and that is saying much. Something attn to instated impatience and pain siirs within him as he

" As you sit where lustres strike you, Sure to please, Do we love you most, or like you, Belle Marquise!"

he quotes, under his breath. "I told you not to talk?" says Olga, susterely, "but a talker you are or nothing, my poor Frank. There, I think that will do. How Hilds will thank me in her secret sou! for this treasure!"

A sarcy smile dimplos the perfect mouth. the sapphire eyes glance down laughingly at ing, is absorbed in his poem.

" You had every grace in heaven, la your most angelic face,

With the nameless finer leaven, Lent of thood and courtly race; And was added to in duty Ninon's wit, and Boaffers beauty, And La Vallier's "Yeux Caloutes," Followed these.

And you liked it when they said it On their knees, And you kept it, and you read it. Belte Marquise!

"The words must have been written for you, I think-you fit the portrait-fair, heartless, icy-idmirably well. I wonder if you have a heart like other people, most beautiful Olga, or if as in the case of the Marquise, that inconvenient essential was left out?"

"I think I have got your exact expression, or, rather, lack of it," goes on Miss Ventnoy, very busy with her work, and evidently quite deaf. "This ekotch is worthy of being immortalized in oils and forwarded to the autumn Exhibition. What were you saying a moment ago? Something uncivil, and unpleasently personal in your remarks, I grieve to observe, when you do me the honor to addiess me. Nothing in the world, my dear Frank, is in worse form than vituperation. and it pains me to observe that you are falling sadly into the habit. And poetical vitureration is worst of all. You will excuse my mentioning this. The cousinly I may almost say the maternal interet I take in you must plead the pardon of rebuke."

Livingston laughs again, and takes up the sketch-book, but the sting of her indifference rankles. It is so real, the pang is in that. She is indifferent to all men, she is more than indifferent to him.

In her beauty, her pride, her grace and her power, she is like some young queen, looking with blue, scornful eyes upon ber adorers and slaves.

As he turns the leaves of the sketch-book he suddenly stops; a look of surprise, of pleasure, of recognition flashes from his eyes. A touch of eager calm comes into his face; he takes out a little time-yellowed, faded pencildrawing from between the leaves.

"You remember it?" Oign says, calmly. "You did that. What centuries ago, it seems, and I have kept it all this time. wonder why? It has no intrinsic value, and certainly it could not have been for the sake of the artist. No, Frank, you need not put on that pathetic fook I assure you it was not for the sake of the artist. What a dowdy little thing I look, and what a wistful expression you have given me. Did I really look like that at ten years old?"

For faded, yellowed, dim, it is the pencil sketch made by Frank fully eleven years

"Princess Olgs, with the love of the most loyal of her lieges," he reads at the bottom, even then, eleven years ago, I was in love with you, Princess Olga."

"You were in love with Lora Sleaford, returns Miss Ventner, composedly, with her flame-red cheeks and tar-black hair. You always were a person of atrocious taste, I regret to remember. You were a shocking boy in those days. You used to stay out until the small hours, playing cards, singing songs, and making love at Sleaford's." "And you used to lie awake and watch for

me I remember that. The Princess Olga of those days must have been rather fond of me,

"Very likely. I need to be a dreadful little idiot, if I recall myself rightly. That picture is associated in my mind with my getting lost in the woods, and that wild cresture Joanna going to tear out my hair, and all the misery and illness that followed. I wanted you to take me to play crequet with Leo Abbott that afternoon I remember distinctly

you would not." His eyes are upon her trouble, longing, imploring in their pleading. But she is not

inclined to spare him. "You would not," she repeats, a somewhat hard inflection in her voice. "You were Lors Sienford's lover in those days. You wanted to go to her, no doubt. You broke your promise to me you left me, whistling a tune, cut that sketch of myself to comfort me, and a childish sche and loneliness that I do not forget to this day. You are right, cousin Frank, I must have been fond of you then. I wonder what absence of yours could give me

a heartache now?" A triumphant smile lights her face, an exultant sense that it is in no man's power to

touch or move or hurt her. " None, I am quite sure, though it were the absence from which there is no return," he

answers coldly. "I wandered away," she goes on, retrospectively, "and lost myself in the woods, and you how little you cared. Ah! well all that is a decade of years ago, and Lora Sleaford is the butcher's lady over there, with a waist two yards round, and no end of little butchers growing up about her. I saw her yourerday, Frank, in the midst of her jawels, and thought of your first love, and the banjo business, and laughed to myself. No peony, no pickled cabbage was ever so glaringly pur-

"Or last love, or any love in your eyes."

(Continued on Third Page.)