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CASTLE DALY:

Story of an Irish Home Thirty Years Ago.

(Continued.)

By the time Bride reached the terrace steps, she spied John coming from the boat to meet her, and she knew perfectly well how it was that the word came into her mind. There had been a vague notion hanging over her all day, that some tidings were in store for her, and now the purpose of opening out some important business was plain. "What is it, John's face that she read it a yard off. Well, she was ready, only she thought she would put off the evil day for half an hour or so if she could. "I am going into the house now," she cried, as John approached. "I warn you, you will find the turf-walk very wet." "Can't you stay out a little longer, Bride? I have not been able to exchange a word with you for more than a week." "Look at my boots." "Brisk walking will dry them; and you say yourself that nothing ever gives you cold." "I don't think I meant to include wet boots; but I see you are of Connor Daly's opinion, that I am as hard as nails." "What do you mean by saying so? But, Bride, you can wait and change your boots, if you like. I can wait; and I want very much to have some talk with you." "And I am ready for a talk, wet or dry, only I won't go back to the turf-walk for anyone." "Let us come out on to the road, then, through the kitchen garden; it is dry enough there." "Why through the kitchen garden?" "Miss Daly and Sir Charles Pelham are still on the front terrace, and I should not like to disturb them." "And that other pair in the flower-garden— are we not to disturb them? Do you see, John, Babette and Connor Daly? I wonder how long they have been down there looking for violets. Long enough, I have no doubt, to make it only prudent for me to go and not chaperone." "No, no; Babette has only just left the house. She and I have been together the whole afternoon. Come with me; you need not interfere. I should think we might trust even Connor Daly not to begin talking nonsense to Babette the day after his father's funeral." "But it is not the day after Babette's father's funeral, and I am not sure that I can trust her not to talk nonsense to him on such an interesting occasion as a first walk after a week of gloom. No, don't start. I am not saying any harm of her; but can't you see how she is in the mood of a girl who never forgets, or let other people forget, that they are girls, and in the very nature of things require nonsense to be talked to or by them?" "I think you underestimate Lesbia. It strikes me that she has shown remarkable good sense and feeling during this last trying week; and this afternoon she came to me of her own accord, and consulted about a plan for the future she had thought of with considerable clearness and prudence, as it seems to me." "Oh, she came to you about it? Is his plan you have been discussing together?" "Of course; you don't suppose that if I made a plan I should go and talk it over with little Babette before I mentioned it to you. Why, Bride, I thought you were miles above such a thing as that I could put you aside, such old partners as we are, you and I." "Well, well; whatever I may have been thinking, don't stand still and stare at me in the middle of this swamp. One look such as that is punishment enough for all my sins. Let us move on towards the road; and tell me this wonderfully clever plan of Lesbia's." "Remember that you have a veto on it, and that if you seriously object we both submit at once." "Honestly." "Speaking of myself, I should be sorry to give up the scheme now that it has been suggested to me, and I see through it a way opened of fulfilling an obligation that weighs on me; but your wishes come first; new obligations don't unloose old ones. We have fought a hard battle together, you and I; Bride; and not for the world, not for any new duty in the world, would I even seem to throw you over, or detach myself from you, now we are beginning to win it." "John, you force me to be magnanimous. Henceforth you yield for ever an old point of dispute. I willingly acknowledge that men are juster than women; and that, in the good ones, even under the impulse of a new feeling, see how things look to those who don't share their infatuation." "But, Bride, I said nothing about a new feeling. I spoke of a new duty that quite against my will has been thrust upon me." "Oh, rest assured; but now the plan. Let me hear the plan; and when you are set at rest about that, we will, if there is time before dressing for dinner, take out our microscopes and our scalpels and dissect our motives scientifically." "Well, you are aware that Mr. Daly's will was read yesterday morning, and that all the relations and evening Sir Charles Pelham—who is Mr. Daly's trustee—and the sons and I were hard at work examining papers and discussing possibilities. It was a disheartening task enough, for the affairs are even in worse confusion than might have been expected; and when I went to bed last night I could not see that there was anything left for the family separation, and dependence on the generosity of their relations, for a time at least. We have gone through such another crisis, Bride, and know what it means." "Yes, yes; and I am sure I feel very much for them all; but I don't believe they can be dealt as badly off as we were when we were turned out of Abbots Thornley. The sons are both grown up and educated in a way, and sure Mrs. Daly had some fortune settled on her." "A very small sum. You are right to say that the sons are educated in a way. Just enough to make it impossible for them to begin afresh and turn to anything useful." "It is very sad, and, as you say, we have gone through it all ourselves; but, John, don't think me cold-hearted if I remind you that you have often said you believed we came through as well as we did because from the first no illusive offers of help were held out to us by anyone, and we knew at once all we had to face, and that our dependence must be on ourselves and each other." "We two have come through the trial, but not out of it as who went in; there were shipwreckers, you know, in that sea." "Oh, John, don't; it's like touching a wound." "I know, and I am very sorry. Only if we are to understand each other, I must show you all that is in my mind." "Go on; I don't have to find out now that your heart is really softer than mine. Can't I have the plan without any more preamble?" "It is just this—Lesbia's idea, mind you, not mine. She tells me that she has taken a very great liking to this house and neighborhood." "Where your life has been twice attempted. She has not lived a winter here." "The winters are pleasant and open enough, and Lesbia professes a great love for fine scenery." "Or fine compliments, as a Connor Daly I wonder which the child means?" "She says scenery, at all events. Let me get on with my story. She has asked me, since she must have some settled home of her own now, to rent this place of the Dalys. It is perfectly clear that they can't go on living here; but there is another house on the estate—a small place up among the hills—whom Mrs. Daly and her daughter seem to wish to occupy; and if we took the Castle off their hands, they could all live there together in tolerable comfort. Connor will be able to finish his college course in Dublin, and read for the bar, as he wishes; and the eldest son, who seems a sensible fellow, might take the management of the estate into his own hands. His uncle hinted that he should not object to advance a little money to keep things together if I were willing to remain in the spot for a few months longer, and superintend till Pelham gained experience. Under this arrangement the debts might be paid off gradually, and affairs worked into order. What do you say?" "I say it is an excellent plan for the Dalys' "And for ourselves." "Oh! John, can you really mean it? To sink into a last-act again. To give up the editorship of the Quarterly, and the literary career we have looked forward to so long?" "I should not give up the editorship. I am not so Quixotic as to throw away seven or eight hundred a year for a whim. I assure you. Most of the work would be as well done here as in London, and I could run up to town every two months or so. Lesbia will want to be there, I suppose, for part of the spring. It would all fit in very well." "But why should you work yourself to death for people who a little while ago treated you as only rather better than an upper servant, and who, as far as I can see, are nothing to us?" "Bride, I think I can make you see further. Have you never thought of it? No, for you did not know how obstinately set I was on keeping my appointment with Dennis Malachy that night, and how steadily resolved Mr. Daly was to go in my stead. It was to his death he went; and you know that shot from behind the wall was meant for me. Can I help feeling that some of the cares and responsibilities of the man who died in my place have fallen on me?" "I don't know, I am sure—it was not his intention to die." "I am not a man to take a sentimental view of an obligation; but it is impossible to live through such a night as that of Mr. Daly's death without being changed by it. There was a look on his face when he fixed his eyes on me and said, 'You said you would all be away about coming here, that I shall carry in my memory to my dying day, and after. He meant quite simply, that it was well he should be murdered instead of me. I believe the thought made death sweet to him. I used to look upon him as a sort of fool, and now—'" "John did not finish his sentence; a quiver in his voice warned him that the road began to be steep here. Bride slipped her hand under his arm, and they climbed on a few minutes in silence. She felt as if a prison wall were closing round her. To live on here with the Dalys for nearest neighbors, seeing John and Lesbia gradually getting absorbed into their lives, hearing about them continually, and the atmosphere of their devotion and affection with their interest in her, and her jealousy this last week. No prospect could possibly have promised her more temptation or pain, or been more completely distasteful. She would have to acquiesce in it, she knew, but she could not help making one more faint struggle before she gave in. "John! John! this plan is right for you and me; but it is wrong for Lesbia. She will be indulged in her will, to remain. When you first heard of her betrothal, you said the one thing you would most anxiously guard against was her being married for her money. How will you answer it to your conscience to put her in the way of intimacy with those two penniless, handsome young men?" "Lesbia has a great deal more judgment than I gave her credit for at first, and she is very open. She has told me already exactly what she thinks of Connor Daly, and I can see she is in no more danger of falling in love with him than you are. As for the elder lad, the very handsome one, he and she don't get on together at all. They seem hardly to be on speaking terms. I have watched them closely, and I don't think they have exchanged a dozen words this week. No, I shall not have the least uneasiness on that score. I do not see any difficulty there." "Of course you don't, just because it is the obvious rock in the way, and straight before your kind masculine eyes," thought Bride to herself. "John paused as they turned to go home, and pointed to a particular spot on the road. "It was just there that I saw Mr. Daly last," he said; "he was mounting his horse for that ride. Miss Daly was standing at the gate to watch him ride away. I heard her ask him to walk with her every night of the full moon. We two were the last people to see him before the accident." "We two," already in his thoughts, and for so long it had seemed a mere matter of course to Bride that no one but herself could be the second in John's eye. The walls were closing round indeed, and her consent to be shut up in them would have to be given in a minute or two. "You are very silent, Bride," John said as they drew near the house. "I have stated my case, and you have hardly spoken a word; but remember, the decision rests with you. Say that the plan of living here is disagreeable to you, and it shall never be mentioned again. I have told you why I think these people have a claim on me for service, but you come first. Lesbia sees it too, and after all you did and were to us in our struggling days, and in our home, now that we are free to live where we please, should rest with you." "To live among people who hate us," Bride said slowly, at last. "Yes, take that into consideration. I want you to weigh all the disadvantages fairly. Yet, I don't think the objection counts for much. We should live the best of lives, and for my part, I think beginning with a little aversion, answers as well with neighbors as with lovers. One has a pleasant sense of victory and triumph over them when one has won their respect at last." "John, what makes you so ingenious?" "John, what makes you so silent? Are you reluctant to decide, or do you rather divided your decision without more words? I think I see. It shall be 'No' to Lesbia's plan, then, and without further allusion to it we will revert to our original scheme of a year's travel before we settle anywhere. We used to talk of seeing Rome together, when it seemed as likely as going to the moon. I will speak to Lesbia." Bride drew a long breath. If it could be settled so. If she might but stretch out her hand and take the pleasant life, far away from the country that was hateful to her, with John and Lesbia, her own brother, her own little sister, for whose sake she had done some hard work in her time, securely withdrawn from the adverse influence she believed was stealing them away from herself. If she might love her own life, and choose her own good, and let other people carry their proper burdens as she had had to carry hers. Why not? Was there never to be an end? Had she not done and suffered a good deal for others already? Was it not time to think of herself? "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. I with the crown of thorns, with the wounded hands and feet, the Lord and King of sacrifice. Open, and I will come in and sup with you." Again, in the whisper of the wind among the trees, the low voice seemed to question with Bride's heart. Yes, it was just that—that was the question. He was there waiting for an answer. One could not entertain Him without doing so. Him, or have self-pursuing for a third at last. Self, or Him—one ruler or

the other—and again and again in one's life the choice has to be made. They were close to the Castle now. While John was looking at the garden gate, Bride took a long look, a long considering look at the building before her. Its straggling front, with the ivy-grown towers and irregularly-shaped doors and windows, the neglected premises behind, the rambling untidy garden; all intensely unhome-like in her eyes, but from that moment her home. She swallowed the bitter portion with a gulp, resolving never to allow herself to find its after-taste bitter. "John," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder, as he held open the gate for her, "you misunderstood me. I was only making up my mind slowly, as you know I do. I have looked at all around, and if I really have a veto, decide on staying here. There is a great deal to be said in favor of Lesbia's plan." "You really think so? My dear Bride, how glad I am." It was provoking to see how his face brightened. Bride hurried up the walk, and to escape further conversation, set herself vigorously to rub the mud from her boots on the door mat, if she could think of nothing further till she had obliterated all trace of her wet walk from her person. "It's of no use," she said to herself as she worked away; "I don't come into the house the same person that I went out. I know it's a turning-point, and that I shall never be able to forget this wet walk as long as I live. In it I have put my foot on my book of life, and I can't put back the page. Whatever the reading is, I've got from this time to begin to spell it out." There were other people in Castle Daly that day besides Bride Thornley who always had to look back upon that wet afternoon's walk as one of those turning points in life—places where the roads meet—which in after hours tempt the mind to wonder as to how it would have been with the life if the rejected path had been followed. Ellen and Sir Charles Pelham entered the house a minute or two after Bride quitted the hall, having also come to the conclusion of a conversation that decided the principal events of several lives. Ellen crept up-stairs wearily, looking pale and sad, and Sir Charles, his ruddy face, as he turned into the library and stood warming his hands over the fire, wore an unusually thoughtful, puzzled expression. He was busy making up his mind whether he was most annoyed or gratified at the result of a step he had taken on a sudden good-natured impulse, aroused by the pitifully low state of Ellen's eyelids. "Well, Marmaduke," he said to his son, who entered the room in the midst of his musing, "so you've come in; I was just thinking about you, and wishing for a chance of speaking to you alone. I've had it all out with your cousin Ellen. I thought it best, for you know there's nothing so wearing as suspense, and she seemed so down-hearted and miserable tonight; I thought it would cheer her to know that there was a better prospect before her than she had any right to expect." "You don't mean to say, father, that you've been talking to Ellen about that I confided to you last night? Why, I've never said a word of the kind myself to her yet." "I was paying the way for you, and very grateful you ought to be to me for it, knowing as you do the position of your mother, and how marrying, and the little inclination I have towards this match; there are not many fathers who would have set about such a piece of business for their eldest sons, I can tell you." "She listened to what you said? You think I have a chance?" "Of course she listened to me, and though you say you don't like the matter as deeply as I should care to be indulged in, I am sure that if she can't be induced to see you after the light you could wish, it is not for the want of having had its advantages placed before her. My dear, I said, 'Marmaduke surprised me very much yesterday after the funeral by speaking to me about the affection he says he has long entertained for you,' and then I went on to say, 'Of course, I pretend that it is precisely the match that you mother and I should have chosen for, being consols, and so on, but nothing could be kinder or more encouraging than my manner to her.' 'We are all very fond of you, my dear,' I said, 'and we would give you a cordial welcome into the family, and do our best to make you happy, and not exactly fit to tempt you to do as you do; you are unfortunately like your poor dear father, too full of generous feeling to be able to cope with the world; and then, to prove my point, I just instanced her imprudence in going out with those people on the night of her father's murder, and her impulsive manner at the request, which has set everyone in the neighborhood on their feet, when she came forward a second time to give evidence in favor of the old bag whom everyone but herself believes to be in league with the murderers, and who is, at all events, doing all she can to shield them from justice now.' 'Of course,' I said, 'neither I nor any of my family would think for an instant of accusing you of want of feeling, or of being ungrateful; but I should say that the best look back at me for taking the brunt of your first offense, and I should never take so much trouble again in any of your love affairs. I can tell you, for I've argued and talked in the mist till I've made my throat sore. She has just the same kind of obstinacy that her poor father had. You think she is agreeing with every word you say, and then she turns and says, 'I don't care to prove her own side of the matter, but I'll marry some scrambling, out-at-elbows Irishman, and you'll talk sentiment to her by the yard, and bring her to beggary—that will be her end.' 'I shall do my best to prevent it, father.' 'You'll be a fool for your pains, then. She does not care a rush for you, and never did, and she never will. I've made out so much to-day, and all events, and sell you plainly to you mind. Why can't you leave all that to me? You told me last night that the chief thing you cared for was to behave handsomely now the family are in trouble, and you have behaved very handsomely, and so have I. It went against the grain, but I did my best to persuade her to have you. I offered her a good husband and thoroughly comfortable English home; and if she prefers poverty and a mud-die down here, it's not my fault or yours. It might show you, though, I should think, that she's not the girl to make you happy, my boy, eh? or to come after your mother at Pelham Court.' "All the same, I wish you had not meddled, father. She'll be on her guard now, and I suppose I shall never have an opportunity of speaking." "You shall make your next offer yourself, I promise you. I've talked till my throat's sore, and done my best, and you don't seem the least grateful or satisfied. I thought you'd have been more reasonable, I must say, Marmaduke. Hark, there's the dinner-bell at last. Well, it's something that another of these dreary days is nearly over." Mrs. Daly sat at the dinner table that day for the first time in her widow's weeds. She had been almost beside herself with grief at first, and there had been serious apprehension of brain fever; but in a day or two she recovered her self-command, and seemed by a

strong effort of will to shut back her overwhelming pain, and despite behind the strong glare of reason and duty, she was able to do what she habitually entreated herself. After that there was little hope of approaching her near enough to comfort her. Her face, always still and grave, hardened into a stony look of endurance that froze words of sympathy on the lips of those who tried to speak them. Her eyes seemed to be always asking the question, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" and forbidding any attempt at an answer. Little Lesbia was struck with a great awe of her when she came to offer the bunch of violets she and Connor had gathered in the garden. The large beautiful tears that came so readily into Babette's eyes, welled up at the sight of her mistress's pale worn face under the circular folds of crimped muslin, and she held out her hand with the violets, and her heart welled with warm, generous feeling; for had she not spent the entire afternoon with John in devising schemes to rescue the widow and her children from poverty and dependence, and secure them a home? She experienced a painful chill of disappointment when Mrs. Daly put on the ring finger for her to shake, quite ignoring the violets, and her swimming eyes with a steady, fearless gaze that seemed somehow to take all the glow and glory from her projects of protection, and made her feel herself as impotent a comforter as if she had sunk back into being Aunt Marmaduke's snubbed companion again. There was a momentary pause during the long evening. After the silent melancholy dinner, Sir Charles Pelham drew John Thornley into a window recess and held whispering consultations with him on business matters from time to time. Ellen seated herself on a footstool by her mother's chair—scarcely that one, not even her cousin Marmaduke on his last evening in Ireland, had ever been so close to her in conversation with her in the room of her childhood; that fortress of grief, Marmaduke Pelham stolidly settled himself in the arm-chair on the opposite side of the hearth, determined that, if he might not talk to his cousin Ellen, he would at least spend the last hours of this unhappy visit in looking at her—all the while quite unconscious that he was heaping up bit by bit the material of his own misery, by being the first person who had ventured to sit down in Mr. Daly's accustomed seat since his death, and that Connor was making vehement signs of dissent at him for his want of consideration behind his back. Ellen sent one half-angry, half-appealing look towards him as he took his place, the meaning of which he did not in the least understand; and her eyes appeared to forget that she was there. Her eyes fixed themselves vacantly on the now closely-shuttered and curtained window recess. But her thoughts were evidently far away, following the incidents of that evening when she had stood there last talking and laughing; when the window was open, and when a mile or two she must not have been, and when she had said, "Now and then she roned her head about forever, and then she looked at her mother, and then to look at her mother, and then the expression of another kind of sorrow stole into her face—a look such as a faithful dog casts into his master's face when he sees he is in pain and cannot help him. At such times she would put up her hand stealthily to stroke her mother's hair, or touch softly the drooping head that never changed its position or showed the least consciousness of her presence. Lesbia, watching this little pantomime, was startled by the sound of an impatient groan coming from the direction of the window recess, that in the stillness was quite plainly audible throughout the room. Everybody turned his or her head to discover what it meant, but it was not until she had stood still, confessed and confessed to her mother that she had been, Lesbia concluded, much disgusted with himself for betraying so publicly the extent to which Sir Charles Pelham's conversation bored him. Lesbia had opportunity for watching her neighbors, for no one took much notice of her; she had seen so much food for thought, that the long hours of the silent evening did not hang heavily on her hands. It is always a matter of deep interest to watch the way in which new circumstances draw out unexpected points of character in our friends and acquaintances. Little Lesbia was, perhaps unknown to herself, a diligent student of character, and owed the pleasure of her evening to the opportunity of observing the change in Mr. Pelham Daly which had been effected by the events of the last ten days. Everybody in the house had felt the change, but no one but little Lesbia had had leisure of heart to chronicle its signs and comment on them in thought. It was not that Pelham put himself more forward or was less reserved than he had been during those dark days, but his silence no longer seemed the effect of slyness, and his reserve was not, as formerly, worn as a suit of armor for the purpose of keeping in traders at a distance. He looked a great deal older than he had looked a week ago. He was so busy all that evening sorting and numbering letters, and sat so far out of the circle of the lamp light, at his father's old pigeon-hole in a dim corner, that Lesbia could venture to look at his eyes for quite a second at a time on his face, while she wondered what the difference in him really was—whether there actually was a line between the black brows and a hollow under the large eyes, or whether it was only the new expression on his face that made him seem so completely different from the man now, and the head of the house. She grew up man now, and she looked away from fear of meeting his when he left his place, as he did every now and then, to go and stand behind his mother's chair, and make her talk to him for a few minutes; but though she was not looking, she could hear the tender tones his voice took in addressing his mother, and she never forgot that Mrs. Daly never ignored his little caresses, as she did Ellen's. When he crossed the room and laid his hands on her mother's shoulders to stop him in picking out a dance tune on the piano, as he had carelessly begun to do, there was nothing of the old provoking pre-emptories in his manner, nothing that the touchiest younger brother could possibly resent. Connor, who had begun a petulant himself as he did the restraining hands, changed his mood when he looked at Lesbia's face, and substituted an acquiescing nod and his own bright smile for the intended growl of remonstrance. Connor and Lesbia had been a great deal together during the last week, and had grown quite intimate. He was very miserable. His handsome face, and often been quite disfigured with weeping, and he had been so painfully, were almost extinguished under the painfully swollen lids; but he was not in the least altered or transformed by his grief; he was just the same Connor Daly who could not possibly, whatever tortures of body or mind he might be enduring, get through a silent evening without finding something mischievous to do with his hands, or some occasion for making grimaces at somebody. Lesbia had liked his seeking her out, to talk of his sorrow, and had felt flattered by his finding her little attempts at soothing helpful. It was a new thing to have people coming to her to be comforted, but as she watched the two brothers that night she acknowledged to herself that, however flattering confidential talk may be, it was the sorrow that could not pour itself out in words that had the strongest sympathy. Yet one or two words, when they seemed to well up from depths of pain under long restraint, might not be amiss. It might not lessen sympathy to hear such spoken, if they seemed to be able to get themselves said to one person only. It was Lesbia's lot to be drawn into conversation, quite at the end of the evening, that led her to this amendment of her previous opinion. Sir Charles Pelham was coming hastily out of the window recess to wish Mrs. Daly and Ellen good night as they were leaving the room, knocked over the pigeon-hole desk at which Pelham had been

standing, and scattered its miscellaneous contents over the drawing-room floor. Lesbia stooped down to help Pelham gather them up, and it proved to be a longer business than she had counted on. The other occupants of the room one by one slipped away, and they were left unperceived in the shady corner to finish their task alone. Lesbia picked up and smoothed the papers, and Pelham restored them to their proper divisions in the desk. They worked in silence till the last packet was replaced, and then quite abruptly Pelham began, not looking at Lesbia, but fixing his eyes on a certain pigeon-hole where he had just replaced his own old school letters to his father: "I wonder why he kept these. There's not a single word in them that any one would have cared to read a second time. I don't suppose I ever did write a word to him that could have given him a moment's pleasure—'I'll tell you something.' The Miss Mays were given him a moment's pleasure the last time I ever talked alone with my father, we had a trifling misunderstanding, and I, it was on the day when Connor and Ellen called on us, my father and I walked along the shore, and he wanted me to speak openly with him, and I would not, though I knew all the time that my reserve pained him. It's folly to think more of that than the circumstance than of the rest, but I do. Perhaps I should be able to grieve openly, like Connor and Ellen, if it were not for that. Can you understand my feeling so?" Lesbia was so much startled by the abruptness of the address, that not one of the comforting commonplaces she had applied to Connor could come to her mind; she could think of nothing to do but to stretch out both her hands towards him. "Do you know," she whispered, as he grasped them convulsively, "that I could not weep when my father died? I am afraid I did not love him at all as I ought. I have so often wished it had been different. The only thing I remember about him is, that when he tried to kiss me, I used to cry and hide my face. I have often been sorry to think of that since." "You understand how it is with me, then, and you are sorry for me?" "Yes, indeed I am." "I could not have told this to any one but you; and now, since I have your sympathy, I shall be able to bear it. What you have said has done me more good than I could have believed possible." "Has it? I am so very, very glad." The sound of John's footsteps approaching the door made them aware that they were holding each other's hands still. Lesbia snatched hers away and ran breathless up stairs to bed. "Perhaps it was just that last ten minutes that made the whole evening so memorable to Lesbia. "What you have said has done me more good than I could have believed possible." She could not go to sleep for a long time from repeating those words over and over again to herself, and for feeling the tingling in her fingers, that Pelham's close clasp had left. Bride, who had her own troubles to think of, could not understand what made the child so restless. (To be continued.)

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