## were energy the energy of the end Romance of a Moss Rose

(Anna C. Minogue.)

## <sup>シ</sup>うりごう かきききゅうきゅうきゅうきゅうきゅうきゅう

"I think he will die!" The voice that delivered that sentence seemed to come to my cars from vast regions of silence, I opened my eyes (or thought I did) and saw great the scarlet mouth, and although I plains of devolation, atretching out, could not see the eyes, I knew they out, unto infinity, and all the awful must be beautiful. As she reached the space was siled by that voice. Whose bed and stretched forth a hand to-voice was it? God's? Not thus doubt- ward the flower I exclaimed softly fully does the All-Knowing speak! Man's? Could human tongue fill heav en and earth with its simple utter ances? Then I feit myself sinking, as gently, as money, as a feather floats down to car h This was death!

I had heard how, in those last moments, the past is unfolded before the soul, for it to read thereon its sins and behold the future punishment they deserve, so I walted. But instead of old, forgotten infractions of the law, there rose before me two scenes from those dead years, around which, instead of a sin, a romance of youth was woven

I was born and reared on a far n, In Kentucky-the best place for man or woman to begin existence. My parents were in fairly prosperous circumstances, and there being no neces--sity for me to begin work on the Lain, I decided to fit myself for the Profession of medicine. The summer ader my graduation, I spent my vacation with an saile, in the town of Paris. My unit s home was in quies street, where each house sta 1 back in spacious lawns, whose guas dian oaks and class give them a coult try seclusion. The property adjoins a helonged to a teaching order in auns. My room lacked toward the con went, fi d as my aunt conducted he to it, the evening of my arrival, the lar thingly bade me not attempt to Airt with any of the young nuns, awalls and the Sisters were good neigh-Bore, and such an act of mine would 4) 41/61 their-harmonious relationship I gavo her a promiso to behave myself a d she det attid reassured it as I at alone by the window

eyes well wander toward the a distribution to the dividing line, my The down in the a full view of it I s, w the sie n fard, dotted with flower heds, the Link walks, the long. vine-hung pin as, and, if the shutters The d been unclosed, I could have looked into their rooms But the windows were closely screened, so light showed surwhere, and the white convent las like an image of death, in the moonlight Like all young doc-I beld myself to be very wise, and as I watched the convent I medianted on the lives of the women who assocutied it

\*\*\*How utterly useless and unavailare their days!" I mused. "There the fairest of their sex, and, binding Shore women are, immured behind them by solemn vows, leave them to showe walls, leading an unnatural ex- unutterable misery and desolation. I Leter co, no good either to themselves am ashamed to confess it, but when to others Why the very flowers my aunt went downstairs I raised the self in my abasement of soul. they grow are doing more good then blind and began to watch the girl they. The flowers, at least, fulfill the and her black-robed companion. mission for which they were intend-

thus I thought my glance fell the flower tids. One I particu-Jerly noted. It was fashioned in the the centre of a hearty in the centre grew a tall plant, a rose bush, I conjecturmal. Many silly thoughts were mine. as I looked on that heart-shaped hed,

The next morning, at a seemingly the next morning, the ringing of the sponvent bell aroused me from a deep selfamber. I looked at my watch and that it was five o'clock compwaess of my sugroundings drove weller, from my eyes, so I rose When to remain in the cloister. dressed, I opened the shutters The mentent wore a more cheerful aspect have nothing was heard, no one was ceived, and what will she not suffer meet. Then from various doors on the then! regreend hoor, nuns came potting outregardent of the world, but with lace caps on their heads. They paced the walks or reoved among the flowers, zreak. And all was affent except for The ringing of a third hell, they heat into the house As I mer gazed Wirn the Bower yard and seathent, I ful t my preconceived notions among huns evaporating, and Tempson's likes took on a grander meenlibg:

3-1 100 the st v luse lives are faithfui

Whose Tyles in higher to a endure Mint early possess themselve so rure Or is there blessedness the theirer

As the thought securred to me 13 What my standing there overgame convent and its grounds was my the least, questionable conduct a wird appeared. She was young I felt was beautiful, and I experienced a sensetion of relief as I saw that, withouth er dress was black, she wore netter will nor cop Her arms were happing by her sides, and, as she stood thus, something in her affithide

brought her nearer, her beauty dawn ed on me by gradations, the erect supple figure, the head crowned with clustering curls that glistened like gold in the sunlight, the fair, oval face, with a soft color in the cheeks,

"The white wonder of dear Juliet's hand) The flower was held between a small thumb and forefinger, and I observed that it was a rose, a mossrose, almost full blown As she examined it, a negress came to one of the windows and called the roung girl to breakfast.

Presently, I was summoned down stairs. I was burning with curiosity, but I realized that I must not let my aunt discover this, and I asked no questions regarding the girl until the following day My aunt had come to my room with a letter from home, and after hearing its contents, she stood for a moment by the window, looking across the fence toward the Sister's pard.

"That plot of ground is the pretti-

c supliy. "Yes, the Sisters have no trouble in getting their flowers to grow and bloom," replied my aunt "They are very sweet and generous with them Wany of my best plants were Fired to them and given to me."

As sic was speaking, the young cirl accompanied by a nun, appeared, and they began to walk slowly up and down the shaded path, apparently in deep conversation My unit looked at them for a moment, then she drew down the blind
"All the Sisters' boarders have not

fort them?" I remarked carelessly taking up my letter and refolding it to place in the envelope.

"That is little Marion," replied my eint "She always stays with them Her mother was a favorite pupil of the Superioress-that nun you saw put now with her-and when Varion was left an orphan and penniless, Mother Eleanore took her She was only six years old then and now she is eighteen She graduated this year I suppose she will soon join the Sisterhood

There was no reason why, as heard the last sentence. I should instantly conceive such a dislike for the renerable lady who was walking in the yard beyond with the young girl. Gradually, this dislike began to embrace all Catholic nuns in general, and this community in particular Instead of the gentle, amiable women they are, I beheld in them a strong arm of the Roman Church reached out to draw into the gloomy cloister friend

fancied the girl looked even more dejected than when I had first beheld her, and I noticed that she rarely turned her face to the nun, who seemly ed to bespeaking most earnestly, nay, pleadingly

For a full hour they paced that shaded walk, and as my eyes followed them. I wove a terrible tragedy around the life of the friendless girl had not the slightest doubt the nun was telling her how sinful the world was, how wicked were all men, and that if she ventured away from the The convent her sould would be irretrievably lost. Her only redemption was

"She will frighten the poor into joining the order!" I excluded to That my fancy of the night gave it myself "When it is too late, she will Another tell rang, then, for half an discover how cruelly she has been de-

A novice called away the Superiorcause dressed in black, some with ess When alone, the girl took out weels, some wearing the dress of the her handkerchief and held it for a moment to ber eyes The sight awoke all my chivalry, I determined to save the doomed girl But how could I do while not, a few hirried from the it? She was utterly unaware of my Thirteless to the milk-basse fearing pails existence. How could I inform her want at pitchess of ails and of it and my desire to save her? If I in the very act an indication of ma 's wiles and evil designs and in consoquence fly to the cloister for protection? As I debated she returned the handkerchief to her pocket and crossed the grass to her heart-shaped bed. For a moment, she held the rose between a thumb and finger, looking at it long ngh. The said thoughts which

lich were in her mind made me long to break and assure her of my nearness Eurionately, I recalled my don's warning, but if my voice were still my soul cried out to her I thins-and like so to think-that its voice reached her, for she lifted her head and loosed up toward the window telete which I stood. For a moment our eves met, then with a bright binsh on her face she turned quickly

and went into the bouse. I pulled down the blind and stagsered back to a chair She had seen mo! But what if a nun had seen us both? I shuddered as I thought of the Theo. I could frame a thought es to innocert girl Then I realized that I cd a memory Her face I could not innocert girl Then I realized that I cd a memory Her face I could not like held be black loved this gul called Marion with the see, but pereral times her companies and I read a remaind the yard to the deep love of a young man of one and glanced over his shoulder, and I read acrossed the yard to the deep love of a young man of one and glanced over his shoulder, and I read evil on his handsome counterance. He

that evening on the plea of feeling III It was no falsehood I was ill in mind, for I heard from my Mant that there was to be a recep tion of notices at the content in a few days and she expressed the belief that Matton would then enter tho order I was nearly frantic at the thought. How could I save her from that terrible fate and myself from ed then that if Marion would not be my wife I must commit suicide Life without her could not be borne. I lived over for the thousandth time that brief encounter of glances and pondered how I might rescue her I decided to climb the fence and steal her rose-bud. Then when she went to bed in the morning and found the blossom gone, she would look up at the window, I would be there and give her some sign by which she would know of my love and desire to help her At midnight I climbed the fence, and out pretty Marion's mossrose from its parent stem I slept but fitfully that night, and long before the deep-voiced bell called the Sisters from their quiet slumber, I was at the window, waiting for the girl At the regular time the black-robed figure appeared on the walk and my heart gave a thump. She stepped across the grass to the heart-shaped bed When she beheld her mutiliated plant she gave a little cry of sorrow, then she looked toward the window I dramatically held the rose bud toward her, listed it to my lips and laid my other hand on my breast Surely she could not mistake that silent language of my heart's devotion and undying lovel She made no answering sign, but again turned abruptly and left the yard

All that day and the next I waited for another glimpse of Marion. Then, I knew that we had been seen to some of the nuns, and instantly becan o imagine the misers being en dured by that lovely girl. All that I had read of convent dangeons, with bread-and-water diet for the minutes and other cruel panishment, recurred to me and in the end I, very likely should have been guilty of some de perateart, if my aunt had not prepany her to the convent, the third "But I cannot lear afternoon

On meeting the Superioress, I found it hard to preoperly her with the artful woman my fancy had painted, while the nurs I charced to meet or see appeared to be happy and con-I tented In the pourse of our visit, my aunt inquired for Marion. At the name, tears gathered in the eyes of the aged religious.

"Dear Mrs Taylor, our little Mar for has left us!" she said, brokenly, "She has gone into the world to be gin life in earnest."

"Is it possible!" cried my aunt" always thought she would be a i nuni' "I hoped so, too, I will admit," re-

plied Mother Eleanore, "for I love the child, and what we love we desire to have near to us. Dut it was not God's will

"Where is she?" questioned aunt, with the privilege of an

"She is in Louisville, foreplied pthe nun. "She is ill teach music its one of the schools!"

I felt very much ashamed of my-

ed the following day; at the convest. The man turned and ceeing him, and confessed my sink against her and howed slightly. I saked in the curtain went At first she was evidently amused, but after a moment's reflection she said, tooking me earnestly in the es es.

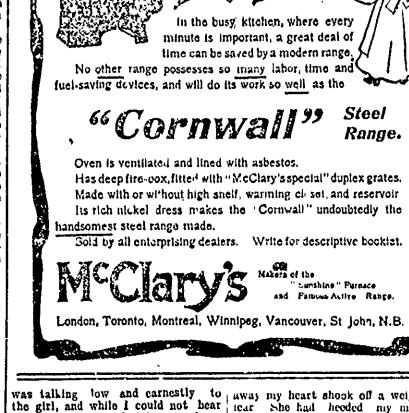
"I believe you are a good mant I am going to give to you a sacred charge. God often sends His answer to our prayers in the most unusual ways. Every waking hour of my life, from this forward, will fold a supplication for my little Marion, that she may be spared suffering. that temptation may not come near her, or if it must, that she may rise "If she were my sister, she would-above it, that she may lead a good, n't be with him!" he answered, useful, noble life, and that at the promptly. final hour I may give back her soul to her mother who. I firmly believe, you get him to go out with you," I is already numbered among God's said saints. But she will be far from me!" added the nun, clasping her thin hands over her brea t "And in the hour that she needs me most. I shall not be near her It may be that you will be there. Who can say! May not God have sent you to us to become ber savior? Promise me that if ever you see our little girl in danger you will take my place toward het?"

I never forgot the solemnity of that scene, and for days afterwards friend, with the man, passed & out, were to attempt it, might she not see that pleading, tear-filled voice thrilled in my cars

"I promise you, Mother," I said, that I will always be your little folding it, I leaned over her; chair Marion's friend "

A few months later I found myself in a town, in a distant part of the state and in the anxiety of my own future success in my profession, my toing love for Mailon faded and

dicd bout two years afterwards, was in forisville, attending a meeting of physicians After the business of the convention was over, I went one evening with a frient to a theatte it proved a most unnicresting play and, as my eyes left the stage or the audience. I began to notice the man-and woman sitting before me, fer hat was off and there, was something in the hair, when the elec-



ing with ber to do something of was safe. which her soul disapproved. Once. between the acts, my friend left his seat. I suppose the man, hearing him depart, concluded we both were away, for his tones were louder when he next spoke

"But it would be more advantagcous for you, he said, "if you were in another boarding house You could get more and better pupils if you fived in fashionable quarters - and I could got, to see you oftener."

The voice was gliding, seductive, and he leant slightly toward her as

"But I cannot leave the Sixters!" she said. Her voice was soit and tremulous—the voice of a hesitating woman. My soul told me all was not right there Why should the man ask the girl to leave her boardingplace with the Sisters! Why did he urge it in that voice? A man hever asks a women to do what is best for her in tone like those I well knew "Why not" he questioned

They have been so good and kind to me, then replied, even more faint-In there no one else who would

be good and kind to you, if you would let him? he asked tenderly: I saw the red creep over her neck and shelf-like cars.

"But Mother Elanore told I'me I must never leave the Sisters until-" "Until what?" I heard her companion ask.

Her reply was lost to me, for I received a sudden thrust from memory. "Mother Eleapore!" Where "had I beard, that/ name? Recollections, came with w shock. Great Godh was this My short conversation had exhaust-her little Marion! Was this the hour ed me. I closed my eyes, and when the prophetic soul of the saintly wo-

up, "who is that man?" "Oh, he's connected with the stage in some way; an advance agent, gets the announcements of the plays ready for the press, and all that sort of

"But what kind of a man is he?" L inquired. "fic's all right, I reckon" replied my friend : "If that young girl there were your

sister, what would you do?" I ask-

"Very wellf When this act's over, "See here, Doc! that's none of your

affair!" he argued. "Will," I beman, "the woman who for years swod by that girl in the place of her dead inother asked ,me to save her if ever I saw her in danger and-"

"All right!" said my friend, "I'm with you!" At the end of the act, I withdrew, I waited near the door until my then I hurried back to my seat. In my notebook still lay the moss-rose, wrapped in tissue paper. Hastily unand dropped it into the girl's lap.

She started, gave a smothered cry, and turned her face toward nie, She recognized me. For a long moment we gazed at each other; then I said Obey Mother Eleanore, il you would be as happy as you were when you lived where that rose grewt" For another instant she looked into

my eyes gratefully, I think, then she Was cone, The following morning I called at the convent where I was informed many young ladies who were gindles ed during the day in stores and offe ces boarded From the posteres

learned that the girl I wished to se had left the convent that morning and ber , present address was un known, As Tistood there, the bell was rung and when the door was onened beheld the man who had been with Mation in the theatre that evening He shied in see her, and when also informed of her sudden departure his atructure, and the most delirate can levil on his handsome counterance. He brow grew black As we both turned use them confidently.

was talking low and carnestly to away my heart shook off a weight of the girl, and while I could not hear lear. She had heeded my message a syllable, I knew that he was please from childhood's happy days she

FOR THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY O

Range.

S'AKitchen'

Hime-saver &

in the busy kitchen, where every

"I think he will live after all " The same voice spoke the words and as they penetrated my ears opened my eyes. Instead of the great stretch of land I saw a hospital ward, a doctor bending over me and near him the gleam of a nurse's white apton I remembered it all now and those two scenes from my past that had been so vividly before my mind sane back into the oblivior of the dead years I was no longer the gumantic youth, the impetuous young man, but the hardened doctor who had fought jellow sever for months in Cuba, and had been returned, on the hospital ship, the Montauk. When a short distance from port, the diseaso had stricken me down

"Is this Montauk?" I asked faintly "Yes, my friendi" replied the physician "But I never thought, three weeks ago, that you would live to 4sk that question! But you Kentuckians can't be killed!" "How did you know I was a Ken-

tuckian?" I asked.
"You told us all about yourself!" he answered, with his kind smile

"And the pretty girl in the convent, 223--" I noticed that the white apron was

moving away. "Nurse," cried the doctor, inter-rupting himself, "I leave Doctor Boyd to you now. If it weren't for this little lady, Doctor," he addeu, "there would be another grave in the

cemetery!" My short conversation had exhaustthe nurse came back to my side, murmured my gratitude f I alept a long, cool, refreshing sleep It brought back life and hope and

ambition. When I awoke the nurse as before me with a tray of palatable food. But I saw her face before I saw the food "Marion!" I cried impetuously

"Hush" she commanded, while the blood dyed her face. I obeyed.

When I was well enough to walk, found her one evening alone. All the old, ardent love of youth burned again in my breast As I walked by her side, I told her of it, and asked her to become my wife. She came swiftly to my eager arms and as 1 folded her to my heart, I thanked God and Gentle Mother Eleanor for giving me such a pure and noble woman -Catholic Universe

WHEN SCHOOL-BELLS RING. Now the summer's play is over, And the daisies and the clover, With the grasses tall and slim,

Droop their faded heads in grieving, For the children, by their leaving, Make the meadow strangely dim

"Wait, oh, waiti" the bees are hum-Red and golden tints are coming To the woods! Oh, children stay! "Wait, oh, "wait!" the birds are singing,

But the school-bells' silver ringing Lures the children's feet away.

Fast they go, yet floating after Comes a sound of children laughter On from good to good they go And the days pass with such fleet ክዮኤs

Play-time, work-time, both hold sweetness, For our father wills it so

T FREE AT ATT ! YES - In

al fer of in summer Parmelees this sies that the tite to the men uper an irregularities of the lice to e organs which flange of their change of residence of cariation of temperature has being about thes should be always kept as hand and oner their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them There is nothing osusceting in their

## THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AC BENEDICTINE SALV

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Pois It is a Sure Remedy for any of These Diseases,

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21,

John O'Connor, Esq , Toronto. DEAR SIR,-I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have tervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular ground I have experimented with every available remedy and have containing the say, every physician of repute, without perceivable in When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a likely to the salve of the s cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resumment that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a criteria and I am most tivity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am most gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as the Yours truly. Objects that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount at hold Yours truly, Tremont House, Yonge street, Noval,

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto. DEAR SIR-it is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited to tal, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve had do on for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five well. ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed gut speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I ame pain I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatian to it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. OUHN

288 Victoria Street, Toyanto, Oct 2011

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR-I cannot speak too highly of your Benedicting to has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines has a try ing to do for years When I first used it I had been confined with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a fr mended your salve. I tried it ant it completely knowked rheu out of my system I can cheerfully recommend it as the hest the market for rheumatics I believe it has no equal Yours sincerely.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Oat., Sept, John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Out.

DEAR SIR- , have great pleasure in recommending the Salve as a sure cure for lumbago When I was taken down wit ed in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time beld be around again. My husband hought a box of the Benedic and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got in four days was able to do my work I would be pleased to I am, your truly (MRS) JAS C it to any one suffering from Lumbago

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—After seffering for over ten years with both
Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve From the first got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly, can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suf Yours sincerely, Jos. WH

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,-It is with pleasure I write this word of testim

marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for hours tiam. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures perfixed that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new pubration I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say at after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, it believe, setted at absolute and permanant cure. It is perhaps needless to say it in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and havitried ! large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving of benefit Yours respectfully, MRS. SAPSON. Yours respectfully,

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Teb. 1902

John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute theumatism a my h arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but give me relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedicine Salt gave me enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in latter part of November. Since then (over two menths) I have not a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testime as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains Yours sincerely, M.A. COW N.

Toronto, Dec. 80th, 101

or th

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,-It 's with pleasure I write this unsolicited, testinonia and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salvi oughly cured me of Bleeding Piles, I suffered for nine months. on suited a physician, one of the best, and he gaye me a box of sale waid that if that d.d not cure me it would have to go maker an operation. It failed, but a friend of mise learned by chance that I was fering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and was true to his word. He got men box of Benedictine Salve and it p me relief at once and cured me in a few days. To I am how comple oured It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after fering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone amicted as i It will were without fail. Lean be called on fer living proof. I am Yours, etc.,

ALLAN J ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laund 2561 King Street East, Toronto, Dec. 16.

John O'Counor, Esq , Toronto: DEAR SIR,-After trying several doctors and spending forty-Afin the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to ty Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greates/remed in the world for theumatism, When I let the hospital, I was just at stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictise Salw for an days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it jist need week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these tack send him to me and I will prove it to him. PETEL AUSTE Yours forever thankful,

Toronto, Apri 10, 1991

Mr John O'Cornor: DEAR SIR-I do heartly recommend your Benedicting Salve # sure cure for rheumatism, as I was somly afflicted with that sad disc in my arm, and it was so had that I could not dress myelf. When heard about your salve, I not a box of it, and to my arprise I for great relief and I used what I got and now I can attend to my household duties, and I heartily recomment it to anyone that is troub with the same disease. You have this from me with harty change to with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.

Yours truly. MRS JAMES FLEMING. 18 Spruce atreet, Toronto Torosto, April 16th, 1903

J. O'Connor, Esq., City.

DEAR SIR-It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testing the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was una work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost urbearable Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to to

work, and I cannot thank you enough Respectfully yours, J. J CLARKE 78 Woolsley street, City

119 George street, Toronto, June 17th [161] John O'Connor Esq. DI AR SIP - Your Benedictine Salve cured me 6f rheumatisco (B

arm which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and am a completely used I suffered greatly from piles for many months and the completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salva. Yours T. WALKER, Hallen

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