HE ANNA RATHMAN GRANC

I have withing enough to answer, so I to inruod : "I am Constance Sterling and shoot immediately added : "And who are

"Fam the cut that move in the wall! Then suddenly, "Do you live here?"
"No," I replied, "I am only daying here. Mrs. Pollard is stole-

" Por they like your?" The interpuption was quick, like all like speech, and consect me a curious sensation. that teconquered it with a laugh, and cheere

"As fanty como last atolit, is would be hard to my " and was going or my more, when the carlone being broke out;

"She only came last aight!" and, repeating the phrase again and again, suddenly darked from my side on the lawn, where he stood for an instant, murmuring and laughing for himself haters apporting enery through that struktury that but to the wife.

This incident, trivial as it seemed, made a vivid impression upon me, and it was with a intent realty calmed from its past again-How that I so entered the house and took up my watch in the dok room: I found svery with the exception of my companion; the vonniger Mr. Pollard having when the place of his brother. Hes. Parringson was now. where ter he seen, but as breakfast had been annionroad f that not wonder at this, not at

to expect to find Mr. Pothered and his states as he did, every reason for hvings." still at the table. It therefore took some courage for me to respond to the summons, expendity as I had to be alone, my companton, of course, to history to loave his mother. this a planes in this hall interior, as I went try, encouraged me, for it was no weak winner's face I encountered, and if Mrs. Harstricted was as boautiful as sho was haughty. and as hanghty as she was boantiful, Conc stance Storting at least asked on favors and showed his sinharrassment, Indood, I had nover left more myself than when I lifted the actives from before the Antagroom deter and despited in under the passe of these two contractivities botings, other of which secretar influence extends to overawe a person in the position. The past What have I promised myself and you? Rot the past, then, but my present will and described the made the ordest easy.

Mr. Pollard, who is operately a man for attend any without a eye, cose gravely as f apparenthed, and presented me, with what strack me as a manewhat emphasised forcings, to his states, they propring was nothing more not loss than what I expected that is, maliferently ofthe though I thought I detected a little eye, as if stone words had passed in repart to me that made her anxious to know what store of a wieman I was.

that my faralty for observation was very white awake this morning, and I may have imagened this, reportably as she did not look at me again till the had fluithed her breakhast and stop to mitt the storm. Then, indead, the threw me a hurried plance, half doubtful in the character, as if she healtated whether she might to leave us alone to bother instantly a wild theill passed through me, and I came pertensty near littleting that the momentury emotion, if smithing it could be called, who were host to the desper feeting which counsed when Mes. Harrington, panetng at the dece, charryed with a housel Hubbing.

"Hy this try, which is Mr. Harrison's f thought he was atways on hand in time of

I looked at her, sometime, I dered ans tack at her treather; and, while taking to has not been bold the fruth," and, "They tidely good care she should overhous no see signif by station, 'I was inwardly agreeting invent with the new charght, " Can she have had anything with with Mr. Barriages Can of o has the woman he was engaged to Institute ha fall in layer with Ailes.

Puppeppeaten of her lace, turned though it was full upon as, sold nothing, and my attention, though not my jean is, possed to Mr. Pedlard, who, motion is in his plant, healthful what reply to give to this simple

what an end the shock that has prestrated "No," shir exturned, coming untakts back,

A series ; this year, in enght to know Mr. Harinwa' dead, then " who as out simple atten. I did no.

work on "Was " should affect make A wheater at it i he able to hive to to I fact this circle of and wished that he has perparent at this Mrs. Harringhou, corner tions applying

of the was afterwarded " from nod y"

11 Kin atthe mean 11 Keekballer a 11 Holle & de The time the answer Was it because he

f diagraph more life may be a " Work in the met This time he were Than soft hately him with her three areas..... more his chair, and, WHITE THE HAPPENEWAR FOREIGH ! the de nell " the knowle his mostice. Drawned historia Is forwher her has acwords attorned as I though

at it was to make done

"YOU'S HOW CHEE ARE HERE IN

tery le be comme to have anoming for

is that a place a man would be likely to seek

"Fare it is a entering" he broke in, imextensive giving his deter one look, and then settling his ever back again upon my new "No other explanation lits the case, and no other explanation will over be given. Why he should have committed such a dead," he went on in a changed voice, and other amomentary panse, "It would be issuppossible for me, and perhaps for any other man, to my s but that he did de it is evihone, and that is all I moun to water. The post I leave for wiser heads than mine." And turning from me with an indescribable look that to my reason, if not to my head, seemof to bolic his words, he offered his arm to his hereildered states and unterly led her towards the door.

The breath of rollet I gave as the portiere closed behind them was, however, premafure, for scarcely had he seen her on her way spetatra than he came back, and taking his stand directly before me, said :

"You and I do not agree on this question; I see it in your oyes. Now what explana-

tion do you give of Mr. Harrows' douth ?" The suddenness of the attack brought the blood to my cheeks, while the necessity of answoring drove it as quickly away. He saw I was auttated, and a slight tremble it sould not be called a smile disturbed the not contour of his lips. The sight of it gave me courage. Flor my own ourl as Frephed:

" Von do me too much honor to ask my opinion. But since you wish to know what finink, fromsider it only instice to say that the absence of the older son, who was it would be easter for an imprejudiced mind doubtless engaged in doing the honors of the to believe that Mr. Barrows had a secret enemy, or that his death was owing to some psoultar and perhaps unexplanable accident, f anticipated ; soon enough, indeed, for me than that he should seek it himself, having,

"He was very happy, then?" murmured my companion, looking for an instant away, as if he could not bear the intensity of my

" He level deeply a noble woman; they were to have been married in a month; does that look like happiness ?" I asked. The roving eye came back, fixed itself upon me, and turned dangerously dark and

Ale looke like it," he emphasized, and a strange smile passed over his lips, the utter melanchely of which was all that was plain

"And it was!" I persisted, determined not to yield an lota of my convictions to the personess of this man. "The woman who know him bost declared it to be so so the was dring; and fam forced to trust in her judgment, whatever the opinion of others

if that happy mene he began. "Sometimes meet with accidents,"

And your credulity is sufficient to allow you to consider Mr. Harrows' death on the result of accident for

lightly as the question was put, I felt that nothing but a deep anxiety had prompted it, else why that earnest gave from which my own could not falter, or that white line showing about the lip he comped in value to standy? Recotting inwardly, though & scarcely knew why, I forced myself to anewer with the calminous of an inquisitor:

" My credulity is not sufficient for me to commit myself to that belief. If investigation should show that Mr. Barrows had an

"Mr. Barrows had no enemy!" flashed from Mr. Pollard's lips. "I mean," he explained, with instant composure, " that he was not a man to awaken jealoney or antagonism; that, according to all accounts, he had the libraring and not the cursing, of each man in the community."

'Yes," Faunted " He never came to his death through the instrumentality of another person, broke in Mr. Pollard, with a utorn insisfence. "He fell into the vat intentionally or unintentionally, but no man put him

there. Do you believe me, Miss Sterling?" Did I believe him? Was he upon trial. then, and was he willing I should see he understand it? No, no, that could not be s yet why asserverate so emphatically a fact of which no man could be sure unless he had been present at the scene of death, or at least known more of the droumstances atfonding it than was compatible with the perfect ignerance which all men professed to have of them. Did he not see that such words were calculated to awaken suspicion. and that it would be harder, after such a question, to believe he spoke from simple conviction, than from a destre to lead eaptive the will of a woman whose intuitions, his frontied conscience told him, were to be feareds thistog, as an intimation that the conversation was fast becoming insepports lite to me, I confronted him with my prond-

" You must exense me," said I, "If I do not linger to discuss a matter whose conseunonces just now are more important to us than the fact itself. While your mother has insensible f cannot rost comfortable away from her side. For will therefore at-

law me to return to her. "In a moment," he replied, "There are one or two anothers it would please me to have you answer first." And his manner took on a charm that robbed his words of all peremptoriness, and made it difficult, if not impossible for me to move "You have epoken of Miss Reynolds," he resumed; "have told me that she declared upon her dying bed that the relations between Mr. The instant I had done so I saw why

" She was my room-mate," I returned. It was a blow; I saw it, though not a muscle of his face quivered. He had not expected to hear that I was upon terms of in-

timacy with her.

"I laved her," I went on, with a sense of cruel pleasure that must have sprung from the inward necessity I felt to struggle with this strong nature. "The proof that she loved me lies in the fact that she has made me heir to all her little savings. We were friends," I added, seeing he was not yet under sufficient control to specif.

under enflicient control to epeals.

"I see," he new said, moving involuntarily between me and the door. "And by triends you mean confidence, I presume the "Perhaps," I enewered coolly, dropping

His voice took a deeper tone; it was steel

"That has been already discussed," said I.
"Miss Sterling."—I think I never heard such music in a human voice—"you think

me inquisitive, presuming, ungentlemanly, persistent, perhaps. But I have a great wish to know the truth about this matter, if only to secure myself from forming false impressions, and wrongly influencing others by them. Hear with me, then, strangers though we are, and if you feel you can true "let me hear, I pray, what reasons you have for declaring so emphatically that Mr. Barrows did not commit suicide?"

"My reasons, Mr. Pollard? Have I not already given them to you? In it necessary for me to repeat them?"

"No," he earnestly rejoined, charmin me, whether I would or not, by the subtle homage he infused into his look, "if you will assure me that you have no others—that the ones you have given form the sole foundation for your conclusions. Will you?" he entreated; and while his eyes demanded the truth, his lip took a curve which it would have been better for me not to have seen if I wished to preserve unmoved my position as

I was compelled, or so it seemed to me, to answer without reserve. Itherefore returned a quiet affirmative, adding only in qualification of the avowal. "What other reasons Wefe hecessary ?"

"None, none," was the quick reply, " for to believe as you do. A woman but proves her claim to our respect when she attaches such significance to the master. sion as to make it the argument of a perfeet happiness,"

I do not think he spoke in sarcasm though to most minds it might appear so. I think he spoke in relief, a joyous relief, that was less acceptable to me at that moment than the sareaum would have been. I therefore did not blash, but rather grow pale, as with abow I acknowledged his words, and took my first step towards the doorway.
"I have wounded you," he murmured,

softly, following me-"You do not know me well enough," answered, turning with a sense of victory in the midst of my partial defeat. "It is a misfortune that can be remedied,"

"Your brother waits for us." I suggeste and, lifting, the portiers out of his hand, I passed through, steady as a dart, but quaking, oh, how fearfully quaking within! for this interview had not only confirmed me in my belief that something dark and unknown connected the life of this household with that which had suddenly gone out in the vat at the old mill, but deepened ruther than effaced the fatal charm which, contrary to every instinct of my nature, held me in a bondage that more than all things olse must make any investigation into this mystery a danger and a pain from which any woman might well recoil, even though she bore in her heart memories of a past like mine.

> CHAPTER VI. MRS. POLLARD.

That day was a marked one in my life. It was not only the longest I have ever known, but it was by far the dreariest, and, if I may use the word in this connection, the most unear this. Indeed, I cannot think of it to this day without a shudder; its effect being much the same upon my memory as that of a vigil in some underground tomb, where each mement was emphasized with horror less the dead lying before me might stir beneath their cerements and wake-The continual presence of one or both of the brothers at my side did not tend to alleviate the dread which the silence, the constant suspense, the cold gloom of the ever dimlylighted chamber were calculated to arouse; for the atmosphere of unreality and gloom was upon them too, and, saving the quick, short sigh that escaped from their lips now and then, neither of them spoke nor relaxed for an instant from that strain of painful attention which had for its foons their mother's stony face. Mrs. Harrington, who, in her youthful freshness and dimpled beauty, might have relieved the universal sembreness of the scene, was not in the room all day; but whether this was on account of nability to confront sickness and tronble, or whether it was the result of the the empty abyse out of which they should wishes of her brothers, I have never been able to decide; probably the latter, for, though she was a woman of a frivolous mind, she had a due sense of the proprieties, and was never known to violate them excopt under the stress of another will more

powerful than her own. At last, as the day waned, and what light there was gradually vanished from the shadowy chamber, tiny made a movement of disconragement, and, rising from his place, approached his brother, dropped a word in his our, and quietly left the room. The relief I felt was instantaneous. It was like having one coil of an oppressive nightmare released from my breast. Dwight, on the contrary, who had sat like a statue ever since the room began to darken, showed no evidence of being influenced by this change, and, convinced that any movement towards a more cheerful order of things must come from me, I rode, and, without consulting his

harrows and a railf were very happy. Were you with he was so silent and immovable. Overcome by fatigue, and possibly by a long strain of suppressed emotion, he had fallen asleep, and, ignorant of the fact that Guy had left the room, slumbered as peacefully as if no break had occurred in the mysterious watch they had hitherto so uninterruptedly main-tained over their mother and me.

The peacefulness of his sleeping face made a deep impression upon me. Though I knew that with his waking the old look would come back, it was an indescribable impe to me to me him, if but for an instant, free from that shadowy something which dropped a rail of mistrust between us. It seemed to show me that evil was not dinnate in this man, and explained, if it did not justify, the weakness which had made me more loniont to what was doubtful in his appearance and character than I had been to that of his equally courteous but

less attractive brother.
The glances I allowed myself to cast in-like direction were fleeting enough, however.

The Courage and Fiery Character

of the Man Considered. ate decision. He instituted, March 10, 1708, the extraordinary criminal tribunal, privileged to make whatever arrests it pleased, and from whose decisions there was no appeal. This was done in excess of patriotism, under conviction that the success of the revolution demanded it. Most of the proceedings in march this one. olution demanded it. Most of the proceedings he urged so gealously were to this end, for which he was violent, thereby gaining a reputation for crueity he did not merit. Marat, his colleague, constitutionally suspicious, often suspected him, and drove him to lengths he would not otherwise have gone. He constitutionally suspicious, of the constitution of the consti

tributed to the overthrow of the Girondists but would gladly have saved them, had it been in his power. Afterward he believed in moderation (the guillotine was repugnant to him), which deprived him of the support of the Mountain, the ultra party of the Jacobins, who concentrated on Robespierre. fances of a policy more and more hu med his influence among the radical In January, 1798, he was conscious of an approaching crisis, and that his enemies were

trying to destroy him. It was evident that the dictator, as he was styled, had become inimical, and was conspiring against him. No two men could have been more different; Robespierre, cold, crafty, furtive, resolute vigilant, deadly; Danton, hot, open, impetu-ous, confident, daring, defiant. An attempt was made to reconcile the two; but they were irreconcilable. Robespierre fears Danton, who despises him. To the giant the Revolution has grown an imposture, a most tragic, bloody imposture, and he affects reality alone. To the pigmy it promises autocracy, power unquestioned; hence it shall still riot in

Danton was a flery lover as well as hater He had married, at 27, Gabrielle Charpentier, daughter of a prosperous superintendent of farms. They loved one another devotedly, not at all as the French, when wedded, are commonly supposed to feel toward one another. She was, in contrast to him, a sound Catholic-their attraction may have lain in opposites; but he was a hero to her before he had won recognition. He often said that she was his discoverer. While he was on a mission to Relgium she died, leaving two children. It was a crushing blow to him; and returning to Paris, he ordered her grave to be opened that he might see and embrace again the woman he had adored. Gabrielle had selected for him Louise Gely, a fair girl, in hope of weaning him from the Revolution. to be a mother to her children, pious like herself, and of a royalist family. Some months later he wedded her, still mourning his great loss, and went through, for her sake, with the religious ceremony which he regarded as ab-

Danton's friends were greatly alarmed towand the last. They urged him to fly, his wife joining them in entreaty. Where shall I era have gained go?" he said. "If free France expel me, other lands will have only dangeons for me. And mate, Herault d'Eschelles, also on the committer of public safety, moved him not. The busy ax distressed him; he seemed to be in 1789, issuing "Philan apathy of horror. "I would rather be guillotined than guillotine. But they dare French People" and not fouch me. I am the arch that sustains the entire structure. They know that its fall | which brought him his was the confage of rashness. The night | newspaper, The of March 30, 1794, he was arrested, with Ca- Revolutions of mille Desmonlins and others; arrest, of France and Bracourse, meaning death. No one knew this better than Danton; so one could look more Rive for. He was young but 34-gifted, a mired him extremely; they were politically husband and a father, with a host of friends, the assurance of fame and a beloved republie which he more than any other man had created.

HIS LAST HOURS.

At the sourious trial he bears himself grandly before the very tribunal he had esfablished a welve months before. For his act he publicly begs parden of God and man, his object having been, as he said, to prevent another September massacre and the unloosing of a

scourge upon mankind, "These Cains know absolutely nothing about government or governing. I leave everything in frightful dis-

Fouquier-Tinville asks, according to form, his name and place of abode. The response is, "My name is Danton, tolerably well known in the Revolution. My abode will soon be in Annihilation; but my name will live in the Pantheon of history." He shows like an angry lion before his accusers; he shakes his mane; his eyes flash with indignation and deflance. will cover them with shame. "I will expose the three shallow scoundrels, Lebas, Couthon, St. Just, who favn on Robespierre and lead him to his doom. I will plunge them into never have arisen,"

The president rings his hell to enforce order and insists on it loudly, "What is it to you," exclaims the giant, "how I defend myself? The right of sentence is yours; I do not interfere with it. The voice of a man speaking for his honor and his life may well drown the lingling of your bell." He cannot be suppressed; the galleries murmur forebodingly. If he had been permitted to defend himself at length the commons might have insisted on his release, might have overthrown the frinmvirate then, as they did, through their

representatives, a few months later.
Danton is the foremost orator as he is the Titan of the Revolution. His arrest creates profound excitement and the greatest alarm. Men whispered to one another with white lips, "Danton has been arrested." They had her and her husband is still preserved and ecome accustomed to nearly every sort of still read with copious tears. injustice and outrage, but that Danton, the embodiment of the spirit of the Revolution, should be seized by the Robespierreaus is a surprise and a shock to all Paris. The city and the country are obviously in their piteous

tentenes.

Danton and his friends undergo the pretense of trial three days. If he had had any
chance for his life, he would have deprived
himself of it by his aggressive, discainful manner. He pours out his scorn and
detestation of those who have arraigned
him. They fear him all the more that he has no fear of them, only contempt for the worst they can do. They assume to learn of a plot they can do. They assume to learn of a plot for the rescue of the prisoners and the over-throw of the republic, and this assumption hastens the vengeance of the tribunal. Strong as they are, Danton living is an incessant menace, and they hunger for his blood. When he hears the sentence, he excaims: "We fail victims to infamous pol-troons; but they will not long enjoy their triumph. Robespierre will follow me. I alone could have saved him. I drag him after mat"



"What stupidity!" exclaims Danton. "You cannot prevent our heads from kissing in the basket." As he places himself under the ax he says to the executioner: "Show my head to the people; it will be worth their seeing!" And then the magic voice which for thre years had guided the destinies of distracted

BROUGHT TO A CLOSE.

Events Marking the Termination of the Reign of Terror.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1794.

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Danton had rightly complained of being out on trial with swindlers and stock jobbers, alluding to Chabot and Junius Frey, an Austrian banker, charged with defrauding the government. Men of different nationalities, politics and alleged crimes were dragged to death with him, making a batch (fournée), as sufferers were adherents of Danton; but among these the most conspicu Camille Desmoulins, who, as we have seen was the first to incite attack on the Bastile.

A lawyer, he never practiced, having a bis in favor of literature. Possessed of genius "Free France,"

bant, exercised wide influence by its vigor and beauty of style combined with trenchant wit. Danton was his bosom friend; he adconnected from the formation of the Corde ier club, and fittingly died together. When be was appointed minister of justice Camille was made secretary, and they were both chosen to the national convention. He renlered the Girondists ridiculous by his "His tory of the Brissotins," but was satisfied with their fall, and tried hard, though in vain, to save them. He and his friends labored, January, 1794, to induce the convention to adopt milder measures, and he advocated coniliation in his journal, Le Vieux Cordelier. Having denounced the system of proscripion, he favored elemency, being auxious to liberate the crowd of suspects from prison,

which caused him to be accused by the Jaobins. Robespierre defended him as a wayward child of genius who need not be harmed. out insisted that his publications should be ourned. "To burn is not to answer." declared the impetuous journalist, and thus in curred the permanent ill will of the dictator. In reply to the question of his age, at the trial, he said: "Thirty-three, the age of the ans-culotte Jesus, the fatal age for revolutionists." He was condemned, as usual, with

On his way to the guillotine he struggles with his bonds and recalls his services to the flendish populace. "Behold the reward of the first apostle of the Revolution! Do you kill your liberators, your preservers? I am Camille Desmoulins!" They merely jibe at him. They would have done the same had he been Jesus. The Parisian mob in those days were incarnate devils. He soon regained mposure and died bravely, holding in his and a lock of hair of his charming wife Lu-

They adore one another-it seems that matrimonial love is possible even in France-and she makes every effort to save him, writing the most touching letters to Robespierre, who had joined their hands and had been his fellow student. They elicit no reply. As a last resort she tries to excite a riot in his behalf, and is executed a few days later. She said she longed for death, and went to it with alacrity. She was a noble woman in

HEIGHT OF THE TERROR.

The three months and three weeks following Danton's end were the worst part of the Terror, which ended with Robespierre's overthrow. From the beginning of March to the close of July, 1794, the guillotine was steadily employed, and the awful responsibility rests almost wholly on Robespierre. He continu-ally declared the republic in imminent peril, and that it could only be preserved by increasing the number of victims. A new tri-bunal was organized, and any sort of accusa-tion, without the slightest evidence, was suf-ficient to insure the death of the accused.

St. Just and Couthon now formed with Robespierre a new triumvirate—the old one had been composed of Marat, Danton and Robespierre—and the convention yielded to all its demands. It had even conceded to the all its demands. It had even conceded to the tribunal the right to summon before it, without question, the deputies themselves. Robespierre had introduced what he called the worship of the Supreme Being, marking it by an estentatious festival, which seemed especially designed for his own glorification. The three talked glibly of the attempt of their enemies to efface the idea of the deity, as if they alone allowed him to exist. This is an ancient current of the particularly which claims to be particularly tom of men who claim to be particularly plous; they think to prove their faith in and love of God by patronizing him superlatively, and proclaiming what they have done in his behalf. Louis XAV is reported to have complained, upon the mortifying defeat of his forces at Ramillies, of the ingratitude of the Almighty, after the many favors he had received from the pompous hing.

To be Continued. tom of men who claim to be pa

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