LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Do you forget Mr. Dundas too?"

"Often, often!" with airy compunction. "Terribly to be deplored, isn't it? But now that I have found you, my Una, I feel sure that I shall make an immediate departure toward the right path. You will be of inestimable value to me. You will jog my memory. You will expose my sins. I shall presently be a reformed creature—a new light. You think honestly you will be able to undertake me?"

"I think you can talk as much nonsense now as you did in those old days when I was a little child, and fondly believed your folly wisdom."

It was not a pretty speech, certainly; but Miss MacGillicuddy was the oldest of a family who were all famous for saying just what they thought just as they thought it, and who seldom flinched from calling a spade a spade, no matter what might be the consequence. Of each other they expressed their opinions—favorable or otherwise (otherwise, as a rule)—with a noble openness and an enjoying frankness not to be surpassed. Life in such an atmosphere could not but produce a certain honesty, which generally means, when you come to look into it—that is, when it is directed against one's self—a decidedly objectionable freedom of language.

"What a fearful speech!" said Mrs. Dundas gayly. "I expect you'll turn my hair gray before I've done with you. I don't mind the accusation of talking only nonsense. Now-a-days that is a charm, an accomplishment. But that remark about your age; that was annihilating. Were you only a child when last I saw you? Was I quite grown up? Am I so many years your senior? Come, let me face the horrid truth. Your age, Constantia?"

"Eighteen."

"And I am twenty-five! Quite seven years between us! A century, rather! I should be looking for my first gray hair." She rose, and ran to a mirror let into the wall of the little bijou apartment in which tea had been served. It ran from ceiling to floor, and reflected her beautiful, tall, radiant figure and lovely face, as though it loved them. "There is one comfort," she cried, running her fingers through her crisp locks, "red-haired folk seldom grow gray until death is near. It is hard to kill the obstinate crimson. That is the consolation Nature offered us when she dyed us this unholy color. Well"—she turned back to Constantia—"and so, when last we were together, I was as young as you are now."

"No; very much older."

"I don't think so. For a country maid, you can hold your own pretty well. Confess, now, it was not civil of you to remind me that I grow an old woman," she laughed merrily; "but I am magnanimous—I harbor no uncharitable thoughts, I forgive you. Be equally generous—you—and grant me absolution for all the misdemeanors that in your heart you are imputing to me."

"You are wrong; I was not condemning you. Why should I condemn?" asked Constantia, with a slight contraction of her brows.

She was irritated, offended; she herself was hardly conscious why. Some inner sense of delicacy was hurt by the other's whole air. She looked at her cousin with wide eyes, in which lay surprise and distrust; her beautiful cousin, lying back amongst the velvet cushions, in the lounging position that she had learned was so well suited to her. Donna as a girl had been a favorite with her, Donna as a woman is strangely distasteful. Yet withal, there is something about her—some marvelous charm that attracts her even as it repels.

"Why, indeed?" replied Mrs. Dundas, artlessly. "I say, what a game little gown you've got on! Where did you get it from? White? Worth?"

Constantia colored.

"How likely it is," she said, with a reproachful glance, "that I should be able to order a gown from White—or Worth!"

"No? I'm often stupid," smiled Mrs. Dundas, penitently. "But to look at it! And do you mean to tell me you have a woman in this benighted village equal to that costume? If so, it's a shame; she has evidently a soul above the buttons to be procured here, and should get a helping hand to a higher sphere."

"Should she? I'm the woman. I made the gown you so affect to admire, myself," said Constantia, not—I regret to say—without a blush of shame. This betrayed a poverty of mind, for which she was even more ashamed afterward.

"No, really?" questioned Mrs. Dundas. "I wish I were clever like that. I'ts about the most desirable turn-out I've seen this many a day, and it fits like a glove."

Her tone was very kind and appreciative, and her admiration sounded true. Indeed, it was true. The girl's dress of simple cotton looked charming, and suited her lissom figure and debonair face to perfection.

"Mr. Dundas is always raving about the superiority of simple elegance over the more florid tastes," Mrs. Dundas went on, in her soft monotone. "Between you and me and the wall, he is a trifle close, and keeps a regular Judas's eye upon the money-bag. If he could see you in that gown I should not hear the end until the gown itself was in the rag-basket. If, my dear Con, he should chance to— Ah! Talk of the—of an angel; here he comes."

Mr. Dundas entered the room. He was a large man, tall and well-built; at least twenty years his wife's senior. He might not take a first prize where beauty was in question, but certainly he would be highly commended. His face was grave, his hair slightly grizzled. His mouth was firm, and perhaps a trifle stern when in repose. There was, indeed, a touch of severity about the whole man that impressed one, and suggested at the first glance that he would be an unsafe character with whom to play fast and loose. He looked vigorous, strong to endure, and silent. He was in all respects such a contrast to the graceful, easy, smiling creature who was his wife, that one could not fail to remark upon it.

He came up the room with a long, steady stride to Constantia, and shook hands warmly with her. He liked her: one could see that.

And then his eyes sought his wife; and then it was clear to all the world, had it been present, and certainly to Constantia, where his whole heart and soul lay. Such a wonderful brightening of the cold eyes! Such a softening of the firm lips!

Mrs. Dundas moved a little as he came toward her, and changed the expression of her lips. She leaned now across the tiny table at her side, and held out to him a welcoming hand with the pretty pink palm upward.

"We were just talking about you," she said with an enchanting smile: "wondering what kept you, and how long you could keep away." There was a most exquisite reproach in the last words. "Tired, Jo?"

This "Jo" was a little pet name she had for him. John he had been christened, an appellation that exactly suited him; and "John Anderson my Jo" she used to call him in those first days, when he had been intoxicated by the knowledge (delicately conveyed to him by her) that he was more to her than any other man on earth. Thrice blessed knowledge!

This playful cognomen had naturally dwindled by degrees into the more easy "Jo." It delighted him. The simple word, falling from her lips, could, even at his gravest moments, win a smile from him. He now held her hand for a second or so in a warm, fond clasp, and then dropped it. He could not kiss it, Constantia being present; but he felt in letting it go without the caress, as if he had sustained a loss.

"Tired? No," he said, with his calm smile. "Would nine or ten miles tire any man worthy to be so called? I assure you, Miss MacGillicuddy, this little woman,". laying his hand softly on his wife's arm, "regards me in the light of a puny boy, and deems me 'tired' if I wander from her sight for an hour or two."

Miss MacGillicuddy is so struck by the difference in his wife's expression since his appearance, and so lost in an endeavor to reconcile her allusions to him when absent with her manner to him when present, that she fails to make him any reply.

"Tea?" said Mrs. Dundas, sweetly looking up at him.

"I think so—yes." He spoke as one whose thoughts are elsewhere, and then brightened. "I knew there was something," he said, "something I wanted to tell you. As I came through the lime walk, I saw a carriage with the Varley liveries driving down the avenue."

Mrs. Dundas started perceptibly, and in so doing shook his hand from her shoulder. She glanced at the mirror near her, and involuntarily lifted her hand to smooth her already beautifully arranged hair. This is, however, a trick common alike to all women, good and bad. Constantia, therefore, thought nothing of that; but she did notice the start and the change of color that accompanied it.

"Why didn't you say so sooner?" said Mrs. Dundas, almost sharply, with a quick glance at her husband. She was evidently a little shaken out of her usual idle complacence. He had no time to reply, however, before the footman threw open the door and announced "Lady Varley."

She came in with a half smile upon her lips and a kindly light in her eyes. A slender, graceful girl, very cold, very self-contained, with a subdued haughtiness that was born with her, and was no spurious offspring of her marriage, yet full of a sweet graciousness that sat most perfectly upon her. She looked only a girl, in spite of her three years of wedded life, and her motherhood. Her face was singularly devoid of color, being a clear ivory; her lips were pure; her eyes rather deeply set and very earnest; beneath them great purple shadows lay—shadows that added to their gravity, but had nothing to do with delicacy. Her dark hair was coiled in a loose knot at the back of her head.

Donna rose and went toward her. Involuntarily she looked past her to the door, but no one else came in. She received her visitor with a delicious little touch of friendliness, being, perhaps, freer to do this in that the kindly door had admitted no one but her. Lady Varley seemed struck by her, and pleased.

"So more than good of you to come so soon," said Donna, prettily, when Lady Varley had greeted Constantia affectionately, and Mr. Dundas with the courtesy that belonged to her. By this time Donna had recovered any little embarrassment she might have known. If not better dressed, her gown was, at all events, more rococo than her visitor's, and there could be no doubt as to which woman had the greater claim to beauty. Constantia had been right when she hinted that Lady Varley might not please the many. Her face was too pale, her mouth not prone enough to laughter. Sometimes a glance from the earnest eyes had power to check unkindly mirth in others. Of the soul shining through those eyes few cared to know. Society likes to laugh. Society has nothing to do with a soul. There are, too, few things so tiresome as a woman with a conscience.

"I am so glad to find you at home—to make your acquaintance really," said Lady Varley in her low, distinct voice. "One may go on forever leaving cards without knowing anybody. And I half feared this lovely day might have tempted you to go out."

"When one has only just come to a new place, there are so many little things one must see to one's self, if one is to live," answered Donna, who never did anything. She put on quite a little housewifely air, that sat charmingly on her, and would have been perfect on a mimic stage. Lady Varley smiled in quick appreciation, and Mr. Dundas told himself he had married an angel. Constantia looked down and frowned. "But I am glad I could not go out," went on Mrs. Dundas with one of her brilliant smiles, "as my staying in has enabled me to see you." Then quite suddenly: "Lord Varley did not come with you?" She changed her position, and fixed her eyes full upon her visitor as she asked this.

"No, unfortunately. On Monday we heard of your arrival. On Tuesday Lord Varley was obliged to go to Dublin. Business will, I am afraid, keep him there for a week or ten days. On his return," she looked at Mr. Dundas here and smiled sweetly, "he hopes to call upon you. Mrs. Dundas and he are, I know, quite old friends."

Her manner was simple, and very cordial.

"She knows nothing," thought Donna, watching her closely. Satisfied on this point, she removed her gaze, and a faint sigh of relief escaped her.

"I am giving a dance on the seventeenth," said Lady Varley. "The invitations have been out some little time, but I hope you will waive ceremony and come to me." She flushed slightly. She was still at heart a girl, and a touch of shyness now and then shone through the calm that was natural to her.

"That will be delicious," cried Mrs. Dundas, gayly. "What a charming chance you offer me of seeing all my neighbors at once, instead of wasting a month or two over it! Are they pleasant, these neighbors?"

"They are very much like all other neighbors, I suppose. Some are just as one would have them, some are——" she paused, and smiled expressively.

The smile impressed Mrs. Dundas. "Constantia's saint can be severe at times," she said to herself. "I wonder, when a month or two has gone over our heads, in which category I shall find myself?"

CHAPTER III.

"Divil a bit!" said Mrs. Mulcahy.

As she gave way to this powerful remark, she placed her arms akimbo.

"Moderate your language, Mulcahy," said Miss MacGillicuddy. This was not Constantia, it was her aunt—a gallant spinster of some fifty summers, who ruled with a brazen arm over the five luckless orphans whom an unwise father had left, when dying, to her tender mercies. She was tall and bony, and of the horsy type. Her complexion was so sallow that the so-called whites of her eyes caught the reflection of it, and her skin seemed insufficient for the covering of the bones that started generously all over her.

To contradict her was treason; to annoy her, suicide. She tramped up and down the small house they called home from morning till night, scolding accusing, reviling, the two servants and the five nephews and nieces without drawbreath. She was the terror of the village school-children, the scourge of the parish. Like Satan, she went to and fro seeking whom she might devour. Even Donna, in the old days, had confessed to being afraid of her.

Poor soul! There was very little money in her household, and poverty imbitters! All her life long she had struggled with it; and when the children came to her, they brought with them but a scanty pittance, that barely paid for their board and the somewhat erratic education they had received, and were still receiving. The two younger boys went to the vicar daily; that righteous man having agreed to pound into their brains as much Latin, Greek, and English, as they would hold, out of the goodly store that belonged to him, for a sum too small to be named here. Let his good deeds follow him. That small sum he gave to the widows and orphans of his parish.

Constantia had been educated by a distant connection; Phil, the eldest brother, was now going through Trinity, helped by the same kind but cold hand. After Phil came a girl—Norah, a thin, angular little creature, with a shy, expressive face—who underwent an awful tuition under her aunt. Constantia taught her music, but Miss MacGillicuddy insisted upon keeping her English in her own hands.

It was a struggling household; Miss MacGillicuddy spent her life trying to make both ends meet—a sad employment. She was old, she would fain rest; but the sitting down and the folding of the hands at eventide was not for her. She must still be up and doing. The butcher must be sharply interrogated; the baker was always open to suspicion; the grocer required a clever eye upon him. By degrees, indeed, she had grown to regard these three estimable men as her most inveterate enemies. They were harpies, thieves. To them all her money went, and she forgot to remember that they gave her something in exchange for it.

One luxury she allowed herself; that was the power of changing her religious opinions as often as she chose. To-day she was High Church, and worshiped vestments and candlesticks; to-morrow Low Church, with a virtuous horror of the decent ritual. She had supported the Presbyterian minister who held his chapel in the lower end of the town, and after a bit had openly deserted him, and given her countenance to the Methody parson who spoke through his nose to his followers at the upper end. Just now she was pleased with the vicar because he had given her excellent cabbage plants for the vegetable garden, and so was pretty orthodox in her views; but one could not be sure whither the next wind would blow her. She had, however never been a Roman Catholic. Priests stank in her nostrils.

She was very likely to hold the tenets of the Church for some time to come, because her mind was fully occupied with a mission. She adored missions. She had within the past month enrolled herself as a member of the Blue Ribbon Army, and was now occupying herself making converts right and left. She was very successful with the old ladies who never drank anything save tea, and with little children, who believed lemonade was the modern name for nectar. The two younger boys, aged respectively ten and twelve, went down to the vicar every morning with broad bands of blue ribbon stitched with aggressive publicity upon their coats, and because of them suffered martyrdom as they went by the boys belonging to the college. This college was kept by an English clergyman, with a voice extraordinarily English, and a wife, and a baby or two. The boys scoffed at the little MacGillicuddys as they went by, in the exquisitely cruel manner that boys can, until their little hearts were sore within their bodies; often reducing the youngest child, who was of a sensitive nature, to tears. Mr. Evans, had he heard of these unlawful proceedings on the part of his scholars, would have been seriously annoyed, no doubt, being himself one of the chief apostles of the Blue Ribbon movemoent; but as for Miss MacGillicuddy, she cared for none of these things.

She entered with zest into the new crusade. It suited her admirably. It gave her the power of wounding any amount of respectable people; it made her feel more righteous than those who still clung to the pernicious glass of sherry. These she called wine-bibbers, and read them long lectures, in which the Rechabites largely figured. She arrayed herself in blue ribbons. It was an excellent mission, and an economical one; it put a full stop to the wine merchant's bill. But she would have been very angry had you hinted at this.

Just now she was bent on the conversion of Mrs. Mulcahy, the cook, who now and then used to take "just a thimbleful nate" for the good of her "stomick," she said. It certainly wasn't for the good of her head, which was considerably the worse for wear after each of these thimblefuls. But as Mrs. Mulcahy never remembered anything about it the next morning she never could be brought to believe this. It was a wonderful thimble of every shape and size and was a matter of unceasing speculation with the younger MacGillicuddys. Mrs. Mulcahy was, however, an invaluable servant, who had been in the family for forty years; and as her thimbles were partaken of only three or four times in the twelve months, dismissal on account of them was never dreamed of. But to convert her—to show her the error of her ways, and induce her to ornament her person with a square inch of blue ribbon—that was Miss MacGillicuddy's dream!

(To be Continued.)

GROWTH OF THE CITIES

Both European and American Urban Communities Are Increasing in Population.

In 1801 Scotland had 1,600,000 people, nearly all living in the country. In 1891 she had 4,000,000 people, 2,631,300 living in cities and 928,500 in the country. In 1838 there were in Manchester, England, only 250,000 people, while now, within a radius of twenty miles from the Town hall, there are 3,000,000 people, all living on the manufactories. The census shows that in all England there are 20,800,000 people in cities and 8,200,000 in rural districts, an increase of 15.3 per cent. from 1881 to 1891, while the rural districts increased only 3.4 per cent. That wonderful growth in these cities is almost all to be credited to the steam engines.

If we go across over into France we find that the population since the discovery of steam has more than doubled in its manufacturing towns. In Prussia, since the Franco-Prussian war, the population has increased 20 per cent. in a decade. Berlin, the capital, is eight times as large as it was in 1831, just about the time when steam began to be introduced. Holland and Belgium show a steady increase in the city population over the rural districts.

The most wonderful growth of cities has been in the United States, and all this great growth since the introduction of steam, and the real life of these cities is manufacturing. It is this industrial life which has increased the population of cities and made them the greatest power. Up to the beginning of the war of the rebellion perhaps three per cent. of the population of this country was in our cities; to-day 33 per cent. live in cities.

This new industrial life, this large growth of cities, this immense population under city government presents

NEW CONDITIONS

in law and in all the laws of life. The population has outgrown the ordinary ideas of government, and the day is not very far distant when cities will have to be free and almost independent of State governments. If it was a wise policy in the rural age of the republic, or if it is to-day, for these rural districts to take care of themselves and all their local affairs, certainly the principle is just as applicable to the government of cities of to-day. This question is fast coming to the front—it cannot be long put off. This is a great age of development of industrial and commercial life, and this new life requires different conditions from the ordinary country life. The people who live in localities know best what they want, and if they pay the bills they ought to have what they want, provided it does not interfere with the rights of others.

In 1 0) th re were in the United States six cities, but only one with over 12,000 people. In 1850 one city with 500,000 people, and only three with 250,000 people. In 1880 176 cities with over 12,000 people, thirty-five with 75,000 people, and fourteen with 250,000 people. In 1800 the total population of the United States was 5,308,483; in 1890 it was 62,622,250 people. The total city population in 1800 was 210,873, and the rural population was 5,097,610, 3.97 per cent. of the total population then living in the cities. In 1850 the city population was 2,897,586, and the rural population was 20,294,290, or 12.49 per cent. in cities. In 1890 the city population was 18,284,385, while the rural population was 44,337,865, the city population being 29.20 per cent. of the total population. This shows that while the rural population in forty years doubled, the city population increased sixfold.

To-day one-third of all the people in the United States live in cities. In 100 years the total population has increased sixteen-fold, but the city population is 140 times greater than it was 100 years ago. This increase has been almost entirely since the introduction of steam power, and the consequent industrial era which it created.

An Important Difference.

Mother—Are you sure Mr. Nicefellow loves you as a husband should?

Daughter—Of course. He wants to marry me.

Mother (who knows her daughter's peculiarities)—Loving you well enough to marry you is one thing; loving you well enough to live with you is quite another.

A Terrible Disappointment.

Mother—Why, my dear, what's the matter? Something has happened at Mrs. De Music's party, I know. Tell me all about it, my child.

Daughter—Boo-hoo! Mrs. De Music asked me to play, and—and when I told her I was out of practice, she said she was 'so sorry' and didn't ask me again, boo-hoo-hoo!

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Orillia wants early closing.

Petrolea is organizing a dramatic club.

Midland's box factory is being rebuilt.

Dundas has a whooping-cough epidemic.

A dramatic club is being organized in Pickering.

Montreal's license fee is £600 and Quebec's £450.

Kingston has a Bachelor's Protective Association.

The C. A. R. is building cars in its Ottawa shops.

The Guelph Collegiate Institute has a hockey club.

A ferry company is to be organized at the Canadian Soo.

Pansies were picked on Christmas day in a Guelph garden.

David A. Kay's young son was drowned at Paris recently.

McLeod, of the Zorra tug-of-war team, was recently married.

Another Guelph gas well has been struck on Pelee Island.

Twenty-six families are spending the winter at Island Park.

Stephen Trudeau's widow died recently at Bristol, aged 101.

There is a Bachelors' Protective Association in Kingsville.

Rev. J. A. Anderson, of Goderich, has refused a call to Guelph.

American capitalists want to buy the Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

Hay is being exported from about Ottawa to Western Ontario.

The Bradford fire brigade will disband unless paid for their services.

Caribou are reported to be excellent and plentiful north of Quebec.

A Hamilton man lost $10,000 by the decline in stocks at New York.

Hockey clubs are becoming numerous in country towns and villages.

At public auction the other day Brantford market fees brought $1,460.

The Kingston convicts had a 1,200 pound pudding on Christmas day.

Renfrew will soon vote on the question of water-works and sewerage.

The fisheries of Canada last year yielded more than those of France.

A company of Chatham youths swam across the Thames on Christmas day.

The Middlesex Bar Association will soon banquet Chief Justice Meredith.

Mr. D. Baptie, township clerk of South Dumfries for 40 years, has resigned.

Dr. Yemen's residence at Stratford was recently burned, at a loss of $8,000.

Ottawa offers the Westinghouse Brake Company free site and water to locate there.

Vehicle works are to be established in Truro, N. S., by some Kingston capitalists.

Mayor Little, London, gave 100 Christmas turkeys to corporation labourers.

The Baie des Chaleurs railway is to be sold to satisfy workingmen's claims for $20,000.

Ottawa capitalists have bought a plumbago property near Calabogie for $30,000.

Rev. W. B. Hinson, Montreal, has been called to the Baptist church at Moncton, N. B.

Berlin's old town park is now called "Woodside Park" and the new one "Victoria Park."

A man named Madoure cut a hole in the ice at Montreal, jumped through it and was drowned.

Ottawa will vote on the establishment of a public library. A $70,000 house is offered as a free gift.

Miss Lizzie Cowan, of Wroxeter, recently made some honiton lace which was bought by Queen Victoria.

Hiram Walker, it is said, has hurried $54,000 worth of whisky to Detroit, thus getting ahead of the new tariff.

Mr. and Mrs. James Willis, of Mount Delhousie, N. S., recently celebrated the 60th anniversary of their marriage.

Lowe township people want the Government to pay for the military expedition recently sent there to collect taxes.

A man has asked the Metcalfe Council to remit $30 he paid a doctor who treated a child bitten by a supposed mad dog.

A $30,000 extension is being made to the Walkerville brewery. Its products will be sent in wood to Detroit and bottled there.

Miss Allingham, who was killed lately at Oro station, deeded a site for an English church at Hawkestone the night before her death.

Red Tabby Cats in London.

A lady who has recently returned from abroad says that one of the most interesting exhibits which she saw in Europe was the National Cat Show of England, which was held at the Crystal Palace, London, in which about 700 cats were shown. "The decided feature of the exhibition," she said, "was the number of superb red tabbies, together with a fine assortment of pure blacks, smoke-colored cats, and cats with that peculiar tone of glossy coat known as cat blue. The efforts of the English cat-breeders this year past have been blue and black cats. In the opinion of many experts a black cat without any markings whatever of white is the most perfect variety that is known, and it is proof of the appreciation of this that certain dishonest people will pluck the white hairs out of a cat one by one. It has been noticed that the classes that are open to working-men in this national exhibition are particularly strong in fine black cats. Blue-eyed, white-coated cats are getting to be highly valued in England now, and one of these bore off the other day a substantial money prize that was offered by Louis Wain, the great cat artist. Another prize of the show was a brown tabby tom, Champion Xenophon, which its owner values at $5,000.