CORRESPONDENCE.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN. To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITHESS: SIR :- I observe in your issue of the 4th inst. an article under the above heading justly commenting in scathing terms upon the unmanly and Iude conduct of a certain Lieutenant Keating, a Catholic officer in temporary command of a regiment at Birr, who, in consequence of some remarks made by a Catholic Priest on the land agitation, ordered the men under his command to leave the Church before the close of the service. When reading your remarks my remembrance went back to a few years agowhen serving in a volunteer regiment during the Fenian raid. Our Company was stationed first at St. Valentine and afterwards at Cornwall under a Protestant Captain. But Sir, mark the difference in his conduct to that of Lieutenat Keating, a socalled Catholic. Every Sunday while at St. Valentine our Catholic members were ordered to parade for Divine service, and although we might have been sent in charge of a Sergeant, our Captain marched to church with us and there reverently worshipped the Great Father of All, and I am quite sure that the Rev. Father Perrault of St. Valentine and Rev. Father O'Connor of Cornwall will long remember with pleasure our liberal-minded Protestant Captain. And Sir, although strict disciplinarian he was careful of our comforts and was frequently to be heard addressing his men as follows:— " My men, in addition to your duty to your country, do not forget your duty to parents, wives or little ones at home, so save all you can and send it to them." So that by the example and precept of a liberal-minded Protestant officer the duty of his Catholic men was rendered agreeable, and their families made comfortable during their absence. This officer, to his honor be it said, is our wellknown and highly respected citizen, H. H.

A CATHOLIC MEMBER OF THE COMPANY.

Geddes, late Captain commanding No. 7 Com-

pany, Hochelega Light Infantry (now 6th

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION. To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Sir. It is no secret that His Lordship Bishop Bourget, up to the very date of his resignation, had constantly, and with all that energy which was one of his chief characterlstics, labored to obtain for his Episcopal See a University, and that his efforts met with constant, and unfortunately successful, opposition from the authorities of the Laval University, Quebec. Yet, the University of Quebec was founded with the destined understanding that Laval was not to be a Provincial Institution, but that other cities should have similar facilities for the spread of higher education. On the 27th April. 1852. His Lordship the Archbishop of Quebec wrote to His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal in the following terms :--

"The Seminary of Quebec does not desire to grasp the monoply of higher education, and its only intention is to obtain the commencement of a University in obsining now, privileges, which later can be obtained by other institutions.

In 1859 the Bishop of Montreal was again endeavoring to secure a University. The Rector of the Laval University opposed the application on the ground of inexpediency for the time being, and on the 4th June, 1859, he wrote to His Lordship the Archbishop of Quebec a letter in which he made the following declaration :- "But the establishment of a University, which at this date would be premature, will before many years become useful, and even necessary, especially as we have no intention to make of our institution the centre of a great number of students, le rendezvous d'une jeunesse bien pour breuse. Wo

know too well what those great assemblies of young people have ever been, to wish that the students at our medical and legal faculties should ever be more than one hundred. A little patience, therefore, and the turn of Montreal will come, not only without inconvenience to any one, but for the greater advantage of all."

We cannot understand, after these declarations, the persistency of the Laval authorities in wishing to establish a branch at Montreal. Their appeal to England to that effect has been unsuccessful, and they have been told that they had no such right. Having failed by ordinary legal means, they now address themselves to the Legislature for a right which it was never intended to give to them, which they disclaimed themselves and which the majority of our citizens refuse to grant them. This practice of demanding special powers from Parliament when the ordinary law refuses it, is a reprehensible practice and should be stopped. Every little company, every small corporation or municipality, not excluding great ones like Montreal, the very moment they are thwarted in any of their desires, rush off to Parliament like little children to their mother, to be allowed to do this, or that or the other thing, and our Statutes have become a perfect labyrinth of confusion, inconsistency and absurdity, in which neither lawyer or layman can find sense or principle. The Laval University was established for definite purposes, with definite

powers, and on its own showing with very

modest pretentions. It was never intended to become a Provincial Institution; it can never become a Provincial Institution. Were it to establish a branch at Montreal, that branch would soon become more important than the University itself, unless the authorities prevented such a consummation; this they would certainly endeavor to accomplish, for it would never do for them to allow the tail to lead the head. A branch at Montreal, if properly conducted, if giving to students proper facilities for study, would certainly see upon its rolls a more numerous body of students than Quebec can ever hope to count upon; the ises and revenues derived from such students would be greater; if those fees and revenues were justly distributed for the benefit of Montreal, and if this city obtained its fair share of other revenues our branch would soon surpass its parent. The professorships would be more numerous, and the lectures likewise better attended, hence also the fees would be greater and the Professors would be entitled to more remuneration than their Quebec confreres: receiving more remuncration they would see that it would be in their interest, as it would be in accordance with their pride to devote more care, greater study and better preparation to their lectures; as a consequence these lectures would naturally be superior to those given at Quebec, and would see Laval in the humiliating position of being a oreator less important that its creature,

a parent inferior to its offspring, inferior in the attendance of its students, inferior in the number of its proof its fessorships, inferior in the excellence of its lectures. Let the gentlemen of Laval reflect upon the prospects before them, and let our people beware lest their rivals, to prevent such a discomfiture, should use untair means to check our advance and crush out our legitimate ambition.

Montreal, May 13, 1881.

BULL BUN RUSSELL.

To the Editor of THE POST and TRUE WITNESS. Sm,-As Bull Run Russell has come to town it may be in order to throw a farthing

rush light on his past career.

He arrived in New York in 1861 and was nvited to dine on St. Patrick's eve by the Knights of St. Patrick at the Astor House,

When "Our Native Land" was toasted one of the members said, " Mr. Russell, you are an Irishman," he got up, in reply, and in-formed us that he was an " Englishman born in Ireland." The New York Herald published it next day, and American people could not perceive how an Englishman could be born in Ireland. Irishmen know that Ireland produces, feeds and educates too many of that class.

Mr. Russeil remained in Ireland until the age of 16, when he went to London and got a position on the London Times, in whose

service he came to New York. Would some of your readers inform me of the process an Irishman must go through to become an Englishman?

Mr. Russell was the first to run from the battle of Bull Run, and first to arrive in Washington, where he wrote his reports and did his utmost to defame the character of Captain Thomas Francis Meagher, by stating that he showed the white feather. A baser falsebood never was uttered. As a matter of course it was proved that Meagher was most reckless and led his men to the mouth of the enemies' guns, and that his horse's hoofs were on the parapets.

Russell knew what would please his employers and bring him into royal favor. Had Colonel Corcoran and Meagher obeyed orders and paraded the 69th Irish regiment,

in honor of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Russell would have written a very different report.
The New York Herald christened him
Bull Run." When his false reports become known, he, like Anthony Froude, had to leave Washington and the States, while Thomas Francis Meagher was made a General for his gallantry, and finally Governor of Montana

Yours truly, An American Citizen. Montreal, May 10, 1881.

Hair is plentifully supplied to all men by bountiful nature, but through the neglect, which rarely attends our other gifts, it is allowed to decay and lose its lustre; in fact it turns grey. Art, however, supplies a remedy, as will be found by a few weeks use of Luby's Hair Renewer. Sold by chemists, 50 cents a bottle.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE

At the fourth meeting of the Monetary Conference to-day Signor Luzzati, one of the Italian delegates, replying to the arguments of M. Pirmizi in favor of monometallism, made a telling speech, in which, after stoutly disputing that gentleman's assertion with regard to gold monometallism, he said that Prince Bismarck now seemed inclined to abandon his gold theory. He paid an eloquent tribute to the greatness of the American nation, and declared that it would be long before the current of gold would set back to Europe, for the needs of the United States and their enormous development of industry and trade would necessitate an immense increase in the gold circulation. He argued that silver accumulated in the great European and American banks, not because the people disliked that metal, but simply because there was an enforced preference for gold owing to the Legislatures of the great commercial nations having made it the sole international money. On Thursday M. Cernuschi and one of the American delegates will probably address the Conference on the same side as Signor Luzzati.

" WOMEN NEVER THINK."

If the crabbed this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false .- Picaveine.

LAND REFORM IN RUSSIA.

Sr. Petersburg, May 10 .- The Ukase relative to peasants' rents, the terms of which have been settled, is expected to be issued in a few days. Melikoff and Dabasa have been the midnight hour booming solemnly through its principal promoters. The experience of the quiet town, was ushering in the eternal twenty years has shown that the payments imposed upon the peasants for land received at the time of the emancipation of the serfs brought much more benefit to the landed proprietors than to the peasants.

In many cases these payments amount to more than the whole income capable of being had been his mania from the first to escape. derived from the land. The Ukase will decree that the proprietors and peasants may come to voluntary agreement for the complete trans for of ownership to the peasants until January 1st, 1883, when the period obligatory to the transfer will begin. In the meantime the room, and the consummation of his purpose. annual payment will be reduced forthwith to a rate which the peasants are able to pay, and assistance will be afforded them to redeem to take a nop, and it was the cry of fire, their holding s The Government will and its dull roar around, that awoke her. assume the payment of 9,000,000 roubles an- | Bewildered by sleep and fear, she lost all nually to indemnify the proprietors for reduced payments received from the peasants, which will be taken from the accumulated profits of the State Bank, now amounting to about one hundred million roubles.

Neither the Syndicate, the Scott Act, or the Irish question causes half the sensational comment, that is caused by the popularity of Burdock Blood Bitters. This great emedy is marvellous in its success in curing | calm beyond all telling; she walked alone Chronic diseases when other medicines have from Scarswood; she had heard every word of failed. It is the best Blood Purifying Tonic A specific and Liver Invigorator known. for all diseases of Blood, Liver and Kidneys. Sample Bottles 10 cents. 40-2

Five hundred acres of land around Yorktown have been purchased by the committee | dash after ; she saw the red light in the sky, association formed to celebrate the centennial anniversary of Lord Cornwallis surrender. The land will be beautifully laid off as a parade and camp ground for the French and American soldiers. The new buildings will strange man had said; be erected near the site of the village. Vir. "Lady Cecil Clive is giula is anticipating a lively celebration of her name is Katherine Harman. The childthis anniversary.

The Standard's Newcastle, Natal, despatch says the question of punishment for acts contrary to civilized warfare was the first subject ! which came before the Royal Commission. It has been decided to exclude representaives of the press from the sittings of the Com-

The proprietor of Burdock Blood he spoke of had been the nurse-and the Bitters challenges the world to produce the nurse had given Lord Ruysland her own record of a medicine that has achieved a more child. If so, then Mrs. Harman must be her wonderful success or better credentials, in so mother. The thread of thought broke here. short a period of time as has this great Blood | She arranged the primroses in a different fa-Purifier and System Renovator. Its cures are shion, twisting a blade of grass about the

EVENING CHANT.

BY ADELAIDS A. PROCTOR. Strew before our Lady's picture—
Roses—finshing like the sky,
Where the lingering western cloudlets
Watch the lingering daylight die.

Violets steeped in dreamy odors. Humble as the Mother mild, Blue as were her eyes when watching O'er her sleeping Child.

Strew white Lilles, pure and spotless, Bending on their stalks of green, Bending down with tender pity,— Like our Holy Queen.

Let the flowers spend their fragrance On our Lady's own dear shrine. While we claim her gracious helping Near her Son Divine.

Strew before our Lady's picture Gentle flowers, fair and sweet, Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Sorrow, Place, too at her feet.

Hark! the Angelus is ringing.— Ringing through the fading light, In the heart of every blossom Leave a prayer to-night.

All night long will Mary listen.
While our pleadings fond and deep,
On their scented breath are rising For us-while we sleep.

Scarcely through the starry silence
Shall one trembling petal stir,
While they breathe their own sweet fragrance And our prayer-to her. Peace to every heart that loves her!
All her children shall be blessed;
While she prays and watches for us.
We will trust and rest.

Next week will be commenced in THE POST the Serial "Charlie most charming Stories ever published and written by one of the purest and most charming of

authors. REDMOND O'DONNELL

LE CHASSEUR d'AFRIQUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXVII .- CONTINUED.

He laid her on the ground senseless, bleeding. As he did so, a mighty shout arose, then died away in a low moan of horror. Far up on the leads of the blazing building, far beyond all human aid, appeared a wild figure—the figure of a young man—with dark streaming hair, white face, and black, maniac eyes. It was Gaston Dantree.

The flames shot lurid and crimson up around him, higher than his head. His wild, mad cries of exultation rang shrilly out-his laughter curdled the blood of the listeners. "Ha! ha" they heard him shout. "I told her I'd do it, and I've done it. Here's fire, and I'm tree, I'm free!"

The red flames, the black smoke, hid him trom their view; then with a dreadful roar the fire leaped up higher than ever and the roof fell in with a crash. The strongest, the hardest there, turned away and covered their

eyes, sick with horror. Six years before, Gaston Dantree had shuddered with vague nameless fear as he first looked on Bracken Hollow. That presentiment was fulfilled-strangely-terribly. For five years Bracken Hollow had been his prison |-this fearful August evening it was his grave!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"NOT I, BUT FATE, HAD DEALT THIS BLOW." TWELVE! by the steeple of Castleford High street; twelve! by the loud-voiced clock of the Scarswood stables. In the intense, sultry silence of the August night, the sharp ic strokes came even into that upper chamber of the Silver Rose, where, upon the big, curtained, old-fashioned four-poster in which Mrs. Vavasor and Rose O'Donnell had both slept. Harriet Harman lay dving.

Dying! No earthly aid could reach her now. The blow of the heavy, iron-studded door had done its work. Doctor Graves went into learned medical details of the injury done the brain, and out of that obscure detail one terrible fact stood clear-she was dying! Katherine had spared her, and in that very hour death had sealed her for his own. Her life of sin, of plotting, of all evil and wrong-doing was rapidly drawing to a close;

night for her. A smouldering heap of charred and burning ruins was all that remained of Bracken Hollow. To-morrow, among the debris, search would be instituted for the bones of the wretched victim of his own insanity. It Dozens of times he had attempted to fire the house, and old Hannah's constant vigilance had baffleed him. Busied with the care of Mrs. Harman, he had been overlooked that day, and the result was his escape from his The house was enveloped in flames before Hannah was aware. She had lain down presence of mind, forgot her two charges, and rushed forth. What she had done with the key of her latest prisoner's room she could not recollect; the breaking in and fall of the

door did the rest. They were all at the Silver Rose-Henry Otis, old Hannah, Lord Ruysland, and-Lady Cecil Clive. She had glided in among them an hour before-a gray ashen palor on her face, a deep strange horror in her eyes, but Henry Otis's Interview with the earl; she had neither fainted nor fallen; she had only sat down on a primrose knoll, feeling stunned and stupid. In that state she saw Otis mount the groom's horse and dash away like a madman; she had heard her father call his, and and knew in a vague dreamy sort of way, that it was a fire. And then her mind, without any volition of her own, went back and repeated over and over the strange words this

"Lady Cecil Clive is not your daughterren were changed at nurse--your daughter was Katherine Dangerfield.'

"Katherine Dangerfield!" She repeated the name vaguely, pulling the primroses and mechanically arranging them in a bouquet. She felt no pain-no terror-no disbeliefonly that stunned numbress. And still her mind persistently took up the tale and repeated it. "Not Lord Ruysland's daughter -whose, then, was she? This Mrs. Harman guilty, lost woman, and she she not Lord it; but since it must come, I am thankful I creditable daughter from first to last. And

The flowers dropped from her fingers, she started to her feet with a low, wailing cry. No mere merciful apathy, no more stupor of mind. Clear as the crimson light yonder in the twilight sky the whole truth burst upon her. She was not Lord Ruysland's daughter shown to the world-no peeress of England, but the child of a guilty, designing servant Woman.

She staggered as she stood, and grasped the branch of a tree. Her hands flew up and covered her face—one heart-broken sob broke from her. She was very proud-sweet, gentle, gracious, all womanly she was, but even that sweet graciousness arose out of her pride. The daughter of a " belted earl " can afford to wear a smile for all less-favored mortals. She had been intensely proud of the name and rank she bore-of the noble line of ancestry stretching back to the Norman William; every stone, every tree around dear, old, ivied Clive Court, she loved like living things. Her very pride had made her accept what had galled that pride most-the formal offer of Sir Arthur Tregenna. He bore a name as old, nay older, than her own; the come here. If-I mean since she is Tregenna's had been barons and warriors in the reign of Edward the Confessor-the old glory of the house of Ruysland would be restored by this alliance. Had the man she loved asked her to be his wife, to go with him and share his poverty and obscurity—the chances are, loving him with a desperate, passionate love as she did, she might still have refused him. And now!

Her hands dropped from before her faceshe stood cold, and white, and still. It was Stuart and his Sister," one of the the righteous punishment of such pride as hers, such selfishness—such an outrage on all that was hest and most womanly within her. Of all the men the world held, she loved but one; handsomer, nobler, more talented, had asked her to be their wife, but her heart had been like a stone to all. Redmond O'Donnell she had loved from the first. Redmond O'-Donnell she would love until she died, and with heart full to overflowing with that passionate love she had yet been ready to become the wife of another man. That man's pride of birth and station was equal to her own-what could he say to this?

"Fire-fire!" The servants were echoing the cry and rushing to the highest points, where they could see it best. It was nothing to her; she drew back behind the tree, and stood looking blankly, blindly before her. The child of a servant! a usurper! The world seemed rocking under her feet-the trees swimming round. Why had she not died before the truth was told? The night fell-the dew with it; she still stood there, heedless. She heard with preternatural distinctness the loud contending voices of the servants announcing the whereabouts of the fire. 'The servants! It came to her that she should be one of them-that her birthright had been the servants' hall not the drawing-room. Strangely enough she had never thought of doubting—she had seen Henry Otis' face-heard his voice, and felt, she knew not how, that he had told the truth.

Presently came a messenger rushing breathless from the town, full of the exciting news. Bracken Hollow was burned to the ground; a man, nobody knew who-burned to death with it, and a woman killed. They had taken the woman to the Silver Rose; she was not quite dead yet, it seemed, and my loid had gone after her, and was there now The woman's name had leaked out somehow it was Mrs. Harman.

Mrs. Harman! Her mother! It flashed upon her what Mr. Otis had said-Mrs. Harman had been imprisoned at Bracken Hollow to confess the truth, and now lay dying at the Silver Rose. Her mother! Guilty or notlost, wretched, abandoned—still her mother. She started up-all stupor, all pride gone forever. She walked to the house-ran up to her own room-threw off her light muslin and costly laces, replaced them by a dress of dark gray, a summer shawl and hat. Then five minutes after was walking rapidly toward the town. She had told no one, Ginevra was absorbed in her own troubles, and there was no time for explanations. An hour before midnight she reached the Silver Rose.

A crowd of the town people were still gathered excitedly before it. A man burned to death-a woman killed-Bracken Hollow in ashes—not often was Castleford so exercised as this. And the dying woman must be somebody of importance, since my lord himself refused to leave the inn until her fate was one way or other decided.

They fell back wondering and respectful as Lady Cecil Clive drew near. Were they asleep or awake? Lord Ruysland's only daughter, alone and on foot, in Castleford at this heur. She passed through them allner seeing them—seeing nothing, it seemed. The soft hazel eyes had a blind, sightless, sleep-waking sort of stare-ber face was all drawn and white. In the passage she came face to face with the landlord. The dark, solemn eyes looked at him.

" Lord Ruysland is here," the pale lips said take me to him." The man drew back a step-that nameless

comething in her colorless face terrified him. "Take me to him," she repeated, "at

He bowed low and led the way. Who was the dying woman upstairs, that Lord Ruysland and his daughter should trouble themselves like this? He had not seen her faceprobably he would not have recalled it if he had. His lordship was not in the sick chamber, but in the little parlor adjoining-the little parlor, where, one other night, six years before, Sir John Dangerfield's adopted daughter had waited to see Mrs. Vavasor. He was walking very slowly and softly up and down his brow kult with a reflective frown-one white, slender hand thrust inside his coat. He looked up, and saw, without warning of any sort, Cecil. He absolutely recoiled—the Hollow. sight of her, at that hour, in this place, and wearing that face, so startled him that for a second's time, he had doubted if it were not lence and summer beauty reigned. The fishher wraith. "Queenie!" he gasped.

"Yes, papa-Queenie." She came forward and stood before him. "I was in the fragrant heads in the sultry heat. The stone grounds," she continued, with perfect abruptness, "very near you, when Mr. Otis came silver, the leaves of the copper beaches were and told you his story. I heard it all. It is blood-red rubies, and long lances of light true, I suppose, papa?"

He stood silent-speechless -- looking at her in wonder and doubt. "It is true, I suppose?" she repeated.
"What is true?"

"That I am not your daughter—that Ka-therine Daugerfield was. That I am the daughter of the woman dying in that room." caresses, but he was fond of the girl he had at every turn, like a black-robed ghost. He believed his daughter—he was fond of her was walking up and down as Lady Cecil had had sinned. She had plotted and worked for still. Her beauty and her elegance hed gratified his pride; her gentle, tender, winning ful frown on his brow, the same exasperated ways had won his heart-or, at least as much | thought still uppermost. heart as that noble lord had to win. He took

her in his arms now and kissed her. " My dear," he said very gently, "I hope you know me well enough to be sure that, whether it is true or false, you will still be the marvels of the age. Sample Bottles 10 stems. Then like a flash memory pinioned the same to me—the daughter I love and am sionate, headstrong, wilfull disobedient, 40.2 her thoughts. Her mether! Her mother, a proud of. I wish you need never have heard | Cecil is none of those things; she has been a palmed herself off again, of course in male, at

guilty, lost woman, and she—she not Lord II; but since it mass of the say blood tells. Why need that officious, and they say blood tells. Why need that officious, and they say blood tells. Why need that officious, and meddlesome Otts, go raking up the unalmost too stunned to realize it yet."

"It is perfectly true, then?"

"Well-yes, Queenie-I am afraid it is." No mere merciful apathy, no more stupon mind. Clear as the crimson light yonder in the twilight sky the whole trath burst upon her. She was not Lord Ruysland's daughter her. She was a usurper, and as such about to be had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her as she heard his quiet had felt yet pleaced her had felt yet pleaced her had felt yet pleaced her had her had felt yet pleaced her had felt yet pleaced her had her had her his shoulder and lay there.

"My poor little Queenle," he said tenderly "It is hard on you. Confound Otis! Why the devil couldn't he keep the nefarious story to himself? I was satisfied-where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. TOT! are the only daughter I want, and the other poor girl is dead—can't do her any good now. But remember, Queenie, whatever comes with it, I look upon you still as my daughter-all the Otises and Harmans on earth shall not separate you and me. As Sir Arthur Tregenna's wife we can afford to despise their malice."

She shivered slightly at the sound of that name—then she lifted her head and drew herself away from him.

"Papa," she said, "you know why I have

my mother—I must see her. Oh, papa, I must! She has done a terrible wrong, but she is dying, and—" the agony within her broke into a wailing sob here-"I can't believe it-I can't unless I hear it from her own lips. Take me to her, papa-please."

"I doubt it she will ever speak to any one in this world again, still the doctors say she may. Graves and Otis are with her. I'll ask them if thev'll admit vou."

He tapped at the door. The pale face of Henry Otis looked out. As his eyes fell on, the tall, slender, elegant figure of the young lady, even he shrank.

" My daughter is here," the earl said coldly. "She knows all, She wishes to see Mrs. Harman to hear, if it be possible for Mrs Harman to speak-confirmation of your story from her lips. I think even you will allow, Mr. Otis this is no more than her right." "It is her right," Henry Otis said calmly.

He bowed to the queenly form, the lovely face, and held the door wide for her to pass.
"You, too, my lord," he said. "She is dy-

ing, but she is conscious, and she has spoken. I must beg," he looked at lady Cecil, "that you will be very quiet. A moment's excitement would be fatal."

She bowed her head and glided to the bedshe looked down upon the dying face. Even to her inexperienced eyes the dread seal of he had employed a detective to track, whom death lay there—the faint breathing was not he had driven from Scarswood like a felon one hand-his watch in the other. Lord Ruysland followed and stood beside his daughter. Henry Otis bent over her and spoke. "Mrs. Harman, Lord Ruysland is here,

can you speak to him?" .. The eyelids fluttered-lifted-the great dark eyes looked up out of the rigid face, and

fixed at once upon the earl's. "Harriet," he said, and at the sound of the old name the dying face lit. "You know me do you not?"

"Yes," very faintly the word came: "mv lord, I-know you. I am sorry-" the whieper died away.

He bent close above her.

"Listen, Harriet speak it you can-teil the truth now. Is Henry Otis' story true? Was it your child-your own-you gave me twenty years ago, or mine?"

"It was mine-I will swear it-if you like. I kept yours. I hated my lady. I swore revenge. She parted me from Lionel! Lionel! Her face lit again-the old love of her youth | tion-and gone into the world alone and uncame back! The old love! mighty beyond all earthly passion, mighty to break prison nage the ear to endure in the very throes of death. Lord Ruysland bent closer and took her

hand. "Look, Harriet" he said: "look at this face beside me. It is the child you gave me—thaf I love. Tell me again, as God hears and will judge you, is she yours or mine?"

The dark eyes turned upon the lovely youthful face. She sank on her knees, and came very near that dying face. "She is-mine-as God hears and will udge me-mine, Katherine Harman. Yours gave to Sir John Dangerfield, Her grave is in Castleford churchyard, and I saw her-

Lord Ruysland looked at Henry Otis. "She saw Helen Herncastle," Henry Otis

saw her—two nights ago."

answered, with rigidly compressed lips. "I did you great wrong," the dying lips whispered again-the dying eyes turning once more to the earl. The sight of her child seemed to wake no emotion whatever in her. "I hated my lady-I swore revengeand I took it. I kept her child. She parted me from Lionel. He loved me-Lionel! Lionel !

The faintly whispering voice died away—she never spoke again. Lady Cecil's face lay buried in her hands-on the others dead silence fell. The eyes closed, a spasm shook her from head to foot. "Lionel," the lips cil fall listlessly, and sat "lost in memay's seemed to form once, then there was a moment's quiet, a strong shiver, and with it the last flicker of the lamp went out. And death

stood in the midst of them. "Come away my darling," the earl whisper-

ed tenderly in Lady Cecil's ear. Two sightless eyes look up to him, blind with dumb misery-then with a gasp the tension that had held her up so long gave way. She fell back fainting in his arms.

The blinds were closed—a solemn hush lay over the house. In the parlor of the Silver Rose two coffins stood on tressels. In one the body of Farriet Harman lay-in the other. what they had found in the ruins of Bracken

It was late on the afternoon of the following day. Over Scarswood Park summer sipond and fountains flashed like jewels in the sunshine turfy lanes, emerald green-white, pink, and crimson August roses nodded their terraces-the great urns were burnished like went shining in amid the waving greenery of fern. The peacock strutted unadmired in the no living thing was to be seen around the

without, Sabbath silence religned. The Earl of Ruysland was alone in the solitude and splendor of the drawing-rooms, his been breathed against the women of his race; reflection in the many mirrors meeting him should be be the first to blot their escutch-He was a man ordinarily very chary of reflection in the many mirrors meeting him found him last night—the same thought— revenge. She had heen an actress. She had

grand old mansion. Everywhere, white, and

"Why the deuce couldn't Otis have minded his business and let things alone? From all I have heard of the other one," he resumed, "I was much hetter off without her. She was neither handsome nor amiable; she was pas-

pleasant truth? The other is dead-it can't benefit her. Cecil is alive, and it will make her wretched all the rest of her life, poor child. and what what will Sir Arthur say? One any case. Egad! I didn't know how fond I was of her before! It's a very unpleasent bu. siness from first to last, and I could see Otis at the bottom of the bottomless pit with plea. sure. It must be hushed up—at any price, it must be hushed up-for my sake, for my late wife's, for poor Queenie's, for Sir Arthur's, The Devil take Otis! what was the fool'smo. tive, I wonder? What—what if that diam. lical Miss Herncastle has had something to do with this too? On my life, she has! Was there ever an infernal piece of mischief let loose on the earth yet, without the women being the instigator? I believe, he struck bis hands together—" it is Miss Herncastle's handiwork from first to last. Well, Soames, what now!"

" The post, my lord-letters for your lordship."

The bowing Soames placed a silver salver, on which half a dozen letters were arranged, before his lordship, and backed from the room.

There were one or two for Lady Cecil-one from Sir Arthur Tregenna—two for Lady Dangerfield and two for himself. The first of these letters was on business from his solici. tor, the other in a hand that was new to him. He broke it open. It was lengthy. He glance ed at the name—" Redmond O'Donnell."

" Now what does O'Donnell mean, by making me wade through twelve closely written pages!" his lordship said in an aggrieved tone. "How little consideration some people have for the feelings of their fellow-beings! I'll look over it at least, I suppose."

He adjusted his eye-glass, smoothed out the pages, and glanced through them. "Miss Herncastle "_ " Katherine Dangerfield "_ what did it mean? Everywhere these two names!

His lassitude vanished. He began at the beginning, and slowly and carefully read the letter through. His face changed as it had not changed when Otis first broke to him the news that his daughter was not his daughter. Goodness above! what was this? Katherine Dangerfield not dead! Katherine Dangerfield and Miss Herncastle one and the same! side. In the dim light of the shaded lamp Katherine Dangerfield his daughter! Miss Herncastle, whom he had hunted down, whom audible, the eyes were closed-the fingers Katherine Dangerfield and Miss Herncastle moved a little, plucking at the sheet. Op- one! He turned sick. He laid down the letposite stood Dr. Graves holding her pulse in ter-a creeping feeling of faintness upon him -and waited. The soft breeze of the summer's evening blew in his face. A carafe of ice-water stood on a table. He drank a glass, took a turn about the room, sat down suddenly and read the letter over again.

It was plainly there-all the proofs, one after another; no doubting—no disputing now. She had not died; Otis knew it and had not told him this. He recalled the picture of Lionel Cardanell in the possession of the governess, her interest in the story, the strong likeness to his dead wife that had struck him the first time he saw her. The ghost and the resemblance to Katherine Dangerfield were explained now. A wig and dyed eyebrows were all the disguises she had assumed. What a bold game she had played And Tregenna had fallen in love with her, and he had separated them-forced him to propose to Harriet Harman's daughter. His daughter lived-had relented at the eleventh hour-had burned the confession-returned Sir Peter his money—renounced her retribuaided to fight the bitter battle of life.

For once in his life, cynicism, philosophy, oltairism fell from the Earl o for once all the creeds of his training and his order were powerless to belp him from this. Had Redmond O'Donnell ever asked for revenge-had he seen him then-even he might have been amply satisfied. He covered his eyes with his hand-struck to the very soul. "Oh, God!" he cried, "this is the hardest

CHAPTER XXIX. HOW IT ENDED.

to bear of all !"

green.

IT was a brilliant April day. That never-to-be-forgotten August, and all the bright summer, the yellow autumn, the chill gray winter months bad worn away. March had howled and blustered through the leafless trees of Scarswood Park, and now April, soft and sunny, smiling and showering, was here, clothing all the land in living

The bright afternoon was at its brightest, as Lady Cecil Clive took her seat in a rustic chair, under the King's Oak, her sketch-book in her lap, the flickering lines of yellow light slanting on her uncovered head. Pearl and Pansy played at hide-and-seek along the terraces and through the trees. Lady Dangerfield, in the drawing-room, played waltzes on the piano; and Lady Cecil let book and pen-

mazes." Eight months had passed and gone since that August day when Sir Arthur Tregenna had stood by her side at yonder sunny boudoir window and asked her to be his wife. Eight months since, in the hotel parlor, he had pleaded for ker to marry him-pleaded while all his heart was another's-pleaded, and in vain.

They had met but once since then, and then

how differently. He had gone abroad, and resumed his wandering life. Before going, however, he had called upon Katherine—a most unsatisfactory and embarrassing meeting for both. Why he had gone he could hardly have told; some spirit in his feet"—some spirit in his heart. He went because he could not leave England for years without seeing her. There was very little to say on either side—a mutual restraint held them—the interview had been silent and short. He looked into the paic, grave, thoughtful face, into the sad, large eyes, and knew, more strongly than he had ever known it before, that this woman, of all the women on earth, was the only one he ever had or

ever would love. And knowing it he had left her. Was it not wisest? Earl Ruysland's daughter she sun, bees boomed, grasshoppers chirped, but might be, injured beyond all reparation she might be, but also, she had been an adventuress none the less. He was very proudproud of his old lineage, his spotless name, his unstained descent. No whisper had ever eon? She had suffered greatly, but also she been at the very altar, the bride of a worthless wretch. She had stooped to play upon superstitious Sir Peter's fears, to play the ghost She had acted a lie, acted a doubly deceitful part, gone in male attire to the masquerade, personated Frankland, and separated man and wife. And last, and worst of all in this dark and deadly summing up of crime, she had