ALERS A

under the counter he drew forth

bright, silvered glass reflector. H fastened it to the gas fixture and

stream of light was thrown on th

he murmered, as he sank into his arm

Mary, of the royal house of David

it is possible for a man to be. People smile at the idea that a farmer can ever be ill. His oc-cupation is supposed to be an assurance of 1th. The con

the appetite and makes the di-t. The man or woman who is wonderful medicine when-is out of sorts will be able to

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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C. CHAPTER XVII.

" SAVES THE THIEF. -Cymbeline

I owe thee much. Within this wall of flesh There is a soul counts thee her creditor, And with advantage means to pay."
—King John.

On the afternoon of the second day, as he rode forward at an easy canter on the grassy margin of the roadside, he heard, at some little distance in front, the sounds of a fierce struggle, shouts, and sounds of a fierce struggle, shouts, and the clang of weapons. Then a pistol shot, then a volley, and then the clatter of hoofs apparently in swift flight and pursuit. He just tickled with the spur the sides of his horse, who in an instant leaped forward with a bound like a deer. At a turn of the road he came upon a horse lying dead, and a yeoman, with many curses, dragging himself out from under the carcaes. A glance told Maurice that the man was unhurt. In front some hundred yards off, he saw a dozen of his fellows lumbering forward, their of his fellows lumbering forward, their heavy horses in an awkward gallop. Further still, there was a single horseman apparently in full flight. The thought flashed through his mind that here doubtless was some wretched Papist whom the law had given over to the ten-der mercies of these true Christians, to be converted by pitchcap and halter, bullet or sword.

He resolved to lend a helping hand, if need be, to their victim. Shaking Phooka's bridle rein, and keep-

ing still on the strip of sward, he flew for-ward noiselessly, and was safely through the hunting troop of yeomen before they were aware. t was no such easy matter to overtake the fugitive in front, who had increased his lead to a quarter of a mile. Even Phooka, at full stretch, gained on him at

rst only by inches. So they sped along or a couple of miles, and the space be-ween seemed scarcely lessened. His lood began to tingle with the excitemen of this strange race. While the air through which he rushed whistled past his ears in a hurricane of his own creation, he leant forward over Phooka's neck, and with caressing hand urged him to redoubled speed.

It was not needed. The pace had told.

The gallant horse in front began to slacken in his stride. The pursuer was gaining

rapidly.

A hundred yards, ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty, only fifty yards off now; as he closed in, Maurice noted the horse in front was a dapple grey, of splendid symmetry. A broad streak of red down its flank told the secret of the slackening speed. The red stream still ozzing from the bullet wound drained the poor brute's life away.

The rider was a tall, strong man, but

his right arm hung limo and useless by his side, and slung backwards and for wards like a pendulum with the swif motion of the horse. His left hand held the reins.

He heard the sound of quick hoofs behind him, and turning, shouted some words which Maurice Blake could not

Maurice shouted back "a friend." But his voice, too, was lost in the clatter of the galloping horses. The race was nearly over. The grey still struggled forward gallantly, but one

of the hind legs began to drag a little in the stride. With swift, easy stretches the stride. With swift, easy stretches the black crept closer and closer. They are scarce twenty yards apart now, and that narrow space is closing rapidly. The man in front flung the reins on his

orse's neck. His left hand went down to his holster. He wheeled half round in his saddle. Maurice Blake saw the gleam of a pistol-barrel-levelled at his head. He wheeled half round in There was a crack and flash, and a bullet and Skin Ailments generally.

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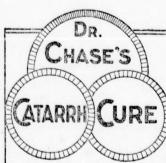
hustled by so close that he felt the rush of the air as it almost brushed his cheek. At the same moment the gallant gray, Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. tained by a strong hand on the bridle, stumbled, staggered for a moment, and then came heavily down, flinging its ider forward on the road half stunned by

> Maurice Blake was going too fast to stop. Right in his way the fallen man and horse lay together, a struggling heap, to be tumbled or trampled under his horse's hoofs. But he lifted Phooka with the rein. The gallant steed rose lightly as a bird and lit as lightly. Maurice turned him in his length, and was beside the fallen man and horse in a

ioment.

The gray horse lay quite motionless where he had faller. The rider's leg was caught under its body, and he struggled with his left arm to free himself. The right arm Maurice could see was broken above the elbow, and the sleeve drenched with blood.

The wretch's condition quenched a nce the quick anger of Maurice at the nurderous pistol-shot aimed at his own He was eager to help and save. The fallen man's struggle grew fiercer



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as he saw him approach. He writhed like a beast caught in a trap that sees the trapper coming through the woods.

"I'll not be taken alive," he growled out. "You are not one of those hell-hounds. Have some pity in you. Shoot me right off and have done with me. If

With a violent effort he moved the wounded limb, and then lay quite still,

groaning with the agony of it.

Maurice Blake was full of pity. His guess, then, was right. Here was a hunted and persecuted Papist; he must save him at any cost. at any cost.
"I am a friend," he said gently.
The other seemed more startled with
the gentle tone of his voice, than if a
pistol shot had been fired off close to his

He looked quickly in Maurice's face to find the meaning of it. isided with what he saw there. His wan face brightened. Maurice noted that it was a wild but hardly an evil face. One restless eye alone lit its pale expanse. But the tangle of bright red hair and beard gave it a kind of light of their own. Without another word Maurice drew him from under the horse's body and set him on his feet on the road, when he

shook himself like a dog, testing the soundness of his limbs. "Hurt?" asked Maurice. "Only this," replied the other, touching the disabled right arm with

At that instant the trained ear of Maurice, which rivalled that of the wild beasts or the Indians in its acuteness, caught the sound of the hoofs of the yeomanry horses clattering over the road, afar off no louder yet than the feet of mice in the wainscotting.

There was no time to be lost.

'Can you ride?" he asked the stranger

abruptly "If I had a horse," was the reply, "but "If I had a horse," was the reply, "but this one never again. In all Ireland there was not a better an hour ago. Con-found the cowards who killed him." He bent over the motionless body of the gray, as he spoke, and touched the shapely

head quietly with his left hand.

"You shall ride with me," said Maurice hastily; "if you can hold on. It is ice hastily; "if you can hold on. It is not the first time that Phooka has caried double weight. He will get us to Mullingar yet — it is but a few miles of — before those bloodhounds can catch If not - well, we have our pistols You have shown me you can shoot with the left hand. I can shoot with both, and nse a sword, too, at a pinch."

"Not to Mullingar," grouned the other, his helpless right arm slinging loose while Maurice lifted him to his horse. "Not to Mullingar. If you will carry me to that clump of trees yonder," pointing to a clump a mile farther on the road, " I win e quite safe, and need not burden you or your horse further.'

Gallantly Phooka stretched forward with his double load, and the sound of the horse's hoofs, which had grown more distinct behind them, again died away. A mile further on, Maurice drew rein at the clump of larch stretching up the side of a steep hill.

The stranger slipped quickly to the

oad.
"You have saved me," he said abruptly, "from death, and worse than death. If my thanks were worth having ou should have them. They are not worth having. But I may sometime get the chance— Here he broke off "You must tell me

your name and where you live," he added very earnestly.

"Maurice Blake is my name. At present I am bound for Dublin. Now tell me

yours. "No," returned the other, "You will know my name too soon, if you ever know it. You have saved a man who, bad as he is, is not ungrateful. Pray God you may never know more of me: or else, know me only when you need my He climbed the high wall with an agil-

ty that was almost miraculous remem bering his disabled arm, and plunged in amongst the trees. The ground warrough and rocky. Maurice saw him spring from boulder to boulder, until he spring from boulder to boulder, until he had reached more than half-way up the scent. Then suddenly, as if the devoured him, he disappeared.

Even Phooka was a bit blown with that

ast burst under double weight, so Maur ace dropped the reins on his neck, and let him walk, while nearer and nearer came the tramp of the galloping youmen be-

They came up to him at last, men and

They came up to him at last, men and horses completely blown.

"Hallo, you fellow!" shouted their officer; but something in Maurice's appearance checked his insolence in full career. "Your pardon, sir," he went on, awkwardly. "Have you seen a man on the road—a tall follow with one can and awkwardly. "Have you seen a man on the road—a tall fellow, with one eye and red hair? You could not mistake him." "Certainly," replied Maurice, with a quiet smile. "He introduced himself with a pistol shot. "The very man," cried the officer

"well?"

"He missed his aim and his footing, and I, or rather he," patting his horse's neck, "leaped over both, as they lay sprawling on the road together, that's

"It's a pity," said the other, "you did of waste a bullet on him when he was down at your mercy. You would have been well paid in good gold for that ounce of lead. There is a big price on that fel-low's head. We found the dead horse by ow's head. We found the dead horse he roadside; but the fox had stol away. He must have got to earth closs at hand. They saw he has one of hi

aves somewhere hereabouts."
"Back!" he shouted to his men, "we will try close round where the horse cannot have gone far from the spot on

Stay," cried Maurice, as the officer ras whirling round to follow his party, the went clattering back the way they ad come. "Who is the man you hunt

so hard."
"Freeny," replied the other, "the notorious robber, Freeny. You have not travelled much in Ireland, sir, or you would know Freeny when you saw him."

CHAPTER XVIII. "LOVE'S LABOR LOST."

The venom whispers of a jealous woman Poison more deadly than a mad dog's to

-Comedy of Errors.

Father: and in that name doth Nature speak." -Timon of Athens.

Many startling things Maurice Blake heard on his return to Dubhn. The playful prophecy which he had uttered to Lord Edward Fitzgerald when they had last met and parted had come true. His heart had been caught on the rebound by

a fair maiden of France, whose beauty was the theme of the gay Irish capital, and in whose veins it was rumoured coursed the royal blood of the Bourbons.

Pamela, Lord Edward's fair young wife, was at Carton, the ancestral seat of the Leinster family, when Maurice arrived, but her husband welcomed his friend back with bright eyes and beaming smile, which told that happiness had found him out at last, and that his bitter love trials of the old days were dead and love trials of the old days were dead and buried deeper than ever plummet sound

The organization of the United Irishmen meanwhile went bravely on. The Government were already beginning to re-spect its power; they would soon learn to fear it. It was even hoped that all the particls sought for might be effected by fear without fighting, and reform, not revolution, give Ireland her liberty.

In return for this good news Maurice Blake had to tell his friend of a widespread revival of spirit in the West, and of tens of thousands determined men maddened with misery and easer to

maddened with misery, and eager to strike a brave blow for freedom when the call to arms should sound. But Maurice call to arms should sound. But Maurice Blake had not lost his old hatred for war, and he prayed heartily that the battle might be won without slaughter. Lord Edward, though a little dazzled at

the glorious prospect of leading the forces of Irish patriotism to victory against the arms of Great Britain, shared the gentler

In truth, Maurice Blake's thoughts were at this time turned quite away from war and slaughter. It may be that the sight of his friend's happiness softend his own heart with a kindred hope, of which he was but vaguely conscious. Certain it is that desire ever carried him gaily to Dr. Denver's door, and duty— even duty to Ireland—carried him reluct-

antly away.
So Norah Denver and Maurice Blake lived in a blissful dream. Only they two in all the world were real to each other; all else seemed vague and far off. Every thought, look, or word, however slight or playful, which love touched, became a de Only once to man or woman (and nght. Only once to man or woman (and not to all) comes the rapture of true love, that joy to which all others life holds are weak and colorless. Better be born blind

than miss that ecstasy.

They floated pleasantly together, those two, down the shining stream, with no thought or care where it should lead. They lived in the present only, and never wearied of its delights. Love to be perect, must be unconscious, and theirs was

A fortnight had flown like a day. Earth and water were still locked in hard forst. To them pure air made mere liv-ing a delight. To Maurice it was a pleas-ant reminder of Canadian winters. He taxed the skill of Dublin artizans for a Canadian sleigh. Very sweet and beautiful Norah looked

as she sat beside him in the sleigh, cosily muffled in a suit of sables (of his provid ing), which closely wrapped slim figure and slender throat, and nestled softly to the soft, rounded cheek, bright with health and happiness.

Merrily the ponies pranced along, janz-ing their silver bells as the sleigh sped over the frozen ground, and merriest of all was the sweet music Love sang their hearts. The time flew swifter than the sleigh

and, with a start of surprise, they found their journey done. They had reached the broad lake, seven miles from Dublin, where skaters in those days did most re sort, and found the youth and fashion of Dublin gathered on its shores or scattered over its frozen water. In a few moments they, too, joined the

flying skaters on the shining surface of the lake. The gentle confiding pressure of those little hands he held so softly in his own, sent the blood leaping through his veins with a wild rapture that was akin to pain. Like birds on the wing, they flew over the lake, whirling and circling as birds do in sheer delight of the smooth and easy motion.

The grace and swiftness of their move

ments challenged the admiration of the crowd. A low buzz of admiration followed as they swept past, lightly as the wind, and as swift. Norah noticed it with a blush that deepened the roses the keen air had made to bloom in her cheeks.
"We will go in, Maurice," she said.

"How strangely those people stare as we pass."
Swiftly and smoothly they wheeled

round on the outer edge, and glided in, hand-in-hand, to where a seat stood in-vitingly vacant, a little on the outskirts of the gay crowd. Again the thought came to Maurice

with a thrill, half excitement, half fear that here was his chance to bring his wooing to a close; to whisper, as he hoped, in willing ears, the question or whose answer the happiness or misery of his life depended.

His earnestness made him awkward.

He could not find the words he wanted, nor the time to speak them.

Norah, by the look in his eyes, or the trembling in his voice, or by that subtle power by which souls that love speak to each other without word or look, guessed what was coming.

His heart was all in a tumult at the

thought; with joy or fear she could not tell, so wild the whirl of emotion. Overmastering all else, came the womanly in-

All her faculties were on the alert to escape, for the time, from the avowal of love which she longed for, yet feared. She was a true woman. She trembled in-wardly, but her voice was calm as she smile. "The chatted more gaily than her

With delicate tact she made their talk play upon lightly and lively topics. A dozen times Maurice tried to lead it, a dozen times it slipped from his clumsy control under her deft control. He had seated himself dangerously

lose to her, leaving an empty space on How kind you are," she said artless

should never have thought of that; and there are many people who must be tired." He moved back on the vacant space,

with a glance that certainly was not an nvitation to passers-by.

Then there was a silence; almost the first they had known when they were alone together. Norah broke it before it grew dangerous.

"How beautifully the soft, rosy light of

the sunset plays upon the shining lake and moving figures. Look, Maurice! see how the rich glow settles upon the sum-mit of the hill yonder. Have you ever seen anything more beautiful?"

"Yes," he answered, "far more beauti-

His eyes were upon her own fair ace, and the color deepened upon her sheek under the passionate intensity of his gaze. But she kept her eyes resolute-

ly away from his.

"Oh, I see," she cried lightly, glancing aside, "you, too, are an adorer of Lady Dulwich; even the sunset is less bril-

liant."

Maurice followed her gaze, and saw
Lady Dulwich approaching in all the
glory of her resplendent beauty. A
young, soft-eyed, dark-haired girl was beyoung, soft-eyed, dark-naired girl was be-side her. It seemed as if her ladyship was coming straight up to speak to Norah. Her lips wore a welcoming smile that had a touch of patronage in it. Her hand was half extended. But there was no answering sign in Norah's face. Their eyes met, questioned and answered each other, then, with a scornful movement of her lovely head, which was half a salute, half defiance, Lady Dulwich swept by

half defiance, Lady Dalwich swept by with her companion and seated herself some little distance away.

"You know her?" Norah whispered to Maurice, delighted to find any topic foreign to themselves. "Poor Lord Edward has told you, I am sure. I have not seen her since until to-day. How he suffered, and the standard to the surface follows for a lovely fees and a hard her since until to-day. How he suffered, poor fellow, for a lovely face and a hard heart, and now he has forgotten all about her. What a foolish thing is love!" her. What a foolish thing is love!"

Not very encouraging this to a man

that wanted to speak of love, and nothing but love.

There was no help for it. He felt h was conscious that he was talking like a stage hero; but he could not help it. "Norah," he said faltering, "can you

"What?" she asked, looking him innocently in the face with such childlike sim-plicity that he could not for the life of

him say "Me."

"Anything," he answered foolishly.

"Almost everything. There never ye was anyone more given to love. But why do you ask?" There was a mocking light in her eye, the humor of the situation had conquered

her fear. The longing was strong on him to catch

her in his arms and answer her with a shower of kisses. Perhaps she guessed this new danger, for she spoke again

ckly. Look, look," she cried, "how beautiful! how graceful!"

It was not all artifice, there was genuine admiration in her voice. Looking
where she pointed right out over the

lake, Maurice shared her admiration. A beautiful boy was flying over the ice in bend and whirl and curve with inimitable grace, while all eyes watched him from lake and shore. With a boy's love of peril he sought the corner of the lake where alone it was possible to meet it. A pole and board with the ominous word "dangerous" on it stuck up from the ice. Round and round this pole he circled with whirls and turns

as fantastic and graceful as a tumble pigeon in mid air.

The murmur of admiration changed to a cry of warning. Norah's face grew pale, her lips parted, and her heart beat quickly with the excitement and fear of it. "Is there any danger, Maurice?" she

whispered. "Troth, an' there is that, ma'am," said Troth, an there is that more one of the keepers of the ground, who came up at the moment; "great danger, intirely. The ducks and the swans have been boring holes in the ice out there with their bussums, just fornint the place where he is sliding. The frost has put a skin over the holes, but it is no thicker in parts than an egg shell. If he were weightier than a bird, bedad, he'd be through long ago. Glory be to God! it is dancing poulkas he is on it now."

The keeper's cry was echoed by the crowd. The reckless boy was figure-skating on the thin shell of ice that stretched between him and forty feet of black water with chill death lurking there.

Heretofore the speed he went at saved him. Though the ice might creak and crack, it had not time to break as he flew over it. Now with a short quick rush or the outer edge he leaped clean into the air, spun like a ballet dancer, and l again on the sharp edge of a single skate. He struck right over one of the death traps the birds had made. Crash through the thin ice the skate went, and the skater after it.

There was a cry of horror from the gaz

ag crowd as he disappeared.
But in a moment the blue cloth cap and the yellow curls showed over the level surface. The brave boy held fast to the thick edges of the hole through which he had fallen, and so kept himself afloat. shout went up for ropes and ladders an lifebuoys, and the crowd surged and scat-tered wildly in noisy excitement, but none ventured down to the treacherous hole, where the chill water was freezing warm young life out. A keen eye could see the small hands, blue and red with the cold, on the slippery ice's edge see the agony of intense cold on the piti

The boy had uttered no cry from the The boy had uttered no cry from the first. But there was a lady in black on the ice, screaming and struggling violently, with half-a-dozen people holding her. It was the boy's mother, straining to fly to him and people with him.

him and perish with him.

"It cannot last long unless help comes,"
whispered Maurice to Norah, who was looking out over the lake with pale face and wide open eyes. "The cold is enough to freeze the very blood in his veins. He cannot hold out. Great God! it is too norrible. There is one chance, a narrow

one, but I'll risk it.

"Good-bye, my darling," he whispered so softly she did not hear the last words. "If so be we meet no more, goodbye for ever."

Then he stumbled awkwardly, but rap-

riel he summed awkwardly, but rapidly, with his steel-bound feet to the lake's edge, and shot out like lightning over its surface. The crowd parted as he came. Like a hawk on the wing he swooped straight for the boy. It seemed that he was going crash into the same trap. But as he neared it he swerved a little and planted both feet firmly on the little and planted both feet firmly on the ice. Then as he swept by with lightning speed at the very verge of the death trap, he stooped, grasped the golden hair that floated like a spreading weed on the surface and with one trapeding of the face and with one trapeding of the face. face, and, with one tremendous effort of his strength, lifted the light body clean from the water, and so held his course with two small feet trailing after him on the ice. The ice cracked with a loud re-port under the sudden strain and the double weight. The hole from which the double weight. The hole from which the body was snatched spouted and bubbled, as if greedy for life. But the wild speed saved both. Before the great shout of ap-plause had time to break from the lips of the excited crowd, Maurice had

sped along securely where the ice was firm TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF DAVID

Know Pop Mandelbaum? Why, everybody in the teeming lower east side of the metropolis knew honest Aaron, the pawnbroker, and public ppinion stamped him a man of sterling

onesty and perfect fair dealing. No man could say that Pop ever took advantage of his extremity. Plunderers, seeking for a place to pledge their booty, avoided Pop's shop, because he was on excellent terms with the police, and a hurried message from him to the nearby station house had brought many a wrong doer to justice.

His shop was in a tumble down, quaint, old world looking building in dark narrow street near Chatham Square. In its many paned little show window were dusty and dilapidated articles of clothing, guns, swords, musical instruments, tarnished plated ware, the regalia and jewels of a long defunct lodge, old fashioned watches and chains, and a thousand and one articles, nearly every one of which, had it a voice, could tell a sad tale of its former owner's weakness, vice or adversity.

Passing under the weather-beaten, time-honored emblem of the proprietor's calling, the visitor entered through swinging, baize-covered doors and found himself in a musty smelling interior, its murkiness but dimly lighted by the two gas jets in the show window and the single jet above the long counter, the end of which was lest in the gloom at the rear of the shop. Shelves everywhere were laden with unredeemed pledges.

Every evening, when business was dull, Aaron seated himself in his armchair, under the gas jet, and read the 'New Yorker Herald" or the Talmud, and his great shock of gray hair, long gray beard and strongly marked face reminded one of his ideal of a prophet of old.

Every night when the wheezy, dust choked old clock in the show window hammered out the closing hour Aaron put aside his book or paper and taking his most valuable articles from the show window placed them in the ponderous old safe and swung to the heavy door with a clang that shook the place Then the lights in the show window were extinguished and he walked to the door to look what kind of weather the heavens above promised for the morrow and to see what the confines of the narrow street revealed of what was transpiring on the earth beneath, and, mayhap, to chat a moment with a neighbor.

One night, in early November, Aaron swung open his doors before closing for the night. A fog partially obscured the outlines of the houses opposite and the falling rain had formed inky little pools in the uneven pavement of the street. The sidewalks gleamed like polished ebony, on which he gas lights in the store windows shot beams of golden yellow. There was only one pedestrian visible—a dripping figure, which approached, carrying a large and seemingly heavy bundle

"Am I too late?" the stranger asked as he approached the door. "No, my friend, it's never too late to do business," replied Aaron as he

led the way into the shop. "I feared I was too late," said the stranger, as he placed his burden on the counter and proceeded to strip it of the oilcloth that covered it. The covering removed, a beautifully carved statue of the Blessed Virgin stood revealed. Aaron gazed spell-bound at the majestic beauty of the face raised heavenward. It reminded him of Esther, Judith. Rachel, Rebecca, Sara -of all the immortal women of his ancient race

"I want ten dollars on this marble for about a month," said the stranger, recalling Aaron to the present. "Whom does it represent?" asked

"The Virgin Mary," replied the stranger. "The Virgin Mary?" queried Aaron. "Yes; and I hope your Jewish pre judice won't prevent you from loan-

Aaron.

ing the money—God knows I need it badly—badly! Why, man, she was of the line of your royal prophet! Mary of the royal house of David! "Of the royal house of David," repeated Aaron, "I'll make you the loan; but although I'm no judge of art, this, my friend, seems to me to be the work of a genius. How comes it

that you are driven to pawn it?" By hunger, old man, by hunger. If I came to New York with a European reputation I might find purchasers for my work. I am only a young, unknown American artisan, therefore I starve! Do you know what it is to starve, old man? No, no, you don't and God keep you from the experience. Come, let me have the money. I am

cold and wet-and weak from hunger. As Aaron busied himself making out the pawn ticket he stole a look, now and again, at the delicate, emaciated face of the artist-at his dark eyes blazing with fever, the drawn look about the mouth, and he doubted if he would ever redeem the pledge. As he counted the bills out on the counter, the artist snatched them up eagerly and hurrying to the door, cried:
"God bless you!" Take good care

of my statue. Luck will turn and I'll redeem it.

When his footsteps had died away down the street, Aaron locked and bolted the heavy outer doors, and when that was done emptied a compartment of the shelves of its contents. He lifted the statue to the empty place. of the excited crowd, Maurice had flashed outside the circle of danger, and Tnen he drew back to note the effect.

chair and gazed on the marble. Th flickering of the light changed the ex pression on the beautiful face of the statue and produced the effect of life The old man's mind wandered back t the days of the founder of the roys line of Israel and followed the destinic of the chosen people through the age He was recalled from his meditation by the voice of Rachel, his wife, wh alarmed by his long sejourn in the sho had descended from the living room

above to seek him. Aaron Mandelbaum was an officer the Synagogue and Rabbi Jacobs wa a frequent caller on this pillar of Jud He entered the little shop a few day after the artist's visit and his eyes i stantly rested on the statue. Aaron Mandelbaum, wh

graven image is this thou hast set u under thy orthodox roof?" demands the Rabbi, pursing his lips and stern regarding Aaron.
"That," replied Aaron, "is Mar of the royal house of David."
"Vae!" cried the Rabbi, "knowe

thou not she was the mother of Hi whom the Gentiles call the Chris Surely such a graven thing should n have room in the house of a Jew.' "I neither adore nor serve it," e claimed Aaron, "it is a pledge broug here by a starving artist.

"Get rid of it, Aaron. Give it n house room," advised the Rabbi. "Never will I part with it until owner demands it," resolutely repli Aaron. "Is it not beautiful? T beauty of purity and goodness is the face and, moreover, Rabbi, th knowest she was of the Royal Psalmis line, therefore shall her image r securely here. I have said it !

The Rabbi, knowing well Aaron strength of will, and fearing a bre with the best friend and most genero supporter of the Synagogue, nev again referred to the statue.

Time passed and the sculptor nev returned to redeem his pledge. Ma of the evening hours that had forme

been given to the perusal of the new papers or the study of the law of Isra were now passed gazing at the stat and meditating on the fortunes of the chosen people. Aaron had often no the effect that the beautiful statue p duced on many of his customers. loud and rancous voices of the braz and vicious were sometimes hushed a whisper when their eyes rested Many tin the pure white figure. the weak and unfortunate had revere ly made the sign of the cross, brushed away a tear and had depar to return no more. Memory had c ried them back to better and happ days and had awakened resolutions

amendment. When little Rachel and Day Aaron's grandchildren, visited shop they sat at the old man's fe reverently regarded the beauti statue and listened to his tales of Jud and Esther and Sara. While thus gaged one day the entrance of a por stranger interrupted the old ma

story.
"Mr. Mandelbaum, I presum
Some time ago, Mr. Mandelbaum,
artist pledged a statue,—ah, ther
is! I'd know our poor dear Brownii work anywhere. Poor fellow! T man was the greatest sculptor country has produced, sir. He di sir, in Bellevue Hospital, of a compl tion of diseases, resulting from star tion. The miserable part of that we, his friends, who would h given the coats off our backs to i im, never guessed his poverty. was another case of post mortem far Mr. Mandelbaum. After he had b laid away in his grave the connoisse discovered that he was a genius to business. A friend of mine, a tective, told me of the beautiful ma in your possession and I determined look it up. It is undoubtedly a va able specimen of Browning's geni The time for redeeming the pledge I suppose, long since passed, but I prepared to pay you a good round

"The statue would have been de ered to its owner at any time, friend," replied Aaron, "but as h dead I will never sell it. It is min No inducement that the stranger fered could induce Aaron to change resolution. On that evening the green b

doors swung open with a crash as woman entered. She was young years, scarcely out of her teens, her face had the dry, parched loo age. Its dead pallor was heighte by the rouge carelessly daubed on cheeks. A battered hat rested on masses of dishevelled black hair. great eyes had a hunted, hopeless pression. "There, Pop, that's the last of old belongings," she cried, throwing small gold medal, with a faded

soiled blue ribbon attached, on counter. "The relics of former tility," she added, and the light, for laugh that followed had little of n in it.
"Now, you miserable old skinf you, I want enough mon' to his pipe just once more and then-then, when the tide is near the fi I'll just slip off the dock and that'll the whole miserable story," and t was a sigh and a catching of breath that sounded like a sob. A

picked up the medal and as he amined it the girl continued: fallen, -fallen so low that there hope for me in this life or in the her eyes, that had been wande restlessly around the shop, had re when she paused, on the calm, face of the statue of the Mother



