## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

GRATEFUL WOMEN. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful to show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy particularly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Ohills and fever, indigestion or deranged livers, constant or periodical sick headaones, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders or different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters .-

## THE COMET OF A-SEASON.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

OHAPTER XXIX .- Continued.

" You must be quiet, Starr," Montana sald, coolly throwing the knile into his desk, and looking the desk upon it. "If we are to talk this thing out, it must be like rational beings, and not like two ridiculous actors on the stage of the Victoria Theatre. I thought you had too much respect for yourself to play the part of a mountebank."

A sudden reaction came over the broken eld man. He looked piteously at Montans, and then sat down and hid his face in his hands and began to whine. He was trembling all over. . An ordinary observer might have said that he was in an advanced stage of delirium tremens. An ordinary London policeman would have been for locking him up forthwith as drunk and disorderly. Montana knew Starr too well to have any suspicion of the kind; and he understood the nature of man's emotions to well to confound the phenomena of hysterical passion with the phenomena of intoxication. He allowed Starr to cry and sob for a while in his childish, shivering way, uninterrupted, and then went kindly over to him and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Come, come, my good friend, Starr, you must not give way like this any more. You are not the man to sink down in such a way. You have friends who will do all they can for you and for your daughter; I am one cf them. We'll have her back with us yet." "Never, never!" Starr said, energetically, looking up and rousing himself with the words; "I'll never see her or speak to her

any more. I'm going now." "No, stay; let us talk this all over. Don't go just yet.

Look ye here, Mr. Montana!" Starr cried out-screamed out, a new burst of passion overmastering him; "I tell you, if you have any sense, you'll have me locked up. Do have me locked up; it's better for you. You've got off this time, and I've got off; but I shall do something terrible yet; I know I shall. I sha'n't be able to prevent myself from doing it. I believe I am sent to do it. Have me locked up; it's your last chance, I tell you!"

But he did not give Montana this las chance, even if Montana had been likely to avail himself of it. He suddenly sprung up and darted out of the room. Montana heard him opening the street door and slamming it behind him. Looking out of the window, Montana saw his distraught follower running down the street like some hunted beast. Perhaps it would have been well if he could have taken Starr's advice and had the crazy old man locked up. But it was too late now to think of that. Montana brooded long over what had happened. He was as little liable to physical fear or nervousness as any mar, and yet the menaces of Starr disquieted him. It was a schauderhaft sort of sensation to know that this mad old fanatic, vowing some terrible dead against him, was at large. and perhaps in the very same street. Montans wakened up more than once that night, and fancied he heard the stealthy, creeping tread of some one in the room-some one crawling up to his bedside to murder What danger ever tries the nerves of a threatened man like that of the private assassin ?-and in this case the possible assassin was a half-crazy faratic, whom neither fear, nor menace, nor persuasion, nor concession, nor bilbe could move from his position. Montana war, at one moment of weakness, on the point of walking up his servant-man and bidding him sleep in the same room with him. But he soon cast this thought out of his head, and made up his mind that any risk would be better than such an open confession of fear.

He had to brace up his nerves next day when going out of the house, in order to prewent himself from looking eagerly up and down the street to see whether any one was waiting for him and watching him. He felt chilly, even in the sunlight. He found his heart beating quick at any sudden noise close to him-even the familiar rattle of a hansom eab, or the driver's discordant shrick of warning. These were new sensations to Montana. Perhaps they came in part from the condition of mind into which he had been dropped by his recent bitter disappointment. Anyhow, he felt that the time between this and his departure for America could not be too short for him.

There could be no doubt that Matthew Starr had lately been doing a great deal to spread a distrust to Montana and his scheme among people of his own class, and especially among the devotees of the Church of Free Souls. The wild energy with which the old Chartlet declared his own utter want of fai h in Montana any more had something electric in it. It brought conviction to men of his own class and of his order of mind. It is true that his story, when he told it, had no logical force as a condemnation of Montana. Montana had evidently done all he could for the man-had rescued his daughter once, and was anxious to rescue her again. Still, what Starr said did impress men and women of his own like, worn down with hard work and suffering, and for a time filled with a sudden, wild hope -it did impress them much when this man, who had had such belief in Montana's scheme, and had built his hopes and staked his life and his daughter's life upon it, now went round declaring that there was no such scheme, that there was nothing in Montana, that he was an impostor, and that they had all been led astray and deceived by him. In any case, Montana had been too long in London without giving clear evidence that he lately been to the Church of Free Souls as often as his admirers and worshippers down there could have desired, and Starr had sent the word out among all his own class that Montana passed his time in the West End, and was to be seen perpetually with duchesses and countesses. The duohesses and countesses, if they had come to be tested by critical examination, would have dwindled down to Lady Vanessa Barnes. because, although Montana did sometimes visit at the houses of great ladies, it was by no means easy to get him there. He was the pursued, and not the pursuer, so far as rank and fashion were concerned; and Lady Vanessa

Souls were drawn.

They had been travelling through the night, some satisfaction in that." and trying to sleep, and waking up and taking an interlude of smoke, and exchanging a word and it was not until morning that these others were dropped successively at stations on the way, and Trescoe and Fanshawe were left you, Fanshawe, although I should think you alone. Then they struggled up into wake might have some feeling against the man fulness, and began, with half dazed eyes, to look out on the quiet fields and the soft sunshine.

Soon they resumed a conversation on a subject which had lately occupied them a good deal. Their conversation was about Montana. They had not been very successful in their inquiries concerning him. They had got what might be called fair historical evidence to show that Montana was the son of Varlows, the livery stable keeper. If a man were writing Montana's biography, years after Montana's death, be might be well justified in describing him on the strength of that evidence as Varlowe's son, the man who had married pretty Miss Fanshawe. But there was no evidence to bring into a court of law. or to confute denial or to overwhelm a defendant's case.

Moreover, Fanshawe, at least, was beginning to take new thought on the matter. "That's my ultimatum, Trescoe," he said.

"I don't care what becomes of the whole affair any more. I'll have no farther hand or part in it. Let him be who he will, I'll do nothing to injure him. He is going to marry Aquitaine's daughter. He has behaved well to her, and for her sake and for Aquit ine's I will have nothing more to do with this businees."

"Then," Trescoe said, angrily, "you really mean to say you will let this man go on, even though he is an impostor? You will let him go on swindling, you don't know how many thousands of people, and you will do nothing to expose him, just because he is marrying Aquitaine's daughter?"
"Quite so; I'll have nothing to do with it.

You see, I was willing enough to make some sacrifice in my own person and my own family for the sake of having the man shown up in his true colors, whatever they are. If he had turned out to be what we thought he was, he would have turned out to be the husband of my sister, and I should not particularly delight in such a disclosure as that. But I didn't mind that. I was willing to stand all that. That belongs to the past. Nothing can harm her, and I don't mind what talk might be brought up about her family. But it is different in the case of this poor little girl,

Melissa Aquitaine. She was a tool. She was

ridiculously in love with this man; but I

suppose we mustn't wonder at that." Trescoe looked darkly at him, as it he thought Fanshawe's words had a double meaning in them. But Fanshawe went on unheeding : "Anyhow, he has acted very well in the affair, and she is going to be Mrs. Montans, and I believe she is off her head with delight, and, of course, Aquitaine thinks it is the best thing that can possibly happen now, although he does not like Montana himself any more than you or I, and I'll not do anything that might spoil that little girl's happiness-no, not if I know it. If I can't

How do you know," Trescoe argued, what mischief he may have done already? You see how he attracts women, and all that; you can't tell what harm he may do vet. He ought to be stopped. He ought to be shown up. He ought to be shamed or punished somehow."

"Well, I don't know about that," Fanshawe said, with a half smile. "I fancy, if the women ware foolish about him, the men were not much better. We all took up with him a great deal too readily and too much, and we let him come too near our women, I suspect; and we might have seen that such an awfully handsome fellow could not, even if he tried, have kept them from falling in love with him. Anyhow, Trescos, take my word, the less said about the whole business now the better. What's done is done, and can't be helped, and it is my confident belief that his marrying Melissa Aquitaine is about the best thing that can happen for a good many of us. There will be quiet in other families as well as in Mellesa's when that job's done. "That's not my way of looking at things,"

Trescoe said, "and I see my way pretty well in this matter. I am going to follow this out to the bitter end. I'll never let that man go until I have exposed him, and pulled him down from his confounded pedestal, and let the world know who he is and what he is." "What's the use? You can't do it. You

haven't got any proofs against him. You will get some people to say that he looks like the man who married my sister, and then a lot of others will say they don't see any resemblance; and the man himself will talk plausibly to his own followers. He has convinced them already. They will believe anything he says."

"No, it's not so; you are wrong, Fanshawe. I have been looking into it. I find there are a good lot of people who are not inclined to believe in him any more than you and 1. I can show them he is an impostor, and I am going to do it."

"What are you going to do?" "Well, I will do this, for one thing: He is going to have a great farewell meeting, or reception, or something down at that confounded hole of his in the East End, somewhere in the Minories or Petticoat Lane."

"You know where the place is well enough," Fanshawe interposed, "so do I. We have all been there. It isn't in l'etticoat Lane, and it wouldn't alter the condition of things very materially even if it were. Let's hear what you are going to do there."

"When his meeting is full," said Trescoe, "I will get up and denounce him in the face had some practical scheme in hand not to of the whole crowd. I will tell them who he encourage a feeling of doubt. He had not is; I will dely him to deny my statement, and I will dethrone him then and there."

"Stuff!" was Fanshawe's comment. "He will tell them that what you say is not true. He will put on an appearance of offended dignity and injured innocence, and they won't care twopence for what you say cr what you do; and you will be ejected neck and crop, or very likely you will be torn in pleases."
"I don't think so," Trescoe said, grimly.

I'll take care to have a few fellows to stand by me."

"Oh, I'll come and stand by you, for the matter of that. If you are going to be eject-ed or torn in pieces, I'll be in the row. But I don't suppose anything more will come of that then that I shall get a share of what is

Who has taken it into her head to patronise him; he's always tied to her petticoat tail.

Frank Trescoe and young Fanshawe were approaching London in a train from the North.

I will expose him before her very eyes. Yes, approaching London in a train from the North.

I will make her laugh at him. There will be who has taken it into her head to patronize him; he's always tied to her petticoat tail, they accept a certain course as the right one; I will expose him before her very eyes. Yes, lose all inclination for any path but that. I will make her laugh at him. There will be When once Geraldine Rowan had given her

"Make her laugh at you, very likely, I dare and trying to sleep, and waking up and taking an interlude of smoke, and exchanging a word say." Fanshawe said, "when she sees you or two now and then in an underione. They being personally conducted out of the place had had little talk on the way, however, for the smoking-carriage had other passengers, may be all occasional impulse from honest. labor's still more horny foot."

labor's still more horny foot."

This whole affair seems very trivial to who married your sister and treated her

badly:"
But come, now, look here, Fanshawe said. "First of all, it is not certain that this is the man who married my sister; and next, it is certain that if he did marry her he did not treat her badly. Our people did not like him because the fellow was a low fellow—son of a livery-stable keeper-and we thought we were bound to be tremendous people at that time-why, I don't know. Anyhow, they didn't like his marrying her, and they treated her badly. They may say what they like, but I never heard that he treated her badly, and I don't believe it. Anyhow, I have no personal feeling against the man. I think if this man is deceiving people he ought to be exposed, if we can do it; but I don't see my way to it; and now that he is going to marry that I don't see my way. I am very sorry for any of my dear brother and sister fellowmortals in general who may be taken in by Montana; but really they must be left to open their eyes for themselves. I am a deal more concerned for Melissa Aquitaine. She is more to me than a couple of hundred or thousand swart mechanics from the East End, about whom I know nothing. I don't believe he is a swindler, mind you, or anything of the kind, in the ordinary sense; but if he contrives to impose on them, it is their own affair; I can't help it; but I should be sorry to distress Aquitaine and Aquitaine's daugh-

Trescoe gave a growl of contempt or disapproval, and dropped out of the conversation. "What a changed fellow you are, Frank Trescoe!" Fanshawe could not help saying. "I never saw a man pass through such a change in the same period of time. You have become a regular savage. You hate Montana with the hatred of a Red Indian in a penny romance."

The train ran into the London station, and there was an end to the conversation for the moment. As the two young men were looking after their luggage a man passed them, hurrying on his way to a train soon about to start for the North.

Trescoe saluted him in a gruff sort of way. "Who is that man?" Fanshawe said, lookng after him. "I know him, surely." "I should think you did. It's young Hope, the man who passed as the son of Varlows the livery-stable keeper. The young fellow was in love with Melissa Aquitaine : don't

vou remember?" "Is that he? I should never have thought so. He seems greatly changed, doesn't he?" "Dld not notice, I'm sure," Trescoe said.
"How changed?"

"Well, he looked rather a raw sort of boy the other day, as well as I remember. He seems changed into a man all at once. Looks of pure kindness and pity, but that Marion, but Montana had not yet made his appearas if he meant semething. I thought he was like most others, still believed him languish. ance. make anybody happy, I'll not try to make a spoony sort of boy-handsome enough, but ing in hopeless love for Melissa Aquitaine. thing in him now."

" Men often change quickly in that sort of way," said Trescos, gloomily. " Under the influence of some strong feeling, you can't tell how things may change a man, or how

800n." Fanshawe looked at him inquiringly. There was certainly, as he had lately been saying, a great change in Trescoe.

"Yes, I suppose so," Fanshawe said, feeling now, indeed, well convinced on the subject.

" Anyhow, I have heard so," Trescoe continued, grimly; " read of such things in romances, perhaps. They may be in real

It was Clement Hope whom they had passed, and undoubtedly his appearance as well as his ways of life had undergone a change. He had ceased to look the sentimental, half-poetic, idle sort of boy that people knew him for only a few weeks betore. He had really grown into a man, with a man's bearing and resolve. He was now hurrying off to one of the Northern seaports. full of energy and busy with the purpose he had lately taken up. He had been kept moving a good deal of late, up and down London, round London, up and down to places far from London. If he looked earnest and serious, it was not because life wore a purpose was too much with him, or because had nothing to do or to strive for; and he was unconsciously withering in an enforced in-activity, believed by many to be an idler, when he was only pining to be a worker. After the first keen grief for Mr. Varlowe's death had passed away, there followed some busy, happy days for Clement. Never before had there been, even for him, days like those days. It is possible that the fullest success of after-life, in love, in ambition, in reputation, might fall to give him back the keen, exquisite joy of that brief holiday time. He was in the heart of the veriest fool's paradise. He had contrived to thoroughly misunderstand every word of kindness and sympathy spoken by Geraldine Rowan to him and of him and his enterprise. He was wildly in love with her, and he had convinced himself that she would not be unwilling, some time

or other, to hear him tell heras much. Geraldine was innocently making a sad mistake. Believing that there was no longer any reason why she might not be as friendly with the young man as she wished to be, she had not stopped to think whether Clement knew of this. It had never occurred to her that he might misunderstand her. She spoke and acted in the most perfect good faith and simplicity, glad of her promise to Captain Marion, if for no other reason, because it gave her leave to be frank and sympathetic and friendly with Clement Hope. There is something to be said in her excuse, if such good feeling as hers needs to be excused even in its mistakes. She still believed Clement to be under the influence of an enduring passion for Melissa. Not only would it have seemed to her impos. sible that Clement could be thinking of any other woman, but the question had never for one moment arisen in her mind. She pict.

ured herself as a sincere and attached friend

moulds and governs every feeling. There are innocent should suffer, and that some should men and women who, from the moment when not escape, and I should like some of those to promise to Captain Marion, any thought of-her allowing herself to fall in love with anybody, or allowing anyone to fall in love with

impulses, our disappointments, and our sentimentalism, even though we had rather they were not living and active. But there are single-minded natures to be found here and. there with whom such a contradiction is im. the meeting was to take place at the possible, and Geraldine Rowan's was one of Church of Free Souls. Clement had had these. So they went; on, Clement and she; and he dreamed of love and she only thought should be in town, but he had not part of friendship and sympathy. He consulted tiousnly made up his mind on the matter. her about everything, saw her many times self into his new enterprise with an overwhelming energy. He was always going from one end of the town to the other, or from London to some seaport, consulting artizans, tradesmen, peasants, ship-brokers, ship owners, all manner of persons whose ad-vice could be of the least-assistance to him made thought'ul persons unwilling to disin the gathering of his new colony. He had regard his words or his threats. It would settled in his own mind that until he was be quite too late to attempt to get to Marion's able to start upon his enterprise, and to show and show him the letter. If Marion and his himself capable of bringing it to a reality. companions were going to the meeting at all, he would not speak out to Geraldine Rowan they would have left home before Clement little Melissa Aquitaine, I am rather glad the feeling that was in his heart. But he could get there. No; there was no time for was glad to believe that she must already anything but to go as fast as wheels could have seen something of this in him, and he carry him to the Church of Free Souls. At have seen something of this in him, and he hoped that when his full revelation came to | the very best, he could only be in the place be made it would not be much of a surprise just before the business of the evening was to her, but would perhaps be a wel- likely to begin. come announcement. Everything seemed particularly beautiful to him just then. There was a daily beauty in the commonest details of his life. He took the deepest interest in the fortunes of every withered old artisan in the East End whom he endeavored to induce to join in his enterprise, and to bring with him his wife and his children, out of sickly, seething London into bright, new air and wholesome, free life. Every feeling of sympathy and of kindness that he had in his nature was quickened into warmer and more exquisite life by his love for Geraldine. Nothing seemed mean, or ignoble, or melancholy, or unworthy of care, while that affection filled his heart. It gave him a tender feeling to every man and woman he saw. The dullest streets of the East End, the most noisy, pitch-smelling, bilge-smelling quays of some of the seaports he visited, had for him the sparkle of an eternal sunlight on them. He had attained to a rare condition in human affairs. He was not merely happy. That, after all, is common enough, even in this world "bursting with season was unlike that of most others. He knew he was happy, knew it at the time, felt it to the full, and enjoyed it with all his soul. To most of us heppiness is like a paintwas more fortunate now. In the midst of his happiness he knew that he was happy. He was soon to be undeceived, knew as yet of Geraldine's engagement; and Clement never saw Montana now.

During these days it happened that Clement came into companionship now and then with old Matthew Starr. Clement had known him before through Montana, and was surprised to find, on meeting him lately, that the old man's feelings toward his leader had undergone so great a change. Clement was far too just and kindly hearted not to argue with Starr, and endeavor to make him see that he was wrong in the charges he made against Montana, and that Montana had done all he could do for him. He tried to show the unfairness of Starr's assuming that Montana's scheme was never to be accomplished. But as to this part of the business, Clement himself felt doubts growing up within him which he could hardly account for. The change in his own feelings with regard to Montana seemed to have no real ground of justification; and yet it was there, a solid fact, affecting all his thoughts and memories of his late leader and idol. Clement did his best to induce old Starr to join in his enterprise, as Starr would have nothing to do any more with anything carried on by Montana, even supposing Montana's scheme were to prove a reality. But on that point Starr was fixed. He would not go anywhere, he said; he would try no more schemes, no, not he melancholy aspect for him, or because his he had done with all of them. He had dragged his miserable life out in London so far. anything was going wrong with him. His and in London now he would wait until he great trouble of old days had been that he died. He did not want any better life, he said. The worst there was would be good enough for him. He always added, " Maybe

it won't be long-maybe it won't be long." Sometimes his manner was so strange, his eyes looked so wildly, his mutterings and frowns were so like those of one who does not know what he is saying or doing, that Clement began to fear the poor old man must be taking to drink. Starr had always been a rigid advocate of total abstinence, a fanatic of temperance as of all other virtues; and it would be a change indeed if he were now falling into the drunkard's ways. Yet his misery was so great that any, even momentarp, relief from it might be too strong a temptation for him. Drunkenness has been not inaptly described as the search for the ideal. But Clement always put away the suspicions about Starr; for the strange mood did not last with the poor old man. It often passed away in a moment, and left him clear-

ly sane and sober. One evening Clement returned to Lordon after an absence of two or three days. When he reached his lonely home he found a heap of letters awaiting him. He turned them over after the fashion of most men, looking at the addresses of various, and wondering from whom they came, before taking the bold step of opening each envelope and making certain. Most of them seemed uninteresting. One, however, attracted him because he knew the handwriting to be that of Matthew Starr, and he knew that Matthew Starr found it no easy matter to write a letter, and was not likely to write without some purpose.

This was what the letter contained: "RESPECTED SIR,—If you should have it in your mind to go to the Church of Free Souls to morrow, take the advice of a friend and don't go. Don't go yourself, and if there are Barnes was the only woman of rank with whom he was often seen. But there is nothing, perhaps, in life solsensitive, so easily

roused sattle jestous cor, the very poor concerning one of their leaders who is supposed to be drawing away from their side in order to be drawing away from their side in order to keep well with their great and the high look forward with delight to the idea of exposing him in the face of his own triends, in their stand wildy laid took fire somehow, and with a certain blazs months back. Thate the man, and I'll have the man, and I'll have the man, and I'll have his fine friends, I lectual region out of which most of the humblest worshippers in the Oburch of Free Soules were drawn.

Souls were drawn.

Without concesiment, or reserve. Nor did it of the concesiment, or reserve. Nor did it is the extent thing the ever, occur to her to think; that there might ever, occur to her to think; that there might instruments, and to morrow, the judgment of marked to Geraldine. "He is a fine young fellow," Marion rever, occur to her to think; that there might be any danger to her own feelings and her deserved it. This is written by one who has low in the course who has been and the high own happiness in the love there is something in and ungovernable ways of nature in men and ungovernable ways of nature in men and line upon him that he is the instrument of the intervent in uncount should suffer, and that some should him. The very first day I saw him he gave moulds and governs every feeling. There are monded with a certain blazs in order to the course who has been and the high of the cond with the research of the course who has been and the him the face of his own happiness in the look for who has been and the high of the course who has been and the high of the look of which we had for course who has been and the him the face of his own happiness in the look of right to know, for he has had it borne as good right to know, for he has had it borne are good right to know, for he has had it borne are good right to know, for he has had it borne are good right to know, for he has had it borne in the course well in strange ways and by get off unharmed that had no share in doing harm themselves. A word to the wise. Yours.

"From a WELL-WISHER. "From a Wein-wishes. Dut she did not shado.

"P.S.—Do not throw this saide and say it his path now. I think he has. I know he lis a honx. It-is not: it is God's truth. If will do great good yet."

But surely Montana's scheme is someher, was out of the question. You will go, after this you and yours then But surely Montana's scheme is some-Most of us are weak enough to feed our what follows be on your own heads. I have thing much grander than anything Clement. washed my hands clean."

The letter was dated the day before. It

was not signed, and yet Clement felt perfectly certain it was from Starr. This very night Now, however, he determined to hasten there ut once. He looked at his watch. some days, never missed a day of seeing her, there at once. He looked at his watch, when he was in town. He was has busy there was not much time left, and the distance between his house and the East, End as he was happy. He had thrown himtance between his house and the East, End was great. If any danger was there, it was possible that some help could be given, and he resolved to be in the thing, at all events. He did not attach too much importance to the letter, and yet there was always somethin

## CHAPTER XXXI.

ORDBAL BY FIRE.

There was a crowd round the door of the Church of Free Souls as Clement drove up. His mind was much relieved when he saw that the door was still open. It was the rule there to close the door the moment the hall was thoroughly filled, so that no one by coming in or going out should disturb the proceedings of a meeting. As he drove across Tower Hill he saw that there was some carriages drawn up there, and he knew that Lady Vanessa Barnes's was one of them. It was sual when there was a meeting at the Church f Free Souls for those who had carriages o leave them standing on Tower Hill until he business was over. Clement could not elp observing that there were fewer oarlages just now than were commonly to be een in the height of the season and the zenith

f Montana's fame. Eight chimed from a clock in a neighboring sin and sorrow." Every one has his season steeple as Clement reached the Church of Free of happiness now and then. But Cloment's Souls. Eight was the hour of the meeting; a moment more, and the door would have been closed against him. Even as it was, Clement had some trouble in forcing his way through a crowd, every one of whom was ing. We must remove to some distance bent on forcing his own way in before it be-from it in order to appreciate it. Clement came too late. Clement was fortunately bent on forcing his own way in before it beknown to many of the crowd, and they made way for him, regarding him as one who had a sort of prior claim to admission. He had soon to be flung rudely out of hardly got in when he heard the door close delicious food's paradise. Marion would behind him. He made his way into the have undeceived him before this, out great hall. It was crowded to overflowing;

Something was evidently in the air. Clonothing in him. He looks as if he had something in him now."

Ing in hopsiess love for mentage Additing.

Only Marion and Geraldine's engagement; and so uneasy look about many of the congregation of powder, or something of that kind, would tion in that temple which forbade disturb- more likely be his form. "I shall have to go ance. Some men looked hard and eager and on almost at once," Montana said, "and, as passionate; others were timid and kept cast- you know, the doors are always closed when ing expectant, alarmed glances here and we begin. You must get quietly round and there. Nobody seemed to know what was see that they are opened, first or all, without coming, or why there should be dread, but | making the least disturbance. Tell no one the dread was there. The meeting seemed about this. There must be no alarm. If we charged with some electric force which find that anything is wrong, there will be promised explosion. The crowd was gathered together to hear a farewell address from Montans, and bld him God-speed on his voyage across the Atlantic, after which he was to return with plans and details all complete, and to take out his ship-loads of pilgrims to the bright new world, the golden free colony whose first sod would have been turned by that time. It ought to have been an occasion of pure good-humor and fraternity and kindness and friendly regret, brightened by hope and fair prospect. Yet the whisper had gone about somehow that the meeting was not to be entirely friendly, and that those who were weakly of nerve had better stay away. Naturally, those who liked excitement were all the more eager to find themselves present. Some whisper had reached even the stately heights on which Lady Vanessa Barnes was enthroned, and she ventured to ask Montana about it, and to beg of him as a special favor to see that a place was found for her. Montana had smiled his usual cold smile, and said he feared she would be disappointed if she expected any kind of disturbance; but he was willing to gratify her all the same, and promised that a place should be found for her if she persevered in her wich. She did persevere, and now was one of the crowd -attended, of course, by her devoted husband. Captain Marion was there with Geraldine and Melissa Aquitaine. Melissa was looking up with longing, eager eyes to the door from which Montana was to come out when he had to address the audience. She knew it well. She had seen him come out there once before, on that memorable day when the foolish old man, the father of that silly Clement Hope, got up and made a row. How godlike Montana appeared to her then, and how godlike he appeared to her now! Yet her feelings were not all of pride and joy; they were dashed with a deep sense of mortification. It seemed as if the god were not lifting her up to his height, but only stooping from his pedestal and humbling himself in order to get down to her, out of mere pity for her. As Clement Hope came in he was recognized by many as the organizer of another scheme baying the same purpose as Montana's, and he received a cordial cheer. The cheer was taken up when he was recognized by a little

cluster of men who may be roughly described

as belonging to the same intellectual and po-

litical sect as Mr. Starr, who had got it into

their minds that Clement was the sincere and

true-hearted rival of Montans, and was there-

fore to be acclaimed with special energy.

These men applauded Clement as if he had

bean a conquering hero; and those who

scarcely knew who Clement was, and some

who had not the least idea of who he was,

took up the applause and repeated it, assum.

ing it to be the right sort of thing to do.

Clement, too anxious to be confused even by

unexpected popular applause, was only eager to find Montana. He knew where to find him, and soon became lost to public view.

said, with a smile.

"Something like that," said Geraldine; but she did not smile. "I hope he has found

Hope can start," Marion whispered. "The sunset clouds look a great deal grander than the hills," Geraldine replied; "but you can't live on the sunset clouds, and

you can on the hills." Von never liked Montans," Marion said, ahaking his head. # I novely liked him. F Geraldine was in-clined to add: "You have no reason to com-

plain of that." Marion's remark was significant. A man deeply in love with a girl' would hardly, even for a moment, have thought of finding fault with her because she had not a high opinion

of one who sought to be his rival. "He does not care much about me, Geraldine thought, "and I am very glad of

Mesnwhile Clement had found his way into the room behind the platform, where he knew Montana would remain withdrawn from public observation until the moment came for him to make his speech.

Montana was sitting in an old arm-chair, his elbow leaning upon a little table, and his hand supporting his forehead. His eyes were cast down, and he was evidently in deep and not pleasant thought. "Clement had not seen him for some weeks, and it seemed to the young man that a remarkable change had come over Montana. Whether it was the dusk of the evening hour, or the dimness of the room, with its cloudy old window-panes barred outside, or whether there was a real change in the man himself, it certainly seemled to Clement as if Mortina looked much older than before. For all the beauty of outline that face had, and the marble clearness of the complexion, it still showed to Clement like the face of an ageing map, of one who had left the last verge of youth long behind

Montana looked up, and seeing Clement, smiled that welcome smile which at one time had such captivation for Olement, as for most other people. Yet even in this Clement seemed to see a change. There appeared to be something unreal in it now, almost mechanical, like a ballet-dancer's soulless grimace. The change, to be sure, may have been more in Olement's own feelings than in Montana's looks; but, subjective or objective, the change was there for Clement.

In a few breathless words Clement told Montana what he had to tell, and thrust the anonymous letter into his hand, only adding that it was the writing of Matthew Starr. Montana knew this for himself. He was familiar with Matthew Starr's bandwriting, and he was not surprised at the threat it contained, aithough he could not understand the nature of the threat, or the danger which wes

supposed to be around them. "I should think the old man means something," he said, quietly. "He made an attempt to kill me once-did I tell you?-a few nights ago. No; I have not seen you of late. He did I should think he means comething-some attempt to perhaps destroy

this place. Clement suggested possibly dynamite.

Montana smiled a cold smile. No, he said, he thought Starr was hardly up to the level time enough. It may all come to nothing, and any sort of panic would be worse than the old man's attempt, whatever it may be. There are only three or four rooms altogether, and it can't take long to find if anything is amiss. See if old Starr is in the meeting. I will make some search here-I have a moment or two yet before going on."

Clement went quietly round, and himself withdrew noiselessly the bolts of the central door and opened its lock. So much, at least, was secure. He looked into the hall itself and his keen eyes in a moment saw every face there; but Starr certainly was not one of the audience. Then he went back to

Montans. . "There is nothing to trouble us in this room," said Montana, "nor in the little room opening out of it. The walls of this house and of all the houses round are of enormous and old-fashioned thickness. It is not likely our friend Starr would think of getting at us by setting fire to any of our neighbors. If there is anything, it is somewhere here. There is nothing above the hall itself but the roof. The only other place is the room above our heads, up those stairs. I would go up there, but I have not time. I must go on. It won't take you two moments to make a search there—and when you have made it, just come on to the platform and say one word to me. Then I shall know how to act. Very likely it is a false alarm—the threat of a madman, not of an assassin."

Montana passed out through the door and on to his platform. Clement could hear a thunder of applause, and could detect, too, a low and ominous murmur of disaffection.

Clement crept his way up the creaking stairs. They were scarcely lighted by one window, the dull and blotted glass of which was farther darkened by heavy iron bars outside. He reached a broad lobby, now thickly carpated with dust and rubbish of all kinds. Before him was a great, solid, oldfashioned oaken door.! Clement tried the door, but it was evidently made fast inside. He shook it once or twice, and found that it was barred as well as looked. Suddenly he heard a erackling as of fire beginning to burn up within, and he felt certain that he could also hear movements inside, as of some human being or animal stirring about. He called through the key-hole, "Is any one in-side?" He called this again and again, and shook the door furiously with all his strength. He might as well have shaken at the base of the old Tower outside. He was sure he heard something like an exultant chuckle from within. A sudden idea flashed into his mind.

"Are you there, Starr?" he oried. An answer came back, "The judgment of the Lord is here." It was in Starr's voice, at once hoarse and shrill. "Go away; don't disturb me; I am doing the Lord's work." "Starr, listen to me, for God's sake!"

"I sin't Starr any more," the voice answered. "I am the judgment of the Lord.

(Continued on Third Poge.