of artillery.

If destinant her to another round that you consist on behind her, the detter of bereis took, and a mare value deriving in her but as the thunder died away, and the girl dropped into a walk, breathed, your running, she heard the evil hos broken, and in the cases tartage the voice decrease to her again.

strokes, and in the same should be should to her again.

She stopped and turned, with a flash of hope in her heart, and saw, only a few yards from her now, a bay horse, coming on at a swift gallop, ridden by a tall man wearing a short military coat, which, as i dew back, showed the gleam of the scarle military hancath.

In that one glance Valerie saw that the rider was not a trooper, but an officer-gentleman; the next moment he drew rein

gentleman; the next moment he drew rein, and bent down a singularly handsome face to the girl, with an involuntary fach of wondering admiration in his brilliant dark eyes at the rare loveliness they beheld.

"Quick!" he oried, "there is no time to fose!" The rain was falling fact, and as he spoke the lightning flashed out from the clouds. "Give me your hands—put your foot on mine, and mount before me—come!" for she shrank back, flushing a little, yet not afraid.

The speaker's face was one any woman would trust instinctively.
"You're not afraid of me?" he said, smile ing—such a sweet, bright smile! "Come,

She put her little hands in his, placed her foot on his, and he lifted her up before

"Why! you're a feather-weight," hessid hastily unfastening his cloak; but Valerie

"Oh, please don't—oh, don't do that!"
He only laughed, and put the clock over
her shoulders, then he passed his right are
firmly round the sleader form



The next moment he drew rein and bent

"You must hold on to me," he said, with that bright smile, that had in it so much of tenderness, too, "You won't mind, will you? No ceremony in thunderstorms, you

Valerie was obliged to laugh, though she could not help coloring, too; but she obeyed instructions, as a soldier's daughter should, and clasped her white arms about her cavaller's neck. "That's right,' said he, "now then,

Prince." And off went Prince, nothing loth. And down came the rain, "cats and dogs," and the lighning flashed, and the thunder rolled; but somehow Valerie did not care any longer-for her own sake. This was grand fun-a real adventure! And she had a happy sense of security with this handsome, gentle-voiced soldier, who

held her so firmly, yet so tenderly, and seemed to accept the whole thing so much as a matter of course, that Valerie almost felt the same. "How very-very kind you are!" she said, after a few minutes, with a half-timid glance up into the noble face above her.

But, oh! you are getting so wet." He glanced down into the sweet eyes (they instantly drooped), and smiled, "If a good drenching would hart me," he said, "I shouldn't be here to take care of you; and as for the other, don't you sup-pose it's a great pleasure to me to be able

"You are very good to find it a pleasure," "Am I? Keep the cloak well round you, and hide your eyes from the lightning. Are you frightened?"

'No. not a bit, now." "But you were frightened, poor child?"
"Yes, I was frightened," said Valerie,
drawing a quick breath; "it is so awesome

to be alone in a thunderstorm."

The soldier shuddered, and instinctively The soldier shuddered, and instinctively tightened his clasp of the fragile form at the thought of what might have happened to this delicate young creature, left to struggle alone through the pitiless storm. "I might never have reached Donnington but for you," said the girl, gratefully, feeling the shudder, the closer clasp, and divining the man's thought.

"Don't talk of it," he said, hastily, a little huskily. A minute later: "We are not far now, thank Heaven! for your sake."

"And yours, too," said Valerie, in perfect good faith.

list As if he would not rather the two to had been ten, to ride on with this toome fairy in his arms, clinging to him, golden head resting against him, the uisite face close to his own! He would less than man, and certainly less than lifer, who felt otherwise. No: for the

"Oh, please no—you must not, frideod,"

"Oh, please no—you must not, frideod,"
cried Valerie. "I am quite a stranger to
her. Oh, you must not?"

"But I must," said he, amiling at her
distress, which was infinitely witching.
"Do you imagine I could put you inside
some shop and leavey you thereall drenched
for cold and fever to soak into you? Come
werse to were, the wife of one of my mea
should look after you; but I are 'take you
to live. Fanshewe. She is a frie. 'uline.
I am atraid there is nothing for yo. 'the
the soldier's virtue of obelience."

"I ought to have it by inheritance," said
Valerie, smiling.

ted the other, with at any girl might have felt as A bean more of a coquette.

To "she said, proudly, color without Herbert's daughte wher! Edmund Herberts age!"

"Not personally; but every soldier knows his name, and honors it." What a look the words won him from those beautiful gry eyes! it made his heart beat faster. "Why," he said, "how could you be so afraid of going to Mrs. Fanshawe! You have a claim on her—on any soldier or soldiers's wife."

uld she feel like that?" asked Vasrie, wistfully.

"Ay, she does feel so."

As he spoke he drew rein,

"We are almost in the town, now," he aid.

"The General's house is not far from

He lifted Valerie to the ground, and then dismounted, slipped his horse's bridle over his arm, and they walked on briskly into the now deserted High Street.

"My people will be so anxious," said Valerie, "but it cannot be helped."

"I will send an orderly over with a mescage, if you will give me your address."
"In this storm? Oh! no—no."

ldiers are not made of plaster, you now," he said, quizzically.
"Yes, I do know, but anyhow I will wait little; the storm may give over, and then

can return home myself."
"I will drive you home when you are able to go, if you will let me."
"I could not be so encroaching! Don't

ask me that, please."
"Encronching!" repeated the other, biting his lip under his moustache. What an
innocent specimen of humanity this girl
was! "If there is any encroachment, it is

on my side, for asking the favor."

A slight wave of color crossed the girl's cheek. It just dawned upon her that there was—from his point of view—no polite fiction involved to her companion's lust ds; but that was all the more reason

'You have been too kind already," she said, simply; "but I suppose you must have your way; and thank you very, very "Thank you, Miss Herbert, Here

He turned up a street of private houses, and paused before the door of a large red-brick house at the corner.

Valerie glanced up nervously at the array of windows as her cavalier rang the bell, sounding a peal that must have rended from cellar to garret. There were quick steps within, and the

door was opened by a man-servant, who started and stared in wonderment. "Captain Beauregard!" he exclaimed. The captain drew Valerie into the hall.

"Run for Mrs. Fanshawe, Robert," he id. "This young lady must be seen to at once. I am in no plight for a drawing-room. Are you chilled?" he added, bending down to Valerie as the servant vanished: her cheeks were glowing, her eyes

"No," she said, "not in the least." "That's right. Ah! here she comes!" Valerie shrank back a little, as a stout, elderly lady, with a most pleasant face, full of concern, appeared, quickly descend-ing the broad stairs; but Captain Beaure-

gard exclaimed, laughing: "Mrs. Fanshawe, I have brought you a storm-beaten fairy to take care of."
"My dear Max," said she, gaining the hall, and looking in wonder and (he could see) great admiration at Valerie, "what has happened? My poor child, you must be drenched to the skin! Come with me

"I found her in the lane two miles off," explained Captain Beauregard, "overtaken by the storm. I knew I did right to bring her here. I'll ride off to barracks now, and make myself presentable." "Of course you did right to bring her

here! Come back as soon as you're ready. "Oh, take this cloak, please!"said Valerie; "it will shelter you a little." "Allow me," he said, as she raised her

hands to unclasp the cloak. She looked up straight into his eyes in that instant with a look of deep, earnest gratitude, that made his heart bound within him with a throb of such gladness as he had never yet known. But he smiled, shaking his head, deprecating the unspok-en thanks, took her hand for a second, then turned and shook hands with Mrs. Fan-

shawe, threw the cloak over his shoulders, and, with a parting "au revoir," went out. So, a passing thunderstorm had perchance changed the whole current to two lives. What would Valerie Herbert's future have been if she had not that day met Max Beauregard, and did she ever learn to wish that she had turned backward in-stead of onward, when the roll of the thunder warned her of approaching dan-

CHAPTER V .- A NEW WORLD. Captain Beauregard had clearly given Mrs. Fanshawe no more than her due, when he declared that she would be in her

element taking care of anyone.

Summoning her maid, the General's wife hurried off Valerie to a large bed-room, where she had the girl's wet clothes removed and taken down to be dried.

moved and taken down to be dried.

"And bring up a cup of hot tea," added Mrs. Fanshawe, to the maid. "And then we must see how to clothe this young lady. Not easy," surveying the fragile-looking creature before her. "I have no daughters, you see: there are only my clothes, and they will hardly fit."

So, for the time, Valerie was enveloped in a dressing-gown, and Mrs. Fanshawe went to seek some garment more appropriate to the drawing-room. Presently she returned with a gorgeous tea-gown over her arm, and found Valerie drinking her tea, while the maid was profering her a pair of shoes.

sold you, my dear, if you say no. Now tell me are you a wan-

best-Major Edmund Herbest's daughter."
"Major Herbest's daughter!" Mrs. Fandaswe put her arm about the girl, and kissed her. "Why, you are not a stranger, then, my dear, but a comrade. I never saw him, but I know his name; and no wender you are a beauty; your mother was lovely—all the men used to rave about her. You must be like her!"
Valerie opened her great eyes in genuine astonishment.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Fasshawe!" she said.
"Pooh! you are a child!" said the lady, ughing off what, it flashed across her, was not, perhaps, a very prudent speech,
"And what were you doing when Captain
Beauregard found you—making fatry-

"That must be done by moonlight," said Valerie, gravely. "No! I was walking from Welford, where I live with my uncle, and the storm overtook me."

"And Beauregard whipped you up on the saddle before him—that would be his way," said Mrs. Fanshawe, laughing. "Yes, he did; but we walked in the town." "A veritable adventure. Didn't you en-

"Yes; it was great fun!" said Valerie, her bright eyes dancing. "But Captain Beauregard must have got his uniform Mrs. Fanshawe rose, and walked to the

"Don't make yourself uneasy on that head," she said, smiling, "he wouldn't mind spoiling fifty uniforms in such ser-vice. But how about your uncle, my dear?

Won't he be anxious? "Yes," said Valerie, timidly, "but I can't let him know I am safe: Captain Beaure-gard said he would send an orderly, but I can't bear for anyone to go in this storm.

It may cease soon." "If it does not, you will have to yield the point, my dear. Max Beauregard always "He looks as if he did!" said Valerie,

mine—and of everybody's. The men will do any mortal thing for him. Come, now, to the drawing room

Valerie followed her kind hostess large, handsomely-furnished room; and a tall, fine-looking man of about sixty, with iron-gray hair, and rugged, but benevolent face, arose from an arm-chair, and came

'Robert," said his wife, "this is Major alter them. Poor Louis! Herbert's daughter—Edmund Herbert, you

"Is she?" exclaimed the General, clasp-ing the girl's hands warmly in both his own. "Then, my dear, if you could be nore welcome than you are for your own ake, it would be for your father's." Valerie's eyes were blind with tears

Such kindness as this deprived her of all ower of speech; but the General patted "Thanks-yes." per gently on the shoulder, and drew her into a seat beside him. 'Now, I am going to have a talk with you," he said, "I want to know all about

Valerie repeated what she had told Mrs.

"So you had a ride into town?" said he, laughing. "Now, young lady, confess that you wanted to catch a glimpse of your old friends—the soldiers, eh?"
"Yes; I did!" confessed the girl, honestly, though she colored. "I thought some of them might be marching out, and—"

But the General's merry laughter cut 'Well, you had your wish, hadn't you?" he said, "and you caught the best-looking of 'em all-oh! fle! fle!"

"Don't tease, Robert," said his wife, for the girl, though she laughed, colored still more deeply. "I won't have it."
"Miss Herbert won't mind an old fellow's joke, will she?" said General Fanshawe, ting the little delicate hand that lay on

"No, indeed!" she said, looking up earn-"I know it is only fun." "Then you forgive me, and we're fast friends? Ah! there's a knock—that's

A minute later the door opened, and, unmounced, Captain Beauregard walked in.
"Well, knight-errant," cried the General. olding out his hand, "here is the perse cuted damsel, not much the worse for her

adventure, I fancy."
"I am sure I hope not!" said Beauregard,
turning to Valerie, and clasping her hand
in his, while his quick, keen glance took in the whole picture, exquisite in form and color—the loose gown sashed in at the waist marvelously suited the slender shape—"it would be a bad ending to an adventure."

"Which will make all the other fellows

jealous of you," said the General.
"Sans doute," returned Beauregard, taking the vacant place beside Valerie. "The storm is much less now; it was hardly rain-

of the sort.

"No, Mrs. Fanshawe. I should like to some so much. I have never been to a ball in my life. It isn't that. Only," said Valerie, with a choking feeling in her throat, and something very like tears glittering on her long lashes, "I have no one to come with. My uncle would not go to a ball for anyone; and—and I don't know how I could get here, either."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Fanshawe, with

get here, either."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Fanshawe, with asunny smile. "That little difficulty is soon surmounted; I can send our carriage for you early, and you can come back here, and go to the town-hall with us."

"Oh!" cried the girl, clasping her hands, "I cannot let you do that, Mrs. Fanshawe."

"Miss Herbert," interrupted Captain Beauregard, gravely, "the resolution has been put and carried nem. con. Tea and cake are the next subjects on the paper. Allow me?" handing her the articles speci-Allow me?" handing her the articles speci-fled; and the General laid a caressing hand on the girl's golden curls.

"We couldn't spare you!" he said. "Out of the question! Why, you'll be the 'belle of the ball!' Don't you give Beau too many lances; keep some for the others, or there'll

So Valerie was obliged to yield-willingly enough, it must be allowed. And, after all, she was to have her wish—to go to a ball, and, above everything, a military ball. She admitted, in confidence, to Cap-tain Beauregard, how much she had desired this, and now her desire had come about quite, as it seemed, by chance. 'If there is such a thing as chance," said

What a happy evening that was to Valerie! How often she looked back upon it afterward with vain regret!

Louis Charteris was, somehow, not actnally forgotten, but relegated to the background. Certainly Max Beauregard was man more formed than simple, countryored Louis to win a woman's or a girl's magination—handsome, brilliant, a man of the world, and a soldier, who though no more than thirty, had seen much service, done brave deeds, and won glory in "many a foughten field."

Valerie, was opening her young eyes upon a new world-a world that seemed to her very labelet and darking, full of latin and so soft and finely modulated, and he talked as Louis could not talk. Of course he was older and more intellectual, and bad had longer and more varied experience; but that only accounted for facts, it did not

But shortly after dinner (the storm had long ceased), Valerie asked if she could return home now; she ought not to be late. "You will be early if you leave here at nine," said Mrs. Fanshawe. "Captain Beauregard is going to drive you over, isn't he? Your uncle knows where you are. Shall John take a message to your quarters, Max, to send up the dogcart?"

The message was sent and at nine o'clock Valerie went up with Mrs. Fanshawe's maid to be arrayed in her own garments; but the Gezeral's wife insisted on adding thereunto a warm mantle: and she took the girl in her arms, and kissed her affectionately.

"You must let me come and see you soon, dear," said she; "and you must come and

And Valerie put her arms round the kind lady's neck, and could only whisper, brok-"I shall want a kiss, too, you know,"

said the General. "This sort of thing won't do, Miss Valerie; its putting stumbling-blocks in your neighbor's way."
"I don't mind," said she, turning round to him with a happy smile.
"Don't you? Then I am sure I don't," said he; and he took her hands and kissed

her. "And mind we see you very, very often, my dear!" And he took her down to the door, where Captain Beauregard was waiting for her: and without stood a spruce dogcart, with

a handsome and very spirited chestny;

horse. Beauregard lifted the girl to her place. and mounted beside her; there was a las basso "good-night" from the door, and silvery response from the dogcart, and off went the chestnut, at exactly the pace-and no faster-his driver chose. Max Beauregard was a first-rate whip, and the horse must be of a new type that could

CHAPTER VI.—THROUGH THE LANES. The air was clean and fresh, and filled with the sweet, earthy smell that follows rain; but there was no moon, and in the narrow lanes, often overshadowed by trees, it was very dark, which was, perhaps, the reason why Captain Beauregard kept his impatient horse at the easiest of trots, though, even where there was more light, the pace was not mended, and Valerie either put this down to over-caution on her account, or preferred not to ask questions "for conscience' sake." The air was clean and fresh, and filled

"No hurry," he answered, coolly. "I have sent my orderly over to Welford with a message to your uncle."

"Oh! Captain Beauregard, you should not—and you didn't know where to send."
"I think I should; and the name would be quite enough in a village."
"I told you he would have his own way," said Mrs. Fanshawe. "Max, ring the bell for tea."

Valerie turned to her wint.

land. I verily believe reciprocity would ruin the grain business. Under such a sreaty Canada would be flooded with runners from American mills, and the probability is that they would enter into unfair competition with Canadian millers."

Mr. George Childs was then seen. He said: "From what I know I have no hecitation in saying that Commercial Union is not desirable in the interests of Canada. My opinion is that Commercial Union is merely an opening wedge for Annexation, and that is

Mr. Johnathan Hodgson, who is a universal Free Trader, favored reciprocity in natural products but was unalterably opposed to Commercial Union.

Mr. George Hague said Commercial Union and Unrestricted Reciprocity both mean An-"The men who advocate Commercial Union are afraid to come out openly for Annexation and they try to gild the pill with another name. I am opposed to either scheme, as every patriotic Canadian should

THE FAD AGAIN KNOCKED OUT.

Cochrane Elected in East Northumberland

BRIGHTON, Dec. 22.-The fight in the riding was an exceedingly bitter one, and has resulted in the return of Mr. Cochrane, the Conservative candidate. Commercial Union was the great card played here, Wiman's money and the best speakers that the supporters of the fad could muster thrown in. There is great rejoicing here. The member-elect and Dr. Willoughby addressed an immense crowd this evening.

CHAMBERLAIN AND WIMAN. F. B. Thurber Waxes Wroth at the

Commissioner's Criticisms. NEW YORK, Dec. 26.-The criticisms which Mr. Chamberlain made on Mr. Wiman to the reporters at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, on Thursday last have excited some attention here and his friends are offended. Among them is Mr. Frank B. Thurber. He has addressed the following to the New York Herald:

To the Editor of the New York Herald : Sir-There is an old saying that the "hit bird flut ters," and the truth of it is illustrated in your despatches from Ottawa announcing the utterance of Hon.
Jos. Chamberlain upon the subject of Commercial
Union, but it is astonishing that Mr. Chamberlain, who
is supposed to be a trained diplomat as
well as a gentleman, should have exhibited
so much feeling and have indulged in such discourteous personal remarks, a; no is reported to have done in his allusions to Mr. Erastus Wiman, who is too much of a gentlemen to speak of Mr. Chamberlain in terms such as that gentleman is reported to have used toward him. Certainly Mr. Wiman enjoys the respect of all who know him and if mis siles are thrown at him by those who diffe with him on public questions he should remember that "the most sticks and stones are always found under the

As regards Commercial Union, Mr. Chamberlain may As regards Commercial Chion, Jr. Chamberlain may find that he has underestimated in both sides of the line the public opinion in favor of some such proposition, although it may not come in the precise form advocated by Mr. Wiman.

T. B. Thurber.

SOCIAL SCANDAL. The Daughter of an English Earonet Loses Her Heart to Her Groom-Her Father's

LONDON, Dec. 27.-A baronet, whose town house looks upon Hyde Park, recently discovered that his eldest daughter had lost her heart to an under-groom in his employment. This menial of the stable used to attend the lady in her daily rides. The baronet chanced some days ago to enter a West End Restaurant, where, to his horror, he beheld his Have a large assortment of General Patterns for daughter and the groom seated comfortably at lunch. There was a scene, of course, and the angry parent carried off his indiscreet child and threatened terrible things to the audacious stable-help. What was the baronet's rage upon reaching home to find the groom, who had arrived before him, calmly engaged at his vocation. The baronet rushed at him, struck him and was promptly knocked down. The baronet's son, who is an officer in the army, happened to be on hand at the moment and, seeing the fate of his father, dashed to his aid. The groom subsequently left the premises, and has announced his in tention of taking legal proceedings to recover damages for assault, wages due and lars of this passage in the private history of one of the first families here.

REMOVED TO TULLAMORE JAIL. Mr. Hooper's Bed Taken From Him-Mr. O'Brien Honored.

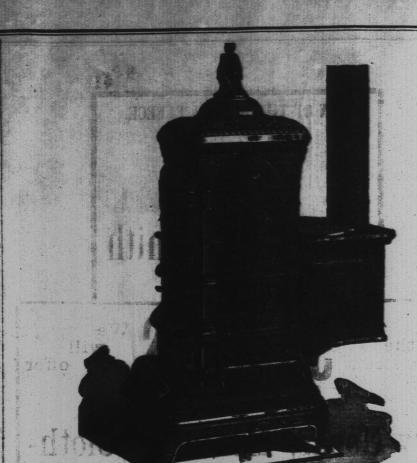
DUBLIN, Dec. 21.-Mr. Hooper, M.P., was removed to Tuliamore Jail to-day. At a Nors. - Pontypool is only 17 miles due south from Lindsay. meeting in Cork to-day the Mayor stated that he had visited Mr. Hooper in jail before his removal and found him almost nude. The bed and bedclothes had been taken from his

Another M.P. Sentenced.

Dublin, Dec. 21.—Mr. Sheehy, M.P., was ried at Clonmel to-day for inciting resistance to eviction and was sentenced to one month's

Dublin, Dec. 21.—The Corporation of Drogheda has voted to confer the freedom of the city upon Editor William O'Brien, who A Month for Father Ryan. DUBLIN, Dec. 22.-Father Matthew Ryan

of County Limerick, one of the projectors of the Plan of Campaign, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment without hard labor for inciting the people to commit illegal acts. LONDON, Dec. 21.—Mr. Gladstone writing to a triend says that nothing would please him better than that the Tories should return to



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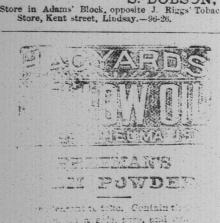
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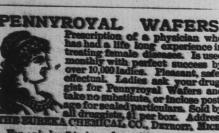


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