

THE HERALD

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1888. Local Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office...

THE BUDGET SPEECH.

On Friday afternoon last, Hon. Mr. Sullivan delivered his Budget Speech, an extended report of which will appear in our next issue.

Three weeks had since elapsed, during which time numerous questions had been asked by the Opposition and answered by the Government.

The financial statement for the Province closes on the 31st of December, and the Bank's year closes on the same date.

SETTLEMENT OF THE MONOPOLY.

It has already been announced in our columns that the Dominion Government have secured the surrender by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

It was true the estimates fell somewhat last year; but estimates as everybody would understand mean nothing definite, and are liable at any time to fall short.

It will thus be seen, that in spite of all the exertions of the Opposition to prevent the Government from inaugurating reforms which would reduce the expenditure of the Province, the people have every reason to thank the present Administration for having exempted them from taxation, and for having collected the debts due the Province from the Dominion.

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Government, the administration of Justice cost \$22,000 a year; during last year this same service had cost only about \$19,000, so that on this item alone the present Government had saved about \$3,000 a year.

This year, on account of the large expenditure involved in the lengthy trial which had occupied the attention of the Supreme Court during the winter, a larger amount would be required for the administration of Justice. The Government had, therefore, estimated the expenditure for that department at about \$22,000.

Now, this certainly appears to be most favorable so far as the Government are concerned; but let us see how it will affect the company. The Government guarantee will enable them to borrow money at 3 per cent, whereas without that guarantee it would probably cost them 5 per cent to float their bonds in the money markets of the world.

It is a question which has caused not a little agitation throughout the Northwest has been settled on terms which must commend themselves to all reasonable men in the Dominion, and which should earn for the Government of Sir John Macdonald the thanks of all true Canadians.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Halifax Herald, speaking of Hon. Mr. Thompson's speech in the House of Commons on the 11th inst., says: "There is much comment to-day on Hon. Mr. Thompson's admirable reply to Mr. Davies last evening."

It is giving most unmistakable evidence of his thorough acquaintance with the whole subject. He shows the impossibility of adopting any such measure as a radical change in our political institutions and relations, and points out the inconsistency of the attitude now assumed by Messrs. Davies and Welsh, the present members for Quebec in the Dominion Parliament, with the pledge solemnly made by Mr. Blake at Malvern, to the effect that the National Policy would not be disturbed.

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tain sum of money, for which they issue bonds, and the lenders have the Government of the Dominion as security for their redemption.

On the 10th inst., Sir Charles Tupper moved the second reading of the bill ratifying the fishery treaty. He was received with loud applause and commenced with the treaty of 1783, tracing the history of the controversy over our own fisheries down to the present time.

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DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

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not laugh at the idea of unrestricted reciprocity. Commercial union, they professed to believe, was the only way to the political absorption of Canada, but to have free trade with their white retaining coat of their own tariff was as utterly impossible as to build a railway to the moon.

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LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS.

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not be very bad, if at the same time it produced good neighborhood between the two countries. The fact was, this treaty was not a great triumph for either party, but it was a just and honorable settlement of a long and vexatious dispute.

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LOCAL AND OTHER.

We never return to look out for "The Sun" in this paper. May Ross, of Rochelle a salesman. Read the JAMES CURRIE, Esq., pointed High Sheriff. We cannot publish communication unless he is.

The Northern Light on her second trip from after afternoon. "Tavern" communicate its publication would be a deductive of any benefits.

On the 12th inst., 8 and eggs were from 22. Five arrivals from are reported at St. John land, whose aggregate 117,000 souls. Do you want Seede's Carter's Seed Catalogue to get and grow them. ment in another column.

The steamer Prince been poorly patronized in past days, after the first week's vacation in the French puttees for the Department General Boulanger (against 35,700 for M. C. Cantin's candidate. We have given space to two communications in the relative merits of As this is a question which of very great interest to readers, we will hardly continue it any further.

was appointed to bring in a Bill in accordance therewith. Hon. Mr. Sullivan presented a Bill which was read a first time and ordered to be read a second time on the following day.

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DEBTS.

In this city, on Monday, the 16th inst., Messrs. J. P. Sullivan and J. P. Sullivan, aged 35 years, may be seen at the post office.

At North River Road, on the 13th inst., Messrs. J. P. Sullivan and J. P. Sullivan, aged 35 years, may be seen at the post office.

At Peake's Station, on the 13th inst., Messrs. J. P. Sullivan and J. P. Sullivan, aged 35 years, may be seen at the post office.

On Wednesday, the 30th day of March last, at Dundas, after an illness of two weeks, Mrs. J. P. Sullivan, aged 35 years, may be seen at the post office.

REPORT OF THE PRIVATE BILL COMMITTEE. The report of the private bill committee, on the Bill to incorporate the Monticello Hall Company, was presented and adopted, and the Bill was ordered to be read a second time on the following day.

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THE ILLIAC TUB AGAIN.

A meeting of a large number of farmers from the surrounding districts was held at the Vernon River Schoolhouse, on Wednesday, the 4th inst., for the purpose of discussing the illegal methods of measuring potatoes employed at the neighboring ports.

The meeting was addressed at some length by a number of gentlemen, who pointed out the injustice to the farming community by the present system of measuring potatoes in tubs, which is in most cases the old, illegal twenty-five gallon measure; and that as traders are now exerting their influence to retain the present illegal system of potato-measurement, it is the duty of farmers to attend to their interests and no longer submit to this injustice, but to show that this is a free country, whose laws and people's rights must be respected.

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DROWNING CATASTROPHES.

The Halifax Herald of the 10th inst. contains the following:-Wm. Knating an engineer employed at the light station on Sable Island, arrived in this city last evening and reported that three men had been drowned while working on the Sable Island light station.

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A movement is on foot to build and equip a hotel, on Bellevue Park, near the mouth, overlooking Bay. This certainly secures desirable localities for the hotel, and we trust the success.

In Halifax, the other in the case of Willis Mrs. Doyle, tried for the French puttees for the Department General Boulanger (against 35,700 for M. C. Cantin's candidate. We have given space to two communications in the relative merits of As this is a question which of very great interest to readers, we will hardly continue it any further.

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THE WORLD'S WAY.

By T. N. ALBION.

At Harvard's court it chanced, upon a time, An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme: "The new name is a horse, wrought of Wherewith the Sultan's charger shall be shod"

RIVALRY BY FATE.

London, Lamp.

CHAPTER I.

MEETING.

"Is that really the truth?"

They were standing in the porch on a fair summer's eve. She was looking at him with trusting eyes, as if the very earnestness of her gaze must compel him; whether he would or no, to tell the truth, and the truth only.

The speaker was a girl not more than sixteen; her companion a young man of eight and twenty, whose professional studies brought him one of the disciples of the halcyon era.

The last rays of the paling sun fell with mellow radiance on the tiny cottage with its shabby veranda, round which twisted the clinging ivy and delicate woodbine; they shone through a peony bush on the trellis-work half hidden by sturdy jessamine and fragrant roses; they lit up the garden with peaceful tenderness the proud, white face, the dark earnest eyes, the rich ruby tips of the maiden who had not yet learnt the blessing of uncertainty, who was eager to draw the veil aside with her own hand, ready in her young strength to bear the result of her headless courage.

Apparently the young doctor had an article eye, apparently his profession did not absorb every moment of his time; he, like his fellow-workshopper, Phoenix, seemed to extract a prolonged pleasure in taking every item of the strongly contrasted harmony which the English landscape and Spanish form in the foreground presented.

Though in years a child, the girl was tall and well formed. Her graceful form and dignified bearing possessed a rare and unusual beauty.

Her admirer himself was no small addition to the beauty of the picture, with his intelligent countenance, keen gray eyes, and firm, squarely-cut chin.

"You ask for the truth," he said, slowly; "I will not conceal it from you." "Your aunt's strength is falling, and though you may rely on my constant attention, the disease, I fear, has gone too far for me to do more than alleviate her pain. Science, you know, has limits, and sometimes even fails to delay the end."

"Thank you," was her quiet reply, as she began to walk leisurely down the garden path.

He followed her.

Did this stately composure result from marvelous indifference or supreme self-control?

"I do not apprehend," he continued, "any sudden change, and only wish to prepare you for the worst. I trust many months of painless existence are still before her. It is impossible to tell the good effect of incessant care and cheerful society."

"But we came here to be quiet," replied the girl in her foreign accent. "My aunt does not please at our new home, because here we could know nobody for there is nobody to know."

"It is not lonely for you," he asked with a strong feeling of compassion for this fearless child in a strange land, with no companions but a dying aunt and two foreign servants.

"Lonely? I know not what that is, I have always been alone. In my own dear Spain there were none who could be gay-fellows; with a languid movement of the graceful hand; and since we came to England we have been incessantly with her. I have learned to love my solitary life, the birds sing to me, the flowers smile on me, I live in the open air, and when the soft southern wind blows upon my face my heart throbs with joy, for I know it comes from my own dear sunny land; it whispers to me of white domed palaces and sparkling fountains of chilled wine in perfumed groves, and sweet songs sung beneath fragrant trees."

"So you are fond of music?" he questioned, with a quiet smile at her enthusiasm. "I am glad to hear it, so am I."

"It is life, it is happiness to me," she answered, drawing a deep breath to emphasize her words. "But my English aunt, she is not, and she does not love music as we love it. You have grand concerts, it is true, stiff and solemn, in which grand people go equally stiff and solemn. They sit at aristocratic parties through hours of glacial music played with no soul, song with no heart. Such is not the love which education may teach. We all sing the better, the more the presence of the person we love it. We sing at our camp, we sing because we are not lonely."

"You must let me come some evening and hear you sing, and the young doctor, you shall teach me what you mean."

"I will be very glad," was her simple reply.

"And I in return," continued he, "will come to you to learn our English songs, and to sing our English songs."

I come from the land where grows the myrtle and the vine. This land may be a great land, but it is cold and drear. I want to move to back in the sun. I want again to see the orange and citron trees."

She spoke with impassioned earnestness, tears trembled on the long curling eyelashes.

"You will soon make friends," he said, reassuringly. "You will get to know people in a little while. Have you no relations in England?"

"I know not; my father was of this land; but he died many years ago. My aunt, Donna di Castro, says that it was his dying wish for his orphan child to be brought to England. He had a strange fancy for this place; he must have known it when a boy. He had often described to me these hills, the church with its ivy-twined spire, and the village hidden in the trees. When I first came here six months ago, I seemed to know every lane and corner."

"But your name is not an English name—is it not Donna Zingari?"

"True," she assented with a puzzled air; "I never thought of that; my father must have wished me to keep my mother's name. You would never discover my country from my name; I am added with a bright laugh. 'Diana Zingari—French, English, and Spanish. I must ask Donna di Castro why it was so.'"

There was no reserve about this large-eyed beauty; nothing but a child-like frankness, which had something grand in its trustful candor. She concealed nothing because she knew of nothing to conceal.

"Just at that moment a large bloodhound rushed from the house, eager to greet its mistress."

"Down, Lopez; down, good fellow," she cried, moving aside to avoid his boisterous caress.

But Lopez would not be repressed, and displayed his rough affection in a sudden leap and bound, which were greatly to the detriment of Diana's neat attire.

"A thing of smiles and tears," thought the modern Galen, as he watched her play with the huge creature, and saw how she enjoyed his gambols; and how she laughed in childish glee when Lopez put his paws on her shoulders, and succeeded in pulling down some of the thick coils which wound around her small dainty braid.

"Oh, Lopez, see what you have done!"

And she pointed reproachfully to the marks of his paws on her white dress.

Lopez thrust his face remorsefully into the reproving fingers and wailed meekly to be forgiven.

She turned at the gate exhausted with her play, one hand held up to shield her face from the sun, while the other rested on the dog's big head, to keep him from barking at two figures who were slowly coming towards them.

Diana watched with girlish curiosity. They were still some distance off, but her keen sight enabled her to trace the features of a steep old man and a tiny golden-haired child in a white frock and a large shading hat.

"Tell me who they are," said Diana. "That is Squire Mordant and his daughter, and his little grand-daughter."

"Mordant," she repeated, "I have heard that name before. Has the pretty little girl no parents?"

"No; they are both dead. Her mother was his only daughter. He had a son who married a strolling singer, I believe, and went abroad. Squire Mordant never forgave him. He disinherited him, and then spun himself in the Hall, and has been so for years. That child will have all the money of the property, I think, goes to a nephew."

"She looks a sweet little thing."

"She is much spoiled, of course. I attend her, and have many opportunities of seeing how she rules the whole house. I am sorry for my small favorite. She will be brought up to think too much of herself, and in the end she will be married for her money."

"She does not look as if she needed your pity now."

And Diana examined the fair-like child who seemed so full of health and happiness.

She was running about gathering the wild flowers which grew in indigenous profusion; and insisted on filling her grandfather's pockets with those she did not want, but which would be good enough for some."

Presently attracted by voices, she looked in the direction from whence the sounds came; then trotted across the road, with her basket in her hand, and her eyes brimming over with mischievous eagerness.

"Grandpapa!" she exclaimed, "do look at this pretty lady. She has such nice flowers; I must have some."

"Come away, my darling, grandpapa has more at home."

"No, Cuckoo wants these; Cuckoo will have them."

She giggled impudently at the look of the small iron gate, tossing back her curls from her flushed face.

"Would you like this, little one?" said Diana, smiling kindly at the child's impudently.

She gathered a half-blown *Gloire de Dijon*, and offered it to her.

Cuckoo held out her hand eagerly and grasped the coveted treasure with slightly-closed fingers. She turned deviously towards her grandfather, half afraid that he might command her to give her pretty flowers back.

But Squire Mordant dreaded a conflict with his fiery little grand-daughter. He thought the stranger with grim courtesy for the gift; he briefly returned the doctor's attention; and with some complimentary remarks to Diana on the beauty of her garden, he turned away, holding out his hand to Cuckoo, who remained clasping her flowers joyfully.

"You do not know how to thank people, grandpapa," she said, with pretty gravity, raising her professed hand, and shaking her golden curls.

"Nonsense, my darling," Phoenix, Mr. Sydney, his eye, and let me see how the pretty lady got her flowers."

"Sydney Fitz Nigel smiled. What would the girl do with her flowers?"

"Give away, my dear," coaxed the

Squire, "let us go and put the rose in water before it withers."

"I do not want to go," answered Cuckoo, pouting, gathering her forehead into a very pretentious frown. "If I must not live here, will you please?"

Fitz Nigel was visibly embarrassed; but Diana came to his relief.

She advanced, and bending over the gate lifted the little one in her strong young arms.

"There, Cuckoo," she said, as the tiny soft hands clasped her round the neck, "one kiss and then you must go."

For one instant the golden curls were blended with the raven tresses; the fragile childish beauty of the one was face to face with the full ripe loveliness of the other; the baby month was pressed to the maiden's ruby lips. They lovingly met; they languidly parted; and the two made NIVALE BY FATE were again separated by the little iron gate; more faintly, more tremulously parted by the iron hand of destiny.

CHAPTER II.

STUDIO.

"Well, and who is your affectionate young friend?" asked Squire Mordant, as Fitz Nigel joined him, after saying good-bye to Diana.

"She is niece to your new tenant, Donna di Castro."

"My steward never told me that they were foreigners; growled the old man, 'how many more of them are there?'"

"There are only those two, and a couple of old servants whom they have brought from Spain."

"Spain! I hate Spaniards. Why can they not keep to their own country. They only come here to entrap all the fools of young men to lose their heads and their hearts to them, when they ought to settle down quietly with some steady English girl."

As if stung by some painful remembrance, Squire Mordant quivered his grey eyelids, and his face grew pale as he thought of the girl who had been so kind to him, and who had been so kind to him.

"Do they say anything of their living?" he condescended to ask at length.

"I believe not. They seem to be quite independent, certainly are in no want of money, for they enjoy many luxuries which we English consider unnecessary. I am attending Donna di Castro professionally. I am sorry to say she can hardly last through the winter."

"Where her right for leaving her own country," snapped the Squire, "those lazy foreigners can seldom stand our bracing climate. So you were consoling the maiden down, eh?"

"I think that she really stood in need of consolation," replied Fitz Nigel with unmoved composure. "She is but a child, and does not seem to realize her approaching trouble. Her wish to be a lonely, poor girl, when death robs her of her only relation."

Fitz Nigel was most anxious, though he knew not why, to enlist Squire Mordant's interest in her behalf.

"It was merely an instinct which he followed dully without seeking for a reason."

"She is a great beauty, I allow that," admitted the Squire; "but if a girl has nothing to recommend her but lovely eyes and scarlet lips, I can't say much for her chance of success in this life now-a-days."

"You ought to make the rector's wife call upon her, and get the girl to join the choir. She has a wonderful voice and sings with all her soul."

This was stretching a point in her behalf; but Fitz Nigel was yet under the influence of the tear-filled eyes and the liquid gophers tones.

"I daren't," grumbled old Mordant. "She knows that she has young idiots of doctors to admire every sound she utters. But I won't have foreigners in our choir, singing their hearts and those of other people away. I shall think Mr. Howard has gone quite mad if he does anything so foolish. Cuckoo, come and say good-bye to your Mr. Sydney."

They had arrived at the lodge gates, which led to the old hall. They stood at the entrance of the dark gloomy avenue, with its trees so thickly grown, and their branches so interlaced that the sun's rays, even in the summer, seldom pierced the leafy foliage.

"Good-bye, Mr. Sydney," the little girl said demurely. "Don't mind what grandpapa says. I think he is very wicked; he kicked my aunt yesterday, and he told James to beat a little boy, because he was a GYPSEY and wore no shoes or hat. Some night, I know, the fairies will come to him and tell him that he has died, and that they have taken me away with them. Then he will be sorry to be left alone, and to have no little girl to love him."

She spoke with quiet earnestness, and her grandfather's hand, and trotted up the avenue by his side, talking the only spot of life or brightness to be seen in that dark, dismal place; which looked wild and desolate even in the summer twilight; and which seemed more fit for the steps of phantoms and wandering spirits than the home of the village, who walked willingly to the gloom, and was soon enveloped in its misty depths.

After watching her new friend, till they disappeared at the turning of the lane, Diana slowly retraced her steps, very much absorbed in her own thoughts.

It must be owned that her thoughts, any more than her steps, did not wander to the aunt who had been everything to her; and who was now gradually sinking into the grave, leaving her alone and unprotected in a strange land.

It is difficult for the young to grasp the idea of death. They know that there is such a thing; but with an insipidly dream of all things; regarding they willfully shut their eyes and refuse to be wakened. Life is to be loved; the future so free from pain. Sorrow may touch others, but surely it will never touch them.

Her gaze lingered longest, and most fondly, on the corner which contained her lamp, her guitar, and her piano; but she was not returned to her last conversation with Fitz Nigel, and a

In spite of her indifference to her aunt's health, Diana was neither selfish nor cold. It is true that she did not entertain any profound affection for her. Donna di Castro had done her duty by the girl conscientiously; had educated her in a certain manner; shielded her from harm; treated her as her own child.

But she had a large, kind heart, and when she had done that, believed that she had accomplished all she could do for her aunt's health; she never sought to fathom, or grapple with, the impassioned nature, the ardent temperament of one who chafed at her life's narrow groove, and craved to enter a wider, freer sphere.

If Donna di Castro's excellent but somewhat dull mind ever had an inkling of the fierce longings and reckless yearnings that often shook Diana's very soul, she imagined that it was nothing but the ordinary "Hibernian" of youth—a thing which would pass away of its own accord if let alone.

Yet Diana was neither discontented nor unhappy. She took too extensive a pleasure in the mere fact of existence to let the constant necessity for self-repression affect her cheerfulness, or mar the sweetness of her mind.

She soon learnt not to expect sympathy, and she would never seek for what it was not in her aunt's power to give.

She kept her moods to herself. Only, when panting for liberty, and throbbing with undefined powerful emotions, she would spend hours in the open air, resting in mossy dells or tangled wood.

But the spirit of restlessness seized her, she would wander to the shore, or climb the grass-grown hills, heedless of wind or rain. There, yielding to Nature's calming influence, she would drink in deep breaths of comfort and peace. She would listen to the murmurs of the sobbing, passionate waves, which mourn, and even mourn in fruitless sorrow, for the dead who lie below; whom they have helped to destroy. She would hearken to the gentle rustling of blossom-laden branches, and would go home chastened and subdued, vaguely feeling that life was too short to be little; too grand to be wasted in piping.

The love of nature is a precious gift, and Diana nursing on what she had heard from the young doctor, mechanically wandered to the back of the house, and pulled some flowering branches, then she sought to take a last farewell of the restful landscape on this evening, and felt that her aunt was dearer, because nearer, than any human friend.

Yet Diana's heart did not beat in unison with the repose of that fair summer's eve.

CHAPTER III.

MUSING.

But life can not be passed in gazing at clouds.

"Rather," thought Diana, as her eyes roved over the sleepy beauty of the landscape, "rather would I that my life resembled yonder forest of birch; with its clouds of red and gold. I love the lurid hue which creeps over the opal-tinted haze. I like those dark banks which threaten to overwhelm these jessie bits that drift about aimlessly. May the rapid variations from dazzling lightness to dusky gloom be an emblem of the ever-varying changes in my life. I am strong and brave; I can bear trouble better than most mortals; and with a half sigh she resolutely turned her back on lingering shadows and star-broadened sky.

Accompanied by Lopez she went into the house; with a light step she entered the room where her aunt was reclining on a luxurious couch, enveloped in costly shawls, and surrounded with many trifles of foreign-made neck-masks, which gave a distinguished air to the little sitting-room.

Diana advanced; but perceiving that Donna di Castro was certainly asleep, she seated herself quietly on the hearth-rug, and calling the dog, remained seated for some time, and her head reposefully resting against his shaggy coat. There was a brick fire, for the Spanish Donna was always chilly, and Diana was by no means insensible to the comfort which it afforded. She looked at her aunt; at her calm, impressive face, which seemed so soothed in its utter want of life, and she marvelled how, when life was so wonderful, so active, so earnest, she could be content to sleep her sleep of idleness. To the impatient Diana, who, like Britannicus, was ready with helmet and spear to fight her way through serried ranks of foes, the sight of one so satisfied to be nothing, to do nothing, to pass her days in monotonous serenity, apart from that busy world which ever intruded her so strongly, was a fact as one incomprehensible and repugnant.

Her eyes roved restlessly round the tiny sitting-room; with its quaint turquoise carpet, with its low ceiling, and lattice windows. It was a gem of a room; Diana had a right to be proud of it. She had chosen the elegant furniture, the warm colored hangings, the antique cabinets which had taken such pleasure in filling with rare china, and valuable family relics. She had chosen, when of the grand old paintings should be brought to this foreign land, and in her with feelings of sorrowful pride that she watched the fragile sister on loved remembrance of childhood days; and saw the ruddy face now reveal, now cast into gloom, the passive grace of a kneeling saint, or the rugged countenance of a Spanish don. It was she who had arranged all her music-pedestal, her Dresden, her Adams, her cherished Diana. It was she who after much thought, had chosen the position most likely to display their artistic beauties. It was she who filled the carved baskets with delicate sprays and creeping tendrils. Even now it was her delight to adorn the walls with wild flowers freshly culled and tall green ferns.

Yet to Diana the place was oppressive for want of space. She took to all its music in glass, and tall hangings for more.

Her gaze lingered longest, and most fondly, on the corner which contained her lamp, her guitar, and her piano; but she was not returned to her last conversation with Fitz Nigel, and a

pleased smile dawned from the deep, velvety eyes.

She was so glad, oh, so glad, that she had found someone at that who shared her enthusiasm for music, who did not shill her with cold contempt, when she hunched into extravagant rhapsodies on her favorite tones. He was a good man, she was sure, and clever, and prim and staid like all she met now; but doubtless a warm heart glowed beneath his cool exterior; only his insuperable prejudices prevented him from indulging his favorite fervor. She admired his personal appearance; she would dearly like to make a drawing from his head; she was fond of drawing and painting; and it was not often that she could copy from nature if human beings were her desired subjects. She would like to make a picture of that pretty child too, with her angelic face, and bright wind-tossed curls.

Diana was truly fond of children. It was sweet to her to have the soft young arms clasped tightly round her neck, to feel the little head nestling so lovingly against her. She would ask Mr. Fitz Nigel to bring the little girl to see her again; she did not think that he would refuse, he was not so sure like the old Squire, and Diana shuddered as she recalled his crabbed face and gloomy manner. Yet Cuckoo did not appear afraid of him.

"Perhaps people never are afraid of their own relations, however disagreeable they may be," mused Diana. "I wonder if I would have feared my father, if he had been head and stern. I wish that I could remember him."

Then she recollected that she wished to learn the family history from her aunt. Here was a nice opportunity, she was tired, and had nothing to do. "If you would only awake, aunt."

She then took up a Spanish newspaper, one from her own dear sunny land, and scanned the contents. A merry smile played about her lips as she drew her handkerchief from her pocket and rolling it up in a ball tossed it neatly into her aunt's lap.

"There, Lopez, bring it to me," she said in a half whisper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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