THE TWO GLASSES. ere eat two glames, filled to the brim a rich man's table, rim to rim; o was ruddy and red as blood,

taste, That has made his future a barren waste Par greater than a king am I, Or than any army beneath the sky. I have made the arm of the driver fall; And sent the train from the iron rail ;

"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine? Said the water glass, "I cannot boast Of a king dethroned or a murdered host. "Can you boast of deeds as great as miner
Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host.
But I can tell of a heart, once sad, a
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've
laved.

I have leaped through the valley, dashed

I have made the parched meadows grow

fertile with grain; I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill That ground out flour and turned at my I can tell of manhood, debased by you,

That I lifted up and crowned anew I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid; I gladden the heart of man and maid; set the wine-chain'd captive free, These are the tales they told each other As they sat together, filled to the brim, On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

OF A DIFFERENT MIND

BY BRUCE MONTGOMERY.

CHAPTER X -[CONTINUED] There was a slight noise at the woman listened anxiously.

'He wants the child-my child; he must not have him! Save him, good

the terrified young priest.

'I give you the child; he shall belong altogether and entirely to you You will bring him up better than his father. On the brink of the grave I beg your word for this. Promise me that under no circumstances will you that under no circumstances will you You will bring him up better than his ever give up the child to his father, aed, with the energy of despair, while the last agony of death, overcome by her strength of will, con-

valued the features soon to be at rest

' He will not dare. Should he do so reveal the fearful secret. He will never dare to claim the boy.' denly roused herself up, and fixing

shall require his soul at your hands."

solemnly, that I will never give up the child into the hands of those who would injure him, replied the pricet in a tremulous yet firm voice. Swear that you will protect the boy

'I assure you on my priestly word'
'May God reward you; may God bless you!' murmured the young countees. Her hand sought the head arms of the pricet. Her lips murmur-ed a few unintelligible words, and then, again opening her eyes, she said, anx-

when her hand on the case of her called and with quiet confidence in the priest. By the flickering light of the little lanters, the priest thought he saw some one kneeling at the entrance of the hut and looking anxiously into the 'Martin, Martin, is that you?'

The led rose and cause mearer.

'You were here during the cound have heard the whole.'

cheek. 'You now bear my name and prayer,' enti-mey it be health to you,'

Then he carefully wrapped the little man-one in the folds of his wide clock, and 'I will |

'You are not afraid of the dead,

Again the lad shook his head,
'Why will you not remain here?' The lad made some inarticula and, the sense of which was unin-

me; For they said, 'Behold, how great you'be! Pame wealth, strength, genius, before you fall.

Will so write which was unintelligible. His face expressed great
pais, and bis eyes were turned to the
prior as if seeking help.

Will so write which was unintelligible. His face expressed great
pais, and bis eyes were turned to the
prior as if seeking help.

There was a singular movement in the lad's face. He opened his lips. showed his tongue, and pointed to i

'Poor, poor Martin!' he murmured as he beckoned to him, and as he folthe bills.

figure.

voice, while an iron grasp sought to close upon his arm. The priest had involuntarily stepped back and pressed his living burden

'Who are you?' he asked in a firm the large, desolate chamber.

'Silence! Make no noise or-And a shining weapon glanced be ore the eyes of the retreating priest. 'Give me the child, and keep silence about the affair of this night, and then no harm will happen to you,' said the unknown in a harsh whisper.

Leave the way free, unhappy man You shall not have the child." A low cry followed these words. The knife of the murderer had pierced the

protecting arm. The unknown uttered a fearful curse and then tried to get possession of the babe by force. His dagger again intrance of the hut to which the dying his arms. The priest had fallen on his

little doubt who would be the victor. this child! prayed the priest aloud. winsome little creature in the arms of which was now covered by his body.

A barsh cry now arose. Martin had thrown down the murderer. He arose with a loud curse and looked around repeated the loud cry which sounded mysteriously through the forest. This time a curse followed in Italian.

The man rushed upon the protecting blue sky. bushes like a wild beast. Martin concontinued for some minutes, and his mind was distracted by the scene reached him, for the distance between them was evidently diminishing, when 'I make you answerable for the soul a loud cry arose very near and made I give you full power over him; but I ing shepherds, who had retired to the

As if her whole strength was exhausted, the poor young wife fell back upon could to the place where he had left the his course priest, but either he had missed the r hard bed.

'That is all. Have pity that I may apot or his prey had fled; he was not there. He had not time for further search, for, guided by the shepherd lad his foster child were saved

> The pale light of morning entered the large, desolate chamber, and fell upon the bed upon which lay the dying Italian. He supported himself upright hat hath his hands while his heast. Holden's life.

heaved as he spoke:

'You are not a Holden, Doctor; you are my son. I am Count Marinelli.'

He looked towards the side of his bed, where the person addressed was bed, where the person addressed was leaning against the wall, as if needing leaning leaning

aupport.

The dying old man paused, as if waiting to hear the effect of his communication. But no answer came—no ressark; and his dying eyes could not

read the countenance of his son.

ly moved, while a tear flowed down his ciful to you if you repent. Say a 'I know no prayers,' said the dying not even die alone?'

'I will pray for you; repeat my you. You must not d words,' said Felix, as he kneeled down 'Margaret loves yo

bore him in his arms. His feet moved a dowly from the poor death bed, where his eyes had botted their last upon the cold limbs of her who rested there.

He took up the little lastern which burned dimly, opened the door, and tepped out into the rainy night. Dark clouds chased each other across the sky, and a cold wind blew against him. He turned back to give the lastern to the shephard lad, but the young man was close behind him.

'Take the light and remain near the dead lady. I will send some people to dead lady. I will send some people to my name, be a man, and carry out my revenge. The priest is guilty; can you credulously.

not find-Marinelli, listen; the young Unhappy man, cried Felix. May the majesty of death which is so mear, have power over you to banish these anlawful thoughts! unlawful thoughts! Uncle Robert,
Uncle Robert, he added, in a tone of
gentle complaint, 'why have I not
Oniet was against my life.'
Oniet was again enforced by Holden

your love and your patience?" A wonderful change passed over the face of the old count as he asked almost unintelligibly:

'Would he forgive me?'

'Castainly. All who pray to Him...'

'I mean the priest.' It sounded al-

'Uncle Robert?' A gleam of light lost. laved,

Of hands I have cooled and souls I have priest shuddered,

ould no longer betray secrets. The forgiven you, and prays daily for you knew the cause of this kind of fever, and your conversion—and, in truth, and looked up to heaven. The most and your conversion—and, in truth. and looked up to heaven. The most when Uncle Robert prays for any one careful attendance could alone save

his prayer is always heard.' There was deep stillness in the room.

The cock crowed the morning watch ance. He looked around, but he was He had not proceeded many steps for the second time, and the objects in alone. The nearest human dwelling when the way was obstructed by a tall the room were more clearly seen. A place would be the best, so with a Give me that child, cried a harsh inal, but he did not open his eyes.

> 'God be merciful to my soul,' re- him. plied Felix, clasping bis hands. 'Oh, God-oh, God, be merciful to son of the murderer of this man's my poor, poor soui, sounded through father, and they had hitherto been

> 'Get up. Fritz.' said the policeman a tender father now endeavored to save who yesterday had kept guard over the his life that he might be able to lead a old Italian.

> 'Is it already day?' turning in his bed. 'It is day; get up. It has been such Dr. Holden, the favorite of the pious night as I shall never in my life priest, the Christain soul of Uncle

ian dead?

'Yes, he is dead." 'Yes, God be thankful; but he groan- kept, and his soul would be changed to the priest, but yet carefully ed-and struggled as if-he spoke a a different mind. avoided the little burden he carried in good deal to the strange doctor who was with him all night. I saw the last he approached the border of the roman listened anxiously.

'He is there! Great God; mercy, held the babe pressed to his breast. A mercy! fearful conflict began—a struggle for But it must have been such a dea fearful conflict began—a struggle for by an open window, and I drew back. struggle as he had seldom witnessed; Send thy angel, oh, God, to protect he was as white as chalk, and his hair breast, blood streamed for hung about in disorder. Presently he and he fell fainting. came from the room and told me to

CHAPTER XI. With a bent head and with slow steps Dr. Holden approached the entrance to the village on the battlements of the castle where say?" whispered the terrified men to the inmates might be partaking of a each other. late breekfast. Felix cast a look at Felix from his faintness. them, and then turned into the green fields, which brought him to the wood.

The sun had now acquired its full Holden! exclaimed Margaret, beside strength, and not a cloud crossed the herself with terror, Holden placed his hand upon his his head; with superhuman strength tinued to repeat his cries, while the head; it was uncovered; he had left he raised himself, and looking at the murderer strove to force his way his hat in the peasant's cottage, But girl said gently, but in a tone of through the thicket. This chase had he hastened on without plan or object carnest cutreaty:

though Martin knew the place and the of the past night. It was evening benature of the ground, and this was in fore he reached the border of the wood; his favor, the stranger would soon have he felt exhausted, but he could not

At last, when he had came to a tall house and in your room?" pine tree, he rested there, leaning against it. His mind was at work, and of my child. You hear the words of a been heard, and some of the neighboring shepherds, who had retired to the lits solution was near. The voice of the Holl Virgin which you sent me men soon approached the place, and, from Italy. unwilling to be discovered, he resumed

> Again he rested for a while, and covered his eyes with his hands. And hark! what was that? The ound of a human voice crying for able turn in your illness. If it is Grd's help. Was it a fancy of his over- will you will soon be again exercising strained nerves? He raised his tired your profession." as soon as possible. The priest and head, and heard the sound of lamen tation very near. As he approached Such were the first hours of Dr. the spot, he saw a man lying on the ground, whom the surrounding circum

with both his hands, while his breast lay there with a mortal wound in his

'Holden!' he murmured in a wee voice, but with apparent dislike. 'Al-ways Holden! I hate you inexpressibly. Go away, go away! he said.

read the countenance of his son.

A slight convulsion stretched the old man once more on his bed. It was soon over.

'Give me a little more of that medicino,' he said; 'it will prolong my life, and I must tell you why the Marinellis hate the Northfleets. You must carry out our revenge; a scion of that race still lives, and he must die. I—'

'dileges! I know anonch. For Northfleet was about to raise himsel

'Go away,' he repeated. 'Am I always to find you in my way. Can I 'Keep quiet, Major Northfleet, I beg

' Holden, Holden!' he sta There must have been a singular ex

Quiet was again enforced by Holden No one need know of that. Only

'Thanks, cordial thanks, Holden

My injustice-' and consciousness was passed over the pale countenance of the doctor. 'Oh, he has long long since only to fall into a high fever. Holden his life by combating the power of the fearful groan escaped from the crim- sudden decision he raised the sick man from the ground and carried his bur

'What shall I pray?' he asked faintly. den along the way which lay before rivals before dazzling beauty. There was a struggle, and then all wounded man had hated him till this hour, and had made no secret of this new and happy one by the side of his asked the man, beloved. In fact, the hour for the other mind had come. In the renowned orget.

**Wherefore? Is that dreadful Ital-vengeful spirit of Count Marinelli. In

rejoiced, for the time approached whe 'Thank heaven,' said Fritz, fervently. her last promise to Holden would be Holden's steps became unsteady. At was a loud noise in his ears, the earth seemed to tremble and slide from under his feet, he felt a sharp pain in his

heaven the spirit of the deceased Louise

And the trembling hands laid the but his arm still held fast the child, give information that the old man was way; the horses' hoofs seemed bardly the two senseless forms, and lifted

'To the castle! What will the general

A cry rent the air which rous-

'It is Dr. Holden father Dr.

Two soft hands were placed under

Uncle Robert, fetch Uncle Bobert, Uncle Robert!

What do you want, my Felix? Uncle Robert, am I really in y ur house and in your room?

'Yes, Felix. Look, here is the window at which we always said the Hail Mary, and here is the

' Yes, now I see it all; but what are these papers which lie on the table?' 'They are letters of condolence from the capital. They all express a deep anxiety about you, hoping for a favor-

In spite of the cheerfu! tone of the priest's last words, there seemed to be

The golden sunshine stream through the windows of the priest's study, which had been made into a

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