

Mea Culpa.

BY KATHA CARRBERRY.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

Be pitiful, my God! No hard-won gifts I bring, But empty, pleading hands, To Thee, at evening.

The Ups and Downs of Marjorie. BY MARY T. WAGAMAN. (From the Ave Maria.) (Continued.)

XIV.—A DAY OF DISGRACE AND ITS ENDING.

And, though Marjorie could not accept Aunt Nanoo's view of the situation, things looked gloomy enough for her, as the long day wore on, and her fate still seemed to be in doubt.

"Oh, Miss Susan will send me back to St. Vincent's, I know! And what will Mother and Sister Angela say when they hear I ran off with an old gypsy woman in the middle of the night?"

And, half-bewildered, half-awake, poor little Marjorie followed the gentle lady down the broad stairs to the sitting-room, where a tall, white-haired old gentleman sat talking to Miss Susan.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

"My God, it is herself again!" It is Marjorie—my child, my child!" Then, for the first time in all her remembrance, bewildered little Marjorie was clasped in the strong arms that had suddenly regained all their life and vigor, and was held to a heart throbbing with fatherly love and grief and joy and remorse—all combined; while Miss Martha's gentle voice murmured, tremulously:

"Oh, thank God, you have found her! Thank God, our little Marjorie is blessed and safe at last!"

What a bewildering evening it was for Marjorie! Half a dozen times she had to pinch herself sharply to be quite sure she was awake. It was so altogether novel a thing to be perched upon a grandfather's knee, with his arm about her waist and her curly head drawn upon his shoulder, as if he could not let her go even for a minute from his sight and hold!

"Oh, I wish for one thing so much!" said Marjorie, gaining courage as she felt the hand threading her red-brown curls with loving touch, "But it's a great big thing, grandfather."

"What 'great big thing' does my little girl want so much!" was the smiling question.

"Aaa Greene is going to take Manor Hill—all this home—from Miss Susan and Miss Martha."

"Never!" said the Judge, decidedly—"not while we have a pocket-book to save it, Marjorie. That's not a big wish at all. Think of something else."

"Could we—prop up the—south porch?" asked Marjorie, eagerly.

"We will build a new one, darling!"

"And mend the kitchen chimney?"

"Ah, my poor little darling!"—the speaker's voice shook and he drew Marjorie with sudden tenderness to his heart.

"Listen, my pet! These things are all past for you, my dear. You are to have no work, no cares, no troubles, Marjorie. I have houses and lands, and money more than I can spend, my little girl! And all is to be yours—all, all! Now make a big wish for your own sweet little self."

But Marjorie only drew a long, happy sigh, and nestled closer in the strong arms that enfolded her.

"Oh, I don't want anything more—I don't want anything, except to be your own, only little girl always—always and forever, grandfather!"

And the tears that welled up in the old man's eyes at the loving, childish words were the baptism of a new life to him.

XV.—ST. VINCENT'S PICNIC.

It was fully a week before Marjorie quite realized the situation—before she understood that the "Star of Love" had risen over her path in all its beauty and brightness.

Of the evil shadows that threatened to darken that path so cruelly, she never heard; she knew only that old Selma had died in a fit, brought on by rage and excitement at her imprisonment. But before dying, the old gypsy told Judge Bolton enough to cause an investigation, which not only revealed the cruel plot against little Marjorie, but finally established her claims to her grandfather's love and care.

Young Lindsay fled from the country, disgraced and beggared; while Gresham secured his own safety by betraying his accomplice and sending to Judge Lindsay the letters and papers of his lost child.

"He deserves a halter!" said the old gentleman to Judge Bolton, as they discussed the situation in the latter's office. "This villain has come!"

Mother's Ear. A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR, WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME. SCOTT'S EMULSION.

had a grudge against me for many years. I exposed and denounced his rascality, and had expelled him from the courts."

"He came very near avenging it," answered Judge Bolton. "But we have no witness against him, and the child is now safe forever. You not only can forgive, but try to forget, my friend, in the new love and joy that have come to you—forget!"

And the old Judge took his friend's advice, and put this black evil shadow of the past away from him forever.

Marjorie, having at last found the "fairy wand" of her childish dreams, waved it lovingly and generously. Manor Hill was not only saved from Aaa Greene, but bought outright by the Judge, on liberal terms, that made its old mistresses independent and comfortable; securing them a home for life with the little girl they had learned to love as their own; and giving them the happy assurance that, when they were gone, Marjorie would hold the dear old place as her most precious inheritance.

"And we'll build up the porch and prop the chimney, and—what else is to be done, Marjorie?" asked her grandfather, pinching her cheek as, perched on his knee, she looked over the big legal papers that had just been signed by the two old ladies with tears of joy and gratitude.

"Oh, fix everything!" said Marjorie. "Mow the lawn and plant the garden and mend the fences, and get Rex a new collar, and Job's new hat."

"How about new gowns and hats for Marjorie?" asked the Judge, smiling? "How about a pretty Phaeton with two grey ponies that a little girl can drive? You've been better than twenty doctors to me already, and I must pay for it."

"But you're just—just bought Manor Hill for me," said Marjorie.

"Not at all! I bought it for Miss Susan and Miss Martha, who have promised to take you and me in, since I sold our own home a dozen years ago and have been camping around in hotels ever since. Manor Hill is my business entirely. I've got those twenty doctor's bills to pay yet; for I was just getting ready to step into my grave when I found this little hand stretched out to make a new man of me. What would my little girl like best, since Manor Hill is safe?"

"Oh, said Marjorie, with dancing eyes, as she felt the fairy wand really in her grasp at last, I'd love to give the girls at St. Vincent's a party—a real party like Mrs. Grosvener's grandfather used to give; and white ice-cream, and chocolate cake, and little bags of candy all round. O grandfather dear!" she clasped her little hands excitedly, "could we give St. Vincent's an Easter party?"

(To be continued.)

The Vacant Place.

When the Patriarch of Venice became the Pope of Rome, it made a great change in the lives of his sisters, as well as in his own life. But the three devoted women who had been his housemates followed him, and happily found quarters in an old palace that faces St. Peter's and the Papal apartments in the Vatican.

From their terrace at a certain hour every morning, writes a correspondent of the Springfield Republican, they have the vision of a white-lad figure at a window, a figure whose wave of the hand opens their day gladly.

The Sarto Sisters have continued in Rome a custom of their Venetian days—hospitality. In their house there is ever a spare bedroom, and the table is always large enough for several additional persons. "We like it so," they explain, "if a friend comes be finds that he is not incommoding us. We make no difference all are welcome."

One evening a stranger was taken through the dining room to the terrace, and happening to cast his eye on the table, already laid, noticed that there were covers for four.

"I must hurry," he said to the maid. "The ladies I see have a guest for dinner."

"Where?" exclaimed the servant, startled. "They must have opened the door for him themselves!"

"I inferred so," said the other, "as there are places for four at the table."

"Oh, that means something else," was the explanation. "At every meal there are four places, three for themselves and one for his Holiness. He cannot come but he is with them in spirit, they say. No matter how many guests they have, no one ever takes that place at the foot of the table. It is sacred."

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Booth as "Richelieu."

AN EXAMPLE OF THE DRAMATIC POWER OF THE GREAT ACTOR.

Lawrence Hutton in "Talks on a Library."

A good many years ago, no matter when, while Edwin Booth was playing a successful engagement in one of the leading theatres of the country, no matter where, I dropped into his dressing room one night during the course of the performance. He chanced to be in a particularly happy and cheerful frame of mind—and he was often cheerful and happy, tradition to the contrary notwithstanding. He was smoking the inevitable pipe, and he was arrayed in the costume of Richelieu, with his feet upon the table, submitting patiently to the manipulations of his wardrobe man, or "dresser."

After a few words of greeting the call boy knocked at the door and said that Mr. Booth was wanted at a certain "left lower entrance." The protagonist jumped up quickly, and asked if I would stay where I was and keep his pipe alight or go along with him and see him "lunch the cuss of Rum," quoting the words of George L. Fox, who had been producing just about that time a ludicrously clever burlesque of Booth in the same part.

I followed him to the wings and stood by his side while he waited for his cue. It was the fourth act of the drama, I remember, and the stage was set as a garden, nothing of which was visible from our position but the flies and the back of the wings; and we might have been placed in a great bare barn so far as any scenic effect was apparent. Adrien, Baradas and the conspirators were speaking, and at an opposite entrance, waiting for her cue, was the Julie of the evening. She was a good woman and an excellent actress, but unfortunately not a personal favorite with the star who called my attention to the bismuth with which she was covered, and said that if she got any of it on his new scarlet cloak he would pinch her black and blue—puffing volumes of smoke into my face as he spoke.

When the proper time came he rushed upon the stage with a parting injunction not to let his pipe go out and with the great meerschaum in my mouth I saw the heroine of the play cast herself into his arms and noticed, to my great amusement, that she did smear the robes of my lord cardinal with the greasy white stuff he so much disliked. I winked back at the half comic, half angry glance he shot towards me over Julie's snowy shoulders. I half expected to hear the real scream he had threatened to cause her to utter. I thought of nothing but the humorous, absurd side of the situation; I was eager to keep the pipe going. And lo! he raised his hand and spoke those familiar lines:

"Around her form I drew the awful circle of our solemn church. Place and a foot within that hallowed ground and on thy head, yes, though it wear a crown, I'll launch the curse of Rome!" Every head upon the stage was uncovered and I found my own hat in my hand! I forgot all the tomfoolery we had been indulging in; I forgot his pipe and my promise regarding it, forgot that I had been an habitual theatre-goer all my life; I forgot that I was a Protestant heretic and that it was nothing but stage play; I forgot that Booth was my familiar, intimate friend; I forgot everything except the fact that I was standing in the presence of the grave, visible head of the Catholic religion in France, and that I was ready to drop upon my knees with the rest of them at his invocation.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The American truthbeller was in from. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long horns, which they use as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They don't compare to ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton load for miles with ease. They work willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Elephants," said the quiet man.

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Mrs. Hannesson Binscarth, Man., writes: I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for Sore Throat, Cuts, Scalds and Prostrates, for a long time and consider it the best all-round household remedy made. Price 25c. all dealers.

Minard's Liniment Cures everything.

Three city youths went out one day in the country fishing. Becoming very hungry, and having nothing with them to eat, they went into a wayside house and asked for something to eat and drink. The woman of the house got them three mugs of tea and some cake. One of the three youths, a bit of a wag, noticing the mugs, said:

"Eh, missus, where are the saucers?"

"Ah," said the woman, with a sly little twinkle in her humorous eye, "we don't give saucers to mugs."

"The wag said no more.

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"Not in railways?" said a friend.

"No; he has put it into—let's see, what is it? Oh, I know. It's in shares!"

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