By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

"ONO YELLOW NEW YEAR NIGHT."

After that November afternoon Miss Owenson complied many times with Mr. Nolan's request that she would ' sometimes steal an hour from her multiplicity of engagements, and come to see Lucy.' Twice, at least, every week, brought her to the little cottage in the shabby, out-of-the-way street: and with every visit her strong first liking for mother and daughter grew stronger. Bouquets, luxuriant and rare house-plants, baskets of luscious white grapes, new books, and beautiful engravings, new music, all the refined and delicate things the invalid best loved, began to find their way to the cottage. It was easy for Sydney to imagine her taste, for they were her own. It was understood, also, that these things were not to be mentioned at the donor's next visit; and thanks and gratitude were to be understood, not expressed. Best of all, work never flagged now; all the time the widow and her daughter could spare from their regular customers, Miss Owenson filled up.

During these weekly visits the son of the house was but rarely met. A shyness altogether new in Miss Owenson's experience of herself made her shrink from meeting him when she came to see his sister, although always very frankly and cordially glad to meet him elsewhere. They did meet tolerably often in this way-most often of all at his friend Mrs. Graham's, rarely at the Macgregor's, and occasionally at concerts or opera. Mrs. Graham, like most happy little wives and women, was a match-maker by instinct and conceived the happy idea, from the very first night, of marrying Miss Owenson to her favorite Lewis.

'It arranges itself as naturally as life, John,' says Mrs. Graham to Mr. Graham, in connubial confidence. Both are young-he clever, she handsome-he struggling for fame and a start in life, she with more money than she knows what to do with. She is the sweesest girl I met for many a day-simple, unaffected, intelligent and lovely. She is even worthy of him. All is said in that.

'I feel,' observes Mr. Graham, calmly, that if this sort of thing goes on much longer I shall become a victim of the green-eyed monster-ferociously jealous of Lewis Nolan.'

'Nonsense, sir! You know you are as fond of him as I am, and just as anxious to see him marry well.'

'Ah! but heiresses dont throw themselves away, as a general thing, on impecunious young attorneys. Money marries money 4 He that hath a goose shall get a goose.' This Miss Owen n was of English descent—lays claim on the ather's side, so I understood, to birth and blood, and all that. And everybody knows that Lewis-my junior partner at present—began his career as my office boy. That sort of thing tells with women.'

'It does not with Miss Owenson,' cries Mrs. Graham, with spirit. 'Don't class her with the ordinary run of young persons-that fast Katie Macgregor, for instance.' 'Fast, my dear?' remonstrates Mr. G.

'Certainly; she is audacious enough for anything. Did you hear her discuss that odious divorce case last night with Mr. Cuyler?-Van Cuyler, of all men, with his high and mighty notions of womanly delicacy and dignity. And the way she angles for Mr. Vanderdonck-the way she has been angling for the past six years! It is athousand pities so pure, sotrue, so thoroughly sweet and womanly a girl as this Sydney Owenson should be among them.'

'She is one of the family, and they are going to marry her to Dick,' says Mr. Graham. 'Ah! Dick? I hope your head won't ache until they do,' darkly retorts Mrs. Graham. She will no more marry Dick Macgregor than -than I would if I were single.'

'Thank you, my love,' says Mr. Graham. and falls asleep.

Mrs. Graham, acting on this philanthropic idea, took every opportunity of throwing these two young people together. She conceived a great and sudden passion for the orphan heiress, carried her about with her wherever she could induce her her to come, had her at her house a great deal, and gave Mr. Nolan ample opportunity, it he so desired, to win his way to the heiress' favor. But favors are vainly thrust upon some people. Mr. Nolan showed himself insensible, in a most, exasperating degree, to all this loveliness and wealth. He and Miss Owenson got on remarkably well in a general way, danced together, talked together, even dang together, on very private evenings, but of love-making, the alphabet was not jet commenced. Perhaps Mr. Noian's modesty stands in the

way, mv dear, is what Mr. Graham said, soothingly to Mrs. Graham, when that best of women bitterly complained of her favorite's defection. Bashfulness is the bane of most young barristers' lives.'

'Bashfulness!' cries Mrs. Graham, with ineffable scorn. 'The remark, sir, is too contemptible to be answered. The worst of it is that I think-

But here Mrs. Graham paused, too honorable to betray even to her husband the secret

of a sister woman's heart. 'You think young Nolan might go in and

win, my dear, if he liked?' insinuated Mr. Graham, which coarse remark his wife disdains to answer. Many new friends were being made in the

December weeks, many invitations pouring in for the fair heiress, many engagements for every day. A net of entanglement seemed and never think once you are out of his to be closing around Sydney, in spite of her | sight.' rebellious protests and chafings. Invitations could not be rejected without rudeness, and although for general society Sydney did not tain Dick's stalwart form. 'He is right to a much care, she found herself being drawn into the maelstrom, whether she would or no.

It was most difficult, at times, to keep up her visits to Lucy Nolan, and in these latter weeks Lucy was ailing and in pain.

ney went, and lightened into temporary for prerogative of the Almighty, and sends a getfulness of suffering when she came. Some of the December sunshine seemed to enter in her face, the little sad house grew glad with ber presence. 'Sydney's days' were the sunshould hereafter interfere with those visits. The place that Cyrilla Hendrick had once held in her heart, vacant ever since, was rapidly being filled by this wan, gentle Lucy.

The great trial of 'The State vs. Harland' was to commence about the close of December, and Lewis Nolan became so busy and absorbed that he no longer was visible even in the drawing room of Mrs. Graham. He came home very late, to sleep, left early, and was seen no more until the following night. Mrs. Graham poured her complaints Into

Miss Owenson's car. face from a pile of hideous law papers—those | -four years.'

great eyes of his, hollow, and with bistre circles beneath. I miss him so much at my receptions, that tall black head of his towering over the heads of his fellow men.

"'He seemed the godliest man
That ever among ladies sat in hall
And noblest—when she lifted up her eyes,
And loved him with a love that was her doom."

said Mrs. Graham, gushing out in the most unexpected manner into blank verse. Sydney laughs-rather unsympathetically.

Dear me! how very tragic. With a love that was her doom!' You do not mean yourself, I hope, Mrs. Graham? For the sake of morality, and my friendly regard for Mr. Gra-

'Ah, you are like the rest,' says Mrs. Graham, shaking her head; the girls of the present day have no heart. When I was young we would all have lost our heads for such a fellow as Lewis Nolan.'

What very ill-diciplined heads must have been in vogue. And how odd it seems to be talking sentiment at the fashionable hour, and on the sunny side of Broadway,' answers the heiress.

Mrs. Graham might have her own ideas, but Miss Owenson baffled even her. Certainly the bright face of this stately young heiress betokened anything but love-sickness and that frank, rather satirical laugh must. come from a heart-whole maiden. The gentleman was immersed in a horrid murder case, the lady in running the round of a New York season—yes, it seemed a hopeless affair.

Sydney's acquaintance had come long ago to the ears of her family. And Katie Macgregor had looked up from a fashion book and the latest style of coiffures, and given her blonde cousin a long, peculiar glance.

'So that is where you go?' she said, slowly. Do you know it has rather puzzled me lately where so many of your afternoons were spent?' 'Indeed;' said Miss Owenson, going on with her knitting in unrufiled calm. 'How very unecessary for you to have puzzled yourself. Had you enquired I would have been most happy to have told you.'

There was silence. Miss Macgregor looked back at the heads of hair with compressed You went first with Uucle Grif, to have

your torn flounce repaired. 'Yes.' · I knew they were seamstresses of some sort -dressmakers or shirtmakers, I fancied. What kind of people are they? Vulgar, or like

'Vulgar is the last word I should think of applying to Mrs. or Miss Nolan. If I ever saw

ladies, they are ladies.' 'Ah! persons of education.'

· That is understood.' But it must be a very unpleasant neighborhood for you to visit—some low street, is

it not, near the North River?" 'It is a street of poor people, if that is what you mean. Does poverty inevitably include lowness? I do not find it at all unpleasant.' And then, of course, Lewis is always there to see you safely home, carelesly suggests

Miss Macgregor. Miss Owenson lifts her eyes from her work a gray and crimson breakfast shawl for Aunt Helen-and looks across at her cou-

' Mr. Lewis came home with me on the evening of my first visit, as Uncle Grif had forsaken me. Since that day I have not had the pleasure of meeting him once at his mother's house.'

Was there a ring of defiance in Sydney's tone. Instantly Katie became cheerful and apologetic.

Uncle Grif always said they were the nicest possible people, the Nolan family. I never met any of them but Lewis. He was a protege of uncle's, as I have told you, and it was uncle who first got him into Mr. Graham's office to open and close, sweep, go errands—not a very dignified beginning—and finally sent him to the same school with Dick. Dick used to bring him here at times but as we grew up, of course, our paths swerved. I have no doubt, however, that Lewis Nolan will one day be a well known

name throughout the land.' One, two, three, four, five-seven-twelve loops of gray,' is Miss Owenson's answer to this, as she bends over the breakfast shawl. 'The trial begins to-morrow,' pursues Katie. 'How I should like to go.

Should you?' growls Dick, rising suddenly from his scat in a distant window and feeted him then so greatly? throwing down his paper. 'I dare say: women are always fond of going where they are not wanted; divorce trials, murder trials, everything new and nasty. They go to hangings, sometimes, and bring their bables. I don't suppose it would do you any harm; but, for all that, you won't go.'

Don't attempt sarcasm, Dick, at least until you grow a little older. I want very much to see Mrs. Harland, and hear Mr. Nolan's speech, Mrs. Graham is going, Mrs. Greerson, and lots more. Why cannot you get Syd and me admission, like a man and a brother?"

'Would you go?' asks Dick, looking at Miss Owenson.

'No,' says Sydney, quietly 'Ah!' Captain Macgregor's manly brow clears; 'I thought not. You may go if you choose, Katie; you're big enough and old enough to look out for yourself; but I would'nt if I were you. Fellows talk about that sort of thing, and it spoils your chances. 'Mr. Vanderdonck wouldn't care,' responds Katherine, with unruffled good temper.

'No, but Van Cuyler might. You've been making eyes at Van Cuyler lately, haven't you? Not that it's any use, mind you,' says Dick, darkly. 'He has registered a vow, has Van Cuyler. ilke those fellows with crosses on their legs-cross legged, eh?-Crusaders never to marry. He'll take all the love-making you can do—he's used to it, bless you— What a blessing in disguise is a brother,

observes Katie as the door closes after Cap-

certain extent, after all; I should like to go. She did not, however; but the papers and Dick brought daily reports of the trial. The opening speech for the persecution was crushing-the learned council inveighed against The wan, patient face saddened when Syd- the man or woman who anticipates the great soul from time into eternity.' Great interest was felt on all sides, for Mrs. Harland had lute pain as Miss Owenson's soft musical youth and good looks, and many friends. The trial lasted a week. Mr. Nolan came to niest days in the week to Lucy; and Sydney | the fore nobly, and displayed a forensic skill realizing it resolved that no engagement and acumen that would have done honor to twenty years' experience at the bar. That was what the papers said, and Dick and Mrs. Graham endorsed. He arose and spoke for his client in a way that brought tears to every

eye. He pointed a long catalogue of wrongs she had endured, the nameloss insults she had undergone, the outrages of every kind that a grow haggard upon very little provocation, brutal husband can inflict. His speech, Mrs. Graham declared, was one outburst of impassionate elequence—his whole heart and soul seemed to be in it . Sydney listened with profound sympathy. Mr. Nolan himself could hardly hope more ardently than she did now, 'He is working himself to death. I saw that the unhappy prisoner might go forth free. him last evening. I went down to the office But the hope was in vain, the trial ended, the for Mr. G., and Lewis lifted such a wore sentence was alight one most people thought

'She heard it with stony calm,' narrated Mrs. Graham, with a half sob; but she grasped Lewis Nolan's hand as he held it out to her, and kissed it. 'I will never see you again,' she said; 'I will never live to come out. My sentence is just; but all my life I will think and pray for you.' I cried I assure you, as if my heart would break,' said Mrs. Graham, who cried as if that organ would break on the smallest provocation. Death was imprinted on her face, poor thing, and for Lewis himself he hardly looked better.' That evening a little note from Lucy reach-

ed Sydney. 'DEAR,' it said, 'come to-morrow. I am sick in body and sick at heart. Let me see your bright face, and tell you my troubles. Lucy.'

It was so rare a thing for patient Lucy to complain that Sydney was troubled. She went to the opera in the evening, and the celebrated Mr. Van Cuyler, the pet this winter of the best metropolitan society, came into their box, and in a Sultan-like way made himself agreeable to her; but she was distrait, an- of feeling. swered at random, heard the singing as in a dream, and had a restless and broken night, haunted now by the pale face of the sister, now by the dark face of the brother. It was a relief when, lucheon over, she could start for the cottage.

She invariably walked now; she liked walking for walking's sake, and reached the | can.' house with cheeks like pale pink roses. The house-door was only closed, not locked. She never waited to knock now. She opened it, and entered, opened the parlor door, and looked in. The blinds were closed, green There is an uncons looked in. The blinds were closed, green dusk filled the room; but through the twilight she could discern a figure lying on the sola. She went forward softly, and knelt down.

'Mrs. Nolan,' she said, slightly touching her cheek with her hand, 'are you asleep? It is I—Sydney.'

The figure started upright, and she saw it was Lewis, who had been lying motionless, his face upon his arm. Sydney sprang to her

'Mr. Nolan!' It was nearly a fortnight since they had met, and the change in him positively shocked her. Worn and haggard, hollow-eyed and thin, something more than Mrs. Harland's trial was at work there. 'You-you are not ill?' she said with a

gasp.

He passed his hand with an impatient sigh, a gesture of spiritless weariness across his

forehead. 'Ill? Oh, no-I never was ill in my lifeonly a little used up after my labors"
'You are looking badly. I am sorry your cause was lost, Mr. Nolsen, she said gently.

'Thank you,' he returned, in the same half apathetic way. 'It was justice, I suppose, and justice must be done though the heavens fall. Burning for burning—an eye for an eye, a life for a life;' it holds as good to-day as in the old Levitical times. They have killed her as surely as they had hanged her-it is only a question of time.' I am very sorry.

'You are very kind; but why should you be pained by such horrors at all? Do not think of it. Lucy expects you, I fancy. This miscrable business has upset her too, on my account, as if she had not enough to endure already.'

Sydney ascended to the upper room. Lucy was not in bed; she was in her invalid chair, with the little book she so dearly loved in her hand, the 'lmitation.'

'Reading poetry,' Sydney said, kissing her. Nobody can equal A'Kempis. What is the trouble now, dear?—that weary pain again? 'No, no-if it were only that! Physical pain is not the hardest thing in the world to

bear.' 'You have been crying,' Sydney said, 'you who never cry. Lucy, what is this? Lewis is down stairs: have you seen

him? and we all roumped in a friendly way together | 'Yes. 'Is it the loss of the trial? Dear

> 'No, no, no, that I expected. It is-What? Sydney almost sharply cried. That Lewis is going away. A stiffled sob broke from her, as she laid her head on her friend's shoulder.

was silence—then: 'This is very sudden, is it not?' Miss Owenson asked, quietly, almost, it might have been thought, coldly. 'Has the verdict af-

It is not the verdict, although that has something to do with it. He has been thinking of it for over a year.'

But he is Mr. Graham's partner, and his prospects seem excellent. Is this not a rather foolish notion? 'He thinks not, Mr. Graham thinks not.

He would have gone a year ago, but that I was so ill.' 'You are not particularly well now.'

'No: but if he feels he must go, dearly as I love him, inexpressibly as I shall miss him, I will not bid him stay.'

'Where does he propose to go?' 'To California-to Sacramento. He has a friend in that city, with more business by far than he can attend to, and he has written again and again for Lewis to join him. It is just an opening Lewis wants, with his talents and energy, for he is talented you know, Syd-

"I know, dear,' a little tremor in the clear voice. 'And he is going—when?' 'Early in March. He will write and tell his friend so this week. Oh, Sydney! Syd-

She flung her arms around her friend's neck, and held her close, sobbing as that friend had never heard her sob before. Sydney held her without a word: but perhaps Lucy Nolan needed no words to know that her sor-

row was keenly felt. · Miss Owenson remained later than usual this afternoon, her presence seemed such a comfort to Lucy in this new trouble. They ceased to talk of the coming bereavement, and Sydney animatedly gave Lucy an account of New Year's Day—the grand levee they had held, in robes of state, with darkened parlors and flaring gas, of the innumerable calls, the absurdities of the men as the day grew older

and the champagne grew heavy. Lucy absolutely laughed aloud, and Lewis, busy among sundry documents, in spite of a bad headache, listened with a sense of absopeal reached him. He was too much occupied to put in an appearance until tea, served in Lucy's room; as they met around the little table, they four, Sydney was more than ever struck by the worn pallor of the young man's

dark face. 'It is nothing he said indifferently; 'I will be all right again directly. A few weeks hard cramming in my student days used to knock me up in the same way. We colored people but we are toughest at the bottom after all.'

On this evening Mr. Nolan was of necessity Miss Owenson's escort to Madison Avenue, for the second time. It was a perfect night a yellow, melting full moon flooded the sky with light, and the earth with amber haze; it was mild as September, the streets were brilliant with gas-lit shops and busy people.
'It is a night like a topaz,' saidMiss Owen-

son-'a night to be remembered.'

It is a night I will remember when my of treadmill, my Lucy, when once on, to stop life in New York is a dream of the past. I is impossible. am going away, Miss Owenson-has Lucy told you?

'Yes she has told me,' the young lady answers, in a curiously constrained voice. 'It is rather an effort to pull up stakes and go; rather a wrench to tear myself away from

poor Lucy and my mother; but I feel my chances are better there, and have many rea sons to urge me to go.'

'Your friends will miss you very muchwe will all miss you,' Miss Owenson says. 'All?' His dark eyes flash for a moment and he looks at her. 'Do you mean that, I

wonder, or is it only the proper thing to say? 'I mean what I say, as a rule, Mr. Nolan. certainly mean that. We will miss yousome of us—notably Mrs. Graham—will break our hearts.'

A little tremor, with the soft laugh. Mrs. Graham has been my very good friend always; I owe her and her husband more than I can say,' Mr. Nolan answers in a tone

There is silence, and they walk on, and Sydney seems to feel-to feel with a sharp, swift pangaltogether new-that it is her last walk 'When do you go?' she inquires.

'The first of March, probably five weeks from now, if I can be ready; and I think I

'Then this is good night and not good by she says.
Good-night, certainly, and not good-by,

There is an unconscious wistfulness in her tone, but he does not detect it. 'Shall you be at Mrs. Graham's to-morrow

evening? 'I think not. These evenings out unfit

me for work, and I shall not have an hour to spare before I go.' Good-night, she says abruptlg.

Sheruns up the steps, rings, is admitted, and goes at once to her own room. Her heart is full of bitterness, full of impatient pain, full of wounded pride and feeling, full of anger at herself. She sits down and lays her head miserably on the table, and knows fully for the first time that what Sir Harry Leonard has sought for in vain Lewis Nolan has won, unsought.

CHAPTER VII.

" FAIR AS A STAR."

Love troubles are like other troubles, they seldom come single. Lewis Nolan might exasperate his best friends by his stoical indifferance to beauty and fortune, but other gentlemen possessed more appreciative taste. house, Captain Macgregor. Early in Febuary Captain Macgregor was to go where glory awaited him; his furlough would expire, and he must return to his duty and the banks of the Potomac, This was why, perhaps, so gloomy a change came o'er his warlike brow, why he fell into moody reveries, and sighed like a furnace, why he lost his apetite, and weighed five pounds less than his usual one hundred and sixty, why he sat like a death's head at the family banquet, why melancholy with all its hardships and skirmishes, much better than the switch-cane and kid-glove swelldom of Broadway, it is just as likely it was not. But spirits and small talk, appetite and 'airy laughter,' the young man had lost, beyond doubt; and instead of awaking sympathy, his altered visage was made game of in the social circle.

'And 'mid his mirth 'twas often strange,' ' quotes Miss Katie Macgregor, doubling up her hand and gazing at her brother as if he were

"' How suddenly his cheer would change, His looks o'ereast and lower,"

' Where has your appetite gone to, dearest Richard? It has struck me of late that 'green and yellow melancholy,' like 'the worm i' the bud, is preying upon your damask cheek.

How does it strike you, Syd?' 'It strikes me,' says Miss Owenson, 'that Dick is growing unpleasantly like the misanthropic skipper in the poem-

His arms across his breast,
His stern brow firmly knitted, and his iron
lip compressed.'!'

That sort of gentleman has heretofore been my ideal, but I begin to find ideals in real life are mistakes. If pouring your sorrows into our sympathetic ears, Dick, will relleve you, you are at liberty to pour.'
Captain Maegregor looks gloomily toward

Miss Owenson. The hour of his departure is here, he may never return, and she can chaff.

'Knitted?' pursues Katie, still regarding Dick with an eye of a connoisseur. Well, yes, he does remind one a little of the industrious old lady, who, when she had nothing else to knit, knit her brows.

'For Heaven's sake, Katie!' exclaims Dick with a look of disgust, 'spare us jokes of such ghastly antiquity as that. Perpetual silence is better than the threadbare facetiousness of an ancient almanac.'

'Emmy Vinton can't have refused him.' goes on Katie, meditatively; ther attention of late to the heir of this house have been painfully prononce. Can it be that she only lured him on to make the final blow more bit-

ter ?' Shows very bad taste on Miss Vinton's part, if she has,' laughed Sydney, rising from breakfast, at which matutinal repast this

family conclave has taken place.
Although Miss Owenson could laugh at Captain Dick without the taintest, remotest idea that she was in any way the cause of his gentle melancholy, she was by no means in very

high spirits just at present. Her semi-weekly visits to the Nolan's cottage continued as usual; she was far too proud to stay away now, although she shrank from the thought of meeting there the son and brother. She never did meet him. Mr. Nolan knew her visiting days, and on these days lingered an extra hour in the office. Evidently he wished to avoid her. Did he suspect the truth? Alone, as she was, when the thought flashed upon her, the scarlet blood leaped over her check and brow, dyeing both a burning, shameful, terrified crimson. It could hardly be, and yet-that he avoided meeting her at his mother's was palpable. The red tide slowly ebbed, leaving her as white as the white cashmere morning robe

'My going there must cease,' she thought at least become infrequent, until he goes. After that I may surely visit Lucy as much

as I please. Her lip quivered slightly, with a sense of wounded pride, perhaps, but with a deeper feeling beside. And from that day, once a week was as often as Sydney could find time to visit her friend.

Lucy was poorly, these January days; and the sea-gray eyes, wonderfully like her bro-ther's would gaze in silent reproach at Miss Owenson when she came.

'Forgive me, dear,' Sydney said, kissing her. 'I know I should have been here before, but indeed I am very busy. 'From sport | me, what a name! Busthis Biler! Eliza you to sport they hurry me,' etc. I am on a sort | must be making fun of me,"

'You go out too much, I, am afraid,' Lucy returned, clasping in both her fragile ones the warm jewelled hands of her friend. 'Dissipation does not agree with you. You never had much color, but you are growing white

as a lily, and as thin.' 'Are lilies thin,' laughed Sydney. 'It is news to me that lilies lose flesh. Too much dancing and dressing, gaslight and glitter. are not conducive to rosy bloom. But I am wonderfully strong, I never even have a headache that pet feminine disorder. My patient Lucy, I wish I could you a little of my superabundant vitality.

You do when you come; if I saw you every day I believe I should grow well. Yet it is selfish to wish to bring you to this 100m. although your very presence is a tonic.'

Sydney laid her fair, rounded cheek tenderly, pitifully against the hollow, wasted one of the friend she loved. "Wait a little, dear," she said, softly.

When Lent begins, dissipation must cease; and then even every day may not be too often for me to find my way here." "And do penance," supplements Lucy, with a little laugh that ends in a little sigh;

"Lewis will be gone then—how lonely we shall be." Miss Owenson is silent, but her fair head still rests in sympathy on Lucy's pillow, and, perhaps, in the way women know these things, Lewis Nolan's sister knows that her trouble

was felt. Sydney was very busy-was on a sort of social treadmill, as she said, from which there seemed no escape, even if escape she wished. But she did not wish very strongly-it was pleasant enough to meet kindly new faces, and be petted, and admired, and made much of, wherever she went. She was tolerably used to admiration, and so that it was not offensively paraded did not dislike it. Mrs. Graham regarded her with eyes of silent reproach. Was she a frivolous "butterfly of

Foremost among them was the son of the lorn" is one she is not prepared to play for

the gloom that mantles his manly brow. Fear, wild hope, dark despair, alternately play upon his vitals. So many men are after her-Van Cuyler, the best match in the city, among the rest-what chance has he, without beauty or brains, as his engagingly frank sister has told him, with nothing to offer but had marked him for her own. On the other his captain's pay and the deepest devotion of hand, as Captain Dick liked his camp life, an admiring heart, etc? There are times an admiring heart, etc? There are times when he resolves to rush away and bury his secret in the deepest recesses of his soul, others when hope reigns paramount, and he resolves to pour out his passion before her. Complicating feelings tear him, and he becomes a spectacle of pity to men and gods. "If anything were preying on my mind,"

remarked his sister, one day, casting up her eyes to the ceiling, and apparently addressing the observation to the chandelier, "I would speak out or perish! No secret sorrow should consume my heart—not if I know myself, and the object of that secret sorrow my own third

'She is a woman—therefore may be wooed; She is a woman—therefore may be won.'"

Miss Macgregor sailed out of the room as she concluded. Dick never looked up from the book he was not reading. In the back drawing-room Sydney sat playing softly to herself, dreamy Mozartian melodies. After a moment's deliberation he threw down his novel and went and joined her. The gas was turned low, so that his sudden paleness was the less observable, and the soft musical murmur drowned the dull heavy thumping

of his heart. She looked up with a smile of welcome. Of all the household she liked Dick best, and was really sorry to see him go. But of the wild work she had made inside the blue and brass she never for a moment dreamed. A coquette in the very least, in the most innocent way, Sydney Owenson was not, she was ignorant of the very rudiments of the proession. Dick and she were good friends and

distant cousins, nothing more. The melancholy "Moonlight Sonata" changed, and, with a mischievous upward look, "Partant pour la Syrie" began the young lady. Dick gave her no answering smile; he leaned moodily against the piano with folded arms, and looked down at the slender white hand on which diamonds and

opals shimmered in the soft light.
"Dick, how dismal you look," she says, half laughing. "If I did not know what a fire-eater you are, I should think war and its glories were depressing your spirits. I must work a scarf for our young knight before he returns to the battle-field; and Emma Vinton -little Emmy, who is dying for you, Dick -shall tie it round your arm, a la Millais'

Huguenot Lovers!" " Is it necessary to give it to Emmy Vinton when it is worked?" says Dick in an agitated voice. "I should value it more if

some one else tied it on." "Should you?" Sydney says, opening her eyes. "Poor little Emmy! Who Dick?" "You!" said Dick Macgregor.

"You-you, Sydney-you!" he replies, in voice that trembles with the intensity of the passion he represses. "Oh, don't, don't say that you never knew this!" "I-never-did," slowly and blankly

Sydney answers. "But now you do know, you will not-Sydney, you will not send me away! I am not worthy of you, I know that. I have been afraid to speak, but I had to tell you before I went. Give me just the least hope; I will not ask too much. I love you so dearly----

(To be Continued.)

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save much time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family. Don't wait. See other column.

Deaf lady: "What's his name?" Young lady: "Augustus Tyler." Deaf lady: "Bless

GOLDEN JUBILEE

Cestimonial to Sister Thibadeau—An In. teresting Ceremony.

Yesterday morning the ceremonies in connection with the "golden jubilee" in hone. of Sister Thibadeau were continued. In the morning pontifical mass was celebrated at the Basilica, when Rev. Father Dawson preached an interesting sermon in English, and Rev

Father Audit one in French. PRESENTATION.

In the evening a presentation took place at 6.30 o'clock in the presence of the follow. ing gentlemen: Hon. John O'Connor, E. Benoit, B. Sulte, F. A. Evanturel, P. H. Chabot, Cassault, J. A. Pinard, Martin Battle, Dr. Tache, J. W. Peachy, J. Auges, J. Dafresne, S. Drapeau, J. C. Tache, jr., A. A. Boucher, A. F. Baillairge, Ald Heney, and the delegation from other cities.

THE ENGLISH ADDRESS.

Mr. Martin Battle, in the absence of the Chairman of the Committee, read the follow. ing address in English :---

To the Reverend Sister Thibaudeau, of the Community of the Bisters of Charity of Oltawa:

REVEREND SISTER,—The Catholics of Ottawa desire to join in the expression of the wisnes to day of the religious, the pupils, the aged and orphans of the venerable house of which you have been for thirty-five years one of its principal suprorts, by offering you our congratulations, and expressing our deep gratitude on this the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of your religious profession.

occasion of the fittieth anniversary of your religious profession.

You have been closely identified during that fruitful lapse of time with each of the admirable institutions of charity sprung from the Alma Mater of which you yourself formed the basis, with the regretted Sister Bruyere, on the 20th June, 1845; you have also invariably devoted your virgits in spreading consolation far and wide, and the causing hope to spring in the population of Ottawa in days of trial.

From the early days of Bytown until this everto be remembered date, which will henceforth be an epoch in the precious annals of your noble community, there is not a family in Ottawa, unless arrived yesterday, who have not had recourse to your apostleship of charity in smoothing the way from time to eternity of some of its members.

coach. Was she a frivolous "butterny of the chin," like the rest? Sydney understood ne look, and smiled rather bitterly herself.

A She thinks it is my fault he is going,"
Aiss Owenson thought.

"I suppose yeu know Lewis Nolan is going ady full in the face.

"Mr. Nolan? Oh, yes, his sister told me—he mentioned it afterward to me himself. A very good thing, is it not for him?" inquires Miss Owenson, calmly. "Although you will miss him," she laughingly adds, as an afterthought.

"Although you will miss him," and she smiles as she says it. Mr. Nolan may go, and deeply and keenly Miss Owenson may feel it; but the role of the "maiden all forlors" is one she is not prepared to play for any man alive.

January goes out and February comes in, and in three days Captain Macgregor departs when the war-path. Deeper and deeper grows are located as a first of the days captain Macgregor departs when the definition of the captile surface in the way from time to eternity of some of its members.

We also love to recall your watchful and course to your apostleship of cnarity in smoothing the way from time to eternity of some of its members.

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THE REPLY. At the request of Sister Thibodeau, Hon. John O'Connor replied in English as fol-

lows:—

To P. Baskerville, J. W. Peachy, and the Gen-tlemen of the Committee acting on behalf of the Catholics of Ottawa: GENTLEMEN.—The Reverend Sister Thibadeau, whom you have just addressed in terms of warm-hearted kindness, has desired that I should, on her behalf, "and on behalf of the whole Sisterhood of which she has so long been a member, acknowledge your kind expressions and generous appreciation of her labors in the services as hers have been. The good sister feels deeply grateful for this public manifestation of gratitude, which she feels altogether above her merits. She also specially desires to thank the public for the many generous offerings made her during her long career of charity, which enabled her to fulfil her mission among it poor, the sick and the orphan, It is the turther desire of Sister Thibadeau, that I should say for her that it will be a source of bappiness to her to continue to devote her energies to the progress of the works of charity pertaining to the institution which she, with the aid of the Sisterhood, had the gratification of founding; and that, in connection with the good work to which her life is devoted, she thanks the public most heartly for their generous offering on this occa-GENTLEMEN,-The Reverend Sister Thiba-

heartly for their generous offering on this occa-THE FRENCH ADDRESS.

Mr. J. W. Peachy then read an address in French, to which Dr. Tache replied as iollows :- I have been asked by Sister Thibadeau to thank you for your kind address. She is thankful to you not only on her own behalf, but especially grateful for the words of sympathy and kindness which you have expressed towards the community of the Sisters of Charity of Ottawa. She is also deeply moved by the remembrance you have recalled of the foundress and first Superior of this house, the lamented Sister Bruyere, a woman distinguished by the qualities of her heart and her intellect, and whose souvenir shall never depart from the memory of those who have had the happiness of her intimate acquaintance. On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of a religious consecration, Sister Thibadeau understands that your demonstration is not simply offered herself, but it is a recognition of the part played in Christian life by religious congregations. These institutions issued from the fecundity of the church, and based on the doctrine of reversibility of merits, have a necessary role to perform. They pray for those who do not pray or do not pray enough. They merit for those in whom merit is wanting, and they help spiritually and physically the sufferers not cared for by the world. It is in that light that Sister Thibodeau views your presence before her, and your action under the circumstances, and I again, in her name thank you most cor-

It might be mentioned that the French

address was accompanied by a purse contain-

ing several hundred dollars. The tollowing

are the names of the committee who had

charge of the testimonial :- Messrs J. Tasse,

M. P., P. Baskerville, M. P. P., Robt. O'Reilly,

S. Drapeau, A. A. Boucher, A. Evantural, J. W. Peachy and J. A. Pinard.—Ottawa.

dially.

Citizen.

Sketched from Life. - The following not too flattering, but withal very truthful, picture of the English people is from the current number of Vanity Fair :- " The English people believe themselves to be sober, selfrespecting, and wary. In reality the greater number of them show themselves by their acts to be impulsive, servile, and dupes. They take in only one notion at a time, and they are mostly stark mad on the notion of the moment, whether it be that of a Bulgarian atrocity, a Tichborne trial, or the current murder of the week. They crawl slavishly before the rank in society next above themthe commons before the lords, the lords before the royal family. They are the certain prey of any quack loud-voiced enough to noise abroad his nostrums, whether those nostrums be political, social, or religious. And being for the most part ignorant and yet confident, it is a matter of course that whenever the most part of them have to make a choice, they will make it hastily and ill."

At a crowded French country theatre a woman fell from the gallery to the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was in jured. 'Much injured!' exclaimed the man, 'I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row.'