LE CHASSEUB d'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER VIII .- CONTINUED.

Mr. Dantree arose, and crossing to where his writing case lay, unlocked it, and produced a package, neatly tted up with blue They were letters-only a woman's ribbon. letters—in the same hand as that of to-night, and in their midst a carte de visite. He took this latter up and looked at it. It was the face of a girl in her first youth, a darkly piquante face, with two large eyes looking at you from waving masses of dark hair-a handsome, impassioned face, proud and spirited. And Gaston Dantree's hard, coldly bright brown eyes grew almost tender as he

"Poor child!" he said-"poor little girl! How pretty she used to look in her misty white dresses, her laces, the creamy roses she used to wear, her dusk cheeks flushed, and her big blue eyes like stars! Poor little thing! and she would have laid a princely fortune at my feet, with her heart and hand, if that old bloke, her grandfather, hadn't euchred her out of it. And I would have been a very good husband, as husbands go, to little Marie, which is more than I'll ever be to this other one. Ah, well! Sic transit, and all the rest of it!-here goes!"

He replaced the vignette, added the last letter to the others, did them up neatly in a sheet of white paper, sealed the package with red wax, and wrote the address in a firm, elear hand:

" Mile. MARIE DE LANSAC,

"Rue de-" New Orleans, Louisians."

" I'll mail this to-morrow," Mr. Dantree said, putting it in the pocket of his overcoat; "and now I'll seek my balmy couch and woo the god of slumber. I dare say it will be as successful as the rest of my woo-

Mr. Dantree undressed himself leisurely, as he did all things, and went to bed. But sleep did not come all at once; he lay awake, watching the leaping firelight flickering on the wall, and thinking.

What if after all now, something were to happen, and I were to be dished again as I was in the New Orteans affair?" he thought. By George! it was enough to make a man cut his own throat, or-old De Lansac's. A million dollars to a dead certainty,-Marie sele heiress, Marie dying for me. And then he must go and get married-confound him! I can't think Sir John Dangerfield is dotard enough for that, but still delays are danger-I'll strike while the iron's hot. I'll make Katherine name the day, to-morrow, by Jove. Once my wife, and I'm safe. Nothing can happen then, unless-unless-Heavens and earth !-unless Marie should appear upon the scene, as they do on the stage, and de-

nounce me!" And then Mr Dantree paused aghast, and

stared blankly at the fire. "It's not in the least likely though," he continued. "Marie is not that sort of woman. I believe, by George! if she met me a week after she gets the letters back she would look me straight between the eyes and cut me dead. No-Marie never will speakshe could go to the scaffold with her head up and her big blue eyes flashing defiance, and it's a very lucky thing for me she's that sort. Still it will be a confoundedly ugly thing if she ever hears of me again either as Sir Dantree Dangerfield or the heiress of Scarswood's fonce. She might speak to save Katherine. But no;" and then Mr. Dantree turned over with a yawn at last on his pillow, "who ever heard of one woman saving another. Men do, but women-never! I'll have the wedding day fixed for to-morrow, and it shall be

CHAPTER IX.

THE THIRD WARNING.

Tue rain passed with the night, and a slight frost set in with the next day. Mr. Dantree was due at a hunting party at Langton Brake, to be followed by a ball at Langton Royals. He would meet Miss Dangerfield on his way to cover, and she should fix their wedding day.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky prohummed. "Before I am three hours older I shall put my fate to the touch, 'to win or port me under all this' lose it all.' I wonder if a baronet's daughter She won't object to naming an early day, I demption, and I'm in love with her-eight thousand a year."

Mr. Dantree breakfasted, mounted " a red roan steed," and looking unspeakably well in his very becoming hunting costume, set off don't want to be importunate, my dear, but for the meet at Langton Brake.

The baronet's daughter was there before skting on a powerful-looking black horse as though it had been an easy chair, and looking, as she always did on horseback, her best. But while she talked and laughed with her attendant cavaliers, her gaze kept ever impataently turning in one direction, and as Gaston Dantree galloped up, a light flash of glad

welcome lit the clear eyes.

Late, Gaston; late again. I wonder if you ever were or will be in time for anything in your life. Any man whould prove himself a laggard on such a glorious morning deserves-what does he deserve, Captain De

heaviest loss I know of. A laggard in the made happy in. When, Kathie-when-when hunting field Mr. Dantree may be, but he certainly has proven himself anything but a

laggard in love." And bowing low after this small stab, and with a sarcastic curl of his tawny-mustached month, the captain of the Plungers rode away. He held the handsome, silver-voiced, oily-tongued Southerner in contempt and aversien-most men did-without exactly that knowing why. There are men whom men next." like, and men whom women like, and Mr. Dantree, happily for himself, was one of the

latter. A loud cry of "there they come" proclaimed the arrival of the hounds. The cient warrior may put in his veto. But it is huntsman as he passed cast surly glunces to- for you to overrule that. You're not the ward Miss Dangerfield and one or two other | bright, clever little darling I give you credit mounted ladies, with prophetic visions of for if you can't do it east y. In the bright their heading the fox, and being in the way. lexicon of youth, you know, there's no such The hounds were put into the gorse, and the | word as fail. You can do it, and you've got pink coats began to move out of the field to do it yourself, by Jove! I faced the music into the lane-Miss Dangerfield and her dark

lover with them. A loud "Hallo" rang shrilly out, the hounds came with a rushing roar over a never had a taste for private theatricals. tail coat. fence. "There he is!" cried a score of voices, as the fox flaw over the ground, and with a ringing shout Katherine Dangerfield | We couldn't wind up the old year in a jollier flew along on black 1lderim, steady as a rock | manner than by being married, and enjoying and upright as a dart. Her brilliant eyes ourselves in Paris for the rest of the winter. were flashing now with the hunter's fire- Come, now, my darling, don't object. Bring even Gaston Dantree was forgotten. The the noble baronet round to reason, and make roan flew along helter-skelter beside Ilderim | your Gaston the happiest man on this reellog for a few minutes, then fell hopelessly behind. Mr. Dantree counted neither courage him! Here comes De Vere. Ouick, Kathie; ner horsemanskip among his many virtues. | yes or no?" On and on like the wind-Ilderim flew the "Yes."

fences with a tremendous rush he leaped chasms and hedges, his dauntless rider taking everything before her. The master of the hounds himself looked at her in a glow of admiration—the black Arab flew over everything, scorning to turn to the right or left, and after a brilliant burst of over an hour, the heiress of Scarswood had the triumph and delight of being one of the fortunate few in at the finish-in time to see the dead fox held over the huntsman's head with the hounds hanging expectant around. She laughed-eyes and teeth flashing dazzlingly—as she received the brush from the huntsman and the innumerable compliments from the gentlemen who crowded around the heroine of the hour.

"Yes," she said, "I can ride-about the only thing I can do. No, Mr. Dantree, I do not want a compliment from you, and I can't pay one either. Your roan balked shamefully, and you are the last man in. But to be late, as I said before, on all occasions, is your

normal state." "Being first in your regards I can bear the rest with philosophy, Miss Dangerfield. Fall back from those people, and rein in that black whirlwind of yours, and ride back to Langton

Royals with me." She looked at him quickiy-some tone in his voice, some look in his eyes startled her. "Gaston, something has happened!"

"Yes-nothing to be alarmed about, however. Only this-I must go back to New Orleans." " Gaston !"

It was a sort of dismayed cry. If he had ever doubted his power over her he would have been reassured now. The glad light died out of her face as she turned to him. "Go back to New Orleans! Why should you go back? I thought-"

"You thought I was never to go back any more. You thought this sort of pleasant existence-driving, hunting, singing, and being happy-taking no thought, like lilies of the field, etc., was to go on forever. My dear lit-tle simple Kathie! you seem to forget that though you are born to the purple, I am not. You forget that men must work and women must weep. You forget that you are engaged to a poor beggar, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow or his brains. You torget in short that I am not the heiress of Scarswood, with eight thousand per annum, or Captain De Vere, next heir to a peerage, but Gaston Dantree, Bohemian, literary hack -only too thankful if his flimsies for the New Orleans journals pay for the coat he wears and the bed he sleeps on. You forget that, my dear, impetuous little girl, but, by Jove, I don't!"

"And what's all that got to do with it? Why can't things go on as they are? Why can't you stop at Morecambe until-" Miss

Dangerfield stopped abruptly. "Until our wedding day-is that what you mean, Kathie? Ah! but you see that seems such a very indefinite period. Mr. Talbot was kind enough to invite me to run down to his place in Sussex for a week's August fishing, and I was to repay his hospitality by singing songs. August has passed, October is here, and—so am I still. And, unfortunately, singing is such an unsubstantial mode of payment, even the finest tenor voice is apt to pail upon a Sussex Squire, after three months' incessant listening to it. I had a letter last night from New Orleans-not a pleasant letter-and it comes to one of two things now, either to go back to Louisiana and resume my quill driving, or-" Mr. Dantree paused and looked at her-" or," he repeated with that smile of his, the baronet's romantic daughter thought the most beautiful on earth—" or Kathie."

" Yes, Gaston ?" "Or you must marry me out of hand. Do you hear, Kathie?-take me for better or worse, and support me afterward. That's what it comes to in plain English. One may be in love ever so deeply, but one must have three meals pe boot maker. I have just money enough to last precisely two months and a half-I've been totting it up. After that the work-house stares me in the face. I'll defy the minions of the newspaper, Kathie, if you say so, and I'll go to the Castleford Arms and wait until the happy day comes, that makes you all my own. If not-why then-" Mr. Dantree paused and produced his cigar-case. "You'll permit me, Iknow, Kathie? You're awfully sensible on the subject of cigars, and I've been thinking so deeply ever since I got claim it a hunting morning," Mr. Dantree that confounded letter, that my brain-such as it is-is dazed. I need a smoke to sup-

Then there was silence, while they rode on could get up her trousseau in three months? slowly in the rear of the hunting party—Mr. Dantree philosophically pulling his cigar, and know; she's in love with me beyond all re- Katherine, her cheeks flushed with very unwonted color, and lips scaled with still more unwonted silence.

"Well," he said, as the turrets and peaked gables of Laugton Royals bore in sight, "I suspense isn't a pleasant thing. When a man is under sentence, the sooner he hears him, surrounded by half a dozen red coats, his doom and knows the worst, the better. Am I to go to New Orleans, to risk all that may come to part us forever, or am I to-"

"Stay, Gaston !" "Mr. Dantree drew a long breath of great relief. For one moment he had doubtedfor one agonizing moment the eight thousand a year seemed trembling in the balance.

"My loyal little girl! I shall thank you for this when two score people are not looking on. I am to stay and send the New Orleans editors au diable, and the wedding day will be-when, Kathie? My princely fortune will keep me about two months, and allow ma a new suit of clothes, I suppose, to be

"Gaston, I don't know. It is so horribly sudden. Good Heavens! only two months!

One can't prepare." "Oh yes, one can. Import the trousseau from London or Paris. They'll send you on the thousand and one things brides seem to require in a week. Be rational, Kathie; that objection is overruled. Name the

"It is easily named. Papa will never consent."

"Ah, now you have come to the hitch in the matter. I think it very likely the anonce, and I'd rather keep my countenance averted from the melody for the future. He does the heavy father to perfection, and I Suppose I spare your blushes, and fix the day myself? Suppose I select New Year's eve? globe on New Year's eve. Quick-oh, hang

She just had time to flutter forth that one little word, when the captain af the Plungers Purple rode up on his gray charger to solicit the second waltz at the ball that night.

"I used to write my name first on your list, Miss Dangerfield," the captain said, plaintively, "but all that's over now," with a glance at Dantree; " and I must be resigned to my fate of second fiddle. 'Twas ever thus, etc. I trust hunting in this damp air has not impaired your voice for 'The Wine Cup is Sparkling,' Mr. Dantree?"

They rode on to Langton Royals together -Katherine unusually silent. She glanced furtively now and then at her two cavaliers. How much the handsomer her lover was Such easy, negligent grace of manner; how well he talked; how well he sang; what a paragon he was among men. What a con-trast Randolf Cromie Algernon De Vere, riding beside him, was, with his heavy, florid, British complexion, his ginger whiskers, his sleepy, blue eyes, and his English army drawl. He was the son of a dead peer, and the brother of a live one; but his nose was a pug, and his hands and feet were large, and he had never thought, or said, a clever thing

in his life. "And papa wanted me to marry him!" Miss Dangerfield thought, with unutterable contempt; "after seeing Gaston, too! How impatient he is to have our wedding day fixed-how he seems to dread losing me. And people call him mercenary and a fortune hunter. I shall speak to papa to-morrow, and he shall consent."

The hunting party dined at Langton Royals. Miss Dangerfield's French maid had come over am Scarswood with her young lady's ball toilet, and when Mr. Dantree antered the brilliantly lighted ball-room and took a critical survey of his affianced wife, he was forced to confess that great happiness made the dark, sallow heiress of Scarswood very nearly handsome. She wore-was she not a heroine and a bride elect?-a floating filmy robe of misty white, a crown of darkgreen ivy leaves on her bright chestnut floating hair-all atwinkle with diamond deweyes had a streaming light, a faint flush kindled her dusk cheeks.

"Have you noticed the little Dangerfield, Talbot?" Captain De Vere remarked to his friend, the Squire of Morecambe. "She's in great feather to-night, growing positively good-looking, you know. See how she smiles on that shrewd little fellow, Dantree. Why can't we all be born with Grecian profiles and tenor voices? Seems a pity too she should be thrown away on a cad like thatsuch a trump of a girl as she is, and such a waltzer. Look at her now floating away with him. Clearest case of spoons I ever saw

ia my life." Captain De Vere leaned against a pillar, pulled his leonine mustache, and watched Miss Dangerfield and her lover circling down the long room with gloomy eyes. It would have been contrary to all the principles of his life to fall in love-it was the proud boast of the Plungers that they never were guilty of that weakness, but still-oh, hang it all! Why couldn't that fellow keep his confoundedly handsome face and diabolically musical voice for transatlantic heiresses, and not come tune selling groceries, and not mix the best in his veins? Why couldn't she keep true to her order? why didn't Sir John kick the fellow downstairs when be had the audacity to demand his daughter's hand? Sir John, the proudest old martinet in the army. A fine precedent to be set to the daughters of the county gentry-the son of a Yankee butcher or blacksmith lording it in Scarswood and taking his place among the patricians of Sussex, with the best blood in England in their veins, and an uncestry that ran

"And the cad's a scoundrel, besides," the captain thought, glowering with human ferocity; "vain as a woman of his pretty face and voice, with no more affection tor that sentimental, hero-worshipping little girl of seventeen than I have-not half so much, by George! She'll marry him and come to griet -the worst sort-mark my words!"

The first waltz ended, the captain's turn came. The unusual exertion of thinking bad fatigued the young officer's intellect; the physical exertion of waltzing with Miss Dangerfield would counteract it. And Miss Dangerfield was such a capital dancer, such a jolly little girl every way you took her! How she laughed, how she talked, what a clear, sweet, fresh, young voice she had, how bright were her eyes, how luxurious her brown, waving hair,—not pretty, you know, like half the other girls in the room, with wax-work faces and china-blue eyes, but twice as attractive as the prettiest of them-one of those girls whom men look after on the street, and ask their names—a siren with a sallow complexion and eyes of starry lustre.

" She's got brains, and the rest have beauty -I suppose that's about it-and beauty and brains never travel in company. She is far the cleverest little girl of my acquaintance. and, if you notice, it's always your clever women who marry good-looking fools. Egad! I wish I had proposed for her myself. Marriage is an institution I'm opposed to on principle. 'Britons never shall be slaves.' and so forth-and what's your married man but the most abject of slaves? I believe I've been in love with her all along and never knew it. 'How blessings brighten as they take their flight!' When I could have had her I didn't want her; when I can't have

her. I do. "Oh!" Katherine sighed in ecstacy, "that was a delicious waltz! I was born to be a ballet-dancer, I believe-I could keep on for ever. Captain De Vere, you're the first heavy dragoon I ever knew who didn't disgrace himself and his partner when he at-tempted round dances. Is that Mr. Dantree singing in the music room? Yes, it is; and you have a soul attuned to the magic of sweet sounds—don't say no; I'm sure you have—so

have I; come!" Yes, Mr. Dantree was singing; that is what he was there for; his voice for the past ten years had been the open sesame that threw wide the most aristocratic portals, where else he had never set foot. A little group of music lovers were around him, drinking in the melody of that most charming voice. Mr. Dantree was in his element —he always was when surrounded by an admiring crowd. This song was a Tyrolean warble, and the singer looked more like an angel than ever, in a white waistcoat and

"May old Nick fly away with him!" growled Captain De Vere, inwardly, "and his classic countenance, and Mario voice! What a blessing to society if he became a victim to | I can explain." small-pox and chronic bronchitis! It's no wonder, after all, that little Kathie, a beautyworshipper by nature, is infatuated. Well, my man, what is it?"

For a six-foot spectre, in plush and kneebreeches, had appeared suddenly, and stood bowing before them. "I beg your pardon, capting—it's Miss

Dangerfield for a hinstant, hit hagreeable." d Ninon !" said Katherine what does she want? where is she Oh, I see her! Excuse me a moment, Captain De Vere."

The French maid was standing just outside the door of the music room, holding s small white parcel in her hand.

"Well, child," her mistress said, impatiently—the little French girl was five years her senior-" what do you want?"

"It's this packet, mademoiselle; John Thomas found it on the floor of the gentleman's cloak room, and he thinks it belongs to Mr. Dantree.'

"Indeed! And why does John Thomas think so?" "Because, mademoiselle, it is addressed to New Orleans. Will mademoiselle please to

take it and look ?" Katherine took the little white package and looked at the address. Yes, beyond doubt, it was Gaston's band.

" Mlle. MARIE DE LANSAC, " Rue de -"New Orleans."

There was a moment's pause. The girl stood expectant—the young lady stood holding the package in her hand, looking strangely at the address. It was Gaston's writing, no doubt at all about that; and who was "Mile. Marie De Lansac," of New Orleans, and what did this package contain? Letters, surely-and this hard, cardlike substance, photograph no doubt. Mr. Dantree had told her his whole history as she supposed, but no chapter headed "Marie De Lansac," had appeared. And as Katherine stood and looked, her lips set themselves in a rigid line, and a light not usually there, nor pleasant to see. came into her gray eyes-the green light of iealousv.

"This package belongs to Mr. Dantree Ninon; John Thomas was quite right. Here, tell him to-or no," abruptly, "I'll give it to

Mr. Dantrec myself." The package was small, her hand closed firmly over it, as she walked back to the music room. Mr. Dantree had just finished drops-her white shoulders rose exquisitely his Tyrolean chorus, and was smiling and out of the foamy lace-her great, brilliant | graciously receiving compliments. He made his way to Kutherine's side and drew her hand within his arm, as one who had the right.

"My dear child," he said, "what has happened now? why, oh why, that face of owl-like solemnity! What's gone wrong?" The large crystal-clear, honest gray oyes

were fixed on his face keenly. "Yes, my love," he said, what is it?" "Gaston!" abruptiy and with energy, "did

you ever tell a lie?" "Hundreds, my darling," responded Mr. Dantree, with promptitude; "thousands, millions, and likely to do so again. What an absurd question! Did I ever tell a lie? It sounds like the catechism. As if any man or woman lived who didn't tell lies!"

"Speak for yourself," the girl said, coldly; "I don't and I can't conceive of any man or woman of honor doing so. You see Captain De Vere there?"

"I'm thankful to say I do not at this moment-military puppy!" "Military puppy he may be-falsehood-

teller, I know he is not; he is incapable of falsehood, dishonor or deceit." "Like the hero of a woman's novel, in pouching on British manors? Why couldn't short," sneered Gaston Dantree, " without fear he marry a Yankee wife, who talked through | and without reproach. My dear child, men her nose, and whose father had amassed a for- | and women who never tell lies exist in books written with a purpose,' and nowhere else. best blood in Sussex with the plebian puddle | But what are you driving at, my severe little counsel for the prosecution? Let's have it

without further preface." "You shall, Mr. Dantree. Who is Marle

De Lansac?" Mr. Dantree was past master of the polite art of dissimulation; no young duke born to the strawberry-leaf coronet could be more unaffectedly nonchalant than he. His handsome olive face was a mask that never beas to be scarcely perceptible, with so faint back to the conquest and Norman William. paling of the dark face that she failed to see hollow of an easy chair was drawn up before concerned, Mr. Gladstone governs but does it, he turned to her, calm and cool as ever.

"Marie De Lansac? Well, I know a young lady of that name in New Orleans. Who is she, you ask? She's grand daughter of a French gentleman of that city, and I gave her singing lessons once upon a time. My dear little Kathie, don't annihilate me with those flashing gray eyes of yours. There isn't any harm in that, is there? There's no need of the green-eyed monster showing his obnoxious claws.'

He met her suspicious gaze full, and discovered for the first time with what an intensely proud and jealous nature he had to deal with. He was chill with undefined fear, but he smiled down in her face now with eyes as clear and innocent as the eyes of a child.

"Is this all?" she asked, slowly; "or is it only one of the many lies you find it so necessary to tell?"

"On my honor, no; it is the troth; as if I could speak anything else to you. But how, in Heaven's name, Kathie, did you ever hear of Marie De Lansac?" She did not reply; she still held the pack-

age; she still looked at him distrustfully. You gave her singing lessons, this Miss De Lansac?' slowly. "She's young, I supрове ?"

" She is."

"Handsome, no doubt?"

"Well, yes, she is handsome—not the style, admire, though."

"Never mind your style-you admire nothing but plain joung women with sallow skins and irregular features-that is understood. Mr. Dantree, do you correspond with this young lady?"

"Certainly not. Katherine, what do you mean?"

The careless look had left his face, the pallor had deepened. Who had been talking to her-what had she found out? Good Heavens! to have eight thousand a year quivering in the balance like this.

"What I mean is this, Mr. Dantree. This is your writing, I believe, and I infer you are returning Miss De Lansac's letters and picture. This packet fell out of your coatpocket in the cloak-room. You never corresponded with Miss De Lansac-you only gave her singing lessons? That will do Mr. Dantree-don't tell any more falsehoods than you can help."

She placed the packet in his hand. He had never thought of that. His face changed as she looked at him for a moment. In spite of the admirable training of his life he stood betore her dumb-condemned out of his own mouth.

The steady, strong gray eyes never left his face—her own was quite colorless now.

"Not one word," she said, in a sort of whisper; "and looked at him. It is true, thenall they have said. He is false—false!"
"I am not false!" Mr. Dantree retorted,

She laughed contemptuously. "Not a doubt of it, Mr. Dantree! You could explain black was white if one listened to you long enough. I'm afraid I have lis-

angrily. "Don't be so ready to condemn un-

heard. If you will do me the honor to listen,

tened to you too long already. How many of the million lies you are in the habit of telling have you told me?" "Not one-not the shadow of one! For

Dangerfield's maid as wishes to speak to Miss shame, Katherine! to taunt me with idle Dangerfield for a hinstant, hif hagreeable." words speken in jest. I have told you the truth concerning Miss De Lansac the simple truth-so far as I am concerned. I gave her music lessons-I never cated for her-no Katherine, not one jot but she that is she

-oh, it is quite impossible to explain!" "She fell in love with you! is that what your modesty will not permit you to say, Mr. Dantree? She fell in love-this poor. Miss De Lansac-with her handsome singing-mas-

ter, whether he would or not?" "Yes, then !" Gaston Dantree said, folding his arms and looking at her with sulky defiance, "since you make me say it. Think me a coxcomb, a puppy, if you will, but she did fall in love with me, and she did write to me, since I left New Orleans; I never answered those letters. I told you the truth when I said I did not correspond with her. Last night I came across them by chance, and as your plighted husband I felt I had no right even to keep them longer. I made them up as you see, to return to her, feeling sure that after that, she would never address me again. I never told you of her-why should I! She was simply nothing to me, and to tell you that a young lady of New Orleans took a fancy to me, and wrote me letters, would not be very creditable to me."

And then Mr. Dantree paused-still standing with folded arms—posing beautifully for a model of wounded prida. She drew a long breath.

"And this is all?" she said, slowly. "All, Miss Dangerfield-on my sacred

"MI could only think so! If I only dared believe you!"

"You are complimentary, Katherine! When you doubt my word like this it is high time for us to part.

He knew her well-how to stab most surely. "Part!" her sensitive lips quivered. "How lightly he talks of parting! Gaston! you see —I love you wholly—I trust you entirely.
You are so dear me, that the bare thought of any other having a claim on you, be it ever so light, is unendurable. Will you swear to me

that this is time?" He lifted his arm-it gave the oath proper stage effect,

"By all I hold sacred, I swear it, Katherine!"

It was not a very binding oath-there was nothing on the earth below, or the sky above. that Mr. Gaston Dantree held sacred. But it is easy to believe what we most want to believe. As the old Latin saw has it, "The quarrelling of lovers was the renewing of love." Mr. Dantree and Miss Dangerfield kept devotedly together for the rest of the night, and peace smiled again, but the " cloud no bigger than a man's hand " had risen, that was speedily to darken all the sky. Katherine's perfect trust was gone-gone forever. Had he told her the truth, or was it all a tissue of falsehoods? Had another woman a claim upon him and was it her fortune he loved, as everybody said—not herself?"

"And, powers above!" thought Mr. Dantree; "what am I to do with a jealous, exacting wife? What a savage look there was in her eyes for one moment; the Dangerfields were ever a bitter bad race. A game where two women claim one man must be a losing game for the man in the end. I begin to see

that." At five in the morning the ball at Langton Royals broke up. Miss Dangerfield was driven home through the cold blackness that precedes the dawn, shivering in her furred wraps. She toiled slowly and wearily upstairs. She had danced a great deal, and was tired to death. She had been in wild spirits the first half the night, now the reaction had come, and she looked haggard and hollow-eyed, as she ascended to her room.

It was all bright in that sanctuary of maidenhood. A genial fire blazed on the hearth, her little, white bed, with its lace and silken trayed him. And now, with a start so slight | draperies and plump, white pillows looked softly c the fire. Katherine flung herself into it with

To be continued.

a tired sigh.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Unquestionably.

A MAN, on receiving a doctor's bill for medicine and visits, wrote that he would pay for the medicine and return the visits. A GIRL hearing her mistress ask her hurband

to bring Dombey and son with him when

he came home to dinner set two extra plates for the expected guests. A Young man has sent us a very touching poem entitled "Will you learn to love me when I am gone?" We can't promise that,

but we'll bet you a gold mine that you'll learn to bate us if you ever come around here with another poem like that. "YES sir, it is John's grave," murmured the disconsolate widow, "and he was a good husban i, John was. Cry, sir? I can't help a-

crying. Fancy me paying all that ready-money for a best coffin, and then to have all this damp earth a-heaped on top of it. In the prospectus of a public ball recently given at an hotel in the North of Engthe generous statement was made that "any gentleman taking a double ticket might bring a lady with him gratis." Strange to say, this did not induce any of the local

talent to bring their wives. " MANA, where do the cows get their milk from?" asked Willie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tents?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, he again broke out, "Mama, do the cows have to be spanked?"

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and heauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

Holloway's Pills are the medicine most in repute for curing the multifarious maladies which attack humanity, when wet and cold weather gives place to more genial temperatures. In short, these Fills afford relief if they fail in being an absolute remedy in all the disturbances of circulation, digestion and nervous energy, which at times oppress a vast portton of the population. Under the wholesome, purifying, and strengthening powers exerted by these excellent Pills, the tongue becomes (le in, the appetite improves, digestion is qui kened, and assimilation rendered perfect. Holloway's medicine possesses the highly estimable property of cleausing the whole mass of blood, which, in its renovated condition, carries purity, strength, and vigor to every tissue of the hody.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters act npon the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, remove all secretions, purify the Blood, and fortify the system against disease.

16 5 ternally. For sale

BOYCOTT.

The Boycott business in Galway has furnished the Land League with a test of its power over the Irish tenants, such as should convince every one that it represents real grievances and has managed to entisfy the people by its presentation of them. Captain Boycott seems to be one of those land agents of the French type, who have managed to make the worst of a bad system. For years past the people of Lord Erne's estate have submitted to his tyranny, but the League gave the signal for resistance. That resistance took a thoroughly legal and laudable shape. They did not shoot the agent. They did not destroy his crops or hough his cattle. They simply declared that they would not get in his crops, and that they would taboo any one who did. Five hundred pounds worthwas rotting on and in the soil, but neither for love nor for money -could he hire the poorest of his neighbours, or of the tenants under him, to do an hour's work for him. In this state of distress the Orangemen came to his rescue, but only under such a degree of protection as made their exnedition ridiculous. The roads had to be lined with military to keep the people from breaking these Ulstermen's heads. The crops are in, but the victory is with the League. The British army would not saffice to render a similar assistance to all the Boycotts in the Island.

A natural inference from the situation would be that Captain Boycott has not been the right sort of agent, and that Lord Erne would do well to replace him. Where there is such general and emphatic dissatisfaction, there must be some solid reason for it. But the application of the same standard of judgment to English rule in Ireland is equally fair. Such general and emphatic dissatisfaction, renewed with every generation since tha conquest, must have a good basis. There has been hardly a generation of Irishmen under English rule that has not seen the ordinary course of law suspended, and "coercion" substituted for constitutional government. The Constitution is, like the English Bank Act, ready for suspension at every emergency. With most Englishmen, and not a few Americans, the disposition is to put the blame on the Irish. But the people of Ireland, apart from their relations to the landlords and at times to the government, are the most orderly and governable people in the world. There is, the English papers say, a wonderful absence of every sort of crimo in Iceland, except agrarian crime. That fact, always noticeable, is more so at the present moment than usual. Even in America the Irish do not seem to furnish their full proportion of the criminal class, if we may judge from the reports of the Pennsylvania penetentiaries. It is not in the fault of the people, but in the faults of the government, that every impartial observer will find the true reason for Irish dissatisfaction. If the English have done or are doing their best for the island, they are incompetent to rule it, and should

abandon the attempt.

It is telegraphed, but the authority is not given, that the Cabinet are considering the propriety of adopting measures for the creation of a peasant proprietorship in Ireland, and that they are far from adverse to the measure. This, of itself, is a triumph for Mr. Parnell, which repays all his efforts in the Land League. It is true that even before the general elections Mr. Gladstone declared that such a course would be quite legitimate if public policy called for it. It is also true that Mr. Bright's influence in the Cabinet might be counted as steadily favorable to this course. But when Parliament was in session not a member of the Ministry could be induced to show any desire to go farther than to favor a reasonable permanence. Nor would the Ministry be ready to go farther now had not the Land League resumed the agitation, and given it both an extent and an intensity

which it had not before. But, after all, there are limits to the impornot rule. He has allowed the House of Peers to throw out a measure which be had declared necessary to the good government of the dependent island, without either "going before the country," or having recourse to any other constitutional expedient for breaking down their opposition. Had the measure in question been one for the benefit of England he would not have dared to follow such a course. But legislation for Ireland and legislation for England are on a different footing. It is this miserable discrimination against Ireland which causes perpetual irritation, just as it was this wretched pusillanimity on the part of the Ministry, which justified the continuance of agitation. It was not the Ministry only, but the House of Peers whom they weakly accepted as their equals in the control of Irish policy, that are to be moved by the operations of the League .- N. Y. American.

THE BERNHARDT'S DRESSES.

The Queen thus describes Mlle. Bernhardt's principal dresses in "Fron Fron," "The Sphinx," and "L'Etrangere" The dresses in Frou-Frou" are mostly copied from paintings in the Louvre Museum : there are three. The first is a black Venetian brounds, studded with dark and light roses; the fringe is a cherry satin, worked with chenille and jet; a cherry plush scarf is tied around the hips, with a large bow at the side The second dress is ivory Surah, heavily trimmed with ivory lace and moss fringe; the lace fichu is fastened down with pearl plaques. The third is a Spanish dress in scabious satin; the front is old-gold satin, worked with amber beads and scabious chenille.

For the "Sphinx" there are four dresses one dark blue plush with bodice covered with blue beads, and a scarf studded with blue stars in beads; a ball dress in white brocatelle, ornamented with laburnums and buttercups ; a third dress in grey bengaline and satin, made with much casing or gatherings.

In "L'Etrangere" there is a beautiful ball dress of ivory velvet, embossed with ruby dablias, made with satin paniers and fraise, ominently suited to a slight figure. The second dress is black velvet, painted by hand, with birds and flowers, and studded with rainbow heads. The train is black satin, lined with flame-red plush.

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, she cannot be called strictly beautiful without this crowning glory. Hence all women in all ages seek after this desideratum, which may be had by using Luby's Parislan Hair Renewer. Sold by all chemists.

THIS is the Pickwickian form which a Western editor adopts to abuse a rival; " Our esteemed contemporary, the miserable, lowlived, scurrilous periodical published in Larimer Street."

Yellow Oil is the great para panacea, magical in its power over pain and inflamation. It cures Rheumatism and Neina gla, Lame