



WEARINESS in women that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

DR. R. Y. PIERCE, Str.—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now.

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The Viatium. O soul! while in thy rebel body pent Thou still art mastered by thy jailer strong.

But when he fails, the author of thy wrong, Thou dost in turn control thy tenement.

And since thy glad release will soon be sent, Though thou hast suffered harsh oppression long.

And pangs and passions still around thee throng, Now thou art conscious only of content.

Now, when Death's shadow o'er thy face is spread, Thou dost not fear, for thou hast grown in might.

Earth's food avails not, thou wouldstst faint be fed, With food celestial. Lo! his eyes grew bright.

When he had eaten of the Living Bread, In whose blest strength he journeyed forth to Light.

—(NEW YORK SUN.)

ARMINE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a part of Armine's daily order of existence, when not otherwise occupied, to take a walk with Madelon.

Besides the chief end of exercise, there were many objective points for these walks—the markets and shops where necessary business was to be transacted.

the churches where of late the girl had liked more and more to go—but among them all there was no more favorite point than the tall house on the Quai Voltaire.

Thither she always turned her face with a sense of pleasure; and Madelon never objected to that destination, for it chanced that the wife of the concierge was an old friend with whom she liked to enjoy a comfortable gossip while Armine mounted to the apartment of her friends.

One morning, therefore, as was often the case, they were to be seen leaving the Rue de Rivoli, with its tide of eager life, passing under the massive archway which leads into the Place du Carrousel, crossing that magnificent court which was surrounded and overlooked by the united palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries until the hand of barbarism fell upon the latter and the destruction which the Commune began the Republic fitly finished, emerging on the beautiful Quai du Louvre, and entering the familiar house on the left bank of the river.

There, leaving Madelon in the cabinet of the concierge, Armine passed upward and met Mlle. d'Antignac just issuing from her apartment.

"My dear Armine," she exclaimed, "I am glad that you were not two minutes later! You would have found me absent; and the doctor is with him, so you could not have seen him. But now I shall take you in"—she opened the door from which she had emerged—"and settle you comfortably in the salon."

"But you are going out," said Armine. "You must not let me keep you."

"I shall not let you keep me," said the other, with her frank smile. "But I shall keep you until I return. You will not mind? I shall not be long—I am only going on a little matter of business—and there is a great deal that I want to say to you, so I should like for you to wait, if you can."

"I can wait, if you will not be too long," Armine answered. "And perhaps when the doctor goes I may see M. d'Antignac for a few minutes?"

"Perhaps, said Helene doubtfully. "He is suffering very much this morning; but after the doctor goes you can send Cesco to inquire. If he can see any one he will see you."

She unclosed the salon door as she spoke, and ushered Armine into that pleasant room, full of the fragrance of flowers, and with windows open to the brightness of the soft spring day. A table in the middle of the floor was covered with French and English publications, and toward this Mlle. d'Antignac wheeled a deep chair.

"Sit down here," she said, "and amuse yourself for half an hour. I am sure you will not find it difficult to do so."

"I could not find it difficult for much longer than half an hour," Armine replied. "The danger is that I might forget the lapse of time entirely."

"Oh! I shall be back before long," Mlle. d'Antignac answered, "so you need have no fear of that. Make yourself easy in mind and body, and send Cesco to inquire if Raoul can see you, when the doctor leaves."

"No," she answered. "I was wondering which is best—in its results on the world, I mean—the spirit of patriotism which you express, or the spirit which ignores geographical boundaries and race distinctions to embrace all mankind as brothers."

This unexpected reply made the vicomte remember that D'Antignac had said of his surprise when he found this girl pondering upon the deep problems of life. She was so young in appearance, and there was so much childlike simplicity in her manner, that he was the more surprised, though there was certainly nothing childlike in the regard of those grave, beautiful eyes.

"That is a question," he said, "upon which the world is very much divided—though modern opinion leans more to solidarity than to national feeling—but I believe that patriotism is an essential principle in the social order. All mankind are indeed brothers; but there are few who will deny that those of our own household have the first claim upon us."

"There are many who deny even that," she said.

"There are unfortunately many who deny everything which human experience proves," he answered. "But," he added, with a remembrance of her father and a desire to avoid wounding her, "no error can maintain any lasting influence unless it holds some fragment of truth; and the solidarity of mankind, which Socialism teaches, is but an echo of the fraternity of the Christian and the Catholicity of the Church."

She was silent for a moment, looking down and turning over absently the leaves of the review; then, glancing up, she said: "So you think there is some good in such teaching?"

"Nay," he said, "you must not misunderstand me. A teaching may be none the less evil in its effects for containing a fragment of truth. To attempt to work out by natural means an ideal which requires a supernatural basis is not only an attempt foredoomed to failure, but also certain to produce unlivable conditions. It is to me," he went on after an instant's pause, "one of the saddest features of our time that so many spirits, full of self-denying ardor and noble zeal for what they believe to be a great end, should waste time, life, energy in pursuit of these vain ideals of human progress, which ultimately can only retard that progress, instead of helping it."

Her eyes were now full of quick moisture and grateful light.

"You are right," she said in a low tone; "it is sad, but I can answer for some of them that they are blind to any other light than that which they follow, and that they are indeed full of self-denying ardor."

As she spoke a slight stir was audible in the antechamber—evidently the doctor going out—and a moment later Cesco opened the door communicating between the salon and his master's room.

"M. d'Antignac will see you now, M. le Vicomte," he said, after a slight pause expressive of atonement at the *tele-a-tele* which he found in progress.

M. de Marigny turned to Armine with an air of deference.

"You will come also, mademoiselle, will you not?" he said.

"For a moment only," she answered. And so, to D'Antignac's surprise, it was Armine who entered, followed by the vicomte.

"You did not expect to see me," she said with a smile, advancing to the side of his couch. But Mlle. d'Antignac whom I met as she was going out, told me that I might beg to see you for a minute after the doctor left. So here I am—just for a minute—to bid you good day and ask how you are."

"Not very well," he said—and, indeed, the wan languor of his appearance answered for him—"but able to see my friends for more than 'just a minute.' Ah! Gaston, how goes it with you?"

He held out one hand to the vicomte, while still detaining Armine with the other; and when she made a motion to draw back he said:

"No, I cannot let you run away at once. It has been too long since I have seen you. Sit down for a short while, at least, and tell me something of yourself."

Armine shook her head. "I should be wasting M. de Marigny's time as well as your strength," she said; "and, indeed, I have not anything to tell of myself. Nothing ever happens to me."

"You can tell me, then, if you have seen again the inquirer after knowledge whom you sent to me, and if any change has come over the spirit of his views."

unconsciousness of the look struck him exceedingly. He recognized the beauty of the clear, golden eyes, but, moreover, he recognized that, gaze as far down in their depths as he would, there was not the faintest trace of coquetry to be perceived. And a Frenchman so naturally expects this trace that its absence always surprises him.

"What is it, mademoiselle?" he asked, answering the look with a smile. "Are you wondering over the fact that even a Frenchman could place France before Italy?"

"No," she answered. "I was wondering which is best—in its results on the world, I mean—the spirit of patriotism which you express, or the spirit which ignores geographical boundaries and race distinctions to embrace all mankind as brothers."

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"You can tell me, then, if you have seen again the inquirer after knowledge whom you sent to me, and if any change has come over the spirit of his views."

"I fear, then, that France must occupy only a secondary place in your regard," said M. de Marigny; "for I have myself lived in Italy long enough to appreciate the spell which it exercises, even when one has a country that one places before all others."

"Yes, I like Italy best," she said. Then she paused and looked at him with the shadow of a thought in her eyes, which she seemed in doubt whether or not to utter. The absolute

some effect on him, since I met him in Notre Dame last Sunday afternoon."

"He went by my recommendation, but I think from intellectual curiosity," said D'Antignac; "and in the pleasure which he expressed afterwards I heard no echo of anything save intellectual gratification."

"Intellectual gratification may lead to mental conviction," said M. de Marigny. "It is quite true that faith is not of the intellect, but the steps toward it must be mental processes."

"Credo, quia impossibile est," said D'Antignac.

"Yes, I have always thought that the sublimest expression of faith," said the other. "But a mind must first be led to believe in the possible before it can bow down before that which is impossible—save to God."

"Egerton is very reasonable," said D'Antignac. "He is quite willing to acknowledge the possible, but I fear that he will halt long before the impossible. The most careless Catholic has this great advantage over those whose lot has been cast outside the Church: he is able to realize the supernatural, which modern thought grows more and more arrogant in denying."

"And by the aid of that knowledge," said the vicomte, "he is able to understand many things which are a mystery and a stumbling-block to the modern philosopher. You see, mademoiselle," he turned to Armine, "I have reached again the point where our conversation ended."

"And it must be the end for me a second time," she answered with a smile. "Yes, I must indeed go," she said in reply to a look from D'Antignac. "But I am sorry—oh! more than sorry—to leave you suffering so much."

"Do not be sorry," he said quietly. "Celle vie crucifiee est la vie bien-heureuse." It was one who suffered as much as I who said that.

"I know well that there are many more unhappy lives than yours," she replied. "Yet one cannot help wishing that you might suffer less."

"Then I might merit less," he said. "Only pray for me that I may be patient."

She murmured a few words in reply, then turned toward the door, which M. de Marigny moved forward to open. It seemed to Armine that he could have done so no more courteously if she had been the daughter of a duke. She thanked him with a glance from her soft eyes as she passed out, returning his salutation with a low "Bon jour M. le Vicomte."

He closed the door after her and went back to the couch of his friend with rather an abstracted look on his face. It was not a handsome face, but one that had the power to attract attention by its distinction and to hold it by its charm. This charm dwelt chiefly in the dark, deeply-set eyes and in the smile (when it came) of the usually grave lips. It was a thoughtful countenance, with many traces of that ardent and earnest soul which the Breton possesses, and which enables him to preserve a noble type of manhood among the rapidly-degenerating French people.

After a moment D'Antignac spoke: "Eh bien, Gaston," he said. "Of what are you thinking?"

"I was thinking," replied the other, with a slight smile, "that I begin to understand the personal magnetism which Duchesne is said to possess. And I was also thinking that it is a singular chance which has brought me in contact with his daughter this morning, for I came to tell you that I have decided to stand for Lafour's seat, and I understand that Duchesne is to be sent down to rouse opposition and elect a Republican, if possible."

"But it will hardly be possible?"

"There is no telling. Socialism is a very attractive doctrine, as well as the logical outcome of republicanism, and this man has great powers. Besides, he has reasons for special animosity, and therefore special exertions, against me."

"Against you?" said the other with surprise.

"Well, not against me personally, perhaps, but certainly against me as the representative of my family. De Marigny is likely to be an odious name to him, because it is a name which he cannot bear."

"Ah!" said D'Antignac. "How often it is the case that the most passionate advocates of social revolt are those who are under that particular social ban! This fact explains many things about him—the refinement, the mystery, the reputation of gentle or noble blood." He paused a moment, then added: "It is not strange that you have regarded Armine with peculiar interest."

"I think I should have felt that in any case," replied the vicomte. "I never saw a more exquisite face. And either there is something very pathetic in it or my knowledge of her life and its surroundings has made me fancy the expression."

"It exists," said D'Antignac. "No exercise of fancy is needed to imagine it. Poor Armine! she has known none of the sunshine of youth. Her father, I judge, is kind to her, but absolutely absorbed in his work. She has never had any social life; and two things have been always before her—one the weight of hopeless misery which oppresses the vast mass of mankind, the other the spectre of revolution. It is quite possible that she might have become a prophetess of the latter herself but for the light of faith."

"And for the hand which guided her toward that light," said the vicomte.

D'Antignac shook his head. "It is not well to think too much of that," he said.

said. "But tell me your plans for the campaign which is before you."

"I came to talk them over with you," said the other, "since I must leave Paris to-night. But I see that you are suffering very much, and I think it would be better not to trouble you."

"Do you know so little of me as to believe that you could trouble me?" D'Antignac asked. "Ah! no. Goon, tell me everything! One can only rise above pain by abstracting the thoughts from it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

GREAT AND LITTLE IDEAS.

The New York Herald has fallen into the bad habit of preaching an editorial lay sermon once a week. If we remember rightly it was Huxley started the idea. The writer of the Herald's preachments is an expert in the science of the vague, and his whole aim seems to be to see how much he can talk and how little he can say, and at the same time to envelop what he says in a philosophical fog so dense as to leave the reader under the impression that there is a good deal in it if he could only understand it. For instance, take this:

"It is hardly possible to doubt the statement that great ideas have a tendency to broaden and deepen the man who ponders them, while small ideas have an opposite influence."

To take the force of this it is necessary to know the difference between a great idea and a little one, so that when one happens to stumble on an idea he may know how to value it. An idea, as such, is neither great nor little, except in the parlance of slang. We may have ideas of great and little things but the ideas considered in themselves are essentially the same and can be measured by no formula that implies extension. In the same line the preacher says:

"Large thinking makes large living."

What does it mean? Does he give his article as an illustration of "large thinking?" If so, vague is the word he wanted.

Again:

"The agnostic is one who would like to believe, but cannot."

This is certainly an agnostic definition of an agnostic. Why should a man like to believe if he have not adequate motives of credibility? And if we have these motives, who is to hinder him from believing? When the lay preacher says the agnostic cannot believe, we take it for granted that the motives of credibility are not considered by him sufficient. Then, if the motives are insufficient, why should he desire to believe? Or are we led to understand that the agnostic's inability to believe is the result of an intellectual kink or a defective understanding? In that case he no longer belongs to the category of responsible agents. He is egregiously, and is no more to be blamed than a lame man for halting when he is ordered to march, or a crab for retrograding. A man in that condition is not normal, and should not be introduced as a factor in sound philosophy, which deals with general principles and laws, and not with exceptions. Like the operations of a mathematical machine with a defective cog, the conclusions of the agnostic, as described by the lay preacher, are not to be taken into consideration. He should leave the problems of life to be worked out by normal minds, and devote his delicate head to less severe tasks—lecturing, for instance.

Speaking of the agnostic's state of mind, the lay preacher says:

"Of immortality and heaven, of a soul which will continue to exist, of a God who is something more than eternal energy, of a Providence which overlooks and guides our destiny, tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, he (the agnostic) simply says, 'Not proven.'"

If he says, "Not proven," it is to be presumed that he says so because he believes it is not proven. And if he believes it is not proven he certainly believes something, and if he believes something he can believe. What then becomes of your definition, that an agnostic is one who would like to believe, but cannot? The fact is the agnostic believes more than he gets credit for, and on very rickety motives of credibility—he believes in himself. With sublime inconsistency he is a dogmatist of dogmatists.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

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Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of food fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced the use of Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

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RESTORES Natural Growth OF THE HAIR—WHEN ALL OTHER Dressings FAIL.

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