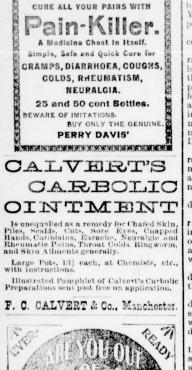


out of order et action upor ig curative effect in all dis

eases of malnutrition. It insures perfect nutrition; it makes the blood pure and red and full of vitality; it creates healthy flesh and muscular energy. It is far better than sickening indigestible "emulsions" or merely stimulating malt "extracts." Its good effects are lasting.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, Vork Co.

onditions Dr. Pierce





THE CATHOLIC RECORD

mind," replied the other, almost humbly. "I want to pay an old debt." A little startled by voice and words, Maurice motioned him towards the din-ing-room door, and followed into the room. As he closed the door the intruder As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned again turned tu

on his guard against attack or surprise. As he closed the door the intruder turned and faced him. "Don't you know me, sir?" he said. He had taken off his hat, and brushed the black hair from his face, and the strong light fell full on his strongly-marked face and powerful figure. Maurice looked at him. The vague man's identity, but it slipped from its grasp.

at the marriage ? He shook his head, "I think I have

een you before," he said. "But where, r when, or how, I cannot say." The other smiled. He put his hands room. He turned, with his hand on the door-

up each side of his head and seemed to shake the whole covering of his skull. Maurice looked at him in amazement. The grin broadened on the stranger's

broad face. "I can trust you," he mut-tered, "with such a trifle as my life." Then he pulled off the black wig, and tell me what you know about the mar-riage. Mind, the whole truth, and noth-

riage. Mind, the whole truth, and noth-ing but the truth." "Faith, I'm thinking a lie would serve your turn better in the present predica-ment, if I only had a good one handy." "You were present at this marriage?" interrupted Curran, ignoring his reluctance to speak. Christy nodded his head sulkily.

"At what hour did it take place i manded the lawyer, point blank. manded the lawyer, point blank. "At 11 o'clock," the other gulped out. "You have it now, and much good may it do you. It was your business, I'm think-ing, to try and row the leaky boat to the below the ball to conthe her?"

harbor, not help to scuttle her." Christy's answer was like a thunder clap to the party. It was felt to be the death-blow to the case. Maurice was too

startled for the moment to rebuke his etainer's roughness. Curran alone preserved his composure

"Sure?" he said, laconically. "Do you think I'd say the word if I veren't sure?" retorted Christy. "Do ou think it's sport to me to rob Master

laurice of his father's place by the wor of my month. It's sure enough, wors luck. The marriage was fixed for 10:30 and the trap broke down that was takin us to the church, and the bride and pariy were kept half an-hour waiting. Is that a thing a man is likely to forget? I could

ell you every word the master spoke o the way. His language to the driver was a kind that impresses itself on the mem-ory. It was driven in hard. We were ot more than half-an-hour late ; but th oride and her friends were leaving the church door when we drove up. Five minutes more and there had been no

marriage that day." "What luck," groaned the Doctor under his breath. "Five short minutes more would have saved all."

"The ceremony was over before 12, then ?" Curran went on, evenly. "Well over," Christy replied ; "Sir

lock struck 12.' "Not man and wife," Mr. M'Nally in-

terposed lugubriously. "Not man and wife, my good friend, I'm afraid. Unfor

itself. His face was expressionless as a dead wall. Mr. MPNally went on in a plaintive You owe me no

voice, speaking half to his inattentive leader, half to the others. "It is very bad, though I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through

deavor. He turned abruptly and left the room, and the street door banged atter him. Maurice carried the despatch-box into the scale even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our the study and set it down on the table be-fore Curran. "Here's what you wanted," he said. With a cry of delight the great lawyer nourced on the papers like a bungry down the table be-be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps," he added, very slowly and meaningly, "his memory may chance papers do the papers like a bungry down the table be-be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps," he added, very slowly and meaningly, "his memory may chance

ounced on the papers like a hungry dog not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as it is here."

The dead stillness was broken at last But the other side saved him the trouble by the voice of Curran, cool and er. "I close for the plaintiff, my lord."

his?

vocate.

APRIL 23, 1898

There was a covert triumph in his tone,

for there was no love lost between his lordship and the fearless Nationatist ad-

To the amazement of the court, Curran

"Mr. Curran," broke in his lordship

of thicking further on the point. For the day before the trial a subpcena testifican-dum was served upon Christy, and a sub-pena duces tecum on the doctor, to ap-pear and be examined on behalf of the The Attorney-General rose, and spoke with manner and voice elaborately calm. with manner and voice endotrately could. "I have respectfully to ask your lord-ship, on behalf of the defendant, for a non-suit. I need not recapitulate the grounds on which I move. The plaintiff's own defendant. Mark Blake had again mys-teriously learned the weak point in his cousin's case. He had shot his arrow

cousin's case. He had shot his arrow straight and hit the blot. The court was crowded out to the doors and up to the ceiling. The trial awak-ened the keenest excitement in Dublin. suit. I need not recapituate the prounds on which I move. The plaintiff's own witnesses have put him out of court. We adopt every line of their evidence, and make it our own. They have conclusive-ly shown that Sir Valentine Blake, at the It hit the line of cleavage in political mat-ters so closely that the personal interest time he went through the empty cere-was lost in keen political excitement. Maurice Blake was respected by all who knew him; Mark Blake was hated. Yet success as a triumph for bigotry and oppression. As an apostate from "Pa-word the castle partisans eager for Mark's success as a triumph for bigotry and oppression. As an apostate from "Pa-word the Curran" said the Lord It hit the line of cleavage in political matship to direct a non suit." "Well, Mr. Curran." said the Lord Chief Justice, "what have you to say to

oppression. As an apostate from "Fa-pacy" he had a special claim on their favor. The court was thronged with his partisans. The sympathisers of Maurice, United Irishmen for the most part, as-sembled in a vast crowd outside in the great hall, were refused admission to the court. The Right Hon. Arthur Wolfe, her Maisaty's Attorney-General Led for the Majesty's Attorney-General, led for the defendant. In the Lord Chief Justice of

came up smiling. "I have respectfully, but confidently, delendant. In the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the Earl of Clonmel, he had no unfavorable jadge. The High Sheriff had obligingly provided a jury of sycophants, "by special appointment" to the Castle. Mr. Leonard M'Nally opened the plead-iors for the plaintiff. Then Curran laid Thave respectfully, but conidently, to ask your lordship to direct a verdict for the plaintiff," he said. "His case is conclusively proved, and practically ad-mitted by the other side. Shortly after the death of his first wife, Sir Valentine Blake

ings for the plaintiff. Then Curran laid a brief, clear summary of the facts before the judge and jory. Maurice Blake was not a little startled to hear him declare in married the plaintif's mother, and the plaintiff is the sole issue of that marriage. That is our case as laid, proved, and ac-knowledged." " de calm, emphetic voice "that after the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, he mar-ried the mother of my client, and my client, as sole issue of that marriage, is impatiently, when he recovered a little from his astonishment, "I fancy you take me for a fool."

ake me for a fool." "That, my lord," retorted Curran sweetly, "is an obitur dictum which, however creditable to your lordship's disndubitably heir-at-law to all the lands. tenements, and hereditaments of Cloon-lara, for the recovery of which the present before the court. As I was saying the first wife was dead before the second

lara, for the recovery of which the preserve action is brought." Maurice noted, too, that this calm state-ment provoked a short, scornful laugh from Mark, who was seated beside his solicitor in court, and the Right Honor-able the Attorney-General himselfsmiled in quiet derision. But Mr. M'Nally noddwife was married." wife was married." "Don't talk nonsense," interrupted his lordship, rudely. "It has been conclus-ively proved by your own witnesses that the first wife was living when the second n quiet derision. But Mr. M'Nally nodd-d his assent and assurance to the judge "Your lordship will pardon me." "The first wife died at 12 o'clock noon," and jury, till his wig, which was to small for him, tumbled off his head. The evidence was got through quickly. Sir Valentine's letter from America was his lordship went on without heading him—" the second marriage took place a 11 on the forenoon of the same day."

admitted on the other side without de-mur. "It is part of our case," said the Dr. Denver was called for the plaintiff,

11 on the forenoon of the same day." "Precisely," assented Curran, blandly. "I am glad you have come to your senses," snarled his lordship. "A man cannot, legally at least, have two wives at the some time. You will be the same time. and gave his evidence clearly and briefly in reply to Curran in direct examination. He proved the death of Sir Valentine he same time. You admit the first was the same time. You admit the first was living when he purported to marry the second. I therefore direct—" " Not quite," broke in Curran again. " Your lordship," he went on, while the Lord Chief Justice lay back on the bench speechless at his audacity. " Your lord-ship forgets to take judicial cognizance of the fact that the earth grees round the Blake's first wife, the sending of his own letter, and the receipt of the reply in Sir Valentine's handwriting, and the certificate of death, all which documents were entered without objection, on the part of the defendant, in evidence for the plaint-Dr. Denver was asked no hing, and he

the fact that the earth goes round the by Deriver was assed no ining, and he said nothing, in the direct examination about the day or the hour of her death. But the Attorney-General speedily re-paired that omission with half-adozen home questions. He struck straight at the weak spot of the plaintiff's case with singular directness. He wasted no time on any noint but one. sun. This trifling circumstance has, as I will show you, a curious bearing on the case." He drew his watch from his pocket as he spoke. "It is now 5:45 by the correct Dublin time," he said, " but the correct time in New York is precisely 1:35. The on any point but one. olar system has not altered since the date of Sir Valentine Blake's second mar-riage. When it was 12 in Dublin it was

"When did the woman die ?" "On the 16th of June, 1765," the doctor

answered reluctantly. Then the Attorney-General drew from the witness a vivid description of the striking incident by which the very mo-ment of her death was fixed. With that he dismissed the Doctor from the witness hor. His and was grined

the witness-box. His end was gained. So far the attention of the Jury was focussed on that single point of time. It is seened almost a pity that Curran had not mitigated the dramatic directness of the discovery by a question or two in his examination in chief. But the blun-der if blunder is a man and in the blunder is the blun der, if blander it was, was repeated in the direct examination of Christy Calkin. He, too, was taken shortly over the chief incidents of the case. He proved the marriage of Sir Valentine in America to the mother of the plaintiff. He proved the birth of the plaintiff. He had known him from his birth to the present hour Not a question was he asked by Curran about the day or the hour of the second marriage. This strange omission struck the dullest man in court.

Sir Maurice, and unquestioned lord of the broad acres and stately mansion house of There was intense silence when the Attorney-General rose to cross-examine Attorney-General rose to cross-examine with a quiet, confident smile on his deter-mined tace. All felt the crisis of the case had come. Judge and jury strained their ears to catch each syllable. Again the Attorney-General went straight to the point. "At what date did Sir Valentine Blake go through the ceremony of mar-riage with the plaintiff's mother ?" "On the 16th of June, 1765." "You were present in court when Dr. Denver was examined ?" "Yes." "You heard him fix the date of the death of Sir Valentine Blake's wife disappeared. "Yes." "The 16th of June, 1765?"

APBIL 23, 1898. THE POET'S SACRIFICE :

TER OF THE HEAD [The Poet Goldsmith loves Mar (The Poet Goldsmith loves Mar your being suite here age, unait being suite here age, unait opelessness of his attachment, set has divined his feeling and i perious through incocet entait which ber you h, inceperione and his devotion with the be hand and affection if not her saves her from herself; and with and comptent being of Mrs. Buy of Goldsmith has consented i ence in persuading her to make settiment.)

The opportunity for mal tempt in this direction occ afternoon of the fourth He found himself Mary in the still-room. S put on an apron in order covers on the jars of preserv As she stood in the mi many scented room, sur bottles of distilled waters preserved fruits and grea bowls of pot pourri, with sweet herbs and drying suspended from the ceili Bunbury, passing along dogs, glanced in. with his "What a house wife w

come?" he cried. Quite dear ; the head of the Gw will need to be deft." Mary laughed, throwin

thyme at him, and Oliv fore the dog's paws sound ished oak of the stair case "I am afraid, my Jes said he " that I do not e spirit of this jest about (

so heartly as your siste band.' "'Tis foolish on thei "But Little Come she. the watch for a subject and Charles is an active in her folly. This parti think, a trifle threadbare "Colonel Gwyn is a g

deserves the respect of said he. "Indeed, I agree w cried. I agree with yo do not know a man w more highly. Had I n to feel flattered by his at

"No-no; you have feel flattered by the at man, from the Prince do I say up ?" he replied.

' Twould be treason laughed. "Well, let Gwyn be. What a pity "Well, let Newton did not discover treating walnuts for pi discovery would have b able to us than his the tion, which, I hold, nev woman a day's work." "I do not want to let

be," said he, quietly. trary, I came down he talk about him." " Ah, I perceive tha

speaking with my mo continuing her work. "Mary, dear, I have about you very earnes

he. "Only of late," she flattered myself that I l thoughts long ago as v I have always tho the truest affection, o

thoughts." She ceased her we toward him grateful He left his seat and v "My sweet Jessamy "I have thought of y

great uneasiness

toward you as-as-might feel, or an eld

happiness in the futu

upon yours, and, alas

the world is full of sn

"Ah, you know that

experience of the sn

not come to my help v

be attached to you affair," said he. "I

affair," said he. "I heart that led you as

thank God you hav heart in your bosom just the tenderness of

makes me fear for yo

occasions," said she.

Colonel Gwyn away "You were wro

good man-he is a

your future would b

be able to shelter yo

own heart may lead

the cause of Colonel

to be a good man.

his wife you would

dangers which surro

you in the world." "Ah! my dear

"I have seen enou

know that a woma

from the dangers of

to beset her on that " Often-often.

be so with you, de

not if you marry Co

I fear that you hav

man all at once, D

counsel a poor, w standpoint of h

"Even if I do n

day she marries. the case that the d

"You must have

"Yes," he replied

from the dan;

led you before.

Mary," he said.

"Nay ; it can bec

...

" Dear child, there

have been mine ?'

"I know that," sh

latterly you have neve

"Well over," Christy replied; "Sir Valentine was not long pacifying the young lady, and the priest made up for lost time. They were away on their honeymoon, as man and wife, before the clock struct 19." ous to be honest than otherwise in my Maurice impulsively stretched out his But Freeny put his huge paws behind his back. "No," he said, "once is enough I am not worthy to touch an honest man's

and there are times in which I think I will buy a rope myself and save the hang-man a job. When you hear tell what a bad boy Freeny is, think, if you can, that the is not all over bad. You owe me no thanks for what I have done. It is only the interest on a big debt. I owe you a

ife yet and if ever I get the chance. I'l pay up as well as any honest man of them all, or lose my own in the enleavor. He turned abruptly and left the room,

night.

One after the other he turned them rapidly, noting the contents on the fold of his brief.

"Christy," cried Maurice, for Christy was slipping unobtrasively out of the knob, and faced Curran's look of anger and amazement stolidly. "Best leave me out of the business, Counseller," he said, shortly. "You will settle it better yourselves without me." "Sit down, sir," retorted Curran, " and

showed a shock red head under it. " Freeny !" cried Maurice with instant "ecognition. "Aye, just," said the other, coolly,

" Freeny, the highwayman and burglar, at your service. Freeny who never for-gets a bad turn nor a good one. This may be of use to you." From under his cloak he took the miss-

From under his cloak he took the miss-ing despatch box, and set it on the table. "Don't ask how I came'by it," he went on "I took a liberty with the lock when I had got it. I found the papers to be yours, and I brought them to you. I had reasons of my own for thinking they might he important". might be important.'

might be important." "ried Maur-ice, excitedly. "They are all-important," cried Maur-ice, excitedly. "They were stolen out of my friend's house. Did you-" " "Ask me no questions:" -- retorted Freeny, with a grin. "You know the rest. No man is bound to criminate him-self, as the lawyers say. They kindly save him the trouble when they catch him."

"But what did you want with these ? re the papers were, and lay their ds on them at the very nich of the

ands on them at the very nick of time ou did not talk about the matter, I sup

"But what did you want with these?" Manrice began again. Freeny cut him short. "That's a trade secret," he said, " and in the way of business Freeny will keep faith with the devil. But this much f "Never mentioned it except here in "Strange, very strange," muttered Cur-ran, musingly, "some servant in your house guessed perhaps — and yet. Bui may say by way of warning. If you have any dealings with your affectionate cousin Mark, don't keep both eyes shut, or you

may open them in Kingdom Come." Then he fumbled for a moment in his pockets, and with something like relucthere is no use crying over spilt milk of puzzling how it came to be spilt. I much ear the thieves have carried off the broad ance, if not shame, he took out an old there in the vest have can be obtained on the board of th in this despatch-box. Its loss leaves us naked of defence against fraud. We

reasons of my own for thinking he has a fancy for them. "Now, good-bye, and good luck, sir," he added, turning to the door. "I don't feel aisy in a lawyer's house; it's the first stage to the scaffold. It's true I'm here on honest business, but it's more danger-

Doctor." "I fear you are leaning on a broken reed," said the Doctor. "For some things my memory is strangely good, for others abominable. I have little or none for names, dates, or places." This answer sent Curran pacing up and down accing in a brown study.

lown again in a brown study. There was a gloomy silence in the room. Outside could be heard the pattering footsteps and merry careless laughter and to him.

of Curran's pretty little daughter, Sally and her play-fellow, Bobbie Emmet, wh were sporting together in the hall. Suddenly a thundering knock at the door seemed to shake the house. Then

door seemed to shake the house. Then the bell was set fiercely ringing. The two children rushed together to the door and opened it. There was the sound of a deep, rough voice mingled with the clear, shrill treble of the chiliren.

Curran had his hand impatiently on the knob of the study door when the wee, solemn face of his pretty little daughter showed itself in the room. "A gentleman for Mr. Maurice Blake, Papage 2 sho said with great self-import.

"A gentleman for Mr. Maurice Diake, Pappy," she said, with great self-import-ance. "A big, grand gentleman with a beautiful large green lid to his eye. He is standing on one foot in the hall." "Take him into the dining-room, Biake," said Curran, "if you think he has out anything to say worth listening to

yot anything to say worth listening to Sarah and you, Robert, can run up to the

"I know it," said the other in-a low

oice. "I am not likely to forget you." The words had a curious sound, as if ome strong feeling forced itself into them

n spite of the speaker's will. Something

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school-room and play. I don't want you loose about the house." In the hall Maurice found a tall and

Blake

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD An Historical Romance. BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C. CHAPTER XXII.

O HEAVEN, O EARTH, BEAR WIT. NESS." -The Tempest.

"Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance." -Winter's Tale.

" It shall as level to your judgment 'pear As day doth to your eye " -Hamlet.

" Perfectly inexplicable," said Mr. Lawless, with a solemn gravity that made even perplexity respectable. The ladder was found broken in the street, and from the window there was dangling down a long cord as if the robber had tried to

hang himself. Curran was pacing the room impatientby too angry to speak or listen. When the party had reassembled for consultation, the Doctor's story of the sudden disappearance of the despatch-box in which the papers were locked, had

sent Curran fuming about his study like a umble bee on a pane of glass. Mr. Lawless further aggravated him by dinning into his ears insane platitude about the motives and manner of the

about the motives and manner of the robbery. The rest of the party stood a little apart, silent and disturbed. That bland and kind-hearted gentle-man, Mr. Leonard M'Nally, with tears in his eyes and his voice, mingled mild con-dolence with confident hopes that the missing documents would be immediate-be removed.

"Nonsense," cried Curran, impatient-ly recovered. "Nonsense," cried Curran, impatient-ly, in answer to a wise suggestion of Mr. Lawless that they should advertise for the documents and offer a reward for their recovery. "Nonsense, man, don't talk double-distilled nonsense like that. The ecovery, "Nonsense, man, don't louble-distilled nonsense like that. Whether they other side have got them. ok them themselves or hired a commo obber is beside the question. The my ery is how they managed to find o

on sense taken to re-

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ASTHMALENE, gives CURES "You wished to see me," said Maurice with a courteous bow. "I am Maurice

ASTHMA up All Nigh nd P.O. address will mail and the second sec



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"Perfect, perfect !" he cried, delighted-", " I don't ask you where you got hem, Mr. Blake — Sir Maurice, I should broad-shouldered personage richly, even extravagantly, dressed. His silks, and aces, and velvets were of the newest and laces, and veryets were of the newest and the best, and set off his stalwart figure to advantage. But his hat was pulled down over his brows, and a green patch rested upon his right eye. His face, what could be seen of it, was florid, but his hair jet black. He wore a heavy cloak, which was trussed in a bundle over his right aay. That will come later on. These papers fill up every crevice in our case, and make it air-tight and water-tight all tell the jury just what he told me. But, as you say, M'Nally, we need not despair for all that. A case is never lost until it is over.

over. There is not a mouse-hole for fraud to creep through. Of course, doctor, you'can swear to the accuracy of the dates here, with the papers themselves in your It seemed plain from the great lawyer's face and manner that he, at least, did no lespair. His junior looked at him with a face in

ands to refresh your memory." "Certainly," said the Doctor, "the lates are accurate." which amazement was mingled with

which amazement was mingled with something very like anxiety. "You have some plan in your head, Curran," he broke out eagerly. "What is it? I can see no way out of the tangle if our witnesses are examined. What's your large?" 'The confession itself is dated the 15th of June," said Curran. "You have not noted down the date of death, but I assume you can prove it was the same

lan ?" "I have no plan," Curran said, shortly, There is no use 'Oh, no," replied the Doctor, smiling "only a queer notion. There is no use telling it. This time you can neither help nor hinder." So saying, with a curi-" it was noon the next day. I did not think she had an hour to live when I was called away that night, and I was amaged help nor hinder." So saying, with a curi-ous emphasis on the last word, he broke up the consultation. Only three days intervened betwee the consultation and the trial. Mauric

o find her still living when I returned in he morning. But I am quite certain of he time. I remember that as she he time. I remember that as she preathed her last the great church clock the consultation and the trial. Matrice had absolutely no hope of a verdict. The assumed cheerfulness of Curran did not encourage him in the least. The point at issue was plain enough for a layman to understand. No one could marry a second wife while the first wife lived, that was the case in a nut-shell. Mark Blake was therefore his father's heir. In the nd solemn as a funeral bell, I thought." He broke off abruptly, for something ery like a curse came from Curran's lips. nd he was fluttering over the sheets of his brief furiously. The frown darkened on his face as h

ead two or three documents rapidly in succession, noting them as he read. "There must be some mistake," he said

anxiously; "some cursed mistake, I have here, Doctor Denver, a copy of your letter to Sir Valentine. You say not one word about her dying on the 16th. You write : 'Dear Friend, I have startling less to speak it. was all my stupid blunder," he said over and over again. "If I had written the and over again. " If I had written the date correctly, if I had even written after write: Dear Friend, I note starting news to tell you. Your wife, whom you believed long since dead, survived up to a few days ago. On the night of the 15th of June instant, I was sent for to see her in hospital. I found her in a dying conthe receipt of your father's letter, a second marriage in America would have been so easy. It is my stupid blunder, Maurice,

heritage." and Norah alone took things cheerily, and your comforted those two whom she loved that most in the world. "We three have each lition. She had just strength to dictate a Confession of her sins against you and God, and utter an earnest prayer for your forgiveness.' Any man reading that would assume that the woman died the 15th. Sir Valentine plainly so read it. He writes to you (I have his letter here) that, believing himself for years a his first wife's death, and the certificate of bis marriage is dated the 16th, the very

his marriage is dated the left, the very day his first wife really died. "I can understand your slip, Doctor," he went on more kindly, noting the agony of remorse and confusion on the other's face. "No one could guess when you wrote that, that a few hours would

' Yes.

"It was the same day you witnessed the second ceremony of marriage?"

"Yes." "You heard him fix the hour of that leath at 12 o'clock noon ?"

"Yes." "At what hour on that same day did Maurice he ceremony of marriage to the plaintiff's

A long pause; dead silence in court. The Attorney-General glanced significantly at the jury, who listened with open ears and mouths, and waited for the full meaning of the question to settle into was therefore his father's heir. In the their minds. "Come, sir," he said at length, "answe

eye of the law he, Maurice, was a----. He did not like to finish the sentence in even his own mind-to think the word, much on your oath "Answer," reiterated the judge, sternly Slowly and reluctantly the answer Doctor Denver was also in despair. "It

" Eleven o'clock in the forenoon. Sure ?" " Sure.

"Go down, sir." There was a low murmur in the crowded easy. It is my stupid blunder, Maurice, that has robbed you of your name and court - sensation made audible. The court — sensation make authors. The andience to this exciting drama had scarcely breathed while the issue hung in donbt. Now they seemed to draw one long deep breath together of relief from suspense. Then silence, more profound than before while they waited for the than before, while they waited for the final denouement.

In that silent, crowded court, all eves were fixed on the faces of the two cousins the plaintiff and defendant. Mark Blake wore a smile of triumph

which he took no pains to hide. He looked straight at his opponent, exulting in his defeat. Maurice answered his look with quiet

contempt, that galled the other in the midst of his triumph; not the quiver of a muscle spoke his bitter disappointment.

Cloonlara. Those who cared to look might hav M'Nally, the learned junior counsel for the plaintiff, fell when the verdict was directed in favor of his client. But the more prominent actors in the drama ab-sorbed public attention—

riage. When it was 12 in Dublin it was only 7:20 in New York. On the admitted

evidence in the case his first wife was at east three hours and forty minutes dead when he married the mother of my client.

I demanded your lordship's direction for

The judge could find no loophole of

secape from the inexorable fact and argu-ment. He looked piteously at the At-torney-General, who sat dumb-founded

"I demand your lordship's direction for

"I direct a verdict for the plaintiff," his " With costs," repeated the judge.

The issue paper was handed up to the ury, and handed down, signed, "Verdict or the plaintiff."

Maurice Blake was from that moment

the plaintiff," repeated Curran, sternly.

and powerless to help him.

There was no help for it.

the plaintiff.

Mark Blake's face was as the face of a demon — fierce, remorseless; his wrath shook him like a reed, and forced out a few hoarse words through his clenched teeth. "He's not safe yet," those close to him could hear him growl, as he elbowed his way through the crowded court and

"A good race, Sir Maurice, and a close finish," whispered Curran, with a beamng smile, as his client grasped his hand

"How shall I try to thank you?" "How shall I try to thank you?" "Don't try. I kept my word; that's all. I promised, you may remember, from the very first, 'to move heaven and earth ' to win your case, and I did."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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"Nay, God know "A selected reading Bride," by F. Frankt Stone & Co., publisher

mother.