ented.

8200.00 Reward! Trill be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfeit or imitation Hop BITTERS, especi-Bitters or preparations with the word Her or Hors in their name or connected therewith, that is intended to mislead and chest the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pretending to be the same as Her Bitters. The genuine have cluster of Hors (notice this) printed on the white label, and are the purest and best medieine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others, and of all pretended formulas or reciepts of Hor Birrans published in papers or for sale as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prose-

> HOP BITTERS MEG. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

LOBD BYRON'S PHYSICIAN

The death of Lord Byron's physician, Dr. Zreiber, who attended him in his last illness and who had resided at Athens ever since the death of his illustrious patient, closes the company of the personal friends of the poet. Newstead Abbey has passed into the posses-sion of another branch of the Byron family. Trelawney, the companion of Byron and Shelley, and who was present, with Leigh Hunt, at the cremation of the latter on the shore of the Gulf of Spezzia, is dead. Leigh Hunt is dead, and so is Lady Byron, who departed in time to be happily unconscious of the mischief her rambling talk would have done to the memory of her husband had not the London Quarterly Review forever disposed of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's impossible but horrible revelations:

For the last thirty years of his life Dr. Treiber had lived in Athens the life of a recluse and accetic, never mingling in social sircles or active life. He was remarkable as being the last foreigner remaining in Athens whe had been connected with the war of Greek independence. His death, therefore, recalls the enthusiasm of Lord Byron for the struggle of the Greeks. He was first brought into contact with it, when his growing radicalism was fast making him unpopular in England. Fifty-nine years ago this coming May he was appointed a member of the Greek Committee in London. His spirit was kindled in the cause. Raising fifty thousand crowns, he bought an English brig of one hundred and twenty tons, and sailed from Genoa and the fascinations of the Countess Quiccioli. But his ardor soon spent itself through disappointment. He found the Greeks wholly destitute of plans and method. He was compelled to pass five months of inactivity at Cephalonia. Reaching Missolonghi in December, 1823, after a hard chase by Turkish cruisers, he found dissension among the Greek leaders, and insubordination among their followers. He was appointed commander-in-chief of an expedition against Lepanto; but before anything could be done he was seized with fever, and died on the 19th of April, 1824. It was during this last illness that Dr. Treiber was constantly at

Byron's enthusiasm for the cause of Greek independence has been embalmed in some cf his best known lines, especially in that fine passage in the "Gisour":

passage in the "Giaour":

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fied,
The first dark day of nothingness.
The last of danger and distress,
Gedore Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And mark'd the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The langour of the placid cheek,
And-but for that sad, serouded eye.
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart.
As if te him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;

Appels the gazing mourner's heart.
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Bonne moments, ay, one treacherous hour
He still might doubt the tyraut's power;
He still might doubt by death reveal'd;
He still sto low by death reveal'd;
He still sto living Greece no more;
He still weet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there,
Hers is the loveliness in death,
that parts not quite with parting breath;
He beauty with that fearful bloom,
That he which haunts it to the tomb,
He pression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farswell beam of recling pass'd away!
Hearth;
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd
earth!
This is confessediy a true though melan-

This is confessedly a true though melancholy picture of the degeneracy of modern Greece compared with its ancient glories in literature, art and war. The passage which would not bear mutilation is not only the most exquisite gem in all Byron's poetry, but Lord Jeffrey declared that its imagery was more exquisitely finished than any in the whole compass of literature. It is free, too, from Byron's besetting sin of inharmonious meters. No great poet had ever so bad an ear as Byron. Our own lamented Longiellow has been compared with him for universality of influence and hold upon the human heart, but there are no wrong keys or false notes in Longfellow. It is all true music.

Byron's love for Greece finds expression in many others of his poems. His "Maid of Athers" has become a popular melody wherever the English language is spoken. Many less well remembered poems of his are inspired by Greek associations, and his "Siege of Corinth" is among the finest of his epic

poems. Now that the last companion of his Greek adventures has passed away it seemed not inappropriate to recall the closing and crownig, though useless, enthusiasm of Byron's life. As he says himself, "We were a gallant

company," but---Some are dead and some are cone, And some are scattered and alone, And some are in a far countree, And some are restlessly at home;

But never more, oh! never, we Shall meet to revel and to roam. FEAR NOT.

All kidney and urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes and liver troubles Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly care. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and timate fruits of restraint removed, and as an you can find reliable proof at home of what all-sufficient condemnation of what they will doubtless call the weak sentimentalism of

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.

"BEOWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Sile Back or Bowels, bore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbage and any kind of a Pain "It will most surely quicken the or Ache. Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea, being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in 200 alhe, world: for Cramps in the Stomach, and upon all Irlah Catholics to declare in public Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by document, that their cause is distinctly by all Druggisst at 25 cents a bottle. [G26] separate from that of Sectaries.

COMMENTS AND ULIPPINGS.

Bismarck has onanged cars for Canossa The Lindsay Post has been enlarged. It is now an eight page paper.

The Toronto Mail has taken to the " Legal column" business. A bad sign my masters. When you want to abuse a man now-a days don't call him a scoundrel, or a thief, or a liar, simply call him a doctrinaire.

The people of Prince Arthurs Landing, Canada, are accused of mild disloyalty because they wish to drop that name and cail the place Shuniah, an Indian word for silver.

In the legal contest between Judge Arnoux and Richard O'Gorman, as to who should be Judge of the Superior Court, the jury has decided that Arnoux not being-as allegedover 70 years, the position belongs to him. It is probable, however, that O'Gorman will obtain the place at the next election.

It is a common practice in Philadelphia to take children to the gas works to be treated for whooping cough. There the little ones are held over the purifying pans to breathe the mingled fumes of ammonia and sulphur. This affords relief by clearing the air passages, and the physicians recommend it.

A disease called anthracosis is giving much trouble to miners. It is caused by the constant inhaling of coal dust. The fine particles, being rounded, do not for a considerable time give great inconvenience. Finally cortain portions of the lungs become so loaded with the coal dust that they break down, and the victim dies of marasmus.

Chicago is the greatest lumber market in the world. The single item of sawed lumber received there in 1881 would lay an inch flooring fourteen feet wide round the earth at the equator. The amount of lumber manufactured in the three States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota during 1881 would lay such a floor fifty feet wide.

The corporation of London has exchanged 50 acres of Epping Forest for \$40,000 and 184 acres, formerly the pleasure grounds of Wanstead House, adjoining the forest, now a public pleasure ground of over 6,000 acres. Wanstead was built 150 years ago by Sir J. Child, a millionaire banker merchant, and was one of the dozen forest houses in England.

The Chinese are helping the Methodists in Chicago. A courch was in cebt, and an orchestra of converted Chinamen volunteered to give a concert. The entertainment drew \$260, and the musicians refused with scorn to even accept payment of their car fares. Nor was the music altogether an infliction, for a piano and flute were used, as well as one-string fiddles and gongs.

Robert Lubbuck, Cedar Rapids, writes: I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil both for myseli and family for dyphtheria, with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LORD CAVENDISH AND UNDER-SECRETARY BURKE.

There is no intelligent friend of Ireland by Park, Dublin, yesterday afternoon will not be profoundly deplored. The assassination and Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, will not, of course, be ascribed by well ordered minds to any influence for which the people of Ireland are in the remotest degree responsible. To do so would be to profanatics who undertook to interpret Guiteau's infernal deed into an act stimulated, if not approved and abets are prope to put the werst possigether. The opponents of the Liberals will, after the manner of public tricksters the world do it, too, before I let you go! over, seize upon the occurrence as a The child is deadly white, deadly still with political godsend. In no other country fear. She does not speak or move, cry out or in the world should the possibilities turn to run-some terrible fascination holds of such distortion be better understood than in the United States. So long as the people of the Northern States were in a mood to be played upon by the purveyors of revolting and silk dresses, and gold beads, and servants, tales, the inhabitants of the South were pictured to them as little better than fienda, and every bar room brawl was clothed in the colors of a State transaction. In England to-day there are great land owners, men of long descent, ambitious candidates for government preferment, who have selfish you! I will! I hate you—I've hated you interests of the most urgent nature, which ever since I saw you first!" incline them to misrepresent whatever concerns Ireland. These are the men to whom the Land Act was hateful in the first place, because it seemed likely to promote tense terror holds her fast. the prosperity and independence of the tenant farmer at the expense of those to whom, with both mind and body, he and his Frank Livingston; he comes to our housegest as a means of placation the establishment of just laws and a recognition of a right in the soil other than can be transmitted by ancient deeds appears like the sin against the Holy Ghost. Their outery against the abandonment of the policy of coercion has been almost loud enough to be heard on this side of the Atlan-We have had some of the comments tic. made by their chosen newspaper organs transmitted to us, and they bear all the evidence of irresponsible frenzy. It will indeed

Mr. H. F. MacCarthy, Chemist, Ottaws, writes: "I bave been dispensing and jobbing Northrop & Lynan's Emulson of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda for the past two years, and consider that there is no better preparation of the same kind in the market. It is very palatable, and for chronic coughs it has no equal."

be marvellous if the assassinations be not

held up by these persons as the first and legi-

the Gladstone Ministry .- Brooklyn Eagle.

INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE VATICAN. Rome, May 10 .- It is stated that the Vati can has instructed Cardinal McCabe to call

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

CHAPTER IV .-- CONTINUED At last-overtasked nature can bear no more—she falls headlong on the soft, turfy ground, her eyes closed, her hands clenched and lies pauting and still. Is she dying, she wonders; she fools dizzy and sick—is she going to die far from papa and mamma, and Frank, alone in this lonesome place? How sorry they will all feel to-morrow, when they come upon her lying like this, all cold and dead. She thinks of the Babes in the Wood. and wonders if the robins will cover her with leaves.

" diluH " It is no voice of ghost or goblin. It is unmistakably a human salute, and very close by. She lifts herself silently, too utterly exnausted to reply, and sees standing beside her in the duck of the warm night, the figure of—a girl? Is it a girl? She puts back the tangled golden locks, and gazes up in a dazed,

bewildered way at this apparition.

"Hullo!" says the voice again. It is not pleasant voice; the face that looks down at her is not a pleasant face. It is a girl, of twelve or so, in a scant skirt, a boy's blouse belted with a strap of leather, a shaggy head of unkempt reddish hair, a thin, esger, oldyoung face, long bare legs, and bare feet,

" Hullo! For the third time she balls the prostrate Olga with the salute, in a high-pitched, harsh tone, and for the third time receiving no reply, veries it;

I say you! Ye sin't desf, are ye? Can't ye speak? Who are you? What are you doin' here this time of the night?"

Still no reply. The resping voice, the scowling look, the wild air of the unexpected figure, have stricken Olga mute with a new terror. No one has ever looked at her or spoken to her like this, in all her life before. "Deef are ye or sulky-which? Git upgit up, I say, or I'll make ye! Say you! who are you? What are ye about here, lying on the ground? Why—lor! ef it ain't the Ventnor gal l"

She has taken a stride toward Olga, who springs to her feet instantly. They stand confronting one another in the dim light, the little white beiress shaking with fatigue and fear, the fierce looking, wild creature glancing at her with eyes like a cat.

"Say! If ye don't speak I'll scratch you, I'll bite ye—I'll pull your ugly long hair out by the roots! Ain't you the Ventnor gal?

Come now-sav She makes a threatening stop near. The poor little princess puts up two imploring

'Oh! please, please don't bits me? I don't mean any harm. 1 am only lost, and fell down here?" A great sob. "I am Olga Ventnor, and I want to go home-oh! I want to go home"

She breaks down in a great passion of sobs. The impish-looking child before her breaks into a discordant jeering laugh. "She wants to go home! Oh, she wants

to go home! On! please somebody come whom the horrid crime committed in Phonix and take this young lady home! I ook at her! Ain't she putty with her odd white dress, and muddy shoes, and shiny beads. of Lord Cavendish, the new Chief Secretary, Ear, you! give me them beads this very minute, or I'll snatch 'em off your neck."

With rapid, trembling fingers, the child unfastens the necklace, and holds it out to her lormentor.

What business have you, yor stuck up litceed as did the demagogues and unreasoning the peacock?" continues the imp, wrenching, savagely, the costly trinkets asunder, with hair down to your waist, yellow hair too, the color of your beads, and all in nasty ringlets! tod, by a considerable number of Republican Oh, lordy! we think ourselves handsome, politicians. It is, however, to be remem- don't we! And embroidery and lace on our bered that at the best of times the Eng- frooks, and pink, and blue, and white buttonboots, with ribbon bows! I'ye seen you. ble construction on every crime committed | And a French servant gal to wait on us, in a in Ireland, and when their passions are white cap and apron! And a kemidge to aroused, part company with reason alto- ride in! And white feathers in our hair, and Long trained by a besotted press kid gloves, and silk stocken's! We're a great and a Torvism entrenched behind the preju- lady, we are, till we get lost in the woods dices of centuries to exaggerate the misdeeds and then we can't do nothin! but sit down of individual Irishmen up to the magnitude and blubber like a great calf! Why, you litof national events, while ignoring the gen- tle devil!" she takes a step nearer, and her erosity of character common to the people, tone and look grow feroclous, "do you know they will exhibit an exceptional degree of that I hate you, that I would like to tramp thoughtfulness if they do not for a time fall or you, that I spit at you!" which she under the dominion of irrational feeling. does, "that I would like to pull out every one of them long curls by the roots! And I'll

The child is deadly white, deadly still with

her there breathless and spell-bound. "What business have you," cries the creature, with ever-increasing ferocity, with curls, and kernidges, while your betters are tramping about barefooted, and beat, and abused, and starved? You ain't no better nor me You ain't so good, for you're a coward, and a cry-baby, and a little fool! And I'm goin' to hev them curis! And if you screech I'll kill

She darts a step nearer. Olga recoils a no attempt to run. The fascination of in-

"I know you, and I know all about you," goes on the goblin. "I know your cousin, ancestors have since time out of mind paid he gives presents to Lora and Liz Sleaford. tribute. Their historic remedy for discontent He's sweet on Lors, he. She wears long is the sword, their cure for agitation the dungeon. To intimate that the cultivator of the are, over her shoulders. I'm Sleaford's Joroll may possibly be suffering wrong appears anna; if I don't kill you, you'll know me next to them little short of treason, and to sug- time, won't you? And I hate you because you're a young lady, with kerridges, and servants, and nothin' to do, and long yellow ringlets down your stuck-up back.

The ringlets seem to be the one unforgiven sin; she glares at them vengefully as she speaks.

"I'm goin' to pull them out. I never thought I'd hev the chance. There sin't nobody here to help or come if you yell. 1 don't care if they beat me to death for it, or hang me---I'll pull 'em out!"

She springs upon her victim with the leap of a wild-cat, and burries her claw-like fingers in the pale-gold of of the clustering hair. There is no mistaking her meaning-she fully intends it; her fierce eyes blaze with a baleful fire. And now, indeed, Olga finds her voice, and it rings out shrill, pealing, agon-

"Papa! papa! Oh, papa!" "Hi!" answers a sharp voice. Then a sharper whistle cuts the air. 'Hi! Who's that? Call again!"

"Papa! papa! papa!" There is a crashing among the trees, and not a second too soon. With a violent push, and---an eath---this diabolical Little Barefoot flings her victim from her, and leaps away into the darkness with the fleetness of a fawn.

CHAPTER V.

SUMAFORD'S.

Hold up, little 'un., Good G--- she's

It looks like it. She lies across his arm, a limp and inert little form, all white drapery, blonde curis, and pale, still face. The moon rising now, the big white shield of the July hat the better to behold his prize.

By thunder! he exclaims, aloud, 'it's the little Ventner. The little great lady, the little heiress. Now, then, here's a go, and no mistake

He stands at a loss, utterly surprised. She has been a small Sultana in the eyes of all and her like this, dead to all seeming, murdered, it may be, apalls him.

"She wasn't dead a minute ago; she was screeching for her papa like a good 'un. Perhaps she ain't dead yet. Maybe she's fainted or that, frightened at something. Don't seem to be anybody here to frighten her, nuther. Wonder what's gone with the French ma'amsell? Well, I'll tote her to the house, anyhow; if she's alive at all, the gals 'il fetch her round."

He swings her as he might a 'kitten over his shoulder. He is a long-limbed, brown-skinned young fellow of twenty, whistles to his dogs, and starts over the starlit fields at a swinging pace. All the way he whistles, ail the way his keen black eyes keep a bright look-out for any one who may be in hiding. No one seems to be, for he reaches his destination, a solitary red farm house standing among some arid-looking meadows. A field of corn at one side locks, in the shine of the long before they came. Well, don't you cry, moon, lize a goblin play-ground, but the little deary. Frank Livingston will be here house itself seems cheery enough. Many lights twinkle along its low front, and the lively strains of a fiddle greet him as he opens the door.

The interior is a remarkable one enough, The room is long and low, the ceiling quite black with smoke, as are also the walls; the broad floor a trifle blacker, if possible, than either; the furniture, some yellow wooden chairs, two deal tables, a wooden sofs, and a cupboard well stocked with coarse blue delf It is, in fact, the farm-house kitchen, and in the wide fire-place, despite the warmth of the night, a fire is burning. Over it hangs a large pot, in which the family supper is simmering and sending forth savory odors.

The occupants of the room are four. On one of the tables is perched a youth of eighteen, black-eyed, black-haired, swarthy skinned playing the Virginia red with vigor and skill.

Two girls, young women, as far as size and development make women, though evidently not more than sixteen, are dancing with might and main, their hands on their sides, their heads well up, their cheeks flushed crimson, their black eyes alight, their black hair unbound-two wild young Bacchanti.

The one spectator of the reel sits crouched in the chimney-corner, her knees drawn up, her elbows on them, her chin in her palmss singularly witch-like attitude, barefooted, shockneaded, with gleaming, derisive dark

The door is flung wide, and enters the young man of the woods, with his burden, his to Brick's and get some." gun, and his dogs. The reel comes to a sudden stop, and six big black eyes stare in wild wonder at this unexpected sight.

"Why-what is it?" one of the girls cries -"a dead child, Dan? What for the Lord's sake have you got there?"

"Ah! what?" says Dan. " Here, take her, and see if she's living or dead. I can tell self." you who she is, fast enough or who she was, rather, for she looks as dead as a door nail now, blessed if she don't Here! fetch her to if you can, you, Lora; it will be worth while, let me tell you.

He lays the limp child in the arms of one of the girls. The firelight falls full upon the tering eyes of the girl follow him, but she does waxen face as they all crowd around. Only the crouching figure in the ingle nook stirs There is implianeous autory of recog

nition and dismay. " It's little Missy Ventnor !"

"It's the kernal's little gal!"

"It's Frank Livingston's cousin!" " It's the little heiress!"

Then there is a pause, an open-mouthed. round-eyed pause, and gasp of astonishment. It requires a moment to take this in.

"And while you're staring there like stuck pige," says the sarcastic voice of brother Dan, the young 'un stands a good chance of becoming a stift un' in reality, if she ain't now. Can't you sprinkle her with water, you fools, or unbook her clothes, or do whatever ought to be done. You, Lora, tots her into the next 100m, and bring her round; and you, Liz, dish up that hash, for I'm as hungry as a

henter." Issuing these commands, he draws up a chair to the tire as though it were December, proceeds to load a little black pipe to the muzzle. Thus engaged, his eyes fall on the

huddled up figure opposite. "Oh!" he growls, "you're there, Miss Fiery Head, lavin' in the chimney corner, as usual.

Git up and set the table. D'ye hear? She does not seem to; she blinks up at

him like a toad, and does not stir. With an oath he seizes a billet of wood, and hurls it at her, but she ducks with a mocking laugh, step backward. Still she makes no outcry, and it goes over her head. As he stoops for another, she springs to her feet and sets to work to do his bidding.

Meanwhile, in the next room, the two sisters are doing their unskilled best to bring the door and disappears. Miss Ventner round.' It is the parlour of the establishment, has a carpet on the floor, cane-seated chairs arranged primly around, a rocker to match, sundry gay and night. Dad mayn't think so, but he'll drive gaudy chromos on the walls, china dogs and cats on the mantle, green boughs in the fireplace, and a crimson lounge under the windows. On this lounge they lay her, they after days that sombre speech comes back to sprinkle her plentifully with water, force a young Judson Sleaford like a prediction. little whiskey into her mouth, slap her palms, undo her dress, and after some ten minutes of this manipulation there is a longdrawn eigh and shiver, the eyelids fintter open, shut, open again, and two blue eyes look up into the gray faces bending over uer.

"There!" says one of the sisters, with a long breath of satisfaction, "you're all right now, ain't you? Gracious! how white and is his sullen wont, and looking darkly askance limpsey you was, to be sure. First time I ever saw anybody in a faint before in my life. signs at his daughters to take her back Drink a little drop of this, it's whiskey and water.

But Olga pushes away the nauseous beverage with disgust.

"I don't like it," she says faintly; "the smeli makes me sick. Please take it away." She pushes back her tangled hair and looks vaguely about her. "Where am I?" she asks, beginning to tremble. "What place is the tea?" this?"

Biess us what a pretty little thing you are, as | self, didn't yer?" fair as a lily, I do declare! I wish I was; but I am as black as a crow.

We all are, father and all, even our Joanna in spite of her horrid red hair. Don't be frightened, little miley; we know who you are, and you are all safe. And we know your 1t is not papa who comes rushing to the | cousin, Frank Livingston; he is a right nice

her up is young man with a ginsy face, a gun ly's not he'll be here in a little while, now in five minutes. You undress her, Lora, and over his shoulder, and two or three yelping and then he can take you home. Light there's put her to bed."

The boys calling for their supper, and I hear in But I want to go home," says Olga, beginthe boys calling for their supper, and I hear in ling to tremble again "I must not stay

What the dickens is the row? he asks. father "You'd better go and get it for them."

her.' e When you know very well she won't it she takes the notion," seturns Lors, angrily;

must go." night, and he takes off the crushed Leghorn . It seems she must, for she does. Lora turns back again to her charge. There's not much difference in these two sisters, and naturally, for they are twins, but Lora is rather miles if it is an inch." the better looking, and decidedly the better-

natured of the pair. "How did you come to be with our Dan, anyhow?" she asks, curlously. "Where did Brightbrook; everyone knows her; and to he find you? and what on earth made you

faint away?" The question arouses memory. Olga shuts her eves with a shudder, and turns so white that Lora thinks she is going to faint again. "Oh! that dreadful girl! that dreadful,

girl! she says, with a shuddering gasp.

"What dreadful girl? What do you mean? Did you get tost, and did somebody scare you in the woods? What was she like?" demends Lors, sharply.
But Olga cannot tell. She trembles, and

shivers, and covers her eyes with her hands, "She said she would pull my hair out, and then-and then I got dizzy, and it got dark, and—and that, that is all," she replies, inco-

herently. "Now I wonder if it wasn't our Joanna?" Miss Sleaford says, musingly. "It would be the cobweb cambric quenches. just like her—little imp! If I thought it was "So you didn't want Mr. l but no, Joanna was in the house ever: so pretty soon, and he'll take you home. Now I'll go and get you something to eat. You're hungry, ain't you, and would like some tea?'

"Oh, I only want papa!-nothing but papa!" sobs the child, quivering with nervous excitement. "Oh, papa, papa, papa!"
"Well, there, don't make a fuse; your papa will come directly, I tell you. And you are

all safe here, and needn't be afraid. Now I'll go and get you something, toast and tea, if able to go home to-morrow either. there is any tea. So stop crying, or you'll make yourself sick.'

Miss Sleaford's departs. In the kitchen the two young men, and their father, Giles Sleaford, are seated at one of the deal tables, partaking of steaming hash with the appetites of hunters and constitutionally hungry The father is like the sons, a powerful black-hearded, sullen-looking man. Evidently he has heard the story, for he looks up with a glower as his daughter enters.

"Well,' he says, in a growling sort of voice; how is she?" "Oh, all right," Lora responds. "Crying for her paps of course. She won't take any of that stuff, pointing to the greazy dish of hash with some disdain; 'I must make her some

toast, if there is any raised bread." "There ain't any raised bread," says Liz. " Make her tea." suggests Dan; "that's the stuff they drink. Store tes, and some short-

CAKO. "There sin't no tea." says Liz again. "Get some then," growls the master of the house; "She's worth taking care on. Send

"Joanna!" calls Liz sharply; "d'ye hear! Go! She turns to the chimney-corner, where

crouched again, like a small salamander, in her former attitude, is Joanna, basking like a lizard in the beat. "Won't, returns Joanna, briefly; go your-

"What!' cries Giles Sleaford, turning in sudden ferocity from the table-' what?" "Says she won't," says Liz, maliciously-

says go myself." He rises and takes down a horsewhip from a shelf near, without a word. The dark, glitnot stir.

"Won't, won't she?" says Mr. Sleaford. go, won't you, you little foxy-

falls across the shoulders of the crouching child. Two or three she bears in silence, then with a fierce scream of pain and passion, she leaps to her feet, darts across the room, and spits at him like a mad cat.

"No, I won't, I won't, I won't !- not if you cut me in pieces with your whip! I won't go for tea for her! I won't go for nothin' for her! won't go for you—not if you whip me to two large samest eyes. death! I won't go! I won't, won't, I won't !'

The man pauses; used as he is to her paroxyams of fury, she looks so like a mad thing, in her rage at this moment, that he actually holds his brutal hand.

"Oh! come dad, you let her alone," re. monstrated his younger son; "don't cut her up like that.' But recovering from his momentary check, Giles Sleaford lays hold of her to renew his

attack. As he does so, Joanns, stoops and buries her sharp white teeth in his hand. And at that same instant a small white figure with blanched face and dilated eyes glides forward and stands before him. "Don't! Oh, don't!" Olga Ventnor says.

"Oh, pray don't beat her like that !" She holds up her clasped hands to Giles Sleaford, who partly from pain of the bite partly from surprise, recoils and lets go his hold. Instantly Joanna darts away, opens

"That's the last of her till dinner-time tomorrow," says the younger Sleaford, with a laugh. "She'll roost with the blue-birds tothat little devil to run a knife into him yet."

There is many a true word spoken in jest, says the adage. In the dark and tragical

> CHAPTER VI. A DEED OF DARKNESS.

So it befalls, that in spite of threats and horsewhip, Joanna has her own way, and does not go for the tea. Giles Sleaford retires to the chimney-corner, grumbling internally, as at the small intruder. He makes uneasy whence she came, as he fills his aftersupper pipe. Both his sons are already smoking, and the tobacco-laden atmosphere hall chokes the child. "Come. dear," says Lors, taking her by the

hand. "But what is she to have to eat?" queries Liz. "I suppose, Jud, you wouldn't go for

his?"

"No, I wouldn't," answers Jud, promptly.

"Oh, you're all right; don't be scared, deary, "I'm dead tired. I don't stir out o' this corsave the elster called Lora; "this is Sleaford's. I ner, 'cept to go to bunk, to-night. Besides, I'm Lora Sleaford; this is my sister, Liz. she says she don't drink it-heerd her your-

> "Perhaps she'll take milk," sugests Dan. Ask ber, Lorry." "Ohl yes, please, I will take milk.' Olga responds, shrinking into herself; "anything.

Indeed I am not in the least hungry. "And I'll peach her an egg," says Liz, brightening, now that this difficult question rescue, but it is a man who stoops and picks | fellow, comes here most every night. "Like- t of the commissariat is settled. "I'll fetch it

the boys calling for their supper, and I hear "But I want to go home," says Olga, begin-tather Voy'd better go and get it for them. ning to tremble again. "I must not stay "Joanna's there," says Liznot stirring; "let here all night. Papa and mamma don't know where I am. You must not undress me.

please. I must go home."
"But, little missy, you can't go home to-"there! there's father calling you. Now you | night. See, it is eleven o'clock now, and even if Frank Livingston does come, which ain't likely (though what keeps him I can't think), it will be too late for you to go back to your home with him. It is a good three

> "Oh! what shall I do?" poor little Olga sobs, 'and papa will be frightened to death, and mamma will worry herself sick. Oh! I wish consin Frank would come. But he will not-I know he will not. I made him promise this afternoon."

> "What!" says Lora Sleaford, blankly. "I made him promise. He stave out so late, you know, and I made him promise he would not any more. And that is why he has not come," explains Olga, with a sob.

> "Well, I do declare!" cries Miss Sleaford, looking anything but pleased. "You made him promise! A bit of dolly like you! Well -you see it's yourself you have punished, after all. If you had let him alone he would have been here two hours ago, and you might have been home by this."

> Miss Ventnor covers her face with her mite of a pocket handkerchief, and sobs within its folds. She is too much a little lady to do her weeping or anything else, loudly or ungracefully, but none the less they are very red tears

> "So you didn't want Mr. Frank to come here," goes on Lora, still sulkily; "how did you know he came?"

> "I did-didn't know. I only knew he-he stopped out late. And he said—said—it was up the village. And I made him prom-promise he wouldn't do any more. Oh, dear, dear, dear !"

> "There, there, stop crying," says Lora, relenting; "you'll certainly make yourself sick. Here's Liz with something to eat. It ain't what you're used to, I dare say, but you must take something, you know, or you won't be

> This argument effectually rouses the child. She dries her tears, and remembers suddenly she is hungry. Liz comes forward with a big black tray, which is found to contain a glass of milk, a poached egg, some raspberries, a bit of butter, and a triangular wedge of short cake.

> "Now," she says, "that's the best we can do for you. So eat something and go to bed. She places the tray before the child, and Lora draws her to a window, where a whisper-

ed conference takes place.
"Well, I never!" says Miss Sleaford the second, in high dudgeon; "the idea! Gracious me! a chit like that, too!" It is evident Lora is retailing the embarge

"It is lucky she doesn't know about the presents, the jewellery and things. What an old-fashioned little puss!" There is more whispering, some giggling, and Olga feels in every shrinking little nerve that it is all about her. She drinks the milk and eats the fruit, essays the egg, and mingles

her tears with her meat. Oh! how alarmed

paps and mamma will be, and what a dread-

laid on Master Frank's visits.

ful place this is to spend a whole long night. Will they leave her alone in this room? will they leave her in the dark—
"Now then!" exclaims Liz, briskly. "I see you've done, so I'll just take the things, and go to bed. Father and the boys have gone already, and I'm as blinky as an owl.

Lora... " I'll stay for a bit," says Lora. She is not an ill-natured girl, and she sees the speechless terror in the child's eves. "You go to I can sleep it out to-morrow mornbed.

ipg." Liz goes without more ado. Lura sits down beside the little girl, and begins to unbutton ker bootsa

"You know you can't go home to-night" rly, #anc two oaths and a hissing blow. "You won't nearly tired to death. Now you must just let me fix you up a bed here on the lounge, and With each imprecation, a cut of the whip I'll only take off your dress, because you've no night-gown to put on. I'll stay here with you, and to-morrow the first thing my brother Judson will go over to your cottage, and tell your folks. Now be good; don't look so pale and scary; there's nothing to be afraid of here, and I'm going to stay with you all

night." "All night?" questions Olga, lifting her

"Oh, yes, all night," savs Lora, who differs from George Washington, and can tell a lie. "Now, I'll fix your bed, and sing you to sleep, and you will be at home to-morrow morning before you know it."

She produces sheets and a quilt, and improvises a bed, lays Olga in it, and takes a seat by her side. "I will sing for you," she says. "You shut those pretty blue peepers right away,

and don't open them till breakfast time tomorrow. She begins in a sweet, crooning voice a camp-meeting hymn. The low singing sound soothes the child's still quivering nerves. Gradually her eyelids away heavily, close, open again, shut once more, and she is

fast asleep. Then Miss Sleaford rises with a great yawn. "Off at last, and a tough job it was. Hush twelve o'clock! I thought it was twenty. I wonder if that young limb, Joanna, is back i Most likely not, though. It's queer she don't take her death o' fever in ague, sleeping outdcors."

She gives a last look at the sleever

"Fast as a church," she whispers. She takes the lamp, leaves the room, shuts the door softly, and goes up stairs under the

rafters to join her sleeping sister. The old red farm-house is very still. I the kitchen black beetles hold high carnival; in the parlor the moonlight streams in on the pale bair and quiet face of the little lost heiress. Outside the trees sway and rustle in the night breeze, and the stars burning and bright in the mysterious silence of early morning.

One! two three With a start Olga Ventnor awakes. It is the wooden Connecticut clock in the kitchen loudly proclaiming the hour. Awakes with a chill and a thrill of terror, to find herself quite alone, Lora gone, the light fled, the pale solemn shine of the moon filling the place and that loud strident clock striking three. Oh, to hear cousin Frank's footsteps now

stealing up and on to his room! Oh, for Jeannette-Lora-anyone-anything but this silent, spectral, moonlit room ! Stay I what is that? She is not alone. Yonder in the come, under the chimney-piece, crouches a figure all huddled in a heap, knees drawn up, and arms clasped around them. With appalling distinctness she sees it, the shock head of hair, the thin, fierce face, the bare feet and legs. She has seen it before. The moonlight is

full upon it, the eyes are wide open and gleam like a cat's. The creature sits perfectly motionless, and stares before her. Perfectly metionless, also, Olga lies in a trance of terror, scarcely breathing, feeling numb and frozen with deadly fear.

The thing stirs at last, shakes itself, turns (Continued on Third Page.) [116]