DANGER AHEAD!

IBy the side of Colonel Twentyman rode Mr. Robinson, habited, as usual, in wide Tam o' Shauter cap. . . I observed to day a marked change in the behavior of the c untry people whom I met. Not one touched his hat or wished you good morning, so great a change has been effected in a people by nature wholly and good-natured by the teaching of the United Eagus."—Lough Mask correspondent of Daily Express. Express.] 1.

There's danger brewing—that I see;
A change is in the people's habits;
Time was when they were wont to be
As meek and mild as hares and rabbits;
Time was when all those Mises and Pats, On all their roads their needs and passes, Wou'd never fail to touch their hats To members of the Better Classes!

But now not one will cock his eye, Save in the way of jeer or banter, When arr. Robinson goes by, Majestic, in his Tam o' shanter.

11. Tis much too plain this onen means.
Those people hate our Constitution; Their Jaunty and untouched caubeous Port ad a dreadful Revolution ;

Ak, me! such men some yents ago
Would huntily bow and sli keep standing
Bareticaded in rain and snow.
Before a Presence so commanding! But now the lunge !- alas, alas !-We used sorrelon here instanter.
When Mr. R. binson can pass,
Unnoticed, in his Tam o' Shanter!

Of course this shame is brought about By that confounded and League's teachings The good old ways are ; ut to rout By trangel's wild and wicked speechings: By tarnell's wild and wicked speechings:
Tis time the reign of wrong and ill
That brings such dore effects were ended—
But hat can bever be until
The Habeas Corpus Act's suspended.

111.

Then who will dare to cock his eye Then who will dare to cock mis eye with silly jac is or idle banter,
When Mr. Robinson goes by,
Rejoicing, in his Tarm o' Shanter?
T. D. S.

- Dublin Nation

REDMOND O'DONNELL:

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER XI .- Continued.

The eyes of the stricken man were fixed upon her with a strange earnest wist-ulness Ke tried feebly to speak-his fingers closed almost convulsively over her's. She bent her s ear to catch his words. "Send for Hammersly-I must make my

will."

She kirded him soothingly. "Yes, papa, darling, but not now. There's no Lucry, you know-all present danger is over. You are to be very still, and go to sleep. I will stay by you and watch.'

You will drink this, Sir John" Doctor Graves said, authoritatively, and the sick man swallowed the opiate, and, with his hand till clasped in Katherine's fell asleep.

Dr. Graves departed. Mr. Otis remained; Katherine kept her vigil by the bedside, very pale in the sunlight of the new day. Mr. Otis watched her furtively from his remote seat. Her's was a striking face, he thought, a powerful face-a face full of character.

"That girl will be no common woman," he thought; " for good or for evil, she's deemed to wield a powerful influence. You don't see such a face as that many times in life."

The weary moments wore on. The Christmas morning grew brighter and brighter. The house was still very quiet. Outside the wint, y sunshine sparkled, and the trees rattled in the frosty wind. The pale watcher lay back in her chair, paler with every passing mement, but never offering to stir. How white she was, how weary she looked. The young physician's heart went out to her in a the ivery light. The night air sighed faintly great compassion. Miss Dangerfield, pardon me, but you are

worn out. There is no danger now, and you may sately trust Sir John to my care. Pray let me prevail upon you to go and he down.'

She opened her eyes, and looked at him in some surprise, and with a faint smile.

" You are very kind," she said gently, " but I promised to stay here until he awoze." There was nothing more to be said-Miss Dangerfield's tone admitted of no dispute Mr. Otis went, back to his seat, and listened to the ticking of the clock and the signing of

the December wind. It was almost noon when Sir John awokemuch better, and quite conscious. Ho daughter had never stirred. She bent over kim the instant his eyes opened.

" Papa, dear, you are better?" "You here still, Kathte?" he said feebly. "Have you never been to bed at all?"

"No, Sir John," Mr. Otis interrupted, coming forward, " and I must beg of you to use your influence to send her there. Her locg vigil has quite worn her out, but she would mat leave von."

She stooped and kissed him.. "I will go now, papa. Mr. Otis and Mrs. Harrison will stay with you. I do feel a lit-

tle tired, I admit." Sir John's attack seemed but slight, after all. He kept his bed all next day, but on the third was able to sit up.

"And I don't see any necessity for postnoning our wedding, Katherine," Mr. Gaston Emintree said. "Since by New Year's Eve, Bir John will be almost completely re-

"But he will not be able to drive to the church with me, Gaston," Katherine argued "Br. Graves will not permit him to leave the house for a fortnight, and besides, the excitement."

"Katherine," her lover interrupted decidedly, " I will not have our marriage post poned-the most unlucky thing conceivable. If the governor isn't able to go to church at Castleloid, and give you away, why let's have the ceremony here in the house. If the mountain can't come to Mahomet, why Mahomet can go to the mountain. A wedding in the house is a vast deal pleasanter to my mind than in public at Castletord, with all the tagrag of the parish agape at the bride and groom, and all Castleford barracks clanking their spurred heels and steel scabbards mp the aisles, putting us out of countenance."

Katherine laughed. "My dear bashful Gaston! the first time I ever dreamed that anything exactly could put you out of countenance! Well, I'll ask papa, maid, Katherine sat passive to all changes. and it shall be as ne says."

Miss Dangerfield did ask papa, and rather to her surprise received an almost eager as-

"Yes, yes," he said feverishly. "Dantree's right-a postponed marriage is the most unlacky thing on earth. We won't postpone it. Let it be in the house as he suggests, since my driving with you to church is an impossibility. Since it must be done, 'twere well were done quickly! Let the summer drawing-room he fitted up, and let the ceremony

be performed there!" Mr. Peter Dangerfield had been a daily ious than he. The baronet listened to him

anxiety with a cynical smile. between him and the title-you understand. dead white silk swept in its richness tar be-

I have no doubt Peter is anxious that-I should never recover."

" Something's bappened to Peter, papa," answered. Ketherine thoughtfully, "he's got quite a new way of talking and carrying himrelt of late. He looks as if some great good fortune had betallen him. Now what do you

suppose it can be?" "Great good fortune," Sir John repeated. with rather a startled face. "I think you must be mistaken, Katherine. I wonder," very slowly this, "if-it be-has been in communication with Mrs. Vavasor since her deuarture."

For Mrs. Vavasor's presence in Castleford was still a profound secret. Sho had taken lodgings in the removest and quietest suburb of the town. She never ventured abroad by day, and had assumed an alias. She and Mr. Daugerfield kept tryst in the evenings, in ionely lanes and deserted places, and no one

save himself dreamed of her presence. But three days now to the wodding day and those three flew apace. It had been arranged that since, contrary to all precedent, the marriage was to be performed at Searswood it should also take place in the evening, to be toflowed, in the good old fashioned way by a supper and ball, and the bridgl party start. next day for the Continent. The hour was fixed for ten, and half the country invited.

Sir John's progress toward strength was very slow. Some secret auxiety seemed preying on his mind and keeping him back. he watched his idolized darling flying up and down stairs, dashing, bright as the sunshine itself, in and out of the room, singing like a skylark in her perfect bliss, and he shank trom the sight as though it gave him positive

pain. "How can I tell her?" he thought; "how can I ever tell her? And yet I ought-I ought "

Once or twice he feebly made the attempt, but Katherine put him down immediately in her decided way.

" Not a word now, papa-I won't have it I don't want to hear any nasty, annoying secrets two days before my wedding, and have my peace of mind disturbed in this way. If I've got to hear this disagreeable thing, let me hear it ere theboneymoon is over-Gaston will help me bear it then-you tried to tell me Christmas Eve, and it brought on a fit of apoplexy; and now, contrary to all medical commands, you want to begin overagain, and being on another. But I'm mistress of the situation at present, and I won't listen. So eet your mind at rest, and dou't wear that gloomy countenance on the eve of your only daughter's marriage."

He was too feeble to resist. He held her to him for a moment, and looked into the happy young face with a weary sigh. I suppose few fathers look very joyous on

the eve of an only daughter's marriage, and I have greater reason than you dream of to look gloomy. But let it be as you sav-let us postpone the evil hour as long as we can." The last day came—the day before New Year's Eve. The bride elect had been busier of the room. even than usual all day. Mr. Dantree dined and spent the evening there alone. They were both very grave, very quiet-that long, peaceful evening, the last of her youth and her happiness, never faded from the gul's memory. The picture, as she saw it then, hannied her to her dving hour-the big. figure lying back in his easy chair before the ment, her hand on his arm. fire-her lover at the piano playing soft melancholy airs, and she herself nestling in a formense, listening to the music, and his whispered words-the "sweet nothings" or courtship. She followed him out into the I have a right to know. Shorten the agony, grand portico entrance of the house to sav good-by for the last time. The cold, white The hour is past and the bride is waiting, moon sailed up the azure, the stars were numberless, the trees cast long, black shadows in in the woodland, something in the still, sol-

heart with a sense almost of pain. "The sun will shine to-morrow," Gaston whispered; "and ' blessed is the bride that the sun shines on !" Good-night, my darling, for the last time."

enta beauty of the dying night filled the girl's

He held her in his arms for a moment-for the last time!

The last time! And no foreboding-of all that was so near at hand came to her as she

stood there. The promise of the night did not hold good. Mr. Danvree's prediction as to the sunshine was not destined to be fulfilled. New Year's Eve dawned cloudy, cold, and overcast. A long, lamentable blast soughed up from the sea, the low-lying sky frowned | morrow all this would be-his-he an outdarkly over the black, frost-bound earth.

"We're going to have a storm," Sir John enid; "our guests must reach us through a

tempest to-night.' The storm broke at noou-rain, sleet, and oaring wind. Katherine shivered as she listened to the wild whistling of the blast. She. usually the least nervous and superstitious of human beings, felt little cold chills creeping men. They have made my fortune. Halt over her, as she harkened to its wintry howle

"It sounds like the cry of a banshea" she said, with a shudder, to Edith Taluet. A Such | the gurrer, brought up in the streets, adopted a wild, black, sleety, wretched winter's day I out of charity, turned out for my shortcom-And last night there was not a cloud in the ings, to starve, or steal, to go to State prison, sky! Edith, do you believe in omens?"

"I believe this is as disagreeable a day, as it is in the nature of December days to be, and that you are a nervous goose for the first time in your life. You don't suppose Mr. a feather for the wind to blow away. Don't one of the very eleverest fellows I ever knew be so restless and fidgety, Kathie, or you'll in the whole course of my life." make me as pervous as yourself."

The short, dark, winter afternoon dragged

With the fall of the night the storm seemed to increase. The roar of the winds deepened; the dull thunder of the surf on the shore reached them; the trees waved in the high gale like human things in pain; and the cerseless sleet lashed the glass.

"An awful night for a wedding," even the servants whispered. "No wonder poor Miss Katherine looks like a ghost."

She was pale beyond all the ordinary pallor of bridehood-strangely restices, strangely wilent.

Darkness fell, the whole house was lit uo: flowers bloomed everywhere as though it had been midsummer; warmth and luxury everywhere within contrasted with the travail of the dying year. Under the hands of her The supreme hour of her life had come, and in every wail of wind, every dash of the trozen rain, she seemed to hear the warning words of her old nurse; False as fair! False as fair l

Eight o'clock. The Rector of Castleford and his curate had arrived. Nine! The musicians had come, and the earliest of the nup. tial guests; the roll of carriages could be heard through the tumult of the storm. Half-past nine! And "I wonder if Gaston has yet arrived?" Katherine said.

It was the first time she had spoken for over an hour. Her attendant bridesmalds, visitor at Scarswood ever since his uncle's live besides Miss Talbot, were all there. The Biness-no nephew more devoted, more anx. dressing-rooms were bright with fair girls, floating tulle and laces, and fragrant with eager inquiries after his health, his son-like flowers. Miss Talbot and the French maid were alone with the bride. The last touch "If I were dead there would be one the less had been given to the tollet. The robe of

hind, the tall, slim figure looked taller and a rule; but they affected him to-day. I supslimmer than ever, the original orange blossoms crowned the long, light-brown hair, the bridal veil floated like a mist over all. The last jewel was placed, the last ribbon tied, the last fall of lace arranged. She stood before the mirror fair, pale, pensive—a bride

ready for the altar.

A quarter of ten! The Swiss clock, telling of the quarters, startled them. How the moments flow-hew fast the guests were arriving through the storm. The roll of carriages was almost incessant now, and lifting her dreamy eyes Latherine repeated her enquiry; "I wonder if Gaston has come?"

"What a question!' orled Miss Talbot, A bridegroom late, and that bridegroom Mr. Dantree of all men. Of course, he has come, and is waiting in a fever of impatience downstairs. Minon, run and see. "

The French girl went, and came flying back breathlessly.

"Mademoiselle, how strange. Monsieur Dantreo has not arrived. Monsiegneur, the abbe, is ready and waiting-all the guests are assembled, but mon Dieul the bridegroom is late!

Miss Talbot looked at her friend. Neither spoke nor moved. The flock of bridesmaids, a "rose-bad garden of girls," came floating in with their misty diapery, their soft voices and sundued laughter. It was ten o'clock, and the wedding bour.

There was a tap at the door. Ninon opened it, and old Sir John, white as ashes and trembling on his staff, entered and approached his daughter.

"Kutherine, Dantree has not come." "I know it, father. Something has happened." Her voice was quite steady, but a gray,

ashen terror blanched her fuce, "Had you not better send to Morecambe?" Edith Talbot interposed. . . He was quire well when I left this morning. Has George arrived?"

" Your brother is here. Miss Talbot." "And what does he say?"

"Nothing to the point. Before dark Dantrie left him to go to his room and dress. Your brother when starting for here sent him word, and found his room deserted. Taking it for granted he wished to be alone, and had left for Scarswood before im, your brother came over at once. He was astonished when he arrived at not finding him here."

And then dead silence fell. What dld it mean?

Below the guests had gathered in groups, whispering ominously: in the "bridal bower" bride and bridesmaids looked at each other's pale faces and never spoke. One by one the moments told off. A quarter past ten, and still no bridegroom!

Then all at once wheels dashed up to the door-in the entrance ball there was the sudden bustle of an arrival. Ket ierine's heart gave one great bound; and E lith Talbot, unable to endure the suspense, unable to look at her friend's tortured face, turned and ran ou-

"Whit!" she said. "I will be back in a moment?

She flew down the stuirs. Some one had arrived-a gentleman-but not Gaston Dantree. The new-comer, pale, breathless, eager,

was only Peter Dangerfield. But he might bring news-he looked as lamplit drawing room-her father's quiet though he did. She was by his side in a mo-

> "What is it?" she said. " Has anything happened to Mr. Dantree?" "Yes, Dangerfield," exclaimed Captalu De Vere, coming forward. "As second best man

> if possible, and out with it. What's up? Where is the bridegroom?"

CHAPTER XII. THE TELLISO OF THE SPORET

WHERE was the bridegroom?

Gaston Dantree bade good-by to Katherine D angerfield, and rode down that noble avenue of elms leading to the ponderous gates. His horse's footsteps rang clear and abarn through the still, frosty air, the silvery mist of moon light bothed all things in its pale mystic

glow. He pansed an instant to look back, ere he rode away. What a fair domain it was -what a stately sweep of park, and glade, and woodland-fairer than ever in the pearly light of the Christmas morn. How noble the old house looked, with its thirets, its peaked gables, its massive stack of chimules. And to-

enet of the New York streets. He laughed softly, exuitably to himself as

he turned and rode swiftly away. "It's better to be born lucky than richit's better to be born bandsome than lucky. A clear complexion and a set of regular features, a tenor voice, and insinuating manuers have done more for me than they do for most the men and women in the world are fools at best, and don't know how to use the gifts with which nature endows them. I was born in or-become the literary back of a sporting paper, ill-paid, and ill-red. And now-tomorrow is my wedding day, and a baronet's year to be my bride. Gaston Dautree, I con-

And then, as Mr. Dantree code over the mountit highroad, he astonished belated wayfarers by uplitting his voice in melody, so sweet and clear, that even the sleeping nightmight have awakened to listen and envy The wheels of the world were greased on their axles for him. A bride and a fortune, and a life of perpetual pleasure lay beyond to-morrow's suntise. Ther I was only one thorn in all his bed of roses-Marie.

"If she should come, after all! and Satan himself I believe can never tell what a woman may do. You may be as certain as that you live she will take one course, and ten to one she takes the direct opposite. For Marie De Lansac to pursue any man, though be sat on the throne of the Creatre, is the most unlikely thing on earth, and for that very reason she may turn up now. It she should appear to the rain, on important business-important morro ., and forbid the banna! Suca things | business to you. A quarter past eight." he happen sometimes. Or, if she should turn drew out his watch, and I see you are all up a year hence, and proclaim my secret and dressed for the ceremony. That gives us an her wrongs! And bigamy's a devilish ugly

word l¹¹ The shadow of the avenger pursued Mr. Dantree into dreamland. His visions this ante-nuptial night were all dark and ominous. He fell asleep, to see the face of the woman he feared, dark an : menacing ; he awoke, and fell asleep again, to see it palled and despairing, wild with woman's utmost wee. He started out of bad at last, at some abnormal heur in the dismai dawn, with a curse upon his lips. Sleeping or waking, the face of Marie De Lansac hannted him like an avenging ghost. The storm had come with the new day-rain and elect heat the glass, the wind howled dismaily around the house and up and down the draughty passages. Mr. Danpose the least sensitive of human beings liker bright sunshine, balmy breezes, and cloudless skies for his wedding day. Mr. Dautree cursed the weather-cursed the pursuing memory that drove him from his hed-cursed his own folly in letting superstitious fears trouble him, and having finished his litary. produced a smoke-colored bottle of French brandy, a case of manillas, and flung himself into an easy chair before the still smoulderlug fire. He primed himself with ean de vie notil the breakfast bell rang, and then descended to meet his host and his sister, and get the vapors of the night dispelled in their

Miss Talbot departed for Scarswood almost immediately after breakfast. Mr. Dansree escorted ber to the carriage, and moodily watched her drive away.

"I suppose I am to give your love to Katherine?" the young lady said, gayly; "und I suppose we won't een you until the hour. Try and wear a less dolorous face, signor when you do present yourself. It's a serious occasion, beyond doubt, but not even matrimony can warrant so gloomy a countenance as

that." How the long interminable hours of that day wore on, Gaston Dantree never afterward knew. Somerhing was going to happen-he simply felt that what, he did not know. Marie might come, or she might not; but who her or no, something would happen The dark sleepy hours drugged slowly along the smoked furiously—he drank more brandy time was at all printent or usual for pridegrooms-lie went in and out in a restless fever, that would not let him sit down. He paced up and down the leafless aisles, the sleet driving starply in his face, the keen wind piercing him, for he was of a chilly bature. Were presentiments true? None had ever troubled him before. Was it a guilty conscience? It was the first time he ever realized he had a conscience; or was it a worse demon than either-the gloomy field of-in-

digestion? " A sluzgish liver has made men blow their brains our before now, and a dyspeptic stomach has seen ghosts. Presentiments are sentimental humbugs-it's the heavy dinners at Scarswood, and the French cookery at Morecambe, combined with a leaden sky, and a miserable December day. If the infernally long day were ended, and this hour come, I should feel all right, I know."

His host watched him curiously from the window, wandering about in the storm like an unquiet spirit. Bridegrooms may be restless as a rule on the happy day, but not such restlessness as this.

"There's something on that fellow's mind," the young Sussex squire thought. "He has the look to-day of a man who is afraid, and 1 thought from the first this marriage would be on a man's wedding night. a deucedry bad job, and it's no end of a piry. She's such a trump of a girl-little Kathiebounds like a born Numrod-ess, dances tike a And she's going to throw herself away on this duffe, for no reason under heaven but Why did i ever fetch him down to Morecambe, or why need Katherine Dangerfield be such a little tool? Who's to tell us, the fellow hasn't a wife already out in New Oricans?"

Sometime after noon the bridegroom elect flung himself on his bed and fell heavily asleep. He did not dream this time; but elept-for hours-the beneficial effect of French brandy, no doubt. The short dark day had faded entirely out-the candles were lit, and Squire Talbot's man stood over him adjuring rum to rise. "Beg parding, sir, for disturbing you, but

And maste that I'm to hassist you." Mr. Dantree leaped from his bed. Half-

past six, and time to dress. No more endless hours, to think and friget, -that was a comfort at least. "How's the weather, now, Lewis?" he asked. "Storm held up any? No-I see it

has not-rather worse, if anything. Where's the equire?" "In I is bapartment, sir-dressing, sir Permit me to do that, Mr. Dantree, sir-if you please. Dinner's to be aff an host later than a love about its being well to wait until busual, sir, on this occavion-you'll 'ave just

tome to dress and no more." Lewis was an adept in his business. balf-past seven Mr. Dantree descended to dinner in full evening suit-white waist out, diamond studs, dress coat, shiny boots-rolled

for the sacrifice! He and the squire dined tete-a-tete. Neither are much-both were nervous and si-

lent. "What the deuce made me bring the fellow down?" the squire kept thinking, moodily, casting gloomy glances athwart the tall epergne of flowers between them. And Will anything happen after all?" the bridegroom kept saving over and over; " will the heiress of Scarswood be my wife to morrow morning, or will something prevent it at the eleventh hour, and expose me. It would be

just my usual inf-rnal luck." He went back to his room after dinner. They had not lingured, and it was still only daughter and the heiress of eight thousand a leight o'clock. A quarter before ten would be early enough to arrive at Scarswood, and run Dantree is sugar or salt to melt in the rain, or gratulate you again, and still again, you're the gauntlet of threeseors curious eyes. "I wish it were over?" he exclaimed, aloud, almost savagely. "I wouldn't undergo such an ordeal again for all the heiresses in Great Britain 1

"It is a nervous business," a voice in the doorway responded; "but take courage ingales, had there been any in December, | There's many aslip, you know, and though it wants but I wo hours to the time, you may escase the matrimonial noose after all." Gaston Dantree awang round with an oath

There, in the doorway stood Peter Dangerfield. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Danfree," the

lawyer said, glibly, coming in, and shutting the door. "You don't look the best pleased to see me, but that is not to be wondered "Where the devil did you spring from?"

Mr. Dantree demanded angrily. "I sprang from nowhere-I'v given up gymnastics. I drove over from Castleford, in

hour and three quarters-pleuty of time for what I want you to do." "What-you-want-me-to-to! Mr Dangerheld, I conf. ss I am at a loss to-"

"To understand me-exactly-quite nuural that you should and all that. I'll explain. Circumstances have come to light oncerning Sir John Dangerfield and-well -and the young lady you are going to marry. As a friend of yours, Mr. Dantree, I consider it would be a shameful deception to let the marriage go on while you are in ignorance of those circumstances. Sir, you have been grossly deceived—we have all been, and—but t is impossible for me to explain. Thereby hangs a tale, and all that-which I don't wish to tell. The person who told me is waiting at tree scowled at the distant prospect-atmo- Castleford to tell you. I drove here at once spheric influences did not affect him much as 1-my trap is waiting outside now. I made my way to your room unannounced. I know the house, and I want you to put on your hat erer than themselves. It's not pleasant, I and great-coat, and come with me to Castleford at once."

Gaston Dantree stood very pale, listening to this lengthy and rapid barangue. His presentiments were all true, then -something was going to occur. At the last honr the glittering prize for which he had fought and won was to be snatched from him. His lips were set hard, and there was a dull red glow kept his temper-under all circumstances it was the rule of his life to keep that.

"Mr. Dangerfield," he said, "will you be so good as to open the mysteries a little? Your speech sounds melodramatic-and I don't care for melo-drama off the boards. W. y am I to go to Castleford? What are the circumstances? Whom am I to meet?-and how have we all been deceived? Do you wish to insiduate anything against Miss Dangerfield?"

"Not a word-not a syllable. She is blameless and I ddo't wish to stop your marringe-Heaven forbid? No one will wish you joy, two hours hence, when the ceremony is over, more sincerely than I"

Gaston Danfree looked at him, staggered a little. The marriage was not to be stopped, He drew a long tense breath of relief. "This is all very strange. I wish you would explain. I'll go with you to Castletord-it will kill the intervening time as well as anything else-but, I'd rather not go in the dark

"You tatst. Take my word for it, Dantree, it is necessary. It is impossible for me to tell you-I am bound by oath. Come with me -come! I swear you shall be at Scarswood by ten o'clock.'

For a moment Dantree stood irresolute. Phen cariosity overcame every other feeling. H, spized his but and cont with a slight baugh.

"Be it so, then. Lend on, as they say in novels, I follow---and my good feliow, drive like the dettee." He ran lightly downstairs -- Peter Danger-

field followed. There was a flush on the lawver's sallow parchment cheeks, a fire in his dim, near-sighted eyes, all unusual there. They met no one. The squire was still in his "apartment," the servants were busy. The gig lamps of Mr. Dangerfield's trap loomed like two flery eyes in the stormy blackness. Dantree leaped in, Dangerfield smiling vixon she was. followed, snatched up the reins, and sped away like the wind.

It was a dead, silent drive. It was all Peter Dangerfield could do to hold the reins and m ke his way through the double darkness of night and storm. Gaston Dautree sat with filded arms waiting. What was he to hear?---where was he going?--whom was don't think be's a coward as a rule. I've be to see? A strange adventure this, surely,

The lights of Castleford gleamed through the sleet, the dull cannonading of the sea on no nonserse about her, you know; rides to the coast came to them above the shriels of the wind. In five minutes they had driven rarry, plucky, and thoroughbred from top to up before an inn :- the two men sprang out, a hostler took charge of the conveyance, and Peter Dangerfield, with a brief "This way, that he's got a good looking face. Hang it Dantree," sprang swiftly up the stairs, and ranned at a door on the first landing.

It was opened instantly, and Gaston Dantree saw—Mrs. Vavasor. She was magnificently dressed to-night. A rich robe of purple silk, on traine, swept behind her-diamouds flished on neck and ringers-and white perfumy roses n stled in the glossy masses of satin black hair. The rouge bloomed its brightest, the enamel glittered with alabaster dazzle, the almond eves were louser, brighter, blacker than ever, and that peculiar smile on her squirrel-shaped

mouth was never so radiant before, "You did not expect to see me, Mr. Danmaster's horders, sir, and it's 'a faster six, tree, did you? You didn't know I have been Mr. Dantres, sir, and time, master says, to get in Castleford a whole week. And I've come for the wedding all the way from Paris. I crossed the channel at the risk of expiring in the agonies of sea sickness, I braved your beastry British climate, I have buried myself ative a whole week here, without a soul to speak to-all-to be present at Katherine Dangerfield's wedding, if—that wedding over

takes place." Mr. Dantree looked at his watch, outward-

ly, at least, perfectly cool. "It will be an accomplished fact in one hour, madame. And there is a good old you're asked-wouldn't it have been better if you had remembered it. Your affection for Miss Dangerfield does credit to your head and heart, but I four it is unreciprocated. She

loves you as Old Nick loves holy water." "Nevertheiess, I shall go to ber wedding: I told her so once, and I mean to keep my word, if-as I said before-that wedding ever

takes Place." "Will you be kind enough to explain?" He was quite white, but braced to meet the worst. He looked her steadily between the eyes. She stood and returned that gaze smiling, silent, and with a devit in either glittering eye. For Peter Dangerfield he stood aloot and listened.

"What a fortunate fellow you are, Gaston Dantrer, Mrs. Vavasor said, after that short nauce. "You are the very handsomest man I think, I ever saw; you are the best singer off the operatic stage I ever heard; your manners are perfect in their insolent ease, you are seven-and-twenty-a charming ageand you possess what so seldom goes with heauty, unbappily-brains. The world is your oyster, and you open it, cleverly; you are a penulless Yunkee adventurer, and a baronet's daughter, and the heiress of eight thousand a year is waiting at Scarswood to mairy you to-night. Under what fortunate combination of the planets were you born, I wonder; you don't love this young lady you are going to marry; but love is an exploded idea -- the stock in trade of poets and novelists. People with eight thousand a year can dispense with love; but where the bride and groom are both penniless-oh, well I that's another matter."

"Mrs. Vavasor, it is after nine o'clock. Did you send for me to listen to a homily? If so, having heard it, allow me to take my

departure." "Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Dantree-there's no occasion. Ten o'clock will come, but I don't believe we'll have a wedding to-night

after all' "You have said that three times!"-Gaston Dautree's eyes were growing stern, and his mouth was set in one thin hard line-the same thing repeated too often grows a bore. Be kind enough, if you mean anything, to tell of the hats were trimmed with ivy, wild hyme what you mean."

"I will! I mean this, my handsome Lou-Islanian—that your bride-elect is no more a barouet's danghter-no more Sir John Dangerfield's heiress-than I am !"

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. VAVASUR'S STORY.

It was out, and Gaston Dantree stood for a moment stunned, looking at the evil, smiling face of the speaker, and absolutely unable to reply. Then-

"I don't believe it," he said slowly. Mrs. Vavasor langhed aloud:

It's not pleasant for a successful adventurer. ful inflamatory diseases and flesh wounds. Oh, don't be offunded; it's only the name Price 25 cts.

commonplace people give other people clevsay, when the golden chalice of fortune is at our lips to see a ruthless hand spill that wine of life at our feet. It isn't pleasant for a haudsome, dark-eyed Adonis, with the face of a god and the purse of a-pauper, to find the reputed daughter and heliess of a wealthy baronet, whom he is going to marry, as great a pauper as himself greater, indeed, for she lacks the good looks that may yet make your not good to see in his black eyes. But he fortune, Mr. Dantree. It isn't pleasant, but it is perfectly true. Sir John Bangerfield has imposed upon you-upon his rightful heir here, Mr. Dangerfield, upon societypassing off a girl of whose parentage he is in most absolute ignorance, as his daughter. Don't fly into a pussion, Mr. Dantree, us I see you are ball inclined to-at least not with me. I'm not afraid of you, and I'm not to blame. If you don't believe me -but I see von do-come with me to Scarswood-Mr. Dangerfield and I arn bound for the wedding -and be convinced from Sir John's own lips, My shawl, if you please, Mr. Dangerfield-Sir Peter that is to be."

He took the rich Parisian wrap and folded t gallantly around her stim shoulders. Gaston Dantree still stood utterly contounded—a blank feeling of rage, and fury, and despair choking the passionate words he would have said. She looked at him, and laughed scain:

"Mon Dieu! he is like an incarnate thunder-cloud-black and ferocious as a Levantine pirate, or an Alpine brigand. Cheer up. mon ami, we won't take your bride from you -only her fortune; and what are a few thousands a year, more or less, to such a devoted lover as you? And she would go with you to beggary. It makes a hardened woman of the world, like myself, absolutely young again to see such gushing and beautiful devotion. I rather thought romance had gone out of fashion in this year of grace, and that it was only at Covent Garden we heard of two son's with but a single thought-two hearts that beat as one. But I have found our my mistake, and think better of the world since I have known you. My bonnet, Mr. Dangerfi-id-thanks. Now then, messieurs -- forward! march! I am entirely at your ser-

She took Peter Dangerfield's arm, locking backward over her shoulder at the black, marble figure of the bridegroom, like the

"Come, Gaston, mon brave," she said; "though you lose an heiress, you need not lose We will be but a few minutes late after all. Come-away!"

She ran lightly down the stairs, humming with a face of mulicious delight, " Haste to the Wedding."

The hour for which she had hungered and thirsted for years and years had come-the honr of her vengeance. 6 Revenge is sweet -particularly to a woman," singeth my Lord Byron, and he had hit truth as well as poetry when he said it. A man sometimes spares his enemy-a woman will forgive a man seventy times seven, but one w man will spare another-never!

Gaston Dantree followed. His lips were set in an expression no one who beheld him this night had ever seen before; his dark eyes were lurid with rage, disappointment, and fury, his dusky face savage and set. All his presentiments were fulfilled - more than fusfilled. At the worst he bad not dreamed of anything half so had as this. He believed went he had heard-there was that in Mm. Vavasor's face and voice, with all their malica, th t showed she spoke the truth. For the second time he had been foiled-in the very bour of his triumph. A demoniaced rage filled him-against this woman, against the

baronet, against Katherine, against bimself. " What a dolt-what an ass I have been!" he muttered inaudibly, grinding his terth; " what a laughing-stock I shall be! But, by Heaven! if I am to lose a fortune. Katherine Dangerfield shall lose a busband. It's one thing to risk Newgate for an heiress, but I'll sen all the portionless, adopted daughters this side of the infernal regions, at the bottom of the bottomless pit, before I'll risk ic for one

of them!" And then Mr. Dantree folded his arms in sullen silence, and let things take their course. He knew the worst--- he had not his fate to the test, and lost it all. Nothing remained but to see the play played out, to pack his trunk, and at once seek fresh fields and

pastures new. The night was black as Erebus: the coldcutting sleet still heat, the wind still blew. The street lamps fiered and flickered in the soughs of wind--the shops of the town were shut-lights twinkled pleasuntly behind closed blinds. Mrs. Vavasor sat behind him muffled in her wraps---a demonized desire to pitch her beadlong out of the trap was strong

upon Mr. Dantree.
"Little devil!" he thought, looking at her savagely under cover of the darkness. "Sho knew it all along and waited for this melodramatic climax. It's your turn now, Mrs. Vavasor; when the wheel revolves and mine comes, I'll remember this dark night's

Not one word was spoken until the lights of Scarswood came in sight. Gaston Dantree's heart was full of passiontte bitterness, as the huge gate lamps hove in view. And

to-morrow all this might have been his.

The most beautiful women of antiquity were famous for their long and brilliant tresses. No matter what the face and form of a woman may be, the cannot be called stric ly beautiful without this crowning glory. Hence all women in all ages seek after this desideratum which may be had by using Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer. Sold by all obemists,

At a meeting of directors and managers of Reformatory and Industrial Schools, held in E-finburgh recently, the subject of how best to deal with juvenile delinquents was discussed. Among the resolutions passed was one calling for the abolition of the prison, punishment to a child before it passed into a reformatory.

RELIABLE -NO REMEDY HAS BEEN more earnestly desired and more diligontly sought ior by the medical profession throughout the world, than a reliable, efficient and at the same time a safe and certain corgative. DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND PURGATIVE PILLS supply this want.

At a recent wedding in England there were eight bridesmaids, who were straw hats. Two acinth, blue bells and wood anemone in order to suggest the woodland; two were trimmed with cowslips, dasies and grass, as a reminder of the meadows; two boreivellow calthas, iorget-me-nots and water-cress to bring to mind the rivulets, and two had on them white and pink water-lilies, buds and foliage, in honor

Many a man has been crippled for life by an accident met with in toil, who might have been spared from the surgical knife had he promptly applied Yellow Oil. This valuable remedy should ever be kept at hand in case of accidents or emergencies; it is for inter-"You mean you don't want to believe it | nal and external use; a specific for all pain-