

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

BY LYDIA M. WOOD.
CHAPTER III.

Letting her eyes fall once more on to her book, Avicé felt the hot blood surging up into her cheeks. Who or what was this man whose very presence seemed to fill her with uneasiness, and why had he come into that unfrequented glen? These questions rose unconsciously to her mind as she bent, or rather tried to bend, her eyes upon the printed matter before her until such time as it should please the intruder to pass on. But if she had hoped by her unconscious air to send him away she was doomed to disappointment, for, taking up his stand almost directly in front of her, he said politely: "Have I the honour of addressing Miss Sacharty?"

The low musical tones and the slightly foreign accent with which he uttered these words attracted her strangely, and with a slight bow she acknowledged the truth of his words.

"Ah!" he cried, seating himself unbidden on the turf near her, "that is indeed delightful! Your father is one of my greatest and most valued friends."

Avicé did not reply for a moment; she was too much astonished to say anything, until the man's curious dark eyes fixed themselves suddenly on hers with a strange intense gaze and seemed to drag an answer from her.

"You come, then, from India?" she said, idly turning over the pages of her book.

"From India, yes," he replied, a swift smile parting a moment the thin line of his lips. "I am Indian myself, or rather Malay. My name is Tehandar Mutwaneé, at your service.—I read your name in the books," he added by way of explanation, "and I thought it must be the daughter of my old friend."

Avicé smiled. Somehow, in spite of her first feeling of dislike, the man fascinated her, and she no longer felt the impulse to run away which she had had at first; and for some time they sat on there, under the whispering trees chatting about India, which Avicé remembered but faintly, any allusion to it having always been discouraged by her aunt.

At last the lengthening shadows warned them that time was getting on, and they returned to the hotel, Tehandar carrying the rug and book, which he delivered up into Avicé's keeping as she went up-stairs.

"We shall meet again at dinner," he said with a smile as he turned away. "I will contrive to sit near you, and then we can talk about India again."

Avicé nodded brightly, and ran up-stairs to seek her friend, whom she found already dressing for dinner.

She looked decidedly astonished when the girl related her adventure. "Are you quite sure he is what he pretends—your father's friend?" she asked doubtfully. "It would be so easy for any one, attracted by your name, to fabricate a tale in order to make your acquaintance."

"Oh yes, I know; but he seemed to know all about papa—things, I mean, which only a friend would know; and besides, he knew Aunt Amelia by name; he asked after her. And he said he had seen me when I was quite a tiny baby."

"Oh well, I suppose it is all right," returned Mrs. Douglas, examining her hair critically with the hand-glass. "But do be quick dressing, my dear; we shall be fearfully late if you don't make haste."

And Avicé fled to her own room, which was just beyond, and began making up for lost time, her mind all the while occupied with her afternoon's experiences and Tehandar Mutwaneé.

It was not long before she joined Mrs. Douglas, and they went down-stairs together. Tehandar Mutwaneé was standing before the fire, which, in consideration of the chilliness of the evening air, burnt brightly on the hearth. He advanced to meet them as they entered.

"My friend, Mrs. Douglas—Mr. Mutwaneé," said Avicé shyly, by way of introduction.

The Malay bowed profoundly. "I am charmed to make Mrs. Douglas's acquaintance," he returned in those soft mellow tones of his; "and shall feel proud if I, too, may be reckoned among the lists of her friends."

Mrs. Douglas acknowledged his greeting with a slight bend of her golden head, and passed on to Mrs. Barfelt's side, leaving Avicé to talk to her new acquaintance, who with no conscious will on her part, fascinated her more and more.

"It seems so strange to meet a countryman and a friend of my father's, here," she said, smiling, as Mutwaneé gallantly led her into dinner. "Such an odd coincidence, you know?"

A curious smile lit up the dark face of the other as she spoke. "A pleasant one, too, I hope," he murmured softly. "For me, it is, at any rate."

Avicé did not reply for a moment; then again she felt that obligation to answer. "Yes, very," she returned shyly, turning her attention to the menu card by her side.

Her companion glanced at it too, with the air of a connoisseur. "Fish, soup, partridge (roasted) fricassee of mutton—um, um, um. I should recommend some of this poulets au riz," he said, as Avicé laid down the card. "As an entrée it is very good."

If there was one thing she detested it was poulets au riz. "I don't really think I will have that," she returned as she tasted the soup; "I am not partial to chicken."

Her companion said nothing at this moment; but as the waiter whisked away her plate, he looked quietly at her, saying, more in the tone of one who makes an assertion than of one asking a question: "You will change your mind, and take some chicken, will you not?"

And then it appeared to the girl as if, after all, she would change her mind; and mechanically like one saying a lesson, she ordered the waiter to bring her chicken, instead of—as she had at first intended—partridge; and again that curious half-mocking smile stole back into the black eyes of Mutwaneé.

This little incident made her feel rather uneasy—a faint vague fear of this strange man, who fascinated while he alarmed her, came upon her, and she was not sorry when they rose from the table.

On the hall table, on her way to the drawing-room, she found a letter from her father. It was dated Berlin, and bore the German postmark; but in it Mr. Sacharty announced that he was returning to England almost daily, and hoped that he might see some of his daughter before long, as he was bound to stay with friends in the neigh-

bourhood of Strath Carron. He added that he had heard from an old friend of his who was going to Strath Carron—"and who, indeed, will be there ere this reaches you; and I hope and trust that for my sake you will treat him with all courtesy and kindness," the letter went on, "for to Tehandar Mutwaneé I owe more than I can tell you of friendship and respect."

The girl's eyes sparkled as she read this. "How very odd!" she murmured; "but it will satisfy Mrs. Douglas of his respectability."

And as events turned out, Mrs. Douglas was only too glad to be convinced of his respectability and general fitness to be Avicé's companion; for she had just discovered an old friend in a certain Mrs. Digby Browne, who had arrived that afternoon, and was too busily engaged in chatting about old times to pay much attention to the girl.

"I wonder what Aunt Amelia would think of him," thought Avicé to herself later on that same evening as she brushed out her long wavy hair. She had a dim consciousness, somehow, that Miss Marchmont would not altogether approve of Tehandar Mutwaneé; and yet what there was to dislike in him she could not say. Polished, agreeable, highly cultivated, with a flow of language and store of anecdote which were surprising, he certainly made a most charming companion; and in spite of her half-acknowledged fear of him, Avicé drew a fairly glowing picture of him in her letter to her aunt ere she retired to rest that evening. But one thing she did not mention, and that was the curious manner in which she felt compelled to execute his will in the veriest trifles, and the sense of nervous oppression which seized her every now and then when his eyes were upon her.

It was the custom in the hotel for any visitors who wished to have letters posted for them to place them on a tray put for that purpose on a table in the hall, when they were taken to the post by one of the servants. As a rule, Avicé preferred posting her letters herself, disliking the publicity of the hall table; but the next morning, being somewhat in a hurry, and fearing to keep Mrs. Douglas waiting, she placed Miss Marchmont's letter on the tray as she went out. It was about eleven o'clock, and all the other visitors had already gone out, either to the baths or on some expedition—all, that is, save one. Tehandar Mutwaneé was sitting in the smoking-room as Avicé passed through the hall, and seeing her through the half-open door placing a letter on the table, he slipped out as soon as she had gone and proceeded to examine the address. Something in it seemed to displease him, for he gave a low grunt of dissatisfaction, and then, hearing footsteps coming, replaced it quickly and began searching for his hat. The footsteps drew nearer, and soon the red head of Andrew, one of the waiters, appeared round a corner. He looked curiously at the dark face of Mutwaneé as he passed, and the latter, who was struggling into a greatcoat of enormous thickness, returned his gaze with interest, until his pale blue eyes were obliged to fall beneath the piercing black orbs.

"Shall I take this to the post for you?" said Mutwaneé, politely indicating Avicé's letter as he spoke. Andrew, as he knew, was the one generally told off for such errands. The waiter glanced at him sharply. He was not accustomed to having his work done for him, but neither was he inclined to refuse a good offer. "Thank ye sir," he replied slowly. "I dinna ken there could be muckle harm, if ye're gaun to the town." And Tehandar, hastily availing himself of the permission, took up the letter and went his way. But he did not go towards the village; on the contrary, he turned his back upon it; and Avicé's letter never reached the post, but lay opened and crumpled in his inner pocket for many a long day.

Days came and went, Tehandar Mutwaneé still stayed on in the Scotch watering-place, although it was palpable to all that he had not come there for the baths, or even for the waters, for a course of which even the strongest usually went in. He was generally to be seen with Avicé and Mrs. Douglas—often even with Avicé alone—and besides them, he seemed to have few or no acquaintances in the place. It was pity for his loneliness, partly, and partly also a desire to please her father, which had led Avicé, and through her, Mrs. Douglas, to adopt the foreigner into their set; and having once been adopted, he had no mind to be dropped again; and thus it came to pass that in all their rambles and excursions he generally made one. He exercised a curious subtle power over Avicé herself from the first; and by degrees, it had grown stronger as he became more intimate with her, until at length the girl, frightened at first by the strange unaccountable feeling, had unconsciously ceased to struggle against it, and indeed seemed almost to court its power.

Two or three days of damp uncertain weather were succeeded by one of such extraordinary splendour that Mrs. Douglas declared they ought to celebrate its appearance by some grand expedition; and after much debating and careful weighing of all the pros and cons, it was unanimously decided that they should make up a party and visit a curious old mansion in the next village, which was said to have formed one of Prince Charlie's halting-places during the '45.

The party was quite a small one, consisting only of Mrs. Douglas and her friend Mrs. Browne; the latter's daughter; a certain Oliver Westall, with whom they had become acquainted through Mrs. Barfelt; Tehandar Mutwaneé and Avicé; and they set off gaily soon after breakfast, determining to lunch at the inn of Inchbothie, returning home for dinner.

Miss Digby Browne, having a decided horror of foreigners in general and Tehandar in particular, established under Mr. Westall's protecting wing; and as the two elder ladies were deep in the criticism of a mutual friend, it fell out that Tehandar and Avicé were left to each other, a state of things which gave the former at any rate deep satisfaction.

"You must explain it all to me," he said with a smile, as Avicé made some remark about the historical interest of the place; "for I am afraid that I am very ignorant in the matter."

And though Avicé modestly professed herself to be about as ignorant as he was, he refused to be guided about the house by any one but her. It was an old house built in a variety of styles, and, when the owners were away, quite the show place of the country-side, full of old ancestral portraits and curious heirlooms, many of them rendered sacred by the touch of royal fingers,

or consecrated from time immemorial to none but royal use. There was even a legend that once, during one of his periods of exile, Robert the Bruce had sought the shelter of its friendly walls, and the room was still shown where he passed the night.

"We must go and see that!" cried, Avicé enthusiastically, as they all stood together in the old oak-panelled hall debating where to go first. "Come, Mr. Mutwaneé, you and I will set off and lead the way. The guide-book says it is at the back of the house on the second floor." And followed by the willing Tehandar, she disappeared through the door.

Oliver Westall gazed after her with a look of grudging approval, not unmixed with anxiety. "She is such a charming girl," he muttered to himself; "surely she can't be intending to marry that fellow; and yet she certainly does encourage him decidedly."

The latter part of this statement seemed true enough; for all that day Tehandar never left her side, and she appeared anything but bored by his attentions. It was growing late, and Mrs. Douglas was beginning to think of turning home, when suddenly, as he and Avicé leant over one of the battlemented turrets, reelling in the beauty of the scene below, Mutwaneé began softly: "We have known each other quite a long time now, Miss Sacharty."

"More than a week!" returned Avicé laughing.

"More than a week!" he echoed, turning his dark eyes full upon her—"to me it seems a life-time—a life-time of happiness. Oh Avicé, my pearl, my jewel, say you will turn the friendship of the days into the love of eternity! Avicé Sacharty, I ask you to be my wife!"

A cold shiver passed through the girl's frame; it was scarcely due to the September air. "No, no!" she cried feebly, raising her hands, as if to shut out the power of his gaze. "No; I cannot, I cannot!"

"Cannot!" he said softly, but with a persuasive accent in his mellow voice, drawing down her hands as he spoke with a gentle but firm persistence against which she was powerless. "Nay; think again; cannot? Why 'cannot'? Let it rather be a 'can' and 'will'!" And as he spoke he bent his gaze upon her with renewed intensity. "Say yes! sweet one. See, it will be easy?" In spite of the term of endearment and the coaxing tone, the words seemed more like a command than an entreaty.

Again that nervous shiver passed over her, and she was silent. Was it a battle with a stronger will which kept her dumb? Who can say?

Tehandar paused, as if waiting for an answer. "I am rich, rich," he whispered. "In my own country I am a prince—a rajah; but if I have not you I am poor. But you will say yes—yes, I feel it!"

The strong will triumphed. Avicé bowed her head. "It shall be, then, as you wish," she returned wearily. "Yes; I will marry you some day—some day," she repeated, as if to reassure herself. "But now, let us go; the rest are waiting." She turned away, a strange bewildered feeling in her heart; and Tehandar followed her, a triumphant light in his dark eyes.

"Your congratulations, Mrs. Douglas," he said suavely as they parted in the hotel hall. "Miss Avicé has consented to by my wife."

Mrs. Douglas looked amazed. Somehow, it had never entered her head that Avicé would marry Tehandar Mutwaneé—the thing was absurd on the face of it; and she determined to take her young friend severely to task when they got up-stairs, dim visions of Miss Marchmont's wrath disturbing her peace of mind; but the hall was too public a place for a "scene," so she smiled her congratulations politely.

One person, however, looked gravely displeased as he noted the Malay's look of triumph, and that person was Oliver Westall. A student of nature from his earliest years, he had been strangely attracted by Avicé from the first night of her arrival; and if hitherto he had said nothing about him, it is because he had always been content to stand aside and watch with critical eye the different phases of human life which are so plentiful in a little place like Strath Carron.

Avicé had always greeted him kindly with a bright sweet smile which seemed like a ray of warm June sunlight let loose on the world, and for that reason, more than any other, Oliver Westall took a deeper interest than ordinary in the girl's welfare.

"What a pity!" he murmured, shaking his head sadly as he retired to his own room to dress. "She was such a sweet girl; and he—Well, I don't know what her parents can be thinking about!" And later on, as he wrote to his particular chum, Jack D'Arcy, he told him the little episode, with a few cynical observations of his own on the vanity of all human things, intended for his friend's benefit and his own comfort.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Douglas, conscious, perhaps, of having somewhat neglected her duty to Avicé, was satisfying the qualms of her own conscience by reproving the girl severely for her rash and foolish engagement, in a manner not calculated to soothe or calm her decidedly agitated spirit.

Did Miss Marchmont know anything of the affair? she inquired at length, having exhausted all her other arguments—or her father?

Avicé was obliged reluctantly to admit that neither of them knew anything of the matter. Her father was comparatively a stranger to her; and as for Miss Marchmont—well, for some inexplicable reason, she declared that she had not been able to write about Tehandar Mutwaneé to her aunt, except once, and then no notice whatever had been taken of her announcement. "Even though I said he was a friend of papa's!" she added, as if to remind Mrs. Douglas that this was the case.

But Mrs. Douglas refused to be reminded, and began attacking the first part of her assertion. "Why couldn't you write to your aunt about him?" she asked in some astonishment not unmixed with incredulity. "It is so silly to talk like that, as if any one were preventing you!"

"That's just what I felt!" began the girl eagerly. "My tongue—I mean my pen—Oh!" she exclaimed, "I simply couldn't write it—that was just what I felt."

Mrs. Douglas was just what to grow slightly alarmed. Was it possible that the excitement of it all was affecting the girl's brain? Was this man exerting some strange occult power to fascinate the girl, and lure her into his toils? The idea was absurd; but still, Avicé herself was half an Eastern by blood, and Eastern people were very excitable. And her suspicions being confirmed in a degree by the girl's flushed cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes, she promptly sent her to bed, saying as she did so, "I shall

write to your aunt myself to-morrow, and then we shall see."

But the matter unexpectedly brought Mr. Sacharty to the hotel to see his daughter; and in the private tete-a-tete which Mrs. Douglas had with him, he soon convinced her that the match had his entire approbation, and declared that he himself would acquaint Miss Marchmont with all particulars.

To tell the truth, the easy-going matron was not sorry to relinquish the task to him for she stood in considerable awe of the grave spinster, who was more her husband's friend than her own, and did not care to risk an explosion of her ire. To his daughter herself Kilmur was kinder than he had ever been, and joined his entreaties with those of Tehandar for a speedy wedding. "It would be so nice, you know, if you could go out with him when he goes back," he said one day as he and Avicé returned from a ramble among the hills. "He has such a lonely life, poor fellow, and in spite of his wealth is often very miserable, for lack of a woman's help and comfort."

And Tehandar himself murmured the same in her ear as they sat together under the shade of the pine-trees, or wandered up and down the heathery braes drinking deep draughts of the pure strong mountain air; and his words, so often repeated, yet always with some tender variation, seemed, for all their pleading, like commands that could not be disobeyed, until at last Avicé, in spite of herself, was obliged to consent, and promise to marry him soon—yes, very soon; when she did not say, but it should be soon.

She was looking dreadfully ill and worn, poor girl; so much so, that others besides Oliver Westall were beginning to notice it, and to say to each other doubtfully that being engaged did not seem to agree with Miss Sacharty. The fact was that she hated Tehandar Mutwaneé, hated him with all her soul; and yet she could not, do what she would, shake herself free from the fascination which he exercised over her. She longed intensely to be able to snatch off her betrothal ring, a costly one of curious workmanship, and throw it in his face, retracting at the same time her promise to be his wife—and still she dared not. The power of his superior will seemed entirely to have dominated hers; and with the calm gaze of those unflinching eyes upon her, she felt that had he commanded her to hang herself she could not have disobeyed. "If Aunt Amelia were only here!" she moaned as she tossed restlessly from side to side in the dark night hours—"or Mr. Standish!"

But she would not have been able to tell them anything if they had been, for she had tried many a time to write a statement of the case to her aunt; and every time, as she told Mrs. Douglas, an indefinable something seemed to stay her hand, and she could not write it.

It was with considerable surprise one morning that she received a letter from Miss Marchmont, enclosed in one to her father, in which she urged her niece to consent to a scheme which Tehandar had proposed a few days before—that they should be married that very week by special license in the Episcopal church close by. "It would be so nice," her aunt wrote, "for them to spend their honeymoon together in London; and although she herself, on account of the infection, could not be present at the ceremony, she would join them in town, and they would have a few delightful weeks together before they went to India."

Avicé could hardly believe her eyes as she read this unexpected letter. Opposition on her aunt's part had been the one straw to which she had clung, and now even this had failed her! Well, since things were so, there seemed nothing for it but to submit to fate, or rather to the irresistible will of Tehandar Mutwaneé.

"That girl I told you of in my last is going to be married, it seems, on Saturday," wrote the cynical Westall to his friend the next day; "and this is Tuesday! There seems something a little uncanny to my mind in such very quick work. Poor little Miss Sacharty—did I tell you that was her name?—she does not seem to thrive on her wooing. Let us hope matrimony may have a more salubrious effect!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Seafarer.

TRANSLATION FROM OLD ENGLISH.
The thought that was in my heart
Is roaming the roaring sea:
It hath sped to the home of the whale,
Where my soul ever yearned to be.
It hath flown to the ends of the earth,
It hath traversed the trackless main,
And back with a ravening swoop
It hath rushed to my heart again.
The lone-flier screams; in my soul
A pasionate longing raves:
I must go; I must traverse alone
The death-way over the waves;
For I long for the joy of God,
And I scorn a life that is death,
And I know earth's treasures are vain,
And that life is a fleeting breath.
I know the terror of death
Must come to all, soon or late,
Be it age or disease, or the odds
Of the sword that is steeled with hate.
The praise of the living is best:
The fame that awaiteth the dead.
Who wrought good ere they went their way,
Who shall live when the soul hath fled;
For on earth they wrappled with sin,
And the malice of foes o'ercame;
They shall live on the lips of men,
And Heaven shall ring with their name,
And gone is the pride of power,
And gone are the days of old,
And gone are Kaiser and King,
And gone is the giver of gold.
The glorious deeds and the joy
And the splendour that girt the throned
Are gone; and the weak, in woe
Inherit the earth alone.
For bowed is the pride of wealth,
Earth's glory age withers and sears,
And the faces of men are pale,
And are seamed with the furrows of years,
And the hoary-headed bewail
The friends they shall know no more;
They are gone—they are wrapped in the
mold—
The sons of the mighty of yore,
For quenched is the flicker of life,
And no thought can flash through the
brain;
They can taste nought sweet; there's no touch
In the hand; they can feel no pain.
And a heavy stone may strew the grave
Of a brother with gold, or ontomb
His corpse with treasure untold;
But the dead must abide his doom,
For the gold the miser hoards,
And men struggle through life to win,
Cannot save from the wrath of God
The soul that is steeped in sin.

Fifteen members of the regiment of Grenadiers at Ulm were poisoned on Tuesday by eating bad sausages. One died and several others are still very low.

The Baroness von Deym tried to pick her own cherries last Wednesday in her park at Friebsburg so as to save the wages of professional pickers. The ladder on which she and her maid stood collapsed without warning and both were thrown to the ground. Their injuries were mortal.

TIT-BITS.

Pretty Sarp Repartee.

An old man was on the witness stand and was being questioned by Lawyer Hove.
"You say you are doctor, sir?"
"Yes, sir; yes, sir."
"What kind of a doctor?"
"I makes intments, sir. I makes intments."
"What's your ointment good for?"
"It's good to rub on the head to strengthen the mind."
"What effect would it have if you were to rub some of it on my head?"
"None at all, sir, none at all; we must have something to start with."

Appreciated Its Value.

A sweet little girl was bidding her boy playmate good-bye and on this occasion her mother told her to kiss him. She offered him a roguish cheek, and when the salute was gravely given began to rub it vigorously with her handkerchief.
"Why, Laura," said her mother, "you're not rubbing it off?"
"No, mamma," answered the little maiden demurely, "I'm rubbing it in."

At the Art Exhibit.

He—"I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maid are in a tender attitude."
She—"Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him and she is accepting him."
He—"Ah! how appropriate the title."
She—"I don't see it."
He—"Why, that card at the bottom said 'Sold.'"

A Close-Fisted Patient.

A surgeon had a rich but miserly patient who had injured his leg so badly that he told him it would probably have to come off.

"How much?" said the patient.
"Fifty dollars."
"Fifty dollars! Why, you ought to cut off two legs for that."
"Well; I will if you say so."

The man reluctantly agreed to pay the price and have only one leg taken off, but skillful treatment saved the leg. When the surgeon asked for his pay, the patient, with many a grimace, handed over the money, remarking:
"You're a good deal of a fraud in charging me so much, for you did not cut off my leg after all."

He Might Easily Have Missed.

She—"Did you hear about young Tompkins?"
He—"No. What?"
She—"Took up a pistol and blew his brains out last night."
He—"Must have been a mighty good shot."

Neither Did He.

Niece (whispering)—"Now, Uncle Hiram let me give you a hint. Here in town we never eat pie with a knife."
Uncle Hiram (from Hawcreek)—"Gosh! Neither do I, Mandy. Any way suits me."
(takes his piece of pie up in his fingers.)

A Merciless Man.

A disappointed fish peddler was belaboring his slow but patient horse along Jerrard street the other day, and calling out his wares at intervals as "Herrin, herrin, fresh herrin." A tender-hearted lady, seeing the act of cruelty to the horse, called out sternly from an upper window:
"Have you no mercy?"
"No, num," was the reply, "notin' but herrin'."

In the Woods.

Dolan (holding hand to nose)—"Murther! Murther! But phat's ailin' the climate! Is it mortifoyin' or wondthur?"
Woodman—"Why, you greenhorn, don't you know a skunk when you smell one?"
Dolan—"Musha, but it's a skoonk, is it, that's makin' the atmsphere so conspikkyous? Well, now, it's mes't as to be sayin' it, that either me nose is igzagerin' the sittyvation or the gentlemans sadly neglects his brith."

Insulated.

Wagg—"We had a terrible thunder storm as I came up in the train this afternoon."
Wooden—"Weren't you afraid of the lightning?"
Wagg—"No; I got behind a brakeman."
Wooden—"Behind a brakeman? What earthly good did that do?"
Wagg—"Why, he was not a conductor."

Imperial Parliament.

An interesting review of the British Parliamentary session which has just been brought to a close is furnished by a London correspondent. Of the various measures which have been passed two in particular are certain to render memorable the labors of the English Legislature during the last ten months. They are the Irish Land-Purchase bill and the Free Education bill. Two others of minor interest, but of considerable domestic importance, and which were carried through both houses only after much discussion and opposition, are the Tithe Rent Charge bill and the Factories bill. The session is likewise destined to live in history as having witnessed the renunciation of Mr. Parnell by Mr. Gladstone, who five years ago split up the Liberal party for the sake of effecting a political alliance with him. With the exception of this achievement Mr. Gladstone has remained very much in the back-ground during the last Parliamentary term, leaving the leadership of his followers to Sir William Vernon Harcourt. On the Tory benches Mr. Arthur Balfour, by his masterly conduct of the complicated Irish Land bill, appears to have successfully established his claim to the leadership of the House in succession to Mr. Smith, whose increasing infirmities render it necessary that he should seek that dignified repose which Englishmen are supposed to find only in the House of Lords.