CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple, wegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bronchits, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Ling Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Meryous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, miter having tested its wonderful ourstive powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge; to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for, preparing and using. Sent by small by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W.

A. Noves 149 Power's Block, Rocketter, N. T.

15—13-cow

ALARMING ACCIDENT.

ALARMING ACCIDENT.

Belleyille, Feb. 21.—By the falling of a floor at the East Hastings nominations yesterday, the following parties were injured:—Thomas Kelly, of Thurlow, leg broken and internally, injured; S M Palmer, Thurlow, leg broken; Mr Lawrence, Thurlow, seriously hurt; W C Thompson, Thurlow, seriously hurt; W Hilliburn, shoulder dislocated; John Hoskin; Thurlow, seriously hurt; Wm Moor. N Vermilyea, W Copeland, N G Brintnett, Chas Hudon, J F Caldwell and Jas Brown, all of Thurlow, slightly hurt, and W B Northrop, S B Burdatt and Ald A Brignall, of this city, slightly injured. None of the horses were seriously hurt, but two uniters belonging to Mr John White, M P, and Mr Thrasher, were smashed.

IF NEARLY DEAD

after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with long testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Utinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Dibates or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.

BAZAINE'S BOOK.

London, Feb. 22. - Marshal Bazaine's book Is entitled "Episodes of the War of 1870, and Seige of Metz." It is dedicated to ex-Queen Jeabelia of Spain. Among documents in the work are Bazaine's autograph report to Emperor Napoleon, while the latter was at Wilhelmshope, and the letter from the Marshal to Empress Eugenie, September 14, 1870. advising her to take horse and assume command of the Metz division. The Marshal considers the defensive qualities of Alsace-Lorraine were not utilized to the fullest extent. He asserts disorganization in the War Department at the beginning of the war rendered it impossible to obtain useful information or instructions from headquarters. He presence. She is a widow and I am her only declares he never saw a mitrallieuse until that weapon was brought into Metz.

A ROOM OF WONDERS!

And well the visitors may say so, for the room was dark, so dark you could not see a hand before your face. Yet plain and distinct, shedding a beautiful soft radiant light, emitting neither heat, electricity, phosphorous nor odor, were a number of crucifixes, statues of the Blessed Virgin, our Saviour, St. Joseph, the Apostles, and numerous other religious objects, prepared by Messre. J. B. Maxwell, whose advertisement on page three is worth 28 ti

Rector's wife (severely)-" Tommy Robinson, how is it you don't take off your hat when you meet me?" Tommy—"Well, marm, if I take off my hat to you, what he I to do when I meet the parson himself?"

The most reliable preparation yet introduced to the public, for the immediate re-Het and cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, is SPRUCINE. In obstinate Coughs, Pulmonary Consumption, &c., &c., where Cod room and found him sleeping peacefully and Liver Oil is recommended, a dose of SPRU- breething gently. I roused him and OINE taken with a dose of the former will make an agreeable and convenient vehicle for tion of the Oil, and largely

"THE ONY ONE IN AMERICA."

The International Throat and Lung institute. Toronto and Montreal, is positively the only one in America where diseases of the mir passages alone are treated. Cold inhaiations are used through the Spirometer, an instrument or inhaler invented by Dr. M. Souvielle of Paris, ex-aide surgeon of the French army, with proper dietetic, hygienic and constitutional treatment suitable to each case. Thousands of cases of Catarrh, Laryn. gitis; Bronchitis, Asthms, Catarrhal Deafness, and Consumption have been cured at this Institute during the last few years. Write, tenclosing stamp, for pamphlet, giving full particulars and reliable references to 173 Church street, Toronto, Ont; 13 Phillips Equare, Montreal, P. Q.

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying | him actually engaged in packing his trunk. with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS.
WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediatelydepend upon it; there is no mistake about it done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: 'My good friend, can used it, who will not tell you at once that it you guess what that is?' 'A present for will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the has saved her son's life and restored him to United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. [G2

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA

has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Si le ack or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, oothsohe, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Re-Mever, and of double the strength of any sther Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, as it really is the best remedy in The world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale Nov all Druggisst at 25 cents a bottle. [G26]



Sick Headache and Billiousness.

Price, 25. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Brooklyn Eagle.] EX-CONSUL'S STORY. THE DWARPS SICR

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle is A late United States Consul at one of the A late United States Consul at one of the English inland ports, who is now a private resident of New York, relates the following interesting story. He objects, for private reasons, to having his name published, but authorizes the writer to substantiate his statement, and if necessary, to refer to him, in his private capacity, any person saeking such reference. Deferring to his wishes, I hereby present his statement in almost the exact language in which he gave it to me. language in which he gave it to me. O. M. FARMER.

1690 Third avenue, New York. "On my last voyage home from England, some three years ago, in one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little-pain Ho was well dressed and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were somewhat emaclated and his face very sallow and bore the traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on By that miracle of inestimable power the foaming track which the steamer was making."

"Excuse me, my young friend,' I said touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be an invalid and hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I am a robust and healthy man and shall be glad to help you.'

" You are very kind, he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my stateroom up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.'

" You have been a great sufferer, no doubt, I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with that most troublesome disease-rheumatism; whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.'

"'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for more than a year, and atter failing to find relief from medical skill have lately tried the Springs of Carlsbad and Vichy. But they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's

"There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing my thoughts reverted to a child-a ten-year old boy-of a neighbor of mine residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered that the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his last voyage by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the I not only found him off duty, but steward. discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his statebreething gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. to arrai mote its efficiency. SPRUOINE is put up in limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get Bottles at 25 and 50 cents each. 23 tf | up.' No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oll, and in the morning you will te much better able to go 'All right,' he said, laughing, I then applied the Oll again, rubbing his knees, arkles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard plaster all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our vovage-some four days-applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and dam'b spring breezes, and on landing at New York, he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House I called on him two days later, and found preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box, carefully your sweetheart,' I answered. 'No,' he laugh. ed-that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oll which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist across the way, and 1 am taking them home to show my good mother what her in health. And with it, I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalis, in Missouri, Charlie

> casket, which we shall keep as a parlor ornament as well as memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.' "We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health and contsining many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards.

Townsend and his mother will welcome you

to their little home, with hearts full of grati-

tude, and they will show you a bottle of St.

Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. Stinging irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchupaiba.' \$1.

RUSSIA.

LOANS TO THE PEASANTRY. St. Petersburg, Feb. 20 .- The Czar will shortly issue a manifesto offering the peasantry loans for the purchase and improvements of their lands.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative agent in all complaints peculiar to women. Cures Kidney troubles of either sex.

CHAPTER XVII.—COSTINUED THE BARRICADES OF DEATH Die in peace, in the name of the God who wash away, your sins."
"No, not mine," orled Jean Machu, with sudden energy. "My whole life has been a

long course of wickedness. My death cannot expiste such a life. Even you bear or your forehead a scar caused by me. Oh, why do you not curso me?"

But remember the heroic actions of this day," said Sulpice. "Oh, I pardon you what

is past from my heart."
"But your father?" gasped the felon.

"The elect of God are merciful," said Sulnice 🤄 🖟 🦠

"Your brother and sister?"

"We are Christians," said Sulpice. With admirable patience, sublime charity and fevor, the abbe gradually calmed the convict's terrors. He took in his priestly hands that soul covered with so many sins and washed lit in the Blood of the Lamb. which is operated in confession the sine of Jean Machu, scarlet though they were, were washed away. His soul was filled with the plenitude of grace, conveyed by those solemn words falling from an apostle's lips.

Surely the Lord had awaited that supreme moment to reward the sublime faith of Sulpice, for scarcely had the words of absolution fallen upon that sinful soul when Jean Machu heaved a deep sigh, and with that sigh passed BWSY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIPP-LAPP. Many guests still came to Methusaiem's table d'hote in the Rue Git-le-Cour, but these assemblies were quieter than of yore, the mirth was not so boisterous, and even the second-hand dealer himself had a shade of anxiety on his face. He got rid as quickly as possible of his merchandise, and the Naine often passed whole nights in removing the markings from fine linen, upon which the embroidered coronet betraved the source whence it had come. Moreover, a stove was placed in the Naine's kitchen, where Methusalem melted up silver, making ingots, of which he hastily disposed. Yet, far from diminishing, the number of his customers was constantly on the increase. Methusalem was obliged establish for their accommodation to

a dormitory or lodging-room, as he had before established a table d'hote. Most of his customers preferred remaining in ings which might compromise them. New arrests were being made every day. Methusalem's boarders were already well represented in the prisons of the Versaillists, and those who were still at large were by no means reassured as to their future. The most anxious of all was Fleur d'Echafaud. The rank he had held in the army of the Commune, his undeniable share in the murder of the hortages, in the sacking of the Legion of Honor and the Tulleries, in the burning of the Department of Finance and the houses of the Rue de Lille made him prefer the tedious and obscure life of the Rue Git-le-Cour to the more brilliant and noisy one he was wont to lead among a circle of which he was the oracle. His dress had undergone much the same transformation as his habits. Instead of the fashionable overcoat and cravat, he were a blue blouse, open at the neck, showing the collar of the shirt and a bright-colored foulard loosely knotted. A black wig concealed his own peculiar shade of hair. With his cap iauntily set on one side, a cigar in his mouth. and his hands in his pockets, he looked like a young tradesman taking a holiday. Though it is true that every day was a holiday for him. Fleur d'Echafaud had also salem's neighborhood seemed more desirable inst then than the great thoroughfares. Before recommending operations, he was waiting till the political situation should be once more clearly defined, till the law had done with the members of the Commune, and the crowd of hapless wretches who had followed in its bloody track. Moreover, he had never been so carefully watched and guard-ed by the Naine as since the moment when he had placed himself, so to say, at her discretion. Seeing her eager gaze so constantly fixed upon him, and she herself so solicitous for his comfort and welfare, Methusa. lem's guests were wont to indulge in many a rude jest, in which Fleur d'Echafaud himself took part. "Naine," said they, "you must marry the

handsome Marc.'

"Yes," said the Naine one day, in a gloomy voice, "I will marry him, and in the church,

"Then you believe in God?"

A hideous laugh distorted her face. "At the Abbey of Monte-a-Regret," sh

answered. But this time Fleur d'Echafaud did not laugh. A cold shudder passed through him. What link bound him to the Name? As far as memory could reach, he remembered this deformed being seizing him in her disproportioned arms and carrying him hither and thither with inconceivable rapidity. He could recall the booth of the mountabank who had trained him, so that he was qualified to gain a livelihood on the rope or the trapeze, with the permission of the Mayor. The Naine, however, took him away and put him at a boarding school, where she forbade him, under the most terrible penalties, to mention the profession he had followed for five years. Pride, however, would have suggested this precaution to Marc, even had the Naine never insisted upon it. When he finished school she seemed to abandon him, and he supposed she had left Paris. He found her again as servant to Methusalem, but he was by that time in Methusalem's gang, and an intimate asso-

clate of Jean Machu. "Oan this wretch have some secret design?" he said to himself, "and is she true?" He could not answer, but a vague fear thenceforth took possession of him, and he regolved to quit Methusalem's hospitable roof as soon as he could create a new identity for himself, and pass into a new state of being. The burning of the Hotel de Ville, by destroying all registers of birth, facilitated such a plan, and the day would come when Flour d'Echafaud would go on this errand to the Abbe Sulpice. His share of the hundred thousand france, as well as the proceeds of the late pillage, had given Fleur d'Echasaud sir; perhaps I should have given in my rean income of six thousand francs. He could, signation, when I found myself incapable of therefore, choose between the peaceful filling the office, which has been mine for and practical plety; the artist, who despised indescribable joy. life of a citizen, or the fluctuating career of forty years. But I love this place, this fac- the approbation of the vulgar, and had Christ "Father," said an adventurer. It seemed to him safer to tory. The workmen regard me almost as a slip into an honest man's shoes. If later he father. However, sir, if you have any objecchose to take part in such affairs, it would be | tion, speak.' on a grand scale. He would seek to ally himself with some industrial society, under to be perfectly frank. You are teaching the patronage of great names, he would Mademoiselle book-keeping, will you also speculate at the Bourse, become an un-teach me? licensed broker, and succeed at length, perhaps, in acquiring a large fortune.

But this fair proture, which he cherished by alght and by day, had its dark and terrible reverse side. Il there is a tenacibus friendship it is that of the dishonest. They do not attach themselves to any one, they public reparation to my own people and so cling. They never allow one of their num-ber to attain an enviable situation, except in in words; it must be proved by deeds. I ber to attain an enviable situation, except in in words; it must be proved by decon, it lies rearred. With the hope of future profit. They become the was an idler, I will learn; to work; fond of low voice with Louise, Xavier regarded the the hope of future profit. They become the was an idler, I will learn; to work; fond of low voice with Louise, Xavier regarded the the hope of future profit. They become the dissipation, I will live with all possible regulation two girls attentively. They formed a charmdied to save the world. Die in peace, and eleeches of those who, starting at the lowest dissipation, I will live with all possible regumay the shedding of your blood suffice to wash away, your sins."

We wash away, your sins."

Wo, not mine," cried Jean Machu, with ing gaze of a detective than the affectionate remembrance of a felon. The latter is

ever the better physiognomist. Jean Machu's death had been a great relief to his former comrade. In dying, the convict, overcome by the Abbe Sulpice's aublime generosity, had confessed his orime and signed his last confession with expiring hand.

Under those circumstances there had been

little difficulty in restoring Xavier Pomereul's good name, and securing his liberty. Fleur d'Echafaud was, therefore, easy on that score. Jean Machu dead, the secret of the robbery and murder of the Chaussee d'Antin was safe. Some months passed. France was once more at peace, though the turmoil of politics prevented any great impetus from being given to trade. Every one was busy count. ing his losses, healing his wounds, mourning the departed, or calculating the decrease of his income through the rise of taxes or the losses sustained through war, incendiarism, and the Commune. The factory at Charenton still went on. It is true that upon the thresholds of the pretty homesteads built for his workmen by Antolne Pomeraul was to be seen many a young mother wearing mourning, and holding her orphaned child in her arms. Touching sight! where the one had forgotten how to smile, and the other had not

yet learned. There was, however, no want among these working people. The widows received a left his manner towards me no less than his pension, because their husbands had fallen in defence of their country. If France forgot these improvised soldiers, the Abbe Sulpice remembered the heroes of Champigny, Buzenval and Montretout, and he paid their country's yet ardently. Dubols was astonished at my debt to them, with a generosity the more admirable that it was promptly and simply accomplished. The school took the children apprentices, the labor of whom was always suited to their years, worked with ardor. Their main object was to please Sulpice, and in this they fully succeeded.

Xavier definitely left the home in the Chaussee d'Antin. The day after his sentence had been reversed and justice done him, he called his brother and sister.

"I am saved," he said, but my conscience is not so easily rehabilitated. It is proved that I did not kill my father, but my life was such as to give rise to the accusation. I am only twenty-six, and have yet time to reform It was a terrible lesson, but I will profit by it. My debte, which you so generously paid, Sulthis wretched hole to taking furnished lodg. pice, must not come out of your inheritence, nor that of Sabine.

"Xavier," said Sabine, reproachiuily, "are

you too proud to owe that to us?" "No, my dear child," said he; "but l have some sense of justice, and a great deal of affection. Besides, you know what use I have hitherto made of money; it is better not to trust me with any more. I am only con-valescent as yet, and might have a relapse. Calculating everything — and you will see that I am a ready accountant, Sulpice-I have left myself a capital of 30,000 france, that is to say, an income of 1500. I am going to live on that."

"You?" cried Sulpice.

"Why, it is impossible!" said Sabine. "But you do not take into account what I can earn," said Xavier, and turning to Sulpice

"What do you give your cashier?" "Six thousand francs."

"Poor Dubois in dying, is he not? Will vou give me his place ? "I cannot, my dear boy," said the Abbe Pomereul.

"Ah, I understand! My past record." "God forbid that I should doubt your repentence," said the priest, in a voice of deep taken care to change his quarters. Methu- emotion; "but to fill that situtation you must know book-keeping."

"Is that all?" asked Xavier. "Then it is settled, for I know book-keep-

ing," said Xavier. "How long have you known it?"

"For nearly a year."

"Who taught you?" "Dubois himself," said Xavier; "and the

poor old fellow almost cried with joy to see what progress I made." "That is wonderful," said Sabine. "There are many wonderful things accom-

plished by the same power," said Xavier ; "and that power is the grace of God." "Well, well !" said the Abbe Pomercull. "For the past year," said Xavier, "you have

seen me going out every day, and have, no doubt, believed that I had returned to what I used to call my pleasures."

" No, dear hoy, no, never!" said the abbe. " I admit that you had every reason to suspect me. My faults were so great that my conversion needed to be proved by facts. I promised you that I would give proof of it. One morning I went to Dubois' office. He was there with his daughter Louise, a pretty, gentle creature. They were both writing, the young girl at her father's diotation. Recognizing me, Dubois rose at once, out of respect for the family of his master; but he did not offer me his hand, as

he would have done to you, Sulpice." He hardly knows you, Xavier," said Sul-

pice. "The distinction, light as it was, did not escape me," continued Xavier; "but it was just. I accepted it as such. This man owed me neither esteem nor regard. Such as he esteem only the truly deserving, and though the unjust sentence which had sent me to prison was reversed, I was none the less the worthless and ungrateful son, who had opened his father's safe.'

" Why recall these painful memories?" said Sabine, gently.
"I have no right to forget them," said Xavier. "Your very kindness impresses them forever on my mind."

"And Dubois?" said Sulpice. "Dubois closed his books, and made a sign to his daughter. Louise was about to leave the room. I begged her to remain."
""Sir,' said I, addressing that living ex-

ample of honor and honesty, 'might I ask why you require Mademoiselle's services?' "The old man reddened. "'My sight is failing,' said he, 'and my

strength declining. I have need of young eyes and ready hands. Louise helps me with the accounts. "He paused a moment, and continued with

touching dignity, "The Abbe Pomereull is aware of this.

"' With a man like you,' I said, 'It is better

" You, sir said Dubois, rising in his

amazement.

larity; I did nothing, I will now do good. Sulpice sowed the good seed, do you help me to foster it. Let me be your pupil, and while you teach me book-keeping, the heads of the different departments will initiate me, each one into their several employments. I know that the prodigal son will not find much favor with these hard-working men. But I will bear anything. A time will come when I shall reap the fruits of my perseverance, and

when even the rudest workman will offer me his hand. Believe me, I shall value such a recompense. "Dubois looked at me in slience, but I saw tears in his daughter's eyes.

"I resumed. ". You loved my father, M. Dubote so did ; spite of all my faults, I loves nim dearly. His death made him even deafer to me. Yet, though I have repented I dare not yet pray beside his grave. I am sorry for my faults, but I have not rot explated them. I shall only have a right to go there when I am able to obey his last command, and take control of the bouse he founded."

"Dubois was still silent. ""'Oh," oried I, 'will you refuse to help

me? Surely you cannot. "He spoke then in a voice of deep emotion. "'You appeal to my affection for your father, sir; that suffices. When will you take your first lesson?

"'Now,' I answered. "I was there for three hours. When I words delighted me. I had not learned much yet, it is true, but I felt my heart grow light; at least I had spent my time well. The same day I got books, and began to study patiently progress. In a month he brought me to the workshop, where he had probably related what had passed between us, for every face was friendly. They did not make any advances to me, but they did not repulse me.

"Poor Dubois sank rapidly, and sometimes his daughter gave me my lesson in his place. She explained things in a sweet grave voice, clearly and precisely. I never saw such serenity on any woman's face before." " Really," said Sabine, with a mischievous

smile. "You are malicious," said Xavier, smiling

"Go on," said Sulpice; "do not heed her

malice." "It is ever thus," she said to Sulpice; "they

see, they hear, they love." "Where was 1?" continued Xavier. "Well a few days ago, when I went there, instead of finding M. Dubois in his office, I found Louise, who was looking very pale, and who said at once, 'Would you be so kind, sir, as to come up into my father's room?

" Certainly, I answered. "I followed her trembling.

"Poor Dubois was in bed. When he saw me he tried to raise himself, and held out his hand. My heart leaped for joy. I took his offered hand gratefully, for he had been the friend of my noble father. He saw my emotion. He asked me to sit down.

"'Come, come,' said he, 'you are a true Pomereul. Your conduct leaves me less regret now that I must go.'

" But you must not go,' I sald. "'They are calling me up there, sir,' he said, 'but my last labors have been successful. You know I was named the model cashier. My books are in order. My accounts ready. There are as few errors on the pages of my registers as faults upon my conscience. You know as much as I do; you

must henceforth take my place. "I heard a heart-rending sob. It was from Louise, whose face was hidden on her father's bed.

"'Alone i I must leave her slone!' mur-

mured the old man. "'No,' said I; 'Sabine will befriend her." anticipated me."

"I stayed longer than usual that day at Charenton," resumed Xavier. "I did not restored to your rights; in the name of our sleep much all night, for I was weighing the great responsibility that I was about to assume. May I take Dubois's place, dear

"Xavier," said the Abbe Suipice, "you do not know what consolation you give me. Yes, brother, with all my heart. Repair your faults, work, make new progress every day, DIBY.

"And love," said Sabine in a low voice. "Do not speak of that," said Xavier. "I am not worthy of such happiness yet."

"To-morrow," resumed Sulpice, "we will go touched by the frost. Sulpice walked first, together to Charenton. I want to install and Sabine and he were soon kneeling before you myself in your new place, "And I to make an agreement with Louise,"

said Sabine. "Ever the best of sisters," said Xavier. "It is sweet to contribute to the happiness

of others," said she. "Will you never think of your own?" said

Sabine shook her head. "My happiness was a dream, Xavier," she said. " He who should have kept the shrive and the figure it contained inviolate has

" You are too severe, Sabine." "I am just."

offered sacrifice to false gods."

to despair.".

"But it was your rejection drove Benedict

"One who does not know how to suffer," said she, "is not worthy to be happy. Besides, brother, the man whom I loved was the Christian artist, despising the easy success which is a disgrace to the chisel and a stain upon a character. The papers are loud in his praise just now, I know; he is doing a work which will give him a high place amongst our soulptors, 'Hylas and the Nymphs,' but a work which would make me blush. No, this devotee of pagan art is not

received a betrothal ring.' There were tears in her eyes, though she spoke calmly and her face was pale. "You are suffering, Sabine," oried Xavler,

the man from whom I accepted the statuette,

to whom I gave my hand, and from whom I

"you are suffering." "Yes, I do not deny it," said she,"but I will voluntary viotim, offering up the merits of a be firm. God can console every sorrow, and will calm this as well. Virtue, Xavier, is often like the bitter draught given to the alone. patient, the honey of sacrifice is at the bottom of the cup. I weep not so much for the preacher, the piety of the priest, and the Benedict as for my old faith in him. I weep affection of a brother, all combined to soften for the noble and disinterested man, who re. and touch that still rebellious heart; fused a dowry from my father; the good and | and when the words of absolution had fallen honest man, who led a life of strict integrity on Xavier, Sulpice clasped his hands with too clearly before his eyes to ever set up base | the dead has come to life."

idols in opposition." Xavier kissed his sister.

" You are a noble girl," said he. we do not bear, like Sulpice, the auceola upon reserves for those who love Him. It grew our foreheads."

Next day, according to promise, Sulpice accompanied Xavier and dabine to Charenton.

They went first to see Dubois. At sight of Sulpice his face lit up.

"I wanted to see you, sir," he said. The priest sat down at the bedside, and the rest retired. While | Eabine conversed in a ing contrast. Sabine, fair, delicate, and slend. er; Louise, a perfect brunette. Louise was crying bitterly, and Sabine consoling her with many affectionate words. It was nearly an hour before Sulpice called them back to the sick room. Dubois drew his daughter to his breast. "I am dying," said he, but the Lord in His

meroy has granted me a less grace; He never forsakes those who put their trust in Him. You will not be stone in the world. The Romeron femily will adopt you. To them I leave you.

7 Lause only answered by her tears. The scher drew his daughter's face closer to his own, and whispered some words which the others did not hear. They seemed to disturb her, for she blushed and trembled.

"It is my last wish," said her father. "Father, oh father!" chied she.

"A sacred request," said he. Louise might have objected further, but her father took her hand from before her face, and said.

" Promise, till I bless you." "I promise," "said she, kissing the hand which was about to bless her.

Sabine stayed all night with Louise. Sulpice went back with Xavier to Paris. The latter seemed greatly dejected; he hardly spoke to his brother, and Sulpice saw tears in his eyes. He did not ask the secret of this polgnant regret, for did not Xavier know that it was the priest's mission to share all sufferings and console all pain? Next day they went again to Charenton, and, having seen Dubois and Louise, Xavier was installed in his new position. Thenceforth he entered upon its duites, When Sulpice saw him through the glass doors of the office, surrounded by papers and books tipped with brass, writing busily and wholly absorbed in his work, he could not restrain an exclamation of joy. Xavier showed

him the books. "What do you say to that writing," said he, "and my figures? I have made progress since I used to scrawl my morning notes." "Indeed you have," said Sulpice; "I am

more than satisfied with you." For a week Dubois struggled with that terrible conqueror Death. Not that he feared it, for he had lived well; but the earthly tenement still sought to retain its tenant, the soul. He died in his daughter's arms, press. ing the crucifix which Sulpice held to his

lips. The news of the honest cashier's death brought general grief to the factory. The workshops were closed, and the workmen all went to pray beside his mortal remains. Sul. pice and Xavier paid the expenses of the funeral, and the faithful clerk was buried with the greatest honor. But besides the richness of the funeral draperies, there was a great concourse of people. When a stranger stopped, surprised at the display, to ask who was being buried, the Charenton men replied

proudly: "An employee of the house of Pomereni." Dubois had saked that a cross might be placed over his grave. So a cross ross among flowers upon his funeral mound. the grave digger had finished his dismal task, Louise drew near the monument, holding two wreaths in her hand. She hung one upon an arm of the cross, and Xavier, seeing that she kept the other, said,

"You are forgetting this one." "No," said she, "it is for our benefactor." And in fact the coachman had evidently received orders, for on leaving Charenton, instead of going towards home, he drove to Montmartre. Xavier was silent, but his emotion was deep. He dared not question his brother, and Sabine, who had her arm about Louise, avoided meeting his eye. Never, since M. Pomerenl's death, had Xavier accompanied them to the grave of the father whose life he had embittered. It seemed "Thanks, dear brother," said Sabine; "you | that Sulpice was now bringing him there, as

If to say, "Repentance has effaced your faults. Be dead father, I pardon you."

The carriage stopped at the gate of the cemetery. They all alighted. Louise would have fallen, but Xavier silenty offered her his arm.

It was a melancholy autumn day, the dreariness of which was the more perceptible that it was among the first; the dead leaves crackled under foot, gray clouds acudded across the sky, driven by a chilly wind. The roses were all dead, and the late chryssnthemums reared their purple heads, already a marble tomb. A sort of awe kept Xavier back, but Sulpice, turning, said simply, "Come."

And Louise, offering him the wreath, said, : Go." Xavier took it, raised it to his lips, and fell prostrate on the marble slab, sobbing

sloud. Through his sobs one word could be distinguished: "Pardon! pardon!" Sulpice whispered to his sister, "Take Louise away, and leave me with

Xavier."

The young girl obeyed. And the two brothers remained alone in the vast cemetery, already overhung with shad-

Sulpice knelt beside Xavier, and said, "You have asked our father's pardon. Now ask pardon of God." "You wish -" said Xavier, bewildered.

"That, prostrating yourself here in this place of mourning, you should arise purified from every stain.

"But how can I? I am not prepared," said Xavier.

"To open your heart to the priest?" said Sulpice. "To go to confession? Why, your amendment of life for the past year and your present tears are preparation enough. The suffering soul is always well prepared to receive grace, salvation, mercy. And can I not assist you? Can any other heart as well as mine console yours? My tears will be united with yours, and if the sacrifice of a life, the holocaust of a heart be necessary, I am a

God to obtain mercy for you?" What passed after that was known to God

The arder of the apostle, the elequence of

"Father," said be, "your lost son is found;

Tears of mingled joy and sorrow, the outpourings of a heart ennobled by its priestly office, the repentance, the firm purpose of "Do not pity me, Xavier," said she, "if I amendment, and the sweetness of reconlose the world I will gain heaven; and we ciliation with God, were all experienced by can each have our little martyrdom, though the two brothers, they knew the joy which God

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