CARDINAL LAVIGERIE IN AFRICA.

TALK WITH THE MAN WHO HAS RE-ESTABLISHED CHRISTIAN WORSHIP IN

Turin, July 8.—Cardinal Lavigerie, coming from France, where he has been collecting money for African missions, stopped here and visited Cardial Gaetano Alimonda, the Archbishop of Turin, During his visit to Turin he had a long interview with one of the leading gentlemen of Italy, who questioned him on every possible point in relation to Africa. Of this interview I send a full account for the readers of the Sun :

"Your Eminence knows that by our African excursion, which after all did not require great importation of soldiers nor difficult movements, we have already spent about fifteen millions of francs. Was not this too

"Not by any means," replied the Cardinal. "Algiers, merely by its occupation, has cost France twice as much as the war contribution paid to Prussia in 1871. It has cost twelve thousand millions of france, and it has been a very poor investment, because Algiers brings in only twelve millions to France, and costs about one hundred millions a year." "What does your Eminence think of the plan of annexing Tunis to Algiers?"

"It would have been a great mistake, and having been questioned myself by Gambetta about this matter, I did my best to dissuade him from it. The scheme, of course, was grand, and quite fit to satisfy the pride and ambition of the French people. But this gratification of vanity would have cost immense treasures to France. Happily, Gambetta listened to me and gave up the scheme.

"Why, I thought that France refrained from annexing Tunis because Italy remonstrated?"

"Oh, not at all! If Italy wished to harm France and push her into mischief, she should have encouraged her to accomplish the illfated annexation. This was not prevented by the Italian Ministers, but by my answer to Gambetta."

"Then you do not think this Italion occupation of Africa is a profitable job?"
"Why, surely not. If France, which is a great weal richer than Italy, has not profited

bit by its occupation of African territory, _taly-poor Italy, will suffer great losses in the same field, and much more so, because the selection of the place for her enterprise could not have been more awkward. If a blind man had been appointed to go to Africa and point out a place for Italy to occupy, he could not have selected a worse situation, a place more abominable, more unfit for human beings. It is the hottest place in Africa, not excepting the Equator, and you will soon find that out

by the mortality among your soldiers."
"But this is only a first step. Minister Manning will, sooner or later, occupy Tripoli, and create an African empire."

"It is not France that will prevent you from taking Tripoli, though the papers say quite the contrary. I firmly believe that if France wished to make trouble for Italy, the way to do it would be to urge the Italians to occupy Tripoli. I can assure you that the rumor which appeared in the papers some time ago that France had directed M. Decrais, the Quirinal Ambassador, to grant Italy full liberty for the occupation of Tripoli, is perfectly true. I amquite sure of it, and I think perhaps this full and unconditional consent by France has aroused the suspicions of your Government, which, per-chance, was afraid of the Greeks bearing

What does your Eminence think of the 65912, 4976, revolutionary crisis which to-day affects the 44159, 5925, whole of Europe?"

accumulated by the self-destroying revolu-

Through the undaunted energy of Cardinal Lavigerie the very ruins of Cartnage seem to revive. Bissa has already two religious houses; Megara has the archiepiscopal residence and an oratory dedicated to St. Cyprian, a parish with a house for the Sisters and for sick people, and near the old fort a military with Sisters and a chaplain. A great cathedral will be erected on the top of Bissa which will cost millions. An oratory visited by many pilgrims is already built on the hill where once stood the temple of Juno. After thirteen centuries the workshop of Christ is performed again in the ancient streets of Carthage. Near the sanctuary there is a convent for Carmelite Sisters -French, Italian and Maltese-and two orphan asylums, one for boys and one for girls. He has also undertaken to build a church on the spot where the martyrs Perpetua and Felicitas suffered for the faith in the ancient amphitheatre, and on the shore where St. Monica stood crying that day when St. Augustin ran away from her.

Cardinal Lavigerie performed his French tour merely to supply his African priests and nuns with money collected for their needs, as the French Government had cut short all the supplies which were formerly allotted to the missionaries in Africa.

WRECKED ON GULL ROCK.

HALIFAX, July 15.—The coasting steams Edgar Stuart, from Halifax for Yarmouth with passengers and freight, struck on Gull Rock at the entrance to Lockport Harbor at 4 o'clock this morning and soon went to pieces. The passengers and crew, after great difficulty, managed to get on the rocks and were all saved. The steamer was insured in Halifax and Boston offices for \$10,500. The Edgar Stuart was a versel of 183 tons, built in Guilford, Conn., in vessel of 183 tons, pulled to cuban filibustering, 1869, formerly engaged in Cuban filibustering, and some years ago was purchased by F. Fishwick, and has since been engaged in the

Nova Scotia coasting trade. The cable steamer Minia arrived from Peuzance to-day.

A CANAL FROM HAVRE TO MAR-

SEILLES. PARIS, July 17.—Admiral Galiber and De Lesseps have submitted to the Minister of Public Works a scheme for a canal from Havre to Marseilles, utilizing the Rivers Seine, Saone and Rhone. The canal, it is proposed, shall be havigable by the largest ironclads.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspen-Dr. Dyes Cemerated volume Belt with Electric Suspances ory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Bebility, loss of Vitality and Manilood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guarantzed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated namphilet, with full information, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit, until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine and for croup, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no squal."

Iney give laster and more bruiant colors.

10c, at all druggists. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q. Sample Card 32 colors and book of directions for 3c. stamp. 🄰 equal."

O LOR HIT IM AGAIN !"

In the early days of Methodism in Scot-land, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotohman rose and said: Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give £5 or repairs."
Just then a bit of plaster falling from the for repairs."

AND HOUSE

ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how had it was, he aid : Brethren its worse thon I thought; I'll make it 50 pun'.
"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother
on a back seat, "hit im again!"

There are many human tabernacles which are in sore need of radical building over, but we putter and fuss and repair in spots without satisfactory results. It is only when we are personally alarmed at the real danger that we act independently, and do the right thing. Then it is that we most keenly regret because Then it is that we most keenly regret because we did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice born of the experience of others

and jump away from our perils.

Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery to day when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they know they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots. The origin of these aches and pains is the kidneys and liver, and if they would build these all over with Warner's safe cure as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserably unsuccessful patchwork, they would be well and happy and bless the day when the Lord "hit 'em" and indicated the common-sense course for them to pursue .-London Press.

NATIONAL LOTTERY OF COLONIZA-TION, JULY DRAWING.

WINNING NUMBERS. 6237, 27592, 78190, 4679. 52528, 50105, 5128, 56201, 42601, 255, 8886, 18718, 87460, 14354, 42814, 13472, 49398 32836, 60699, 38697, 66219, 61198 52014, 61865, 92777. 45625, 97010, 3244 79844 4138, 10117, 47087, 72120, 41359, 33508. 73242.84566 17752, 84263 59600. 29329. 7965, 74030, 59900, 72140. 24682.2511, 24835, 93032, 52461. 58426, 13895, 64602, 94, 91, 22632, 61196, 99212 29766, 54502, 30753, 11590, 50283, 56855, 45622, 15601, 34682 47673 82553, 43319, 25929, 53617, 33017, 56485, 67975, 17420, 92199, 79858, 23068, 1187, 25929, 42496, 56485, 38718, 92199, 87737, 1187, 42272, 57212, 82132, 42496. 11086, 7824583892, 65418, 79818, 23068, 1187, 42272, 85812, 65488, 5504, 57709, 57212, 82132, 85293, 73602, 23256, 14115, 68355, 18610, 3472, 64 79, 2678, 67943, 24529, 5461, 34010, 38344, 39191, 93251, 35269, 53343, 92543, 64887, 91823, 99893, 56564, 91750, 15117, 3182, 29121, 63544, 34651, 36067, 99898, 40779, 82607, 53915, 18088, 91625, 93766, 77724, 90037, 93200, 80287, 10614, 65871, 85117, 9174, 61171, 99643, 1138, 52018, 3693, 40084, 55273, 59280, 71724, 65171, 22672, 89424, 98914, 51697, 17241, 22576, 47424, 83037, 40084, 55273, 59280, 71724, 65171, 22072, 55524, 51697, 17241, 22376, 47124, 83037, 29007, 82134, 62745, 38307, 95789, 35944, 5239, 39918, 52542, 60110, 13713, 58735, 80062, 79972, 87143, 7161, 4825, 15687, 52147, 46869, 11423, 62718, 75571, 53360, 43042, 25500, 33558, 85526, 14012, 68681, 35055, 98884, 60439, 62085, 50760, 83329, 37045, 21932, 66422, 43070, 41880, 62922, 21770 28228, 66483, 43970, 44889, 62233, 57870, 25892, 4360, 95574, 14093, 4566, 8027, 61275, 17016, 52107. 21770.

46170, 3293, 53167, 58529, 54705, 68988, 88031, 40094, 1322, 82819, 87450, 39759, 8822, 67690, 74911, 41586, 15623, 51062, \$6\$65, 63658, 23575, \$3320, 70019, 39535, 34058, 67029, 74006, 63553, 88885, 23426, 17237, 82912, 34910, 61820, 16517, 79013, 2366, 52897, 50315, 62121, 1481, 49869, 94242, 59517. 4536, 16548, 6408, 17679, 37090, 41957 "I think what J. De Maistre thinks in his 65639, 874, 62182, 21894, 83738, 21773, book, 'Considerations sur la France.' This 27359, 31080, 47558, 65094, 41100, 19663, revolutionary movement will end like 72569, 71353, 26756, 32113, 45786, 35955, the others which have afflicted Europe. The 21567, 55706, 46905, 21181, 82965, 14344, revolutionary parties will fight against each of 67604, 10351, 64929, 60425, 80090, 64583, other and destroy each other. The Catholic of 67604, 10351, 64929, 60425, 80090, 64583, other and destroy each other. The Catholic of 67604, 10351, 64929, 60425, 86771, 56087, 71557, Church will survive and benefit by the ruins of 68305, 14495, 94632, 91933, 43342, 15739, 68315, 68 28306, 32890, 75244, 64067, 78670, 83815, 42162, 79432, 81115, 29552, 71591, 15194, 47292, \$5172, \$3687, 31955, 31666, 3573, 16650, 53595, 22576, 7359, 46336, 50471, 14648, 6757, 35234, 51816, 65662, 41826, \$4339, 54971, 43006, 42508, 33505, \$2574, 62565, 10644, 72690, 10407, 7121, 46009, 4794, 18285, 81721, 48062, 33276, 75858, 62686, 38496, 23685, 1743, 92881, 67869, 9463, 8247, 70214, 90291, 15974, 2564, 72505, 30701, 40669, 21520, 22751, 62495. 23417, 34908, 33203, 72273, 33852, 49070, 72162, 94310, 37381, 83082, 19161, 74675, 99201, 93343, 57380, 86683, 35342, 56008, 9628, 29956, 24506, 31475, 27062, 29371, 75481, 2017, 3847, 21671, 78354, 52833, 64497, 88588, 29625, 7388, 50272, 58382, 83233, 35743, 28830, 78817, 98099, 63301, 75507, 64780 78433 69234, 32751, 94016, 55084, 29707, 9805, 6759, 36594, 68163, 29197, 82973, 34259, 61572, 48648, 24187, 8790, 74691, 96398, 7964, 45773, 83832, 42637, 8973, 52824, 26779, 17003, 16569, 25561,

SECOND SERIES. Immediately on the conclusion of the draw ing of the first series the drawing of the second series was begun and concluded shortly before 5 o'clock. The following are the num-

bers of the tickets winning prizes: bers of the tickets winning prizes:
67517, 5097, 19450, 1998, 44473, \$3323, \$3052, 6906, 55613, 2554, 42262, 62247, 80016, 89413, 48179, 1508, \$1337, 16429, 53280, 76194, 1276, 36055, 56061, 1123, 73918, 35280, 55737, 96427, 53551, 98134, 63165, 56069, 54327, 20532, 20530, 21740, 20165, 56069, 54327, 20532, 20530, 21740, 20165, 56069, 54327, 20532, 20530, 21740, 20165, 56069, 54327, 20532, 20530, 21740, 20165, 2 93165, 56969, 54387, 20532, 39599, 21740, 2978, 90178, 60911, 95727, 17106, 53419, 1635,

33319, 58976, 15032. The next drawing will take place on the 28th of October, and the tickets that have not drawn prizes at the present drawing will remain good for the next one.

CARNARVON IN ULSTER.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ADDRESS ON THE SITUATION-THE RESPONSE OF HIS EXCELLENCY.

DUBLIN, July 16 .- The Earl of Carnarvon yesterday received addresses from the Irish Academy and Presbytery of Belfast. The Presbytery's address contained an expression of strong regret at the dis-grace caused by the suspension of the Munster Bank. The suspension was The pronounced an outrage and a crime. address, however, referred to the political affairs in Ireland as more hopeful than they had been for many years, and assured the new vicercy that he might be encouraged by the welcome prospect of a better disposition among the people. Carnavon thanked the delegations for the good wishes they had carried to him from the people of Ulster, and said he knew he could count on the help and loyalty of the people of the North of Ireland in his task of representing Her Majesty in the government of Ireland. He had deplored the violations of law and order which had blocked the path of Irish progress and im-

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been done would prove but temporary.

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CAMIOLA

A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY. Author of "Miss Misanthrope," "Maid of

Athens," dec. CHAPTER XX-Continued.

nothing." "The rest is a great deal for me," she said sadly.

Still you do love me !" "I don't believe I do now—after that," she said. "At least I will get over it; I will teach myself not to love-any-any one who could have played such a part as that. Oh, Mr. Romont," and the tears rushed to her eyes; "you were my hero and my ideal; my idol—and now you are not so any more.

Oh! why did you do this? She put her hands over her eyes. He thought she was softened, he put his arm around her waist. She drew away.

"You will forgive me?" he said tenderly, imploringly, "after a little time, and when you come to think all this over. Your heart and your love will excuse me and plead for I'll spare you any more talk to night; and I'll bring Mr. Lisle in the morning, and we'll save poor Janette. Good night."

She uncovered her face. "Before you go," she said, "I ought to tell you what I mean to do. I will tell Georgie Liele all this; he has a right to know. I will tell tell him that I was foolish enough to make a hero of you and-andand, to-well, yes, to love you, and that you found it out, and that you know all about it. I'll not tell him how, if you don't like. I'll tell him too that I like him now better than I did before, and if he still wishes to marry me

-well, he may. I will be his wife." "Of course he will say yes," Romont said fiercely; "he knew quite well that you didn't love him; he knew all along; he knew that you were only talked and pestered into engaging yourself to him—and what did he care so long as he could hold you to your promise ? This makes no difference to him. What will it matter his knowing the name of the man you love? He knew there was some such min all the time. Camiola, you shall never marry him."

"It he will have me," she said, "I will marry him. Good-bye, Mr. Romont; it is all over. I thought you were so different! It seems to me as if I had lost you altogether

now "Do you really think my offence is unpardonable? Is there to be no excuse and

no forgiveness!"
"It isn't about the offence being unpardonable," she replied with a wan smile; "but about the man not being the same; not being what one thought him. If I was in love it was with the Bertie Romont of my imagination, and not with you. "That's all; and now good night,"

Love anger, wild hope, mad disappointment were fighting each other in the young man's heart. She looked so lovely, so queenly in her cold, unpitying mood under the mocking urseham were inspired mainly by a sincere and merciless lustre of the stars! He could not restrain his passion; he seized her in his strong, well-trained arms, and held her head down, and kissed her lips again and

again.
"There," he said, releasing her; "I seal our engagement with these kisses, and bind you to be my wife! Go and talk of marry-

ing Georgie Lisle after that !'
He rushed from the Rectory back to Fitzurso House. His heart seemed bursting not from unhappiness. No; he even felt a she could mould it and how it would turn certain wild elation. He did not give much heed to Camiola's parting words. "She her most tempting and perilous pastime. loves me; she is mine; she will never marry. this was what he kept telling himself as he hurried along. He had to put restraint he would turn out if a chance were given his upon himself lest he should shout aloud in his real character to assert itself. It was not excitement and astonish belated way farers. The evening had been one of excitement so good or the bad predominated in his nature : far; and there was more excitement to come of a kind he little expected.

He was determined to go and see Mrs. Pollen at once-that very night. The hour was late for Fitzurseham; but it was not late for the West End and Mrs. Pollen. He wanted to tell her of the sult of their con-spiracy so far; no doubt he wanted to be comforted and kept in heart by her, and he wanted also to consult her about Walter Fitzurse and Janette. But he could not go to see her at that hour of the night as Albert Romont: he must become Aluanian Joseph again for that night only. Mrs. Pollen's servant resurning late to Mrs. Pollen's hotel would excite the surprise of nobody. He always kept his Albanian make-up and the dye for his complexion ready at Fitzurse House. In a remarkably short space of time

he was Joseph the Albanian again. He could not find Pilgrim anywhere; and he wanted to speak to him before leaving. In the course of his quest he entered the musicroom, where one faint light was burning. He observed that Mrs. Pollen's little casket of money was standing on one of the tables. He took it up half unconsciously; it was very chance was here for any Fitzurseham thief or burglar, if such person could only guess that the casket was made heavy by the weight of gold coin. To be sure, the thief or burglar would not be the possessor of one of Mrs. Pollen's keys, but he could manage to get the box open and become master of its secret and his treasure for all that. Strange that at such a moment and with such troubles of his own Romont should think of all this: and yet be did find himself thinking that Mrs. Pollen was very incautious; that Fitzurse House was almost a solutely unprotectd; that common report dready described it se full of untold treasures, and that a nocleave money and costly things things here the house."

Suddenly he heard a quiet and atoulthy step on the gravel-walk outsile the music-room wall. Could it be Pilgrim coming back? No; the tread was too light; it was the tread of a young man; and at the same time it was too cautious and to creeping. Romont stood near the great curtain of pearlgrey plush which hung across the little door opening on the lawn; the little secret door for Mrs. Pollen and her particular friends, and for which each of the friendshad a latchpaired the prosperity of the country. He the same time quietly felt for the revolver trusted, however, that whatever mischief had which he carried with him when he had pause; the person outside was apparent ly listening. Only one man, Romont thought; it can't be much of a put-up thing

to visit, her house at that hour? Curious that, surely. There was not much time for consideration.

Romont drew back from the curtain; he stood at the table on which the casket was placed. The door was opened, and was carefully, quietly locked again; the heavy plush curtain was cautiously lifted and Walter Fitzurse came into the room. The light was so faint that he had come close up to where Romont stood without seeing him. When he did see him he started back.

"Joseph!" he exclaimed.
"Signor," Joseph replied, standing in his usual statuesque quietness, with unmoved, unsurprised face. Then Walter began to explain in the most clear and elementary French he could summon up, suiting it as best he could to the level of Joseph's capacity for understanding civilized tongues, that he had come there to get a piece of music which Mrs. Pollen promised him, and to write her a letter. He made signs illustrative of the movements of a person writing to help Joseph further to a comprehension of his meaning. At last Joseph signified that he understood, and put pen, ink and paper at Walter's disposal, making the light in that part of the room much stronger at the same time. Then he bowed respectfully, and ailently left the room, and Walter was alone there.

CHAPTER XXI.—A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION. Perhaps we had better ask our readers to turn back with us for a short time, in order to explain before the story goes any further why Walter Fitzurse had come like a thief in the night to visit Fitzurse House. He had really come upon a desperate errand. He had made all his arrangements to run away with Janette next morning or that night; he had his plans for their secret but safe marriage perfectly adjusted, and he had spent his last sovereign in completing thom. Money he must have this night, get it how he would; and he had gone to Mrs. Pollen and asked her to lend him-he put in gracefully as a matter of loan—to lend him some money, and she had peremptorily refused him. She spoke to him in words of remonstrance, of generous anger, of reproach; but she

would not give him the money except on condition which he scornfully refused to accept. So he left her, in ungrateful anger and impatience. He tried to find Romout and could not; tried to get hold of this or that friend; but everyone was out of town somewhere that summer Sunday, and there were few of his recent companions in any case who would lend any money to him or to anyone. Then, driven almost to despair, he remembered Mrs. Pollen's casket of gold coin to which he had a key, that key that also opened the particular door of the music room. Why not take that money, and repay it after the marriage? Once he was safely married to Janette Liste her people must do something for him; Mrs. Pollen herself, who now owned berself a connection of his through her late husband, must do something for him.

It is not a good thing for a mortal to attempt to play the part of a providence or a

subject. The bravest enterprise begun with this vain hope is likely to come to mere failure; the best intentions to beget only the poorest and most perverse results. We shall not attempt to justify the ambition of Mrs. Pollen to play the part of providence or destiny to the people of Fitzurseham; we only state the fact that she had such an ambition, and tell what came of it in certain instances. She was a noble-hearted woman. desire to do good to some of her fellow-creatures. She had indeed always before her the thought of making atonement for the supposed or faucied neglect of the husband; but in truth her chief desire now was to make people happy. Along with that, however, there was unquestionably a certain delight keen and ever renewing, in the sense of power which her money and her schemes of benevolence gave her. She liked making exter Fitzurse. She was anxious to know how quite clear to her for a while whether the and she said to her own conscience that she was opening the way for the good to prove itself and take its right place. But how if the good should not prove the stronger? How if the bad were to get the upper hand Would not her experiment then only prove the means of furnishing Walter Fitzurse's worst enemy with weapons to slay Walter Fitzurse's best friend? Mrs. Pollen had not asked herself that question when she was making her mind up to give Fitzurse's ambition a chance in life, and now already, so soon, she was beginning to doubt whether the bad was not showing itself in ascendancy. She had given Fitzurse money with which to begin his career as a student at the bar. and to keep him like a gentleman for the

present. She had allowed him to understand that money should not be wanting to him if he showed a desire and a capacity to make a name for himself in the world. The want of a fair start, she knew, had often spoiled many a career that would otherwise have been honorable, noble, beneficent; and she was determined that his chances should not thus be marred. "I can only give you the horse," she told him, disheavy. He could not help thinking what a paraging her own bounty. "It is for you to ride the race. If you win, the honor is yours and not mine." It was not necessary for her to disparage her own bounty. Walter was not over-scrupulous; he was quite willing to be fed from her hand. He took it as something due to his own genius and his own commanding attributes. Be-sides she had told him of her hopes for the discovery of a long-lost relationship in Fitzurseham; and he soon began to think that she had already found out that he was the missing relative. He felt sure of this before she had yet thought fit to tell him of it. Anyhow, he took her generosity and good wishes altogether as some turnal invasion of it was one of the likeliest thing due to him, and for which he was things in such a region. He resolved to talk to Mrs. Pollen about that too. "If she will which did not bring with it the very slightest taint of personal humiliation. He was abshe must have two or three men to sleep in sorbed by one great over-mastering purpose : he wanted to marry Janette Lisle seemed to him would be a magnificent start in life. He knew that the Lisles were not rich; not sich, that is, in the sense that Mrs. Pollen was rich, or even that Miss Sabine was rich; but they would give their daughter some money; and once he were married to her they must do something for him. He knew vory well that Mr. Lisle and Lady Letitia were not by any means an old Capulot and his wife, who would turn their backs for ever on a daughter because she had markey. He stood there and listened; and at ned without their consent; who would sny the same time quietly felt for the revolver to Janette Lisle when she had become Janette which he carried with him when he had litzurse, "do as thou wilt, for I have done on his Albanian dress. The step came with thee." No; once Janette and he were glidingly up to the door. There was a married there would be a wolcome in the fahily for him; he would be received among aris corats; his place would be sure; his prospects cared for. His ambition was for

1. C. B. B. A.

sumed that the Lisles would not give their consent to the marriage if asked for it beforehand and he had therefore made up his mind to run away with their daughter. In any case he preferred this way of attaining his end. It would be more striking, more romantic, more splendid, better as reclame.

If Fitzurse had only trusted Mrs. Pollen, and confided in ther from the beginning, no one can say what might not have happened. If he had come to her and told her that he loved Janette and that Janette loved him, spoken with him on the very night. It would she would have given him money enough to not be the act of the scion of a noble family begin married life, with, and she would have thus to allow a false accuration to premium. made herself his ambassadress to the Lisles to ask for the hand of their daughter. Or if he had convinced her that such an embassy would be futile, and told her that rather course it never should come to that, he would than lose Janette he was determined to run take care to replace the money in good time away with her, and had appealed to Mrs. but at the worst it was better a wretched Pollen's generosity and sentiment to aid him Albanian should suffer disgrace than that the in his Lochinvar enterprise, it is only too likely that Mrs. Pollen's delight in romantic emotion and in daring effort would have gained her over to his side. But Walter was good purpose in prowling about the music one of these unlucky persons who are destroyed room at that hour of the night? one of these unlucky persons who are des-cribed as too clever by half. He trusted nothing to Mrs. Polien, and thus it happened He did not venture to lock the corridor enthat his two love stories came upon her at the one moment, and she knew that he had cast off poor Vinnie Lammas and that he was endeavoring to induce Janette Lisle to leave her father's house. This was too much for

her.

"My experiment has been a dead failure there," she said; "he is acad, and that's all about that. I'll put Lady Letitia on her guard. No; I had better see him first and got in somehow, Walter thought it would not be safe to shut him out. He sat fears, and in that way get him to let Janette down in the first instance, and wrote Lisle alone. Dear little girl, I like her all a letter to Mrs. Pollen, which he the better for her rubbish about equality and her romance. But she must not be sacrificed to him. I must intervene. It is about time some one intervened it would appear."

The intervention thus far had taken only the form of a strong remonstrance from Mrs. Pollen to Fitzurse. Camiola had once heard some of it; more than she was quite able to understand at the time. Mrs. Pollen had found out through the enquiries she had been making that Walter Fitzurse was not in any sense a member of the great Fitzurse family; and she had insisted on his making this known to Janette Lisle. Walter had promised that he would do this; not particularly clear as to his purpose to keep the promise, but quite satisfied that he could tell anything to Janette without endangering his hold on her affections. If he had to tell her anything it would be easy for him to say that he had only just made the sad discovery that he did not belong to the great family, and that the moment he discovered this he felt it his duty to tell her and to set her free had to deal with Walter Fitzurse only, and of her engagement with him. He knew very well what would come of this. Janette would simply declare that she loved him if on his defence. better than ever. Besides that she had a very fond and faithful little heart, she had a little heart crammed full of what she con-sidered new ideas about man's brotherhood and equality ideas which must have been making youthful converts in the earliest days destiny to other mortals. All legend, classic and otherwise, is full of warning on that of the family of Nonh. The quiet, wellordered, somewhat limited life of the Rectory, with its pre-established doc trines and appointing every one's duty, had set little Janette longing for some eccentricity and extravagance of social philosophy. Walter was a wholly new figure of life, his talk, his ambition, his courage, his audacious love-making, were all new, strange and intensely fascinating. Walter knew well that he held a sure place in her heart no matter what family he belonged to. It was not clear to him that he had not made a mistake so far as she was concerned in not giving himself out at first as one of the picturesque race

of the proletaire. He left Mrs. Poliens on this memorable Sunday in desperate mood—mood to risk any thing. But he was by no means unhappy or even ill-satisfied. He was very proud of himself and of the part he was playing. He considered himself a highly interesting person. le was glad to think all about him; it greatly enhanced his self-satisfaction to think that this rich and beautiful girl was compelled to be in his confidence, and was positively afraid of him because of her friend. Meanwhile he had been living for some time in London in very good style as he considered it. He had to know a few men of some position in society; some of them a little fast, but he did not mind about that. His name had been put up at one or two clubs; he was beginning to be well known to a certain circle in the West End. He was essentially a flexible, plastic creature, and he took to this sort of thing as easily as if he had been used to it all his life. Perhaps if a profoundly sagacious social philosopher had been asked what was the principal secret of Walter's success in society, such society as it was, the answer might have been that it was to be found in his heavenbestowed gift of wearing good clothes well. It seemed to be obvious that a man on whom well-cut clothes looked so well must be a gentleman and the sort of man to put up at

one's club. But a crisis in his fortunes had come this Sunday, and it must be boldly met. He must get money and he must go off with Janette Lisle and marry her. The money was to be had in Mrs. Pollen's casket; he would borrow it, and put it back after it had served his turn. At the worst his taking it could be boldly acknowledged as a love's stratagem when once he was married to Janette; and nothing would come of it. He made his way to Fitzurseham. He passed by the place where he had lodged; he passed under the window of Mrs. Lammas' house, and saw that all was dark there. Vinnie, no doubt, was in bed long since. Was she thinking of him he wondered? Very likely not; probably she had fallen in love with some one else. He hoped so-poor little thing! Strange that he could ever have fancied himself in love with her. She was looking limp and shabby, he thought, when he saw her at church that day. It was a great relief that all that silly old love affair between him and her was over. He would tell Janette about it some day; and Janette would be very kind to the little girl.

He found himself at Fitzurse House. He went up to the front door and rang the bell. He meant to ask for Pilgrim. Pilgrim evidently was not at home. No one answered the summons of the bell. That was all right, It was part of Walter's plan to go to the door and ask for Pilgrim in case any one should be in. He went away; but did not leave the grounds. He is about for a while in one of the same ries, then crept to the door of the masic-room and softly let himself in and closed the door be hind him. He expected to find himself quite alone. The ordinary servants had no admission to that room unless when the door opening on the corrider was expressly unlocked to admit one of them. Walter went in, and was making promptly for the table on which the casket stood when he suddenly became aware of the presence of silent Joseph, the Albanian servant. This was indeed a surprise. Who could have counted on seeing him in that room at such a time? Fitzurse fell back at first and was inclined to give up his enterprise and escape from the place as quickly as possible. But it suddenly occurred

Albanian in his way. Who should say that it was not the Albanian who had taken the it was not the Albanian who had taken the money, supposing its having been taken should be discovered; supposing Fitzurse himself should not be able to replace it before any discovery was made? To turn the opportunity to the best account Fitzurse mut openly meet Joseph and speak with him Then if any unlucky chance should lead to account discovery Fitzurse could say the premature discovery Fitzurse could say that he had himself seen Joseph in the house and spoken with him on the very night. It would thus to allow a false accusation to prevail against a poor innocent foreign servant, but affairs were well-nigh desperate with Fitz urse, and he could not stop for scruples. Of life project of a Firzurse should come to grief. After all, was it not extremely probable that the Albanian had no particularly So he got rid of Joseph, as we have seen,

out. This, he thought, might look suspicious just then, although it was always done by Mrs. Pollen and her few initiated friends: for the charm of the music-room was that she was supposed to be cut ol from all but the initiated, unless when the initiated chose, for any momentary purpose, to admit the uninitiated. But as Joseph had sealed and left for her; he would do every. thing as he said he was going to do it; and then, and then—he noiselessly opened the casket. He saw the money, and he stayed his hand a moment. It was not robbery he was bent on? No, surely not; his forchead grew hot at the idea. But it might come to look like it; it might be mistaken for such an act. Cold drops stood on his temples, his hands trembled; but he could not draw back, If he failed to get money by some means that night, all would be lost for him. He tock two rouleaux of covereigns out of the casket and thrust them in his pocket. Then he quietly locked the casket again. For good or ill the deed was done now.

He was about to ring for Joseph and call his attention to the letter for Mrs. Pollen, when he heard a key turn in the private door, and in a moment the door was opened. On the table near the casket a revolver was lying. It was Romont's revolver; he had left it carelessly there when he found that he not the ordinary Fitzurseham burglar. Fitzurse caught it up instinctively, and stood as

CHAPTER XXII.-STOOPING TO CONQUER " Hullo, Fitzurse! who could have expected to see you here at such a time as this? How

are you?"
Fitzurse started and trembled; positively trembled and felt his forehead bedewed with perspiration. There was Romont standing before him; Romont whom he had believed to be far away; and if Romont had been one minute, half a minute, in the room he must have seen what Fitzurse was doing. Romert was in walking dress and carried his hat in hahand. He looked as if he had just come io. That was something of a relief to Walter's mind. So far as Fitzurse knew there was not a human creature in the house but imself and Joseph.

" Why Romont? I didn't know that you were in London. I never thought of seeing you here to-night." He put down the revolver quietly, stealthily. Romont observed the revolver.

"No, I don't suppose you did, and I never thought of seeing you here. I am always rushing about, backwards and for wards. Did you come to see Pilgrim, or Joseph perhaps."

have something to say to him; I have been writing a letter to Mrs. Pollen." "You didn't expect to see Joseph here did

"No, I di ln't; I thought he was in town with Mrs. Pollen; it's very odd, our all turning up in this way," Fitzurse s.id with a desperate attempt at a laugh.

" Very odd; about the oddest thing I have known for a long time. I will tell you what I came for, Fitzurse, my good fellow; there's no mystery about it. I came to look after some money in this very room."

"Some money in this very room!" Fitzurse felt as if his heart was standing still. His throat was parched, his lips were dry. Could it be that he was found out : found out before he had time to make any profit by his

"Some money; in this very room?" he gasped. "What do you mean, Romont? Is there money of yours in this room?"

"No, not of mine; but of Mrs. Pollen's. She is very unwise in leaving money about in that sort of way. She told me that she had left it here in this thing; and I could not rest until I had gone to see that it was all right. I don't think money ought to be left about in that sort of way. It may be a temptation to some poor devil who otherwise might continue to be an honest man to the end of his life. I suppose it is temptation or no temptation that often makes all the dif-ference between the honest man and the

thief. "I suppose so—I dare say. By the way I wonder, Romont, what that Albanian fellow was doing in this room? Did Mrs. Pollen know that he was coming here? Did

she send him for anything?" "Why; what about Joseph?"
"Well, somehow I thought his manner was rather odd when I saw him here and spoke to him; he didn't seem to make it quite clear

what he was doing." Oh, he didn't seem to make it quite clear whathe was doing here, didn't he?

" No; and he was in this room, this very room.'

"Where you are now?" Romont said with emphasis. "Where you and I are now, yes. Doesn't

that seem rather odd? What could he have wanted here?" "Do you mean to say, Fitzurse, that you

suspect Joseph of being after this money that Mrs. Pollen left here?" "Well, I don't know anything about him;

he may be a very honest man for all I can tell; but ——" "Exactly: 'what shall the honest man do in my closet?' What is the honest man doirg in Mrs. Pollen's music room, where the money

is? But you see, Fitzurse, that would apply to you and me, wouldn't it ?" "I suppose there is some difference between you and me and a rascally Albanian

servant. "There is so difference, certainly," Ro mont said with slow deliberateness, tween Joseph and you; a very considerable

difference. Between Joseph and me; well, I am not quite so sure as to that." For the life of him Walter could not yet

tell wheel Nomon ald or did not auspect him de was pecoming desperate; he had a weapon near him; it was anyhow. Soon to his surprise he heard a key scriety; he would rather be the husband of put into the lock. It was then some one of Lady Leitia Lisle's daughter than of the Mrs. Pollen's own particular friends coming richest phenian heiress in the land. He asprofessional and analysis of the state of th