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Brosnachadh-cath a Bhrusaich. (In rectifying a blunder that crept into his former version the translator took occasion to repeat the fifth stanza entirely and make some other changes of lesser moment. We present the version in its revised form.) Fheara Alb a chail' ri fuil. Po'n laoch' Wallas us fo Bhrus. Faid to shuin ar bais an duigh. No do bhuidhinn strì. Feuch an latha, so i'n uair. Sealbh' g'nuis a bhla'ir fo ghrainn. Feach Rìgh Eideard teachd le uail. 'S gheimhlean cruaidhe dhutinn. Co bhiodh iudhach sa chath. Co'n uigh' g'caitair a bhiodh taist'. Co a bhiodh na thrall fo smachd. Teigh gu grad, 's na till. Co as leth tìr an d'fhaicidh. Thairneas claidheamh treun na saors'. Le'n fhearr bas na geill do dhaoirs'. 'Thig do'n raon lean fheic'. Air gach traighaigh fuair' ri sar. Air cuing thraighidh cloinn ar graidh. Taosgaidh sinn ar fuil gu rad. 'N' sorsuinn lan di' ar linn. Tugaidh na sr. fàirmidh dhan; Tuidh ainghearnas 's gach namb. Anns gach beum the saors' an aigh. Baidh no has biadh feinn. THE GLITTER OF GOLD. Translated for the Ave Maria from the German of Antonia Jungst, by the Rev. J. M. Tooley, C. S. C. V. (Continued.) But with however light a heart Princess Hella set out on her excursion, she was soon obliged to slacken her pace. It turned out that the Professor was right in his warnings. The path up the steep ascent was slippery, and had been washed away in different places by the heavy rain. Worn out by climbing under the hot sun, Hella reached the summit of the mountain much later than the guide had calculated. But finally the last ascent had been made, and a splendid view of the Alpine world lay spread out before her. Seeming almost within grasp rose the Cristallo and the Sorapik, the Riesenferner and the Tauren. Its gigantic head, wrapped in clouds, the Grossglockner saluted her; whilst beneath, Lake Misurina, smiled up at her, and Schludersbach and Hohenstein basked in the sunshine. The Princess, however, was too tired to enjoy the glorious prospect. With a heavy sigh she threw herself on one of the rocks that were strewn about the place in grotesque shapes. The guide offered her some of the provisions which he had brought; but she rejected the food, and it was only after much persuasion that she consented to take a piece of bread and a sup of cherry wine. "Women are only women!" muttered the big Tyrolean, helping himself with a relish to some fat bacon. "I thought the little one would simply fly up here, and now she lets her ears droop." "I think, Miss, we had better be going," he advised, after a while. "Something is brewing there, over the Tifana; and I do not like those little greyish-yellow clouds that are crossing the sky." "Must we return the way we came?" asked Hella. "Is there no quicker way to Schludersbach?" "It might go, but it won't go," said the guide, passing his fingers through his matted black hair. "If your Ladyship were not so tired and the ascent was made bad enough by the weather—it might perhaps be done. But you must not hurry, Miss; you must take your time." Slowly, without answering a word, Hella followed the guide along the steep path on the west side, between loose stones. Grasping her alpenstock firmly, and rejecting the help of the guide even in the difficult places, the Princess had gone perhaps one-third of the journey when a stern voice thundered out: "Halt! The form of the Professor could be seen amongst the pines about a hundred yards ahead. In a few moments he was at her side. "Ambrose, how could you venture to bring the lady by this path? It is too late to turn back. The storm will be on us before we could get to the top. Now is the time to keep our five senses about us. The other way is also murderously bad." "I told you this before, but you would not listen to me." Herr Stetten cast a searching look upward, as if to measure the distance; then he examined the heavens, which were now almost covered with a layer of mists and finally he looked at the young girl, who had sunk down languidly on the trunk of a fallen tree. "Alas! what had become of the buoyant spirits with which she had set out in the morning? Where was that elasticity ready for anything? Tired of foot, pale and dejected, like a bird whose wing the storm had broken, Princess Hella sat beside the path. The Professor bent down to her. "I think it is better for us to be moving, Miss Stein; the storm may overtake us. I offer my arm." "Thank you, I can walk alone." The young man's eyes flashed at the unwill tone of the answer. He bowed in silence and turned. Hella followed him closely; the guide brought up the rear. They had gone on thus for about a thousand paces when Stetten paused suddenly at a bend of the path. The Princess would actually have passed him without looking before her. "Foolish child!" said he roughly, seizing her by the wrist and holding her back. "You must be forced for your own safety. Not another step!" Hella looked down into the yawning deep before her, and all color left her face. The heavy rain had washed away the path which formerly led over the loose rubbish carried down from the mountain, and only a narrow strip remained. None but a steady and practiced climber could cross this narrow bridge without becoming dizzy. The young girl recoiled.

"Do not look before you; keep your eyes fixed on this wall of rock to your left. I will hold you firmly and conduct you across." The Princess obeyed mechanically. Seconds stretched out into minutes, minutes into hours; it seemed to Hella an eternity as she thus moved on step by step, guided by Stetten's firm hand. "At last!" exclaimed the Professor, in a loud voice, letting her hand go. "Thank God, we are on firm ground once more. The way down is now tolerable." Hella looked back with a shudder at the dangerous gulf, and then raised her moist eyes to her guide. The sunny face had lost all its pertness, the delicate lips trembled. "How shall I thank you, Herr Professor?" she began hesitatingly. "Do not thank me at all, Miss Stein. What I did for you I would have done for the poorest beggar. You only made it hard for me by the obstinacy with which you willfully put your life in danger. I do not understand how Miss Felden can allow you to act in such a way." Princess Hella turned aside to hide from the discourteous man the tears which she could not restrain. His delicate ear must, however, have caught the suppressed sob; for he at once bent down to her and said: "Forgive my inconsiderate words, Miss Stein. You can not understand how a man feels when he sees one whom he loves—the young man hesitated and stammered, and a warm ray of feeling beamed in his eye—"whom he knows in danger of life. The urgency of old Sepp was not needed to send me up the hill." "Sepp asked you to come, then?" inquired Hella, smiling through her tears. "Yes, Sepp. The old fellow was quite beside himself when you stayed out so much longer than you ought, and, moreover, a couple of Englishmen who tried to climb on this side refused to Schludersbach without having succeeded. Will you not take my arm, Miss Stein? We shall get down all the sooner." Fraulein von Schonfeld met the party at the foot of the hill. In spite of her own fears of the threatening weather, her anxiety for her beloved Princess drove her out. Had not Stetten in his modest reserve left the two ladies to themselves and waited for the guide, the words that escaped from the excited court lady must have revealed to him their mystery. Hella leaned fatigued on the arm of her companion, and could only smile feebly at the outpourings of the Fraulein's feelings. "Hasten your steps, ladies," called out the Professor. "The storm will be here in a quarter of an hour." And, in fact, they had barely reached the protecting shelter of the inn when flashes of lightning rent the clouds; the thunder crashed, resounding in mighty echoes from the mountains; and the rain came pouring down in torrents. The broad face of old Sepp spread into a joyful grin when he saw "his Fraulein" ascending the steps in safety. Princess Hella nodded a friendly recognition to her attached friend, but was too tired to speak to him. During the storm she lay motionless on her bed, with closed eyes. It was with some trouble that, after a while, the anxious duenna persuaded her to take a glass of wine. When the young mountain climber was awakened late next morning by a rustling in her room, she saw the faithful Fraulein von Schonfeld with a magnificent nosegay in her hand. "Herr Professor Stetten inquires for the health of your Highness," smiled the old lady, with profound bow. The gentleman has already been up on the Durrenstein!" "How late is it, then, dear Schonfeld?" asked the Princess, taking the nosegay and hiding her blushes in its fresh and dewy blossoms. "Almost half-past ten. My dear Princess has had a wondrous sleep." "Yes, truly," murmured Hella. "But I was so tired, more tired than ever before in my life." And she lay back again on her rough pillow. "And this Professor has been already on the Durrenstein?" "What would you have, your Highness? Roturiers!" exclaimed the court lady, contemptuously. "He has been used to that since his childhood." VI. "Most Gracious Princess, it is just fourteen days since we left Munich, and have been going about the world like wandering adventurers," Fraulein von Schonfeld ventured to remark one very sultry day, as the two ladies were going along the road toward Ospitale. "Already fourteen days!" said Princess Hella, looking up thoughtfully. "Only fourteen days! I often think that it was only yesterday when we saw honest Weller 'steaming off'; and then again it seems an age since I last played Princess Helena von Hohenstein-Bedburg in the great Comedy of Errors. I have seen and learned much in these fourteen days." "Usual seriousness was imprinted on the countenance of the cheerful maiden, and a soft look was in her bright eye. "I may, then, telegraph to Salzburg," resumed the court lady, "and order Weller to start immediately with Backer, and meet us to-morrow at Toblach?" "Who says that, Schonfeld? No, I can not possibly go back from the grand solitude and simplicity of this unprofaned nature to the empty formalities of the Aldringen house. Our trip to Cortina yesterday, and the scrap of Italian life that we saw there in the market-place after High Mass, have given me the greatest desire to go by way of Auronzo and Belluno to Venice." "Dearest Princess, do not think of such a thing," begged the disconcerted Schonfeld. "Why not? At this time of the year we need not fear to meet any acquaintances. The aristocratic world are now all at home or at the baths. And even granting that chance should play us a trick, to what purpose am I of age if in your company I may not come and go as I please?" "It is not long since your Highness would not listen to my warnings; and the consequences of that unfortunate expedition in the mountains prove well that I was

right." "Do not speak of it, Schonfeld; that was quite a different matter. In that case it was not so much my intention to go against your advice as to show the Professor that I could carry out a resolution once taken, cost what it would. I should like to know if that learned gentleman would insist so positively in his demands, and knit his brow so darkly at an inconsiderate word of mine, if he knew that I am a Hohenstein-Bedburg?" "As I once before took the liberty of remarking to your Highness," answered Fraulein von Schonfeld, "the poor man, I think, would actually shrivel up and die of veneration." "And perhaps not. A genuine man does not bow down before an empty title; the consciousness of his own worth gives him the preponderance. But, Schonfeld, I am very thirsty. Do you not think we might get a glass of milk in the farmhouse yonder?" "The Princess pointed to a low shingle-roofed little house, which stood in a green meadow close to the steep side of the mountain. "Surely your Highness. We can at least try." The ladies turned off the road and took the narrow footpath which followed the Ruffredo brook to the little farm. As they approached the house a joyful Swiss song made them turn their heads, when they saw the Professor, heavily laden, coming out of a dell of the Croda Rossa. "I could hardly trust my eyes, ladies," he cried out, waving his hat. "How did you happen to find this remote valley?" "The heat made me thirsty," answered Hella quickly, as she noticed that the Fraulein was about to give her the title of Princess. "We wished to try whether we could not get a glass of milk here in the farm-house." "Of course you can. I have often been in here with the brave peasants, the last representatives of the German nationality. Beyond the Ruffredo all is Italian." Thus speaking, the amiable Professor reached their side. With a polite bow he opened the gate for them, and invited the ladies to enter. Three sorry little beds of vegetable, a few feathered pinks, and a couple of hollyhocks,—that was all. Princess Hella smiled at the remembrance of the park at Westbury, with its beautiful parterres, its sparkling fountains, and its pleasant and refreshing shades among the ancient trees. A white-haired old grandmother covered on a bench at the west side of the house, sunning herself. At her feet lay an old spitz, which raised his ears with a sleepy wink. There were no other signs of life: no noise, no human voice. The old woman heard the approaching steps, turned her head, and asked: "Is it you, Nannerl?" "It is I, mother," answered Stetten, going up to her quickly. "The stonebreaker from the hills." "I know, I know," said the old woman, nodding. "But whom have you with you there? She fixed her weak eyes on the Princess. "Your wife?" "No, mother." "Your sweetheart?" "No, no. A young lady and her friend,—two ladies who have come from far, far away to see your mountains." "What a young lady travelling alone in strange countries! The old woman shook her head. "That is not well; that is not well, sir! You see, my Nannerl is also young and pretty, just like the girl there"—she nodded repeatedly at the Princess,—and I loved her better than all else in the world. But the valley was too narrow for Nannerl, the house too small; and she has never returned. Do you hear it, sir? Never!" With a despairing sigh, the poor woman hid her face in her apron. Stetten, who had made a significant motion to his forehead, asked, in order to change the current of her thoughts: "Is not your daughter-in-law at home, mother, or your granddaughter? The ladies want to get a glass of milk." But the old woman did not hear him; she kept repeating, mechanically, "Never! Never!" Hella stooped down compassionately toward the sobbing woman, and whispered: "Have patience, good woman. She may come to-morrow." The poor old creature let her apron drop, and looked searchingly at the comforter. "Do you think so,—do you really think so?" But she immediately shook her head and murmured: "Ah! no; she will not come. I have sat here so many days; the sun has risen and set, but my Nannerl has never come." The Princess, who knew not what to do or say, looked entrancedly at the Professor. He laid his hand on the poor old creature's shoulder, and spoke to her in a more gentle voice than the two ladies had ever heard him use before. "Mother, do you remember what Friar Daniel told you when the pious Brother came to see you lately? Do you not remember? God is the Good Shepherd, who will one day gather all His sheep who have been scattered and have strayed through the world, and will let you see your Nannerl in heaven." So said Friar Daniel, and he must know, mother. Such a pious and holy man as is the poor Capuchin Brother." "Say it again, sir," begged the old woman; "then I will understand it better." Stetten patiently repeated his words. "Yes, yes," she nodded, "it was so—so he said. And I was content for three days. But then it came again: first here,—and she laid her hand on her heart; "then here"—touching her head; "and the old woman was back again, and I can only keep saying, 'My Nannerl! my Nannerl!'" "Mother, you were going to see whether you could not get the ladies a glass of milk," said Stetten, when the old woman seemed about to sink back into her former state of despair. She arose obediently from her seat and hobbled off to the house. "Poor woman!" said Hella, looking

after her compassionately. "Yes indeed, poor woman," replied the young man. "For more than thirty years she has been as you have seen her, as the old monk informed me. The thought of her lost child, from whom never a word of news was received in this solitary valley, has been gnawing at her brain until the feeble thread of reason gave out. But, ladies, will you not be seated?" The two ladies sat down on the rough bench, both deeply moved by the thought that even here, in the holy peace of solitude, the affecting tragedy of a broken heart was to be witnessed. After a while the old mother brought the milk in clean glasses, and apologized that her granddaughter was not at home; she understood things better than a sickly old woman, but children and children's children were at the meadow on the Torma making hay. (To be continued.) "The flowers that bloom in the Spring" are not more vigorous than are those persons who purify their blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The fabled Elixer Vita could scarcely impart greater vivacity to the countenance than this wonderful medicine. Interesting Items. Horses are so plentiful in Queensland, Australia, that they can be bought as low as \$1.75 each. Wild horses overrun the colony, and when captured sell at auction for about \$14 a dozen. Dynamite has been superseded in Sweden for blasting purposes. Electric wires are introduced in the rock and then heated. The sudden heating of the rock rends it in pieces, quietly and effectively, without peril to human life. There is a fresh-water spring, which covers an area of two acres, in the Atlantic ocean, two miles from the Florida shore, and ten miles south of St. Augustine. The spring is defined by the silver gleaming white caps trying to force themselves over the powerful boiling spring. A patent hand-organ, lately invented in Paris, is so arranged that the grinder sets it down in front of a house, winds it up so that it will go for an hour, and leaves it. When human nature can bear no more, a servant is sent out to stop the music and reads this inscription over the organ: "If you wish this organ to stop, put a penny in the slot." Various fates await manuscripts submitted for publication in the periodicals. One famous juvenile weekly not only rejects articles, but destroys a large percentage of what it accepts and pays for. One monthly magazine sent back in a lump nearly a two years' supply of manuscripts that had been accepted. A literary man, whose articles fetches the highest rates easily, complains that they are held sometimes as long as six years after having been accepted. A man who furnished an article on the negro question to a religious periodical eight years ago was astonished recently to see it in print with his signature. He had somewhat revised his views since writing the article. An article by a famous English scientific man was accepted by an American publication, but it was so little suited to popular taste that the editor put it in pamphlet form and sent it to the only persons in the United States who might be interested in the subject. They numbered exactly five.—N. F. SUBJ. The good used to die young; but since the invention of Putnam's Kavalia wine parents give it to their children, and prolong their useful lives. Only 50 cents a bottle. CUSTOM TAILORING. THE SUBSCRIBER has now opened his complete stock of New Cloths, comprising ENGLISH and SCOTCH TWEEDS, ENGLISH, SCOTCH and FRENCH Trouserings and Overcoatings, in all the Latest Styles, Patterns and Shades. Patrons and the Public are Invited to Call and Inspect Goods. SAMPLES MAILED ON APPLICATION. R. M. GRAY, MERCHANT TAILOR, Corner Main and Sydney Sts., Antigonish. PIANOS - - - - - AND - - - - - ORGANS. THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES. Don't fail to write for Price List and Catalogues, and you will save money and get a First Class Instrument. CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS. W. H. JOHNSON, 121 and 123 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

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