

The Ladder of Life By P. L. BEAZLEY

CHAPTER XVII.

Albert was assigned duty as a sentinel in the garden of the castle, and with a comrade was looking through the iron grating of a cage in which the Duke kept a collection of wild beasts.

"You ought to be ashamed to abuse the noble beast like that!" cried Albert in indignation. "If he were not better tempered than you he would have crushed you to death by this."

"The Princess Rosa, the Duke's niece," said Albert's companion, and both gave the usual salute. The company came nearer. At their head was a girl of singular beauty, and beside her a fair young knight.

"The Princess Rosa saved!" cried the Prince in ecstasy, springing from his horse and hastening to take the lady from Albert's hands.

"Pardon me," said Albert, rather defiantly. "Having brought the Princess so far, I intend to place her in her uncle's arms."

"Say what is your wish, Rosa," called out the Prince with irritation. "I shall not trouble you," replied the lady coldly; you have been alarmed like myself and need rest."

"I didn't hope to succeed," replied Albert. "Despairing of saving the Princess, I wished to die before her."

"The elephant has had a lucky star to-day," said the Prince, glancing bitterly at Albert as he uttered the double-meaning words, and then leaving the room.

"I am your debtor, sentinel," said the Duke to Albert, in a kindly voice. "I have had my reward," replied Albert. "You owe me nothing."

"For Heaven's sake," cried Albert, "fly, Princess. The beast is smashing the grating!"

"He'll torture me to death," replied the sufferer, "because my father went to the captain instead of to him to try and get me released from service."

"The Duke stood at the window, wringing his hands, and the Prince had mounted his horse, which was particularly obstinate that day and refused to leave the courtyard."

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again. I have had enough of the ways of the world." "Well," said Squire Otto, "your apprenticeship is at an end and the time of action is begun, for the country requires your help. Thank God, your wounds are light."

Albert then learned that the neighboring Duke had died and his son, Prince Florantin, who had sought the hand of the fair Rosa, had resolved to make war on her uncle. With him two other princes had formed an alliance. Squire Otto got together a special force, and of this, when his wounds were quite healed, Albert took command. Some fierce battles followed when the enemy commenced the attack. A certain distinguished himself in each engagement. Finally the three princes were made prisoners, and their troops yielded or fled. Prince Florantin was taken after a hand-to-hand encounter with Albert, who was acknowledged to be the principal instrument of victory. He was led by Squire Otto to the Duke's tent, who in the presence of the gentle Rosa embraced him and thanked him most heartily. As the Duke did this he was suddenly startled, and, placing his hand before his eyes, he cried: "The dead arise from their graves!"

At that moment Squire Otto came up and whispered in the Duke's ear: "I am still alive, Arno, and come to pardon you."

The Duke then ordered that all should retire except Squire Otto, Albert and his niece Rosa. From the explanations which took place it appeared that twenty years before the Duke had put to death the only son of his brother, Squire Otto, who then retired to a distant and secluded castle. With a view to revenge, Squire Otto disguised himself as the Duke's only son. He intended to put him to death, but the boy smiled so innocently in his face that he had not the heart to do him harm. He resolved to rear him as his own son. This was Albert, and with the experience he gained the reader is acquainted. The old Duke, who was deeply touched, took him to his heart. Albert's joy was at first rather sober, for he thought that marriage with the fair Rosa would be out of the question as she was his cousin. But when he learned from the Duke that she was really not a relative, but an adopted niece, his joy knew no bounds. They were, of course, united in wedlock, and that they were a happy pair goes without saying. Albert in due course succeeded to his father, the Duke, and the government was conducted in a complete revolution. His experience had gained enabled him to understand where reform was necessary and how it was to be effected. Hypochonds and swindlers met with little mercy, and in due time it was recognized on all sides that never was a land ruled with greater wisdom and success.

The pathetic story of Romeo and Juliet is repeated every day in modern life. It is an exception that Juliet does not die of poison. She dies of her own neglect or ignorance. Neglect of the minor troubles causes more of woman's peculiar ailments than any other. Neglect of the minor troubles causes more of woman's peculiar ailments than any other. Neglect of the minor troubles causes more of woman's peculiar ailments than any other.

Rosy checks. The rich, pure, red blood of health makes them. Keep the blood pure and you will have them. Constipation causes impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it promptly and permanently, and never gripe. They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. No other pills act so naturally and perfectly. Druggists sell them.

FIREBIRD FUN.

Donald: "Have yer got a toight?" Tonsil: "Yes, but it's oot."

Why is a schoolmistress like the letter O? Because she makes classes of lasses. Why is a hard-working carpenter like the bright sun? Because he is putting beams in all day.

What is the name of that lady who is always welcome but whose daughter we never wish to see? Fortune. Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Because the one makes a din, but the other a dinner.

Why is a donkey like the most unfortunate creditor in the world? Because he gets nothing in the pound. What tongue is it that frequently hurts and grieves you and yet does not speak a word? The tongue of your shoe.

"They say he is short in his accounts, don't they?" "That is what they say; but the fact is, he is short in his cash.

Why is a woman's tongue like a planet? Because nothing short of the power that created it is able to stop it in its course. In boot-making, what is the difference between the first stich and the last? One is a wax end and the other is a piece of wood.

"De great difficulty about abgyin' on politics," said Uncle Eben, "is dat de better you does it de madder you's 'Hole to make some eb yoh best' friends."

"Old Wayloug says he feels as young as he did when he was twenty-one." "Shouldn't wonder if he does. The day I was twenty-one I felt absolutely venerable."

Extravagant Son: "Of course I keep a running account at my tailor's." Practical Father: "Running account? He tells me it has been standing for eighteen months."

Prince Talleyrand was startled out of his sleep by a pistol-shot, and seeing his man-servant in the room he asked him what it was all about. "May it please your Highness, there was a mouse in your room, and fearing it might disturb your rest, I shot it."

After Annexion.—"It's a disgrace to the party," said the Gov-Gov. "The idea of such a man for President! Why, he is a moral leper!" "That's just it, exactly," replied the practical politician. "Haven't we got to do something to attract the leper vote? Have you forgotten the last returns from Malakoff?"

Police Judge: "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" Witness Stevens: "Never, your Honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it."

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE. At the last regular meeting of Division No. 1, Daughters of Erin, Auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas it has pleased our Divine Lord to remove from this world of sorrow the beloved daughter of our respected Provincial President of the A.O.H., Brother Hugh McCaffrey, therefore be it

Resolved that we the members of Division No. 1, Daughters of Erin, do extend to our bereaved brother and his family, in this their hour of affliction the love and sympathy which our sisterhood aims to inculcate in the hearts of its members, and we pray that God in His infinite goodness will comfort and sustain them in their sad affliction.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be inserted in the minutes of this meeting, a copy tendered to Brother McCaffrey, and one sent to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

K. O'BRIEN, Committee. A. GILROY, MRS. MALONE. Columbus' Greatest Admirer. To many interested in the honors that may be paid by the Church to Christopher Columbus, the "last of the Crusaders," and discoverer of America, it will be a matter of concern to learn of the death of Count Rosely de Lorgues. This admirable French gentleman tenaciously advocated for over thirty years the honor of Beatification for the man he had regarded as a hero. In obedience to the command of Pius IX. Count Rosely de Lorgues wrote of Columbus as the Ambassador of Heaven, and showed the grand and noble qualities of the great navigator. In 1895 his literary career began with "Christ Before the World," a successful book which in twelve years went through sixteen editions, and was translated into several languages. Pius IX. received his work on Columbus, and at the opening of the Vatican Council, Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, with numerous proletr, signed a supplica praying the Pope to beatify Christopher Columbus. In 1892 the Queen Regent of Spain charged Rosely to present Leo XIII. with a postulation in favor of the same cause. This Count was an excellent Catholic. At his death he was in the ninety-third year of his age. The Rome Cor. Boston Pilot.