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## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

"But surely, my dearest child, you dare, after all those years to upon her lover's handsome face hers, and woos the tender growth do not need to be told," her lady- set me at deflance openly! with silent adoration, and her fin- close to him once more. ship continues, with her insufferable Those Irish never heed what they gers clasp still more tightly the big "You speak so, when you know-you air of superiority, "that we nous! antres cannot in fact or feeling recognize the sons and daughters of any body peasant born or plebeian And Gillian, freed from Lady Da- thoughtfully, taking her gratitude as me on one side and your 'bare hand,'

general estimate, and as having no George when she sees him; how she must consent to let me go abroad for particular reference to Mr. George will consider his self-respect and this trip, at all events. My self-resreason, except to explain to and contumely, for it has been noth- if we are ever to be anything to each class and class. You must under- other arguments fail. occasions, but we never admit them into our lives to be our intimates, at his concession. our friends, our lovers.

"However, Gillian, love, I simply mean this," she says, with her sweetest smile, rising with her rustling, crisp sateen dress, and fresh ribbons and laces. "I wish to be courteous to Mr. Archer, and ed favor, that no one can fail to with a lover's freedom. "You didn't I fear I have not his good will. The poor fellow possesses a and esteem, though they do not in existence six weeks ago." great deal of "amour propre"-with know what place he holds beside. clently. But if you will second my in- they know. The secret which they give a verbal invitation, which he happy, blissful days. He has said between us which, for Mr. Damer's knows no other wish but his. sake, I am unwilling to do."

says, indistinctly; "but you will not less thanksgiving to Heaven. blame me if he refuses it, will you?" "No! Blame you, dear child! Certainly not!" her ladyship laughs, minutes until he comes. And the fragwith a maternal caress of her thin, long, white hand on Gillian's neck and shoulders, which Gillian un- bloom, floats in at the open window gratefully shrinks from with a dis-

agreeable sensation down her spine. and then there is not much danger of a refusal. You little innocent pet!" power, very evidently. With such he comes, eyes, and such lips, and such a voice, no man living could resist you, if you chose to be wicked, cruel little Gillian, instead of good, tender, Goodkindhearted little Gillian. now, or rather au

revoir, my pet," her ladyship concludes, laughing, and hurrying away much as she had done yesterday evening, and for much the same reason. She had almost gone too far pities that poor, lonely, timid, un- sooner than we otherwise would; in probing Gillian's feelings and wounding her pride.

For above all things she is desirous to avoid hearing the avowal which Gillian's self-esteem and minutes, even the minutes of this your father and share your money loyal love and honor for the man happy, expectant waiting; she will with me! You will not ask me to do play out the game of a rascally adwho is to her the one man on earth, not leave this happiness again, per- that?" prompts her to make at all hazards. haps, for some time. Her happy life won't! I won repeats, airily, fluttering away in castle will come to an end this him with a cold, sickening sense of me go now, dear; I have been here gladly in the morning when he was her dainty morning robe of gray and evening. But other joys and hopes disappointment and pain. heliotrope sateen. "I shall drive over | will follow; other hours, and days, for you about eight, dearest, with and weeks, and months, and years, to his feet vexed, and impatient, me for any trespass on etiquettethe brougham and plenty of wraps." for those two whose hearts and with a man's cruel lack of compre- besides-it is better I should go and She steps into her dainty little | souls are wedded, whom heaven has hension phaeton, and whips up her chestnut joined together, and whom, there- "I must be firm with her," he bye, darling !" posies and drives through the vil- fore, man cannot put asunder. And thinks. "I cannot allow her to un- | "I shall not see you until to-morlage very quickly, looking straight | then, as the clock strikes four and

village inn and the bridge beyond, dark, heavy furniture and somber time. It would be nothing but unshe sends the groom back with a fittings frame the bright young manly weakness to let a little girl- he says, trying to say it cheerfully note to be left at the inn "for Mr. form with the virginal robes, the ish disappointment at the loss of a and carelessly, and feeling half-

bluish-white teeth of hers, that girl's love-sick devotion to her swain, and the swain's self-confidence are not too much for me, I think I have got the lion into a net which even his devoted mouse can't nibble him free from-from which he can't disentangle himself, but which he can carry away with him to the end of the earth with my full and free consent.

"II-I falled-after all!" She shivers a little in the hot August her cheeks, and spreads over her noontide. "Well, what if I did. What is there to dread but Harry Damer's | babyish curves, its rounded, worage? That doesn't appall me, surely. He threatened me, I know; and I know what a violent-tempered, shy rapture greet him as he flerce, ungentlemanly brute he can comes to her side where she be in a fury. He swore a terrible sits in her low chair, and kneeling oath," I remember, and Lady Damer shivers again with a slight chill of head is on a level with her dusky, dread as she lets the reins fall on sliken locks, he gathers her-slender the ponies backs as they pace slowly slip of girlhood as she is-so easily up the long ascent toward Mount into his strong arms against his

Ossory. "He said I should regret the hour I was born and curse the hour I was Cruel enough to do what I am going to do. 'You remember what Samson did, my lady,' he said," she mutters; trying to smile scornfully. " 'He pulled the house down on the heads of the Philistines, as well as on himself. That's what I'll do,' he said; ever you dare to try to punish the innocent for the guilty, I'll pull the house down on your head as well as on my own. Your head will be in the dust as well as mine-I swear it.' Of course he could mean nothing but an empty threat," she mutters again, reassuringly, sitting more erect and touching up the ponies into a brisk

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vow, or threaten, or promise, under brown ones she endeavors to en- know!" she says, half audibly, turnthe influence of their emotions. The circle.

they ever so worthy or estimable, with her thoughts and tender self-possession. "I cannot forego take that as riches and honor beyond "Of course I only speak this as a best phrase her persuasive words to lian," he says, almost sternly. "You you!" Archer, for which there is no par- Lady Damer's long-continued slights pect is in question, my dear girl, foryou, dearest child, the fine but im- ing less; how she will gently press other-I cannot propose myself to passable barrier there is between him to yield for her sake, if all your father to become a pensioner on

stand it fully, Gillian, love, as you | And how he will yield, and how | grow older and take your proper he will enter Mount Ossory as an his side, every feeling but the mighty, place in the world. We may admit | honored guest at her solicitation. | selfish passion of a woman's first love those persons into our drawingrooms, How she will strive to reward him | thrust into abeyance. and to sit at our tables on certain by every means in her power, and show him what she thinks and feels pers. "For a year or longer? Oh,

How she will strive to make his memory of this evening-his first evening as a guest of the host and hostess-one of the pleasantest of

memories. She will pay him such marked "Does that seem too dreadful?" he a slight glimmer of a sneer-"and "Lord of the pulse that is lord of her lived without you, as if I never could I fear I have not considered it suffi- breast." Not just yet perhaps do live without you any more!" she vitation, which I will send him in a share either with other is theirs letter, it will prevent my having to alone perhaps for a few might refuse, and so widen the breach he wishes it to be so. She of course

And so, through the sunny hours of "I will ask him, or second your in- that golden autumn day, the girl sits vitation, as you call it," Gillian dreaming of her happiness with word-And the afternoon comes slowly She is counting the hours and the

rance of the clematis, with its wreaths of greenish-white starry into the shaded, quiet room.

"But you must say everything kind Nelly are fraternizing wonderfully in lover, can stand proudly aloof, cher- ears as George laughs. and gracious in my name, dear pet, some remote part of the big barrack- ishing his self-respect, until the rich rant, subtle flower scent, and the soft | al love. this in a rapture of maternal ad- hum of the bees, and the golden still- It is not a generous thought, but miration-"you don't know your own ness of the afternoon-waiting until a man is never generous to the wo-

It seems to the fond little heart passion and absolute devotion. given to her.

the shadows are beginning to deep-But when once she has passed the en in the silent old room, whose a little parting pain, and for a short keenly feels that he is eager to go. fair, pale face and starry eyes,

"Now," her ladyship says, tighten- "Like a precious stone, ing her lips over those long, sharp, Set in the heart of the carven

there comes to the lenging eyes and listening ears the echo of the quick, strong steps through the silent corridors, and the sight of the opening door, and the tall, stalwart form, the fair head, and ardent blue eyes, the vision of her earth-

ly desire, her soul's gladness. The swift crimson tide of passionate, speechless emotion, rushes to soft, white neck with its innocent, manly loveliness. Sweet, quivering. silent lips, and sweet eyes of down so that his fair, close-cropped broad breast-such a noble, sturdy bulwark for a weak little woman against the waves of the rough ccean | lady's gracious patronage!" of life !- and kisses her pure, loving

lips with a passion of tenderness that is strange to himself. delight, even though I am trampling that her love can cast into the balon self-respect and common sense in ance, can weigh against one settled yielding!" he whispers to himself. "I purpose of his. can't resist her-Heaven help me if I "I see, I understand. And I would resist her, and her love, and sweet- you know."

innocent devotion!" glow with unspeakable love into the blue eyes which are looking down on elations of his early life affect my them; and the gentle head rests with has come. position? Besides he would not a sigh of happiness on his breast, and one hot little white hand essays to

tightly.

ove you so." may, he will give her the happi- man does in my cramped position, ashamed, with great bright tears ness her womanly heart yearns for with never a chance as other men falling down like rain, she turns away as a flower for the sunlight. That have!" and again his heart smites instantly, and goes over to the winhe will take the happiness that her him and his conscience reproaches dow. sweet womanly love can give him him. "I never had anything to hope in his lonely, loveless, barren life. for beyond the mere everyday wants They are both young, they both of my existence until I knew, the mutually love; the happiness that day before yesterday, that you cared LAJ take and possess. And he registers to her. the vow on the sweet, unsulfied lips that have never known a lover's kiss but his.

CHAPTER XXIII.

-as I wish it," she answers, wist- | wealth." fully and gratefully. "You will ac-

dear George."

mer's presence, and gladly left alone a matter of course, with masculine as you say, on the other, I should maiden reveries, thinks how she shall every prospect of independence, Gil- all that earth could give me without his bounty."

> She trembles, and presses closer to "To go away from me?" she whis-

George !" He smiles, the least little bit of an impatient smile, and looks down at the delicate, flower-like face, with the shining eyes and crimson lips, with rather amused surprise.

deference, extend to him such mark- asks, ruffling her soft, perfumed hair see how she regards him in respect know there was such a person as me "And now I feel as if I had never

says, passionately. And George smiles again, rather amused, flattered, and surprised. She does not think, poor, fond lither love is making its preciousness less considerable in his eyes. If one tread on flowers, one cannot prize them as the one blossom which is

session of another. me, dear," George says graciously; it?" father will be forced to own that | ried," Gillian says, rabbling over her | ains of Switzerland and the plains She is quite alone, as Lynch and as she, his only child; that he, the and crimsoning to the tips of her again between England and France, tion was to lead or carry the sufcastle. She is all alone with the frag- man's pride gives way to his parent- as soon as you are married?" he Guernsey, which all but captured the early morning, when they were

man who loves him with an avowed

that has given itself away so utterly "I don't ask you to live without and entirely as if these two blissful me," he continues, "only to part with afternoons and the one evening con- me for a while, until I have in some stitute a lifetime. She has not lived | degree struck out a career for myin those former gray, dull days. She | self which I shall not be ashamed to looks back on that pale, loveless, joy- ask you to share. I cannot consent less existence into the dim past to live on your money, Gillian, though where it seems to have receded, and it may help us to have a home much loved, unhonored girl before the but I cannot stay on here, relinquishglory and crown of her days had been ing every hope and endeavor - a mean-spirited fortune-hunter, wait-She counts the hours and the ing until you are old enough to defy

man me, and make me a dawdling, row evening," Gillian says, sorrow-

he says hurriedly, his heart rather smiting him as he sees how swiftly all brightness and gladness are gone from the face and form that droops visibly. "He as good as offers me the post of mineralogist and petrologist | pressing one farewell kiss on her to this Industrial Expedition, Gillian," | cheek. "No. Gillian, do not keep me, he urges, coming closer to her again. | dear! You are tempting me and try-'The pay is not much, only two ing me too hard. I can decide on thousand dollars for the year, and nething but you while I stay!"

for efforts of body and mind; the longings of my heart," he says, his handsome, sun-browned face flushbetter than vegetating all my days land steward, and the object of my

"Yes, I see," Gillian says, quietly. And she does see and know the truth, and it is like iron entering "I can't help myself! I can't deny her soul. She possesses no influence myself this one taste of pleasure and over him. Her influence, nor all

ness, and innocent tenderness, and She is very quiet and gentle, with even a faint smile on the wistful fear, and passionate hope, her words For the pure, fond lips have kissed face. But the light is gone from him back again, and the dark eyes her eyes, and the music from her them. "Take the money; it will be voice. The "rift within the lute" all yours then, you know, and take

"As for the success, my darling,"

Stops the Cough "Dear George," she whispers. "I am Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a celd can't take all from you and be able to give you nothing in return! I

hind me in leaving you. Gillian, you brave, sensible girl!" And then he registers a passion- are not vexed with me, dear? You

each can give the other they will for me," he whispers, stooping down But Gillian pushes him away now,

with a burning blush and quivering Many of Them Died Violent

"My darling," he urges again, "And you will come, George?" "don't be cold and unkind to me! Re-Gillian repeats, for the fourth or member, it is only because of the fifth time, and for the fourth or great difference between us that I fifth time George answers her, speak so, because I can feel that you rather absently and reluctantly: have stooped to care for a poor fel-"Yes, Gillian, I will. As you wish low who had nothing but his bare hand to offer you in return for your "I know. It is only for my sake love, and youth, and beauty, and

He cannot let well enough alone, cept Lady Damer's invitation as like other foolish mortals. Having an overture of good will, for my tried to tear away the clinging tensake! I will try to reward you, drils that are wound around his heart, and begun to succeed, he sud-And Gillian's love-lit eyes dwell denly seeks to atone for his pain and

ing to him, and still trying to keep blind hysterics of the Celt,' Tenny- "But you must do some- her face averted, "when you know

> "I believe you would!" he says, bitterly, blaming himself, and yet unable to strut his heart against her. "Gillian, my sweet little wife, I shall come two small estates in England, and perhaps only for a few months. I all the traces left of him are conand then, if they do not persuade lenders. He left, however, at his you to forget me, and if your father will not anathematize me for a penniless adventurer, we shall be

married." "But suppose that papa will not whose tragic death was in keeping consent," she whispers. "He does not care very much for me, but he

may not consent, you know." "Then we shall marry when you are twenty-one, my dearest," George says, very decidedly, "as I may then be able to offer you a home, and fitted for the task of restoring the with your own money, we can manage so that you will not feel the great difference in your position." "But George, my money is--" Gillian says suddenly, and then stops as suddenly.

"Your money is what?" he asks, He fled to the Court of France, rather coldly. The expression rather grates on ors due to the rightful Prince of

tle soui, that the very lavishness of "Nothing-that is-of course it is lish at Poictiers in 1356, and the by any means, but at least we do mine," Gillian says, stammering. "It glamor of his name drew many a not believe, as the Devon and Cornis mine-when I am twenty-one, as Welshman away from the standard wall people used to do, that the you know ?'

"But-not before it?" George asks, sion of peace between the English beyond reach, or perchance is in pos- quickly, from some intangible suggestion in her manner. "It does not | "I don't ask you to live without | come to you sooner than that, does thinking that, at least, the rich | "Oh, no! Not unless I were mar-

the lover's cause has no such pleader | words in a most desperate haste, of Lombardy. When war broke out "Oh! It comes to you the expedition in 1372 against

asks, in a meaning tone. "So if I were the island from the English garri- first let out of the field. Some to get a license, in forty-eight hours son. He was, however, recalled to I should be possessor of twenty thou- fight the English in France and sand pounds? Rather a temptation | Spain, and we find him appearing that, for a fellow who hasn't fifty in Brittany as an honored compounds in the world! Would you marry me in forty-eight hours, Gillian, if-I coax you?"

And poor little Eve creeps closer to her Adam, in perfect trust, and faith, and reverential love.

"If I thought that papa would not be very angry," she whispers, with her arm around his neck. "George, darling, you are my husband now in the sight of heaven, are you not? You said, I was your little wife!"

"So you are! So I am!" George says, rather madly, feeling reckless. "Don't tempt me, Gillian! I might venturer to the last degree! But I story as translated by Lord Berners "Au revoir, dearest," her ladyship in the paradise of this gray old says, huskily, and drawing away from wrong or shameful to win you, Let more than an hour, and I don't want And George draws away also, rising to set Lady Damer's back up against the castell, and sytte downe and think over everything quietly. Good-

dishonored fool! After all, it is only | fully, clinging to him still, though she "No, not until to-morrow evening," lover's society, change all my pur- ashamed of himself that "to-morrow evening" seems afar off, across a "I really have a prospect of mak- dim gulf of separation. "I shall ing a career for myself if I get in think it all over, Gillian, and when with these people, and I had a most | we meet I will tell you what I think kind, encouraging letter from my will be the best for us both. We friend Dalroy this very afternoon," | shall surely have a chance of a few words together-shall we not?"

> "We may," Gillian says, in a mournfully low tone. "Must you go now, George ?" "Yes, dearest, I must," he says,

expenses of course, but it may lead | She laughs delightedly at this, as to something better-Dalroy says a welcome evidence of a certain is sure it will; some- power over him; but her yearning thing that will give me scope eyes follow him sadly to the door. Looking back he sees her standing something to satisfy my intellect and alone in her white dress in the gloomy room, the familiar old room which he is leaving as he is leaving ed with excitement; "something her; and an ominous, dreary sense of desolation-of cutting himself here in this place as Mr. Damer's adrift from home and peace, and love and joy-an ominous chill of error, of

mistake, and loss creeps over his spirit. And she sees his hesitation, and his backward, lingering look, and thinks with desperate resolve and hope that she may prevail even now, and rushes

to the door after him. "George! George! don't leave me!" she says wildly, her heart beating madly. "Don't leave me, George! My love-my husbandam a weak, selfish wretch-I can't not stand in the way of your success, anything but leave me! Take me with you, George!" she mutters, hot and cold by turns with shame, and almost choking her as she utters me with you!

"Oh, Gillian! Don't! You are driving me mad!" he says almost fiercely, thrusting her back. "I can't marry you and take you with me now! I

Happy with me, Gillian?" he asks. he says, tenderly, and the girl shiv- won't! There-you have made me "Yes," she says, innocently. "I ers a little, "I am leaving that be- speak harshly to you now. Be a She has shrunk at her repulse as ate, reckless vow that, come what cannot know what it is to feel as a from a blow. Dumb, heart-broken,

(To be continued.)

Deaths.

Speaker.

granted that with the death

Hitherto it has been taken for

Prince Llewelyn and his brother

became extinct. Mr. Edward Owen,

cendant of Llewelyn the Great only

brothers. Owen, the eldest, lived and

died an obscure country gentleman

been created an English baron, was

tried for high treason after Lle-

he is styled in the State papers-

seems to have been a generous,

high-spirited and fearless lad, well

fallen fortunes of his house and

race. In early life he grew dissatis-

fied with his position as a needy

His Hereditary Foes.

where he was received with the hon-

Wales. He fought against the Eng-

of the Black Prince. On the conclu-

one of those free companies that

spread terror throughout the mount-

Owen returned once more and led

rade-in-arms to the noblest knight

of Christendom, Bertrand du Guesc-

lin, "and bore himself so well," says

the old chronicler, "that he was

greatly praised and well beloved

with the French King and with all

The pitiful story of Prince Owen's

death six years later is told with

simple pathos in the vivid pages of

was at the time laying slege to Mor-

the lords."

and suspected sojourner among

ancient house.

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a good long space, and syt and beholde the castell and the country, about, beynge out of doute or feare of any thynge." Now, "on a mornyng betymes, wha' the wether was fayre and cleare," his body servant, John Lamb, came to him as he was thus sitting "on an olde stocke of wode," Lamb had been Prince Owen's squire for nearly a year, and had completely David in 1282 the royal line of Wales won his confidence. He had pretended to bring Owen tidings of his beloved of the India Office, has recently Wales, where he said all men were proved in the "Transactions" of the looking anxiously to Owen for de-Cymmrodorion Society that this was liverance from the English yoke. not so, but that the last male des-Early this summer morning, "every man beynge in their lodgynges last Prince, was survived by three aslepe," Owen bade Lamb fetch his "the devyll entred into him, for besyde the combe, he brought with Carnaryonshire, and left no ishym a lytell Javelyne of Spayne with sue. The turbulent David, who had a large heed of steel, and with the same strake this Yuan as he sate, clene through out the body, so it he

welyn's death, and was hanged, fell downe starke deed. drawn and quartered. The younger, This was the end of Owen, the last Roderick, became a pensioner of the of the princely line of Wales, when English King, married an English barely forty years old, "slayne by heiress, and lived and died in England. great unhap and treason." His as-His only son, Thomas, succeeded to sassin fled for refuge to the castle, back to you true and faithful, my lit- one manor in Wales, but he was altle love, even if we part for a while, ways in want of money, and almost antly afforded him protection. Mr. shall come back to you, you know, cerned with his dealings with money doubt from State papers preserved in the Record Office that the murder of the gallant "Owen of Wales" was who redeemed his family's fame, who premeditated by the English King's became a hero of romance even in the English officials at Bordeaux. the brightest age of chivalry, and The miscreant Lamb and his aiders were liberally rewarded by the Engwith the unhappy traditions of his lish Government, and Lamb's receipt for the price of blood is still among Owen ap Thomas ap Roderick-as our records.

QUEER IDEAS OF CURES.

The Virtue in the Kunckle Bone of a Leg of Mutton.

Modern wisdom smiles at the superstitious charms our forefathers and mothers used to depend upon to cure their ills and preserve them in health . We are not all wise folk yet knuckle bone of a leg of mutton worn and French, Yenain de Galles-as around the neck is sure cure for "Owen of Wales" was called by his sciatica, or that "blackheads" in the new friends-became captain of face will disappear immediately if the afflicted individual creeps under an arched bramble branch.

A Somersetshire cure for consumpferer through a flock of sheep in mothers used to place consumptive children in cots in the centre of a sheep fold, and there leave them from 11.30 to 1 o'clock in the morning, believing that the malady would pass away before the rising of that

morn's sun. West of England folk say that an invalid, when going out for the first walk during the convalescence, must take care to go with the sun, from east to west, or west to east, if after sundown, otherwise a serious relapse cannot be avoided.

Froissart, who was his contemporary, In South Wales, as late as 1848, a and perhaps an acquaintance. Owen woman who had been bitten by a mad donkey was persuaded by her tagne-sur-Gironde. "This Yuan of neighbors to go and eat grass in the Wales," so runs the old chronicler's nearest churchyard .- McColl's Mag-

fore Mortagne at the siege, that The fellow hwo talks about himup and redy, he wolde come before | self is seldom an interesting conver-



MR. G. H. KENT.

The above is a likeness of Mr. G. H. Kent, 408 Gimour street, Ottawa, taken from a recent photograph. Seven years ago Mr. Kent was cured of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and has enjoyed good health ever since. The full particulars of this remarkable cure, as sworn to, were published in these columns a few days ago.