

THE BIRTH OF MARY.

The Holy Virgin Mary  
Was born of royal blood,  
Her highest name was chosen  
From patriarchs great and good.

She sprang from Abraham's lineage,  
The noble, tender Maid;  
And David's line unto her  
Illustrious debt has paid.

Who longs to trace the story,  
In Matthew let him read,  
Whose faithful Gospel pages  
Have named her line indeed.

Of all earth's favored flowers,  
She is the purest rose;  
The sparkling disc of heaven  
No brighter planet shows.

Among all precious jewels  
Most beautiful and rare,  
As gold mid baser metals  
Gleams radiant and fair.

As she is Queen of Heaven,  
So over all the world  
One day her spotless banner  
Shall surely be unfurled.

And we, poor Eva's children,  
Forever cry to thee,  
O Mary Queen, have mercy,  
Unworthy though we be!

The Mystery of Killard.

PART I.—THE RACE OF LANE.

CHAPTER X.

A TRAITOR DISCOVERED.

When, on that August morning, Lane's son left his sleeping chamber in the hut, he found his father busily engaged preparing breakfast. The spirits of the boy seemed utterly crushed; the father was dull and gloomy, with a lowering danger in his eyes, but his actions were as kind as usual. He helped his son liberally to food, and pressed him to eat more, when the boy appeared satisfied. But he did not kiss him, or fondle him, as was his custom. The boy's eyes were full of tears, and he could hardly swallow the potatoes and fish. He rarely looked at his father, and when their glances chanced to meet, the latter dropped his head and frowned.

As soon as breakfast was finished, the father cleared the table. Then, turning to the boy, he made signs to him, and the son, taking a basket, went out, crossed the island, and descended slowly and heedlessly the precipitous path leading to the ledge. Here he drew in the hand-lines, removed the fish, and rebaited the hooks. Having gathered the fish into the basket, he sat down and fixed his eyes wearily on the sea.

Meanwhile, the father had taken the gun out of its hiding place under the bed, examined it carefully at the nipple, and placed it against the inner edge of the door jamb. When this was done, he stood outside the door, so as to command a view of the path leading to the ledge, folded his arms, set his teeth, knit his brow, and waited.

The sky was serene and blue, not a cloud broke the infinite expanse. The light was cool and gracious; the air fresh and invigorating. The sea-fowl had by this time ceased out from shore, and their shrill cries, notes no longer floated above the dull low hum of the swells two hundred and fifty feet below.

The boy was long—much longer than usual, but David Lane never moved a muscle. His attitude and features remained as fixed as though a withering vapor from the pole had frozen him as he stood. The expression of his countenance was that of one awaiting fate, rather than one expecting a foe; but it was tragic. Tragic with a dire resolution, and far down under the resolution, a wild appalling grief. It was not the face of a man that thought. There was no trace of succession of ideas, but it seemed as though his mind, like his body, was frozen into one unalterable attitude; as though one picture were burned against that path, and nothing could displace it.

At length, above the level of the island, appeared the boy's head.

No muscle of the father moved. He remained rigid.

The shoulders and bust of the boy rose into view; then the arms and basket he carried.

Still David Lane never stirred.

The figure of the child emerged completely, and he took one pace in the direction of the hut.

Instantly, as though the vitality of a thousand men had been flung upon him, the father sprang into the hut, seized the gun, lifted it to his shoulder, and, aiming at the chimney-place, fired.

The explosion was terrific, for the charge was large and the chamber small, and, in the calm of the morning, it seemed as though the Bishop's island had been riven from summit to base.

Upon the instant he fired, quick as the flash itself, the man spun round on his heel and looked at the door. No smoke had reached it. The smoke lay huddled in blue waves near the fire-place.

Then Lane folded his arms swiftly across his breast, knit his brows, and, setting his teeth, stood inside the door confronting fate, as he had awaited it without.

In a second, the boy bounded into the open, pale and awe-stricken. His eyes were wild with terror. He had lost his hat and his basket, and his hair waved hither and thither as if blown by a wind. When he saw his father standing safe beside him, the expression changed electrically, and with a low moan of relief, he stretched forth his arms and sank to the ground.

The father sprang back, as though the nether realms gaped at his feet, and, with a wild shrill yell of despair, threw his hands toward heaven, and, with his upturned eyes and outstretched arms, seemed to clamor for annihilation. While the father remained thus, the boy remained motionless on the ground. His arms were doubled under him, and his knees drawn up; his face deadly pale, his lips blue, his eyes open but rayless.

trate form in the doorway. Stepping lightly forward, he sprang over the child, and, having reached the open air, strode several times up and down the island, through the white warm sunshine and fragrant dewy hair. Then he returned to the doorway and looked in.

The position of the figure had not changed in the least. Again David Lane turned away, and dashed hither and thither blindly. Once more he paused at the doorway. The boy had not moved. A sudden fear seemed to seize upon the father. He leaped into the hut, stooped near the fire-place, and examined the wall. Presently, with his fingers, he picked something out from between two of the stones. Holding this to the light, he examined it carefully. Yes, it was the chief portion of the leaden bullet. It broke in two as he turned it in his hand, and showed in the interior an old seam. That was the cut through which the hand-line had passed. A look of angry perplexity now passed over his face, and his eyes turned once more to the ground, near the doorway.

Not a muscle had stirred, not a fold of the clothes had been displaced. Frowning heavily, as if he suspected a trick, the father crossed the room, stooped, and, catching the child at the waist, lifted him. The head, and arms, and lower limbs hung down limp and nerveless.

A spasm of horror passed over the features of the father, and he shook the child once, twice, three, without effect. Then, lifting him higher, he carried him across the little chamber, and placed him on the bed where the boy's mother died. He put a pillow under his son's head, drew down his limbs, and crossed the long arms over the breast. When this was done, he sat down as far off as he could, and regarded the bed with a rigid, expressionless air.

In a little while a light shot into his eyes. He rose, kindled a canille, and held the flame opposite the open lips. He had seen this done in Killard during the cholera years. The yellow flame, pale and sickly in the blaze of the August morning, flicked and waved regularly. The child breathed. He flung the canille down, and resumed his old position.

He had seen death and sleep; these were the only forms of human unconsciousness with which he was familiar. But here was something which was more deep than sleep, less profound than death. What could it be? Was the boy ever to wake? If sleep, which is less powerful than this, lasts a night time, how long will this last? A week or a month?

Death lasts forever, and sleep for a night; when will this be over, and what is the end to be, deeper or lighter sleep, death or waking?

Whichever it was, doubts that had haunted his mind for a long time were now made certainties. He had seen seaweed, which had been invisible, rise and fly away in terror at the firing of a gun, yet, unless he were quite close, and could feel the concussion, he could not tell a gun had been fired.

Tom had told him the firing of a gun could be known through the ears further off than anything else.

Accordingly, to make sure above all, he had bought the gun. He had fired that gun, and his son knew he had fired that gun, although he could not know it by the sense of touch, or by the sight of smoke, for he had fired so that the boy could see no smoke. Therefore the boy got messages through his ears.

But his father married a wife who got no messages through the ears; he had married a wife like himself in this respect; here was his boy now unlike him. His father had told him the gold could not be kept by any one who would send or receive news by the ears, hence he had married a wife like him, David, and he himself one like himself.

The woman never knew of the gold, and could not tell any one; his father had told him, and made him promise to marry a wife such as she that had died of the cholera, and to communicate the secret only to a son, and to a son who could neither know nor make known through the ears. Everyone else was to be kept in darkness; for if once the secret of the gold came to be known, it would be useless to them, and they would all perhaps be slain, for his own father did not know the penalty.

Now here was the traitor, come in the person of his own boy. The boy he loved with his heart and soul. Here was a traitor in his own house; one who, as soon as he knew of the secret, would send it abroad, and betray his own father unto death.

Yes, this son, for whom he would freely have died, could not, on account of his accursed ears, help betraying his father. He would do it as a matter of certainty, as soon as he knew. Here, lying before him was the only being on earth he cared for, and this being would turn his own father off the Bishop's island, and give his father to the police, not because of any want of affection, but because he was cursed with ears that felt and could send messages to other ears!

Monster! Heinous, unnatural child! Mysterious curse! Away! Away! Away! There is infinite malignity of terror in your presence!

The boy's eyelids trembled. With a weary sigh he sat up and yawned, and smiled at his father. His eyes looked a little dull. He had forgotten what had passed.

When David Lane saw the boy return to consciousness and smile upon him, the look of angry dread gave place to one of frantic yearning. It seemed as though he strove with his eyes to draw his child back into his own nature. His heart hungered to absorb him; but he made no sign. His arms lay clasped upon his knees; his head was thrust forward, his figure motionless; but the agony of love betrayed was in his eyes.

There was no indignation now against his child. The worst possible certainty had been reached. If by any perversity of nature intelligible to himself he feared betrayal at the hands of his son, there might have been a struggle between indignation and love, and, for a time at least, love might have triumphed. But it was not his boy opposed him, but fate, in a form he could not understand. The son, by no fault of his own, but by the power of some cause, had been endowed by the fate with an ability which he could not fail to exert for his father's destruction.

This boy, his own child, the idol of his life, his own flesh and blood, was the vessel of some spirit of wrath with power to work his destruction through mysterious and infallible agencies against which neither he nor the boy could strive with hope of success. His son was the flesh of his flesh, but the spirit of his ruin!

By this time the boy had realized all, and covered his face and was weeping.

David Lane caught him by the shoulder and led him back, taking the loop over the hook, and prepared the meshes for crossing the chasm. When this was done, he made signs to the boy.

The latter turned pale with terror. The father repeated the signs calmly, without a trace of passion.

The boy appealed to him with outstretched hands.

Lane pointed to the mainland, and made a swift, decided gesture.

The child flung himself down moaning and seized his father's knees and clasped them, and rested his pale, tear-stained cheek against them in piteous supplication.

The deaf mute never moved. His resolution was taken inexorably. Nothing could shake him. He raised his son gently, set him on his feet, and, turning his back on him, went towards the hut. In a few minutes he came back; the boy was gone.

Raising the rope, he shook it free of the hook, and the island was cast into isolation, and he into the rayless solitude of a life without a single love, a single hope, a single ambition, a single fear, save the one guilty one, not his own, but which seemed part of himself, born with his nature and laid upon him when first his father communicated the secret to him, and named the precautions and possible penalties in case of discovery.

When the rope once more hung idly down the dim, deep cliff, Lane went into his own sleeping-room. Something bright on the floor attracted his attention. He stooped and looked. It was his boy's clasp-knife. A sudden fury of sorrow seized him and shook him. His breath came short, his chest heaved, he believed about like a stricken beast. His blood-shot eyes ran fiercely round the place seeking something. Suddenly they stopped, riveted by the sight of the gun lying in a corner. He clutched it by the barrel, as though he would drive the sides together, and with a hoarse yell, dashed into the sunlight, sprang to the brink of the cliff facing the ocean, and swinging the weapon swiftly twice over his head, let it go, sending it far into the sunlit air. With a sudden plunge it shot downward and disappeared for ever.

He looked a while as if to give it time to reach the water, then, clutching his head in both hands, tottered to his own chamber and threw himself heavily on the earthen floor, his arms and legs spread wide and his powerful hands digging into the hard ground until they were covered with blood.

(To be continued.)

**Cataract.**  
In the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy. Like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood. Makes the weak strong. Restores health. Try it now.

A Sacred Relic.

One of the most curious relics preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, England, is a crown having a framework said to have been made of the nails that were driven through the hands and feet of Jesus at Calvary. The crown itself is encased with jewels and gold, exhibiting a close resemblance to the emerald work of the present day, notwithstanding the fact, that its history can be traced back to the time of the coronation of Agilulfus, King of Normandy, in the year 591. As noted in the foregoing, the portion of the crown which is of the greatest traditional interest is the framework of iron, about three-eighths of an inch broad and one-tenth of an inch in thickness, attached to the inner circumference of the jeweled superstructure.

The iron band was made from the identical nails, according to legendary report, used at the crucifixion; given by the Empress Helena—who, history says, was the discoverer of the cross—to her son, Constantine the Great, as a miraculous protection from the dangers of the battle-field.

The priest, who exhibits the crown to curious visitors, points out, as a permanent miracle, the fact that there is not a single speck of rust upon the iron, although it has now been exposed to the dampness of the atmosphere for more than 15 centuries. The crown was originally made of Agilulfus, King of the Lombards, under the supervision of Theodelinde, his wife, who had fallen heir to the sacred nails.—Notes for the Curious.

An 'Only Daughter' Cured of Consumption.  
When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

A Treasure of the Sanctuary of Chartres.  
The miraculous statue is not the only treasure of which the sanctuary of Chartres can boast. It possesses also a veil of Our Lady. It is one of those long veils, half silk, half flax, with which the women of the East used to cover their head, and, crossing it on the bosom, enveloped the upper part of the body. How this cherished relic came to Chartres long remained a mystery, but it is generally believed that, having fallen into the hands of a Jew, it was purchased from

him by two Christians, Candidus and Galbrius, while on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. These good brothers brought it back to Constantinople, intending to keep their treasure secret; but, miracles having been wrought by it, they confided it to Leo the Great, who had a temple built in which to deposit the venerable relic. There it remained until the eighth century, when the Empress Irene, sent it, during the course of an important negotiation, as a gift to Charlemagne. From him it passed down to his grandson, Charles the Bald, who on leaving Aix-la-Chapelle to reign over France, undoubtedly carried away the precious veil; and as no shrine of Mary then enjoyed such celebrity as that of Chartres, the King rightly concluded that no place was so fitting to receive the sacred relic.

The holy veil was preserved intact until the stormy days of the Revolution, when in 1793, some of the Government officials came to Chartres demanding to see the treasures of the Cathedral. By a miraculous intervention the veil was spared; but some members of the chapter, leaving for its future, deemed it would be in greater security if it were cut up. Yielding to this mistaken idea, the relic, measuring four ells and a half, was divided into several pieces. One was carried to the celebrated shrine of Ste. Anne d'Auray, in Brittany; another found its way to Canada, whilst yet another was taken to England. After the Revolution Mgr. de Lubersac, Bishop of Chartres, collected all the pieces scattered here and there, except the three we have mentioned, and replaced them in a splendid silver reliquary, which he offered to the impoverished treasury of the Cathedral.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

A Canadian Druggist Makes a Discovery Rivalling that of Dr. Koch.

The civilized world has recently been deeply agitated over the announcement that Dr. Koch, an eminent German physician, had discovered a lymph for the cure of consumption. This discovery has been heralded one of the greatest achievements of modern medical science, of equal, if not greater importance, is a discovery made by a well-known Canadian druggist, which, while it does not pretend to cure consumption after the lungs have been affected, is offered with every confidence as a preventative of that disease. Medical testimony bears on the statement that more than two-thirds of the cases of consumption, occurring in this country annually, are of catarrhal origin. The trouble begins with a cold in the head, which the sufferer treats as a light matter, and too frequently neglects. This in time invariably develops into catarrh; the mucous membrane becomes thickened, inflamed and hardened, and there is a profuse discharge of watery and poisonous matter from the nostrils, or else the poisonous secretions become clogged and hardened. In either case the breath is inhaled over this poisonous matter and produces harmful results. The inflammation gradually extends to the bronchial tubes, and thence to the lungs, which already poisoned and weakened by the foul breath inhaled, are ripe for that dread disease—consumption which ends in death. A remedy that will prevent these disastrous consequences must be regarded as a boon to mankind, and, as already stated, such a remedy has been discovered by a Canadian druggist. There is no case of cold in the head which it will not instantly relieve and permanently cure. Do not, for an instant, neglect a cold in the head, for by its prompt treatment you will prevent its developing into catarrh—the second stage on the road to the grave. If, however, catarrh has already developed, the use of this great remedy will prove equally beneficial, as it affords speedy relief, and will effect a certain cure, even in the most aggravated cases, if persistently used. It removes the secretions, frees the clogged nostrils, and sweetens the breath, stops the inflammation and thus saves the lungs and prevents the disease developing into consumption. This great discovery is known and sold throughout the country under the name of Nasal Balm. It is a positive and certain cure, and the thousands of testimonials in the hands of its proprietors prove that it is all they claim for it. It is sold by all dealers, and every sufferer from cold in the head or catarrh should use it.

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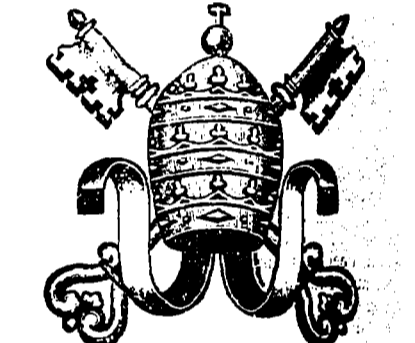
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