CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

"Joyce, Joyce! Is anything wrong? Lady Isabel has been absent from the ball-room for an hour past!"

There is no reply. He calls again, and again silence greets him.

He turns the knob and pushes back the door.

"Joyce," he begins, "Joyce, I say, has—"

But the words end abruptly in a bleak, shrill cry.

Looking past the *boudoir* and the parlor to the arch of my lady's bedchamber, he catches sight of something lying face downward on the floor in a crumpled heap of white velvet and silver lilies.

"Isabel!" he gasps, as he springs forward and bends over her. "Isabel! Oh, merciful Heaven! My child—my child!"

She has not fainted—even that poor privilege is denied her—she lies in a collapse of utter despair, but she hears him as he speaks.

She starts bolt upright with a cry he will never forget, and flings her arms out wide.

"Kill me!" she pants, in a desolate voice. "Murder me, papa—it will be mercy now. I know it all—my mother's shame—Sir Francis Levison's treachery—the dishonour I have brought into Lionel's Beresford's life! Oh, kill me papa, kill me—my life is ended—ended—ended!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW MY LADY WORKED.

For one minute Archibald Carlyle stood and looked down on the face of the Lady Isabel Beresford, an unspeakable horror driving the color from his own, and his glazed eyes starting from their sockets.

So, it was all over at last. She had learned the shame of the mother she had been so proud to own, she had discovered the terrible thing which had wrecked his young life, and now—God help and pity her—now it would wreck and ruin hers and humble her pride to the dust.

What is to be will be, men tell us, and standing there looking into his child's anguished face, Archibald Carlyle knew that she would never recover from the blow—never again be the bright, beautiful little queen who had ruled the fashionable world and carried all social England by storm. Her mother's sin had spoiled her bright young life, and, henceforth it must be one of bitterest atonement.

He staggered back a little and dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"Child! child! I would have spared you this!" he groaned, gulping down a great sob. "I would have kept this shameful story forever from your ears, but—but—God pity both—it was not to be. Once—before your marriage—I thought to tell you, but your own words sealed my lips, and because I wished to spare you, I kept the dreadful secret. Ah, Heaven, I see it all too well now. Better for you, better for me—better a thousand times for Lord Lionel Beresford—had I spoken then, before the shame of your mother's life entered under the shadow of his noble name, and the sin and sorrow came home to Ravenswood Court."

She lay crouched at his feet, the gaslight shining down on white silver lilies, her starry hands locked, her dark eyes full of horror.

"Yes, better a thousand times," she shuddered, in a faint, sick voice. "Better to have blasted the life of Isabel Carlyle than tarnish the honor of the Countess of Beresford, and bring shame to a name that has never known it until now. Oh, papa, papa, I shall lose my darling's love—it cannot survive the terrors of dishonor, and my life is ended—ended! The mask has been torn off too rudely, and would that I had died before I read the shameful story. Oh, if you had only told me, and oh, the horror of it—a ruined, dishonored mother, a miserable, illegitimate half-brother, and both living yet, both here to drag me down to shame and misery and death!"

"Isabel!" he started to his feet as he spoke, and an awful look crossed his ghastly face, "Isabel, who has told you that? Living?—your mother, and Sir Francis Levison's child? Ah! no, no, no! Thank God! we are spared that shame at least. The child was killed with its nurse in a railroad accident at Cammere, France, and its wretched mother has, for seventeen years, been sleeping in the grave of 'Madame Vine' in the old cemetery at East Lynne."

A pitiful smile flickered over her quivering lips. She arose softly and stood before him, the tinkling music floating up to her ears, the gaslight shining down on the rich dusk face that was to wear its old glad look no more in this life.

"Do not seek to deceive me further, papa," she said, plaintively. "Even though my mother lay dead in her lonely grave, and the child had expired when it drew its first breath, the shame would still exist, and the thought of it would kill me by inches. You cannot save me by further deception. My life has been lived and ended. I shall die in this atonement!"

She lifted her face and threw back her arms as she said that, and a light which was like to the glory of another world came into her upturned eyes.

"You cannot deceive me, papa," she rejoined. "My mother and Sir Francis Levison's child are living, and they have sent for me to-night."

He started from his seat with a gasping cry—his jaw dropped, his eyes starting.

"Just Heaven, has the shock of this turned your brain?" he broke out, in a dull, labored voice. "Living?—those two? Ah! no, no, no! It is false, Isabel—I call God to witness it. Your mother is dead and moldering in her grave. The Lady Isabel Carlyle lies in the churchyard at East Lynne under the stone marked 'I. V.' I solemnly swear it on my soul and honor."

He lifted his hand as he spoke and held it above his head.

"It is false, my child," he groaned. "As God hears me, I swear to you your mother is dead."

"And *I* swear to you, *mon gardien*, that the Lady Isabel Carlyle is living and at Ravenswood Court to-night."

It was not Isabel who spoke. The voice had come floating in with a malicious laugh, from the little turquois parlor behind him, and, as he swung around with a smothered cry, a starry hand put back the silken *portiere*, a shining figure came over the threshold in a blaze of pink *moire* and diamonds, and my Lady Rosamond Mount Severn stood revealed.

"Pray do not look so unutterably shocked, *c'er gardien*!" she cooed, with a wicked little laugh. "Isabel and I understand each other *at last*! The pretty mask is laid aside forever; she knows and realizes what she has to expect at my hands, as you may know and realize now and forever after, and I have the honor to proclaim to you, as I have proclaimed to the Lady Isabel Beresford in that interesting life history lying at your feet: The Lady Isabel Carlyle, your discarded wife, her dishonored mother, lives and and is here. I have seen her not an instant since."

He shrank from her with a bitter cry, and the truth, blazoned on her smiling, malicious face, dawned upon him suddenly.

My lady took a step forward and faced him in the shining lights.

"Dazzled dupe! do you comprehend me at last?" she said, with a laugh of awful triumph. "Yes, I am a foe—a bitter, relentless, implacable foe to you and her, and you may know it now! From the hour I crossed the threshold of Leith Abbey, *mon gardien*,—ay from the hour when first my father's death set me free from my living tomb at Carnarvon,—I have known but one purpose: Misery to *her*—misery and shame and awful degradation to the child of the woman who spoiled my mother's life, and robbed her of the world she loved. Day by day, and hour by hour I have plotted it, night after night I have lain awake and dreamed of it, and lo! the end is gained—I have my revenge at last."

The sneering malicious voice ended in a ripple of silvery laughter: he staggered from her blindly, put out both hands as though to ward off a blow, and so leaned against the wall and looked at her in dumb horror.

He did not speak—he could not speak—there was that in heart, and brain, and throat, which froze the passage of his voice, and made his senses reel.

"Yes, I have fooled you to the top of your bent, my friend!" my lady went on; "I have twisted the clever lawyer around my finger as easily as I would have twisted the veriest fool alive, and I have gulled him with lies a child might have seen through. If you think the rubbish I told you regarding my mother is true, then banish the thought forever. The story of the drunken orgies which ended in paralysis, was an empty sham. You forbade your daughter to look upon Emma Mount Severn's face, you warned her to fly from any house that sheltered her, and yet, my friend, you have dwelt beneath the same roof with her and never suspected. Would you know how I have accomplished this? She has been my tire-woman. The old Spaniard, whose taste for costuming you believed my only reason for keeping her, is my mother, Archibald Carlyle—Annette Varnelli and the Lady Emma Mount Severn are one and the same woman.

"We set our hearts on avenging our wrongs, my friend; don't you think we have accomplished the task?—don't you think, for women, we have well avenged ourselves? I have already declared to you that the Lady Isabel Carlyle is living, and I now reiterate my words. When she returned to you under the pseudonym of Madame Vine, she came with the hope of winning your pity and love, and gaining your consent to the life long guardianship of her children. In the knowledge of this, her hope and love died a sudden death, and when little Willie expired in her arms, she was so crazed with grief that she no longer scrupled to reveal herself. She knew that there was neither love nor hope for her in this world, and recklessly abandoned herself to her fate. She died then, you say. Nay! she feigned death, rather, intrusting the secret to one who knew her on the Continent, and who even then overlooked the welfare of Sir Francis Levison's child. He came to her assistance, this new light-o'-love, and when the coffin containing all that was mortal of 'Madame Vine' was closed and left for the funeral in the morning, he broke into the house, removed the body, and the casket you and the Earl of Mount Severn saw interred in the East Lynne churchyard on the following day, contained nothing but earth, thrown in to give it weight. That you would scarcely believe anything so wild and absurd as this may seem to be, I have already foreseen, *mon cher gardien*, and I have laid my plans well enough to give you proof. The Reverend Jedediah Cloot is the pastor of the East Lynne chapel, and your fast friend. You will know his handwriting, I am sure, and even should you doubt, you may communicate in person with him and learn the authenticity of what I mean to show you.

"Two weeks ago, I wrote to the Reverend Mr. Cloot, telling him that you had had a singular dream relative to the grave marked 'I. V.' in the East Lynne churchyard. You had dreamed, I wrote, that it contained an empty coffin, and so strong a hold had the dream taken upon you, that you desired that he would have the grave opened at once and report to you the issue. Here is his reply, *mon gardien*. Will you care to read it?"

She drew a letter from her bosom, opened and extended it. He took it, mechanically, and glanced at the few brief words:

"MY LADY."—(the letter ran),—"I have obeyed Mr. Carlyle's request, and had the grave marked 'I. V.' opened. I am utterly dumbfounded at the result. It contained the remnants of a pine box, inclosing a coffin in a fair state of preservation, but not the slightest sign of a human body. There was not so much as a scrap of clothing, a bone, nor a hair. It contained nothing but earth packed firmly down in the bottom of the coffin.

"Yours, JEDEDIAH CLOOT, D.D."

He read those terrible words to the very last line, and then, with a shuddering cry, cast the letter from him.

"Are you satisfied, *mon ami*!" laughed my lady, stooping and securing the letter. "The lady Isabel Carlyle is not—never has been—in that lonely grave, and now you know it. There was no hope, no redemption for her—life had nothing left to offer her when she came out of that coffin, and she abandoned herself to the ways of fate. It led her downward—what matter, she was lost to the world—she went from bad to worse, from sin to misery. Money she had none, friends she had none; she was dependent on herself; she must live somehow, and, at last, she, that had been the mistress of East Lynne, an earl's daughter, and honored wife, a beloved mother, turned to the stage and became—a ballet dancer.

"Ah! you may well shrink, my Lady Beresford. It is a fine pedigree for my lord's beautiful, haughty bride, is it not? An illegitimate brother, a mother who dances the *pas de fascination* for three shillings a night, and is snubbed and avoided even by your green-grocer's daughter. Do you recollect the night we went to the opera with my lord and his proud mother. Do you recollect how I fainted while the ballet was on. Countess of Beresford, I had been hunting all England for your fallen mother and her son, and that night I found her. The lost, degraded Lady Isabel Carlyle and the vulgar, painted, absconded woman whose dancing filled you with disgust, are one and the same woman. Lady Beresford of Ravenswood Court, I have the honor to announce to you that Mademoiselle La Sylphine, the *danseuse*, is your *noble* mother."

The lady Isabel never moved, never spoke. If this blow crushed her more terribly than the first, she gave no sign. She stood there as she had been standing through all, her hands folded, her head humbled and bent in the shining lights, but if ever a broken heart looked out of human eyes, it was looking from hers then.

"It would have crushed you to know this, then, would it not, my lady," went on that wicked, remorseless voice. "It would have been suffering enough to have gone into some convent and lived your shame down, but I wanted a greater vengeance. You are the wife of the noblest, most honorable man in all England, *ma belle cousine*. Your life has no aim and purpose but his love; you would sooner die a thousand deaths than feel that you could bring a blush of shame to his cheek, and it was this I wanted. If he knew the miserable story of your mother's shame, he would shrink from you in horror; he would curse you in his despair, for you have brought sin and infamy to a name that has known none for five hundred years, and it is a glorious dower for the Earl of Beresford's bride. So my vengeance is complete at last. Your mother and her son await you as they shall await you for many a night to come—you shall go to see them—you shall go and speak with them, my lady; but woe be unto you if my lord ever suspects. It will be a living death to you, this terrible deceit; it will be worse than the rack to bear this secret and live in hourly dread lest my lord should discover and curse you for the shame you have brought upon him, and it will be misery unutterable to play the shameful tragedy to its end. Take your fate, then, from my hands. It is a blow stricken in my mother's cause—remember that, and let it torture you to the very end. We are quits at last, *belle cousine*, but God have mercy on you if your husband ever learns the shame you have brought to him and his."

There is no word from the woman whose life she has crushed; if she hears, she gives no sign. She stands a moment still and white as marble, the gaslight shines down on silver lilies and flashing gems, the music from the crowded rooms below floats up and rings its plaintive changes in her ears—she lifts her hand suddenly, strips off her jewels and lays them calmly down.

"The Countesses of Beresford have been noble women," she says, in a dull, apathetic voice. "I am not fit to wear their jewels—I shall never put them on again. They are for spotless women, such as he believes his bride to be, and I cannot touch them again, papa, I cannot—cannot—cannot!"

He turns as she speaks and flashes her a terrified glance. If she had raved and fainted, he would have thought it natural; but she has spoken with an icy spiritlessness, and this terrible calmness stuns and awes him.

"Isabel, oh, my child, my child, forgive me!" he breaks out, wildly. "Would to God I had told you long ago and robbed this serpent of her sting."

She turns round quietly and lifts her colorless face.

"I forgive you, papa," she says, plaintively. "It is a bitter blow to learn it now, but you did it all for the best. I have laid aside my crown of glory forever, and I am taking up my cross of atonement now. It is heavy, papa—very heavy; but please God it is not for long. You know what Tennyson says:

"I have lived and loved, but that was yesterday—
Go, bring me my grave-clothes to-morrow!'

"Don't speak to me just now, please. Go away and leave me for awhile. I—I want to be alone."

Lady Rosamond Mount Severn is standing there yet and feasting her eyes on the misery she has wrought.

She turns with a queenly dignity and looks straight into that wicked, blonde face.

"Your work is done, madam," she says, icily. "You have bent, not broken me—have the goodness now to go. These rooms are mine, and, surely, I shall not have to remind you twice that they are private and your presence an intrusion."

She spoke with frigid dignity, and two scarlet spots flamed on my lady's cheeks.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Old Ball Player and His Son.

Plunkins was a champion baseballist when the national game first came into prominence, nigh twenty years ago. Both hands are crippled up and he has some sixteen different kinds of rheumatism, so he doesn't go out to see a game very often now, but there is a spark of the old fire left in him yet.

The other day he learned that his youngest boy, Johnny, had played hookey from school, and, whip in hand, he awaited the lad's return, resolved to administer salutary chastisement. At length he caught him slipping warily into the back yard, accompanied by a baseball club taller than he is.

"Aha!" said Plunkins, trying to get a firmer grip on the rawhide with his stiffened fingers, "been running away from school have ye? Don't want to let the schoolmaster teach your young ideas how to get 'emselves off properly, eh? As the twig is bent the tree's inclined, but your bent on foolin' away your time, I see, and you ain't inclined to study. But if you don't want to be taught at school (spitting on his hand as he grabs him by the collar) I'll teech ye."

Johnny began to whimper and moan. "Can't have any fun."

"Fun?" roared his father, "what d'ye call fun?" and he raised his whip to strike.

"I'a playing baseball," sobbed Johnny.

"Baseball?" said Plunkin, suspending his air in the air, "where did you learn to play baseball?"

"Oh, I know'd ever so long ago."

"And you belong to a nine?" The arm dropped to his side.

"Yes, the 'Daisy Cutters,' and we've been playin' the 'High Lows,' of Dundas.

"But it's wrong to run away from school, Johnny. Couldn't you have put in a sub?"

"Nary sub," said Johnny, emboldened by seeing his father sit down on the sawbuck, and the rawhide lying at his feet. "I'm short stop. You see it was just this way. The High-Lows' took the bat, and Stub-toed Joe led off with a corking hit into the right field. Pinky Jones put a fly to centre field, which Slit-nosed Mike got under and muffed."

"He muffed it, did he?" sneered Plunkins, as he breathed hard and his eyes began to glisten.

"Yes, but the ball split his finger."

"Good enough. But go on."

"Fog-horn Pete drove a pretty-one into left field and filled the bases. Frenchy made a wild pitch and Gridiron Sam scored and the two Harlems advanced a bag."

"A bag? What's that?"

"Oh, you ain't fly dad. A bag's a base, don't cher know?"

"Yes, yes, I might have known. Go on."

"Furgy drove a mowing machine—"

"Mowing machine machine?"

"Yes, a grass cutter—about half a foot out of Slim Jim's potatoe grabbers, and the two High Low's crossed the silverware."

"The silverware?"

"Yes, the plate. Furgy was doubled with Skinny on his line fly to Little Red and Dickey Bird gave up the ghost on a swift bounder to Plunkey."

"Plunkey?"

"Yes," said the boy, with a grin, "that's me."

"And you took it in?" cried the father.

"Out of the wet," said the boy, placidly.

"Come to me arms, me son!" exclaimed Plunkins, springing to his feet and embracing him passionately. "I was afraid you was foolin' away your time at school and gettin' no edication, but I see I was mistaken. Why, boy, you are fit to enter college this very minute. Come right along into the house and tell about the rest or the game to your mother and me," and they went in together locked in a fond embrace.

HOW MUCH HE DRINKS.—The Globe informs us that: "Mr. Gladstone takes every day two glasses of claret at lunch and two at dinner, with a glass of port wine. His alcoholic consumption has been estimated by his son at seven gallons a year, which would be three and a half times the average consumption per head in England and four and a half times the average in Europe." Mr. Gladstone evidently believes in Home Consumption, as well as Home Rule, and he had best be careful, or the Globe will be telling him that Wine and the Bible do not make a good team.—Collingwood Enterprise.

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The Prohibition Third Party.

The following resolution was carried at the meeting of the Dominion Alliance held at Toronto last week: Moved by Rev. Mr Chown, and seconded by Rev. Alexander McGillivray and W. H. Howland: "Where as, neither existing party is pledged to the cause of prohibition of the liquor traffic, and whereas, the time has come when temperance men should take action untrammelled by political partisanship, to secure the election of parliamentary representatives who will work for progressive legislation in reference to every moral reform: There fore, resolved, that this convention affirm its continued adherence to the decision of the alliance convention of September, 1885, and recommends the formation and vigorous practical operation of Temperance electoral unions upon the basis then adopted, and further recommends that we call upon temperance electors everywhere to withhold all pledges of political support to candidates until official declaration has been made upon the temperance question by the respective party caucuses or conventions of the various ridings. And we further strongly advise the temperance electorate to take steps to secure the nomination and election of a well known and avowed prohibitionist for the house of commons and provincial legislation in every constituency where, in any election, neither candidate of the existing political parties satisfies the demand of a prohibition to be prepared by the executive committee of the Dominion Alliance; such platform to provide for united action on the part of the members so elected and with a view to furthering the avowed policy of the Alliance—total prohibition.

Canada Presbyterian:—There are few Protestants in Ontario who cannot number among their best neighbors at least one Roman Catholic; and there are few Roman Catholics who would not number among their best friends several Protestants. Are neighbors living side by side in harmony and peace—doing business with each other every day—to take each other by the throat at the bidding at every political ruffian, disguised or undisguised, who simply wants to make votes for his party? We are, perhaps, on the eve of a general election, and we say "no," most emphatically "no." And we believe the people of Ontario will say "no," and stamp out such ruffianism.

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D. BUTCHART

Irish Landlords and their Tenants.

Whether Mr. Parnell's Bill to suspend evictions of the tenants of Irish landlords until a new valuation is made is passed by the Imperial Parliament or not—and at present it looks as if it would be defeated—there can be no doubt that the condition of affairs in the Green Isle is at present critical. The Irish tenantry may not exert themselves to the full extent of their ability in trying to make the payments to the agents, but even the hardest working among them must find it difficult to meet the payments of rent, in view of the altered aspect of affairs incident on the decrease in the price of farm produce. In 1881, when the first judicial rents under Mr. Gladstone's Bill were fixed, it was shown that the landlords had been drawing from the tenants far more than a fair return for their land. The rents were reduced accordingly, but competition from India and from America has caused a great lowering in the market price for farm commodities, as will be seen by the following table. The figures given are for 1881 and 1885, the first being the year when the judicial rents were arranged, and the second the date of the latest return:

	1881. £	s.	1885. £	s.
Milch cows	19	5	15	10
Two-year-old cattle	12	0	10	0
One-year-old cattle	7	15	6	5
Lambs	1	14	1	1

If the rents paid in 1881 were fair, as between landlord and tenant, how, in view of the fall in prices since then, can the farmers be expected to meet present payments? The same tale is told when we come to speak of oats, meat and wool:

	1881. s.	d.	1885. s.	d.
Potatoes	4	0	2	7
Oats	7	11½	8	0
Wool	1	0¼	0	8
Beef	63	9	56	0
Mutton	74	6	55	0

To crown all, the land has been so impoverished by the drawing of too large rents out of it that it is hard for the tenants in many parts to obtain any surplus whatever from it. Sir James Caird, the distinguished English agricultural authority, recently declared that, "from the land held by the large body of poor farmers in Ireland any economical rent has for the present disappeared," and the Times in commenting on this remark declares that "the rental of 558 000 holdings is practically irrecoverable by anybody, whether landlord, English Government, or Irish Government." Thus, as an English contemporary remarks, it may be seen that a nemesis arising from natural causes will fall upon the landlord class in Ireland, the necessary consequence of their own greed and extortion in the past.—Times.

Some Surprising Statistics.

A French writer, M. Fouriner de Flaix, has been nosing among the blue books of Europe, from which he has produced some statistics that will surprise most people, none more so than those who cannot agree with the conclusion which he draws from the figures. His conclusion is the bold and novel one that the least temperate people—in the matter of consumption of alcohol—are the most moral, the most progressive and enterprising, and the most prolific. In France, and every other country, he contends that the birth rate is highest and the criminal rate the lowest in the districts which consume the most alcohol. England, with a higher birth rate, fewer suicides, and more favorable criminal returns, consumes far more alcohol than France. Similar remarks apply to other countries. In connection with his general analysis of the official figures, M. Flaix takes Mr. Gladstone as an individual illustration. The great Liberal drinks five or six glasses of claret and port wine every day. His annual consumption of alcohol is figured out at seven gallons, four and a half times greater than the beverage per capita consumption of Europe. Good port and claret with one's meals are quite different matters from Jersey lightning and hogwash at a tavern bar, but it may be fairly held that Mr. Gladstone has demonstrated in his own person that a man may be a great man and a good, although a moderate drinker.

The French writer's article inspired the Chicago News to take a stroll through the statistics of Maine, where prohibition has been at least nominally in force for thirty years. Maine shows the least increase in population of any state in the union, except Vermont, which is also a prohibited commonwealth. This may be a one-sided view of the case. Many circumstances may have to do with the prosperity or adversity of an individual or a community. One thing is certain, however, is that statistics do not bear out the claim that prohibition is the one thing needful to the comfort, wealth, morality and progress of a people. No legislation can bestow upon a people moral qualities or material advantages denied them by nature. Those passions which cause a race to thirst for stimulants may make them masterful when controlled and directed by moral rather than political influences.—World.

SCOTT ACT.—There was a runaway near the Junction on Sunday night. A farmer, who lives near by, and was apparently under the influence of Scott Act, ran into a couple from Guelph. The farmer's horse ran away and upset the buggy, throwing the driver out. He held on to the lines like a "brick," although at the risk of his life, for he was pitched out head first, and when assistance came was found lying under one of the wheels. This was not the worst of the affair. A gallon jar which contained some mysterious substance, fell from the buggy in the general upset and was smashed. The first care of the owner was to look after the jar. He found it broken and its contents empty, whereupon he gave it a kick and remarked "that there is $2 gone to blazes." He appeared more concerned about the jar than the buggy, which was pretty well broken up.—Mercury

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The Century for 1886-7.

The leading Feature of THE CENTURY for 886-7 will be "The Authorized Life of Lincoln," by his confidential Secretaries, John George Nicolay (now Marshall of the Supreme Court of the United States), and Col. John Hay (lately Assistant-Secretary of State of the United States). This work, which was begun with the sanction and assistance of President Lincoln himself, and has been continued under the authority of the sole survivor of the President's immediate family, has been in active preparation during the past sixteen years. It is the only full and authoritative record of the private and public career of Abraham Lincoln, including an account of the causes of the rebellion, and a record, at first hand, of the inside history of the civil war, and of President Lincoln's administration—important details of which last have hitherto remained unrevealed, in order that they might appear in their proper connection in this authentic history.

From a purely literary point of view the authorized Life of Lincoln is remarkable. Mr. Nicolay is an old journalist, and has lately shown his ability as a historical writer in the well-known volume entitled "The Outbreak of the Rebellion." Col. Hay, the author of "Castilian Days," "Pike County Ballads," etc., ranks among the most brilliant writers of his generation. In the present work the style is terse and vigorous as it is dignified in tone and clear in statement. The handling of the vast historical material at the disposal of the writers has been masterly, and there is no part of the narrative, either personal, political or military, that will not be read with absorbing interest.

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were intimate from boyhood with the companions of Lincoln. "Mr. Nicolay took charge of his correspondence before his election to the Presidency, and the very first commission Lincoln signed as President was that of Mr. Nicolay to be his official Private Secretary. He held that position throughout Mr. Lincoln's term of office. Mr. Hay, like Mr. Nicolay, accompanied the President from Springfield to Washington, where he remained several years as Assistant Secretary. After a term of service in the field he returned to the White House as aide-de-camp to the President. Throughout Lincoln's administration the authors were making notes and memoranda with a view to writing this life of their chief.

At the conclusion of the war the writers spent five years in the service of their country abroad. Since the period of their return to America most of their time has been spent on the present history. "In the first place all the manuscripts belonging to the estate of Mr. Lincoln were absolutely and unreservedly placed in their hands by the Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, the only surviving member of the President's family. In addition to this, they sought and obtained access to the private papers and correspondence of most of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet. Being on terms of intimacy with all the leading statesmen and generals of the time, they were afforded by them every possible assistance in the elucidation of difficult points. They have also profited by the vast quantity of reminiscences, letters and newspaper articles which have recently been printed in regard to Lincoln and his times. Besides the mass of manuscript archives in all the Departments, they have consulted thousands of printed volumes."

The Life of Lincoln will be illustrated mainly by means of the production of documents, and portraits of places, objects, and persons. Certain ideal pictures will also be introduced, great care being taken that these should be as close as possible to the actual facts depicted.

We give below a list of some of the earlier chapters, constituting the first section, of "Abraham Lincoln: A History" Lincoln as Pioneer, Lineage, Indiana, Illinois in 1830. New Salem. Black Hawk War, Surveyor and Representative, Legislative Experience, The Lincoln Stone Protest. Collapse of the System Law in Springfield, Marriage, The Shields Duel, Campaign of 1843. Campaign for Congress, The Thirtieth Congress, A Fortunate Escape, 1849.

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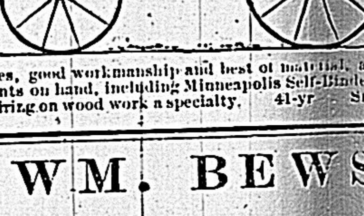

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