

dust that fell on the head of the passer-by was historic; long years ago it had been part of the new wood-work of some balcony, or of the fresh plaster, while the blue blood was seething in living hearts.

Wherever it was possible to do so, the crest of the owner of the house, a Lord of Hirschprung (Stag's leap), had been carved. The stone frames of the doors and windows, nay, even some of the tiles in the floor, bore a representation of the majestic stag, raising his fore-legs in the act of springing across some horrible abyss. In one of the large state chambers of the front mansion were the portraits of the knight and his lady, stiff figures in plumed cap and coil. The haughty knight still looked with imperishable pride upon a world from which his dust and title deeds, with their huge seals and continual "forevers" had long since vanished.

Felicita stood at the top of the stairs gazing with wondering eyes through a half-opened door, which had always been locked before. How greatly the execution of her deed of vengeance must have confused the mind of the careful mistress of the house, to make her forget locks and bolts.

Beyond this door was a long corridor, extending over one of the back buildings, on which several doors opened. One of these stood ajar, affording a glimpse of a room crammed with all sorts of lumber and lighted by a high dormer window. In the midst of these ancient relics, by the side of an antique arm chair, leaned old Frau Hellwig's portrait. It was not even turned toward the wall; dust and spiders might now rest undisturbed upon the face the artist had painted with the firm conviction that it would be handed down to her remotest posterity, an object of veneration to children and children's children.

The large, prominent eyes awakened a feeling of terror in the child's mind, now that she was so near them, and she turned timidly away, but what a pang pierced her little heart, how the blood rushed to her brain—little Felicitas knew the trunk covered with seal-skin that stood on the floor yonder. Timidly, fairly holding her breath, she raised the lid. On the top lay the light-blue woolen dress, daintily bordered with embroidery. Yes, Frederica had taken it off one evening, and then it disappeared and the little girl was obliged to put on an ugly dark frock.

The little hands hurriedly plunged deeper into the trunk—how many things appeared, and what memories rushed back to the child's mind at the sight. Her dead mother had handled all these elegant garments, fine enough to have clothed a little princess. Felicitas recollected with painful keenness the loving touch of her mother's soft fingers as she dressed her. Oh, where was the little kitten that had once been the child's delight! It was embroidered on a small bag. My, there was something inside, no plaything, as she at first supposed, but a pretty agate seal, whose silver tip bore the same stately stag in the act of leaping, which was repeated *ad nauseum* in the Hellwig mansion. Below the crest the letters M. v. H. were daintily engraved. It had doubtless belonged to her mamma, and the child's little fingers had seized it.

Higher and higher rose the tide of memories, many of which were now illumined by a ray of clearer understanding. Now she comprehended the moments when, suddenly roused from sleep, she saw her father and mother standing by her little bed—he in a spangled doublet and she with her golden hair floating loosely around her—they had just returned from their performance. And at each of these exhibitions her poor mamma had been fired at, yet the child gazed unsuspectingly at the beautiful pale face, though she still remembered how pas-

sionately, as if in breathless haste, she had been clasped, on those evenings, in her mother's arms.

Article by article the newly found treasures were stroked and caressed and then carefully replaced in the trunk, and when the lid was shut the child clasped her arms around the small, shabby box and laid her little head upon it—they, too, were old companions, who belonged together in a world that afforded no foothold in any home for the player's child. The defiant little face grew milder and tender, as it lay motionless with closed eyes, its soft cheek pressed lovingly against the moth-eaten cover of the old trunk.

The warm air stole through the window, bringing a waft of fragrance to the quiet corner of the attic where she lay. How could that bewitching perfume, which must come from whole beds of mignonette, rise so high? And what was this music that floated in with the sweet odors? Felicitas opened her eyes and sat up to listen. It could not be the organ from the church near by—the services had long been over. An ear better trained than the ignorant child's could never have thought of associating this melody with an organ. Some one was playing the overture to "Don Giovanni" most admirably upon a piano.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scientific Notes.

The excavation at Hell Gate reef was attended by 21,000 soundings and 8000 borings.

In severe paroxysms of coughing, from whatever cause, a tablespoonful of glycerine in hot milk or cream will give speedy relief.

A new substance called valzin is now being manufactured in Berlin under a patent, and it is claimed to be two hundred times sweeter than sugar and free from certain objectionable properties of saccharine.

Contrary to the opinion of very eminent geologists, Prof. Bonney contends that glaciers exert no excavating action, and this conclusion he bases on facts observed by him in the Swiss Alps. He has followed up many of the valleys in Switzerland, and the work of the glaciers in every instance should, he believes, be classed rather as abrasive than erosive. In the absence however, of the erosive theory, it will be difficult to account for the present character of many of the lochs on the west coast and in the interior of Scotland.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Elder has introduced the Sisters of St. Joseph into the Cincinnati diocese

Cardinal Gibbons' action in declining the proposed \$10,000 purse his priests and people wanted to collect for his silver jubilee, is characteristic of the modest Baltimore prelate, who has always avoided placing any burdens, even willingly borne ones, on his flock. The Baltimore Catholics will have to respect the cardinal's wishes in this matter, of course; but they intend putting a memorial of his jubilee in the cathedral, in lieu of offering him the purse they intended giving him.

UNTOLD MISERY—WHAT A WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL TRAVELER SUFFERED AND HOW HE WAS CURED.—GENTLEMEN.—About five years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time travelling for Messrs. Walker Woods & Co. Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine and when the third bottle was finished, I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of Dyspepsia.

Signed, T. S. McINTYRE



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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