## A RED ROSE.

Mai) Clifford, graceful and stately, with a dignity beyond her twenty year, her suppl: tallness accentuated by a coronet of black hair, and the flowing lines of a severely plain white gown relieved by a red rose in the belt, the grow of a happy emotion shining through her clear brunctte skin and out of her well-set oval grey eyes-stood, immered in thought, at one of the drawing-com windows of Dashleigh house, looking out on Dashleigh Common. There was no scene she knew and loved so well, whether in winter, when the north wind swept shrifting and whistling over it, lying shretted in snow, or when, as just now, the summer breeze frolicked over its miles of undulatory velvety turf, set here and there with huge clumps of bracken and bushes of golden gorse all ablase in the hot sun-thne.

On just such another day, twelve year, ago, she had seen it first, when a little orphan walf, she had been brought, after a voyage from india, to the home of her aunt, Miss Ray.

It had seemed to her then, and for long afterwards, that she was neare heaven and mother and father in that lovely bit of mother's and father's England, nearer the possibility of the continuance of their love and protection Mary Clifford, graceful and stately

we rejection of its profitered lips, any and many as time since, in be of passionate rebellion, in lone-ours of soft-repression, the scene, that first association with her nis and the memory of their love seothed and composed her. It house all tooking out to it that the control of the results of the resul ng miracle of an English spring;
or efforts to be good; to like her
and not so oftan think her a
sompered, ugly old woman. Of
other wicked thoughts that
tened her and made her afterso sad, which said God was not
ing, but a cruel God, to take away
te girl's mother and father and
her all alone in the big world,
aunts were so unlike in every and dosed according to Miss Ray's personal ideas as to the correct teme of rearing children, irrespectations on the control of a training children, irrespectations are sold to the consequently neither provided nor mitted any of the usual toys and y books with which children of the consequently neither provided nor mitted any of the usual toys and y books with which children of the consequently of the consequently of the usual toys and the same of the consequently of the consequently of the consequently of the consequently with the consequently of the consequently of the consequently with the consequently of the consequently of the consequently of the consequently rebelled, had not consequently of the consequently of

God, how perfectly happy God, how perfectly nappy a she said softly, under her breath, while her hoart best quicker, folier gas, far across the comot be squire's great groups, and of becch and oak trees, beneath, in another hour or so, she be once more with the only man-sound of whose voice, the touch a sound of whose voice, the touch would be ones more with the only manat the sound of whose voice, the touch
at the sound of the sound of the sound
smallest measure of that subtle, halfspainful sub-conseiounases of self-surrender and self-sub-indicates of self-surrender and self-sub-indicates of self-surrender and self-sub-indicates of the sound self-surrender sound self-surrender self-surtrust manual self-sub-indicates of self-surtrust manual self-sub-indicates of self-surlives, with him to help and long and
live for, all things, she felt, would be
possible. The coming storm to be en-

countered when Aunt Ray should be told of their love for one another seeme a but a small thing of a noment, that would precede and usher in that new, full, free life of unfettered exercise of every faculty, of pence and perfect sympaths, Storm and seeds and render exercises, the seem of the seem of the seems of the

you!"
Mary's eyes laughed, and her teeth
iteamed through her red lips, half expecting the bindly old man to pull out
a paper of sweets from his pocket and
give her, as many times he had surreptitiously done in her childhood.

this opportunity of finding you alone for some days past. So when I met Miss Ray in Brogley to-day, and heard she was on her way to call on my sister, I turned the mare's head round and rode straight off here on the chance of finding you in. The fact is, my dear, the poor old lady's in a bad way—a very bad way."

Do you ment that the control of the chance of the c

chance of finding you in. The fact is, my der, the poor old fady's in a had way—a very bad way."

"Do you mean that my aunt is ill, Dr. Ford?"

"Sit down, child, sit dewa," loying a hand on Mary's arm. "She's exactly as she has been for some time, just at present, and, happily, quite ignorant of the gravity of hor case. I needn't tell you what a difficult person she is to manasc. You know all about that, and as a hattent she's just ten times more unmanageable and obstinate. Bix months or so say of the consulted me about a symptom which looked very sigy even them—very ugly, indeed: so much so that I wanted a consultation with a specialist. But she wouldn't acar of such a thing; flew in one of her rages, and as good as told me I didn't know what I was talking about. Well, to make a long story short, last Monday I had Sir Digby Lovell down in consultation about another case of mine in the town, and persuaded the old laly to allow me to bring him over to see her. Not a soul but our three selves knew anything of the consultation. You had been sent off somewhere or other, I suppose, to get you out of the vary. Now, I'm sorry to tell you, the thorough examination she, for a wonder, permitted us to make of her, revealed an aven worse and more alarming condition of things than I at all way. Now, I'm sorry to tell you, the thorough examination she, for a wonder, permitted us to make of her, revealed an even worse and more alarming condition of things than I at all anticipated. In other similar cases the Ciesase may frequently be arrested, if not entirely eradicated by an operation, but in her case we discovered compileations which forbid an operation, excing that the administration of an anaexthetic would be too risky—much too risky. That is the exact position of affairs so far. For some time to come it will be much better she should go along very much as usual, without being informed of the truth which, later on, will gradually begin to tellis own story. The all-important thing for the present is to try and keep her quilet. Any mental disturbance or over physical exertion would certainly hasten and probably aggravate the rext stage of the maked, which, poor soul, will. I'm afraid, be terribly paintumed to the property of the present is to try and keep hext stage of the maked, which, poor soul, will. I'm afraid, be terribly paintumed the property of the present is to try and keep hext stage of the maked, which, poor soul, will. I'm afraid, be terribly paintumed the present is to the maked, which, poor soul, will. I'm afraid, be terribly paintumed the present is to the maked of the possibly paintumed the present is to tell the present in the present in the present is to the present in the pr

11'S TOO D1C

To undergo an operation for itching. Pikes when Dr. A. W. Chase's Olintment is a surer, cheaper, easier way to cure.

Cruel. From methods belong to the dark agen of operation. There was a first the control of the con

by, Miss Mary-good-bye. Grand weather, isn't it-grand weather?

It was characteristic of Mary Clifford that, as she still sate on where Dr. Ford had left her, her hands clenched to hurting, dark purple shalvaw gathering under her eyes, she felt up pang of self-pity, took no account of the weight of the cross she had already bowed herself to take up. Her heart was too of the cross she had already bowed herself to take-up. Her heart was too charged with awd compassion for the peer, hard, loveless old woman, whose way to the actes of death, perhaps so ordained of God to softening of heart and growth of soul, any through such a hepeless orden! of pain and trial and anguish for the man she loved, whom she must pierce with the conviction of he we't thieseness.

She rose as Miss Ray's carriage drove through the gates, and met her with the conviction of the period of the party of the process of a new-born protective tenderness of which he dared give no sign.

through the gates, and met her with the consciousness of a new-born protective tenderness of which she dared give no sign.

"Now, Mary, why haven't you got my your hat? I particularly told you to be trady to start at once on my return. You know how I obpect to horses being kept standing t"

"Here is my hat, Aunt Ray, I am quite ready."

"Well, go, then, go! Don'! stand chattering! Mrs. Farrant will chaperon you, and mind you come away with her. I won't have you eacorted over the common again by a strange man from heaven knows wher "

"Very well, Aunt Ray."

The squire's garden party was, every one said, a great success. When it was breaking up and people were dispersing amid laughter and god-byes, Mary Clifford, with duil, dead, heart-ache, stood a little apart from the crowd on a raised terrace fronting the Manor House, waiting for her party, without whom, much as she desired to, she dare not return home.

"Ah, I've found you again, and Itast alone! It's been hide and seek all the afternoon. You've been most streedly and unfairly monopolited, first by one and then another, and I've been on the point of protesting more than once or twice. And see here, I have news for you. Did I not any I dured prophesy for you a good hearing. Listen to this from one whose function is criticism, and whose opinion and taste away the trend and form of the tions: "Your Iriend should have a future. The strig grips and charms. Two of the characters in the sketch submitted to me are as a clean out as a comeo and are convincingly alive!" And now, after that, my great novelast in embryo, after that, my reat novelast in embryo, after that, my great novelast in embryo, after that, my great novelast in embryo, ted to me are as clean cut as a Cameo and are-convincingly allvei." And now, after that, my great novelist in embryo, low am I to summen up courage here and now to put my fate to the test. Seriously, Mary, I hunger to hear you say you love me and will be my wife. Need I tell you I am yours, heart and soul, wholly and entirely. It arems to me I have been so over since the first day I saw you out there on the common and you directed me to the day I saw you out there on the common and you directed me to the squire's. Mary, I am not a preaumptuous fool; it is an answering love I have read in your eyes sometimes just lately, darling, is it not? Mary, why won't you look at me? Dearvst, it is life and death with me. Either I may remain on here at Dashleigh till you are ready to marry me, ready to come away and back with me into the great world where in; work lies, where together we will fight the battle of life, or I return to it alone

ready to come away and back with mu into the great world where in, work lies, where together we will fight the battle of life, or I return to it aione to-merrow. For God's sake and truth's stay, if you love me, give me that rose you are wearing, it shall answer for you—Mary—Miss Clifford—will you give me the rose?"

At lest, shivering in the sunshine, a hand laid heavily on the parapet for support, she raised her quivering eye-lids and looked at him—at the stern-set, white face, at the passionate pained open and trembling outstretched hand. Then, for the space of a lighting flash, love had the mppermost place in the ferce, final ciruggle. But duty won and the weight of her cross all but crushed her as she answered:
"I cannot!" and Arthur Rickards swung around on his heel with a bitter laugh, muttering, "Fooled!"

"What a houseful of people you've got, Lady Jermyn. May I sit down? Ahi thanks; that's very cosy. And now, please, post me up as to who every one is and all about them. I don't seem to recognise any one except the Darnleys and Mrs. Burton and two or three of the men. To begin with, who is that taiking to Jermyn?"

"Ah, that's John Dane."
"No, no. you mistake me. I inean the lady in the picturesque whits vel-

vet gown to whom I sat opposite at

dinner."
"Precisely! She is John Dane, Now,
Mr. Gerrard, surely I'm not to infer
from that blank expression of enlightenment that, although you have been
out of the world for three years and
outs, you've not read John Dane's
novels?"

dear Lady Jermyn, I've no "My dear Lady Jermyn. I've not road a novel since the days of my long-vanished youth. I profer my romance and adventure just as it comes out all alive and fresh in the book of life. Nor, to my knowledge, have I over heard before of John—"
"Dane. John Dane is, of course, a non-de-plume. She is a Miss Clifford. Very rich, very famous, very beautiful, as you see, very much admired and courted and sought after. And, ontro nous, just now withal, very provoking!"

"Oh!"—with a shrug—" because she keeps us al lon tenter-hooks of consecutive and uncertainty as to whom she will marry. She's had the most brilliant and distinguished offers and declined them sill. Her enemies conclude her hearities or over worldly wise and ambitions. Personally I can content to call it provoking that a woman systematically spoils her best friends' schemes to secure her a suitable match. However, and this is again very much entre nous, I'm ready to forgive her that and more if she behaves prettily this time and accepts the right man after all, and here, too, which will be doubly gratifying to me — in fast, quite a feather in my social

in fact, quite a rearner in my social cap;"

"And who is the lucky dog in prospective between whom and so beautiful a wife stands that qualifying 'it'? Yoint him out to tue."

"Oh, he hasn't arrived yet. We expected him by your train, but he wired min he was detained till to-morrow. You must know him. He's one of the Shellings. Handsome, distinguished, and helv to the title, he is by way of being literary, so they ought to get on famously. I know he admires her immensely."

"And the lady?"

"And the lady?"

"And there's the crux.' She always seems less aloof with him than with other men, which is a good sign. Oh, yes, I've great hopes this time?"

"Well, I shall be much interested as to the trend of that 'it' 'aforesaid. Byou're not decreting me, are you?"

"I must just set things going a bit. The men all seem so stupid and dowsy after their day's sport and dinner. We've got a won-lerful oprano somewhere or other in the rooms. I will find her and ask her to sing. Won't you go over and renew your old firm-lesg your pardon-with Mrs. Birton? She's climity plining, I'm sire, to hear something of your wanderings."

Presently a clear fluting voice penetrated and snared above the intermitient him of low laughter and conversation, compelling silence. Mr. Gerrard, evanning his corner of the big, luguriteitsly-pillowed couch, partly screened by a 'unbindure plantation of palms and exotics, f-illowed his 'inistresses' increments and exotics, f-illowed his 'inis

Many dealure will recommend in proparations and lower-priced art Ask for and obtains only BROWN'S fractions of the ligation has the MIA × ==



gent business, Mr Rickard. Whoever heard of urgent business. In August? The truth is, you're bored to death, and o, have suddenly made up your mind to runoff, all in a hurry, in this shab-by manner."

Mr. Gerrad picked up and testored Mary Clifford's fun to her, saying:— "Not broken, I hope?" and then to himself:—"This is extremely interest-ing."

"Not broken, I hope?" and then to himsel: "This is extremely interesting." Pelleve me. Lady Jermyn, I only go toccause I cannot stay." "At well, I suppose I must forgive you. But Jermyn'll simply be a bear with a sore hend for days to come. Thank heaven you've arrived, Mr. Gertard. My husband's lost without one or the other of his special chums at his elbow when we're down here." "Then I'll say good-night and good-bye, Lady Jermyn." "Adleu, perfidious one! You'll have a solitary breakfast. Lordered it for tive. That leaves you ample time for the drive to he station." "Ged-bye, Miss Clifford." Mary's hand lay a moment in his and he was gone, Mr. Gerrard going with him to join their host and the other smokers.

Mary Clifford in her room, diamissing her maid, sat for over an hour by a

other smokers.

Mary Clifford in her room, dismissing her maid, sat for over an hour by a shaded lamp writing. Then, sathering up her papers and putting them away, she opened one of the French windows, and stepping out on the covered-in balcony, scated herself in one of its cushioned corner seats. All round, solemn and still under the faint-ilt sky, lay the great black hills and wide-apread moors. The scere, for all it was so different, brought Dashleigh common vividly to her mind. Dashleigh common vividly to her mind. Dashleigh common vividly to her mind. Dashleigh, where that summer time long ago, her one great joy and her lifte-long sorrow lad come to her hand in hand, bringing with them the sense of desolation that for so long lengthened the days to months, the slow months to years. Dear old Dashleigh, the home she loved so, where she had watched that poor old woman broken in pain and sufference according to the property of the contract of the pain of the contract of the pain of the contract of the pain of ed so, where she hail watched that pool old woman broken in pain and suffer ing, change day by day from her old hard, cold, self, to a gentle, clinging soul, her last words, "God bless you Mary, for all you've been to me. For give me! Kiss me!" The woman' heart flowed out to God in gratitude as the broken beautiful or the control of the cold of the col

give nei Liss me." The woman is heart flowed out to God in graittude as she remembered the scene. "Yes, it was rot all in vain, and I should do just the same again. It is well with me! I am content! He has years ago forgotten his pain. I am to him as any other strainger he mests by the way."

"You were never observant, Jermyn, nover! Now, I'll tell you why Blocheards is leaving to encrow. He's escaping, or trying to escape from his feeling for a woman!"

"Hat hat hat That's rich, certainly. Hat hat hat That's rich, certainly. Hat hat hat Wrong for once in your life, my psychological anatomist. Why, man, Rickeards never looks at a woman under fitty. Hates 'em, I should think! The mothers and matchmakers gave him up as hopeless years ago."

"Exactly so, His hurt has been his instructor."

"Bracity so. His hurt has been his instructor."
There was a crunching of gravel and an up-blown whiff of tobacco as the speakers benoath the baloncy, continuing their stroll, passed round a corner of the house, and Mary Clifford, shaken and agitated, returned to her room after her unintentional eavesdropping. "His hurt has been his instructor." Over and over she repeated the world will the great tears welled up and overflowed. "Oh, my darling; in the possible that he, too, feels when samet and sting of that old wound;" and her heart yearned over the man a does that of a mother over her cruelly smart and sting of that old wound:
and her heart yearned over the man as
does that of a mother over her cruelly
wounded child. Till dawn came white
and milky over the hills she paced to
and fro, to and fru, longing for the
morning. It came radiantly at last,
gliding the tops of the hills, silvering
the Icch and setting light to the red
and purple heather. Long before 5
collock Mary was drossed all ready to
go dewn stairs, dominated by one
thought and one purpose—to comfort,
to case, if possible to heal, the hurt she
had initieted. Down the long corridor
and the broad oaken staircase, past
the pictures of dames and squires looking down on her from the walls, she ing down on her from the walls, she went to fulfi her errand. It was not till she stood in the great hall, hung with heads of game and horn and artlers and all manner of trophics of field

with heads of game and horn and aviters and all manner of trophies of field and chare that a thought of acit came to her. Then, self-consciousness swept over her as in a fiood. She resulted that what to her was but as yesterday to this man might be a lifetime. A lifetime wherein that short summer at Dashleigh was but an caploode, a dream long past and over. No, no; she could not for her life's sake do this thing she bad contemplated, and yet, turning to estrace her atepa, the words came clear and incisive: "His hurth has been his instructor!" His hurth has been his instructor!" His hurth has been his instructor!" His hurth as been his instructor!" His hurth as been his instructor!" His hurth and void. But in what words? Ah; her eye fell on a large china bowl of red roses, standing on a table in the midst of a litter of newspapers, caps, rallway guides, directories, and novels, and the difficulty of speech was solved. If he had not altogether forgotten he

would understand the message of a red roso. A few steps more and pushing open the door-she stood before him, face and neck dyed red ed as the roso she held mutely out to him.
"Miss Clifford!" he gasped, hearsely.
"Mary! Do you know what this means?"
With outstretched arms and a broken

With outstretched arms and a broke With outstretched arms and a prosens sob she swayed and would have fallen at his feet, but that with a J-yful exclamation he caught ain held ner. "Mary, my darling! Mine at least The one and only one love of my life!"

The one and only one love of my life!"

At 8 "clock to the minute Mr. Gerrard, as was his custom in all weather, rain or shine, on getting out of bed, popped his head out of the window to sacertain the direction of the wind. Coming over the little runtio bridge across the loch, evidently returning from an early ramble, he saw Arthur Rickards, a red rose in his coat, and Mary Clifford, a red rose on either cheek.

"Ah! lost his train and 'ound a plaster for his wound! Well, now, this 's delightfully interesting!"—E. Morgan Dockrell in St. Peter's.

AN AMPRICAN CARDINAL IN THE

AMERICAN CARDINAL IN THE BOMAN CURIA.

In referring to an effort in preparation to secure the nomination of

In reforring to an effort in prepara-tion to secure the nomination, of an American Cardinal in the Roman Curia, the Rome correspondent of the Stand-erd and Timea, Philadelphia, says:— Cardinala Ledochowski and Steinhu-ber are protectors of German interests; France is negoliating for its Cardinal in Curia; Spain has an Ambassador, Senor Merry del Val, who is as effi-cient as a Cardinal in Curia, and Portu-gal possesses warm friends in its ex-Nuncios among the Cardinals, besides having its excellent Ambassador, M. D'Antas. Mgr. del Val is a perfect Eng-lishman, if the son of the Spanish Am-hassador and his position at the side of the Pope has made him an adviser in English affairs, while Mgr. Stonor, of the Pope has made him an adviser in English affairs, while Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebisond, occupies a unique position in the Curia. It is evident, therefore, that there are means by which America might be more fully and more directly represented, were its Church authorities at home to desire to establish some representation of a quasi-diplomatic or curial kind in the court of Rome.

TO TEACH CELTIC.

TO TEACH CELTIC.

Baltimore, April 18.—The will of Miss Mary Moran, probated in the Orphans' Court yesterday, leaves the bulk of her estate to charity. Among special legacies is the following:—

Ten thousand dollars to the Catholic University of America at Washington, D.C., as an endowment for the Cattochair, to preserve the Irish language, which was that of the mother of the testactriz.

There is a chair of Celtic in the Catholic University endowed by the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Rev. Dr. Richard Henebry is the professor in charge,

## A GREAT VICTORY

After a Short, but Hot and Decisive

e Raemy Briven Gui—Bedd'a Kidney Pille the Victors—Mr. Gilloon Teeted Thom, and They Proved True and Steadlest Pricede. AMERICATIVE, Ont., April 14.—Jan. R. Gillean, proprietor of the Lakeview Hotel, here, is one of the happiers men in Town.

They Preved Tree and Streeties. Pricede.
AMERIATION. Oht., April 14.—Jan. R.
Gillean, proprietor of the Lakuview Hotel,
here, is one of the happiers men in Town.
Per some years part, he has been in vow.
Per some years part, he has been in vow.
Per some years part, he has been in vow.
In spite of all that medical skill, and
numerous remedless could do, Mr. Gilleans
grew gradually worse. His sufferings
increased, and there seemed to be no
hope of curing the disease.

Oue day a friend called to see him,
and advised him to try Dodd's Kidney.
Pills, tellings fint they had corred a number of cases, of which ha knew, and
which were all worse than Mr. Gilleans's
The laster procured a box, and so much
good did it do him, that he bought three
mores. These cured him complessly,
and he is now obliged to hold quite a
reception every day, so many friends
call to congresselses him on his happy
recovery.
Dodd's Kidney Fills are astorishing

processors and the mapping control of the control o m in their practice, always

Ridney Diseases cannot reside action of Dodd's Ethers Pills which the only cure on earth for such dise Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold be dreggistes a fifty cents a box, six is \$2.50 or will be sent, on recest of; by The Dodds Medicine Co., Lim Tercento.