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# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

### A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

Come. listen awhile to me, my lad, Come listen to me for a spell i Let that terrible drum For a moment be damb, For your incleis going to tell What batell A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clover young man was he, mv lad, And with beauty uncomonly blessed. Ere with brandy and wine He began to decline, And behaved like a person possessed; I profest The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to the tavern, my lad, He went to a tavern one night, And drinking too much Runn, brandy, and such. The chap got exceedingly " tight,"

And was quite What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a spooze, my lad; <sup>2</sup>Tis a horrible slumber he takes— He trembles with fear,

And acts very queer-My eyes! how he shivers and shakes When he wakes And layes about horrid great snakes!

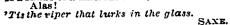
'Tis a warning to you and me, my lad, A particular caution to all-

A per tentar caution to an— Though no one can see The viper but he— To hear the poor lunatic bawl, "How they crawl! All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad; Next morning he took to his bed; And he never got up To dine or to sup, Though properly physicked and bled; And I read Next dey the new follow was doed

Next day the poor fellow was dead.

You've heard of the snake in grass, my lad; of the viper concealed in the grass; But now you must know Man's deadliest foe Is a snake of a different class;





## LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

CHAPTER II .--- CONTINUED.

I don't uphold this heroine of mine-her temper is abominable, I allow; but the moment the last words passed her lips her heavy smote her. Peter Dangerfield stood before her white as death, and trembling so that he was forced to grasp a gilded flower stand for support.

"Ob, Peter! I am sorry!" she cried out, "I didn't mean that !-- I didn't ! I didn't-forgive it-forget it-my temper is horrible-I'm a wretch, but you know," suffering a slight relapse, "it was all your own fault. Shake hands, cousin; and oh, do-do-do forget my wicked words !"

But he drew back from the outstretched hands, smiling a ghastly smile enough. "Forget them ? Certainly, Cousin Kather-

ine! I'm not the sort of fellow to bear spite. You're very good and all that, but if it's the same to you, I'll not shake hands. And I won't keep you from dancing that quadrille any longer. I'll not be your partner-I dou't coming this way now. Excuse me for having troubled you about this presumptuous love of mine; I won't do it again."

Then he turned away, and Gaston Dantree, looking like a picture in a frame, stood in the rose-wreathed entrance arch.

"I am sorry, and I have apologized," Katherine said coldly. "I can do no more." "No more is needed. Pray don't keep Mr. Dantree waiting. And I would rather he did not come in here just now."

"Come, Kathie," Mr. Dantree called softly. It had come to that then ; it was "Kathie" and "Gaston." He saw him draw her hand Lucrezia, when a perfumed rose or a pair of

"Certainly I did-a deucedly fine woman too, and as amiable as she was handsome Colonel Dangerfield-Sir John was colouel then-married a Miss Lascelles, and Katherine was born in this very house, while they were making their Christmas visit. You may have known her father and mother-you. certainly seem to know Sir John suspiciously well-but don't tell me Katherine took her tantrums from either of them." Mrs. Vavasor listened quietly, adjusting

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her bracelets, and burst out laughing when he ceased. "I see you do-you know all about it.

How old was Katherine when her father and mother left England for India?" "Two or three years, or thereabouts. It

seems to me-being so weil acquainted, and all that, as you say-you ought to know you self. Was it in England or India you came to know the Governor so well?"

"In neither, Mr. Dangerfield." "Or does your acquaintance extend only to the baronet? Gad! he looked like an incarnate thunder-cloud when presenting you. His past remembrances of you must be un commonly pleasant ones, I should say. Did you know the late Mrs. Colonel Dangerfield, Mrs. Vavasor?"

"I knew the late Mrs. Colonel Dangerfield, Mr. Dangerfield."

"And yet you say Katherine takes her temper from her mother. My late aunt-in-law must have greatly changed, then, from the time I saw her last."

"I repeat it," Mrs. Vavasor said, tapping her fan. "Katherine inherits her most abominable temper from her mother, the only inheritance her mother ever left her. And she looks like her-wonderfully like her-so like," Mrs. Vavasor repeated in a strange, suppressed voice, "that I could almost take her for a ghost in pink gauze."

"Like her mother!" cried Peter Dangerfield. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vavasor, but you must be dreaming. She is no more like her mother than I am. The late Mrs. Dangerfield was a handsome woman."

"Which our spirited heiress never will be. I agree with you, Mr. Dangerfield; and Jet you told me you were in love with her, and

wanted to marry her." "I meant what I said," the young man responded, sullenly. "I do want to marry

her. " Or her fortune-which ?"

"I don't see that that's any business of yours, Mrs. Vavasor; and I don't see what I am standing here abusing Katherine to you for. You don't like her, do you? Now what has she ever done to you ?"

"Nothing whatever-I haven't seen Katherine until to-night for fifteen years. She was two years old then-a little demoiselle in pantalletes, and too young to have an enemy."

"Yet you are her enemy, Mrs. Vavasor, and you sit at her table and eat her bread and salt. And you speak of her mother as if you detested her. Is it for the mother's sake you hate the daughter?"

"For the mother's sake." She repeated the four short words with a concentrated bitterness that rather repelled her companion. "And you hate her for her own, Mr. Dangerfield." She laid her little hand suddenly dance as well as Mr. Dantiee, and I see him and sharply on his arm, and sent the words in his ear in a sinilant whisper. "We both hate her; let us make common cause together, and have our revenge."

Peter Dangerfield threw off the gloved hand that felt unpleasantly like a steel manacle on his wrist.

" Don't be melodramatic, if you please, Mrs Vavasor. Revenge, indeed. And I a lawyer. You would make an uncommonly good first rate actress, my dear madam, but in private life your histrionic talents are quite thrown away. Rerenge ! bah ! Why the vendetta this riddle-like talk, he knew some strong way. Herein and the second sec under his arm as one having the right, whis- Jouvin's best kids sent one's adversary to to the nalm, y

Ah! that blow struck home. "Look at them once again, Mr. Dangerfield, lest your brave resolutions should cool -look at Katherine Dangerfield and her over now." lover now." -she had a passionate love of dancing, and floated with the native grace of a Bayadere.

She was waltzing with Dantree, her long cose-wreathed brown hair floating over his shoulder, her happy face uplifted as she whirled down the long vista in his arms to the intoxicating music of the "Guard's Waltz."

"You see!" Mrs. Vavasor said significantly; "he who runs may read, and he who stands still may understand. His melancholy tenor voice, his lover-like sighs, his dark, pathetic eyes have done their work-Katherine Dangerfield is in love with Gaston Dantree! It is a very old story; a lady of high degree has 'stooped to conquer.' Sir John won't take it, I dare say; but could Sir John refuse his idolized darling anything? If she cried for the moon she would have it. And she is so impetnous, dear child! She will be Mrs. Gaston Dantree in the time it would take another young lady to decide the color of the bridesmaid's dresses."

"She shall never be Mrs. Gaston Dantree if I can prevent it !" Peter Dangerfield cried, vehemently, his pale blue eyes filled with lurid rage.

"Yes, but unhappily there is the rub-if you can prevent it. You don't suppose now," Mrs. Vavasor said, thoughtfully, "this Mr. Dantree is in love with her ?"

"I know nothing about it. He looks as | ment!" though he were, at least-and be hanged to him?"

"That tells nothing. She is the heiress of Scarswood, and Mr. Dantree-like yourself, I haven't a doubt-is in love with that. I wonder if either of you would want to marry her if she hadn't a farthing-if her brown hair and her fine figure were her only fortune?"

"I can answer for myself-I would see her at the deuce first!"

"Aud unless I greatly mistake him, Mr. Dantree would also. How she looks up at him! how she smiles !- her infatuation is patent to the whole room. And after her, you are the heir at law, Mr. Dangerfield."

" I don't see what that's got to do with it," the young man retorted sulkily. "I am likely to remain heir-at-law to the end of my days, for what I see. The governor will go | you !" off the books, and she will marry, and there will be a son-half-a-dozen of 'em, most likely-and my cake is dough. I wish you wouldn't talk about it at all ; it's of no use, a man howling his life out for what he never can get."

"Certainly not-for what he can't get; but I don't perceive the can't get' in this Three people stood between Colonei Case. Dangerfield and the title six months ago, and they-as you express it in the elegantly allegorical language of the day-" went off the books;' and lo! our Indian officer, all in a moment, steps into three pairs of dead men's shoes, a title, and a fortune. Scarswood choly-a beauty as fatal as the serpent to may change hands unexpectedly before the year ends again."

"Mrs. Vavasor-if that be your name-I don't understand you. What's the use of badgering a man in this way? If you've got anything to say, say it. I never was any hand at guessing riddles. What the deuce do vou mean?

Mrs. Vavasor laughed gavly.

"Forcible, but not polite! Did you ever have your fortune told, Mr. Daugerfield? I have some gypsey blood in my veins. Give me your hand, and I'll tell it, without the proverbial piece of silver." He held it out mechanically. Under all

took his thin, pale, cold hand, and peered inith the prettiest

She vanished as she spoke; and Peter Dangerfield, feeling like a man in a dream, his head in a whirl, glided after her, as his consin and her cavalier stepped under the arch of rose and myrtle.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE UNDER THE LAMPS.

"How charmingly cool it is here," Miss Dangerfield's fresh young voice was saying as they came in; "how bewitching is this pale moonshiny sort of lamplight among the orange trees and myrtles; and oh! Mr. Dantree, how delicious that last waltz was. You have my step as nobody else has it, and you waltz so light-so light! It has been a heavenly evening altogether !,'

She threw herself into a rustic chair as she spoke, where trailing vines and crimson bloom formed a brilliant arch over her head, and looked up at him with eyes that shone like stars.

"I wonder if it is because balls and parties are such rare things to me that I have enjoyed this so greatly, or because I am just seventeen, and everything is delightful at seventeen; or because-Mr. Dantree, I wonder if you have enjoyed yourself?" "I have been in paradise, Miss Danger field."

"And how gloomily he says it—and how pale and wretched he looks," laughed Katherine. "Your paradise can't be any great things, judging by your face at this mo-

" Miss Dangerfield, it is because my para dise has been so perilously sweet that I look gloomy. The world outside, bleak and barren, must have looked trebly bleak to Eve when she left Eden."

"Eve shouldn't have left it then-she should have had sense and left the tempting apple alone."

"Ab, but it was so tempting, and it hung so deliciously within reach! And Eve forgot, as I have done, everything, the fatal pen-

alty-all but the heavenly sweetness of the passing moment.' "Well," Miss Dangerfield said, fluttering her fan, and looking upward, "I may be stupid, Mr. Dantree, but I don't quite catch your metaphor. Eve ate that apple several thousand years ago, aud was very properly punished, but what has that to do with

"Because I, like Eve, have eaten my apple to night, and to morrow, the gates of my

earthly paradise close upon me forever." Divested of its adjuncts-there wasn't much, perhaps, in this speech ; but given a young lady of seventen, of a poetic and sen. timental turn of mind-soft, sweet music swelling in the distance-a dim light-the fragrance of tropic flowers and warmth, and a remarkably good looking young man-it implies a great deal. He certainly looked dangerously handsome at this moment, with his pale Byronic face, his fathomless dark eyes, his whole air of impassioned melan. Eve in his own allegory.

No doubt that serpent came to our frail first mother in very beautiful guise, else she had never listened to his seductive words. The soft white lace, the cluster of blush roses, on Katherine's breast rose and fell. She was only seventeeu, and over head and

ears in love, poor child. She laughed at his romantic words, but there was a little tremor in her clear tones as she spoke :

"Such a sentimental speech, Mr. Dantree. Sussex is a very nice county, and Scarswood a very agreeable place, no doubt; but neither quite constitute my idea of paradise. And what do you mean by saying you leave to-morrow?"

"I mean I dare stay no longer. I should never have come here at all—I wish to Heaven I never had!"

am a woman who never yet spared friend or old man. The girl may be a fool, but he's greatly excited, and would talk of nothing not. There'll be no end of a row when this else One morning I called upon him, and 141 comes out." She lifted her head from his sboulder, and looked up at him, sly and sweet.

"And you really care for me like this, Gaston, and you really thought I would let you go-you really thought the difference in wealth and rank between us would be any difference to me? How little you know Ninety-eight?". He was so much in earnest me !"

"I knew you for the best, the dearest, the loveliest of all women. But your father, Katherine-he will never consent to a poor artist like me coming and wooing his darling."

"You don't know him, Gaston; papa would do anything on earth to please me-anything. When he discovers how we love each other, he will never stand between us. He lives but to make me happy.'

(To be Continued.)



The Different Merits and Shortcomings of the two great Irish Poets.

One of the very best of the Irish poets, I will not say of these latter days, but of any time, has been as much neglected as Thomas Moore has been overrated. In comparing Samuel Lover with Thomas Moore I desire not to exalt one at the expense of the other. Both were highly accomplished and naturally gifted. Moore, who had received a collegiate education, was a good Latin and Greek scholar, had also mastered the French language, and was able to enjoy the Italian poets in their own language. Both had a sort of intuitive fancy and taste for music, which neither had scientifically mastered, though they played the piano (the accompaniments to their own songs) with facility and effect. Indeed, in the fashionable circles of London society, in which Moore delighted all the days of his life to hang, his playing and singing

were dramatically touching in their effect. Lover also possessed the power of moving the hearts of those who listened to his singing.

Moore, who was a combination of poet, musician, and prose-writer, was simply one of the ablest, most popular, most effective men of letters of his time. Lover was a facile and successful author of songs, the best of which were upon Irish subjects. Moore apparently forgot his country-Lover never did. Moore was a good deal of a tuft-hunter. or hanger-on of rank and wealth-Lover most enjoyed himself among the middle-class circle, to whom he belonged. Beyond his songs Lover was not much of a poet, whereas Moore produced a great many poems of considerable extent, at the head of which "Lalla Rookh," a marvellous piece of tessellated composition, is to be remembered. The admirers of the sentiment of the Irish Melodies will scarcely agree with Hazlitt, the acute and severe critic, that " Moore's satirical and burlesque is best; it is first-rate."

Lover had, as it were, a perennial fountain of rich Irish humor in his heart; it overflowed into his verses. But, again to quote from Hazlitt, "Moore had wit at will, and of the first quality." Many of the Melodies, we are told, are not free from affectation and a certain sickliness of pretension. His pathos sometimes melts into a mawkish sensibility, or crystallizes into all the prettinesses of allegorical language, and glittering hardness of

external imagery. Above all, there was this marked difference between the poetry of Moore and Lover: the juvenile productions of the former, known as "Poems by Thomas Little, Esq.," are, unfor-tunately, more or less prurient in sentiment. They are immoral (some of them, at least). and for that reason utterly intolerable. In one of Byron's letters to Moore, published by the latter, the author of "Don Juan" said : "Those confounded little Poems of yours utterly ruined my morals in my youth. All that is improper in my writings is owing to them." On the other hand, Lover never published a line of doubtful morality. His poetry has the purity as well as the brightness of a diamond; to use a phrase of Moore's in that anything but complimentary to the the "Melodies," it had "with the flash of the the 28th, part of the 36th, part of the 37th, Moore had only one course of life-authorship. Lover was more of a universal, genius being painter, editor, lyric poet, musical composer, ex-cutant (on the piano), novelist, and dramatist. In addition, Lover was naturally an eloquent man. He was a ready and brilliant speaker, full of point, wit, and, when the occasion required it, could tip his arrows with keen satire. The reader of Moore's own biography may admire the neat little afterdinner speeches with which the melodist tickled the mental palate of his admiring auditors, but none of these utterances were spontaneous. They were carefully and anxiously prepared and elaborated, and Moore was never quite easy in his mind until he had corrected the "proofs" thereof for the news-Moore and Lover may be said to have resigned as poets for about the same period each. Moore was born in April, 1779, and died in 1852. Lover, also a Dublin man, made his first appearance in February, 1797, and died in July, 1868. But for the last four or five years of his life Moore's bright intellect was clouded, whereas the lamp of life in Lover's heart burned brightly to the close. Both of these genuine Irish poets were good family men-wholly free from immorality and what is tenderly called " dissipation"; they were good husbands and good fathers. Moore, from the time he was twenty-five years old, had an income of at least a thousand pounds a year, but managed so badly that he was continually suffering for want of cash to defray even the current charges of living. Lover earned less, but got on without debt. Moore was allowed a Government pension of three hundred pounds a year during the latter period of his life. Lover was also pensioned, but got only £100 a year. On another occasion I may return to this subject-that is, to those two Irish poets. Even now I feel bound in fairness to Moore to say that Lover was far inferior to him as a prose writer. The biographies of Sheridan, "Captain Bock," Byrne, and Lord Edward Eitzgerald prove that Moore was an admirable prose writer. On the other hand, while Moore atterly failed when he wrote for the stage, Lover had marked success in that line, and his short stories are admirable, though not equal to William Carleton's " Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." "The Gridiron," "Barney O'Riordan, the Navigator," and "The Irish Post-boy are humorous to a degree. Lover's longer prose stories are heavy. The ides of "Handy Andy," originally a little tale in two chapters, was run into ground when carried through twelve monthly numbers after the fashion of Dicken's and Thackeray's famous serials. In the Irish songs by Moore and Lover one is reminded of the difference between the two captains, one of whom would cry, "Boys, there's the enemy; attack them with a will;" while the other would exclaim, "There they are; follow me to the attack !" Lover, I am bowels. persuaded, would have rushed to the van. "Now, then, my baronet's daughter-my vengeance !-- if Marie should ever find this When the Young Ireland agitation pre- HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND haughty little heiress-look to yourself? I out! There's only one drawback now-the vailed, nearly thirty-five years ago, Lover was TIVE PILLS. Purely vegetable.

he esked, "Have you read this?" and before Loculd ascertain what he referred to, he re-peated (not read, though it had reached him by post only an hour before) that heartthat I fanci d the spirited verses must have been composed by himself. "No," he said, "I feel every thought in this bold and thrill. ing poem, but it is not mine. I wish it were," He paced the room (it was his house in Charles street, Middlesex Hospital, London) with evident excitement and agitation for some twenty minutes, and at last, as he sat down, he said : "That's the sort of thing to rouse poor Ireland, God help her!" A few days later he sent me a note to say it was a Protestant clergyman who had written this "Ninety-eight" lyric. I very much doubt whether Tom Moore could or would throw himself heart and head into the patriotic sentiment of that thrilling verse.-R. Shelton Mackenzie.

CURED OF DRINKING.

"A young triend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirest for Liquor, that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others who have been cured of drinking by it."-From a lead-R.R. Official, Chicago, Ill.

A NEW POINT IN IRISH AGITATION

At the time, some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the claims of trade unions to legal status were under discussion, there was one argument which was pressed more than any other by their opponents. "You are acting," people used to say to the unionists, "selfishly and tyrannically, for you are seeking, benefits for yourselves without a thought for the mass of unskilled labourers beneath you." The answer was that the skilled workmen, in fighting their own battle, were also fighting the battle for the weaker class. The same kind of contention appears once more in the Irish question. The labourers at Shanagarry, in Cork county, have been holding a meeting at which the cry was this: "The farmers are getting up a Land League ; why should not you try to do something for yourselves ? We have as good right to the land as they have." This will be made much of, not as an argument for doing something to adjust the claims of labourer and farmer, but for doing nothing for either one or the other. There are one or two remarks to be made on the action of the Shanagarry "carberies" and all simil raction. First, they will get nothing by helplag the landlord against the tenant farmer; but will loose their only chance of getting better terms from the farmers when the time comes. Second: the hired labourer does not stand for the great corresponding class in this country because in Ireland the small farmers with their families are their own labourers. Thus, the right of the labourer is not as good as that of the tenant, because the tenant's claim, true or talse, is that by his (unpaid) labour he has given to the soil its value.-Pall Mall Gazette.

When a cough sounds like Croup-that is, dry and hard-do not delay an instant! Give *Downs' Elixir* often enough to keep the cough loose, and the danger will soon be over.

The regiments of the line which were stationed in Ireland on the first of the present month were the 2nd dragoon Guards, the 3rd or Prince of Wales Dragoon Guards, the 7th or Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards, the 2nd Dragoons, the 7th Hussars, the 19th Hussars,

per something in her ear that lit her face with sunshine, and lead her away. He

Peter Dangerfield stood alone. watched them quite out of sight-his teeth set, his face perfectly colorless, and a look in his small eyes bad to see.

"I have read of men who sold their souls to the devil for a price." he said, between his set teeth. "I suppose the days for such bargains are over, and souls are plentiful enough in the kingdom of his dark majesty, without come again, and Satan stood beside me, I would sell my soul now for revenge on you!"

"Are you sure you have one to sell?" a clear, sharp voice close behind him said. "I never thought lawyers were troubled with those inconvenient appendages -hearts and souls. Well, if you have, keep it ; it's of no use to me. And I'm not Satan, either, but yet I think for a fair price I can give you your revenge."

#### CHAPTER JII.

#### AMONG THE ROSES.

Sns stood beside him, her ceaseless smile at its brightest on her small face, looking like some little female Mephistopheles come to tempt a modern Faust. He put up his eye-glass to look at her. What a gorgeous little creature she was! It was his first thought.

In the dim yellow light of the conservatory the amber silk glittered with its pristine lustre, the yellow roses she wore made such an admirable foil to her dead black hair.

"What the deuce brings me here? Don't trouble yourself to ask the question, mon ami. your face asks it for you. I've been eavesdropping," in her airiest tone; "not intentionally, you understand," as the young man continued to stare speechlessly at her through his eye-glass. "Entering the conservatory by the merest chance, I overheard Miss Dangerfield's last words to you; "a little more than kin, and less than kind," were they not? Permit me to congratulate you, Mr. Dangerfield."

"Congratulate me!" Mr. Dangerfield repeated, dropping his double-barrelled eveglass and glowering vengefully at the fair creature by his side. "In Heaven's name, on what ?"

"On having escaped becoming the husband of a termagant. Believe me, not even Scarswood and eight thousand a year would counterbalance so atrocious a temper as that."

"Eight thousand a year would counterbalance with me even a worse temper than that. Mrs. Vavasor." the lawyer answered, grimly. "I am only sorry I am not to have the opportunity of trying. Once my wife, I think I could correct the acidity of even Katherine Dangerfield's temper and tengue."

"No you could not. Petruchio himself wenld fail to tame this shrew. You see, Mr. Dangerfield, I speak from past experience. I know what kind of blood flows in our spirited Katherine's veins."

"Very good bloed, then, I am sure-very good tempered, too, in the main-at least on the father's side."

"Ah! On the father's side !" The sneer with which this was said is indescribable. "May I ask if you knew her mother, Mr. " Dangerfield?"

glory. There is no such word as revenge in these latter days, my dear madam. If one's wife runs away from one with some other fellow, we don't follow and wipe out our dishonor in his blood; we simply go to Sir past, quiet and uneventful. I see a charac-

Creswell and get a divorce. If we run away with some other fellow's wife, that other fel-principled. No, don't take your hand away; low sues us for damages, and makes a good thing of it. Believe me, Mrs. Vavasor, revenge is a word that will soon be obsolete. except on theatrical boards. But at the same paying a farthing. But if those days could time I should like to know what you mean?"

"What is that yon sing me there?" Mrs. Vavasor cried, is the French idiom she need when excited. "While the world lasts, and men love, and hate, and use swords and pistols, revenge will never go out of fashion. And you hate your cousin-hate her so that if looks were lightning she would have fallen at your feet ten minutes ago. "A little rickety dwarf." She laughed her shrill, somewhat elfish laugh. "Not a pleasant name to be called, Mr. Dangerfield.

His face blackened at the remembrance. his small, pale eyes shot forth that steely fire light blue eyes only can flash.

"Why do you remind one of that?" he said hoarsely. "She did not mean it-she said so."

"She smiles-she said so!" his companion cried, scorufully. "Peter Dangerfield, you're not the man I take you for if you endure quietly such an insult as that. And look at her now, with Gaston Dantree, that penniless ter.or-singer, with the voice of an angel and the face of a god. Look how she smiles up at him. Did she ever give you such a glance as that? See how he bends over her and whispers in her ear. Did she ever listen to you with that happy face, those drooping downcast eyes? Why she loves that man-that impoverished adventurer; and love and happiness make her almost beautiful. And she called you a rickety dwarf. Perhaps even now they are laughing over it rather as a good joke."

"Woman! Devil!" her victim burst out, goaded to frenzy. "You lie! Katherine Dangerfield would stoop to no such baseness as that !"

"Would she not? Yon have yet to learn to what depths of baseness women like her can stoop. She has bad, bitter bad blood in her veins, I tell you. She comes of a daring and unscrupulous race. Oh, don't look at me like that-I don't mean the Dangerfields. And you will bear her merciless taunt, and stand quietly by while she marries yonder handsome coxcomb, and go and be best man at the wedding, and take your hat off forever after when you meet Gaston Dantree Lord of Scarswood Park. Bah! Peter Dangerfield, you must have milk and water in your veins instead of blood, and I am only wasting my time here talking to you. I'll detain you no longer. I wish you good-evening."

She had goaded him to the right point at last. As she turned to go he caught her arm fiercely and held her back.

"Stay!" he cried hoarsely; "you shall not go! You do well to say I hate her. And she shall never marry Gaston Dantree if I can prevent it. Only show me the way how ! Only show me!" he exclaimed, breathless and hoarse, "and see whether I have blood in my veins instead of milk and water-a man's passions in my heart-though it be the heart of a rickety dwarf!"

air imaginable.

"A strangely chequered paim, my gentleman; all its strange future to come. I see a ter, thoroughly selfish, avaricious, and unit will do you good to hear the truth once in a way, Mr. Dangerfield. You can hate with tigerish intensity; you would commit any crime under Heaven for money, so that you were never likely to be found out. You care for nobody but yourself, and you never will. A woman stands in your path to fortunea woman you hate. That obstacle will be removed. I see here a ruined home; and over ruin and death you step into fortune. Don't ask me how. The lines don't tell that, just yet; they may very soon. You are to be a baronet, and the time is very near. How do you like your fortune, Sir Peter Dangerfield, that is to be ?"

She dropped his hand and looked him full in the face, streaming fire in her black eyes. "Hush-h-h! for Heaven's sake !" he whispered, in terror. "If you should be overheard !"

"But how do you like it ?"

"There can be no question of that. Only don't understand. You are mocking me. What you predict can never happen."

"Why not?" "Why not! why not!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "You don't need to ask that question. Katherine Dangerfield stands between me; a life as good-better than my

own The little temptress in amber silk laid her canary-colored glove on his wrist and drew

him close to her. "What I predict will happen, as surely as we stand here. Don't ask me how : I can't

tell you to-night. There's a secret in Sir John Dangerfield's life-a secret I have been paid well to keep, which I have kept for fifteen years, which no money will make me keep mhch longer. I have a debt of long standing to pay off-a debt of vengeance, contracted before Katherine Dangerfield was born, which Katherine Dangerfield yet must pay. What will you give me it within the

next three months I make you heir of Scarswood ?"

" You ?" « T 1"

" It is impossible!"

"It is not!" She stamped her foot. Quick! Tell me! What will you give?" "I don't understand you."

"I don't mean that you shall yet. you give me ten thousand pounds the day that makes you-through me, mind-lord of Scarswood? Quick! Here comesour lovers. Yes or no?"

" Yes."

"It is well. I shall have your bond instead of your promise soon. Not a whisper of this to a living mortal, or all is at an end. We are sworn allies, then, from this night forth. Shake hands upon it."

They clasped hands.

He shivered a little, unprincipled though he was, as he felt the cold steely clasp of her gloved fingers. She glanced up, a flash of triumph lighting her eyes, to where Kathe :ine Dangerfield, still leaning on her handsome lover's arm, approached.

It was drawing near! Her heart was throbbing with rapture; she loved him, and she knew what was coming, but still she parried her own delight.

"Please don't be profane, Mr. Dantree. You wish you had never come? Now I call neighborhood and to me. Be kind enough to explain yourself, sir. Why do you wish Moore had only one you had never come?"

"Because I have been mad-because I am mad. Oh, Katherine! can't you see? Why will you make me speak what I should die rather than utter? Why will you make me confess my madness-confess that I love you Ϋ

He made an impassioned gesture, and turned away. Macready could not have done it better. His voice, his glance, his passionate words, were the perfection of first-class drama. And then there was dead silence. "You do not speak !" he cried. "I have

shocked you; you hate, you despise me as I deserve !" He was really getting alarmed in. spite of his conviction that she was hopelessly in love with him. "Well, I deserve it | papers. all! I stand before you penniless, with nei-

ther noble name nor fortnne to offer you, and I dare to tell you of my hopeless passion. Katherine, forgive me !" The rich green carpet was soft, there was

no one to see, and he sank gracefully on one knee before her, and bowed his head over her hand. "Forgive me if you can, and tell me to

goľ Then his soft tenor tones died away pianissimo in stifled emotion, and he lifted her

hand to his mustached lips. It trembledwith an ecstacy too great for words. He loved her like this-her matchless darlingand he told her to bid him go! Her fingers closed over his, tighter and tighter-she bent down until he could almost hear the loud throbbing of her heart.

"Gol" she whispered. faintly. "Gaston, I should die if you left me!"

He clasped both her hands, with a wild, theatrical start, and gazed at her in incredulous amaze.

"KATHERINE! do you know what you say Have I heard you aright? For pity's sake, do not mock me in my desperation-do not lift me for a moment to Heaven only to cast me out again! It cannot be-it is the maddest presumption of me to hope that you love me!

Her hands closed only the more tightly over his; her head drooped, her soft, abundant brown hair hiding its tremor of bliss.

"I never hoped for this," he said ; " I never thought of this! I knew it was my destiny -my madness-to adore you; but neverno, never in my wildest dream-dia I dare hope you could stoop to me. My darlingsay it just once, that I may know I am awake!" He was very wide-awake, indeed, at that moment. Say just once, my own

heart's darling, 'Gaston, I love you !'" She said it, her face hidden in his superfine coat-facings, her voice trembling, every

vein in her body thrilling with rapture. And Mr. Gaston Dantree smiled-a halfamused, a half-exultant smile of triumph.

"I've played for high stakes before," he thought; "but never so high as this, or with half so easy a victory. And-oh, powers of

the 1st Battalion of the 6th or East Norfolk Regiment of infantry, part of the 1st battalion of the 15th infantry, part of the 1st battalion of the 16th infantry, part of the 18th (Royal Irish) infantry, part of the 20th, part of the 22t., part of the 27th (Inniskilling), part of part of the 38th, part of the 47th, part of the 57th, the 63rd, part of the 66th, the 80th, part of the 83rd, part of the 86th, part of the 87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers), part of the 88th (Connaught Rangers), part of the 94th, part of the 65th, part of the 100th (Prince of Wales Royal Canadian), part of the 102nd, part of the 103rd, the 104th, part of the 105th, part of the 106th, part of the 108th, part of the 109th, part of the 3rd battalion of the Rifle Brigade. There are also in Ireland several batteries of Horse Artilleyr, of Field and Garrison Artillery and three companies of the Royal Engineers.

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