A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XL.

The happy couple were back in Ra-andabed, Ned flitting about in her handsome suite of apartments with the de-light of a bird, and Alan settling down to ne loved, of his wife, his be the life he loved, of his wife, his books, and his long romantic rides about the country. Mrs. Doloran was most unusually amiable; some of the guests said that it was because she had proposed to Ordotte, and that he had accepted her. dotte, and that he had accepted her. Whether such was the case, Ordotte was, if possible, more attentive to her, and she had become so much like ordinary women that she was now without a "companying" house without a "companion," having dismissed two who had succeeded Ned, and further declared she intended to continue without one; she intended to continue without one, more than that, for a whole month she had not once broken into a violent temper, so that Maggilvray said:
"The and bornie must have heavy work elsewhere, when he forgets me leddy so long."
The mouth of July came, and Dyke

leddy so long."

The mooth of July came, and Dyke wrote that Meg and he were in the little mountain home. He had gone to Albany for her, made a stay of a few days while his relatives were preparing for departure to Anstralia, and now he was trying to live over again the old happy times when Ned was like a little sprite of the mountains. It was his usual letter, bright, tender, cheerful, even in some sonse amusing, for he had the faculty of telling common place incidents in a humtelling common place incidents in a hum-orons way. Ned was so glad to receive orons way. Ned was so glad to receive it, and so sorry that it came just as Alan had set off on one of his long solitary rides, from which he would not return until evening. Sne was eager to show it to him, for he had only waited some such news, to prepare to accompany her on a visit to the home of her childhood. But she curbed her impatience, and fitted

was time to go to her music. Alan wished her to cultivate that, and his alightest desire was her law. She had slightest desire was her law. She had scarcely seated herself at the instrument when a servant summoned her to Mrs.
Doloran's private parlor.
Wondering a little, for such a summons was most unusual since she had ceased to be a "hired companion," she left the piane, continuing to hum the air she had just began to play. She was so happy, that there was a strange feeling of wanting almost to hug the sunshine as it straggled through the half-closed blinds

about the numberless little pretty things

a woman of leisure finds to do, until it

of the veranda which she passed on her way to Mrs. Doloran's apartments. There was no shade, no presentiment of how she would leave that lady's preswhen Ned entered the parlor, there were more persons in it than the mistress of Rabandabed. There was a middle-aged woman, evidently of the lower class, with a little, plainly dressed sleeping girl about a year old in her arms side her was a young, and wel and beside her was a young, sate work dressed man. Though not good-looking, he would attract attention from his set, determined features. They were all seated in the centre of the room, and Mrs. Doloran was beside them, sitting

when she was excited, or angry.
Urterly unsuspicious of what awaited
her, Ned came smilingly forward, but the smile froze upon her lips, when Mrs. Dol-oran, without moving a muscle of her rigid face, or inclining in the least, her stiff, erect form, pointed to the babe in the woman's arms, and said loudly and sternly: "Mrs. Carnew, this child is said to be yours; your child by a private marriage with Richard Mackay, who committed suicide some months ago upon

bolt upright, a position she assumed only

these grounds."

Ned was bewildered; the accusation
was so sudden and so outrageous, that the
very emotions it called up as she recovered her voice, made her appear almos

Sach a charge, Mrs. Doloran, is too absurd even to be answered; if such be the purpose for which I have been sum-I must retire immediately.'

And she turned to leave the room.
"Notso fast," said Mrs. Doloran rising and hastening to interpose her form beand hastening to interpose her form de-tween Ned and the door, "this is some-thing more than an absurd charge, as you will learn before long. These people are armed with the most conclusive proofs of your guilt, and, to leave no link wanting, the minister who married you to Mr. Mackay, is to arrive here to-day. I used to suspect that you were a sort of actress, Ned, but I never dreamed that you could have gone to the length of discarding your own child.

ma'am," spoke up the woman unpleasant boldness of voice. with an unpleasant boldness of voice, this is the lady's child. She was confined in my house a year ago this month and I'd have always kept the little thing, for I'd grown to love it, but Mr. Dickson, here, who was the bosom friend, it seems, of Mr. Mackay, come to me, and he says,

It would be an injustice to the child, not to reveal its parentage, especially as its mother was a lady, and had made

"How dare you?" burst from Ned, no longer able to control herself, "how dare you tell such an atrocious lie? I never

you tell such an atroctous he? I hever saw you before in my life."

"These heroics are very fine," said Mrs. Doloran, who, having heard the story of the strangers, had made up her mind to believe it. Anything that promised a sensation, even though it cruelly sacrificed some one, was hailed by her, and friendships for her own sex were too weak and fleeting to be permitted to stand in the way of an event that prom-ised excitement or novelty. "I repeat it," she continued with an

aggravating sarcasm, as she saw Ned trembling from indignation, "these hero-ics are very fine, but they carry no proof of your innocence. Why, this young man has in his possession letters of that unfortunate Mackay to him, in which you, Ned Edgar, are constantly mentioned, as the object of his love, and afterwards as his wife!"

'It is true, Mrs. Carnew," said the young man rising, but preserving a most respectful bearing, "I first met D.ck Mackay abroad, and we formed so great a friendship for each other that he made me his confident, when he became acquainted with you. He wrote to me frequently about you, and even sent to me a letter just before his death, telling me that he contemplated suicide, because though his wife, you did not return his love, but preferred to him a Mr. Carnew, and asking me to see to his child, for you, its mother, had discarded it. I could not me his confident, when he became ac-

get away from London where I then reget away from London where I then re-sided, but as soon as opportunity off-red, I did so, and I hastened to this woman, who informed me that for ten months she had received no compensation for her care of the child, nor had any one called

see it. I confess, Mrs. Carnew, that I was indignant, not at the father, who, because of his long eilence, I feared had carried out his threat of death, but at the mother. I made it my business to come here and make secret inquiries. I found that poor Mackay had indeed committed suicide, and on these very grounds, and that his wife had unfeelingly married not a year after the event. That nerved me anew. after the event. That nerved me anew.

I returned to this woman's house, and brought her and the babe back with me brought her and the base base with me in order that the dead might be in some measure avenged, and that justice might be done to the innocent offspring.

"I have also written to the Reverend Mr. Hayman of Rhinebeck, who Mackay and the ceremony, and he

Mr. Hayman of Kalinetees, "
told me performed the ceremony, and he
promised to meet me here to-day."

He had snoken very calmly but very

He had spoken very calmly but very firmly, and Ned had listened with a sort of strange curiosity mingled with her in-dignation. Before he had finished she understood it all. It was E ina's story understood it all. It was a line a confided in was telling, Eina who had confided in Ned to the extent of revealing her secret marriage, but who had forborne to tell of the existence of her child, and she ans-wered with what calmness she could assume

"You are entirely mistaken in suppose "You are entirely mistaken in supposeing me to be the wife of Mackay, or the
mother of that babe. I am neither, and
I shall not longer remain to be insulted
by such an accusation. If you, Mrs.
Doloran, will not protect me from it, my
husband will, when he returns." And
without wen a second glance at the parwithout even a second glance at the par ties, she went from the room.

ties, she went from the room.

But, in her own apartment, when she sat down to think calmly of what had occurred, there came to her for the first time since she had been so dreadfully accused, the remembrance of her oath to Edna. A sudden pain shot through her temples and she could almost feel the blood re eding from her face. Then, also, came ceding from her face. Then, also, came before her the note delivered to her on the lawn, and addressed to Ned Eigar; through her own forgetfulness to demand it, she had never received any explana-tion of why her diminutive had been

Had Eina, fearing some such exposure as this, deliberately planned to have her swear? Was that a part also of Edna's malicious deception, in order to save her The room swam about her with sell? The room swam about her with the thought, and for a moment it seemed as if she were going round with it. Though seated, she clutched the sides of her chair to save herself from falling. If only Alan would come! But if he were there, she could not tell him what she she could only deny the accusa knew—sne could only deny the accusa-tion; but he, knowing and loving her as he did, would not for a moment credit the charge. There was comfort in that thought. But how should she prove her innocence to Mrs. Doloran, who evidently had given entire ear to the wretche story? And then she remembered what had been said about the Rev. Mr. Hay man coming that very day to Rahanda bed. He would disprove the charge in

stantly, for she had never seen the gentle Oh! for the day to pass, that Alan might come! And she spent the never leaving her own apartments, in a restless, wretched manner. The fact that she so secluded herself was construed by Mrs. Doloran into a fresh proof of her guilt, and she appealed to Ordotte to second her opinion; but he shrugged his shoulders and said Mrs. Carnew should be granted at least the justice of being supposed innocent until fully proved to be guilty, upon which the lady looked angry, and said that Ordotte was entirely too partial to Mrs. Carnew.

Mr. Dickson and his companions were made especial proteges of Mrs. Doloran. One would think they had brought her news of some treasure, so grateful, so kind, and so considerate of their comfort was she. She insisted that Rahandabed must be their home until the dreadful thing was settled; and she lent a greedy ear to all the conversation of Mrs. Bun-mer, the woman who accompanied Mr. Dickson. He was evidently sincere and Pickson. He was evidently sincere and earnest in his undertaking, actuated by the motives that he had mentioned: love for his dead friend, and a desire to see justice done to the neglected offspring; but the woman evinced a disgusting garrulity—a readiness to tell, even to the very servants with whom she came in contact, all about Mrs. Carnew's neglect of her own child So the dreadful story was known in all Rahandabed before Carnew returned, and it was believed (by some of those who had envied Ned, gladsome of those who had envied Ned, glad-ly believed) by all except two persons, Ordotte and Macgilivray. The latter, in his dry, honest Scotch way, scouted it at once, and had a war of words with more

than one of his fellow-help about it. Alan returned, but a watch had been kept for him, and before he could get t his wife, he was summoned to meet Dick son. Mrs. Doloran had a vien of shrewd ness in her nature. With the tact of he sex, she divined that it was better to le Carnew and Dickson have an uninter rupted private interview before she in troduced the woman, Bunmer. Dickson quiet, gentlemanly, earnest manner would carry surer and quicker conviction to her nephew than to meet him first with the story of the garralous, unprepossessing female. And she was right. After Car-new had recovered from the first sort of dazed shock that Dickson's story gave him, he actually found himself with a forced calmness, reading carefully every the letters which the gentleman

produced. There were nearly a dozen them, none of them very long, but all well written, both as to composition and penmanship, and filled with accounts of the writer's affection for led Edgar. She was never spoken of as Edna, and was even referred to as, not the daughter of Mr. Edgar, but as one whom his bounty supported, and whom he loved as an adopted child. He came to the last letter, the letter which au-nounced his contemplation of suicide; that ran :

"Do not censure me, friend of my soul, for doing that which wiser and better men in harrowing circumstances have men in harrowing circumstances have done before me. I can endure my life no longer. Ned will never acknowledge our secret m triage; she will never consent to be knight as the wife of a gardener's son. She is here in a place called Rahandabed; hired companion to a wealthy lady, who has a handsome and wealthy nephew. She says she was there all the time I supposed her to be in Weewald Place, and during which time I was endeavor-

ing to earn a living in New York, and, in accordance with her request, had refrained from writing to her. That she obtained permission to go to New York, where our child was horn. child was born, and then that she re-turned here. I followed her in secret, and by hiding myself upon the grounds,

I managed to see her.
"You wonder why I so deferred to her; "You wonder why I so deferred to her; why I did not assert my rights and remove her from temptation. O my friend, if you have ever loved as I have done, you will understand, and pity, and for give me. I loved Ned so madly that I could not lift my finger against the lightest wish of hers; and further, what means have I to support her—what kind of a home could I provide for her compared to the one she has now? I saw her, as I told you, and I suppose in my desperato the one she has how? I saw, he had told you, and I suppose in my despera-tion I spoke wildly. I accused her of be-ing willing to violate every law, of being ready to accept the attentions of this hand-some, wealthy Carnew. She looked grave at that, and answered that Mr. Carnew too rarely noticed her for me to have an jealousy. O Walter, how I loved her; jealousy. O Walter, how I loved her; I felt, as I looked at her, as we both stood in the shadow of an old deserted mill, with the darkness of the evening closing about us, that I could make any sacrifice

after all, for her happiness.

"We were startled by the sound of approaching steps, and she fled to Rahanda. ed, while I hurried in an opposite dir-

"That night my resolution was made She had said to me that no love was grea which would not make every sacrifice. I would never be in circumstances to rescue her from the life of a dependent, and my existence would be a bar to her mar riage to a better man So I would make for her the greatest sacrifice it was in my power to make. I would end my life. I know not if she will see to our child; I sometimes think that she has as little power to make. I would end my love for it as she has for me; but, in any case, Walter, you will see to it. You have means, and you, I feel, will do your poor dead friend this service. "PS. They are having some sort of a

fete in the grounds of Rahandabed, and have dispatched a laborer, whom I have found on the road, with a note to Miss found on the road, with a note in Ned Eigar.' He is to inquire among the gay company which, from my hiding-place I can see assembled upon the grounds, but he is not to wait for an answer. I wonder, when she reads 'Within an hour the last and greates sacrifice I can make shall be completed Can any love demand more?' if she wil uess what it is; if she will sudder, if she will pity, if she will love me. And to morrow, when they find my body cold and morrow, stark, will any thrill of compassion run through her frame, will any of her old re-gard for me come back? But what is the odds? I shall only have died for a woman's sake!

"Good-by, Walter, old friend. How that my heart held only its love for you.
"Yours in death,
"RICHARD MACKEY." Walter, old friend, Would

Carnew looked up, and across at his companion with eyes that fairly blazed, and a face so pale and rigid, that Dickson shrank from it. As the whole life of a person drowning is said to pass in instan-taneous, but most distinct view, before the eyes that are closing forever, so every iota concerning Ned seemed to come in-stantaneously before Carnew. The note that so strangely had been given to ber on the afternoon of Mr. Edgar's arrival at Rahandabed, and which evidently was the note referred to in Mackay's letter. Her two months' absence a year ago, dur-ing which she said she had been ill, and her sick appearance on her return fully corroborated her statement, but, O God! how all these facts substantiated wretched charge against her. All that Edna had told him regarding Ned and Mackay rushed to him; Ned's appearance and evident illness just after the identity of the suicide had been proclaimed, all his old doubts and thoughts about her his old doubts and thoughts about her, even her very remark in the hotel in New York, would the day ever come, in which he would find it in his heart not to call her his own,' all came to him with tantalizing minutenesss that seemed fairly devilish. He rose, saying with a voice that had undergone as great a change as his face had done:

I shall take these letters for the pres-Dickson did not object, and Carnew

went out of the room, without expressing any wish to see Mrs. Bunmer. But he

ed you?" she asked coldly, her eyes fair rlittering. He did not answer her, but only pushed by her as if he had not heard her ques-tion. But she opposed his further pro-

Are you not going to see this woman nmer? And Mr. Hayman has ar Bunmer rived; he is waiting in the parlor for

Mrs. Doloran was in her most enjoyable element; not that, really from a spirit of viciousness, she wished to see Ned unappy and disgraced, but because childish credulousness, and that fickle disposition that formed such prominent disposition that formed such prominent traits in her shallow nature, she believed Ned to be fully guilty, and she disliked and despised her accordingly. She would show her as little mercy as she had shown the French girl. And, with characteristic selfishness, no thought of her nephew moved her to pity. Did he enforce it would only be a little variety in suffer, it would only be a little variety in hie life, and something which he merited for having, against her wishes, married only a " companion." So there was no sympathy in her face and certainly none in her voice.

Alan put her aside again, and said in the same changed tones which he had used to Dickson :

I am going to Ned." Impatient, restless, fevered Ned! She had heard that Alan had returned. Her own maid had informed her, having heard it, when she went to tea, from the gossip loving, watchful servants who knew that Mr. Carnew's return was looked for with great eagerness by Mrs. Doloran, And Ned wondered why he did not, according to his wont, come immediately to her. She never dreamed that he would see any of the strangers first; and, as for the tenth time she opened the door of her parlor to listen for his step along the corridor, her maid, who seemed to divine the cause of the anxiety,

said respectfully:
"I heard one of the help say at the tea-table, that Mr. Carnew was talking to Mr. Dickson; that they were talking together a long time '

a long time."
"You may go to your cwn room, Jane,"
said Mrs. Carnew coldly. "I shall ring
when I want you."
So the wretched story had become servants' talk, since they knew the name of

the strauge gentleman, and that he was closeted with Carnew, and instead of coming to her, her husband had chosen to listen to the stranger's accusation. Pale before, she became deathly then, and her head throbbed as if it would burst; but at that moment Alan's step sounded in the corridor, and in another instant he was standing before her. She saw his face, and it struck a sort of terror to her heart; but she extended her arms to him, and she cried with an agonized en-

treaty: O Alan ! my husband !" He did not move; he did not even lift a finger to respond to her motion. He only looked as if he were frozen into that omy loosed as if he eyes were two burning orbs, looking over a blank of ice beneath them. Still she kept her arms extended, and she moved towards him, for it could not be that he, her husband, loubted her; but when she was so close doubted her; but when she was bruses that she might have thrown her grasp about him, as if she, too, had become suddenly frozen by the icy spell which seemed to bind him, her hands dropped to her sides, and she tottered back. He appeared to recover some volition then for he approached her, and in that same ice, which seemed too much al ered ever to give place to his own again,

" Ned !" At the sound of her name pronounced in that manner, a manner which was further horrible proof that her husband believed the wretched story, something of her old spirit came back; the old, sudden, flaring temper that had been wont to bring such trouble upon her childhood. She drew herself up, and while the color rushed into her cheeks, and even red-dened her brow and neck, she ansdened her brow and neck, she ans

"What would you say to me, if, dur-ing your absence, I listened to, and be-lieved some miserable accusation against you? If I gave the traducers full ear, be-fore even I asked one question of of you? And this is what you have done to me,

your wife !" w beautiful and noble she looked as she stood gazing into his very eyes fear-lessly and frankly, and how marked was her resemblance to Edna. To Carnew it had never seemed so great before. And how confirmatory of her innocence was her appearance. Guilt could never wear her appearance. Guilt could never wear the expression that her face wore unless, indeed, she was a consummate actrees. He did not speak again, but led her by

he arm to an inner room, then, placing chair for her beside a little centre-table he opened the bundle of Mackay's let ters; one by one, beginning in order wit them according to their dates, he opened them and placed them before her, and bade her read. She obeyed, growing like

bade her read. She obeyed, growing like one in a ghastly nightmare as she proceeded, and he, sitting opposite, watched the varving expressions of her face.

Had Edna deliberately palmed herself upon Mackay as Ned, and as the latter remembered the life at Weewald Place, she felt that it would not have been a difficult matter None of the Mackay family had sufficient intercourse with any one in Mr. Etgar's house to ascertain the truth. Edna could easily, for purposes of her own, have pretended to her lover that she was not the Edna Edgar who was Mr. Edgar's daughter, and the heiress of Weewald Place. With equal ease she could have gone further, as she evidently had done, and deceived her lover to the extent of making him believe that it was she who had gone to Rahand. that it was she who had gone to Rahand abed to earn her living; but for what pur-pose had Miss Edgar told so many malic-lous lies? If to conceal her own imprudent love, surely there were other ways and means than laying her guilt upon Ned's shoulders. When she came to the last letter, the letter that spoke of the note that had been delivered to Miss Ned Edgar on the grounds of Rahandabed, and of which she had first forgotten, and then eglected to demand any explanation Ned gave a cry—a cry forced from her by the remembrance of that note which had been intended for Edna but given to her. She pushed the letters from her and rose one pushed the letters from her and rose to her feet. In that moment as she looked down at the mass of cruel lies, and then, as she looked across at the white, rigid face with its eyes burning into her every for the first time, in her whole white, rigid face with its eyes outning more her own, for the first time in her whole life that she ever hated anybody, she hated Edna; and yet her oath bound her from saying a word of the truth, and Edna was beyond reach of any entreaty to undo the terrible wrong. With these feelings struggling in her bosom, she crossed to her husband; she took his cold hands in hers, she knelt at his feet, and looking up into his eyes, said in tones that, from their earnestness and their agony, seemed to be irresistibly convincing: for the first time in her whole

to be irresistibly convincing:
"Alan, as God is in heaven, I am inno cent of this horrible charge. Richard Mackay was never my lover, never my husband. Oh! that I should even have to deny such as this to you. I thought your love was such that no doubt could

ever cross it."

He raised her up, almost with his wonted tenderness, to his knee, and supported her there; but still he did not speak. His heart was yet too much torn with doubt and agony to allow him any voice. But his action had opened the flood gates of her heart, and she clasped to the party and she pa him closely, and cried upon his bosom with the abandon of a child.

Some one knocked for entrance at the door of the outer room. Carnew put his wife down, and answered it. It was a message from Mrs. Doloran to the effect that Mr. Hayman was waiting, and as he

mas obliged to return up the river some miles that night, it would oblige him if Mr. Carnew would see him at once.

Ned also heard the message, the latter not being delivered in a very subdued key, and when Alan returned to her, her tears were wined away, and she conkey, and when Alan returned to her, her tears were wiped away, and she confronted him with something like a smile.

"I heard the message, Alan, and it has restored me. Let us go to this Mr. Hayman immediately, and he will disprove this horrible story; he will know at once that it was not I he married to Mackay."

She was so eager that it was she who set to a heim along to Mrs. Deloran's rather led him along to Mrs. Doloran's private parlor; and she was so confident private parior; and she was so condent, and even so happy, feeling that convincing proof of her innocence was so near, that she was strong and brave, and smiling, and almost entirely her own old self.

Mr. Dickson was in the private parlor,

and Mr. Hayman. The woman Bunme and the bady were in an ante-chamber ready for instant production on being re-quired. Mr. Hayman was a delicate-look ng little gentleman, with very fair whisk-ers and a very weak, strangled sort of voice, as if something within him was perpetually struggling with his vocal or-

"I remember distinctly the pleasure of meeting you before; it was on the occa-

sion of your private marriage to a Richard Mackay, on the evening of the 29th, of August, now almost two years ago. I remember it so distinctly, because both you and the young gentleman seemed very much flurried, and you were even married with your veil down. When you went into the vestry to sign your names, and I remarked upon the strangeness of such a name as Ned for a lady, you threw aside your veil for an instant, as if in forgetfulness, and I recognize now, only possibly somewhat more mature as if in forgettiness, and I recognize now, only possibly somewhat more mature looking, the face that I saw then. Further, I ventured to inquire if the lady was any relative of the wealthy Mr. Edgar of Barrytown, and I was told that she or Barrytown, and I was told that she was an inmate for the present, of his home, and supported by his bounty, for which reason it would be most imprudent to make her marriage known, and I was saled to hear marriage known as the sale was saled to the sale who was saled to the sale was saled to the saled to the sale was saled to the saled to the saled t asked to keep my counsel about it. I promised to do so, and kept the promise until Mr. Dickson's letter reached me in forming me what urgent reasons there were for breaking my pledge and beg-

ging me to come here."
All this be said, looking straight at Ned whose smile vanished, but whose spirit rose at the very audacity of the charge. "You are entirely missaken," she said, her voice and her lips quivering," I never saw you before in all my life

rolonged and derisive "oh" from Doloran followed Ned's answer, Mrs. Doloran followed Ned's answer while the minister for an instant seemed Mrs slightly non-plussed by the firmness and even hardly concealed indignation of Ned's reply. But he returned to the charge, even putting a little ministerial sternness into his accents:

I regret exceedingly, Mrs. Carnew, to be obliged to repeat my statement: you are the lady whom I married to Richard are the lady whom I married to Richard Mackay on the evening of the 29th, of August, now nearly two years ago."
"Can you swear to that?" asked Car-new leaning forward, and speaking still is his charged with

in his changed voice.
"I can," returned the minister. "Then you would swear to a lie," burst from Ned, the indignant tears show

ing in her eyes.
"Heroics," said Mrs. Doloran sarcasti

Alan turned to his wife; she had never relaxed her grasp upon his arm, and now her hold was so tight, it seemed as if her fingers were a vise. God help her! The anchor to which she clung, her husband's artust in her, was fast slipping away; she read it fully at last in bis eyes, as he uttered but one word: "Come!" and then he turned with her to the door. Mrs. Doloran stirred herself :

"Alan, you have not seen Mrs. Bun-mer, nor the child."

He waived her back with a sternnes that even she could not oppose, and he went on silently with Ned to their own apartments, to the inner room which they had left but a little while before. There, he withdrew himself from her grasp, and stood before her. For one moment his face was white, and stern, and rigid, as it had been in his aunt's parlor; but the next, all the agony of his soul broke into it, and, with a cry that pierced like a sword the heart of her who heard it, he braw himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, sat bowed and broken-looking, as if old age had sudden-

ly overtaken him. She flew to his side, she took his head in her arms, and she dropped her own

burning tears upon it.
"O Ned!" he said at last, "why deceive me so? Why not have told me before our marriage that you were a widow? There was no crime in your having married tw years ago, and I would have loved you the same, for I loved you so well, Ned, and I would have provided for your child."

"Alan! my husband! I am innocent of all this—oh! if I could only tell you, but I am bound by an oath, by a solemn all this-

oath "What oath?" looking at her with eyes that seemed to be burned back into his

head "But what oath can disprove the min ister's readiness to swear that he per formed the ceremony for you? What oath can give the lie to these convincing letters of the unfortunate Mackay? What oath can prevent the linking of your own actions into overwhelming proof against you? You obtained my aunt's permission to visit your friends—you were absent at the very time that the child was born you overstayed your time because, according to your statement on your return, you had been ill, and your feeble appearance when you did return, confirmed your

"O Ned! do not longer keep up the rt you have assumed. Your duplicity part you have assumed. Your duplicity now is breaking my heart more than all that has gone before. She clung to his knees again, and ans-

wered with a sort of piteous horror:
"I was in Albany, while I was away
from your aunt; in Albany with Meg, and Meg's relatives, and I was sick with a fever caught there. They can tell you; they can all prove what I say,"—but even as she spoke, there flashed, in a sort of siekening way through her mind, that Meg's relatives had gone to Australia, —"and Mr. Hayman may confound me with some one who resembles me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONVERTED BY A VISION.

Frederic Campbell, a window decorator employed by a 125th Street, New York, dry goods firm, was baptized and formally admitted into the Catholic Church on New Year's Eve, the ceremony taking place in St. Joseph's Church, 125th Street and Columbus Campbell has heretofore atavenue. tended Methodist and Episcopal churches, says the Sun, and his con-version was brought about, he says, by a vision that appeared to him thre months ago. Campbell lives at 406 West 124th street. His two young daughters were confirmed in the Epis copal faith at St. Andrew's Church two

weeks ago. Father Gerhard H. Huntmann baptized the father, assisted by Father McMullen, at St. Joseph's. The church was crowded, many priests attending to see the convert.

Mr. Campbell said the vision ap peared to him while he was so ill with gastritis that he expected to die. "I was doubled up in my bed with pain. he said to a reporter on Jan. 1, I felt as though I was passing away. The sensation was like that after ether has been administered to one. For

eight years I had been ill with gastritis. I had been a high liver and I paid for it with eight years of suffer-There's no cure for gastritis Well, as I was thinking that I was passing away a light like a sunburst appeared. It was small and round and colored. My father, who died nine years ago, and my sister, who died twenty-two years ago, appeared in the light. They told me to promise to join the Catholic Church if I would be cured. I promised I would. The whole thing lasted only two or three seconds. The next morning I awoke painless and able to eat what I pleased. was almost immediately well. I have not suffered since.

The story of the vision was printed and evidently went all over the world I got letters from people asking me to dvise them whether or not to join the Catholic Church. One woman wrote me to urge her husband, who was ill with gastritis, to join the Church, in order to be cured. Of course, I can't advise people that way, each must decide such matters for himself. Monsignor Capel has sent me copies of three of his pamphlets, inscribed with his autograph, from the Philippines, where he now is on business for the My Father and sister were Pope. Episcopalians and their advice to join the Catholic Church was surprising

Monsigner Capel is not in the Philippines. The speaker probably meant Archbishop Chapelle.—Ed. Pilot]

WHERE ARE THE MEN?

The question is not a novel one, says writer in the Hartford Transcript. It has sought solution at the hands of many a priest, who has cast his eyes his congregation during the special devotional exercises, that are not regarded binding in conscience in point of attendance.

As far as I can observe the pretexts upon which many excuse their indiff erence arise from the condition of modern society, for in our time great corporations have in many instances converted the "Day of Rest" into the busiest day of toil. They have closed the church door in front of hundreds of thousands of men. Much of this is

of recent origin. Modern invention has mingled a peril with its blessing. These advantages for a part of mankind come through injury to another part. Steam and electricity have driven the Sunday out of each week for a vast army of men. Other demands of this day are associated with these forces in the same ruinous work. Some travel and traffic and work are unquestionably necessary on Sunday; but the large part of that which is now going on might be avoided with benefit to man and machinery alike. Without conscience or hesitation man and machinery are pushing their way through the anctity of the Lord's day. The de mands are so great upon thousands that they are rendered unfit and unable to occupy their place in the house of God. The roar of machinery has

silenced memory and conscience. The torces in society which are destructive of the sanctity of Sunday, are also among the forces which are keeping the men away from church, And fiens dico-the Sanday newspaper is the most guilty of all the criminals It ought to be tried and sentenced-"I cannot tell you. I am so bound, I the results of their Saturday midnight cannot speak; but, if I could, O Alan! cogitations. No justice on earth or in then you would know how I am wronged." deadly work. There are ten arguments against it for every specious arguments in favor of its continuance It is usurping the place of the world's best literature. It keeps uncounted numbers of men away from church, who would be in their places, if it was not for this unwarranted intrusion upon the day consecrated to the wor ship of God. It is the guilty party also in unfitting hundreds of those who come late to Holy Mass. The stupendous increase in size and numbers and attractions and evil influence is dealing a death blow to many a church Count, if you can, the thousands engaged, I will not say in its printing, for that is in part at least done on Sator in the early hours of urday night Sunday morning—but figure out the myriads of men and boys required for its distribution and for its perusal. It vitiates literary tastes, but worse still -it deadens religious feeling, and empties the pews of their occupants, whose appetites no longer relish the Sermon on the Mount.

Whatever little good there is in it can never atone for its abominable curse. It strikes the Sunday where no other agency reaches. It thrusts itself boldly into the very face of the man who wants to go to church. It reaches the class of people whom the gilded palace of debauch or the low grogshop does not affect. The men of o-day remain at home—at least a fair portion do-with the ponderous metro politan Sabbath magazine in their hands and because there is a religious column and a stickful of type, announcing the sermons in the sensational meeting houses, they imagine that they are not so irreligious after all, unmindful of the great responsibilities of life and the indisputable claims of the Church upon all its mem bers. The sublimest feature of the whole problem is the spectacle of a York Sunday paper solemnly flaunting the most refined rationalism in the face of its readers and flattering itself that the Lord is under obligations to it for sacrificing so much valuable space for spreading the gospel of Christ.

Prayer is the power of the Christian, with-out it the soul is like a boat without a rudder and swithout sails, tossed by winds and storms, With it the soul rises up to heaven on two easy wings. Prayer is the flery chariet in which we ascend to heaven.