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Lindsay, Sept. 16th, 1884.-1366.

## The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FER. 13, 1886.

## EYRE'S ACQUITTAL.

A SEQUEL TO "THE MYSTERY OF SHIFTING POUL."

[CONTINUED.]

Madcap thought it was very good, as she stood with Doune's arm round her, smelling the sweet stocks and, mignonette that filled the sills of the open window. . . . Hard by a band had begun to play, and better too (in her ears) than the Horse Guards had played yesterday in the Park; and for the first time she tasted the charm of the first time she tasted the charm of that throbbing town life without, while she rejoiced in the home life within, and stood listening and quite happy till Lady Ann came in, followed by Mr.

Both paused on the threshold confounded, and for a second mistook Doune for Gordon, till Madcap looked round and flew to her father, wishing her duenna "Good-morning" by the

He looked worn and unrested; but her heart must have been hard that morning, for she was in wild spirits all through breakfast, astonishing Saunders, who thought she had taken one of those occasional leaves out of her father's book in which he was "fey."

Gordon was lodged in the Albany, and seldom showed at breakfast in Curzon-street; but this morning he made Lady Ann, at least, happy by coming in before they had left the table, and contributing his quota to the brightness and good looks of the table.

"What will you do this morning?" he said, when he had reached his Princess, and found her so joyous and kind that his own spirits ran up like quicksilver.
"I shall walk," she said. "You,
Doune, and I—and Lady Ann," she added, remembering her sheep-dog, with an effort; "and father will come to us later-when he has got his business over-won't you, Dad?" she added,

eagerly. "Yes, child," he said, absently, "unless I have to hunt for Methuen. But I have got his mother's address, and

shall find him no doubt."
"Methnent" said Gordon, looking up;
"why, you will never catch him, Sir; he is not at home to his oldest friends, and in fact has forgotten them all—forhe is

"I wish you had half his brains," thought Madcap, longing to box the boy's ears, and sighing for some scar to tone down his beauty, while Mr. Eyre

said:
"You have met him—you know him by sight?"
"Yes," said Gordon, "he was pointed out to me long ago, curiously resembling the Lovels—and particularly my cousin Frank. It seems that he is tied to town by his mother's illness. She is bedridden, and cannot be moved: but he rarely shows anywhere, and lives

"Then he will be the more easy to find," said Mr. Eyre, as he rose and

"What has upset father?" said Donne. looking after him; while Gordon looked at Madcap, and strove to derive aug-uries of his day's good from her face.

"He is going to pay a morning call," said Madcap, jumping up and stretching out her arms as though she would like to fly for joy; "but I must run after him, and tell him where to find us—beside Apollo, I think—he couldn't miss us there—though, for my part, I hate Apollo!" she added, as she ran out of the room.

The young men laughed, but Lady Ann frowned—she saw trouble ahead, and wore her gravest look, as Gordon sat down beside her and asked if she had received any fresh news of his

mother.
"She is coming over in June,", said Ann; "but your cousin Nancy—"
"Why are all the Lovels either Ann or Nancy?" said Madcap, laughing, as

she stole between them.
"But I am not a Lovel," said the elder lady, with dignity; "I merely married one—the Honorable John Lovel—it is in my own right that I am Lady Ann.
"But Dukes' daughters or no," said
Madcap, slyly, "there is always a Nancy
among the Lovels—and perhaps the one
you were talking about will suit Gor-

She was out at the door before aunt and nephew recovered from this bomb, and had flown up stairs to Nan, who sat as firmly fixed to her "seam" here as at Lovel, and scarcely looked up as her young mistress rushed in.

Madcap snatched the linen out of the woman's hands and tessed it behind her back; then, as Nan stared, said, "I am going to walk in the Park this morning, and you are to come down with me and choose my prettiest gown"—whereupon the woman followed, shaking her head with vague forebodings of unsuspected wooers as she went, and ready to find fault with every garment submitted to her inspection. But when Madcap had made her own choice, and was dressed in a clean cotton gown, with those min-utiss of a lady's toilet that mark it rig-crously respected, Nan admitted that she had never seen her young mistress look better, or even so well, in those low-necked frocks that had shocked her

corner of your beloved woods."

"And if I do," she said, "you shall bring one of your beloved books, and we will sit there together, you and I!"

"And how about Gordon?" said Doune, seeing the shade on his friend's

"Gordon may come too," said Mad-cap, a little unwillingly, as a child who makes a face at itself while it gives the kise to which it is commanded; "but he will have lots to do looking after the

estate!"
She looked up at him with a smile, bright and cold as a January sun, and he had never felt further away from her as he walked that short step with her to the Park, while she had never seemed so happy before.

For was not Doune by her side, come back to his old boyish love and care of her; had not her father been kind yesterday, and was there not a secret, half guilty hope in her heart that put new rainbow tints on everything at which she gazed?

How smart and fresh the women

How smart and fresh the women coked in their fresh cottons or cambrics—how much more becoming this costly simplicity than the undress worn

And all looked their best, and nearly Il so happy—as glad as Madcap to shuffle off the coil of winter clothes, and come out in their proper shapes, and smell sweet fresh scents; all eager, too, in laying plans for new pleasures, as if this were their first campaign, and the spring lasted for ever... and among the girl-faces Madcap's was the brightest and attracted the most attention from the lookers-on.

brightest and attracted the most attention from the lookers-on.

She was already known by sight, and by hearsay celebrated as her father's daughter, and half a dozen gossips who moved briskly soon finished the business, so that, after half an hour of hard staring at, the young men both longed to beat a retreat.

Each dreaded lest some whisper from these evidently well-informed people should reach her ear, and break her happiness for ever; and for the first time Doune realized how terrible was the risk Mr. Eyre had run in exposing her to the chances of a London season. For long ago Doune had heard the story of his mother's death, and one day had sought his father, and, with flaming eyes, said;

eyes, said;
"They say you killed my mother. Lea That interview made father and son firmer friends than before; but this boy, who went through all his agony without a sign to her, trembled for Madcap

ter knowledge as himself.
"It is unbearably hot," he said to his sister, after some half-dozen turns, in which Madcap had been admired, criticised, and envied more than any other woman in the Park.

when she should come to the same bit-

"Hot?" said Madcap, looking up to the scantily-clothed trees overhead, through which the April sun could not shine hard enough to excuse that fine lady's freak, a parasol. "It is perfectly delightful; and father will be waiting for us beside Apollo presently."

"He won't come," said Doune, moodily, as he turned once more to see Madcap run the gauntlet of looked and whispered comment; but was forced to

cap run the gauntiet of looked and whispered comment; but was forced to smooth his brow, as just then they met Mr. Eyre's Duchess, looking as beautiful in her morning gown as only a woman can who abhors cosmetics and has stood by her own heart (though, mickle dole, much pain it had taught her) for night prop a store of wars. nigh upon a score of years.
Yet at seven-and-thirty she might have tempted almost any man save Mr.

Eyre, for love had winnowed her nature, leaving only that better part which writes its mark on a woman's brow and lips for ave: and if she looked at the younger Madcap coldly, seeing her rival as the older one had been, there was more heart in the look than there

had been eighteen years ago.
"Father will be here presently," said Madcap, unconsciously admitting the affinity she found between the two middle-aged friends; "and there's your Nancy!" she added in a sly aside to Gordon, who looked as broken-backed and wretched as any other well-bred young man bound to appear in public

But Nancy, humbly escorted, would not look a second time at her rival so proudly panoplied, and passed on, but not before Gordon had caught the jealous flush on a cheek almost as lovely as Madcap's.

The two had been friends all their lives, and he quickened his step to join her, at which Madcap, though looking a little astonished, said," "How I wish he would fall in love with her!"

"They would make a handsome pair," said the Duchess, who had one fixed idea—thatif Mr. Eyre was robbed of his second Madcap he might possibly seek consolation where assuredly it would not be denied him.

"There he is!" cried the girl, a min-

ute or two later; and the Duchess thought no lovers could have moved more quickly at sight of each other than did this father and daughter at Apollo's feet, Madcap crying out; "Have you found him?"

He looked cross and vexed at the question, then beyond her at the Duchess, and went forward, and was never more fascinating and polished than in the minute's walk that left the three young people to follow as they chose behind them.

"And have you fallen in love with Miss Nancy?" said Madcap, half an dour later to Gordon; "and she is so pretty, and so in love with you!"

She had skirmished off to the library before the longing to kiss or box her ears had left him; but her high spirits went out suddenly at sight of her father sitting grim and silent at his table, with that vexed look that always strikes so

sad and unfamiliar on young eyes.
"Dad," she said, timidly, as she stole up behind him and ventured to draw his head to her shoulder, "has anyone vexed you to-day—have you been disap-

The gentle touch, the loving voice, moved him almost as potently as his wife's had done when one of his dark fits overcame him; and surely this child was his own, not Gordon's yet, or any

other man's. But he did not say what his disappointment had been as he kissed her, nor for many weeks did she again hear the name of Major Methuen from her

Three times in the course of nearly as many months, Madcap had seen Major Methuen afar off; twice from the top of Gordon's coach, and once on foot at Bushey Park, though the trees seemat Busney Fark, though the trees seemed to swallow him up as she gazed; but never at a ball or dinner; never under a friend's roof, or any place where the world and his wife might be expected. But Mr. Eyre had not been so unfortunate; for though he had called so persistently at Mr. Methuen's house as to

with their boldness.

"After all," cried Madcap, a couple of hours later, as, escorted by her two henchmen, she sat out for the Park, "I should not wonder if I ended by liking town very much!"

"God forbid!" thought Gordon; but Doune laughed and said;

"And I prophesy that in less than a month you will be running away from it and hiding yourself in the remotest

Mr. Eyre at first attributed this

avoidance of him to the man's well-known aversion to any sort of society, and also the dislike he was known to entertain to any friends of the late Lord Lovel; but when even his letters were disregarded. Hr. Eyre began to suspect that there was some secret here, and became the more resolute in his advance as the other retreated. Could it be possible that in dying Frank Lovel had dropped some words that Methuen had dropped some words that Methuen had picked up; that this doppedpaner actually held the elewthat Mr. Eyre believed to have been lost with Frank?

Yet he could have sworn that was Frank himself whose eyes had met his; and at night and odd times strange thoughts would come into Mr. Eyre's mind, and his mind was rapidly passing into that seething, restless state which in every instance had betokened with him disaster. He withdrew himself as much as possible from politics, and even avoided the society of everyone save Madeap, who had lost some of her brightness as the season advanced, yet for some curious reason did not once urge her father to leave town.

for some curious reason did not once urge her father to leave town.

Surely never had a chit of a country girl such a season before, said the women who envied her, and rejoiced to see her cheek pale (though men seemed to find a new loveliness in it), and hoped she smarted inwardly from some heartwound that even her ten thousand a year was not able to cure. One thing was very clear, that she never missed an opportunity of throwing Nancy Lovel and her cousin together, to Doune's secret dissatisfaction, though his love for Madcap would not let him own it.

own it.

The two girls had somehow become friends, and were to be seen everywhere together; but while Madcap was happy together; but while Madcap was nappy in thinking the cousins were falling in love with each other. Miss Nanciebel's heart tarried behind with the brother and sister, who followed, and only the blindness of a fixed idea could have kept enlightenment from the girl who in this instance was emphatically her in this instance was emphatically her

own father's daughter. She thought Doune's carelessness about the House, his dislike to talk of that career into which he had formerly thrown himself arose from a feeling of neglect toward herself, and many a happy hour between him and Nanciebel had she

Twinn'd of its sweet life. in her eagerness to give Gordon and his cousin time in which to arrive at some pleasant understanding.

Those who watched Doune's brilliant

youth said the young man was falling off lamentably from his high ambitions, and pointed to his daily pleasuring as a dishonor to those intellectual gifts that, properly developed, should be of some service to his country. But perhaps in discovering that a young woman in a discovering that a young woman in a long gown may be as sweet, fresh, and lovable as a child in a short one, Doune had included more than his sister, was unconsciously making his choice be-tween the good of love, the evil of ambition, till one fine day all his honors and brilliant hopes faded before the answer of a pair of blue eyes that had grown shy of meeting his, but in which he might find that happiness which had made his father dead to ambition

through over a score of years. Was he not choosing "the better part?" His death-bed some day would answer that question. Nanciebel acquiesced in Madcap's whim, but reserved to herself the right of listening for Doune's footsteps by day and dreaming of him by night. She was lovely as Madcap in her own style, and had long ago forgotter the childish fancy for her to lorgotten the childish fancy for her cousin that had made her dislike Madcap at first sight.

The two girls talked of gowns and chiffons, but never of hearts; so that the whole quartette were at odds. Gordon prosed to Nancy of Madcap. Nancy knew that Doune half suspected her of an attachment to Gordon, while Mad-cap believed Gordon to have been judiciously detached from herself to his cousin; and Doune, for the first time in his life, found his sister as aggravating as the loveliest woman on earth can be when by accident she finds herself in the place of a much-coveted somebody else. Lady Ann looked on with satis-

faction, reading little between the lines, and satisfied to see two pair of lovers where before there was only one.

One morning in late June, Gordon read out at breakfast the announcement of Mrs. Methuen's death, the preceding day but one, and Madcap trembled; but no one looked at her, as Mr. Eyre, starting up and exclaiming, "He cannot be out this time!"—left the room and, almost immediately after,

"Poor chap; he'll be more cracked than ever now," said Gordon, cheerful-ly; "but what on earth can he mean by dodging the father these three months?"

Doune had walked to the window, and stood looking after him; and for the first time it struck Madcap how haggard he looked, how restless in his movements, reminding her of those dangerous days in his youth when brain had overmastered body, and he had slipped toward those shadowy boundaries that divide reason from madness.

She went to him at once and said: "Go for a blow on the river to-day, dear. Lady Ann and I have only a rose-show this afternoon; and Nancy can't come with us," she added, turning to Gordon, "so you can go too, and take

care of Doune! But, curiously enough, it was Doune who was willing, Gordon who kicked against the pricks at going; yet even then Madcap got no enlightenment, and when they were gone sat down quietly in Mr. Eyre's study to await his return. How hard the thorn of deceit pricked her heart as she sat there, and thought of the useless quest upon which her father had gone . . . why had she not said to him long ago. "He is your enemy," and, alas! alas! was not the reason of her holding back the fact that she could not add, "and your enemy is

Not a man had attracted her heart or fancy through all the perilous chances of such a season as a fairy Princess might have bestowed on her godchild, not a lover who could tempt her to lift her eyes so high as to see his charms or failings, for at the root of all her coldness lay the old reason, and "But not like my Beverley!" was her unconscious thought, as one after another her suitors (some for pure love's sake, some for greed, but all seeking her with the more zest knowing her to be forbidden fruit) failed to efface an image graven on her

heart over two years ago.

Long ago she had forgiven his injustice to her father, for the root of it had been lovalty to his friend Lord Lovel, and however Frank might have misunderstood Mr. Eyre; he was her hero still and her sense of faithfulness could anywagista away available. could appreciate even an abuse of such partisanship; but her hope of a good understanding between Major Methuen and her father had dwindled and waned with the season, and the good-by at the and her father had award with the season, and the good-by with the season, and the good-by cowslip gate had come to sound in her ears like a farewell spoken from a death bed. Once she blushed and covered her face with her hands, and then she sighed because she dared not then she sighed because she dared not ery; and in the midst of her thoughts ain; Mr. Eyre came in, his brow more dark with anger than she had ever seen it mean a fixed determination on the part of Turkey to oppose Raly's encroachment on the Red'sea littoral of Egypt and to prevent any aggressive movement by Raly in North Africa.

THE SOUDAN WAR. HOW RHARTOUM FELL.

nchery of Gordon's Egyptian Packs A special despatch to THE POST last week announced the fall of Khartoum Subjoined are the more important of the

HOW THE NEWS WAS GOT. The first news of the fall of Khartou received by Wolseley was brought by a messenger, who left the island where Col. Wilson was stranded and came on foot to Gubat. Two messengers were despatched to Korti via Abu Kles and Gakdul. They reached their destination safely, owing to the fact that the news of Khar toum's fall had not reached the desert. The intelligence of the disaster soon spread far and wide, and some of the tribes hitherto professing friendship for England have declared for the mahdi. The Arab garrison at Metemma received the news with salvos of artillery. PREPARING FOR ATTACK - HOW THE REB-ELS CAPTURED KHARTOUM.

Korri, Feb. 7.—The enemy are lining the earthworks on both banks of the Nile for two miles north of Khartoum. They number about 5,000. Lord Charles Beres. ford's steamer, with twenty picked marksmen from the Royal Rifles, started yesterday to attempt the relief of Wilson's party. Wilson's stores, guns and amunition are in deep water, and beyond recovery. The party have entrenched themselves on a sandy island. While the steamers were coming down the Nile a man appeared on the shore with a white flag hearing a letter from the madhi to the English officers, in which it was stated that Khartoum had been captured without firing a shot. The city and Gordon are now in the mahdi'a hands. Wilson has ascertained that Khartoum fell on the night of January the 27th. Faraz Pasha and other Egyptian commanders entered into secret negotiations with the madhi to get all the Egyptian troops on one side of the city while one detachment would attack the boats, another would open a land war. The pashas had been formerly punished by Gordon. It is reported that the officers commanding the three steamers which remained at Kharcoum took the troops to the main gate, where they were admitted under the darkness of night. Some natives declare that Gordon has been killed, while others state positively that he took refuge in the fort with a faithful few. There is no doubt that the main portion of Khartoum is occupied by the rebels. Col. Wortlev saw them thronging the streets. Countless flage were flying, and there were many signs of rejoicing. A message has been received from the Mahdi by the troops near Metemma stating that Gordon has become a Mussulman, and that all English officers had better follow his example. The mahdi said he had no desire to fight the English, but that unless they embraced the true faith he would not leave one in the

TREACHEROUS PASHAS. The war office authorities have had a special wire laid into the office connecting with the Falmouth terminus of the Eastern telegraph company's cable in order to have direct communication with Wolseley. Advices received to-night from the British camp near Metemma, dated Feb. 1, say: It is reported that previous to the fall of Khartoum the madhi sent Gordon a uniform and informed him that Khartoum was in the mahdi's power. Gordon frequently tried to make arrangements for the departure of himself and comrades. The latter became disheartened over the non-arrival of the British and anger and mistrust were rampant. The two pashas who betrayed the city were formerly slaves whom Gordon made pashas. There has been a further fall of the Nile of three feet at Gabut and navigation is dangerous.

THE MAHDI'S INTENTIONS. Sheik Gemal-ed-Din, a well-known Mohammedan agent now in Paris, thinks Gordon is still alive, but if dead he fell while fighting the rebels. The mahdi, he says, would respect Gordon as a prisoner, and might be willing to exchange Gordon for Arabi Pasha, whom the mahdi honours as a true servant in the cause of Mahomet.
The mahdi might make a partial peace with England, but never a permanent peace. He would refuse to accept the title of viceroy or any other title from the Khedive or Sultan, but would remain the mabdi. He aimed at the conquest of the Soudan, and hoped a rising would take place in Arabia against the Turks.

THE PROPHET'S ARMY. London, Feb. 8. - The Arabic journal Mubashir says the Mahdi's council of war consists of the ameers of El Rashner, El Aisgumer, El Obeid and El Tendelmi. All war plans are formed by the ameer of El Hasher. The prophet's soldiers are paid every Friday by the mahdi's uncle. Provisions for the army are under the care of Ameer El Aisgumer. Seventy four dervishes act as prayer reciters for the camp. Eight hundred women and many children are with the prophet's camp.

THE MAHDI'S FORCES. The Paris Debats recently received a letter stating that Gen. Gordon remained in the intrenched quarter of Khartoum, so that the remainder of the town was in constant communication with the enemy. He was not obliged to feed the whole popula tion, numbering over 50,000 inhabitants. He had only to support his soldiers. The mahdi commanded a force of 100,000 men, mahdi commanded a force of 100,000 men, scattered between Berber, Shendy and Khartoum, of whom more than 20,000 are between Dongola and Khartoum. Several officers of the army of Hicks Pasha are with the mahdi, and have formed for him more than one regular regiment. The negro regiment of Abduel-al, which was at Danietta at the time of the battle of Telel Kehir, and which was considered, not el Kebir, and which was considered, not without reason, the only good one of the Egyptian army, is also in the service of the mahdi. Sent to the Soudan under the command of Hicks Pasha, it went over to the rebel side without hesitation. The mahdi has still in his service a German who accompanied Hicks Pasha, and who also went over to the enemy. Lastly, he has in his train, M. Olivier Pain, who has adopted Mahommedism, and has become the chief friend of the mahdi. He plays a leading part, and it is under his orders that formidable entrenchments have been erected at the mahdi's camp in Omdur-Kebir, and which was considered, not erected at the mahdi's camp in Omdur-man, four miles from Khartoum. The let-ter also states that the mahdi is kept well informed of the movements of the English expedition, and that he is well supplied with provisions for his troops. All the tribes are friendly to him. He is in communication with the famous Sheikh Sonousel of Barca, with the tribes of the Hedjaz and Mecca, and with Constantinople. The greater number of the inhabitants of Dongols are also favorable to him. One plan of the mahdi is to leave the route open to General Woiseley, so as to draw him into the same snare as Gordon, whose fate he will share. The troops of the mahdi will cut off his retreat. expedition, and that he is well supplied

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Lindsay, Jan. 28th. 1885 —25.

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New York, Jan. 13, 1885,-23-8.

THE SUN, New York City.

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