

MIRACULOUS MEDAL.

A FRENCH INCIDENT IN THE DAY OF GREAT FAITH.

How the Blessed Virgin Appeared to a French Sister of Charity—Giving Rise to the Miraculous Medal.

It has always been to the meek, the humble, and those of great faith that God has been pleased to manifest Himself in those miracles which live forever in the history of the Church...

"Come," he said in a voice of infinite sweetness, "lead me to the chapel where the Blessed Virgin will meet you."

The Sister heard a rustling as of soft silk, and then saw a lady of gentle and exquisite loveliness enter the sanctuary and seat herself in the chair to the right of the altar...

When she arose from her knees, the Sister found the Child awaiting her. "She has come," he said; and then he led Sister Catherine back to the dormitory...

Then the beautiful loving eyes looked down into the enraptured wonder of the Sister, and a voice seemed to whisper in her heart: "The globe that you see represents the whole world, France particularly, and each person individually..."

All these manifestations from Heaven Sister Catherine confided to her confessor, Monsieur Aladel, who at first refused to have them anything but imagination...

TO THE DEAF. A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 35 years' standing by a simple remedy.

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A VENERABLE SCHOOL BOY. Mr. Gladstone Rejoices in His Son's Happiness. LONDON Jan. 30.—The Marriage of Mr. Hy. Neville Gladstone to Miss Maud Rendell...

THE GREAT NORTHWEST. jects the other parts of the Dominion in the prizes of the wonderful virtues of Nosal Balm.

DRUNKARDS. Priel's Antidote for Alcoholism. Priel & Co., 155 N. 2d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Only Appliances HAVING ABSORBENT QUALITIES. A New Lease of Life. A Cure Without Medicine. READ OUR HOME REFERENCES: REV. CHAS. HOLE, Halifax, N.S., is happy to testify to the benefits derived from our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory...

ly joined couple adjourned to the drawing-room. This was a long and wide low-celled apartment, furnished in modern style.

"I am well pleased with my new home," observed Bessantyne pompously, looking out of the window upon the lawn with quite a grand scornful air.

"And what is that?" asked the Lady Kathleen indifferently. "That is a revival of your old affection for me," said Bessantyne.

The Lady Kathleen smiled bitterly. "And if I had," she said, "you would have made a fine scandal, and Lord Treaham, hearing the story linked to the name of Kathleen Connor, would have turned his back upon me, as she has been, and I should have had to bury myself in some remote spot where my name is unknown."

"Yes; it is better as it is," sobbed Bessantyne. "You and I can be happy here, Kathleen. We can make up our differences, condone each other's faults, and in time the old love may come back."

"Never," she said rather miserably than to experience happiness with me. If I fancied myself so low and degraded that I could ever love you, I would shut myself up in a convent. Do not dare speak of love to me again.

"From either side of this hall several doors opened into the best private apartments of the mansion. The Lady Kathleen, preceded to near the front end of the gallery, opened a door at her right, and advanced into a sunny room looking to the south and the west.

"This looks like home," mused the Lady Kathleen. "Everything is as I left it a year ago, after my last visit."

CHAPTER XVIII. UNDERSTOOD AT LAST. The days of her imprisonment in the small, dark upper room in the cottage at Clendalkin dragged wearily on to the poor young Lady Nora.

Three or four days thus passed. At midnight on the fourth day of Nora's captivity, when the house was wrapped in darkness and silence, a low and subdued knocking was heard upon the front door of Yew Cottage.

"Nora, pacing her lonely cell, sleepless and harassed, heard it. Mrs. Fogarty, sleeping lightly in her upper chamber, also heard it, and started upright in her bed.

After dinner, the ill-assorted and strange surrounding country people on their visits to the valley, but now these shops were deserted.

When I beheld thee in thy dreamless rest, Lying so peacefully with cold, bloodless hands, I thought of thy pale and poor tortured breath, of the strange sleep that waits in other lands:—That sacred God that thy heart was free from pain;

At the end of the village the carriage entered between two great open gates into the Connor grounds, and proceeded along a superb drive to the mansion.

At their head appeared Dolaney, the steward. He was an elderly man, with the port of a royal duke.

The Lady Kathleen returned an answer that made the old man's heart happy, and then greeted Mrs. Dolaney, the housekeeper, and the various family servants, each by name.

By the time this ceremony had been gone through with, and Bessantyne introduced as "the master," the Lady Kathleen found herself in the central hall of the mansion.

"The rooms are all ready as I ordered, I suppose, Mrs. Dolaney?" she asked. "Yes, my lady," replied Mrs. Dolaney, a mild-faced, pleasant-eyed, lady-like old woman, dressed in gray.

"I will go up to my rooms at once," said her ladyship. "I will have my lunch served in my own sitting-room. Mr. Bessantyne will probably prefer the dining-room, and he can be served there. And after lunch, Mrs. Dolaney, I shall be glad to have you come up to see the broad staircase, followed by the small loaded with parcels, and came out upon the upper hall, a wide, well-lighted gallery hung with pictures.

The Lady Kathleen, preceded to near the front end of the gallery, opened a door at her right, and advanced into a sunny room looking to the south and the west.

"This looks like home," mused the Lady Kathleen. "Everything is as I left it a year ago, after my last visit."

"Every box has its burden," the girl thought sorrowfully. "Neither the rich nor the poor monopolize the gifts and sorrows. They are given to all humanity alike, although some bear their burden openly and others shroud theirs from common view in gay trappings. And yet, having all burdens, there is a common tie between the rich and the poor. Thank God! we shall all reach the same heaven some day, where all burdens are forgotten. And there will be neither rich nor poor there."

At length the road, growing narrower, wound itself like a dusky serpent through a well-wooded pass, making perilous curves, climbing bare limestone rocks, and winding along by rude ravines and steep gullies, and crossing, by rustic bridges, half-dried mountain torrents.

Below them, shut in by the gray, tall Wicklow mountains, like a jewel in a rough setting, lay a lovely green valley, as beautiful as the charmed Vale of Avoca, which was not many miles distant.

There was not in this wide world a valley so sweet, murmured the Lady Kathleen, with tender, drooping eyes and with a soft, sweet smile breaking through her sad and thoughtful face.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN J. MURPHY, DIED JANUARY, 1890.

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LADY KILDARE; Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XVII. Continued.

Bessantyne hired a carriage, of which there were several in waiting at the station, to convey the remainder of their journey, and the travelers were soon hurrying out of the seaport town toward the interior of the country.

They ascended and descended the steep and rugged roads, through a sparsely settled region, passing now and then the stately villa of some rich landowner, set in noble grounds and approached by a grand avenue, but more often coming upon the miserable cabin of a peasant, wretched and whose children wandered in and out of the low doorways, and whose heavy, sad eyes looked out of their small, miserable, broken windows in sorrowful envy of "the quality" going by.

Bessantyne's spirits rose as they approached the mountains. He believed he would be buried here beyond all possibility of discovery. And as his spirits rose the Lady Kathleen's fell. Her blue eyes, blue as her own soft Irish sky, held in their depths the shadow of a great despair. Her pale face, pure as snow in its delicacy of complexion, was wan and woe-begone beyond description.

"Little need these humble peasant women, staggering under the cross that rests so heavily on Ireland—the cross of unwarmed toil, of unmitigated poverty, of unrelieved oppression at the hands of the soil owners—little need they have wept for Lady Kathleen, for a heart ever more departing than their boat under her silken sails, and a life even more miserable than theirs seemed to stretch out before her in the limitless future."

"Nothing like this," thought the Lady Kathleen, as she encountered the gaze of one pair of hopeless-looking eyes belonging to a woman who was walking to market and carrying a huge burden.

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