

dimmed, and I was near enough to see that her hand trembled.

"There, you see," observed Miss Darrell, complacently. "I have done my best to persuade her in public and private to amuse herself and not give way to her feelings of lassitude. Do a little, but not much, I have often said to her; but with Gladys it must be all or none."

"Ursula, do you know how late it is?" asked Max, coming up to me. He looked sud- denly very tired, and I saw at once that he wished me to go; so I made my adieu as quickly as possible, and in a few minutes we had left the house, accompanied by Mr. Tudor.

Uncle Max was very quiet all the way home. I had expected him to be full of ques- tions as to how I had enjoyed my evening, but his only remark was to ask if I were very tired, and then he left me to Mr. Tudor.

"Well, how do you like the folks up at Gladwyn?" demanded Mr. Tudor. "Lady Betty was not in the best of humors to-night, and hardly deigned to speak to me; but I am sure you must have admired Miss Hamil- ton."

"I like both of them," was my temperate reply; "you must not be hard on poor little Lady Betty. Miss Darrell had been lecturing her, and that made her cross."

"So I supposed," was the prompt answer. "Well, what did you think of the Darrells,—as the vicar calls her sometimes? Is she not like a pleasant edition of Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy'—verbose and full of long sentences? How many words did she coin to-night, do you think?"

There was a little scorn in the young man's voice. Miss Darrell was evidently not the favorite in the vicarage, yet most people would have called her elegant and well-mannered, and, if she had no beauty, she was not bad-looking. She was so exceedingly well made up, and her style of dress was so suitable to her face, that I was not surprised to hear afterwards from Lady Betty that many people thought her cousin Etta handsome. Now when Mr. Tudor made this spiteful little speech I felt rather pleased, for I dislike to Miss Darrell had increased rather than diminished by the evening ex- periences; under her smooth speeches there lurked an antagonistic spirit; something had prejudiced her against me even at our first meeting; I was convinced that she did not like me, and would not encourage my visit to Gladwyn. Mr. Tudor and I talked a good deal about Lady Betty; he described her as most whimsical and sound-hearted, half child and half woman, with a touch of the brownie; her brother often called her Brownie, or Little Nix, to tease her. She was very fond of her sister, he went on to say, but there was not much com- panionship between them. Miss Hamilton, as Lady Betty never read anything but novels, they all made a pet of her,—even Mr. Hamilton, who was not much given to pets,—but she was hardly an influence in the house.

"She has not backbone enough," he finished, "and the Darrells rule them all with a rod of iron—'cased in velvet.'"

Uncle Max listened to all this in silence, and as they parted with me at the gate of the White Cottage he only said "Good-night, Ursula." In a depressed voice. He was evidently rather cast down about something; perhaps Miss Hamilton's decision had disappointed him; she had been his favorite worker, and had helped him greatly; he seemed to feel it hard that she should withdraw her services so suddenly. How wistfully she had looked at him as he pleaded with her! It was the first time I had seen her look at him of her own accord, and yet she had denied his request,—very firmly and gently.

"I must be friends with her, and then perhaps she will tell me all about it some day," for I was convinced that there was more than met my eye; but it was some time before I could banish these perplexing thoughts.

I saw a good deal of Lady Betty during the next week or two. I met her frequently on my way to the Lookes', and she would walk with me to the gate, and two or three times she made her appearance at the Marshalls'; "for it's no use calling at the White Cottage of an afternoon," she would say, disconsolately, "for you are never at home, you inhospitable creature."

"Why, do you think I live here, Lady Betty?" I returned, smiling. "Do you know I am always back at the White Cottage by five, and sometimes a little earlier, and I shall always be pleased if you will come in and have tea with me."

"I should like it of all things," replied Lady Betty, with a sigh; "and I will come sometimes, you will see if I don't. But I know Etta will make a fuss; she always does if I stay out after dark, and it is dark at four now. That is why I pop in to see you, be- cause Etta is always busy in the mornings and never takes any notice of what we do."

"But surely Miss Darrell will not object to your coming to see me?" I asked, somewhat piqued at this.

"Oh, dear, no," returned Lady Betty, rumbling her words as though she found my question embarrassing. "Etta never objects openly to anything we do, only she throws stumbling-blocks in our way. I do not know why I have got it into my head that she would not like Gladys or me to come here without her, but it is there all the same, the idea, I mean; it is something she said the other night to Mrs. Maberley that gave me this impression. Mrs. Maberley wanted to call on you be- cause she said you were Mr. Cunliffe's niece, and people ought to take notice of you, and Etta said, 'Oh, dear, yes; and it was a very kind thought on Mrs. Maberley's part, and Mr. Cunliffe would think it so. That was why Giles had invited you to Gladwyn. But there was no hurry, and you evidently were not prepared to enter into society. You had rather strong-minded views on this subject, and she was not quite sure whether Giles was wise to encourage the intimacy with his sis- ter.'"

"Yes, Darrell said this to Mrs. Maberley?"

"Miss Darrell is not horrid of Etta? I felt so cross. And Mrs. Maberley is such an old dear; only rather old-fashioned in her notions about girls. So Etta's speech rather frightened her, I could see. Of course she was not called yet? I am almost inclined to tell Giles about it."

"Indeed, I hope you will do nothing of the kind, Lady Betty. I am sorry Miss Darrell does not like me; but I do not see that it matters very much what people think of us."

"Yes; but when Etta takes a dislike to people she tries to prevent us from knowing them; that is the provoking part of it. She is so dreadfully jealous, and I expect it was your singing that gave umbrage. Etta is not at all accomplished, she never cared much for Gladys to sing, because she had such a sweet voice, and it put her in the background. Ah! I know how you mean it sounds, but it is just the truth about Etta. And if I were to drop in for five o'clock, tea, as you say, Leah would be sure to make her appearance and say I was wanted at Gladwyn."

I found Lady Betty's confidential speeches rather embarrassing; and when I knew her a little better I took her to task

rather seriously for her want of re- tention. But she only pouted and said, "When one looks at you, Miss Garston, one cannot help telling you things; they all tumble out without one's will. That is what Gladys means when she says you have a sympathetic face. I wish you would get her to talk to you."

As Lady Betty persisted in haunting the Marshalls' cottage, I determined to make her useful. So I set her to read to El-pet, or to give sewing lessons to Peggy, or to amuse the younger children, while I was engaged with my patient; and I soon found that she was a most helpful little body.

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Mr. Hamilton came into the sick-room looking very much pleased. "I only wish you could make Lady Betty a useful member of society, Miss Garston," he said, with one of the rare smiles that always lit up his dark face so pleasantly. "She is a good little thing, but she wants balast. As a rule, young ladies are terribly idle."

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She told me at once that her cousin had gone over to Brighton for an afternoon's shopping, and that Mr. Hamilton had run up to London for a few hours. And then she com- menced plying me with questions in a ladylike way about my work and my past life, but in such a skillful manner that it was almost impossible to avoid answering. She was so sure that I must be dull, living all alone. Oh, of course, I was too good and unselfish to say so, but all the same I must be miserably dull. What could have put such a singular idea in her head, she wondered. When young ladies did this sort of thing there was generally some painful reason: they were unhappy at home, or they had had some disastrous love affair. Of course,—laughing a little affectedly,—she had no intention of hinting at such a reason in my case; any one could see at a glance that I was not that sort of person; I was far too sensible and matter-of-fact; gentlemen would be quite afraid of me, I was so strong-minded. But all the same she pleaded guilty to a feeling of natural curiosity why such an idea had come into my head.

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It must have been a great trouble to you, Miss Darrell, indeed. I was almost broken-hearted. She had been the dearest and most indulgent of mothers; but Giles was very good to me, Gladys and Lady Betty were very devoted to her; perhaps you have heard them speak of Aunt Margaret. Ah? I forgot, you have only seen Gladys twice. And here she looked at me sharply, but I nodded acquiescence. "Gladys was always a favorite with her."

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BOOKS.

TICKNOR'S PAPER SERIES is a happy idea of the publishers, and will be very acceptable to all readers during the summer that is now so close upon us. It includes a number of the most famous and successful of the novels of the past five years,—books like *Guenn*, *The Story of a Country Town*, *A Nameless Nobleman*, *The Story of Margaret Kent*, and others of equal value and merit; and with these come brilliant new works, like *De Montauban*, *The Cruise of a Woman-Hater*, and the vivid and fascinating Venetian novel, *The House of the Musician*, by Virginia W. Townsend, whose *The Neptune's Pose* won such great praise a few years ago. Such a group of novels at these titles indicate will be as refreshing as a sea-breeze in summer. They are handsome and shapely volumes, substantially bound in decorated heavy-paper covers. The series for 1887 will include thirteen volumes, appearing one each week during May, June and July. The retail price is fifty cents each volume, a remarkably low price for such handsomely printed and made up copyright books. The second number of the series is a famous and widely-approved novel, "Guenn: a story on the Breton Coast," the *chef-d'œuvre* of Blanche W. Howard, whose first book, "One Summer" was for her such a large and appreciative audience. "Guenn" has a tale of love and art, the scenes being laid in Brittany, and the picturesque shores and no less picturesque people of this land of romance are vividly and graphically described. The thousands of Miss Howard's admirers will find here much of her choicest and most entertaining work, with an entire freshness of character and treatment, taking them, as she does, into scenes and combina- tions that are as novel and original in fiction as they are agreeable and fascinating. The present is the seventh edition of this noble story. The book is illustrated throughout with some forty vignettes, initials, etc., drawn expressly for it by a brilliant and skillful American artist, and illustrative of French coast life.

CONSCIENCE TALES.—"The Iron Tomb," "The Pale Young Maiden" and "The Lost Glove." Translated from the original Flemish. Ed. by: John Murphy & Co., 1887.

Those who have any knowledge of the deeply interesting and intensely spiritual character of the tales of this series will need no recom- mendation of the worth. In the ex- perience of all men and women there is an unknown land of romance and feeling where the traveller is a searcher for facts of conscien- tiousness transcending ordinary experience. In these beautiful stories a guide is to be found for souls tormented by the struggle for perfect conception. The most striking feature of the far above the common "love and murder" novels of the sensational school of the day, and open a world of mental enjoyment as pure as it is productive of the sweetest flowers of soul romance. We most cordially recommend these books to the Catholic public.

OUT OF THE SNOW, and other Stories and Sketches. By J. A. Phillips, Ottawa, 1887.

The entertaining stories with which this favorite writer has enriched Canadian literature are always welcome. In "Out of the Snow" we have a deeply interesting and thoroughly Canadian story. The fact that the scene is laid in Montreal gives it a local attraction which should procure an extensive sale. Like all Mr. Phillips' stories, this has a meaning which is brought in the relation of how a young man was saved from ruin by a poor friendless girl who came to him out of the snow. We cordially commend it to the public.

THE GATE OF FLOWERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs, 1887.

In this superbly printed and bound little volume we have the poetic expressions of a cultivated and gifted writer. The religious and patriotic spirit which has ever inspired the verse of true Irish poetry runs through Mr. O'Hagan's verses and gives them a sweetness and a charm to be found in no other Irish poetry. Here is a stanza more applicable now even than it was in 1880—

"Help us! Help us! or we perish," is the cry from the deep, And below the waves of the sea, Chant a lonely dirge and weep, Hark! hear Irish minstrel run! Sound a lonely dirge from the deep, Sounds the voice of armed martyrs, The nation's glory led."

We regret that the great pressure upon our space will not permit us to quote further from these beautiful poems at present, but we com- mend "The Gate of Flowers" to all lovers of the pure and true in poetry. The work shows the author is capable of greater work, and we trust he will not neglect to cultivate a muse so gift d and capable of satisfying the highest emotions of the heart.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

Neither fish, flesh nor fowl—Vegetables, of course.

N. McRae, Wybridge, writes:—"I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds and bruises."

As soon as a thief is spotted he wants to change his spots.

Shakespeare was not a broker; but does any one know who has furnished so many stock quotations.

Why go limping and whining about you corners, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Two more converts have lately been received into the Church in Oregon. Archbishop Gross had the happiness of baptizing James W. Virtue, Esq., a distinguished citizen of Baker county, and Rev. F. X. Blanchet, of Jackson- ville, had the pleasure of adding another to his long list of converts, in the person of Miss Emma Ursula Bolt, of Applegate.—Monitor.

Holloway's Pills.—In the complaints peculiar to females these Pills are unrivalled. Their use by the fair sex has become so constant for the removal of the ailments that rare is the household that is without them. Amongst all classes, from the domestic servant to the peeress, universal favor is accorded to these renovat- ing Pills; their invigorating and purifying properties render them safe and invaluable in all cases; they may be taken by females of all ages for any disorganization or irregularity of the system, speedily removing the cause and restoring the sufferer to robust health. As a family medicine they are unapproachable for subduing the maladies of young and old.

"I had my picture taken to-day," said little Christine, "and my picture man put my head in some things." "Why, you must have looked like a lump of sugar in sugar-tongs," laughed papa. "Why, so I must have," said Christine, delight- edly. "Cause the men kept a saying, 'What a sweet little girl!'"

"What a beautiful child! What an extremely handsome fellow," says a gushing visitor to the lady of the house. "Yes, he is a handsome boy, I think," and indeed he is. "What a perfect image of his father!" "Well, I don't know. I never saw his father. We adopted him."

ANCIENT AND MODERN OATHS.

METHODS OF SWEARING IN OLD AND NEW COUNTRIES.

In some parts of China a witness is sworn upon a saucer the moment he takes the oath. In Egypt the custom prevailed of swearing by the goose. This is said to have been an account of the generation in which the goose was held in that country.

In Madagascar the people swear either by their sovereign or by their mother, and there are two forms of witnessing the oath, one to "strike the water" and the other to "spear the calf."

According to Oldfield, in his "Expedition into the Interior of Africa, by the Niger," at Iddah, the plaintiff waked sword or knife to the throat is looked upon as the strongest proof of innocence and the most solemn proof of oath, they can administer. In this manner the king is sworn, or sometimes at the point of a poisoned arrow.

"We learn from 'Bruce's Travels' that in Abyssinia a solemn form of swearing is in use. He says: 'They took off the two forefingers of my right hand, and one of the other, and kissed them—a form of swearing used there, at least among those who call themselves Christians.'

The most ancient form of swearing of which we have any record is that mentioned in the Bible. The Jews, under Abraham, swearing his eldest son Isaac, and then him to place his hand under his (Abraham's) thigh. This form is mentioned in several places in the Old Testament. Anciently the Jews swore by Jerusalem, by the temple, by the last lot of Isaac, and also by broken glass, this last being similar to the Chinese custom of breaking a saucer against the sworn-offer by.

The ancient Greeks and Romans swore by Jupiter, Mars, Neptune and the other gods and goddesses, lying their hand upon the altar of the divinity sworn in by taking a particularly sacred oath; the ancient Germans by their gods, divinities, being appealing to the gods, touched a bloody ring in the hands of a priest. The Hindoo swears by the Vedas, and a Muham- medan is sworn on the Koran.—Exchange.

FREE TRADE.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumer, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with Green's August Flower and Doan's German Syrup, as the reduction of thirty six cents per dozen has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The August Flower for Dyspepsia and Constipation, and the German Syrup for Coughs and Lung Troubles, have, perhaps, the largest sales of any medicine in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted in every town and village in the civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

"Sis," said a bright Austin youth to his sister, who was passing a fishing-rod to her, "you ought to marry a burglar."

"What do you mean by such nonsense?"

"I mean that you and a burglar would get along well together; you have got the false locks and he has got the false keys."

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their names and P. O. address.

Respectfully,  
WALTER OFFICE: 37 Yonge St., Toronto.  
52-1

"A MURDERER IN SPIRIT AND IN DEED."

In the Boston Pilot for this week we read—"Again, on Friday evening of last week the Orangemen of Kingston made another attempt to silence O'Brien forever, and again they failed. It is not that Lord Lansdowne's Orange defenders lack the will to murder, but only the courage. There is yet, as we write, one more chance for them, and if they miss it, and allow Mr. O'Brien to live, it will seem to be the triumph of the Orange boys. The bones of six thousand victims of his grandfather's cruelty, lying in the cemetery at Point St. Charles, Montreal, have vindicated the noble landlord's memory. Why should not the blood of O'Brien give a clean verdict of not guilty to the present ruler of Canada and vicar of Kerry and Queen's County? Such, at least, seems to