## ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henriet's Dan & Skinner.

Characters in the story.—Adrien and Theodore Daretti—the former a young baratone from the Royai Opera at Berlin; the latter, his brother, possessing a voice Such as only angels are supposed to have. Madame Hottense Delse spoule, the elder brother's god-mother, a great constait osinger. Ramon Eugenio Diader, his four daughters and his mother-in-law, Madame Valorge. Agostini, a professor of mathematics at the Lyce Louis la Grande Carissimo Casimiro, a vicilinist from the Conservatory Orchestra. Oreste, the Daretti brothers' valet. Chapter 1.—The Foast of Pentecosit. The Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Paris, Adrien and Theodore Diretti the singers. The former meets Hamon Disdier and thoughter, Espiritu Santo. She sende, through the brother, the little flower of the Moly Ghost, after which she is named, Espiritu Santo, to Theodore Daretti. Chapter II.—Closer acquaintanceship of the preceding characters. Casimiro goes as solo violinst in the Opera's tour throughout England and the United States. Adrien accompanies him as the first baraton and in friend Don Luis di S.n Raque. Theodore meets Espiritu. Chapter IV.—Theodore in his boyish fancy SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Boniriu.
Chapter IV.—Theodore in his boyish fancy falls in love with Espiritu.
Chapter V.—Madame Delapoule endeavors to persuade Adriano to marry. She lauds Catalina. Madame Delapoule leaves Paris

for five years.

Chapter VI—Theodore goes to his elder brother Bindo His parting with Espiritu. Adrien woos Catalina. Her father discoun-Chapter VI—Theodore goes to his elder brother Bindo His parting with Espiritu. Adrien woos Catalina. Her father discoun-tenances his proposition. Chapter VII.—After an absence of five years Hortense Delapoule returns to Paris. She pro-poses to bring Catalina out on the Paris stage. She is informed of the Disdiers change of for-tune Madame Valorge's blindness. Adrien brings two of the greatest living tenors to assist Cavalina in her debut. One turns out to be Theodore.

assist Cavalina in for doubt. One was the Theodore visit the Disdiers' modest home at Passy. Their am tement at the changes time has effected. Adrien and Theodore in a runaway accident. Their groom severely injured.

Chapter IX.—Death of Daretti's groom. Chapter X.—Theodore speaks of his love for Espiritu to Madame Valorge and receives encouragement.

Chap XI.—Adrien is displeased with the emonstrations of Madame Delepoule and

remonstrations of Monsignore Ianson. Chapter XII — Victoire Ainsworth's sad experience. Adrien visits Monsignore Ianson

perience. Adrien Vision is and goes to confession. Chapter XIII.—Cavalina receives an ovation as Aida. Sae and her friends discover Oegas la. See and her the second of the second of

piriou's hand. He is to receive his answer the following Sunday.
Chapter XV.—Adrien talks with his valet, concerning his the valet's) flancee.
Chapter XVI.—Espiritu is betrothed to Theodore. She tells him the secret of her father's second marriage. She must remain for the present with her father, as his wife is a poor manager. She also takes care of her young step brother Maxime.
Chapter XVII.—Adriano meets Margara Chapter XVII.—Adriano meets Margara

meet Margara Chapter XVIII.—Adrieno meets Margara and discovers her to be none other than Vic-toire Alasworth, which name she bore since ner unfortunate marriage. CHAPTER XIX. Adriano in love with

Lady Answorth. Catalina in love with Adriano. Catalina unable to appear in the III. act of Cordelia. Louise Carson takes her place. Ozglaire challenges Daretti to a duel.

CHAPTER XX Alas! for Love, if thou art all and naught beyond, O Earth! Hemans. The physician pronounced Catalina's illness to be a case of low fever and nervous prostration brought on by overwork and worry. He prescribed six months of absolute rest and freedom from excitement, and, as soon as she was able to bear the fatigue of travelling, complete change of air and scene. The girl was too ill and weak the first few days to think or care how much this entailed, but she gradually roused consciousness of the situation, which was a very serious one. She saw herself ill, penniless, and a failure. Depending upon her fine health and extraordinary capacity for work, she had never foreseen the possibility of sickness and idleness, and had made over every penny she could spare from her earnings to her grandmother and sisters. So far from being able to repay her they were in more crying need than ever of her aid, and she was helpless and absolutely dependent for daily had so disappointed. It was a cruel position, and Catalina's health did over To be sure, her friends had not tend her sister's marriage a few days after Catalina was taken ill, and remained there to be her widowed mother's companion and fill Pepilla's place in the fast-narrowing family circle. Sir Gny, nothing daunted by Catalina's failure and the announcement of her father's clandestine mar riage, had, with a manly simplicity that touched Catalina to the heart's core, laid his love, his title, and his fortune at her feet. With tears in her eyes the girl begged him to forget her; that she was, oh, so sorry, so sorry, but it was impossible, and he must forgive her. impossible, and He had replied that there was nothing

seem to know what to do with the profered hand, shook it awkwardly, and bowed himself off. His awkwardness brought the first smile of her illness to Catalina's lips. I forgot he was an Englishman." she murmured.

to forgive, that she had never encouraged him, and that he ought not to

have given her the pain of refusing him. When he bade her farewell she extend-

ed her hand to him to kiss. He did not

When he bade her

The day before the Daretti's depart ure for London, Espiritu knelt by Catalina's couch and embraced her tenderly. "Dear sister," she said, "you have

done so much for me, and given me so generously of your prosperity, now you must let me share with you in your ad-Dear Catalina, don't worry about the future! I have a little some thing now, and you must not refuse me. You must let me make some return to you for all your generosity.'

And when did you come into a fortune, Espiritu?" asked Catalina, sus-

there are still fairies in the orld!" laughed Espiritu. "Perhaps me good St. Nicholas has given me a

You cannot deceive me, Espiritu! I know that Theodore is at the bottom

of this. There, you are blushing."
"Well, is he not to be your brother, and may not a brother help a dear sis-

Spaniard, with fire.
"Then why should I consent to receive from your lover what you would

not take yourself?"
"Oh, oh," stamme stammered Espiritu; "in-

deed I never thought of it as receiving money! I only thought of the pleasure it would give Theodore to enable me to make you easier and happier!" "Well, you see now, my dear little sister, that it is impossible. I can re-ceive help from dear Madame Dele-

poule, for she loves me like a daughter and has no children of her own, an some day, when I recover my health, and has no children of her may yet make fame and fortune, and she will then feel more than repaid. But in the meanwhile, dear, I shall starve or suffer, and your tender little heart may be at ease. You will need all that the good fairies may bring you for yourself some day.'

Catalina was sitting up in the great easy-chair in Hortense Delepoule's salon the day that Adrien Daretti called to take leave of her. He had not seen her alone since the fateful night of "Cordelia."

He had been strangely grave and pre-He had been strangely grave and pre-occupied since then, and seemed to have something on his mind. He had written the next day to excuse himself from an appointment to visit the salon with Lady Ainsworth and her mother, and had let them leave for London without calling to say farewell. ner to Catalina was full of reverence and tender consideration. "I shall pray that you may find your

she said, gently, happiness in London," she said, gently, and without faltering, as she greeted

m.
"My happiness?" he repeated, inquiringly.
"Ah, Adrien, perhaps I know your

secrets better than you do yourself read your heart in your eyes the day that someone lunched with us, and I hope with all my heart for the happiness of my two dearest friends."
"Don't, Catalina, don't!" he almost

groaned, covering his eyes with his hand. He was overpowered and conwas overpowered and confused with the generosity of the poor suffering girl. Perhaps he had read what she feared to have him see in her what she feared to have him see in more own eyes, perhaps she had said more than she knew that evening that she fainted in his arms. At any rate, he now felt stunned and uncer God help him, he wanted to do what was right! A great wave of pity for her overwhelmed his heart. If only she had not read his secret he might have done so much to make her But now that she knew his happy! love had gone out to another woman, and that woman her dearest friend, he feared that it would be useless to speak to her as he had prepared himself to And yet he should feel like a brute to leave this woman, who loved him, ill and in poverty, while he rode off to seek his own success and happiness

elsewhere. "Dear Victoire has had her share of sorrow and suffering and disappoint-ment," went on Catalina. "Adrien, if you are fortunate enough to win her love, believe me, it will be truly the first love of her heart."

He looked up, his eyes full of tears. For the life of him he could not speak. She smiled tenderly, almost gayly, up into his face and held out her hand to

He was not an Englishman, he knelt on one knee before her and pressed the thin white hand to his lips with infinite reverence. Then he rose and drew a chair near to hers and bent over her. reverence. She felt rather than saw that he was looking down at her with tender, intent gaze. He had forgotten Margara, for-gotten Casimir, most of all forgotten himself in the one feeling that this bread and medical care upon the gener-osity of the teacher whose hopes she friend and sister to him for so long, friend and sister to him for so long, must be comforted, must not be allowed to suffer in her tender woman's heart

"Catalina, you are very dear to me!" failed her. Victoire Ainsworth had been most tender, most generous, but Victoire had to leave for London to attitue, but remember, dear, that I have only met Lady Ainsworth twice, and only met Lady Alasworth twies, and that so sudden an admiration cannot be very deep-rooted. If you will consent to be my wife you need have no fear of my affection and fidelity. The tenderness I have always felt for you, and feel now more strongly than ever, will in marriage deepen into the one true of my whole life, and I shall find my sole happiness in you, as I so fervently hope you may find yours in me. Cata-lina, dearest, do not cry so! This is no sudden impulse, no new thought. has been in my heart for years. Did they never tell you, Catalina, how I asked six years ago for leave to try and

> "My father told me of it for the first time the other day," she replied in a stilled voice; "but it was the very day that I first saw you with Victoire, and I felt that you had new thoughts in your

An intense sympathy for the weeping girl overwhelmed him. He knelt by her side and spoke soothingly, earnestly, his kind eyes full of tears.

"Catalina, I never had your answer They d d not let me speak to you, they refused me without consulting you.

My life might have been so different if I could have persuaded you then as I hope to persuade you now. Let it be between us as it might have been then! Give me my answer now, dearest! Catalina, have you heard me? Are you still crying?'

Slowly, very slowly she raised her hed the tumbled hair from her head. brus brow, and looked at him with sad, heavy At last she drew back and shook her head sorrowfully. She was very calm now and not afraid to look him full

in the face.
"Dear Adrien," she said, smiling bravely. "I, too, can learn to conquer my heart and find peace in making another happy. I, too, can renounce!"
He looked at her a little blankly. He

was not sure what she meant to imply.
"What do you mean, Catalina?" he
stammered. "What have I said? Are stammered.

you sending me away?"
"I am giving you the answer to the

"No, indeed!" cried the proud little then was for the best, and is so still. There is another to whom I could bring more happiness than I can to you. There is another who will bring you more happiness than I ever could Speak the truth to me, Adrien. Tel Tell me you would be glad to be true to her. Honor me by showing you think I have courage to bear it!"

"I should like to be loyal to my friendship for Guy and Casimir," he re-plied, simply. "I wish that you could plied, simply. "I wish that you could find happiness in the devotion of one or the other of those noble fellows who love you so disinterestedly. If I felt that, then I might indeed be glad that I was free to try and win Lady Ains worth. But I cannot fell so now. not worthy of you, Catalina, but I still think that we could find much happiness in each other!" The tears rushed blindingly to Cata-

lina's eyes, and she turned away. His very willingness only seemed to remove him further from her, his perfect renunciation stirred all the spirit of sacrifice within her. His future lay in her hands. She loved him too truly to accept from him the oblation he offered; and yet the man had never seemed mor manly, more lovable, more desirable than as he stood before her at that mo ment. But might not that other wom find him lovable also? Victoire had such high ideals, she cared so much for faith and chivalry and virtue; an where, outside of the cloister, where among men of the world, would she find the cloister, where chivalry and virtue greater than his? At last she broke out vehemently:

"Go to her, Adrien-go to her, God's blessing go with you! I could never be happy as your wife. I should feel that I was in another woman's place, and that woman my dearest friend, and one who has suffered more Such a feeling would be misery to me. Believe me, this is best. Go, Adrien, kindest, noblest, dearest friend and brother! Pray for me, that I may have the blessing of bringing happine to some one else who is dear to you, and do not give another thought to what has passed between us. "It was best for us to talk it over.

he said, not knowing what else to say. You will take up new interests now happy yourself in making an-appy. But do not ever forget other happy. But do not ever forget the deep affection and respect that I bear you."
"No, I shall never forget it," she

said, smiling gravely. Then as he kissed her hand and turned to leave the room she stepped after him.
"Adrien!" she hesitated she hesitated; "if vou-

if you should happen to meet Monsieur Choulex, tell him that I think it would rest me and cheer me to hear a little of his music !"

## CHAPTER XXI.

We were created to love only the Infinite, and this is why, when we love, that which we love seems so perfect to our heart."--Lacordaire.

The operatic season at Covent Garden, which was not fast drawing to a close, had been in many respects a singularly brilliant one. Madame Ewald and the Collas brothers, Miss Lynde and Bruno Speidel, were all favorites of many seasons, and there were newer friends in Oscar Lennartsen, in the beautiful Hildegarde Strong, and the great Russian basso, Kern. But the greatest interest of the season had centred in the English debut of the king of barytones, Adriano Daretti, and of his young brother who was fast leaping into the highest rank of fame. Zoe Lenormand and Louise Carson, of the Paris Opera, also made their first with great success, and lesser lights both there were numerous new and old. There had talk occasioned by the non-appearance of the Sencrita Disdier, who had made such a fine impression two seasons previously, but she seemed to have failed of a re-engagement, and after a little

As Adriano had foreseen, Teodoro came to the English people as a revelation. He was the emotion of the season. Adriano had carefully selected the roles in which he was to appear-Walther von Stolzing and the young Siefried of Wagner, Gounod's Romeo, and Massenet's Cid. These were parts, unlike as they were, to which Teodoro was born "by the grace of God." Etinne Collas retained his old favorites on which he seemed to hold some sort of -Faust, Lohengrin, Don Jose, a patentand Raoul de Nangis-while the heroid Lennartsen stood incomparable in Radames, Vasco de Gama, Othello, Tannhauser, and Tristan. It was a season

long to be remembered.

The only opera in which the brothers appeared together was "The Master Singers," and it was always a gala night when that was given. Adriano revelled in the humorous, large-hearted Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, and Teodoro was a vision of glorious young knighthood and ardor as Walther von Stolzing, singing the Prize song like

the very child of inspiration.

The little circle in Paris watched eagerly for news. Adriano wrote from time to time, chiefly to Madame Delepoule and Choulex, though there was an occasional letter to Espiritu when The deep had some particularly Teodoro had had some particularly brilliant success. The letters were brilliant success. The letters were full of brotherly pride and rejoicing over his "baby-boy," while Teodoro's letters, at least such parts of them as Espiritu cared to read aloud, were crammed to over-flowing with rapture over Adriano. "You never saw any-thing so magnificent as he is this season. He is singing in a lot of operas you never hear in Paris. The house is simply spellbound before his Flying Dutchman and Hans Heiling, and every girl in London has lost her heart to him in 'The Trumpeter of Sekkingen.' Our Austrian blood comes in well in these operas. He and Lennartsen and Madame Ewald, the most noble, the most elevating trio of singers that the world ever saw, have lately been appearing with enormous success in Gold mark's 'Queen of Sheba,' Verdi' 'Otello,' Meyerbeer's 'L'Africaine Verdi's and 'Dinorah,' Wagner's 'Tannhauser' and 'Valkyrie,' and, for a contrast, 'Figaro' and 'Don Pasquale!' You cannot appreciate, without seeing them, the dignity and splendor they "Listen, Espiritu! would you ever consent to receive a penny from your lover, no matter how much you were in need, until he was your husband, and you had a right to all that was his?"

Tam giving you the answer to the question you wanted to ask me six trast, 'Figaro' and 'Don Pasquale!' You cannot appreciate, without seeing them, the dignity and splendor they and to everything they undertake, and to ra contract the from Catalina, she had heard his praises sung as a man of faith and principles. "What do I know of his repentance?" the food that she trast, 'Figaro' and 'Don Pasquale!' You cannot appreciate, without seeing them, the dignity and splendor they delicacy of conduct besides that she to me that such things should be re-

even in comedy they act with a light touch and irresistible entrain that place them far ahead of those that make comedy their specialty. I never had so much fun in my life as over 'Don Pasquale.' Every one in the audience Fasquate.' Every one in the audience felt so at home and so jolly! But just imagine this trio in such operas as 'L'Africaine,' and 'Otello,' and the 'Valkyrie!' Adriano is perfectly grand as Wotan. With the exception Lear's lament over Cordelia, I never heard anything so glandly pathetic as his farewell to Brunnhilde. I am

Adriano, for every one is raving over the charm of his delightful Hans Sachs.' Teodoro's letters were always sure to wind up the operatic bulletin with regrets that Catalina was not there to share the laurels. "I believe Adriano actually hates Miss Carson, and if it were not for his friendship for Federici would not give 'Cordelia' at all. He usually sings in roles with Marie Ewald, who is his ideal of an operatic actuer, but if ever he has to sing actress; but if ever he has to sing with any of the other soprani, he always comes home with the sigh, 'She was very good, but she was not Catalina!' 'Such passages as these in the letters drove Madame Delepoule to Catalina!

heart-broken that I have to act in The Master Singers, and cannot see

"Just wait, my fine ladies!" she would say. "When Catalina is well again, you will have to hide your diminished heads!"

nished heads!"
But Catalina was very slow in getting strong. It would probably be a year, the doctor said, before she was able to resume her professional work. As soon she could be moved. Madame Dele poule took her to the Isle of Wight for a quiet, restful summer, away from all that might remind her of home worries or professional disappointments. There hey led a rural, out-of-door life, absolutely bereft of music, except on the occasions when Choulex stopped to see don and Paris.

His coming and going make little difference with Catalina at first. felt that she had committed herself in encouraging his attentions in so explicit a manner, but she dreaded his pressing his suit, and was a little indifferent and reserved in her manner towards him. A girl who had just parted from the man she loved could hardly be expected to throw herself at once into the arms of another man, no matter how devoted and worthy! She must have time to forget the old, and time to cultivate new feelings! Perhaps he understood this. At any rate, although a frequent and regular visitor, there was absolutely nothing in Casimir's manner to suggest the lover. He was kind and friendly, very much absorbed in music and in his opera of "Sintram," enthusiastic over Adrito play to the ladies by the hour, or wait upon them in their walks and ano's work on the libretto, and ready wait upon them in their walks and drives, but that was all. There was no sign whatever of any recognition on his part of the encouragement Catalina had extended to him or of any desire to avail himself of it. She began to feel piqued. Was it possible that she had peen mistaken in supposing him to be

in love with her all these years? Teodoro made little mention in his letters of the social attentions with which they were overwhelmed. It was impossible to accept them all, and neither brother cared to do so, for each was preoccupied with affairs of his own which rendered him somewhat oblivious of the interests of the world at large. Since the occasion of the entertainments given in honor of Pepilla's marriage to Gentile d'Usseglio, gone very little into general society. Lady Ainsworth had laid aside her Lady Ainsworth had laid aside her mourning at the welding, and the beautiful Marchioness of Palafox had pple soon ceased to inquire for put off her heaviest weeds, and both stainless, upright man my dear father erings. The public quickly became erings. The public quickly became ware that it was precisely at these aware that it was precisely at these aware that it was precisely at these laws Darsetti You know that I could not endure to accompany that I would not endure to accompany that I would not endure to accompany the process of the public quickly became with the past, that I would not endure the process of the public quickly became with the past, that I would not endure the process of the public quickly became with the past, that I would not endure the process of the public quickly became with the past, that I would not endure the public quickly became with the past, that I would not endure the public quickly became with the past, that I would not endure the past, that I would not endure the public quickly became with the past, that I would not endure the public quickly became with the past, the public quickly became with the past, the public quickly became with the past, the public quickly became with the past precisely at these with the past precisely at the public quickly became with the past precisely at the past precise precise processes and the past precise precise precise processes at the past precise pre were occasionally seen at s gatherings that the handsome Daretti

most frequently to be seen. As his attentions became more marked the young widow grew disturbed and preoccupied. It was not that she felt his profession to be a barrier. Although carefully sheltered in the atmosphere of modesty and retirement surrounding the young women of French and Spanish households, Lady Ainsworth's education had been a strong one. She had worked in her girlhood on the benches of the College of France and in the studies of Paris side by side and in competition with those who were to gain their liveli-hood in these studies, and later she had turned from the riches and ease which widowhood had brought her, to find her consolation in serious, devoted work. Victoire, therefore, was not the woman to look upon any man's honorable pro-fession in the light of a disadvantage, and, in the case of the Chevalier Dar-etti, the profession was one with which her artistic spirit was in deepest sympathy. The manly singer, with his glorious voice, and refined, poetic tastes, was a most congenial companion, and he in his turn was ever more and more attracted to the remarkably gifted young Spanish lady—a painter of much power and originality, a fine organist, a skilful and brilliant pianist, and pos sessed of a singularly deep and beautiful though not very powerful voice, which she used with great effect in a man-ner of singing that was less like singing than like an exquisite piece of elo-It never failed of making a deeply dramatic and sympathetic im ion, and the artist soul of Daretti had fallen captive to its spell. How perfectly these two gifted natures formed for each other! And yet Lady Ainsworth was troubled.

The momentary prejudice, from the first glimpse of Daretti after many years' absence, had disappeared upon a nearer view. Gazing into his face that evening at the Usseglio re-ception she had been inspired with a feeling of confidence in his uprightness and sincerity. Surely there were no lines of coarseness or dissipation in that refined and noble countenance! From Guy, from Madame Delepoule, from Catalina, she had heard his praises

knew of towards the little Voquelin. It seemed as if she had at last met her ideal. Perhaps she would have had no certain anonymous communications she began to receive about this time. The first came in the form of a marked

copy of a Paris newspaper. The article to which her attention was thus called contained thinly veiled aspersions on the moral character of a certain singer much in vogue in Paris salons. No names were mentioned, the language was carefully guarded, but to any one familar with Paris society it was easy to recognize the singer as the Chevalier Daretti. Lady Ainsworth flung the paper from her in indignation. The implied accusations might be true, or might not be true, but she was of too loyal a nature not to defend a friend from a thrust in the dark. Other journals received apparently from the same source were consigned to the flames propened. Shortly afterwards came a letter, the first words of which roused her suspicions. She glanced at the signature, saw that it was a feigned one, and, loyalty overcoming a natural feminine curiosity, the letter followed the journals to the flames unread. But the poison of distrust had entered

her soul. Blind faith was no doubt a beautiful thing in friendship, but for marriage one wanted something more substantial than faith, and Victoire Ainsworth knew that it was no longer question of friendship but one marriage that she would be called upon to settle. It was knowledge and not faith that she needed in this most important of all decisions, and what knowledge had she of this man's true char If her first experience had acter? taught her anything it was nature like thers, reverence was the necessary foundation for love. Without everence love would turn to loathing. She recalled those terrible hours of her first marriage when she had prayed to die rather than live to be the wife of man whom she could not respect. But now was it with her now? fallen in love with the outward show of a fascinating personality, a physique, a glorious talent, a cultivated intelligence, a gentlemanly bearing: but what did she know of the inward man, of his principles, his convictions, his moral calibre? How blank his past was life to her, how unintelligible his pre sent! In his early, simple young manhood her father had loved and admired Daretti, but since then he had become the petted hero of the musical world, the courted and feted darling of the effeminate and dissolute society of fashionable London and Paris. How could she, a lonely, retiring, unworldly woman, be any judge of the character of such man, or of his fitness to meet her high

ideals of married life? It can hardly be said that Victoire was incredulous when her mother came to tell her that the Chevalier Daretti had made a formal offer for She had felt instinctively that this was inevitable, yet she turned pale and trembled and seemed deeply disturbed. It is so hard to know what to do! she sighed.

"It ought not to be so very hard," said the mother. "You have only to question your own heart. I have spoken Guy about it and he is delighted. He admires Daretti beyond expression and says he is calculated in every way to make his wife a happy woman. Do you not love him a little, my dear you who are so wrapped up in music and "How do I know?" she said, in deep

agitation. Then she came and knelt by her mother and hid her face in her shoulders. "Mother, dearest mother, do not want to marry at all unless my life could be blessed as yours was. I should want my husband to be the suffered in the past, that I would not cept what some women will, that I could not love if there was any nemory that destroyed the reverence l should wish to feel for the man who was to be all things to me. Oh, mamma, long to have blind faith in him, and yet my heart is full of mistrust and fear! know how sympathetic he is to me. know his genius and his manly beauty.
I know his tenderness for his brother and the loyal affection that his men friends bear him. I know all that, and he has fascinated my imagination from childhood. Oh, mother, I could worship him if I only knew that he is, besides, all that I desire!'

"Victorias, darling," said the marchioness, stroking the bowed head tenderly. "I believe, and Guy betenderly. "I believe, and Guy lieves, that you will always find him a true, Christian gentleman, and that your future will be safe and happy in his hands. Is not that enough, dear-Lady Ainsworth glanced up suspic-

"Mamma, there is something iously. in the past, then, and you know it and 'Victorias, I do not say there is any

thing, but if there were, would you not rather hear it from his own lips?" "Mother!" she cried, sharply. "It is so, then, is it, even as I feared? ought to know, it is my right to know Do not try to keep it from me! Do you not see that I must know before I

can decide?' "My poor little child, do not take it so to heart! What is past is past, and you can have perfect faith in the present and for the future. Some of the greatest saints, dearest, have been penitents. It is true that for four years—Victorias? Do not look like that!

The white, stern look on her daughter's face appalled the marchioness. She held out her arms to her, but the young woman drew herself away.
"My darling child!" cried the

mother, appealingly.
"What our Lord has cleansed we have no right to consider unclean. If this man has been dear to you, surely you will feel some joy over his conversion, some sympathy for his repent

pented of in sackcloth and ashes, and somehow," with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders and a forced laugh, "I fail to associate the Chevalier Day comely, genial personality with any idea of sackeloth and ashes."

"But, dearest—"began the mother,

but Lady Ainsworth interrupted her. "I must have a few minutes by myself, mother," she tried to say calmly, though her voice was very hoarse, "There is nothing you could say just now that would do me any good. be by myself." And very sorrowfully

the marchioness withdrew Lady Ainsworth stood in the middle of the room as her mother had left her, and gazed straight before her with great, sad eyes. So it was over! the doubts and the hopes, the joys and the fears that had kept her heart est torment for the last two months were ended now. She had wished to know, and now she knew! In her eyes the stain once there was there forever. No doubt, in the mercy of God, such ever forget? She grew cold and still her head reeled, her heart almost ceased to beat. "I could never forget," she said. "He is dead to me forever, and

oh, my heart dies with him!"

She felt truly sorry for herself, for the heart-broken woman that sto there with the tears raining down her Blind faith was no doubt a cheeks and her arms out-stretched 'Poor Margara!' she said to her.
'Poor Margara! He never existed, this perfect hero of your fancy. He is not gone, for he never was there; you only saw him in your imagination. good-bye' to him, Margara! Say goodbye, dear love! Good-bye sweet hero! Good-bye, dearest friend and companmy holiest dreams! Good-bye. oh, darling! oh, husband! covered her face with her hands, and, tottering forward with a low cry, flung herself on the lounge in an agony of

Had Never Seen "a Real Live Monk."

In the secular monthly magazine known as the "Outlook," there appeared last April an article written by the well-known New York philanthropist and author, Mr. Jacob A. Riis. It was entitled "The Making of an American, and recounts his struggles with poverty after landing as an emigrant upon the shores of America. In his narrative he pays the following tribute to a Cathol institution: "After being repulsed from many a door in my search for food and work, I wandered on with my gripsack, straight ahead into the country, until toward noon I reached Fordha College, famished and footsore. I had eaten nothing since the previous day.
The gates to the college grounds were open, and I strolled wearily in without aim or purpose. An old Father whose oble face I sometimes recall in my dreams, came over and asked kindly if I was hungry. I was, in all conscience, angry, and I said so, alfearfully hungry, and I same so, though I did not mean to. I had never seen a real live monk before, and my training did not exactly inseen a real live monk before, and m Lutheran training did not exactly in cline me in their favor. food set before me, not without qualms of conscience and with a secret suspicion that I would next be asked jure my faith or at least to do homage to the Virgin Mary, which I firmly resolved not to do. Rut when the meal finished, I was sent on my way with enough to do me for supper, v least suggestion that I should perform such an act, I felt heartily ashamed of myself. I am just as good a Protestant as I ever was, but I have no quarrel with the excellent charities of Church, or with their I learned that spirit and management. lesson at Fordham, thirty years ago

## BABIES WITH WORMS.

A Grateful Mother Tells How Her Little Boy Was Cured. Mrs. A. Sauve, Rowanton, Que., is another happy mother who thanks Baby's Own Tablets for the health of her boy. The little fellow became the prey of worms—that curse of childhood. His rosy cheeks lost their color; his little legs and arms became skinny; his eyes lost their sparkle and he became sickly and peevish. His sleep was restless and feverish, and his food seemed to do him no good. His anxious mother almost despaired of seeing him health again to good health. However, back again to good health. However, she heard of Baby's Own Tablets, and gave them to her child, and now she says :—" The Tablets made a wonderful change in my little boy. All signs of worms have disappeared, and he is now in the best of health. I can honestly say that Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a cure for worms."

Baby's Own Tablets are a certain cure for all the minor ailments of little ones, such as constipation, colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhœa, simple fever and the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Guaranteed contain none of the poisonous opiates found in the so-called "soothing" medicines. They are for children of all ages, and dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to a new-born babe. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

They Take Weeks. Ordinary remedies sometimes take weeks to even relieve cases that Catarrhozone cures at

oven relieve cases that Catarrinzone currons.

INHALE CATARRHOZONE five minutes now and axin and it cures a cold.

INHALE CATARRHOZONE five minutes four times a day and it cures stubborn crughs.

INHALE CATARRHOZONE five minutes every hour and we guarantee it will cure any case of Cutarrh. Ronchitis, Asthma, Lung o' Throat Prouble, Deafness. It is very pleasant and convenient to use, quick to relieve and certain as the hereafter to cure. Large size, complete, price \$1.00; small size, 250. Druggists, or Polson Co., Kingston, Out.

When all other corn preparations fail try

Polson Co., Kingston, Ont.

When all other corn preparations fail try
Holloway's Corn Cure. No pain whatever,
and no inconvenience in using it.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves'
Worm Exterminator for destroying worms,
No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

PAIN IS A PUNISHMENT.—Pain is a protest of nature against neglect of the bodily health against carclessness regarding the physical condition. It steals in at the first opportunity and takes up its abode in a man and it is sometimes difficult to eject it. Dr. Thomas Edectric Oil will drive it out in short order. Pain cannot stay where it is used, but immediately flore a way.

The thirty-second annual condition of the Assumption College, Sandwick Friday morning, June 20. presided. Bishop Foley of Increase. Friday morning, Foley of Derosiade. Bishop presided. Bishop of priests, The Sautatory address was delix Lowry and the X-sadedictory by The graduates were Messers. Da Hubert Kienner, John Koelzer Hugh Rysn. Chas. Booth and G The address to the graduates were described by the Graduate of the Albert McKenn, S. T. L. After congratulation, the young successfully leminated a loous course of swing the properties of the graduate was the practical advice to guide future career receiping a Catholic they should strive to tuit it to ammat to be practical Usaholics ful citizens. Bishop McElvay Foley also said a few, words of cothe graduates.

JULY 5, 1902.

CLOSING EXERCI ASSUMPTION COLLEGE WICH.

PRIZE LIST. Special Prizes.

Special Prizes.

Good Conduct — Senior Div
Ford Honors, Huga Ryan, J
John O'Brien. Honors, Arthur
Christan Doctrine—Bishop M
ship—Den S O'Connor. Honors,
James Hogan: 2, Edward Mc
coran Schoir-ship—T Kelly an
seque. Honors, I, F Mantol; 2,
Oratory—Casgrain Scholarsh
Gallena; 2, Geo. Roach and J
a quo. McMaus Scholyrsh
Brighton; 2, Thomas Connel.

11 crary Societies—S. Basi
tw pis) Prize. Edward McCor
Hugh Ryan. S. Donvstus
Honors, I, Brighton, G Witze
Elocution—Beaudoin Prize, T
ors, H Ryan.

Hugh Ryan. Brighton, G Witze Elecution—Beaudoin Prize, Tors, H Ryan.
Natural Philosophy—Connou Lowry. Honors, L Chartton.
Mental Philosophy—Connou Mental Philosophy—Tierna Ryan. Honors, L P Lowry.
Special Prize, (For last year legif of a friend), L I Lowry.
Chemisty—Prize, Hugh R. Hogan, E McCornuic, Hugh R. Christan doctrine and Churcurse;—Prize—H Ryan. Homan. Honors, J Biair, vacademic: Prize, F Minich.
Inell. Second and first common. Roach. Honors, W Mess.
Catechism—Grade A: Prize Honors, A Carmody. Grade E Honors, Jos Marphy.
Instrumental music—Piano.
Lois Prize—Ed ward Paguad. Instrumental music—Piano: lois Prize)—Edward Pacaud mund Burns. Violin: Prize Vocal music: Prize, Earl Ca Prize. H Robert. Honors, C Class Priz

Art Course—Second Year (lence (Meunier Prize) I, Ezensis Needham, Honors, We H Robert, Lavin and Greek Honors, Danis Needham, Littposition: Ed McCormick, Honors, Danis Needham, Littposition: Ed McCormick, Honors, Danis Needham, Littposition: Ed McCormick, Honors, Ed McCormick, Honors, Edward, Griffin ature and Composition: D General Honors, E Pacaud, L Charlton, E Phistory and Geographs: D Gwkelly, A Goodwin, E Paa Academic Course—Third (Sharpe prize)—1. G Wittemann, Hogrisson, Literature and em Honors, G Wittemann, Hogrisson, Literature, Eduration, Honor, Laving, Lavin

Preparatory
Grade A-Secord year:
Prize, 1, A Carmody; 2, F
J Ouellette, J Ash. dr
Honors, A Carmody, E SI
Brown. Honors, A Ma
Composition: A Ma
Grade Honors, A Ma
Honors, C L
Honors, D L
Honors, D L
Honors, D B
Honors, D B
Honors, D B
Honors, A D
Special Grade (Minim

O Special Grade (Minim

O Special Grade (Minim Honors, Jos Murphy, play Honors, A be Tiber Tamble, Honors, A be Tiber Tamble, Honors, A be Tiber Tamble, Honors, Honors, John Tiber Tiber

Preparatory

ST. JEROME'S C

The tri-annual alun College, Berlin, Ont., auditorium on June sembled a great many all parts of Canada The gathering was o considered from a so of view, in the historious committe-es appoonjoyable, left nothin ception of welcome in the sudents and these tuous oanque, was particularly and the sudents and these tuous oanque, was particularly and the sudents and these tuous oanque, was particularly and the sudents proved apparatuses sics, astronomy. ch scientific courses, the present meeting sum will be increas eral donations pron lege. Dr. Bowlby, and ex-mayor of Be