

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

"ONE 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 staggered 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. Most 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 confidant 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 sweetest 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 don't throw themselves away, as a general thing, on impetuous young attorneys. Money marries money. He that hath a goose shall get a goose.' This Miss Owenson was of English descent—lays claim on her father's side, so I understand, 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 a thousand pities so pure, so true, 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 I will 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 to come, had her at her house a great deal, and gave Mr. Nolan ample opportunity, if 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 sang together, on very private evenings, but of love-making, the alphabet was not yet commenced.

'Perhaps Mr. Nolan's modesty stands in the way, my 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 it is true.'

But here Mrs. Graham paused, too honorable to betray even to her husband the secret of a sister woman's heart.

'You think you know Nolan might go in and win, my dear, if he liked?' insinuated Mr. Graham, with coarse remark his wife disdain 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 to be closing around Sydney, in spite of her rebellious protests and chaffings. Invitations could not be rejected without rudeness, and although for general society Sydney did not 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.

The wan, patient face saddened when Sydney went, and lightened into temporary forgetfulness of suffering when she came. Some of the December sunshine seemed to enter in her face, the little sad house grew glad with her presence. 'Sydney's days' were the sunniest days in the week to Lucy; and Sydney realizing it resolved that no engagement should 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, led early, and was seen no more until the following night. Mrs. Graham poured her complaints into Miss Owenson's ear.

'He is working himself to death. I saw him last evening. I went down to the office for Mr. G., and Lewis lifted such a woe face from a pile of hideous law papers—those

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 nobler—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. Graham—'

'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-disciplined 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 untroubled calm. 'How very unnecessary 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 lips.

'You went first with Uncle Grif, to have your torn tunic repaired, is that so?'

'Yes! I knew they were seamstresses of some sort—dressmakers or shirtmakers, I fancied. What kind of people are they? Vulgar, or like Lewis?'

'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 is 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,' carelessly 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 cousin.

'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 protegee 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 and we all rumped in a friendly way together but as we grew up, of course, our paths diverged. 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 seat in a distant window and 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 babies. 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. Greenson, 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 wouldn't 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, like 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; and never think once you are out of his sight.'

'What a blessing in disguise is a brother,' observes Katie as the door closes after Captain Dick's stalwart form. 'He is right to a 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 prosecution was crushing—the learned council inveighed against the man or woman who anticipates the great prerogative of the Almighty, and sends a soul from time into eternity.' Great interest was felt on all sides, for Mrs. Harland had youth and good looks, and many friends. The trial lasted a week. Mr. Nolan came to the fore nobly, and displayed a forensic skill 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 nameless insults she had undergone, the outrages of every kind that her brutal husband can inflict. His speech, Mrs. Graham declared, was one outburst of impassioned eloquence—his whole heart and soul seemed to be in it. Sydney listened and professed sympathy. Mr. Nolan himself could hardly hope more ardently than she did now, that the unhappy prisoner might go forth free. But the hope was in vain, the trial ended, the sentence was a light one most people thought—four years.'

'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 reached 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 *distrain*, answered 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, lurching over, she could start for the cottage.

She invariably walked now; she liked walking for walking's sake, and reached the 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 dusk filled the room; but through the twilight she could discern a figure lying on the sofa. 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 feet.

'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 life—only a little used up after my labors.'

'You are looking badly. I am sorry your cause was lost, Mr. Nolan,' 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 miserable 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 'Imitation.'

'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?'

'Yes. Is it the loss of the trial? Dear Lucy—'

'No, no, no, that I expected. It is—'

'What? Sydney almost sharply cried. 'That Lewis is going away.'

A stifled sob broke from her, as she laid her head on her friend's shoulder. There was silence—then—

'This is very sudden, is it not?' Miss Owenson asked, quietly, almost, it might have been thought, coldly. 'Has the verdict affected him then so greatly?'

'It is not the verdict, although that may be 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.'

'It is a night I will remember when my life in New York is a dream of the past. I 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 reasons to urge me to go.'

'Your friends will miss you very much—we 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. I certainly mean that. We will miss you—some 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 of feeling.

There is silence, and they walk on, and Sydney seems to feel—to feel with a sharp, swift pang altogether 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 can.'

'Then this is good-night and not good-by?' she says.

'Good-night, certainly, and not good-by,' he answers, smiling.

There is an unconscious wishfulness 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 abruptly. She runs 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 Leonhart 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 expect to be beautiful and fortunate, but other gentlemen possessed more appreciative taste. Foremost among them was the son of the house, Captain Macgregor. Early in February 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 over his warlike brow, why he fell into moody reveries, and sighed like a furnace, why he lost his appetite, 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 had marked him for her own.

On the other hand, as Captain Dick liked his camp life, with all its hardships and skirmishes, much better than the switch-cane and kid-glove swiftness 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 a work of art.

'How suddenly his cheer would change, His looks o'ercast and lower.'

'Where has your appetite gone to, dearest Richard? It has struck me of late that 'green and yellow melancholy,' like the worm 'in 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 ideal in real life are mistakes. If pouring your sorrows into our sympathetic ears, Dick will relieve you, you are at liberty to pour.'

Captain Macgregor 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; 'her attention of late to the heir of this house have been painfully pronounced. Can it be that she will lure him on to make the final blow more bitter?'

'Shows very bad taste on Miss Vinton's part, if she has,' laughed Sydney, rising from breakfast, which maudlin repast this family convalescence has taken place. Although Miss Owenson could laugh at Captain Dick without the faintest, 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 she suspect the truth? Alone, as she was, when the thought flashed upon her, the scarlet blood leaped over her cheek and brow, dying 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 casimere morning robe she wore.

'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.'

of treadmill, my Lucy, when once on, to stop is impossible.

'You go out too much, I am afraid,' Lucy returned, clasping in both her fragile ones the warm jeweled hands of her friend. 'Dispensation 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 room, 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; "penance will be gone then—how loudly 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 fashion," like the rest? Sydney understood the look, and smiled rather bitterly herself.

'She thinks it is my fault he is going,' Miss Owenson thought.

'I suppose you know Lewis Nolan is going away?' Mrs. Graham asks, looking through the young lady 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 forlorn" 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 upon the war-path. Deeper and deeper grows 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 his captain's pay and the deepest devotion of 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 cousin.'

'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 profession. 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 Millaire's "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.

'I?'

'You—you, Sydney—you!' he replies, in a 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 me, what a name! Bushie Biler! Eliza you must be making fun of me.'

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Testimonial to Sister Thibodeau—An Interesting Ceremony.

Yesterday morning the ceremonies in connection with the 'golden jubilee' in honor of Sister Thibodeau 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 following gentlemen: Hon. John O'Connor, F. Benoit, B. Sulte, F. A. Evtanuel, P. H. Chabot, Cassault, J. A. Pinard, Martin Battle, Dr. Tache, J. W. Peachy, J.