THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

the gay jingle of voices rose the sweet, faint strains of the unseen music.

strains of the unseen music. Suddenly all was changed. The great door of glass and gilding opposite the throne was fluog wide, and a grand usher in a grand court livery flourished a mighty grand wand, and

livery flourished a mighty grand wand, and shouted in a stentorian voice: "Back, back, ye lieges, and make way for Her Majesty, Queen Miranda !" Instantly the unseen band thundered forth the national anthem. The splendid throng fell back on either hand in profoundest silence and expectation. The grand usher mysteriously disappeared, in his place there stalked for-ward a score of soldiers, with clanking swords and fierce moustaches, in the gorgeous uniform of the king's body guard. These showy warriors arranged themselves silently on

uniform of the king's bidy guard. These showy warriors arranged themselves silently on either side of the crimson throne, and were fol-lawed by half a dozen dozzling personages, the foremost crowned with mine

foremost crowned with mitre, armed with crozier, and robed in the ecclesiastical glory of an archbishop, but the face underneath, to the deep surprise and scandel of Sir Nerman, was that of the fastest young roue of Charles' court, after him came another pompous digoitary, in such unheard of magnificence that the unseen

ench unheard of magnificence that the unseen looker-on set him down for a prime minister, or a lord high chaucellor, at the very least. T' e somewhat gaudy-looking gentlemen who stepped after the pious prelate and peer wora the stars and garters of foreign courts, and were evidently embassadors extraordinary to that of her midnight mojesty. After them came a snowy flock of fair young girls, angels all but the wings elender as subms. and robed

came a showy more on fair young girls, angels all but the wings elender as sylphs, and robed in purss white. Each hore on her arm a basket of flowers, roses and rosebuds of every tint, from snowy while to da kest crimson, and

step, trod the crimson carpet and mounted the

regal throne. From the first moment of his looking down,

Sir Norman had been staring with all the eves in his head, undergoing one shock of surprise

after another with the equanimity of a man quite used to it; but now a cry arose to his lips, and died there in voiceless constrmation. For he recognized the queon-well he might !--he had seen her before, and her face was the fore of Leoling 1.

As she mounted the stairs, she stood there

for a mounted crowned and sceptred, before sitting down, and in that moment he recognized

f .ce of Leoline !



2

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LADY LEOLINE.

(By May Agnes Fleming.)

CHAPTER VI.-Continued.

"Ob, don't blush ; there is quite light enough from yonder lamp to show that. Besides," added the lady, easily, "I don't know as I had a y objection ; you are interested in Leoline, and must feel curious to know something about

"Madam, what must you think of me? I

"Ob, I know all that. There is no need to apologize, and I don't think any the worse of you for it. Will you come to lusiness, Mr. Ormston? I think I told you I wanted to go in. What may you want of me at this dismal hour

"Ob, madame, need you ask? Does not your

own heart tell you ?" "I am not aware that it does ! And to tell you the truth, Mr. Ormiston, I don't know that I even have a heart! I am sfraid I must trouble you to put it in words."

"Then, madame, I love you !" "Then, madame, I love you !" "Is that all ? If my memory serves me, you have told me that little fact several times be-fore. Is there anything else tormenting you, or may I co is ?"

may I go in?" Ormiston ground out an cath between his besth, and La Marque raised one jewelled, anowy,

taper finger reprovingly. "Don't Mr. Ormiston-it's naughty you know! May I go in ?"

"Madame, you are enough to drive a man mad. Is the love I bear you worthy of nothing

but mockery ?" "No, Mr. Urmistor, it is not; that is, suppos

ing you really love me, which you don't."

"Ob, you needn't flush and look indignant; itjis quite true ! Don't he absurd, Mr. Ormiston. How is it possible for you to love one you have never seen :

"I have seen you. Do you think I am blind ?" he demanded, indignantly. "My face, I mean. I don't consider that you

can see a person without looking in her face. Now you have never looked in mine, and how do you know I have any face at all?" "Madame, you mock me."

" Not at all. How are you to know what is

behind this mask ?" " I feel it, and that is better ; and I love you

all the same. Mr. Ormiston, how do you know but I am

ugly?" "Madame, I do not believe you are ; you are " Madame, I do not believe you are ; you are all too perfect not to have a perfect face; and even were it otherwise, I still love you." She broke into a laugh-one of her low, short,

deriding laughe. "You do ! O man, how wise thou art ! I tell

you, if I took off this mask, the sight would curdle the very blood in your veins with borror —would freeze the life-blood in your heart. I tell you !" she passionately cried, " there are sights too horrible for human beings to look on and live, and this-this is one of them ! He started back, and stared at her aghast.

"You think me mad," she said, in a less fierce tone, "but I am not; and I repeat it, Mr. Orm-

iston, the sight of what this mask conceals would blast you. Go now, for Lieaven's take, and leave me in peace, to drag out the rest of my miscrable life; and if ever you think of me, let is be to pray that it might speedily end. You have forced me to say pais; so now be content. Be merciful, and go !"

She made a desperate gesture, and turned to le .e him, but he caught her hand and held her

"Never !" he cried, fiercely. "Say what you will let that mask hide what it may ! I will never leave you till life leaves me !"

"Man, you are mad. Release my hand and let me go. "Madame, hear me. There is but one way to prove my love and my sanity, and that

"Well," she said, almost touched by his

earnestness. "Raise your mask and try me! Show me your face and see if I do not love you

still "Truly I know how much love you will have for me when it is revealed. Do you know that no one has looked in my face for the past eight years.

He stood and gazed at her in wonder.

"It is so, Mr. Ormiston ; and in my heart I have vowed a vow to plunge headlong into the ondon rather than

head and heart, but a great deal of some thing sweeter, joy-joy that thrilled and vibrated through every nerve within him. Leaning against the portal, in an absurd de-lirium of delight-for it takes but a trifle to jerk those lovers from the slimiest depths of the Slough of Despond to the topmost peak of the mountain of ecstasy-he uncovered his head that the night air might cool its feverish throbbings, But the night air was as hot as his beart; and, almost sufficient by the suftry closeness, he was about to start for a plunge in the river, when the sound of coming footsteps and voices arrested him. He had met with so many odd adventures to-night that he stopped now to see who was coming, for on every hand all was silent and forsaken. Footsteps and all was silent and forsaken. Footseps and voices came closer; two figures took shape in gloon, and emerged from the darkness into the glimmering lamp light. He recognized them both. One was the Earl of Rochester; the other, his dark eyed, handsome page—that strange page with the face of the lost lady I The earl was chatting familiarly, and laughing obstreperously at something or other, while the boy merely wore a languid smile, as if anything further in that line were quite ineach his further in that line were quite beneath his

dignity. Silence and solitude," said the earl, with a careless glance around, "I protest, Hubert this inght sceme endless. How long is it till mid-

nighq ?' An hour and a half at least, I should fancy. answered the boy, with a strong foreign accent. "I know it struck ten as we passed St. Paul's." "I know it struck ten as we passed St. Faul's." "This grand bonfire of our most worshipful Lord Mayor will be a sight worth seeing," re-marked the earl. "When all these piles are lighted, the city will be one sea of fire." "A slight foretaste of what most of its in-habitants will behold in another world," said the page, with a French shrug. "I have heard Lilly's prediction that London is to be purified by fire, like a second Sodom: verhans it is to

by fire, like a second Sodom; perhaps it is to be verified to night." "Not unlkely; the dome of St. Paul's would

be an excellent place to view the conflagra-"The river will do almost as well, my lord.

"We will have a chance of knowing that presently," said the earl, as he and his page de-scended to the river, where the little gilded barge lay moored, and the boatmen waiting.

As they passed from sight Ormiston come forth, and watched thoughtfully after them. The face and figure were that of a lady, but the worke was different; both were clear and musical enough, but she spoke Ecglish with the parest accent, while his was the voice of a foreigner. Is must have been one of those strange, unaccountable likenesses we sometimes attange, unaccountable likenesses we sometimes see among perfect strangers, but the re-semblance in this case was something won-derful. It brought his thoughts back from himself and his own fortunate love, to his violently smitten friend, Sir Norman, and his plague-stricken beloved; and he began specu just then, or what he could possibly do about just then, or what he had discovered in the old ruin. Suddenly he was aroused; a moment before, the silence had been almost oppressive bub now on the wings of the night, there came a shout. A tumult of voices and footsteps were

approaching. "Stop her ! Stop her !" was cried by many voices; and the next instant a fleet figure went flying past birn with a rush, and plunged head foremost into the river. A slight female figure, with floating robes of white; waving hair of deep-est blackness, with a sparkle of jewels on neck and arms. Oaly for an instant did he see it ; but he know it well, and his very heart stood still "Shep her! stop her! she is ill of the plague !" should the crowd, pressing, panting on ; but they came too late; the white vision had gone down into the black, sluggish river,

and disappoared. "Who is it? Where is it?" cried two or three watchmen, brandishing their halberts, and rushing up; and the crowd-a amall mob of a dozen or so-answered all at once: "She is delirious with the plague; she was running through the street ; we gave chase, but she out-stepped us, and is now at the bottom of the Thames.

Ormiston waited to hear no more, but rushed precipitately down to the waters edge. The alarm had now reached the boats on the river, and many cyes within them were turned in the direction whence she had gone down. Soon she re-appeared on the dark rurface-scenething whiter than snow, whiter than death; shining like silver, shone the glittoring dress and marbel face of the bride. A small batteau lay close to

where Ormisbon stood; in two seconds he had sprang in, shoved it off, and was rowing vico-ouely toward that snow wreath in the inky river.

"Yes. Yes. Let us go there! Prudence is there, and she will take care of me." "Will she?" said Ormiston, doubtedly. "I "I

hope you do not suffer much pain?" "I do not suffer at all," she said wearily; "only I am so tired. Oh, I wish I were home !"

and helped her in. "Where now ?" he asked.

"Upstairs," she said, feebly. "I want to go to my own room." Ormiton know where that was, and assisted her there as tenderly as he could have done La Masque her. elf. He paused on the threshold;

for the room was dark. "There is a lamp and a tinder box on the mantel," said the faint, sweet voice, "if you will only please to find them."

Ormiston crossed the room-fortunately he knew the latitude of the place-and moving his hand with gingerly precaution along the mantel-shelf, lest he should upset any of the gimcracks thereon, soon obtained the articles named, and struck a light. The lady was leaning wearily against the door post, but now she came forward, and dropped exhausted into the

came forward, and dropped exhausted into the downy pillows of a lounge. "Is there anything J can do for yon, madame?" began Ormiston, with as solicitous an air as though he had been her father. "A glass of wine would be of use to you. I think, and then, if you wish, I will go for a doctor." "You are very kind. You will find wine and classe in the norm onposite this, and I feel so

glasses in the room opposite this, and I feel so so faint that I think you had better bring me 60**0**718. ¹ Ormiston moved across the passage, like the

good, obedient young man that he was, filled a glass of Burgundy, and as he was returning with was startled by a cry from the lady that i٥, nearly made him drop and shiver it on the

floor. "What under heaven has come to her now ?" he thought, hastening in, wondering how she could possibly have come to grief since he left her.

it was one of a range of lower vaults, and as he was at least fourteen feet above it, and his corner somewhat in shadow, there was little She was sitting upright on the sofa, her dress pulled down off her shoulder where the plague-spot had been; and which, to his amazement, he saw now pure and stainless, and free from

to look at his leisure, he took the goeds the gods provided him, and stared to his heart's every loathsome trace. "You are cured of the plague !" was all he Sir Normau had seen some queer sights during the four-and-twency years he had spent in this queer world, but never anything quite equal to this. The apartment below, though so exceedingly large, was lighted with the brilliancy of noon-day; and every object is contained, from one end to the other, was distinctly revealed. The floor, from glimpses he had of it in obscure corners, was of stone; but from and to end it was covered with richest

could cry. "Thank God !" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands. "But oh ! how can it have happened ? It must be a miracle !" " No,

it was your plunge into the river; I have beard of one or two such cases before, and if ever I take it." said Ormiston, half laughing, half shuddering, "my first rush shall be for old Father Thames. Here drink this, I am certain it will complete the cure." The girl-she was nothing but a girl-drank

it off and sat up right like one inspired with new life. As she set down the glass, she lifted her dark, solemn, beautiful eyes to his face with a

Carte, Bolenin, bound in eyes to his face with a long, searching gaze.
"What is your name ?" she simply asked.
"Ormiston, madame," he sad, bowing low.
"You have saved my life, have you not?"
"It was the Earl of Rochester who rescued

you from the river; but I would have done it a

noment !ster.' "I do not mean that. I me m"-with a slight

shudder-"are you not one of those I saw at the plague pit? Oh ! that dreadful, dreadful plague-pip !" she cried, covering her face with her hands.

"Yes. I am one of those " "And who was the other ?"

" My friend, Sir Norman Kingsloy."

e nut mied with strains of softeat and eweetest nut from the value hands. At one extremity of and opposite it, at the other extremity of glittering throne. It stood on a raised dais, covered with crimson velvet, reached by two or three steps carpeted with the same; the throne was as magnificent as gold and or a more than the state of the throne was as magnificent as gold and or a more than the state of the throne and opposite it, at the other extremity of three steps carpeted with the same; the throne as magnificent as gold and or a more than the state of the throne as magnificent as gold and or a more than the state of the throne the throne the three steps carpeted with the same the throne the throne the three steps carpeted with the same the throne the throne the three steps carpeted with the same the throne throne the throne throne the thr "Sir Norman Kingeley ?" she softly repeated, with a sort of recognition in her voice and eyes, while a faint roseate glow rose softly over her face and neck. Ah ! I thought-was it to his "To his "replied Ormiston, looking at her

curiously; for he had seen that rosy glow, and was extremely puzzled thereby; "from whence, allow me to add, you took your departure rather unceremoniously."

canopy. From the doot view by edged and em-long strip of crimson velveb, edged and em-broidered with gold, and arranged in a sweep-ing semi-circle, on either side, was a row of great, carvel, gilded, and cushioned chairs, brilliant, too, with crimson and gold, and "Did I?" she said, in a bewildered sort of way. "It is all like a dream to me. I remem-ber Prudence screaming, and telling me I had the plague, and the unutterable horror that each, for every-day Christians, a throns in it [filled me when I heard ib; and then the next flashing of gilding and gold, the tropical flush of seeing your face and his bending over me. All walls, the intoxicating guenes of perfume, and the horror came back with that awakening, and the delicious strains of unseen music, it is no hered and anguish of the plague sore I wonder Sir Norman Kingelan's hered.

"And you would like to see my friend ?" he menaded up and down, arm in arm; they pro-said, with malicious emphasis. "I would like to thank him," retorted the seated themselves in the carved and gilded the seated themselves in the carved and gilded in the groups to talk

and you would have to see my insert the said, with malicious emphasis. "I would like to thank him," retorted the lady, with some asperity; "you have told me how much I owe him, and it strikes me the de-sire is somewhat natural." chairs; they gathered in little groups to talk and laugh, did everything, in short, but accend the throne; and the solitary spectator up above began to grow intensely curious to know who it was for. Their conversation he could plainly bear, and to say that it amazed him, would be to use a feeble expression, altogether imadequate to this feelings. Not that it was the remarks they made that gave his system such a shock, but the names by which they addressed each other. One answered to the aspiring cognomen

"Without doubt it is, and will save Sir Nor-man much fruitless labor; for even now he is

speak. Lesning panting on his arm, he drew her gently on until they reached the door. It is search of me in deed kind, and I am most anxious word, and not gone near it; and he opened it "I will bring him here in. "In search of me !" she said forty, and when the rearring that recy glow again illuminating her beautiful.
that recy glow again illuminating her beautiful.
that recurst. Now that is wan the remarks they made that gave his system such a shock, the that him."
"I will bring him here in two hours, then,"
"I will bring him here in two hours, then,"
"I will bring him here in two hours, then,"
"I will bring him here in two hours, then,"
"I will bring him here in two hours, then,"
"I will bring him here in two hours, then,"
will not object to it; for if you do, he will certainly rot survive till morning."
Bhe gayly langhed, but her cheek was scartet.
"Rather than that, Mr. Ormiston, I will even see hum to night. You will find me here when you come."
"You wi not run away again, will you", and ormiston, looking at her doubtfully "Excase me; but you have a trick of composite. You going?"
Again abe laughed merrily.
"I thick you may safely trust me this time. Are yon going?"
Again abe laughed merrily.
"How long have you known Sir Norman Kingsley ?" was his careless, arful queseron. But Leol ne, tspiping one little foot on the foor, and looking down at it with hot cheeks and hurried eycs, answered not a word.
CHAPTER VIII.
THE MIDNIGHT OUEEN.
When Sir Norman Kingsley entered the ancient run, his head was full of Leoline- were all coles consets, and such should the gay jingle of voices roas the sweet, faint string other appring bell, and sweetly over the gay jingle of voices roas the sweet, faint string other and there appring here were and the same tance the was full of Leoline- were music.

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN. When Sir Norman Kingsley entered the ancient ruin, his head was full of Leoline-when he knelt down to look through the aper-ture in the flagged floor, head and heart were full of her still. But the moment his eyes fell on the scene hereath averthing fled for from

on the scene beneath, everything fied far from his thoughts, Leoline among the rest; and

nothing remained but a profound and absorbing

feeling of intenseet amaze. Right below him he beheld an immense room, of which the flag he had raised seemed to form

part of the ceiling, in a remote corner. Evidently

danger of his been seen. So, leaning far down

Sir Normau had seen some queer sights during

rugs and mate, and squares of velvet of as many colors as Joseph's ceat. The walls were hung

with splendid tapes ry, gorgeous in eilk and coloring, respresenting the wars of Troy, the exploits of Cour Je Lion among the Saracene,

the death of Hercules, all on one side; and on the other, a more modern representation, the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The illumination

capopy of the same deep, rich color, cut in antique points, and heavily hung with gold fringe

was above the seat of houor. Beside it, to the right, but a little lower down, was a similar

throne, somewhat less superb, and minus a canopy. From the door to the throne was a

ornamentation could make it.

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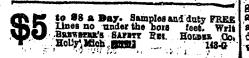
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ever raise it again. My friend, be satisfied. Go and leave me : go and forget me." "I can do centher until I have crased to for get everything earthly. Madame, I implore

you hear me." "Mr. Ormiston, I tell you you bub court your own doom. No one can look or me and

"I will risk it," he said, with an incredulous "I will risk it, "ne said, with an increations smile. "Only promise to show me your face." "Be it so, then !" she cried, almost fiercely. "I promise, and be the consequences on your own head." His whole face flushed with joy.

"I accept them. And when is that happy

time to come ?" "Who knows? What must be done, had best be done quickly; but I tell thee it were safer to play with the lightning's chain than tamper with what thou art about to do." "I take the risk ! Will you raise your mask

now? "No, ao-I cannot ! But yet I may before the sun riser. My face'-with bitter scorn-"shows better by darkness than by daylight.

Will you be out to see the grand illumination?" "Most certainly." "Then meet me here an hour after midnight,

and the face so long hidden shall be revealed. But, once again, on the threshold of doom, I

entreat you to pause." "There is no such word for me !" he fiercely and exultingly cried, "I have your promise, and I shall hold you to it ! And, madame, if, at last, you discover my love is changeless as fate itself, then-may I not dare to hope for a return ?'

"Yes; then you may hope," she said, with cold mockery. "If your love survives the sight it will be mighty, indeed, and well worthy a eturn.

'And you will return it ?"

"I will. "You will be my wife ?"

"With all my heart !" "My darling !" he cried, rapturously-"for you are mine already-how can I ever thank you for this? If a whole lifetime devoted and concernted to your happiness can repay you, it shall be yours !

During this rhapsody, her hand had been on the handle of the door. Now she turned

it, "Good night, Mr. Ormiston, she said, and vanished.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PABL'S BARGE.

Shocks of joy, they tell me, seldom kill. Of my own knowledge I cannot say, for I have had precious listle experionce of such shocks in my lifetime. Heaven knows; but in the present instance, I can safely aver, they had no such dis-mal effect on Ormiston. Nothing earthly could have grant that young content ion mal effect on Ormiston. Nothing earthly could have given that young gentleman greater joy than the knowledge he was to behold the long hidden face of his idol. That that face was ugly, he did not for an inetant believe, or, at least, it never would he ugly to him. With a least, it never would he ugly to him. With a lesst, it never would be ugly to him. With a form so perfect—a form a sylph might have envied—a voice sweeter than the Singing Foun-tain of Arabia, hands and feet the most perfeely basisfi and the sun ever shore on, it was simply a moral and physical impossibility, then, they could be joined to a repulsive face. There was a remote possibility that it was a little less exquisite than those ravishing items, and that her morbid fancy made her imagine it homely, compared with them, but he knew he never didoes and antics of her late tenement. There is the date to a first your own house, if you was you for a more weighty burden, if was the reason stalks, and, standing afar off, eyes disdainfully the taking me to?"

But he was forestalled; two hands white and jweled as her owu, reached over the redge of a gilled barge, and, with the help of the boatmen, lifted her in. Before she could be properly established on the cushioned seats, the batteau was alongside, and Ormiston turned a very white and excited face toward the E'fl for Rochester.

"I know that lady, my lord ! She is a friend of mine, and you must give her to me !"

"Is it you, Ormiston ? Why what brings you here alone on the river at this hour ?"

"I have come for her," said Ormiston, pressing over to life the lady. "May I beg you to assist me, my lord, in transferring her to my boat ?

boat ?" "You must wait till I see her first," said Rochester, partly raising her head, and hold-ing a lamp close to her face, "as I have picked her out, I think I deserve it. Heavens ! what an extraordinary likeness !"

an extraordinary likenees !" The earl had glanced at the lady, then at his page, again at the lady, and lastly at Ormiston, his handsome countenance full of the most unmitigated wonder. "To whom?" asked Ormiston who had very little need to in-

guire. "To Hubert, yonder. Why, don's you see it yourself? She might be his twin sister !" "She might be, but as she is not, you will have

the goodness to let me take charge of her. She has escaped from her friends, and I must bring her back to them."

He half lifted her as he spoke ; and the boat man, glad enough to get rid of one sick of the plague, helped her into the batteau. The lady was not incensible, as might be supposed, after her cold bath, but extremely wide awake, and gazing around with her great black, sh ning syes. But she made no resistance ; either she Was too faint or frightened for that, and sulfered hereelf to he hoisted about, "passive to all changes." Ormiston spread his cloak in the stern of the boat, and laid her tenderly upon it, and though the beautiful, wistful eyes were solemnly and unwickingly fixed on his face, the pale, sweet lips parted not-uttered never a word. The wet bridal robes were drenched and drippling about her, the long dark hair hung in saturated masses over her neck and arms and contrasted masses over her next and anna and contrasted vividly with a face, Ormiston thought, at once the whitest, most beautiful, and most stonelike he had ever seen. "Thank you, my man; thank you, my lord,"

said Ormiston, preparing to push off. Rochester, who had been leaning from the barge, gazing in mingled curiosity, wonder and

admiration at the lovely face, turned now to her champion. "Who is she, Ormiston?" he said persua

aively.

But Ormiston only laughed and rowed ener-petically to the shore. The crowd was still lingering, and half a dozen hands were extended to d aw the best up to the landing. He lifted

Ormiston was so surprised, or rather dis-mayed, by this unexpacted address, that he complied at once and placed her on her own complied at once and placed her on her own pretty fest. But the young lady's sense of pro-priety was a good deal stronger than her physi-cal powers, and she swayed and tottered and had to cling to her unknown friend for support. had to cling to her unknown friend for support. "You are scarcely strong enough, I am afraid, dear lady," he said kindly. "You had better let me carry you. I assure you I am quite equal to it, or even a more weighty burden, if necessity required." "Thank you sir," said the faint voice faintly; "bat I would rather walk. Where are you

between it and anguish of the plague sore I think I fainted again" (Ormiston nodded saga-ciously), "and when I next recovered ciously), "and when I next recovered I was alone in a strange room, and in bed. I noticed that, though I think I must have been delirious. And then, half mad with agony. I got out to the street somehow and ran, and ran, and ran, until the people saw and followed me here. I suppose I had some idea of reaching home when I came here; but the crowd pressed so close be-

hind, and I felt through all my delirium that they would bring me to the pest-house if they caught me, and drowning seemed to me prefer-able to that. So I was in the river before I knew it—and you know the rest as well as I do. But I owe you my life, Mr. Ormiston—owe it to you and another ; and I thank you both with

ali my heart." "Madame, you are too gratefol ; and I don't know as we have done anything much to deserve it.'

"You have saved my life; and though you may shink that a valueless trifle, not worth speaking of. I assure you I view it in a very dif-ferent light," she said, with a balf smile.

"Lady, your life is invaluable; but as to our saving it, why, you would not have us throw you alive into the plague pit, would you ?" "It would have been rather barbarous, I con-fess; but there are few who would risk infec-

tion for the sake of a mere stranger. Instead of doing as you did, you might have sent me to the pest house, you know." "Oh, as to that, all your gratitude is due to

Sir Norman. He managed the whole affair, and what is more, fell-but I will leave that for himself to disclose. Meantime, may I ask the name of the lady I have been so fortunate as to 89rv6

"Undoubtedly, sir-my name is Leoline." "Leoline is only half a name."

"Then I am so unfortunate as only to possess half a name, for I never had any other.

Ormisson opened his eyes very wide indeed. "No other ! You must have had a father

some time in your life; most papels have," said the young gentleman, reflectively. She shock her head a little sadly. "I never had, that I know of, either father

or mother, or any one but Prudence. And by the way," ehe said, half starting up, "the first thing to be done is, to see about this same Pru-dence. She must be somewhere in the house." "Prudence is nowhere in the house," said Ormistoa, quietly; "and will not be, she says, " said for a munth to come. She is afraid of the

"Is she?" said Leoline, fixing her eyes on him with a powerful glance. "How do you know that?"

"I heard her say so not half an hour ago, to s lady a few doors distant. Perhaps you know her-La Masque."

"That singular being | I don't know her ; hut I have seen her often. Why was Prudence talking of me to her, I wonder?" "Thas I do not know ; but talking of you she

was, and she said she was coming back here no more. Perhaps you will be afraid to stay here alone?"

alone?" "Ob no," I am used to being alone, she said, with a little tigh, "but where," hesitating and blushing vividly, "where?is-I mean, I should like to thank Sir Norman Kingsley." Ormiston saw the blush and the eyes that dropped, and it puzzled him again beyond

measure. "Do you know Sir Norman Kingsley ?" he

" Do you rhow Shr Norman Kinghey ? He wild managered and all the word, and nature gettered, with as much perfec-tion as so many usered, and an the word, and nature perfec-tion as so many usered, which as much perfec-tion as so many usered, which as much perfec-tion as so many usered, which as much perfec-tion as so many usered, and all the word, and nature perfec-tion as so many usered, and an use perfec-tion as so many usered, and an usered as and as royally as any common king or

wonder Sir Norman Kingsley's head was spin-ning like a bewildered testotum. Was he sance-was he sleeping? Had he drank too much wine at the Golden Crown, and drank too much wine at the Golden Crown, and had it all gone to his head? Was it a scene of ennest enchantment, or were fairy-tales true? Like bou Harson, when he awoke in the palace of the facetious Ualiph of Bagdad, he had no notion of believing his own eyes and ears, and quietly concluded it was all an optical illusion, as ghosts are said to be; but he quietly resolved to stay there, nevertheless, and see how to stay there, nevertheless, and see how the dszzling phantasmagoria would end. The music was certainly ravishing, and it seemed to him, as he listened with enchanted cars, that he never wanted to wake up from so heavenly a dream.

One thing struck him as rather odd ; strange and bewildered as everything was, it did not seem at all strange to him, on the contrary, a vague idea was floating mistily through his mind that he had babeld precisely the same thing somewhere before. Probably at some past period of his life he had beheld a similar vision, or had seen a picture somewhere like it in a tale of magic, and satisfying bimself with this conclusion, he began wondering if the genii of the place were going to make their appear-ance at all, or if the knowledge that human eyes were upon them had scared them back to

While still ruminating on this important question, a partian of the tapestry, almost beneath him, shriveled up and up and out flock. ed a glutlering throng, with a musical mingling of laughter and voices. Still they came, more and more, until the great room was almost filled, and a dazling throng they were. Sir Norman had mingled in many a brilliant scene at Whitehall, where the gorgeous court of Charles shone in all its splendor, with the "merry monarch" at their head, but all he had ever witnessed at the king's court fell far short of this pageant. Half the brilliant flock were ladies, super in sa-tins, silks, velvets and jewels. And such jewels! every gem that ever flashed back the sunlight sparkled and blazed in blending array on those beautiful bosons and arms-diamonds, pearls, opals, emeralds, rubies, garnets, sapphires, amethysts-every jewel that ever shone. But neither dresses nor gems were half so superb as the pserless forms they adorned; and such an army of perfectly beautiful faces, from purest blonde to brightest brunette, had never met and mingled together before.

Each lovely face was unmasked, but Sir Norman's dazzled eyes in vain sought among them for one he knew. All that "rosebud garden of girls" were perfect strangers to him, but in by the gallacts, who furthered among them like moths around meteors. They, too, were in gorgeous array, in purple and fine linen. which being interpreted, signification in silken here of every color under the sun, spaugled and embroidered slippers radiant with diamond buckles, doublets of as many different shades as their tights, slashed with satin and embroid-ered with gold. Most of them wore huge powdered wige, according to the hideous fashion then in vogue, and under those same ugly scalps laughed many a handsome face Sir Norman well knew. The majority of those richly robed gallants were strangers to him as well as the ladies, but who aver they were underber mortal men or "garities" strangers to him as well as the ladies, but who-ever they were, whether mortal men or "spirits from the vasty deep," they were in the tallest sort of clover just then. Evidently they knew it too, and seemed to be on the best of terms with themselves and all the world, and laughed, and filted, and flattered, with as much perfec-tion as so many unit room Apollos of the pre-sent day.

neck and arms, snowy and perfect, ablaze with jewels; that lovely face, like snow, like marble, in its whiteness and calm, with the great, dark, earnest eyes looking cut, and the waving wealth of hair falling around it. It was the very scene, and room, and vision, that La Masque had shown him in the caldron, and that face was the face of Leoline, and the earl's

page. Could he be dreaming ? Was he same or mad.

or were the three really one? While he looked, the beautiful queen bowed low, and amid the profoundest and most re-spectful silence, took her seat. In her robes of purple, wearing the glittering crown, sceptre in band, throned and canopied, royally beautiful she looked indeed, and a most vivid contrast to the gentleman near her, seated very much at his ease, on the lower throne. The contrast was not of dress-for his outward man was resplandent to look at ; but in figure and face, or grace and dignity, he was a very mean specime of the lords of creation, indeed. In stature he scarcely reached to the queen's royal shoulder, but made up sideways what he wanted in length—being the breadth of two common men! his head was in proportion to his width, and was decorated with a wig of long, fl wing, flaxen hair, that scarcely harmonized with a profusion of the article whickers, in hue most unmitigated black; his eyes were small, keen, bright and piercing, and glared on the assembled company us they had done half an hour before on Sir Norman Kingeley, in the bor. room of the Golden Crown; for the royal little man was no other than Caliban, the dwarf. Behind the thrones the flock of floral angels grouped themselves; architehop, prime minis-ter, and embassadors took their stand within the lines of the soldiery, and the music softly and impressively died away in the distance ;

and impressively offer away in the distance, dead silence reigned. "My lord duke," began the queen, in the very voice he had heard at the plague pit, as she turned to the stylish individual next the arch-bishop "come forward and read us the roll of matter in size out hat measing"

morta ity since our last meeting." His grace, the duke, instantly stepped for ward, bowing so low that nothing was seen of him for a brief space but the small of his back, and when he reared himself up, after this con-vulsion of nature, Sir Norman beheld a face not entirely new to him. At first he could not ima-ine where he had seen it, but speedily he recollected is was the identical face of the highway-man who had beaten an inglorious retreat from him and Count L'Estrange, that very night. This ducal robber drew forth a roll of parchment, and began reading, in lachrymose tones, a select litanyof defunct gentlemen with hialutin titles who had departed this life during the pre-sent week. Most of them had gone with the plague, but a few had died from natural causes, and among these were the Earls of Oraven and Ashley.

"My lords Craven and Ashley dead !" ex claimed the queen, in tones of some surprise, but very little auguich ; that is singular, for we saw them out two hours ago, in excellent health

and spirits." "True, your majesty," said the duke dole-fully," and it is not an hour since they quitted this vale of tears. They and myself rode forth at nightfall, according to custom, to lay your majesty's tax on all travellers, and soon chanced nced to encounter one who gave vigorous bathle; still, it would have done him little service, had sum, it would have done him inthe service, had not another person come suddenly to his aid, and between them they clove the skulls of Ashley and Craven; and I," said the duke mo-destly, "I left."

deatly, "I left." "Were either of the travellers young, and tall and of courtly bearing ?" exclaimed the dwarf, th sharp rudeness.

were, your highness," replied the