

AINT COLUMBA, the Apostle of the Picts, was born at Gartan, in the County of Tyrconnell, A.D. 521. From early childhood he gave himself to God. In all his labors—and they were many-his chief thought was of heaven, and

how he shee'd secure the way thither. The result was that he lay on the bare floor with a stone for his pillow, and fasted all the year round; yet the sweetness of his countenance told of the holy soul's interior serenity. Though austere he was not morose, and he was untiring in good works throughout his life.

After S. Columba was made Abbot his zeal offended King Dermot: and in 565 the Saint departed for Scotland, where he founded a Lundred religious houses, and converted the Piets. who in gratitude gave him the Island of Iona. There S. Columba founded his celebrated monastery, the school of apostolic missionaries and martyrs, and for centuries the last resting place of Saints and Kings.

On the day of his reaceful death, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, surrounded in choir by his spiritual children. the 9th June, 597, he said to his disciple Dermit, "This day is called the Sabbath, that is, the day of rest; and such will it truly be to me; for it will put an end to my labors." Then kneeling before the altar he received the Viaticum, and sweetly slept in the Lord. His relies were carried to Down, and laid in the same shrine with the bodies of S. Patrick and S. Bridgid.

Four years before his death S. Columba had a vision of angels, who told him that the day of his death had been deferred four years, in answer to the prayers of his children: whereat the Saint wept bitterly, and cried out, "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged," for he desired above all things to reach his true home.

to get up "

ed and said

mestics-"

impossible.

blush at It."

ground floor?"

our sign there."

words in large letters

"It is on the mantelpiece behind

you," answered the sweet young girl,

crossly "It is not worth my while

The merchant had resumed his

promenade At the third turn he halt-

"In short, what will satisfy you?"

"Oh! nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"See here, that is no answer," said

"Nothing, sir, sinco you have de-

cided to keep us always shut up in a

dungeon, unless that you would not

"Truly, dear Elodie, you are un-

just. It was you who selected this

dungcon a dozen years ago, at Mich-

calmas, a fine apartment, convenient,

well-arranged, a perfect gem, which I

have always kept in repair, bandsome

papers, carpets, mirrors, clocks, and

everything; a salon facing south with

a balcony covered with flowers, a

light and roomy kitchen, two do-

dise, an Eden, is it not?" interrupt-

ed the prisoner, with a doleful laugh

"This is an excellent description to

give of a horrible lodging which can

only be reached by means of a fright-

ful staircase! As to the balcony, one

ing dizzy, and the pure air one

breathes there is nothing but in-

fected and pestilential breeze laden

with emanations from flithy sewers!

You know that I am not hard to

please, sir; you are not ignorant of

the privations of every sort which I

Impose upon myself, but to lower my-

self to the point of allowing you, in

my presence, to call a lodging which

I cannot enter without blushing a

charming apartment-oh, not that is

"Great beswens! my dear, I do not

claim that the house has no inconven-

iences," replied the merchant, moder-

ating his voice. "Still, I do not in

the least understand why you should

JAhl you do not understand? Real-

ly, I am amazed at that. Have you

never read the ignoble inscription

over the door of your offices on the

"And have you read that sign?"

"I have never seen anything but

"Why, certainly I have even had

it regilded not three months ago, and

it produces an excellent effect at a

distance, I assure you, with these

" 'Chiffons at wholesale, Maison

Polydore Le Comte ' "

fill you with confusion and makes me

die of shame Listen it was only the

other day that I was mining in with

Palmyre, we had been to a haptiem,

the baptism of the youngest child of

Mme Raymbaud, a fashionable lady

Of course, we were obliged, contrary

to our usual custom to be a little

careful about our dress; I had on my

vellow silk robe with current-colored

trimmings and my green bonnet with

white feathers Assuredly, that is

simple enough, or I do not under-

stand such things. A young man pass-

ed very near us with two ladies, and

I do not say it to boast, but I

heard with my own ears that kentle-

man ask one of the ladice 'Do you

know who that elegant and distin-

with a sarcastic laugh, 'that , is the

wife of M. Le Comte You will see

her go into her mansion presently."

'Oh!' said the impertinent thing,

Bahl are there any mansions in

tinguished person is?

this street?

"That is precisely what ought to

cannot go out on it without becom-

he in an almost supplicating tone,

she replied. "I am so happy

add insults to ill-treatment "

"wnat do you want?"

HAPPILESS VILLA.

BY A. DE LAMOTHE.

"Eh! ch! business has not been so bad this year!" exclaimed Athanaso Polydore Le Cointe wholesale and retail dealer in chiffons, entering, ou the last day of December, 1867, the little salon-rather dark, although it was eighty-six steps above the pavement of Ruo Childebert-of the tiny apartment occupied by him as tenant of the unfurnished house No. 218.

'Yes, not a' all bad," he added, rubbing his hands after throwing his hat on the green damask sofa near which his only daughter, Lille. Palmyre, a tal! slip of fourteen, her hair hanging down her back, was perched upon a piano stool, executing a scrles of exasperating scales, while her mother, Mme Llodie Polydore, a plump little women bordering on fifty, was reading hear the window a novel in octavo learing on its greasy back the imprint of the most fashlon-

"A clear gain of 22,587 france 63] centimes on the sale of white and colored chiffons is not bad! not

And, with his hards in the pockets of his black and grey checked trousers, the consequential little trader began to walk up and down, humming a popular air which he interrupted only to plant him all squarely, in the attitude of the Colassus of Rhodes, in front of his war to whom he said once more:

"A fine profit, ch? What do you way to it, Eludie?"

Instead of answering, Elodie dropped her book on her knees with a allscouraged air, and beaved a sigh powerful enough to turn a windmill. Athanase l'obdore nevertheless maintained a half stooping position which made him not unlike an interrogation point.

What's the good of Mi' murmured the afficied beauty, sluking back in her armeliair and relinquishing her hold on the novel, which slid to the

"What's the good of itt" repeated Palmyre like a plaintive echo, running her short, thick fingers over the

sobbing plane 44What's the good of 22,587 francs.

63] centimes!" exclaimed the dealer, drawing himself up with the majesty of a dancing master who takes the third position at the first squeak of the bow; "but are you well aware that, added to the rest, it represents 418,000 francs 12 centimes of capital, or, at the present rate of interest, 20,157 france 8 centimes of incometu "Oht what do tigures matter to

poor victims obliged to waste away in the obscurity of a dark dungcon?" sobbed Elodic "Waste away! Waste away!" ex-

claimed Polydore with bitterness. "It does not appear to me that you are in such bad condition you weigh 230 pounds, and in spite of your fifty years you are as red as-

"Go on; add gross insult now to the other tortures you inflict upon us, irf Say before your daughter without any respect for her youthful modesty, that her mother is old, obese, igly, deformed to on, sir-crush unfar the weight of your contempt a poor creature whose only fault is to have married a man who is beartless

nd incapable of understanding her ' And Mme. Polydore hid her luxurant countenance letween a pair of

latge, fav hands Accustomed to these scenes, Palingre went on playing her scales. Doar child, give me my eau L'arme," muzinured her mother.

seif, and she pointed to your offices There is the palace of M Le Comte do la Chiffonerie, and all three of them laughed "

Mme Elodie hid her head in her hands and her bosom beaved with

"If this insult recoiled only upon me." she murmured between her fingers, "I could endure it, but to think that it 'alls back upon our only child, upon that dear Palmyre, so tituid, so artlessly sensitive, it breaks my heart!"

All this time the too sensitive Palmore was pounding out on her piano the stupid melody of the song "Ah! I will tell you, Mamma"—this elever morceau and her scales comprising the whole of her musical repertory

Less philosophical than his daughter, Athanaso listened pitifully to his wife's complaints. The poor man did not know what to do. He was un able to resist her tears, and madame, who knew the power of her lamenta tions, had opened all the floodgates of her wee The unfortunate Athanase did not even pretend to struggle against this inundation, the water was gaining on him, he lost his lout-

ing and begged her pardon Madamo only wept the harder, mak ing her little calculations very coolly all the while. The motto of this sensitive heart was "Woe to the vanquisbed ''

Her big, good-natured husband, weak, like all men of his sort, grasped at every twig by which he might hope to save himself. As basis for a truce he offered all that he supposed might calm the aggrieved beauty

A voluminous shigon of the most beautiful black. A dress of the newest style of silk

A box at the Bobino Theatre A fortnight in the country on the banks c: the Morne

A season at Trouville A journey through Switzerland Nothing availed. The sensitive creature was bound to die. The more alluring the propositions, the more disdainfully did she reject them What was the good? Death alone could put

"What the d- can she want!" won dered the defeated man, rumpling his thick whiskers, and he went on magnifring his offers "An apartment on the Chaussec

an end to her moral tortures

d'Antin? It is a little dear. If, however-" "No: it is useless! I went nothing,

and an apartment in this horrid Paris loss than anything eles." "Well, then, a cottage at Chatou or

Passy." "We are not rich enough," sighed

"But if we hired it for three months-" "Another lodging!" cried she, in a suffocating voice. "I will not have

And her voice died away in a sob so deep that M Polydore hastily unfastened some hooks, feating that she

would stiffe. Elodic allowed herself to fall halffainting into the arms of her tor-

mentor "What do you want, my dearest Tell me I will give you everything! cried he, in consternation

"I want a house of my own," said, in a voice so feeble that one would have thought it the last sigh of a dying woman

"Consent to live and I swear that you shall have it, my adoped angel' said he, totally beside himself

The red angel made no answer, but a smile of gratitude hovered over her lips-very red lips, to be sure, for a dying woman—and a light pres-sure of the hand conveyed to the husband the assurance that his victim forgave him

"My God!" he nurmured, "If only it is not too late!" Well, no! Monsieur Athanase,

was not too late, and the proof that half an hour later, when the blonde Zenoble-a tall girl who used to call herself Julienne, plain and and simple, before she entered the service of Elodie-came to announce dinner, Madame was able to walk to the dining-room even without leaning on the arm of her ninny of a husband, who followed her with a hang-dog expression, sally meditating

on the latal consequences of a rash As may be easily imagined, the conversation turned all through the dinner on the house to be purchased by the big darling; a little white house with green shutters, of course -one knows one's Rousseau. • They would choose it near Paris, on a hill,

there must be water, shade, flowers, a little garden where mornings, in a wrapper, one could cultivate climbing plants, the white .. ematis and the wisteria with its long velvet violet clusters Monsieur would keep his offices in Paris, but would let the fourth floor at the best possible price What was the use of retaining it' One room would be enough, and the big darling would come to dine

and sicep in the country Palmyre clapped her hands, which, considering their meagreness, produced a somewhat disagreeable effect of castanett She wanted to go at once but where?

When such a great matter as buying a house is in question, it is at least necessary to make an agreeable and suitable choice, for such a thing cannot be exchanged like a pair of

gloves. "Is not that so, my Louisu?" In times of peace Athanase was Loulou, or big darling, in times of

war Monsieur. For the moment he was superlatively Louise, for Madamo has laid aside mother, irritated by the cook's delay, all her weapons and smiled with her had not time enough to advance, her Curtainly, my dear-see for your- twenty-cight natural teeth. She dish et cream-in her hand, crying in

would have preferred thirty-two, but

"Mamma, if we were to buy that pretty red-brick house over towards Pantin, you know where we stopped for breakfast coming back from the country "

"Shocking! The palm is frightful, and nothing but the recollection of Tropmann kept no from going to elcep "

"But since he is dead, mamma, you know very well that we read the account of his execution It was even very amusing He is dead but his accomplices-

for I am sure he had accomplices My big darting do you know, I would prefer the Avenue de Neuilly "Montrougue would probably be

cheaper " "We might look in the direction of Passy "

"Or of Clichy la-Garcone "

"Foh! a marsh " "Better look in the suburbs " "That is what I will do to-mor-

row, with Palmyre You will accompany us, will you not, Loulou?" "We might put it off until spring, dear soul Becember is a dismal

month to judge of the country." "On the contrary, my dear, in choosing at one we would have time to make the repairs Zenobie, bring the coffee "

Zenoble obeyed with bad grace; she detested the country, and would keenly regret the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes, her favorite walk. For a week M Athanase had the pleasure of driving round the fortifications of Paris stopping here and there to visit villas from whose balconies hung advertisements signifying the desire of their owners to rid themselves as quickly as possible of these unfurnished dwellings

Finally Mme Elodio decided on villa situated at Sevres, on the slope of a stony hill, with a microscopic garden surrounded with high walls, like the yard of a prison. A week later, by a deed signed in presence of Lawyer Grigoutin, M Athanase Polydore Le Comte became legitimate owner of the villa at a round sum of 35,637 francs, centimes not included. and the empty house was at once entered by masons, plasterers, painters and paperhangers. The repairs had already cost 9,800 francs when the family went there to install them- all diseases of the throat and ogs selves in May

After long deliberation it had been decided that the new habitation thould bear the significant title of 'Happiness Villa '

The villa had by this time cost 45,-137 francs. It was rather dear But then, what a situation! A house within reach of everything! A real Paris in the country, ten omnibutes, an American railway, and the Seine boats. One had only the embarrassment of choosing

What a charming arrangement! The cook could go to market every morning, madame and mademoiselle visit their friends and do their shopping As to M Athanase, from his garden gate to the boat and from the quay to his offices, he had not a kilometre to walk One could not be otherwise than happy under this roof covered with varnished tiles.

The first week was really delightful, the weather was superb, the newly planted flowers enamelled the borders, beautiful ivy twined around the lanceolated bars of the grille, madame, in a filmy muslin wrapper and a broad-brimmed hat of Italian straw, shepherdess fashion, distribut-

ed water from her fountain to the blue periwinkles, and biscuit crumbs to the gold-fishes in a pond a trifle larger than an ordinary bath-tub Paimyre was not less enraptured.

and M Le Comte de Sevres took his new flet as well as his new title serious!v A bouse within reach of everything

is so charming! The following Sunday the proprietors of Happiness Villa were able to appreciate this Madame de Sevres had issued invitations for that day to a few intimate friends-a very few. you understand, because the garden was not large and the dining-room very small. It would only accommodate eight at table; with nine one was crowded, and, as was remarked by Athanase, who took a place and a half by himself, where there is a crowd there is no pleasure

The dejeuner was to be at ten. At eight the omnibus stopped at the grille, Madame was finishing a cream and was not dressed, Palmyre in short petticoats, was scraping potatoes and the Comte de Sevres, without cravat or waistcoat, was energetically brushing a boot in which his arm was plunged up to the el-

This was scarcely aristocratic, but in the absence of the cook, who had been sent to market and had not returned, Mile. Zenobie had too much to do to pay attention to all the de-

Some one rang the garden bell. "Go and open the gate, Palmyre," cried Elodie. "Doubtless it is Ireno." And she went on whipping her cream. Polydore, meanwhile, under the veranda, continuing to brush with a flourish of the arm

It was not Irone the cook. The door, on opening, gave ingress o the fashionable Mme Raymbaud, an affected lady with a fluty voice, followed by two loves of children, Richard and Isabello M Raymbaud. a grave, self-contained man in a white cravat, black coat, and unvarnished pumps, closed the procession Surprised in her cruel undress, the bony Palinyro screamed and took to flight, but not so quickly that her

a sharp voice: "It is ridiculous to come so late and leave me to do all the work I ought * * Oht Madame, a thousand pardons! Really I am in such a state! * * I am confused * * My cook * * * Will you not en-

ter? * * * You are too kind * * *" Embarrassed by her dish of cream, she could neither salute them nor beat a hasty retreat, and the reddened to the whites of her eyes

Why, no, dear Madame, on the contrary, it is charming—quite the local color," simpered Mme Raymband, inwardly delighted at the scrape in which she had caught her excellent friend. It is I who ought to excuse myself for arriving at such an unseasonable hour, but the truth is I was impatient to hear the nightingales singing in your park," she added. looking with a mean air of hypocritical admiration at the three leafless plane trees, with trunks about the size of a broomstick, which might have been mistaken for the slottespoles on which laundresses support their heavy lines "It is a real Bois de Boulogne in miniature Do vou know that in Paris people talk of no-

While this rattling discharge of ironical compliments was going on, the unhappy count, his right arm still entangled in his boot and his left trying to conceal the brush, was trying to back out of sight This bold manocuvre would doubtless have succeeded but for an unlucky tub of water into which the misguided servant had placed a pile of china plates intending to restore them to their pristing brilliancy

A scraping on the ground, followed at once by a misstep, drew the attention of the visitors to the fugitive just as he sat down, more than precip tately, in the tub, sending up jets ot water around him in all directions, accompanied by the clatter of broken china

(To be Continued)

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