THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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

CHAPTER XIII-CONTINUED.

Early in December Mr. and Mrs. Livingston return, and parties are given, far and wide, in honor of the bride. And Frank has but one secret in the world from his little wife, and that one is the fact of his brief engagement to Joanna. Somehow he shrinks from telling that it is the one memory sacred to himself and his friend, that even his wife may not know. He feels instinctively that it would give her pain, that Johnna would not wish it, and so he hides it in his heart, as in a grave.

Two days before Christmas, Joanna comes. She finds a rare household assembled at Abbott Wood to meet, and greet, and do her honor. Mrs. Abbott, Olga and Geoffrey, Frank and Leo, of course. But there are others whose presence is a cheering surprise -a surprise over which she laughs and cries together. The Professor and Madame Ericson are there; there, too, is portly Mrs. Gibbs, rich and rare in black silk. There is Thad, quite a slim and 'genteel' young man, a little conceited and over-dressed, but what will you at nineteen? There are the twins, Longo and Lizzy. There is Mrs. Hill; and the Reverend Ignatius Lamb; and little Miss Rice. There, in short, is every one Joanna cares most for in the world. Her mother is not with her, the wintry voyage was too much for her, but she is so thoroughly restored she can bear cheerfully to part with her treasure for two or three months.

Olga looks at her keenly. Yes, Joanna is changed-the change that love, happy love alone works, is in her radiant face. Looking down into Olga's beautiful, questioning eyes, the quick blush and smile tell their tale. And the capphire eyes flash with glad joy, and Olga's arms clasp her close.

"Oh, Joanns, dearest Joanns, is it indeed go as Lady Hilda gays? And you love him, and are happy," she whispers, in a fervent

"Happy! happy! happy!" is Joanna's reply, "and I love him with all my heart." "Such a great, brave, generous heart. Oh, my darling lithis only was needed to complete our bliss. And when is it to be?"

"Next June, they tell me," Jeanna laughs; sin May, you know, I am to be presented at court by-by his mother. And you and Geoffrey, and Frank and Leo are to come over for the wedding, which is to be a very grand affair indeed. Olga, I think I am the very happiest and most fortunate woman in all the universe!"

There are tears in the dark tarnest eyes. Olga gives her a last rapturous kiss.

"Not one whit happier than you deserve— you could not be!" is the ultimatum, and like all imperial Olga's decisions, it stands uncontradicted.

It is New Year's eve. Christmas, with its joy bells, its good cheer, its happy faces, has come and gone, and the old year is dying tonight.

"It brought me a triend, and a true, true love," sings happy Leo, as she flits about the house. Fires burn, lights flash, warmth, music, feasting are within; darkness, wind, cold, snow are without. The long drawing-100ms are fragrant with flowers, brilliant with lamps, gay with happy faces. There are only the family to-night, no outsiders, but they form a sufficiently large assembly.

Near one of the windows Joanna stands. looking out at the fast-falling suow, listening to the wind 'withering' among the trees. She looks a fair and stately woman in ne rich black velvet dress-tall, imposing, gracious. Her velvet robe suits the grand curves of her figure -it sweeps in soft, dark folds behind her on the carpet. The fine Ince at her throat is caught by one large, gleaming diamond; a knot of forget-me-note is beneath it, another in her hair.

"You look a queen of "noble Nature's crowning," Josnus," says Livingston, appro-"I must paint you in that red velvet dress, and these forget-me-nots. Do you know, you have been making a picture of yourself for the last ten minutes, and that I have been lost is artistic admiration."

"And that if it had lasted one millionth part of a second longer I should have been jealous," laughs Leo, coming up; and then there is a momentary pause. Livingston looks conscious. Joanna smiles down at the black-eyed fairy in creamy silk and white TOBES.

"And do you know what is more to the purpose than empty compliments," says Mrs. Geoffrey Lamer, sailing forward in a clowd, of rose pink, silky sheen, "that you never sing for us now, Lady Hardwicks-that is to be. You have grown very stingy about that lovely voice of yours, since you have been in foreign parts. Come and chant us a New Year's anthem, or an old year's dirge, for it is almost on the witching stroke of twelve."

Jospus goes, and presently her full rich tones ring through the room, but the wind of the winter night itself is hardly sadder, wilder, than the strain she sings:

'Toll, bells, within your lairy heights! Wall, wird, o'er moor and mere! On this, the saddest of all nights, On this, the saddest of an ingles,
The last night of the year—
The last long night, when lamps are lit.
Like tapers round a bler:
When quiet folk at still hearths sit,
And God seems very near.

'The old clock strikes upon the stair, Time's tide is at its turn; And here, and there, and everywhere The New Year tapors burn. Strange, dreamy anthems fill the street, The mista hang o'er the river, The organ grouns the drums are beat, The Old Year's gone for eyer?'

"Oh! Joanna, what a melancholy song !" cries little Lee, reproschfully ; " and to-night of all nights! You give me the heart-ache.

Do sing something less dreaty." "Hark!" says Geoffrey, raising his hand. All the clocks in the house chime out one after another-twelve. The bell in Brightbrook bursts forth a joyous peal-the New Year has begun. Good wishes go round, they touch glasses in the German fashion, and drink to each other, and "eyes look love to eyes that speak again." And once more Joanna touches the keys. This time it is like a jubilant burst of joy:

Swing bells, a hundred happy ways!
Laugh, winds, o'er moor and mere!
On this the gladdest of all days.
The first day of the year!
The first sweet day, when every one
Is cheerfulat his hearth;
The first pure day, when morry sun
Lights up a merry earth.

'Swing bells, uhundred happy ways I
Laugh, wind, o'er moor and mere!
On this the gladdest of all days,
The first lay of the year!
The first sweet day when all content.
We gather round the hearth;
O.God, we thank Thee, who has sent
This New Year to our earth!

"What a fgrand creature she is!" Frank Livingston thinks, standing a little apart, looking and listening; "the noblest woman that walks the earth !"

His little bride, never content for many minutes together to be away from him, comes up, and slips her hand through his arm with

the old wistful, upward look.
"Thinking of Joanna?" she says. "Does she not sing deliciously, and does she not look lovely to night? Frank, I wonder, rich, accomplished, handsome as she is, that you never fell in love with her in the old days. I believe she never had even a passing fancy. in all her life until she met this Sir Bonald Hardwicke, Joanus-Lady Hardwicke! Can you realize it?"

But Frank does not say a word. THE END.

A LOSING JOKE.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill-health, and of his inability to cure her, " try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with t, as it cost him a good patient .- Harrisburg Patriot.

THE GREATEST FOOL IN THE COM-MONS.

(From the London Truth.)

A Conservative member of the House of Commons, who talks much on foreign affairs, but not wisely, was passing last week through Palace yard, when a man ran against him. "Do you know, sir, who I am?" said the member. "I am Mr. ---, M.P." "What," irreverently asked the man, "are you Mr. -, the greatest fool in the House of Commons?" "You are drunk," exclaimed the M.P. "Even if I am," replied the man," I have this advantage over you-I shall be sober to-morrow, whereas you will remain the fool you are to-day."

DECLINE OF MAN. i mootence. Nervous Weakness, Dyspep Sexual Debility, cured by . worls' Health Renewer." SI.

TUG WILSON'S EA. INGS. DIVIDING THE MADISON SQUARE PDEN PROFITS

WITH ARTHUR CHAM. (From the Philadelphia Acars.)

"Arthur Chambers' the man who : a raking in the money out of this business," said "Alf" Lunt, who was Tug Wilson's trainer before the sparring bout with Sallivan. "Do you know," he continued, "that bout with Sallivan. Chambers, by agreement, gets one-half of all the money made by Tug? It was agreed before Wilson came to this ings while he remained with Chambers. So Tug is not so much in pocket as people suppose. The gate receipts of the Madison Square match were something over \$15,000, over my grave, and Wilson got only about \$4,700, while "For shame! I don't believe you love me and Wilson got only about \$4,700, while Chambers cleared, with bets and all that he won, as much as \$8,000. Tag sent \$1,000, not of me. What do I care whether you or £200, home to his wife, put \$3,000 in bank,

money. He is the best natured man in the world, with a heart as blg as his head, and don't know quite as much row about some things as he will when he lives in this country a little longer. Tog Wilson's a big card, and Chambers is coining money, but he don't divide. You might think that I made quite a stake out of that match, but didn't. I was asked by Chambers to take charge of Wilson as a particular favor, and did my level best for him, and how much do you think Chambers paid me for it? Why, the immense sum of \$10. That's every cent I received for training im the other day, and he's getting in fine form again. Sollivan won't knock him out in four rounde." Then the trainer finished his glass of 'alf and 'alf at a gulp.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Pain, Irritation, Retention, Incontinence, Deposits, Gravel, &c., cured by "Buchupaiba."

THE BISHOP OF BRESLAU AND THE CLERGY.

Benlin, Aug. 8 .- The Liberal press animadverts on the decision of the Bishop of Breslau that the Boman Catholic parish priests who remain faithful to the laws o the country, and have been entrusted with parochial functions, are required to lay down their offices under pain of anathema. It is pointed out that the decision may prove the germ of a conflict, as the laws of the country protect public functionaries, and prelates who threaten ecclesiastical punishments are liable to fine and imprisonment. It is said the Government are surprised at the action of the Bishop, he being considered a mild, conciliatory ecclesiastic.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE. Children and persons with weak constitutions have always found great difficulty in taking God Liver Oil, and from this fact it Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, this prejudice is removed. It is so thoroughly disguised that you cannot detect the Cod Liver Oil. One physician writes us that it is used almost as a beverage in his family; another person informs us that he had to bide the bottle from his children. For Coughs and Colds, broken down constitutions, and all Lung Diseases, it has no equal.

The decline in the value of land continues in Eggland. A Yorkshire farm for which as one of the young men from Aquitaine & \$60,000 was refused a few years ago bar been

sold tor \$35,000. Thomas Myers, Beacobridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, coids, sore throat, &c., im-mediate relief has been received by those who

use it." The prince of Wales is about the only married man of his age in London society who habitually goes to bails and dances. Few Englishmer are regular ball goers after 35.

With Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Every dye warranted frue to name

and sample. Great financial depression in a Kentucky town, as described by the Henderson News: Gambling has dwindled down to a fine point here, and it is difficult now to start a one-

cent ante."

"." "Slow and steady wins the race." Steadily, but not slowly, Kidney-Wort is distancing all competition for universal popularity and usefulness. This celebrated remedy can now be obtained in the usual dry It will be found very concentrated and will

By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M. P.

CHAPTER I .- CONTINUED.

"I didn't mean in that way," she said. What she meant was clear enough. She meant, "We have already been married little more than a year, and are you already discontented with anything?" If she had been in better spirits she would have asked him, Have you not me? Am not I enough?" But she was not in good spirits; something seemed to oppress her; she was slient for the most part, and occasionally inclined to be tearful, for no reason that she could well have explained. Nothing was said for a moment or two, and then she began :

"But you have good prospects, and we are very happy; why should we want anything

more-now, at least?" "It won't always be now," he replied, a little impatiently; "and you don't know, you couldn't know how impatient it makes one when he thinks he is capable of doing something and can't see his way to doing anything. Look here, love: there are times when I begin to think I shall never come to anything. I get it into my head that I have nothing in me-nothing, nothing, nothing at all. Then I feel as if I should like to hill myself. Yes, I do indeed. I am not talking nonsense."

"Then you couldn't be happy, even with me, if you did not have a successful career and show what you could do?" "No!" he said, desperately "I couldn't be

happy; it is no use trying to get over that. I

couldn't be happy." "You don't really care about me; not as I care about you. I could be happy forever

with you—anywhere, anyhow."

"It is because I do love you that I couldn't be happy without showing that I was worth the love of a woman like you. You could be happy with me anywhere? Yes; but there all the difference. You have given up ever-thing for me-your people and all; I have given up nothing; I had nothing to give up. I want to show that I am worth something, and that you were not quite mistaken in throwing yourseli away on me. That is why I feel so wild sometimes. What if things go on to the end just like this-"

"Oh, if they only would!" she said. "Yes, yes, in that way it would be heppinees, of course, of course; but I mean if they go on to the end without my doing anything to make a name, and your people see that country that he would divide all his earn- | you have married only a commonplace creature, the con of a man who keeps a livery stable-and himself an office clerk!-rather than that, darling, I hope you will be crying

at all. You are only thinking of yourself, make a name or not, or people admire you or and the balance in his rocket for spending not? I married you because I loved youyou yourself, and not what any one else-the world or whatever it is-might have seen in you. I saw my happiness in you, I thought; that was enough for me."

"Don't be angry, darling," he said, soothingly, for he was very fond of her. "Things will come all right. I'll make myself some-thing of a name. You sha'n't be always talked of as the office clerk's wite; the liverystable keeper's daughter-in-law. I'll make a name. I'll be known in the world; you shall be proud of me yet!

She was chilled and hurt. "It is not well to set one's heart on such things" she said. " Fame files the pursuer Wilson for the big match. I must say that and pursues the filer,' I used to read somehe's the best man I ever handled. I saw where; I think it was in some school exersise. One may go up like a rocket.

"And come done like the stick," he said, smiling contentedly. " Very well; I should like even that better than nothing. The rocket does go up, don't you see, and flames and sparkles, and people stop to look at it. What if it does come down? Everything comes down sooner or later. I'd rather be the rocket than the gas-jet in the office that people turn on when they like and off when they like, and never say anything about. Besides," he added, more gravely, "I shall not be the rocket. I don't want to shine for a moment or two without any purpose. I want to be known as one who did great things for his fellow-men and the world; and I shall be known in that way some day. I don't want only to explode merely; I want to blaze." "Wasn't there," she said, "one who blezed

the comet of a season?" "I don't know-I haven't read much poetry. But I should rather be the comet of a season than not blaze at all."

Then throwing himself back or the beach and classing his hands behind his head with the manner of one who has settled a question, the young man sat in slience a moment. Th girl was silent too; she looked up at the pale sky, in which some faint specks of light were already seen. The young wife's heart was sinking within her. She was egotistic, like has not been universally used, but with all loving women, and she had been under Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver the impression that her love would be career enough for her husband. He, too, was egotistic, but in a different way.

He had repeated with literal correctness the facts of his birth and bringing up. He was now a clerk in an office. At the time when he was first put into that position he felt as if his heart was swelling with pride. To be in an office near the Exchange; to be in a great dark room, with desks, and clerks. and messengers, with gas burning all day long in the winter months; to be spoken of Company's office, seemed to him to open a gicrious career for young ambition. For his father was a livery-stuble keep r, and it was by the favour and kind. ness of a patron whose carriages the father took care of that the youth was lifted from his lowly eltuation at an age much more mature than that at which boys usually begin to learn business in such a town, and set with his foot on the first round of commerce's ladder to fortune. The town in which he lived was one where colossal fortunes are made in a few days, and truly are often lost again as quickly, and then somelimes re-made; where the unknown adventurer of last year is the great, luxurious, octentatious merchant prince of to day. What might not genius and courage do in such a nisce?

Meanwhile, however the young man had only had his foot on the first round of the ladder. For some time his actual duties were hardly more dignified than those of a messenger. He did not find that he was developing more purpose, and he took the pupils out for train-

ing gallops along the roads and in the public park. The boy could ride like a young centaur. He seemed to manage his horse as unconsciously as he managed his breathlivery-stable keeper was the daughter of a distinguished advocate and Queen's counsel, Mr. Fanshawe, who came of good family, had a great practice, and, being a Northern man by birth, had bought a property near the town where the livery stables were kept. This daughter got her lessons in riding mostly from the livery-stable keeper; but sometimes, too, from his son. These two fell in love. After the young man was transferred to the office they corresponded, and occasionally contrived to meet. He succeeded in convincing her that he was a man of genius whom one day the world must come to bow down.

Why had he got it into his head that he was a man of genius and a master spirit? He had as yet done nothing. He had not tragedy. He had not made speeches. He was curiously ignorant on most subjects. His reading had been only a few biographies of men who had risen from lowness to greatness, some metaphysical books of a cheap and easy kind, the "Count of Monte Cristo" and a life of Mohammed. At the office even the clerks of bis own age thought him a stupid fellow. His father never could make much of him, and ou, but overlooked all his detects because of the memory of his mother, who died young. Yet it was cettled in the young man's mind that he was a child of genius and of destiny, and that the world was yet to hear the loud echo of his tread. Most ambitious and clever or silly young men, when they have such convictions about themselves, have also in their minds some idea as to the path along which they are to move to greatness. One believes himself a poet, another a statesman, another a Michael Angelo of the future, the coming Garrick, the Casar of the modern time; but our young man had no set notion of this kind. He had not yet made up his mind as to the sort of greatness he was to have. He was not clear, even, as to the sort of greatness he should wish to have. He only said to himself that greatness was his destiny, and left fate to do her duty. Perhaps it was his figure; perhaps his beautiful deep, dark, dreamy eyes; perhaps his singularly handsome face, looking a little like that of a young Luciter before the rebellion and the fall; cer, masterpietes he had seen in the National tain it is that he easily convinced Miss Fane. Portrait Gallery. hawe that in loving him she loved dawning genius and predestined greatness.

It was not for that Miss Fanshawe loved him. She did not care whether he had genius or not, whether he became great or remained small. She loved him because she loved him: loved him for himself. So she at last " kicked over the traces," as the livery. stable keeper expressed it, and married her they would not have been reconciled with and the name had actually become to submit, and she waited for them; and few days after the scene in the park, in childbrings forth only a dead child.

Has she in the later days of their married ife been touched by any doubts as to the true worth of her idol? Probably not. Probably she had only been hurt now and then at the thought that love was not enough for him. It is all the same now-she is gone forever. On the very morning before her death the child of genius received a formal dismissal Messrs. Aquitaine's office He was considered incapable and idle, and they would notice to any part of the world whither it have no more of him. He sat all the night might be necessary to despatch him. with his dead wife and his ruined hopes. He He went to New York or San Francisco had not gone near his father for months and an another man might go to Edinburgh months, proudly convinced that they were or to Paris. He talked of the "last time not made for each other; and he would not I was in Melbourne-no, the last time but go near him now. He sat all the night alone and steeped in thought. All had gone from how some friend was getting on in Japan, he him. He was down to the lowest deeps of might perhaps answer carelessly, "Well, depth. He had not a friend on earth. He really I don't quite know; I haven't been in story, or something of that kind, who went had only a few pounds in money, and even that was the poor wreck remnant of some money she had bad left to her by a relative in days when there did not seem the slighest probability of her ever having occasion to them. He was very glad of the annexation of pend it. Such was his state. Clearly, it he was to be taken in hand by Destiny, the time had about arrived when Destiny ought to be looking after her charge.

At the funeral of his wife his father preserted himself. They exchanged a grasp of the least in the world of a wanderer. He the hand-very warm on the father's part. never went anywhere without some practical The livery-stable keeper asked him to come to his house and stay there. He said he would go there later in the day; and the father felt for him and quietly left him, expecting him to come in the evening, when perhaps he should have calmed down a little. But he did not come that day, nor the next. He never came. He never wrote. His iather might have supposed that his son was dead, perhaps had killed himself, but that an acquaintance had seen the young man going on board a steamer, and the young man had told him hurreidly that he was leaving Ecgland. He always did things in an odd sort of way, the father sald. Anyhow, he was gone.

CHAPTER II.

HELENA AND HERMIA. the two married lovers saw the sun set that evening fifteen or sixteen years ago. There are many quiet inland towns of England even still-tor all the rallways, and the telegraph, and the electric light-where no prester innevation has been made within that time than the adornment of the principul inn with a new sign, or at most the starting of a rival hosteliy. But in this busy, unresting place of which we are speaking, new suburbs, stretching for miles, have grown up; acres of newly-built docks have encroached upon the river's banks; sweet spots that were greenwood by the water in the love-making days of pretty Miss Fanshaws are now occupied by factories and warehouses; the very park in which the levers sat that evening was cut up soon after and parcelled out in lots for building, and is now fully built over. The park was not large enough for the increasing population, and a splendid new park, of much larger extent and greater pretensions, was opened at the opposite end of the town. On the very spot where the poor absurd child of genius sat and bemcaned himself that he had not yet found a career: where genius for mounting quickly. He his young wife looked up into his face with seemed to be very far away indeed from anxious eyes, that might have been lit by the notice, not merely of any of the corpse candles, so ominous was their gleamprincipals, but even of the superior on that very spot now, perhaps, some happily He had therefore a bedroom fitted up for him-clerks. While he was still with his married pair were settled down under their self on the ground floor, and whenever he was tather, looking after or trying to look after the own roof-tree, and gladeome children were vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put livery-stables, the father had been in the habit playing in the nursary. In our civil life new up in the latter way for the especial convenity of giving lessons in riding to young ladies and crops of houses and hearths grow up on the ence of those who cannot readily prepare it. gentlemen, and sometimes the son, in his ab- field where lovers, seeking solitude, were glad gentlemen, and sometimes the son, in his ab-sence, had taken his place. He gave lessons or grieved once, just as grass and flowers quiet habits of his wife. The house was al-in a riding-ground specially laid out for the spring up on the plains where a battle has ways more or less full of company. The act with equal efficiency in either form. Bead in a riding-ground specially laid out for the spring up on the plains where a battle has

The public park of the past day had been planted in one of the most beautiful suburbs of the town. It stood on the slope of a very gentle hill, and was sheltered from the east ing-he breathed, and he rode. One of wind, which vexed people a great deal in the the girls who took riding lessons of the long and chilly springs; and it looked at one side across the river, there saie even still from the incursion of the dock and warehouse girl, with a certain serious look, and a way of bnullder. The river was broad there; as it went on through the town it spread out into a mighty estuary; but even here it was a noble stream. So the piece where the park had been was turned into the site of one of the favorite nexts of the local aristocracy the men who had made fortunes in shipping and on Change, and in all manner of commercial adventures and enterprises. They built themselves lordly pleasure-houses there. They built 'detached villas," and each man called in a position wholly beneath him, and before his villa by some commanding name. They whom one day the world must come to bow had conservatories and bright gardens below, and observatories on the tops of their houses. Some loved great flights of stone steps, with peacocks parading themselves on terraces. As time went on, and feshions in buildings began even written poems or essays or begun a to change, some had fantastic houses of rud brick, made more intensely Queen-Annelsh then snything of Queen Anne's day could possibly have been, or, even, for that matter, than Queen Anne herself. Little windows started out like Jacks-in-the-box exactly where they might least have been expected, with bars across them where there was not the slightest necessity for such precaution. Glass was specially manufactured of a think, greenish dinginess, and with bull'sfeared he was hopelessly incapable of getting eyes elaborately wrought in, so that the known imperfections of the glass-making craft in the Augustan age of English letters should add to the reality of the careful imitation. It was said by the friends of one of the enthusiasts in the cause of this architectural revival that he had little me chanical spiders ingeniously constructed to run up and down some of his window-panes, in order to give to his mansion the greater air of eighteen-century realism, by suggesting the domestic untidiness of the days of Dean Swift. But this seems only like the foolish pleasantry of some outshone rival. It was probably just such a piece of idle invention as the story told of a lover of art in the same quarter, who had his own portrait done by a great Lordon artist, and when it came home had it put up one of the chimners for some time, to smoke it into respectability of appearance and then spent a whole evening bending and cracking it in all directions, so that its surface might seem like that of some of the

One, at least, of the red-brick houses in this region was really modest and tasteful in its style and all its arrangements. It wore its Queen Anne garb with the quiet ease of one who, having chosen a suitable fancy costume for a masquerade, is able to wear it properly and becomingly. This house belonged to Mr. Aquitaine, head of a great firm of shippers. Mr. Aquitaine was of Huguenot descent lover in defiance of her father, mother, and all | His people had been settled in that seaport her friends. From the day when she left since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, their house secretly to be married her father and had always prospered there. The family and mother never saw her again. Not that now counted among the oldest in the town, her in time; but they waited for her associated with the place. It brought to submit, and she waited for them; and to the ordinary Englishman now some months beyond a year passed away, and no suggestion of Huguenots or foreign then their daughter was dead. She died a origin, but only told of the town in few days after the scene in the park, in child- which Mr. Aquitaine lived. His name and birth-if that can be called child-birth which that of his family was known all over the world where trade was heard of and ships came into port. Mr. Aquitaine had travelled much in his time, but never called it travelling or thought of himself as a traveller. He

had even done some Atrican exploring, for the interest of the thing, but he never for a moment regarded himself as an African explorer. Ever since he was old enough to be of any use to the great house he had been one, I think it was." If somebody asked him Japan for more than three years: I don't go When the dlamond fields there now." were discovered in South Africa he went out two or three times just to have a look at the Fiji Islands, and remarked that every time he went to Fili he was more and more impressed with the value of the resources and the position that were neglected there by the English Government. But he was not purpose. He belonged, roughly speaking, to all the local boards and institutions of his town. He subscribed to everything. He made no distinction of creed in his gifts and charities, and spoke on the platforms of all

denominations in turn. Mr. Aquitaine was now about sixty years old. He were a short, thick, white mustache and no beard. For all his generations of family settlement on English soil, he still had a great deal of the typical Frenchman about him. With a slight change of garb, say to a shabby, outworn semimilitary undress, he would have been just the sort of a man one might expect to meet near that building in Paris which the English lady In "Peregrine Pickle" calls the "Anvil-heads." Yet he regarded himself as intensely English,

and was in all his views of things, political Change is rapid in the seaport town where and other, the most unveterate and unsompromising John Bull. He did not like the Americans; he detested the Russians. He had a poor idea of the Germans. His general notion of the way for England to solve any difficult question in foreign affairs was to occupy some place. His way to improve any uncivilized country was for England to armex it. He had always had great ideas of things to be done in the Levant and in Egypt; and he had done one great thing for himself in the Levant-he had found a wife there. He fell in love with a girl in Rhodes, a sort of Greek with an English mother, and he matried her and brought her home. She was at that time beautiful, but she had fullen a good deal out of shape lately, and did little more than stay at home, lie on a sofa and receive her friends. She was at least ten years younger than Mr. Aquitaine; but he had not lost one fibre of his youthful energy, and she had not a fibre left of hors. They had been married nearly five-and-twenty years, and for five years had had no child. Then Mrs. Aquitaine had one daughter, and they had no children after. They lived very happily after their fashion. Mr. and Mrs. Aquitaine hardly ever saw each other sione except at night, and not always even then. He would not have her disturbed, and she liked going to bed early. self on the ground floor, and whenever he was disposed to sit up late or to rise specially. early, was starting off on a journey or had just come back from some expedition, he be-

family never by any chance had it all to them-

selves. The three would hardly have known it or themselves, under such conditions. A young lady is mounting a flight of stairs in Mr. Aquitaine's house one bright morning in the early spring; she was running very briskly up, and evidently is not troubled with shortness of breath. She is a good looking slightly puckering ner eyebrows every now and then, as though she were in sarnest about things She had evidently been out of door. for she wore a hat beneath which only little of her carefully tucked-up fair hair made its appearance. She reaches a door and knocks: no answer comes from within, Then she called "Melissal" two or three times and knocked a little more charply. A faint voice seemed to be heard, languid and far away.
" Melissal may I come in!" Another murmur was heard, which the

young lady on the outside assumed to be assent. At all events she tried the door, found that it was not locked, and went into the room. It was a very large room, and she looked about with a puzzled air. "Where on earth is the child?" she said

sloud. The room was not furnished after the fashion of sleeping chambers in the days of Mrs. Masham and Sarah Jennings. It was all got up in some combination or jumble of various Eastern fashions. The ceilings and the wall were painted after the style of a great Moorish building. The floors were tesselated marble, with scattered pieces of Turkish carpet, and piles of cushions here and there. One corner suggested Damascus, and another Delhi. It was very Oriental-almost as much so as some of the Oriental courts in the Crystal Palace, of which, indeed, it at first reminded Miss Sydney Marion, who stood, now looking at its various adornments, still holding the handle of the door, and hardly certain whether to go in or back out. Opening from the other side of the room she saw a little parsage, marble-paved and carpet-betossed too, and she could see that it led into a gorgeous-looking bath-room, the entrance of which was half draped by a carelessly gathered-up curtain. These decorations and appointments illustrated the tastes, not of Mr. Aquitaine, but of his wife and daughter. Was there no occupant of this superb sleeping sulcon? Miss Marion looked around in wonder, and might have backed out altogether, but that a faint laugh drew her at. tention to one spot where she saw a curtain banging before a sort of recess. She went up, drew the curtain, and discovered a small alcove with a most luxurious bed, and a very luxurious little demoiselle coiled up in it.

"Ob, there you are at last!" Miss Marion said, and she shook her friend by the shoulder. A murmur only was beard.

"Get up, you dreadful lazy little girl! see how the sun is shining. It is so delicious! it's not like anything I ever saw before. De promise me that you will get up at once "
The pretty girl languidly half-opened her dark brown eyes, and gave another toss or two in her bed, and sbrugged herself to-

gether again. "Do get up, Melissa! won't you, like a dear girl ?"

"But I don't want to get up, Sydney. What's the good of getting up? I've often been up.

"The lovely morning, the sun, the flowers--"

" I've ceen the sun and the flowers, all sorts of flowers-I don't care about flowers-I don't care about the sun; I prefer the mcon." "But last night you said you would not

come out to see the moon. You said you didn't care to see the moon." "I didn't then; but that was night. This

morning; that makes all the Don't you see ?"

Miss Marion laughed. "I fancy it does make all the difference, and I do see well enough. What a formenting little dear you are, to be eure! Bas I do want you to enjoy the morning with me; or I want, rather, to erjoy the morning with you. You'll come down, won't you, to please me? I am like the little key in the old nursery about teasing all manner of unwilling crestures, the sheep, and the dog, and the cat, and

I don't know what, to come and play with him." "Which am I-the sheep, the dog, or the cat?" "Oh! you are none of these-the laopard

kitten, perhaps; if such a ereature is nice and lazy, and what people call aggravating if so, there you are. , "Well, it's all right; I'll get up," said the

lazy girl, resignetily. "One must get up some time in the day, and it is as well to do it now as later, I suppose; that's philosophy, I should think." " Hang up philosophy," said Sydney.

"Come, now, you are always telling me say rude things and use slang words. What do you say to 'hang up philosophy?" "But that's a quotation, Melissa; it's iron Shakespeare—don't you know?"

"Then Shakespeare must have been a very vulgar man," the yours lady said, decisively. Having thus settled the question," she rolled herself up in a significant way and was silent thereby implying that the sooner her friend left her the sooner she would get up and prepare to enter on the business and pleasure

"Just one word, Melissa : you won't go eleep again?"

"Glanile," the young lady murmured from among her pillows — "that's yes hath murdered sleep, and therefor know I ough Cawdor-that's me; I to say 'that's I,' but doesn't it sound odd?-and therefore Cawdor that's I of me, whichever you please-shall sleep po more.

"I thought just now you seemed to know nothing about Shakespeare," said Sydney. "That's not Shakespear; it's Henry It

"What a ridiculous creature you are! You know a great deal more than you pretend to" "All right, dear; most people pretend to great deal more than they know; I may want to redress the balance, don't you see? Well, I'll not go to sleep again. Would you mind sending Priscilla to me if you see her? or if you would just ring the beil for her before you leave the room, that would save second or two, perhaps; and a second save is a second earned."

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Miss Marion laughed, and rang the bell " Melissa's maid, and then left her compani. and went downstairs and out into the gards The little sensuous maiden apove stairs hus ged herself once or twice deliciously in he wrappings. The morning was mild and sol bedclothes. But this was a young lady wh immensely loved comfort and warmth and it dolence, and harmless little luxuries and selindulgences of all kinds. A During the in momente which slapsed before her maid car into the room she had dianged her positis Beveral times; not that she found herself w easy in any, but that even for that moment

(Continued on Third Page.)