"Explain

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

can tell you no more about him than I can about the man in the moon. In short no one to know him, save that he is a monk, of some Roman order, and named Valdimir. been here only a few months, mear as I can find out. And yet I think I know what his busin as is : or, at least, why

we could have him taken care of at any mo-

"Why-I think he is a sny of the Popesent here from Rome to learn something of our En peror's plans.

**Oh

But have you any particular reasons for thinking him a epy from the Pope ?" "Why-he is a Rowish monk; and he my dying hour. God bless you. hangs about the most important places in -his trying to remain in the of this occasion that started his heart to a audience chamber while private Lusiness cion. I mean to watch him, at all events.

"That's right," returned the duke. And then, after a moment's thought, he added: every petry duel that may be fought, if he heard one or two persons say that they were | tions which had been stirred within his own "O that may be only the result of some

strong resemblance which he bears of some one else. I an sure he was never here be-fore—not in Moscow."

Again the humped-backed priest was can tioned about the work he had in hand, and what Kopani told me; that you overcam baving promised over and o ; again to be very careful, he took his leaso

And Olga, Duke of Tula, was left alone with his own thoughts. Better for him had that wicked priest been his executioner Better for him had he been upon the count's bed, racking with pains! Better for him had ne been a poor gun-maker, so he had been honest! Oh, better for him had he been the meanest beggar that walked the earth, than what he was! But he did not realise this. He had a goal ahead, and he tried to overlook the Llack, dreadful gulf that yawned between him and it !

CHAPTER X. The news went out that the Count Conrad onoff must die. A few days before the best surgeon in Moscow said he would recover; but now that same surgeon said he must fall. A strange change had come over him. It was not a fever, but rather a consuming of vitality. He was failing fast, and no art of medicine could revive him. some thought he must be bleesing inwardly, in that case there would be some outward symptom. The wound it elf was healing, but the disease was not. The physician and the priest were now in daily, and the former almost in hourly attendance. The surgeon was Kapani; and the priest was the humpha ked Savotano!

Thus lay the count upon his hed, weak and faint, but at present almost free from Bain, and an c an was his only atant, the priest having just left. It was just after noon. The dying man had just taken a powerful stimul ting draught, though it was against the injunctions of the priest as he said that hy such means the invalid might die bereft of sense, and thus lose his hold upon salvation-he had just taken this draught when there was a low rap upon the door. The woman arose to answer the summons. Sue conversed a few moments with the girl who had knocked. and when she returned to the bed she an nounced that Ruris Nevel wished to enter. "Let him come in," whispered the count-

"Never mind," he interrupted, as the woman commenced thus to expostulate. Let him come in. By heavens, if he is my enemy let me see him. It may serve to

So the woman went to the door again, and soon afterwards Ruric Nevel entered the apartment. He stepped lightly, noiseessly, to the bedside, but it was some moments ere he could distinguish objects by the subdued light of the place. By and by, however, he overcame the difficulty, and he started back in horror as he beheld the fea- was cordial-never kind." tures of his adversary. How pale and sunken! How deathlik and ghastly! The then he said: count noticed the movement and he noticed the look.

" Count Damonoff," spoke the gun-maker, and all of Rosalind's." in a low, solemn tone, "a few days sine I heard that you were recovering, and I his eyes closed, and groaned in agony at thanked God. But to-day they told me you the strange revelations that were breaking were dying, and I have come to ask that I in upon him. may take your hand ere you pass away Lut see. Why starts Rurie so sudden from earth. As God is my Maker and my ly !-an I why does he turn so pale? Why Judge, I would rather lie down here and die do his hands tremble ?- and why is his brow for you than here you pass away with a bent so eagerly? curse of me upon your soul or on your lips. Forgive me for what I have done, and by the strange event. never again will I engage in such a wicked work. For my own life it is my country's tone. "You were recovering once?" and my mother's, and I have no right to throw it away ; and my entagonist's life is the sacred property of God, which I have us

Slowly and heavily moved the dying man Let's sec-on Friday morning I felt the over, and then he extended his thin and first relapse." wasted hand.

"Ruric." he said-and his voice was self. I am glad you have come-very glad; would have caught his companion by the the gloom. see you. I sould not send for you, for I what is it?" been all wrong in the things that have pass priest pass out from this house?" said the ed betwixt thee and me. I was mad and a gun maker interrogatively. fool. I blame you not; but rather do I and now tell me that I am forgiven !"

"Forgiven?" repeated Ruric, with trembling lip, still holding the count's hand within both his own. "Oh, would to God teonid call you back to life! Forgiven?

Mara & Co., Grocers, Fruit and Provision

A Pleasing Discovery. offered with nonralgia and obtained no ntil advised to try Hagyard's Yellow then I have found it to be an admire

Ob, God, who reads all hearts, knows how humble, how sacred, is my forgiveness to you! Could I call you back—could I wipe out the past from my memory, I could die

** This was my holiest wish, though pride has kept back its utterance. Oh, I feared you would gloat over my death-that you would be glad when I was gone !" "No, no; I should have been

"There are many such. And yet I wrong ed you by the thought. But I could not help

"There is one reason why I should like to live; I should be prepared for a better life. Since death has come-since I have known that he stood waiting by my bedyes, my lord. He has been there I have wondered at the evil life I have led : several time; and once the Emperor him- and I have thought that if the dark king

then the invalid resumed :

self was obliged to send him out of the audi- would let me remain here a few more years could be a better man. But 'tis too late now. The die is cust. Yet I have some joy in this. You have shed a happy light upon Ruric's f elings were easily moved, and our city. Even the circumstances I have there was something in the deep solemnity

tender mood; and the last words of the was going on, and having to be ordered out | dying man flowed the cup. He bowed his by the Emperor-is some ground for suspi- head, and covering his eyes with one hand, while he held in the other the hand of Con rad, he wept freely and silently. At this moment the woman arose and lef "She's gone," said the count, after l

had recovered somewhat from the deep omo "Sit down here beside me." Ruric obeyed the request, and after h had seated himself he gazed sadly into the sick man's face.

" Say, Ruric," the count asked, while ar eager look overspread his face, "wast true Demetrius the Greek with the sword ?" "I did," the youth replied, in a whisper "But you did not disarm him !- you did

not fair'y take his sword from him ?" "I id Conrad." " My soul, is it possible? And where ave you been all your life?

"In Moscow, and n Spain." 'And yet obscure." "Never mind that now," interpo turic. "I have something of more in a Do you-but you will pardon me for what may say, for I assure you I mean it all for

"Speak on." said Conrad, at the sam time running his eyes almost enviously over the gun-m ker's nobly-developed breast and

Then, first-I have just come from th lady Rosalind-An-I meant not-" "Go on. I may have felt a pang at the mention of that name, but I know she loves you, and were I strong at this moment as ever I'd relinquish all claims of her to you. So fear not."

"Thank you, Sir Count, for this-but I presence, and between us both we have suspected some dark things. Do you think the duke was really your friend? The count started, and a strange gleam

shot from his eyes. "Go on," he uttered. "Then listen: Before you ever came to my shop the duke had solemnly promised that she should receive no more trouble from

you -that you would claim ber hand no "Do you know this !"

" I do." "But it cannot be. Why should he have sent me on that mis ion to you ?" "I had taught one of his officers the sword exercise, and he knew I was your superior in strength, and the use of the

"Well-go on!" whispered the count nervously and anxiously. Why-he thought very likely that we should not meet on such a question without a quarrel. He knew your natural impetu-

sity, and my strength of arm, and hoped you-would fall." "But-go on !" " His estate is running out and he wants

the whole of Drotzen !" "Ah! I see it now !" .The duke had proposed himself for Rosalind's hand," resumed Ruric. "He says he has loved her long; and he will force her to marry him if he can, though he breaks her heart !" "My God !" gasped the count.

starting up to a sitting posture; "how blind I have been! By my soul, he never Ruric gently laid the sick man back, and

"From all I can see and understand, the proud duke meant to get all you wealth The count spoke not yet. He lay with

"What is it?" asked the count, startled "Hold!" whispered Ruric, in a frantic

"From this wound ?" "Y'es." "Yos. I was getting well fast, and the right to touch but in self-defence. Forgive doctors said I should be stout and well in a month. But suddenly this change came on

"The very time !" gasped Rutic to himstronger now, for the potion was working- The count moved his head forward, and

for I have wished, above all clse on earth to hand if he could. "For God's sake, Ruric, knew not how you might come. I have "As I came this way I saw a humpbacked

"Yes-yes," returned the count, speakthank you for your kindness through all the ing shortly and quickly. "It was Savoscene. Oh, I forgive you with all my heart; tano. He has attended me. The duke re- gun-maker!" commended him." "And was he have Thursday night?"

That latent force of fluid, which permeates all matter, and which hears the conventional name of Electricity, is widely appreciated and recognized as a means of cure in various diseases. Its effects in the form of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil are shown by the relief of pain, both neuraligac and rheumatic, as well as the throat and ings, and in various other healing ways.

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"Thursday? Ah-yes-he watched with o that night.

And has he been in atten "Yes; every day. But why do you ask? lay—what is that meaning look upon your ace? What is it?"

At this moment the door of the apartent was quietly, noiselessly opened, Copani, the surgeon, entered the place. nd grasping him by the arm, "your patient a poisoned! A deadly poison has been given him, and it is even now eating his life away !"

'Impossible !' gasped the surgeon, straining his eyes to see plainly who it was that spoke to him. "Ah," he uttered, as he beame somewhat used to the gloom the apartment, is it you, sir?" "Aye-but mind not that now.

een poisoned. "It cannot be ?" "By the hopes of my salvation!" cried Conrad Damonoff, starting up to s sitting posture, "he speaks the truth! That ac. cursed rriest! Oh! Olga!

emy !" "But what is it all ?" the surgeon saled, gazing first upon Ruric, and then upon the count. "Speak, some one."

"Tell him," grouned Conrad. "Listen :" said the gun-maker. "I have uspicions, l'us mind you, they are founded on facts, and the facts are these : The Duke of Tula is well-nigh free from the possession of property. His had of Drotzen is all mortgaged, and he wants the other half That other half he cannot have while Dam onoff lives. The duke, too, has sworn that osalind Valdai shall Le his wife-so he would have her property, also. This nump backed priest is Olga's special tool. It was Olga who freed him more than once from deserved punishment. Last Thursday even ing he was with the duke in private coun cil, and he came from thence directly to this place. Now you can judge for your

The surgeon started slightly, and then he bowed his head. A few moments he remained thus, and then he caped up and

clasped his hands. "By the Living God of all things," he cried, "it is! it! There is no burning up. as I thought, of icy, wintry fire; but the hellish work is from a human hand ! Hold -I know the s, mptoms. I know them now. Be quiet, Conrad. It may not yet

As the surgeon sp ke he hastily opened a small leathern case he carried with him, and from thence he took a powerful emetic. The woman was sent for, and when she came she obtained warm water. The potion was given a small quantity at a ti.o-at ntervals of about five minutes, until the desired effect was produced. A strange mass of stuff was thrown up, and Kopani took it to the light and examined it. Most of it was of dark, brownish color, but with streaks of yellow, and coarse blotches of red and green. The yellow substance was of a mucous formation, while the red and green

"Tis poison!" the surgeon said; "and it has been administered in small quantities.' "And cannot acmething be done?" asked Ruric, eagerly. Oh, save him if you can ! Save him and I'll bless you ever. You can-

oh, say you can :" The surgeon caught the youth by the hand. There was something in this noble spirit that moved him-and he knew now that all must have been forgiven between

"I'll try," he said, "I have antidotes with me. By heavens, all is not lost yet." "Then hasten," urged Ruric, half crazed eneath the weight of the great discovery which he had tous helped to make. "Be not uneasy. I will see that he suf-

ers not for want of human skill." And as the surgeon thus spoke he moved to the sideboard and mixed an antidote; but he did not give it until the invalid had vomit-

"Hold!" cried Ruric, as the surgeon took up the wine to mix the antidote with. f"Touch not a thing here. Perhaps the vil lain has poisoned them all !'

"So it may be." Kopani said, setting do the bottle. He then turned to the woman, who had remained standing by the fire like one in a trance, and asked her to bring a fresh bottle of wine. She quickly obeyed, and when she was gone Kopani took all the artic;es upon the table and set them on one side. He would not throw them away, for he meant to analyze them.

When the woman returned Kopani mixed the new potion, and administered it, and ere long afterw rds the count fell asleep,

'Ruric Nevel," said the surgeon, as soon as he was su e the invalid would sleep, "will you remain here awhile? I wish to go and analyze some of these these things. have only to go to the Academy. I will be

back in an hour at the furthest." The gun-maker gladly consented to this and having gathered up the phials and the wine-hottle, and concealed them beneath his pelisse, the surgeon left.

Ruric Nevel was happier now, for hope was with him while he prayed that God might spare the unfortunate count.

CHAPTER XI.

Half an hour had the gun-maker sat by the side of the sick man's bed, when he was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the gentle opening of the dorr. He turned and beheld a human form emerging from the narrow, dark entry-way. As t came into the room the watcher started, for he beheld the humpbacked priest, Savo-

"Who is here?" the arch fiend whispered, shading his eyes and trying to peer inte __sh !" uttered Ruric. "The count is asleep.

By this time our hero had so far overcome the first emotion caused by the villain's entrance that he could be calm. "And who is this?" the priest whispered. moving nearer to the bed. "Ha! The

Yes," replied the youth, watching every look and movement of the fellow So rapidly does ung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay Get a boate of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and oure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and hung troubles. It is compound of from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung

would consult their best interests by calling at the show case emporium of W. Millichamp, Sons & Co., the pioneer manufacturers of Canadi mates cheerfully furnished. Prices low ever. Selection of walnut, cherry and mo

"You are in astrange place, I should say,

then whispered S.votano, not looking the young man directly in the face, but asting upon him a sidelong glance, as hough he dared not look direct. "Speak not too loud, sir priest," said ou

Do not awaken the count, for he is very faint and weak." And then Ruric had another reason. He feared if Damonoff should awake, that the strange discovery they had made might be revealed; and of course he wished not that the villain should yet know how well he

was understood.

sation with the man if he could avoid it.

"But why are you here?" pursued Savo tano, who seemed determined to know. 'I am this poor man's spiritual comforter, you do something for the count? He has and I surely have a right to know wherefore is the presence of one bearing the peculier relations towards him which are sustained by you."
Ruric's first impulse was one of disgus

and wrath, but he managed to keep it to chair noiselessly nearer to the visitor, so

leeper, "I heard that the count was dying, and I would not have him die without first forgiving me f r all that I have done." "And has he done it ?"

"He has." 'And why do you remain here? Where lis attendant ? She is out somewhere. The count ha ad a strange fit-a startling spacm-and I pared if he had another the woman could

not manage him alone." "Ah," uttered Savotano. "A spasm?" "Yes-a most strange one-as though unething were at his heart—as though his rain were on fire, and his whole system shaking."

The priest turned his head away, bu Rurie saw plainly the exultant look which rested there. There was no mis taking any more. That one look-for Ruric saw it-was proof enough. "Well, well," the misshapen villain sa'd,

I will call again when he is awake. I would not have him die, and I not by him. Thus speaking Savotano arose and moved wards the door. His step was eager, an is every look betreyed some anxious purose. He stopped as ne reached the do and looked back, but he did not speak. Ruric was afraid he might go to the sideboard to look at the medicine, but he did not. He simply cust one more glance at the watcher, and then left the room.

In half an hour the surgeon returned. His ace wore a clear, emphatic expression, and his movements were all quick and prompt, as though each one was for the purpose announcing some self-evident decision.
"Well," he ultered, with a quickly drawn breath, "we have put the medicines to a

test." And then he leaned back and looked into Rurie's face. "And what did you find?" the you g man

asked. which the count had to take; but this lane, within which the snow was deep and poison is not alone. There is much opium almost untrodden. the wine, even so that we could smell it must have one of those receipts which have direction." been used by scientific poisoners, for no physician in Moscow could have concocted

he deadly potion. "But wherein was it so wondrously pe. culiar?' asked Ruric, with interest. "Why-in this: Arsenic was the princount would have diet from the effects of him through the Emperor's displeasure by he wound. The poison was working the man who was now trying to murder the have hopes now. The villain must not

will let the thing run for the present." Kopani was not a little surprised when he found that the priest had been there during his absence, but before he could make any further remark the count awoke. He felt very faint, but that strange sickness of the stomach was lessened. The surgeon prepar d some suitable diluents, and having called in the woman he gave directions that they should be given in large quantities; and also directed her to prepare some strong

barley water for the patient to drink as he wanted beverage. All the phials were replaced upon the sideboard, and then refilled with liquids somewhat like those they had before contained; but the nurse was directed not to science upon the sick nobleman. He promised the Count that he should have safe

and competent watchers thereafter. It was fairly dark now, as Ruric could see by raising the curtain and looking out. He had no idea it was late. Time had passed without his notice. He moved to the side of the bed and took the invalid's hand. "I must go now." he said, "but if you are

willing, I will come again-" "You will come," uttered Conrad, in reply, returning the grasp of the hand with all his feeble power. 'Oh, you must come often now. I hope I shall live. Perhaps I shall. If I do, I shall owe my life to you. And God knows-for the feeling is even never think, never, of the sad blow you struck se. Come-come to me when you can, for now-now-sa God lives I speak

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I was troubled with dyspepsin for six years. Four years are I got a bottle of B.B. from your agent. Mr. John Pearce of Parry Harbor, which I aconsider completely cured me. A return of the symptoms about five weeks ago-however, was promptly removed by using only part of another bottle, and I feel as well as ever I did in my life.

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the truth-now I love you!"

"God bless and keep you," mit Rurle, in a hucky, tremulous vo the room. He heard the voice of the count as he moved toward the open door, and thanked God 'twas a blessing which fell

upon his ears. Ah, those who know not what true for giveness is, know not the holiest emotion of

Ruric had left his sledge at a neighboring inn, and as soon as he gained the street he bent his steps that way. He had gone half the distance from the residence of the count to the inn, and was just upon the point of crossing the street, when he heard his name pronounced by some one behind him. He stopped and looked around, and saw a man

approaching him.
It was too dark to distinguish plainly, even at a usual conver-ational disance. yet Ruric was not long in concluding that the man who had thus hailed him was a stranger. He was a medium-sized man, and so closely enveloped in his bonnet pelisse that his form and features would have been hidden even had it been lighter than it was. that his whisper might not disturb the

"Did you speak to me?" asked the youth s the man came up.
"Yes, sir. Is your name Ruric Nevel?"

"Then you are wanted a few moments at the residence of a lieutenant, named Orsa. "Alaric Orsa?" asked Ruric "But he does not live here in the Krem-

"He s here now, at any rate, and would

sce you." "But you said he was at his residence, suggested our hero, who was fearful that some evil might be meant for him." "I know to the contrary, sir," stranger returned, promptly. say is, Alaric Orsa has fallen upon the ice, and hurt himself severely, and upon being informed that you were near by with sledge, he asked that you might be sent

"Been hurt, has he?" "Yes, sir.

"I believe no bones are broken, but he is badly sprained that he cannot walk."

"Ah-then perhaps he wants me to carry him home." "I can't say as to that, sir. They only ent me to find you. I don't know the man nyself.

tatement thus made that Ruric believed it ill honest, and he stood no longer in doubt. "I will go," he said, "but lead the way uickly, for I have no time to waste." "I will lead as fast as you will want t

follow," answered the man. And thus speaking he turned back, and having gone some dozen rods by the way they had both come, he turned down a narrow street which led towards the river. Half-way down this he went, and then he "Just what we had expected. We have turned again—this time to the left—and thus Ruric found himself in a narrow, dark

"Look ye," cried the youth, stopping as when our suspicions guided us. The poison he found himself over knees in snow, "I has been most adroitly fixed. The priest think we have gone about far enough in this "This is the shortest way," said the

stranger guide, apologetically. "I did not think the snow was so deep here. But it's only in the next street." "Then on you go." Again the stranger started, and Rurie cipal poisoning agent, but that alone would followed. The lane was a crooked one, and roduce symptoms which any physician more then once the youth had another inwould know tonce. In this case there was climation to stop. He had no direct fear, comething present which overcame all the but yet he had some just grounds for doubt. nutward signs of the poison, and only let it Had he not seen what had been attempted ert upon the vitals. I know not the sec et. agains the count, he might have had no the gaug. though I know there is such a one. Had it such doubts now; but as it was, he thought not been for your fo tunate suspicions the that if one attempt had been made to ruin

silently, and surely-without pain, and count, it would not be at all improbable without outward different from the usual that some more effective plan should be inking of the worn and fainting body. But adopted towards bin. He was pondering of you?" thus when they came to a cross lane, fuil as know that we have discovered him. We narrow as this, into which the guide turned. "Look ye once more, sirrah," cried the youth, now stopping short. "Do you call this a street?"

"Yes, sir; and on this street we shall find the man we seek. It is only a short cut from where he is to the inn where your horse is; so ye won't have to retrace these

dubious ways. Only a little further, sir," "But I don't like this." "Why-bless you sir; if you wish to go direct to the inn wher, you horse is, this will be the nearest way. "Well-on you go."

And on they went again-now slipping on the ice-now in the snow to the knees-and anon stumbling along over frozen hubbles use them. Everything that her patient was and deep holes. At length the guide stopto take she was to keep under her own ped and opened a small gate which was charge in the kitchen; and she was also fixed in a high, thick brick wall. Rurie most particularly cautioned against allow- hesitated here again. He had no weapon of ing the priest to gain anything from her. any kind. If he had had even a pistol, or a But Kopani meant to be sure in that score. sword, he would have cared not. But he did He had a little business to transact, and then not show his thoughts to his guide. The he was coming back to spend the night him- gate opened with a crack upon its frosty self by the count's side. He meant at all hinges, and by the dim starlight the youth events, that the poisoner should have no could see an open court beyond, and furmore opportunity to exercise his diabolicat ther still, a house of some kind loomed up.

"This place seems not to be used much, remarked Ruric, as he saw the snow in the court was trodden but little-only one or two tracks being visible from the gate to the house." "Ah-yes-you said-what?"

"I said this place didn't seem to be used much," the youth repeated, though he was he sank down ! sure the fellow heard the first time. "Ah, yes-a--the usual entrance i other way, by the sledge path."

"And where is that?" Ruric asked, not being able to see any such path. "Oh-it's around on the other side By this time they had reached the door of the house, which our hero could now see had member how you saved me-and I will guide plied the iron knocker with zeal. Ere ong a man made his appearance with a

lantern in his hand. "Alambas the gun maker Vegetable Discovery will purify the blood, remove typepesia and drive away that extreme tred feel-ng which causes so much distress to the indus-

"Yes," retur believe Orsa is fit to move,"

This way, sir." This was all so frank and prompt that the oung man began to think he had been a foo for being frightened. He followed the man with the lantern into the hall, and from thence down a long flight of stairs into basement. The lantern did not give much ight, but it was sufficient to reveal the fact that the house was an old one, and not very large, for Ruric could see windows upon the opposite side of the hall which looked out of doors. As he reached the foot of the stairs he found himself upon a brick floor. and he saw that the wal's were of stone. A ittle further on a door was opened, and this led to a small apartment within which

was a fireplace, and a good fire burning. "There, good sir," said a second guide, if you wil wait a few moments I will go and see how the lieutenant is." As soon as Ruric was left alone he looked about him. The room was of moderate size

for a small house, and the idea of inhabiting the cellars was a common one in Moscov during the winter season. The windows, two in number, were close up to the ceiling, and very small, and were patched with pieces of board in two or three places. Ere ong the man came back, and with him three others, on of whom the youth recognized as the individual who had conducted

"Orsa will see you, sir," said he with the

Ruric arose to follow him, the other three men approaching the fire as though they would remain there. He had reached the door and passed through into the room beyand, when he thought he heard footsteps behind him. . It was a sliding, shuffling sound, and he turned his head to see what it As he did so he received a blow which staggered him, and which would have felled an ordinary man to the floor. He gathered himself quickly up, but before he could fairly turn about he received a second blow, heavier than the first, which brought him upon his knees. In an instant all four of the men were upon him, and he could see that they had ropes in their hands with which to bind him. With all his might he threw the fellow who held his right hand back against the wall, and another he sent in an opposite direction, and in a moment more he would have been upon his feet; but just at that instant a noose was adroitly slipped over his

head, and as the rope tightened about his neck he was drawn back upon the brick floor "Now resist any more, and we'll choke you as sure as fate," cried the m n who had

held the lantern, and who now had a hold upon the rope. "Oh!" groaned Ruric; while the massive cords worked like cables in his arms and shoulders, "give me a fair chance. Let me be up and free—then lock your doors, if you

with a wicked smile. "We know your power, and we are not disposed to test it further. We have had trouble enough already. Shall we-"

The man stopped speaking, for at that moment another no se was slipped down over Ruric's head, and ere he could avoid it, it had been drawn tightly about his arms. He was now at the mercy of his captors, and having rolled him over upon his brease they proceeded to secure his arms behind him, which being done they bade him to rise. Of course he could have no desire to lie there upon the cold bricks, and he got

upon his feet as well as he could. "Now, Ruric Nevel, I will conduct you to your own apartment," said the leader of gasped, rendered almost spee hless with the mingled emotions of surprise and anger. Why have ye done this? Whose hirelings are ye that ye thus waylay and seize upon an honest man who has done no harm to any

Never mind that now, sir," the ruffian coolly answered, "suffice it for you to know that you are safe for the present." " But will ye not tell me what this is for! There is some intent.

"Yes -and come with me and you shall see. Come." Thus speaking the man turned once more and having picked up his lantern he moved on, while the others, taking Ruric by the arms, followed after. The prisoner made no resistance now, for he know that it would oe useless. At a short distance another

flight of stairs was reached. Down here?" uttered Ruric, with shudder. "Of course. You'd freeze up here." These words struck harshly upon the

youth's soul, for it meant that he was to be detained in this lonesome place. At the bottom of these stairs they to a vaulted passage, at the end of which was a door. This was opened, and Ruric was led through into the place beyond. He cast his eyes quickly about, and he found hir self in a naarow apartment, the walls and floor of which were of stone, and the roof of brick, the latter being arched. In one corner was a couch, and upon it was

some old skins. And here the youth was to be left. guide simply pointed to the low couch, and then turned away. Ruric asked a question. but it was not answered. In a few mo ments more the heavy door was clos d upon him, and he was in total darkness. He sought the couch, and with a deep groan

CHAPTER XII.

Rosalind Valdai and Zenobie were together in their sitting-room, and the former had been weepi g. She looked paler than when we saw her before, and her brow was heavy. Smiles no longer crept about the now firm in my soul—that I will always re- an old, dilapidated appearance, and the dimples of her cheeks, and eyes had a sad, mournful look. Her face plainly showed that she had suffered much.

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Old University. For the best photo of the University, before and after the fire, call at the studio of H. E. Sinneys, 41 King-street east. 136

bie, throwing her arms about Rosalind's eck, and drawing her head upon he weep no more. be some hope. Surely God will not suffer such an unholy work to be done."

"Ab, Zenobie," returned the fair maiden, in a fluttering, melanchely tone, "where an I look for hope?" "I say, in God. You have told me

must look to Him, and I have believed you. Have you not always been good "I have been as good as I knew hough I have sinned."

"How sinned? Oh. my, mistress, if

"So I have often heard, but I hardly think you have sinned. What have you done which you knew to be wrong?" "Nothing -nothing."

"Then how have you sinned?" "Ah, Zenobie, we all do things we ought not to do; but yet I mean to near right as I can." Then leave the rest with God.

when poor mortals do as near right as lies a their power, sarely they may leave the rest without fear. And now, if God is just, as you tell me, why should He allow the vicked duke to triumph over you? What justice would there be in that-when you re all goodness, and he is sin itse f?"

Rosalind was puzzled. Sae had tried to each her attendant to love and honor God and she had so far succeeded that Zenobie inderstood all the principles of Christianity, and embraced them gladly and jayfully but now how should she make this point understood? How should she reconcile, this apparent injustice with God's universal mercy and justice?

"Can you not tell me?" the young girl asked again. "Why should God allow such a thing? You say He is all-powerful,

and can do what He wills." "Zenobie," returned the maide .. pondering for a while, "you do not look a she bounded forward and embraced her the subject in a proper light. God does not operate by petty, individual decisions, as an superor does. He sees that certain laws re necessary for the good of mankind-and not a single law of all his code is there but is very good. Last night your head-ached. and you suffered; and of course you had violated some natural law. It was your own fault. And so this suffering which is now come upon me is the result of a viola. tion of one of God's laws."

"Ah," cried Ze whie, eagerly. "but you are the one who suffers, whi canother violates the law. In my case I did both, and do not

"But listen:" pursued Rosalind, with brightening countenance, for the true idea "It would not be just for a person to enjoy all the good of a -not Rurio been here ?" w and leave others to suffer all the evil. God has established in us a social nature, the whole fear now. and through that part of our nature come the sweetness of our earthly enjoyments "Just then. Day before such a law, the law of sociality—must be was here in the forenoon." universal, and if men break that law they must suffer, and the only just way in which poor woman grouned. to release me from the effects of the law. Then I should be a poor, lonesome outcast, forced to live all the days alone lices barren rock upon the top of some bleak mountains. Zenobie, who joined in the grief. But I would rather live among people, and

suffering. It is not H s mult that the duke | the animal was still there, his owner having eins. Do you understand ?"

"I don't know," murmured the "But see," resumed Rosalind: "vou choose so exercise your social nature, and of your the door, and Zenobie went to answer the secord you mingle among your fellows. Do sum nons. It was the black monk, Valdimir, you not see that thus you are enjoying one who thus demanded admittance. At any of God's richest blessings-the blessing of other time both Rosalind and Claudia might sociality, friendship, and love?"

"Yes-I see." "Well so far God is good in having given a source of hope. you that power for such enjoyment?" "Yes-I seo."

a friend in the duke, and here have found a me hod of gaining admission here, but I had home. But circumstan es have changed. no other choice, for I feared the duke wou'd The duke has become wicke I in thought-he wants more money-and he will prostitute a to learn, if possible, where power which, in obeyance of God's law may be." would be good, to my ruin. Now God can not save me without rending to pieces one of of speaking she burst into tears. Resalind He does that He destroys that principle of human dependence whence flow those most holy virtues of love, friendshp, and charity. He must act by universal laws, and not by has come here to try if she might find some partial rules and individual exceptions. So as long as I can enjoy the blessings of social mistress gain the first intelligence that he life, I must be subject to the evils of treach- was gone. Pray, good sir, do you know

understand now?" "I see-I see," the girl murmured

thoughtfully.

"Aye, Zenobie," the mistress added, while

rai od their heads, for they we reply the mank could make that he is a little with the language. "God has made us subject to ills here; but look beyond the grave, and how bright it is upon the sick count, and there I learned with hope! I have a father and a mother there. Oh, in all my misery—even in the peared. And I learned, also, of the noble worst state to which the bad duke can re. duce me, I would not change places with him. You seemed to intimate that God triumph. Triumph? Oh, Zenobie, for what ly there. I don't think any there would would see me suffer, and yet let the duke would you have that man's heart in your bosom, an l his soul in your keeping ?"

"Then you see he does not go clear. Oh, how blind and simple are those who imagine there can be pleasure in sin !" This opened a new theme to Zenobie's mind, and she pendered upon it a long while. But by and by she came back to the theme from whence they had started; and in pursuance thereof she said:

cold shudder ran through her frame.

"My mistress, are you sure the duke will persist in this ?" "Aye, Zeno ie; I know he will." Ross lind answered, while the old shudder came back to her frame, and the old grief to her

"And have you no hope ?" "My dear mistress," urged the faithful "Only one-in Ruric. He may help The St. Louis

"Oh, I hope he can. He is a noble man Rosalind answered with a look of gratitud

nd Zenoble proceeded : "Where is the titled lord more noble th ne ? Oh, were I to choose a husb nd now and he was free, and I was in your position, d choose Rurie Nevel before all the em

"So would I," returned the fair maiden. "If I were a countess, as you are, oh, how I should love to make such a man a count, "But my marrying him would not make him a count. Were he a count, and I like what he is now in station, his marrying me would give me the title: but we poor wemen do not have that power."

have the right to choose our own has Rosalind made no oral answer, but his look showed that she sympathized with the "My mistress," at length spoke Zenobie

"Well, then, we should so much more

again, this time in a low whisper, "why may we not leave this place?" Rosalind started as though she had hear the speech of a spirit, and for a moment a lock of hope gleamed upon her face ; but it quickly passed away.
"Alas! where should we go!"

This was a part of the plan which Zeno bie had not thought of; and ere she could make any reply one of the female domestics entered the apartment. This was a part of the plan which Zenobi had not thought of rand ere she could make any reply one of the female domestics entered the apartment, and announced that weman wished to see her young mistress Rosalind asked who it was, but the girl could only tell her that it was a middleaged woman, and very good-looking. The young countess bade Zenobie go down and conduct her up. Ere long afterwards the attendant returned and with her came Claudia Nevel. Rosalind had not seen the good woman for over a year, but she knew her at once, and starting up from her seat

"Ah, Aunt Claudia, I am glad wo have come. You will let me call you aunt as I did in those happy times long gone

"Ave. sweet Rosalind." returned widow, imprinting a warm kiss The countess noticed the strange se

of the woman's tone, and then for the

"Aunt Claudia, you look said," she sa while a chill dread struck to her own best "Aye," the widow uttered, as though she were airaid to venture the question sh wished to ask. "I have been very s.d.

cause I have had a terrible tear. "I hen?" uttered the maiden, "Within these three days?"

"Just then. Day before yesterday he

"And I have not seen him since?" the where? where? "He said he was going to see the Con Damonoff when he left here," interpe

"Ay -so he told me," returned the enjoy the companionship of my fellows. I mother. "I have been there, and they have have accepted the boon, and now, when its not seen him since that evening. The evils come, I must suffer. Had God's intent surgeon who attends the count went out been followed out there would have been no the inn where Ruric put up his horse, and not called for him." "Oh, God, have mercy !" ejaculated the young countess, in a paroxysm of grief.

"At this moment there came a rap upon

have been start'ed by the strange visit, but now they instinctively hailed his coming as "Ladies," spoke the fat monk, approach ing the spot where they stood, and bowing "Well, now, under that law, when I found very low, "you will pardon this unseemly

The widow tried to answer, but instead His most powerful laws, and one which is struggled a moment with the deep emotions meant for a universal good. The moment that stirred within her, and she, too, fell to weeping. Zenobie was obliged to answer.
"Good father," said she, "we here are after the same knowledge. His poor mother

refuse me did I apply to him. I have come

clue to the noble youth; and thus did my ery and social wickedness. Do you not anything about him? What have you

Both Claudia and the young countess now rai ed their heads, for they would hear what "I only know that he is missing." Valthat Ruric Nevel had mysteriously disappurpose for which he visited the count. "Aye," interposed Claudia, with sudden

forgiveness. I don't think they spoke falsewish him harm from any lingering revenge.
"Go, on," returned the monk; "his mis-"I would rather die!" the girleried, while sion thither was most nobly fulfilled. So far from cherishing any spirit of revenge is the count, that he will ever bear from Rurio the holiest gratitude of his soul." "Do you think so?" the widow

hopefully.

energy, "he went to try and gain the count"

become of him. But hold. My dear child, is there not a humpbacked, ungainly priest who sometimes visits your guardian? This was addressed to Bosalind, and a fearful tremor shook her frame as she heard it, for its import was at once apparent. "Do you su pect-" she had started forward and grasped the monk's arm, as she thus comme reed, but she sould not continue.

"I know it," was the monk's assured

reply. "But," he continued, relapsing into

perplexity, "I can not imagine what has

To be Continued. ases of weak stomach, in Herstien, dispensia, re