Vigor and

Vitality

**Our Native** 

Herbs

THE A.O. BLISS CO.,

**(2)** 

## A Strange Case.

BY THOMAS SWIFT.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

The fear Frank Neville heard of Nellie for ogs nearringe, he realized how for he had windered along the path of heard and the end thereof was pale, "heard, reasing, hopeless pain. Some index and the end thereof was pale," heard, reasing, hopeless pain. Some index on the which we know not we had not been and the reader may plainly see, he are not not been pain to had come to look upon it as a reason which he might have for the page and so, perhaps, it might have been had he but sought have for the page and to het come with the Novmer, and had over shown a warm regard for her auth's shoot. It is not the debundar manner and the reason of the said of the said

adventurer?

Frank, now a business man, had become a member of a city club; and unable to have the service of Mrs. Nevillo and his father's vigilant tye, spent most of his spare hours at his club rooms.

One ovening he was sitting in the reading room with his eyes on the pages of a mangazine, when the mention of a name called him to life and attention.

"Do you remember Waiss Comparison.

of a name called him to life and attention.

"Do you remember Waiter Courtney, the arrust, Charlle?" inquired Harry Redmont.

"Yes. What of h'm?" asked Charlle l'updart.

"I see he has not been long in availing himself of his freedom. He is married again." replied Harry Redmond.

"Who is it this time?" asked Charled Walles and the proposed Charled.

"A Miss Irving, of Alling Eay-saled Charled.

"A Miss Irving, of Alling Eay-saled Charled.

"Well. said Thigh his second choice will turn out more actifactory than his liest. But I should have thought be would have learned wisdom of extraction.

man at first."

The horror of Nellia Irving's position was forcing itself upon Frank's consistences. He dropped into a chair with a groan. He Redmond," he said vehement, "do you know what this Courtney has done? He has maried a pure and frusting Catholio girl, to we have the union means nothing—can we need the means nothing—can

this Courtney has done? He has married a pure and trusting Cathello Siri, to whom the union means nothing—can mean nothing."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Harry Red."

"That is bad."

Frank Neville to himself as he is his way homeward, dazed by the sam and wrill intelligence.

In the days that followed, he made ample and careful inquiry, which only condirmed the truth of Harry Red. and wrill intelligence. In the days that followed, he made in the days that followed, he are the hold of the followed with substitute made impotent to cope with. Had death smatched her from him he could have bowed with aubusicon to the Divine will. But this—his whole soul revolted at the thought of the shipwreek of her fair, young life, and in histheart he cursed the man whom he could not but look upon as her betrayer. What to do he knew not. The union was no marriage, and in Neille's eyes, once opened, it would appear but an idle ceremony. But the awakenting—and the aftor. He shuddered at the black abyse into which she poor girl would be plunged. Was his the tongue to other that which would unany the empty wows that had been spoken? He could not do it. And yet to allow things to take their

course would be misery greater and harder to hear.
That she leved this stranger greatly he was sure, else would she not have given herself to him. Great as her anguish at separation might be then, it would be as nothing in comparison to that which the future adjust hold for her, if dearer the were added to her life. It was impossible for a ran so well known as this Courtney to keep he position concealed from the eyes of the world, nor, indeed, had concealing the end at the stage of the the stage of the course of society would not long remain silent. It was sure to come some rule freedom the matter out, the sooner the better. Of Neither interests of utrasses and

main slent. It was sure to come soon, or or later, and as far as he rould reason the matter out, the sooner the botter.

Of Neille's integrity of purpose and fidelity to the pathway of duty he not or entertained the slightest doubt. He know her too well for that. In the litterness of his arguint, in his pity for the misery and utter ruin that he saw shadowing Neille, he fell upon his knees and prayed God for light and strength to do wind twas right, to enable him to put self asked and to eta she would it the undertunger field had been his own sixten to the himself would here the too the ask he would it he undertunger field had been his own sixten to the himself would here the control to be heeding away within him with pity and love.

The next morning Frank took the train or Alling Bay, and the afternet to be hed greeted in himself would be not morning Frank took the train or Alling Bay, and the afternet for him own morning Frank took the head of the head to sketch some bits of scenery, she had drawn Frank with her to the booth and asked, and as she stood there in the soft smilght, the perfect embodiment of a fair and happy bride, awatting Walter Courting's return, Frank Neville's heart sank within him. To blastwith a word a woman's happiness—he shrank from it as from murder. He could scarcely suppress the grean that labored from his breast and his face greer asken grey with pain. Neille, star'led as his appearance, asked, "What is the matter, Frank? You look as though you had seen ere."

face grew ashen gray with pain. Nolle, star'led at his appearance, asked, "What is the matter, Frank? You look as though you had seen a spectre." "I have, Nellio; and one worse than that of death itself." The words were spoken almost before he was aware of having uttered them.
Nellio turned as white as a sheet and pressed her hand to her heart as though to still its beatter.
Frank gazed at her with mingled fear and plty, and hesitated.
"Tell me, Frank," she demanded, controlling herself with an effort.
"You must be brave, Nellie, You will probably curse me; but it is better—it is right that you should know."
In stopped again.
"Go on," came from the pale, set lips.

"Go on," came from the pale, set lips.

"Oh, Nellie," erled Frank, "Forgive me. The man you call your husband—may God deal with him according to His justice)—has a divorced wife living."

"Its false, exclaimed Nellie and her eyes blazed at the man before her. The fire of her wrath died out quickly and she said piteously.

"Oh, Frank, say it is not true. Would you kill me, Frank?

The young man's eyes were filled with tears and his volce was husky with angulah as he repiled.

"What can I say, Nellie? I do not tell you, someone sie, more pitless, will. It is true. His divorced wife is low living in New York."

Poor Nellie II and silent, and the calmose of deepale seemed to turn her feaches into marble.

At the sight of her misery, Frank's anger broke forth at loss.

"The base villain! He has deceived you. If I meet him I believe I shall kill him."

"Hush, Frank. You know not what you would kill me, too."

"I love him, Frank. You know not what you would kill me, too."

"I love him, Frank. He did not intend to do me harm. I can see how it all has some about. Poor Walker!"

Frank groaned.

"It is all a mistake. He did not intend to do me harm. I can see how it all has some about. Poor Walker!"

Frank groaned.

"It is all a mistake. He madness as this he had never counted on.

"But I must be strong and firm—strong and firm—frank. Oh, God, have pity on me and give me strength," she cried, llinging hersel in one kneed and clasping her face in her hands.

For a few moments she remained kneeling and praying. Then she rose, the kneed to the head and wearly on his breast, for the last time, ne she said, and he crocked her lips. At this Walker press dher more closel, and rested his lips on her hair.

"Walter," she said, and her volce was gentle and toner. "Heard strange and avoil attempt we have a deceived the in his arms and he head and wearly on his breast, for the last time, ne she said on horself. A long, labored sigh escaped her lips. At this Walker press dher more closely to him.

It was better thus, she thought. The

with a paintit effort—"your divorced wite."
Watter Courtney, did not speak, but trembid beneath the pure touch of the woman in his arms like one convicted of a orime.
Mellic released herself from his nerveliese embrace, drew down his head, kiesed him tentierly ones on the lips, and then stood apart from him with hands clasped on her bosom.
"Now, tell me, Walter. Is it true?" she asked.
For a moment hie paused. Then he resided.

replied, "It is true, Nellie," and sank, like one

who had received a mortal blow, into

who had received a mortal blow, into a chair.

Nethe placed her hand on the bowed head and bent over him like one of flowly pitsing Angels.

"My poor Walter" who murmured with infinite pathets.

He knows to speak. She put her fingers on his hips and said,

"No; do not speak—not yet. It has been a mixtate, You ner intended to ditche me. You theight you were free to mirry again, X i hye'd me—lot all metruly, Walter, and you marred memok mowing. Was it not so?" And without waiting for his reply, like one teaching a child to speak, said "say Yes."

"Les." answered Walter mechanically, with choking voice.

Noline bent and kissed his forchead, saying, "I am satisfied."

"Yes.," answered Walter mechanically, with cheking voice.

Noline bent and kis-ed his forchead, saying,
"I am satisfied."

At the tender touch of her pure lips at the manhoed within him rushed to his heart.

He sprang up and, extending his arms, spoke wildly.
"Nelle, with you mean? You are hilling set wind you mean? You are hilling set wind you mean? You are hilling set of you cannot mean to put me any form you. He cast me off, I did not know—I did not realize the enormity of my offence until afterwards, when I heard you speak of the sanctity of marriage."

With a gentic gesture she tried to stay him; but the torrent of feeling would have sway.
"Before God and man, you are my wife, I never loved this other wretched woman. The law in its mercy set me free from the shameful thraldom. She has no claim upon me—not a shadow. I tell you, I was free to marry you."
"Oh, Nelle," he went on in pitcous accents, flinging himself upon his knees and caressing her hands,
"I love you—I believe you to be my abandon me?"
wife. You are my wife, You will not "My poor Walter, you do not understand, yet. You will not see—what—I am," Noline replied, turning away her face from him."
"You will of a man who is not my husbad. By the law of our Church, which is flowly in the larger for me to bear," she pleaded.

He sprang again to his feet, the light of triumph in his eyes, decision and

which is God's law. I am not your wife—never have been your wife. Do not make it harder for me to bear," sin pleaded.

He sprang again to his feet, the light of triumph in his eyes, decision and unfattering purpose in his tones.

"You are my woulded wife my wife by the naw of the land." It will not left and the property of the prope

## THE CHARITY OF SILENCE.

A desire to talk is one of the most marked characteristics of the aver age person. Nothing is too greet, too profound; nothing too small; too profound; to talk about overybody elsewas to care whether ours the person spoken of.

We doee neard a distinguished fevilence, who had ample opportunity to observe social conditions nere among us, assort that nowhere in the world was there shown less respect for the privacy of others than here in our own country. Nobody seemed to him to have any secrets that anybody elsewas bound to respect. There was no thought of author's right to mind his own at fairs, and to keep them from the world was there are not the standard of the profound of the profound

FRURSDAY, MAY 3,

ferences, and ar iving at conclusions entirely unwarranted, and generally uncomplimentary. The people across the street, "the people upstatirs," the people downstairs," the people downstairs, "the people downstairs," the people downstairs," the people downstairs, "the people downstairs, "the people downstairs, and at out trath of white we are discussed their actions with an entire longestimes of that charity which should be so consplouous a vittue in every Christian homehold. It has been the state of the trans, the constant commend upon what they do or say, it is dose trons in its effects socially not optimize, gossip quickly and output in the beginning gossip quickly and output in the people degenerates into similations. The onkind word feats to the animal output of the people degenerate and similates. The one would won our own actions to be respected, our own actions to be respected, our own actions to be fairly judged, and our pelghbors. Let us remember the charity or stience—Saerci Heart-Review.

OVER TEN MILLIONS

The "tmrican Catholic Directory, which has just been issued by Mesers. Wiltsins & Co., Milwaukee, Wiscousin, contains statistics supplied by the various Catholic dioceses of the country. These statistics spipiled by the various Catholic dioceses of the Content of the United States at present is 10,129,677. The Clergy of the Charch consists of 14 Archbishops, 77 Bishops and 11,630 priests, and 2,907 are members of ligious Orders, such as Jesuin and Jesuin priests, and 2,907 are members of ligious Orders, such as Jesuin and the cleans. Franciscans, Pandisk, 16. The churches number 10,388, 16 these d. 409 have resident pastors, and 3,930 are mission stations attended by priests who are attached to other churches.

73 escular teniantels, with 2,630 seminarians; 178 colleges for boys, 662 enchanges for 7 religious seminaries, with 1,108 seminarians; 178 colleges for boys, 622 enchanges for 17 religious seminaries, with 1,108 seminarians; 178 colleges for boys, 622 enchanges for 192 and 193 and 192 and 193 and 19



In the Rast childlessness is considered a curse from the gods. It is a pathetic sight to see some childless Hindoo mother prostrate before an ido), imploring that the curse of childlessness may be the condition of the curse of childlessness may be the condition of the curse of childlessness may be the condition of the curse of childlessness may be the condition of the curse of childless women are not as they suppose under not condition of the condition of the condition of the parts. It may be debilitating drains or fermale weakness, and perhaps an ulcerated and inflamed condition of the parts. In any case the diseased condition must be removed and a healthy condition established before the maternal function can be fulfilled. Many a mother acknowless report of the condition of the condition established before the maternal function can be fulfilled to the condition of the conditi

Alaska, in which there are only 18 priests, 5 churches, 5 chapels, 4 purishes, with schools, 2 charitable institutions and 1,000 Catholic population.

O'LEARY, OF CENTRAL KINGS-GLEAR, N. B.

A telegram received here on Sunday morning aunounced the death at Frederlot of the Rev. William O'Leary, and prayers were offered up in the Cathedral and other clurches on that day for the report of his soul. The revering gentleman had not been well for a week or two past, but nevertheless went to Cork settlement to hold service there on the previous Sunday, on his roturn to Frederlotton and arrival at Long's Hotel the naxt evening, he was taken auddenly ill. His condition grew gradually worse and on Tursday attention to the Victoria Hospital. He gradually grew worse and on Tursday attenoon his condition was considered hospital, condition was considered hospitals. Father O'Leary was a native of St. John, and was about 45 years of age. After his ordination he was stationed at the Cathedral and land charge of St. Peter's church, North End, before the Was handed over to the Redemitted O'St. Peter's church, North End, before the North End, before the Was handed over to the Redemitted or the Redemitted on the Prederleton, and has been stationed there for the last fitteen years.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION'S PAGAN OPENING.

The Paris Exposition was formally opened by President Loubot on Saturday, April 14. It was a purely national event, but although attended by 20,000 representatives of a people typically contioual, was devoid of en-

tional event, but although attended by 20,000 representatives of a popole typically emotional, was devoid of enthusiasm.

The program included, besides the President's address, a speech by M. Millerand, Minister of Commerce and lead or of the Socialists, who presented the oxhibition to the President, and Saint-Saon's "Hynn to Vlotor Hugo."

There was no representative of the Church officially present, though France is a Catholic country, nor was there prayer nor hynn to God, the Giver of all good gitts.

Mr. Millerand, however, thus apostrophized labor,"
Oh, labor, labor i Creator, sacred creator! It is thou who enables. It is thou who consoles, Under thy footsteps ignorance is dissipated and pain flees, By thee humanity has leaped over the barriers of the night and mounts unessenging toward that huminous and serves region, where, one day, will be, realized the ideal and the porfect accord of the power of justice and of good.

What kind of poople are the French in the Altheri Houses since the end of Catholics, anyhow?

Genius and holiness have this in com-

Goulus and holiness have this in common; where question is of great achievement, they make little of difficulties. Fer. Henry Fegan, S.J.

TO THOSE OF SEDENTRIF OCCUPATION.—Hen who follow sedenkary occupations, which deprive them of treshair and exercise, are more prose to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegstable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacions on the market. They are easily procurse, easily takes, ast expeditionally, and they are surprisingly cheep considering their excellence.

I AM THE WAY.

By Rev. Alfred Young.

"Thou mast laid thy body as the ground, and as a way to shem that passed ever—issias which will be a supply the state of the

"If there be thorns I know not. To my rect This One True Way is from all hind-rance free. All ways to him who loves are sweet. Farewell! But hist! Wilt thou not walk with me?"

I Am the Truth.

"The watchmen who keep the city found me,—Have you seen Him whom my sout loveta?"—Cant. Ill. 3.
Time watchmen cant. Ill. 3.
Time watchmen cont. In the watchmen cont. In the watchmen cont.
Truth ound me wandering. I. not Truth, was lost.

I Am the Life.

I Am the Life.

"He shall drink of the toerent by the
way; therefore shall he fire ty
head."—Ps. cir. 7.

"The water that I will give hith
shall become in him a fountain of
water surringing up into life everlasting."—St. Jonu fr .14.

The Disciple.

For life I am athirst; yet drink to

Of fiving water, Lord, thy servant give. The Master.

If then wouldst gain true immortality, Stoop low and drink with Me of death; and live:

—From the Catholic World Magazine, January, 1889. By Eugene Field.
I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, ke I he toodling comes to lure
My parent our with theorous knock.

My heart were stone could it with-

Who knows but in Eternity
I like a truant child shall wait
The gorles of a life to be
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father head The trusht's supplicating cry, As at the outendoor I plead, "Tis I, O Father! only I?"

O'Rell-A soldler was saved by a bullet striking something he had in an inside pocket. Guess what it was? Luke-His girl's plainer or a pack of saves.

O'Rell-Neither! It was a paper containing a New York murder mystery. Luke-How could that stop a bullet? O'Rell-Why, nothing could penetrate it.