

Mother and Child

NELLIE B. O'DONOGHUE.

Drunk and disorderly—so it was said,
Into the court-room the culprit was led,
There on her back and in her face
Lingered the signs of her shame and disgrace.
Sitting with the mad in whose depths she
had lain—
All the sweet instincts of modesty slain—
Resisting so boldly there,
Waiting so coldly there,
Hearing her sentence with a sullen disdain.
Sternly the justice looked down from his
seat—
Down at the woman who stood at his feet;
Wondering how she had wandered so far
From the clear paths of duty and prayer.
There, in that dismal and crowded court-
room,
Treading unthinkingly
Going unthinkingly
On to the depths of her terrible doom!

Suddenly, strangely, his features grew
kind—
There on her breast lay a pure little child,
Smiling at him with such innocent eyes,
Eyes in their depths as the honey blue skies.
Over her shoulder it struggled to climb,
Severely unconscious of sorrow or crime,
Smiling so sweetly,
Beautiful, very—
Fair as a lily-bud found in the slime.

Scarcely he spoke to the woman—and then
Out from his hand, a mother's love again
Drove her baby, with faltering tread,
Free for the sake of that innocent head.
Just for a moment the honey was still,
Backward looked over her shoulder and
Smiled—
Lying so sweetly there—
Crying so completely there—
By the foot of these three fingers defiled.

Sadly the justice bent over his book,
Saying himself, "What a terrible shock,
Through what dark pathways of sin and
dread,
Fortitude would carry those small, winsome
feet—
Ah, that a blossom so tender should rest
There on that hard and unwomanly breast!
O, so beautiful—
Crowned with the glory of the beautiful
Sins by the glory of motherhood blest.

Think of it, fathers, when sweet eyes of
brown
Watch thro' the window your coming from
town—
When little feet patter over the floor,
Eager to meet you at the open door;
Till, when you draw your chair to its
place—
Fairly like flowers clamber up to your face—
Unconscious so carefully,
Unconscious so carefully,
Kept in all knowledge of shame or dis-
grace.

Dream of it, mothers, when in lullabies sung
Over the cradle so tenderly swung
Blend with the light of your watchful blue
eyes—
Ah, how proudly you guard her from
harm,
Keeping her safe from all thought of
sin—
Lovingly, caressing her,
Lovingly, caressing her,
Close to your heart is your sheltering arm.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER LII.—CONTINUED.

"Fath, they couldn't be finer—I have
nothing to trouble me mind wild but
watchin' Rick o' the Hills an' his young
lady daughter, an' jist reportin' all their
movements to our father, an' he graces
me livin' at it every time. First, when the
pale faced at Mrs. Murphy's, it seems he
didn't have any watch on him, but jist
to see the jail; well, I told our father
the whole o' it, an' I don't know what
happened, or what was betune them,
but what do you think o' this, Jack?—
Thade's voice descended to a very low
whisper, and he had leaned forward till
it almost touched that of his listener—
"the could do it, plain to the very
off; to take her back away from her
father. He had mess'd, and Shaun Hur-
ley, and Jimmy Carberry, all engaged an'
it was to be the most perfect abduction at
all. He'd have no difficulty in the world
in gettin' into the house, for he was
already provided with a skeleton key to
open the back door, and we were to fol-
low him up to Rick's room, an' he was
to rap for admittance, an' I want some
story that'd make Rick open to us, while
we were to fall on Rick an' overpower
him, an' secure the young lady. A car-
riage was to be in waitin', an' we were
all to drive off to a distant part intirely.
Well, that was all fixed, Jack, for the
right father, Mr. O'Donoghue's, didn't
wasn't, an' he was in readiness, when
what did I see that very mornin' but Rick
an' his daughter, an' Mrs. Murphy, all
goin' to Mrs. Murphy's house, an' I found
out that they had left where they lived,
intirely. When I told that to our father,
he was like a ragged madman; you see
he was afeared to follow up his scheme
in Mrs. Murphy's house, an' he was in
a different place intirely, an' moreover,
Mrs. Murphy havin' a husband an' two
young min o' sons that it mightn't be
well to encounter. So he jist had to let
the matter drop, until he could invent
another plan. He told me how to con-
vince the watch, an' I did, an' when I
reported back the young lady began to
go out again alone, he was hopin' that
she'd go on some errand, an' I had a
plan to be always ready with a carriage
width havin' o' me while. Mr. O'Donoghue
was to rush up to her, an' hold her in
such a way that she couldn't scream while
I whistled for Shaun, an' the pair o' us
were to hustle her into the carriage. But
that too didn't happen, Jack, for the
reason that she never went out after dark,
an' there was no chance o' kidnappin' her
in the middle o' the open street in day-
light. Well, now she's off to day wild
some o' her friends for Drommacochol,
an' how could our father will take that I
povellise to say."

"An' Rick o' the Hills," asked Jack,
"did he go to Drommacochol to-day
too?"

"I didn't see him; he is away some-
where, for I haven't laid eyes on him since
the mornin'; he went with his daughter to
Mrs. Murphy's—forgot after that I saw
him leave the house, but as he didn't have
the young lady with him, I didn't mind
followin' him, to me own loss, for it's
Cathar that's anxious to know where
Rick is—he offered to double what he
gives me if I'd find out for him, an' I've
been afeared me eyes wherever I'd be,
but it's no use; Rick left in Tralee.
Come, dink man, an' we'll have another
plot afore I go to give me report to
Outh."

The second plot was ordered, and over
his laughing contents the boon friends

grew more genial and more communica-
tive.
"It was a great surprise," said he who
had already imparted so much informa-
tion, "when Cathar turned informer in
the open court—let me the greatest stir
that's been in Tralee for many a day."
"Well then," answered Jack, "it's past
my understanding why it should; Cathar
was respected all along of giving informa-
tion to the government—sure how could
he make the money he has, if it
wasn't for that?"
"True for that," was the response; "but
somehow, Cathar had a way with him that
made some people trust him right in the
face o' the devil he might be playin' at;
at that mornin'. You mind, Jack, the toime
he was robbin' in his room o' a certain
paper—the toime that he said two min
rushed in an' med him intirely, an' this
robbed him till they found the paper they
wanted?"
"I do," answered Jack.
"Well, you mind how he laid Tighe a
Vohr down for that—I heard him say
that in me own prison, an' he had
strong thoughts o' takin' the law an'
Tighe; but he couldn't, for he
hadn't one proof to bring forward. He'd
have to swear to the man who rushed at
him, an' the clearest case he'd be able to
make o' it would be that Tighe had hired
the parties to rob him; an' even that a
man wouldn't be able to prove—so he
dropped it. An' it was said in McGlinn's
the other night"—again the voice
dropped to a very low whisper—"that
Cathar wouldn't have gone on the wit-
ness stand himself only for the loss o'
the paper he was robbin'—he was afeared
if that testimony was wantin' he'd lose
the money that he gets for his in-
formin'."

Jack nodded his head in knowing cor-
roboration of the statement, and both
worthies, having exhausted their budget
of contraband news, and drained the last
of their mullin' porter, rose to depart.
Who he had been addressed as Thade
wondered his way to Cathar's lodgings.
That gentleman was only then break-
fasting; a late debauch—the state of his
consciousness, and the failure of his plans
goaded him to deep potations—keeping
him in bed till long past noon. He
ordered Thade to be admitted, and with
out religiously closing the door, he said
the o' illud bono before him, he said with
his mouth full:
"Well, Thade, what's the news now?"
"The devil a his then Miss Sullivan is
off to Drommacochol wid Miss O'Donoghue,
an' that Eggleman that goes to
Mrs. Murphy's so much lately, an' a
young parson, a Tighe a Vohr."
Cathar dropped his head, and ceased to
meditate. "When?" he asked.
"They went in the last mail car that
left."
"An' Rick o' the Hills—where was
he?" Cathar's voice had become agitated.
"The devil a know I know—sure there's
nathin' like nor hair o' him to be had in
Tralee."
Cathar rose—his agitation would find
its vent—he must pace the room, and he
did so, stopping at intervals to rub his
face, as if that action might help to clear
his sultry thoughts. His visitor watched
with a look expressive of his own shrewd
conclusions. Cathar paused at length.
"Well, you run down to Drommacochol,
Thade, and keep the same watch there
that you did here; you know the place
well, and it will not be difficult for you to
spy on Miss Sullivan's movements,
and report to me by letter; you
are able to write, I believe?"
"Oh, I can write, Mr. Cathar, as long
as I want—'tis only the spellin' that bothers
me; but I'd be unconvincant for me to
have Tralee now unless you'd make it
worth my while."
"Certainly, Thade, I'll do that and wel-
come; you shall have no cause to com-
plain—only serve me well."
"Never fear, Mr. Cathar—I'll serve you
to the last o' me powers!" and having
received from Cathar the stipend which
was always the reward of his report, and
promising to depart that very evening for
Drommacochol, Thade took his leave.
Once more the traitor began his agitated
stride of the room, and this time all
his fustian emotions were suffered to
appear in his illated countenance—rage,
hate, jealousy struggled together in his
breast, and he swept by turns a face in
which the stamp of a guilty soul had long
been set. "Rick has at last discovered
upon me!" he said, as he walked; "it
must be so, or he why he was seen some-
where; and that is why Nora has returned
to Drommacochol. They all know the
story now, and what will become of me—
what, what, if any of them should take
me to be the reward of Lord Heathcote? I
want a fool I want there is no proof to
fasten the guilt upon me, but there is
every proof to place it on Rick; I shall
not fear." He straightened himself and
walked with a firmer step. "I have
wealth, and when I receive the amount
which I expect for having turned
witness, I shall have enough to purchase the O'Donoghue
estate, and when Carroll is hung I
may find means to obtain possession
of Nora. If I do not, I shall at least get
them all by my ownership of the O'Donoghue
property, even though I cannot
make of it a home. It was a desperate
stroke," he continued, folding his arms
and walking with slower gait, "to turn
open informer in the court, but the loss of
the paper I had obtained from Carroll left
me no other alternative—the case was to
be closed that day, and the testimony did
not seem to be sufficient to fully convict
him; did I not go on the stand I should
have been despoiled, not alone of the
O'Donoghue homestead, but my very re-
venge—the execution of Carroll. Besides,
there was nothing more to be gained by
pretending to be true to the prisoner, and
by informing thus openly I could crush
both him and his affianced,"—speaking
with bitter mockery—"Nora Sullivan, or
Marie Beckley."

He strode to the closet and helped him-
self bountifully to the contents of one of
the bottles on the shelf; then, apparently
calmed and fortified, he returned to the
table, and prepared to resume operations
on his grilled bone.

"No," he said, suspending his knife and
fork in the air for a moment, "I am afeared
—and I shall remain quietly waiting Cathar
for his hanging, and Thade's reports from
Drommacochol, and then, when I have
purchased the O'Donoghue estate, I shall
plan for other successes."

He bent to his breakfast with renewed
ardor, compensating by his animal gratifica-
tion for all his recent discomfiture and
anxiety.

CHAPTER LIII.
FATHER AND SON.

The journey to Dublin was made with
all the speed of moderate steam travel, but
the little party, each of whom was ear-
nestly wrapped in his or her anxious and
wandering thoughts, could have wished
that the speed was increased—Nora, be-
cause of the fears of being delayed from
the journey; and Denner, owing to a
wild desire to learn at once on what his
new Lord Heathcote wished to see him;
he questioned not how his lordship knew
the very address to which to send his sum-
mons—he deemed it the result of accident;
and when he looked at his two com-
panions, reading with pain the care and
grief marked in their countenances, he
feared he knew the cause of their mys-
terious journey to Dublin—that it was
begged Lord Heathcote to use his influence
for some mitigation of the sentence of the
beloved prisoner; yes, he was sure that
such was the object—the silence of both
regarding the cause of their journey, the
refusal to permit Cathar to accompany
them, tended to prove the truth of his
conjecture, and he almost shrank as he
thought how worse than useless could be
their effort. Having arrived at the capital,
they repaired to one of the hotels for re-
freshment and a brief rest, in order that
they might be ready to meet the lordship
at the time he might be somewhat re-
frained. The afternoon was far advanced,
but Father O'Connor would make the
effort to see Lord Heathcote, unassisted
as he might be the better.

"You are not too fatigued to make a
visit with me?" he said kindly to Nora.
"No," my anxiety lends me strength;
but surely you can tell me now where we
are going."

The priest flashed slightly. "Pardon me,
Nora, if I even yet I must refuse to
gratify you; it seems cruel to keep you in
such suspense, but I am bound—have
given my word, and I cannot break it—
and this affair, so mysterious and harrow-
ing to you, is equally so to me."

There was such a quiver of sadness in
his voice that the gentle girl's heart was
at once touched; she put her hand upon
his arm, and the old Lord, familiar touch
of their early childhood, and answered:
"Forgive me, Cathar; and I shall suppress
my curiosity—I shall not ask a single
question more, but simply do your bid-
ding."

How the young priest quivered at her
touch; how he yearned to strain her to
him, and to tell her that paternal
affection which he always calmed be-
tween them was there by right—that he
was her brother! but the time had not
yet come, and he turned away to meet
Denner, who had just returned from his
room, where he had made a careful toilet
for his visit to the castle—a visit which
his impatience would not allow him to
defer.

"What are you going out?" he asked; "to
what part of the city I perhaps it is
my direction; and as I am rather more
familiar with the streets of Dublin, I may
be of some service as an escort."

The priest seemed a little nonplussed,
but a moment's reflection enabled him to
answer: "Mr. Denner—it had been the
young man's earnest request to call on
military title to his name—for certain
reasons I have refrained from speaking
of the immediate place of our destination,
but I may tell you now: it is Dublin
Castle."

"Ah!" young Denner's countenance
kindled—and he seemed about to burst
into speech, but he was suddenly and
definitely controlled the impulse, for the
light died as suddenly out of his face, and
he was silent for a moment. He was
more than ever convinced of the truth of
his surmise, and he had, during that in-
stant that his face shone, burned to tell
how he guessed the import of their mis-
sion, and how he would fain dissuade
them from the course they were taking,
but he was silent, and he said to Cathar:
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beauty, which, despite the plainness of
her garb, never had been more striking or
brilliant.

"Pray!" whispered the priest.
She did pray all during the ascent to
Lord Heathcote's apartments, and even
for the first moment after her entrance
into the presence of the nobleman, her
eyes moved with the closing of her favor-
ite petition, the "Hall Mary."

His lordship did not look at her at first
—he sat in his invalid chair with his
head before his face; and it was only
when his visitors stood fully within the
room, and the usher had withdrawn, that
he dropped his hand, and rising, stood
before them.

What strange feeling was it which came
over poor bewildered Nora, as she met
the earnest, unvalued gaze of those dark,
stern eyes, as she looked into that worn
and prematurely aged face, bent now upon
her with so singularly wistful an expres-
sion! What wild emotion was it which,
threatening one moment to stiffen her,
then left her pale and faint, clinging to
Father O'Connor's arm? But the eyes
were withdrawn from her, and a cold,
careless voice was saying:
"I have heard that both of you favor
the prisoner who is under sentence of
death in Tralee—are you aware that this
is treason upon your part to the govern-
ment?"

And the stern eyes were again fixed
upon Nora, as if an answer was expected
from her. But she only clung the tighter
to her companion. His lordship resumed,
still looking at Nora:
"I have been told that you are the
affianced of this young man; you slowly
leave him, I presume?" He spoke then,
as if he took pleasure in the agony which
the words seemed to cause. "You
would then suffer with him, I suppose—
you would even suffer for him, perhaps?"
Nora never knew by what impulse she
was prompted, as the nobleman's last words
passed his lips, nor could she ever explain
how it had occurred, but she suddenly
found herself on her knees at his feet,
wildly imploring Cardinal Moran to
intercede for her.

"Oh, my lord!" she said, with no
thought beyond the wild, uncontrollable
feeling of the present moment, "if it is
in your power, save him—use your influ-
ence that they may not take his young life,
spare hearts that are already watched,
and which this stroke must surely break
—do this, my lord, and the life-long
prayers and gratitude of many shall be
yours!"

"Rise, young lady; you ask of me what
is not consistent with my office," he
turned away, as if he would not witness
the priest's efforts to raise Nora and quiet
her.

"Take me away," she moaned—"I am
fainting!"

"Will your lordship excuse us? we must
retire," Father O'Connor said, deeply
agitated.

The nobleman returned: "Yes; and to-
morrow I would see you alone,"—speak-
ing to the priest.

Father O'Connor bowed, and the attend-
ants entering in response to Lord Heath-
cote's summons, conducted them out. In
the waiting room, whether the young
clergyman paused to allow Nora to re-
cover the strength of her tottering limbs,
a servant entered, saying he was sent by
Lord Heathcote to see that the young
lady received any attention she might re-
quire; but, Nora, only pleaded the more
eagerly to be taken back to the hotel, and
there, when alone in her room, having
assured the priest and Denner, who had
met them on their return from the castle,
that she only needed rest, she gave free
vent to the anguish which had been so
cruelly renewed by the failure of her im-
pulsive pleas.

Denner, from a feeling of delicacy, still
restrained all utterance of the thoughts
which burned all the more to break into
speech since Nora's disturbed manner gave
such vivid color to his suspicions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INDIFFERENCE AND TOLERANCE.

Two great dangers ahead for Catholics
are the growth of indifference, and con-
sequent lessening of intolerance. This is
quite different from toleration. To tol-
erate is to allow a thing to exist, to let
it pass. Indifference is to be without
concern, to be without interest. To tol-
erate is to be without concern, to be without
interest. To tolerate is to be without concern,
to be without interest. To tolerate is to be
without concern, to be without interest.

A SOUDANESE SPY.

"Listen, Bruce, what's that?" Colonel
Cartleton raised his hand with a gesture of
silence and looked at me intently. Then
we both dropped our cigars and rushed
out to the door of the embassy.

A gun shot plain and unmistakable had
echoed through the night air and we quiet-
ly had heard a faint cry.

"It's in the dreary street all was quiet,
and the solitary electric lamp reflected no
shadow save our own on the pavement
of the British embassy, while the palace
across the way, with its coral facade
and massive carved gates, showed no signs
of life.

"Then a gun went off, a drum began to
rattle loudly, arms flashed, hurrying feet
stepped echoed on the stones and shouts
were given and answered. I listened in
speechless astonishment, and then rushed
back for my cap and sword. It was but
to be prepared, though what possible
ground for an alarm existed I could not
see. Saakin was protected by a line of
centries that extended a mile beyond the
town. No signal had come from the
out-kirka, yet here was this turmoil in
the very midst of the European quar-
ter.

As I hurried back to the door the great
palace gates swung open and a squad of
Egyptian soldiers trooped out, their
swarthy faces shining under their crimson
caps. Close behind them, escorted by
several officers, came a man, a tall, dark,
looking man. He was bareheaded and
held an unheated sword in his hand.

I recognized him at first sight as
Ahmed Ras, the Egyptian Governor of
Saakin. He glanced up and down the
street and then hurried across to the
embassy.

"Are you a British officer?" he said,
breathless with excitement.

"Captain Dagdale, of the Ninth Dra-
goons, at your command, Your Excel-
lency," I said briefly.

"Thank you. I am in need of your
services. An Arab prisoner, a captured
spy of the Mahdi's, has made his escape.
My stupid soldiers are to blame. The
prisoner has been gone some time now, and
it is important that he be retaken, for he
has stolen valuable plans of the town and
fortifications. I fear my soldiers can do
but little, but if your dragons will scour
the plain—"

Your Excellency," I interrupted, "what
you desire shall be done at once."

I mounted my horse, waved a hasty
salute and galloped off down the narrow
street, leaving Ahmed Ras and Cartleton
hobnobbing together on the steps of the
embassy, for Cartleton was the British
Ambassador at Saakin. The hot blood
was coursing madly through my veins,
for I had only been at Saakin a week,
and the faintest touch of excitement was
lively welcome.

I remembered, too, having seen this
escaped Arab only a few days previous,
when he was being taken captive through
the streets of the town, a great black giant,
with muscular, brawny limbs and his
black locks dangling in curls down his
shoulders.

I spurred rapidly through the town,
over the plateau, and into the main land,
where the troops were quartered side by
side with the native population, and soon
the bugle call to arms was floating out
on the night air, and the jingling of spurs
and the tramping of hoofs was heard on all
sides. A few brief, concise orders, and
galloped out on to the desert and scattered
over the sandy plain. Changes were in
my favor, for the moon was coming up
slowly, and the enemy's outposts, were
alone the Arab would find safety, were at
that time three miles beyond the town.

Not a stone or bush or mound of sand
escaped scrutiny. The men were widely
scattered, circling far to the north and
to the south, pawing steadily nearer to
the enemy's line.

I galloped straight across the plain,
closely attended by a solitary trooper, a
brave fellow named Tom Fraser. I kept
as nearly as possible in the direction I
judged the fugitive had taken, and I
hoped to have the pleasure of capturing
him myself, for the tramping of my horse
was muffled by the darkness and would
not betray my approach until I should be
close upon him.

A mile and a half from the town lay
a belt of deserted fortifications, from
which the enemy had been driven a month
or so previous. As we approached these
we slackened our speed and began to look
for suitable camping places. The British
soldier had leveled them in places, and one
of these points we soon found, a break in
the trench with a gentle slope on either
side. We rode slowly down into the hol-
low, and as our horses began to ascend
again, Fraser suddenly tugged fiercely at
my arm.

"Look, Captain, look!" he whispered
excitedly, and as I followed his pointing
finger, he uttered a low cry and his
outstretched hand I saw a light that
made my heart leap. Off to the south
extended the trenches in an unbroken
formation, their mounds of sand rigid and
exact, and outlined sharply in the moon-
light against the right hand wall of earth
was a quickly-moving shadow. Even as
we looked the specter vanished round a
curve and we saw it no more.

We pulled our horses' heads round and
dashed down the trench side by side, for it
was fully wide enough for three horsemen
to ride abreast.

We rushed on in silence. I clutched
the reins tightly with one hand and with
the other I held my sabre. The Arab was
cursing and cursing, and I saw him alive,
in an instant, and then we galloped round
the curve and saw our prey in full view
before us. He was struggling along pain-
fully and limping as though one leg were
hurt. The moon shone full upon him
and to my surprise I saw that he carried a
great shield and on it were enormous
double edged swords which the Arabs
use with such terrible effect. He had
doubtless found them in the trench.

We called upon him to surrender, but he
never even turned until, as we were
close upon him, he suddenly whirled
around in desperation, and confronted us
manfully.

Just here, extending full across the
trench, was a rugged depression, caused,
probably by an exploding shell.

This we failed to see; and, while
Fraser's horse leaped it gallantly, my
animal stumbled and fell, and down I
went, partly beneath him.

I tried to rise, but my ankle was badly
sprained, and with a cry of pain I
dropped down behind the horse. Then
I forgot everything in what I saw going
on before me. The Arab had retreated
against the wall and was fiercely keeping
Fraser at bay. Their swords clashed until
the sparks flew, and Fraser's heavy stroke
were interrupted by the Arab's leather
shield.

They fought on in silence, and in the
moonlight I saw the Arab's terrible face
the eyes sparkling with hatred and the
white teeth clenched in deadly determina-
tion. Clash after clash rang on the night
air.

Suddenly Fraser spurred on his horse
and dealt a fearful blow at the Arab's ex-
posed head, but quick as a flash the great
sword flew up, and the short sabre stick-
ing full and forcibly against the awful
edge, broke off close beside the hilt, and
lay shining on the sand at their feet.
What followed I can never forget. It
will haunt me to my dying day.

Fraser threw up his right hand, with the
broken hilt, and with the left reached for
his revolver, and then, as I looked on, stupid
with horror, the Arab raised his great
sword aloft with both hands, and with all
the force of his great strength, he hurled it
forward like a catapult.

The gleaming blade struck the moon-
light from its edge and crashed with an
awful sound through poor Fraser's head,
cleaving his way through the skull and
between the shoulders, and through
the back, until its point fairly touched the
rear of the saddle.

Still in twain from head to waist, the
poor fellow dropped to the ground with
out a cry, and his plugging steel trampled
over the body and then galloped in mad
flight down the trench.

Wholly engrossed in this awful scene, I
forgot my own peril and only realized it
fully when the Arab, bracing himself
against the wall of the trench, began to
drag his sword out of Fraser's body.
With a shudder I reached for my pistol,
and grew faint for an instant, when I
remembered that it lay under the horse
in the holster. It was wholly at the Arab's
mercy. The weapon was still tucked at
the sword and seemed unable to loosen it.
If only I had my pistol, how nicely I
could bring him down!

At all times I saw something glitter in
one of Fraser's outstretched hands and the
slight of it gave me a thrill of hope. It
was his revolver, which he had succeeded in
grasping just before the blow fell.

If I could reach it before the Arab could
extricate his sword, I was saved. If not,
Fraser's fate would be mine. I gitted
my teeth, seized my sabre firmly and rose
erect. The Arab saw me, and with a
savage imprecation to Allah, he threw
himself on the sword with a terrible effort.
Still it clung to Fraser's body, and then
as I leaped toward him, he sprang up
sprawled ankle, and flourishing his sabre
furiously, he grabbed up his shield and fell
back a few yards, keeping on the defensive.
I entered a loud shout to intimidate
him, and then bent over poor Fraser.

I grasped the revolver, but the dead
man's hand was closed on it with a grip
like iron. I gave a strong pull and then
another, and just as the Arab's fingers
loosened their clasp my hand seized the
revolver and I fell heavily to one
side. The wily Arab was watching his
chance, and before I could even turn he
leaped on me like a tiger, and we rolled
over on the sand, springing through a pool
of Fraser's crimson life blood.

The Arab had clutched at my throat but
missed it, and clasp after clasp of my shirt
we floundered about the trench, now
up and now down. With clenched teeth
and struggling for breath
we fought on bitterly, knowing that one
or the other must die. I could feel the
Arab's hot breath upon my neck, and his
huge bare ears ringing against my
checks. I still held the pistol tightly in
my left hand. If I could only get a
chance to use it. I very foolishly re-
lapsed my grasp a brief second, and in
that lightning like interval the Arab
seized the advantage and fastened both
his brawny hands firmly on my throat.

In vain I struggled and strove to turn
the body of the wily man, who was preying my wind-
pipe, and the hideous face was glaring
into mine with a mocking smile.

I was choking, suffocating—all sense was
leaving me.

Just as I thought of this, it was horrible.
With a fearful effort, the strength that
madness alone can give, I twisted the
Arab sideways. My left arm was free.
My hand still clutched the pistol. I
raised it with a jerk. I put the muzzle
to his ear. With the last atom of strength
I pulled the trigger, and as the stunning
report echoed through the trench with
thunderous reverberations everything
grew black and dim.

Attacked by the pistol shot, they found
us there half an hour later still locked in
a close embrace. My uniform was stain-
tered with the Arab's blood. Messengers
were sent to Saakin for stretchers, and
while waiting the body of my desperate
foe was buried where he lay in the trench,
and beside him was laid my horse, whose
neck had broken in the fall. We marched
unmournfully back to Saakin, and the next
day poor Fraser was laid to rest in the
English cemetery on the shores of the
Red Sea. I've been in many a skirmish
with the Arabs since, but that night in
the trenches outside Saakin was the closest
call I ever had and as a living remem-
brance of it I have kept that great two edged
sword which split Tom Fraser nearly in
half before my eyes.—Polidoro's Record.

Why suffer a single moment when you
can get immediate relief from all internal
or external pains by the use of Polso's
Nervine, the great pain cure. Nervine
has never been known to fail in a single
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medies known. Try a bottle of Polso's
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sure cure for neuralgia, toothache, head-
ache, back and try. Large bottles 25
cents, by all druggists.

Rev. J. McLaughlin, Canadian Baptist
Missionary to India, writes: "During our
stay in Canada, we have used Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil with very great satisfaction.
We are now returning to India, and would
like very much to take some with us, for
our own use and to give to the diseased
heathen."

Why go limping and whining about your
corns, when a 25-cent bottle of Hallway's
Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a
trial, and you will not regret it.

The Daughter.

My little daughter grows apace;
Her dolls are now quite out of place.
It seems that I must take their place.
We have become such friends of mine,
We might be mistletoes of mine,
Discussing prettily of great pills,
Such strange new questionings dilate
The beauty of my little girl.

How tall she grows!
Both every movement graceful
With garments gathered for the race
She stands a goddess slim and straight.
Young Artemis, when she was eight
Among the myrtle bloom and laurel—
I doubt if she could more than make
The beauty of my little girl.

The baby passes from her face,
Leaving the lines more delicate,
Till in her features I can trace
Her mother's smile, serene, sedate.
Is something at the hands of fate,
To watch the onward years unfold
Each line which goes to consecrate
The beauty of my little girl.

ENVOY.

Lord, hear me, as in prayer I wait,
Thou givest all; guard Thou my pearl;
And, when Thou comest, test the date
Thy jewels, count my little girl.

—Chambers's Journal.

A SUBSTITUTE.

BY HELEN R. GRANELLE.

Adele stood in the hall waiting. Every
nerve seemed strained in her effort to keep
quiet. She was staring at the closed door
before her, and her hands were tightly
clamped, as if to forcibly prevent them
smashing at the knob. The house seemed
unaccountably still; within the library
doctors were talking, but the sound of
their voices did not reach Adele's ears, even
faintly. For five minutes she stood in
one position; then the library door was
opened and she stepped forward impetu-
ously.

"Doctor," she said excitedly, "say papa
will get well."

The grey haired physician who preceded
the two other doctors into the hall felt
very sorry for the young French girl as
he took her hand and held it in silence for
a moment. During the year Adele had
spent in America her mother and sister
had died: while yet in mourning for them
a new bereavement was apparently very
near, for her father lay dangerously sick,
and the doctors gave no hope.

"Miss De Nanceau, you begged me a
moment ago to tell you the truth," said
the doctor; "I have very little hope of
your father's recovery."

"But you have some," Adele persisted,
in a strained voice.

Here there was an interjection.

"Mademoiselle, your father has spoken
your name."

An elderly woman brought this message
to Adele, addressing her in French.

Without any apology Adele turned from
the doctor and dashed upstairs: one of the
doctors followed immediately, fearing the
excitement she might cause in the sick-
room.

"Papa, I am here—speak to me," Adele
slipped to her knees at her father's bedside
and took his hand.

The patient opened his eyes.

"Adele—where is he?" he asked feebly.

"Why does he let strangers trouble me?"
"Papa, papa, I am here. Do you not
know me?"

"Adele—I want Adele!" was the only
response.

The doctor now interposed.

"You will excite him if you remain here,
Miss De Nanceau," he said. "He does not
know you."

"Mademoiselle, come with me," gentle
Annette was saying, and Adele passively
obeyed.

But in a moment she had burst into
hysterical crying.

"O Annette, Annette!" she sobbed.

"Hush, dear child," Annette said.

"Kind Annette! You think my papa
will not die, do you not?" Adele asked,
hope struggling through her grief.

"I cannot know," Annette answered
sally.

"Oh oh!" Adele almost screamed.

Annette laid her hands on the weary,
aching head, but did not speak.

"Annette!" Adele said suddenly, "will
you please to beg Sister Gertrude to come
to me?"

"If you wish it," Annette answered,
thankfully for the calm words from her
beloved Adele.

Adele took a pencil and a note book
from her pocket, and wrote the following
lines upon a leaf torn from the book:

"DEAR SISTER—Will you please, please
come to me! The doctors think my papa
will die, and I am so unhappy. Come
and tell me that they do not know, please
Yours in grief,
"ADELE DE NANCEAU."

A servant was hastily despatched with
this note to Sister Gertrude at the Orphan-
age, and Adele would not keep her sick-
room. She had said to her mother, "Then
Adele went downstairs to wait at the
door for Sister Gertrude."

Half an hour had passed when Adele
uttered a sigh of relief as through the glass
she saw Sister Gertrude coming up the
steeple with a little girl. In an instant
Adele had opened the door, and a moment
later she was in the parlor, clinging to
Sister Gertrude and crying bitterly.

"Sister," she sobbed, "they say papa
will die, and then I will be all alone in
this America. There is no one else left
now, and if papa dies what shall I do?"

"Hush! Sister Gertrude said. "Dear
child, God is in heaven still. Even yet
your father may recover, and if he must
die you know that you will never be
forgotten."

"Yes, but, Sister, I have not anyone
else," the depth of loneliness in these
words was indescribable.

"No one in this world, you mean,
Adele; so then you are especially dear to
our Lord."

The