

man. While athlet-ics, moderately in-dulged in, are con-ducive to longev-ity, they are not absolutely neces-If, when a man feels out of sorts and ons, and realizes that he is suffering biliousness or indigestion, he will the right remedy, he can always keep leff in good health. my serious illnesses have their incep-in indizestion or in an inactive liver. sary.

imself in geometric illuesses have their Many serious illuesses have their liver, ion in indigestion or in an inactive liver, pr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a br. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a br. entry the second series of the second second series in the second se tion in indizestion or in an inactive liver. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sure, safe, speedy and permanent cure for all disorders of the digestion. It also cures all of the maladies that have their incep-tion in these disorders. It is a prompt cure for giddiness, sick headache, pain in the stomach, fullness and swell'ng after meals, diziness and drowsincss, cold chills, flush-ings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams and nervous and trembling sensations. It makes the appe-tite keen and hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active and fils the blood with life-giving elements that build healthy tissue. It is a cure for nervous exhaustion and prostration and it cures oß per cent. of all cases of consumption. An honest dealer will not try to induce customers to take some worthless substitute for the sake of a few pennies added profit. Mr. W. Rogers, of or Grayson St. Louisville. Ky, has this to say for himself and the "Golden Medical Discovery." "I was a dyspeptie. I had not had ne bottes of Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-ical Discovery. Tam now fifty years old. I feel thirty years younger."

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NARKA, THE NIHILIST. BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXII.-CONTINUED.

Marguerite could hardly believe her ears. It seemed like a miracle — one of those miracles of charity that she herself performed day after day in the desolate places. She crushed the sugar noiselessy in the tisane she was preparing for Antoine Drex, and kept murmuring to berself, with a smile : "God is love ! God is love

curiosity was irresistible. "I will tell you what it is about," whis-pered the Commissary. "I and my col-league came here to arrest a scoundrel named Drex - Antoine Drex ; but we

Antonia's eyes were fixed on Narka as is love?" Antonia's eyes were fixed on Narka as if she were some visitant from another world. She looked like one, as she sat singing by the poverty-stricken bed, the flush of a pure emotion on her face, a light of joy in her luminous dark eyes. When the song — a Russian ballad — was ended, the child called out, "Enco". enco!" And Narka, strired by that en-core as she had never been by the ap-plause of a salon, sang again; this time, in French, Mignon's lament, "Rendez-moi la patrie, ou laissez-moi mourir!" The child grew calmer, and ceased to toss on her pillow; by the time the song was ended she had fallen asleep. La mere Drex lifted up her hands in a gesture of wonderment and admiration. Narka rose and moved sofily out of the room after named Drex — Antoine Drex; but we have been hindered as you see. Now it is most necessary they should know this at once at the Prefecture, and send on two others to do it, or the fellow may get wind others to do it, or the lenow may get wind of the matter and slip through our fingers. You understand?" "Oh yes, monsieur, I understand." Marguerite's heart was thumping so that she wondered the Commissary did not hear it and suspect. "I don't think they would let me see M. le Prefet?" she said hear it and suspect. "I don't think they would let me see M. le Prefet," she said, turning the letter in her hand; "had I not better say you want some one to be sent up here to you?" "No moti the would lose too much and moved softly out of the room after Marguerite. When they were out on the landing, by a common impulse the two friends turned and kissed one another. "No, no; that would lose too much time," he said, impatiently. "They will let you in at once when you show my card with that word written on it.' Their hearts were too full for speech.

"Is he suspected of anything very bad, this Antoine Drex ?" she inquired, with an idea that every minute's delay might Their hearts were too full for speech. On reaching the bottom of the stairs they found that a crowd had assembled before the house. Marguerite at once guessed that the police had tracked An-toine, and stepped bravely forward to help Antoine. "He is not suspected—he is known to

meet the enemy. "What is the matter?" she said. " Ma scen," answered a blouse, " we wanted to see whether it was you or the

" He is not suspected—he is known to be a dangerous villain. Go, ma sœur; not a word to any one here, but go!" Marguerite slipped the letter up her sleeve and went out. Once in the street, she stood debating. It was a hard task that was set her. Must she execute it? wanted to see whether it was you of the Virgin Mary that was singing up there." " It was neither one nor the other, you silly people !" said Marguerite, intensely relieved; " it was my friend "—pointing to Narka. "Hush " she cried, seeing they were going to cheer. " There is a sick child up there that has just fallen relieved has ' that was set her. Must she execute that was set her. She knew he was more But a voice Poor Antoine ! She knew as Buta voice sinned against than sinning. Buta voice whispered, "You are bound to obey the law." She heard it; still she hesitated. Suddenly another voice whispered : whispered, "You are bound to obey the law." She heard it; still she hesitated. Suddenly another voice whispered: "Charity is the greatest commandment of all. Charity is the law of Gcd." She agreed with this voice; still she hesi-tated; but after a moment's delay she glanced quickly, furtively, up and down the street, and then started off in the direction of Cour des Chats, walking as fast as she dared and onickening her Don't wake her !" asleep. Don't wake her !" Obedient to Sœur Marguerite as usual, they walked on silently, making an escor to her and Narka across the court, and accompanying them to the end of the lane beyond it. Then, as by a common accord, they raised a ringing cheer: "Vive le rossignol! Vive l'amie de la

œur Marguerite !" The ovation brought the wild roses into

tast as she dared, and quickening her pace to a run when she turned into the dirty laneway that led into it. Antoine was sitting as she had left him, only smoking a pipe. His mother had gone out to the lavoir; the idoit child, lulled to rest by Narka's song, was still fast asleep. Marguerite closed the door, and then, droopup her voice " Antoine" she said Narka's cheeks, and made her heart swell with a sense of victory unlike anything she had ever felt before. It had been an exciting morning, and

she was very tired as she walked home. On reaching her own door it occurred to her that this was the 10th, the day of the meeting. At this very hour it was in ull swing, and Ivan Gorff was wondering she had neither written nor met him at the trysting-place.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Just as Narka had shut herself in and sat down to realize the happy fact of her voice's return, the main street of the Place was thrown into excitement by an accident. A cab containing two men was coming quietly up the street, when the horse took fright and rushed blindly on, struck against a cart and fell, over-turn ing the cab. One of the travellers, who was in the act of jumping out, paid for this want of presence of mind by an ugly cut in the head; the other in attempting to follow him had hurt his leg, and lay aroaning in the bottom of the over-turned cab Two gamins jumped up on the wheel to look in at him.

wheel to look in at him. "It is the Commissary of Police!" cried one of them, turning to the by-standers. His face was a picture; it expressed a keen sense of the humorous side of the

keen sense of the humorous side of the situation, with a dread of "catching it" if he were everheard by the still powerful though prostrate functionary. For it was, in truth, no less a person than the mighty Commissary who lay trapped in the upset vehicle, growing with a sprained ankle like a common man. A crowd bad cathered in a moment. No A No crowd had gathered in a moment. No one recognized the man on the pavement, but all shrewdly suspected him to be a

was soon set on its wheels.

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Talk

quite capable of dealing with them with-out the doctor. As soon as the Commis-sary's sprain had been attended to, and he was made comfortable on an impro-vised sofa, with pillows at his back, he Sœur Jeanne scolded Marguerite ; but the community had a merry time of it at the community had a herry theory to be the recreation that evening, nor were they to be checked in their fun over the Commis-sary's misadventure and the sorry figure he made in his official discomfiture by Sceur Jeanne's attempt to frown and look every events. vised sofa, with pillows at his back, he asked for writing materials, and wrote a short note. Then beckoning to Marguer-ite, "Ma sœur," he said, in a confidential tone, "I want you to do a little commis-sion for me. I want you to take a cab and drive to the Prefecture, and ask to see M. le Prefet — you will send in my card—and then give this note into his hands." "Ah!" Marguerite's look of intense aggrieved. Narka had heard nothing of the event,

Narka had heard nothing of the event, nothaving lefthome since she had parted from Marguerite. At 10 o'clock that night she was a little startled by some knocking at her door. She supposed it was the con-cierge with a letter; but before opening she asked who was there. A voice that she did not recognize ans-wered, "A friend of Sœur Marguerite." Narka drew back the bolt. She did not know what fear was, but she was con-scious of an unpleasant sensation when she beheld a huge man, with his head and shoulders concealed by a shawl, step quickly in and close the door behind him. He threw back the shawl, and Narka recognized Antoine Drex. He told her what had happened, and how he had been hiding in a wood-yard all the afternoon and evening, and now

all the afternoon and evening, and now implored her to shelter him till morning and give him some food. She fetched him bread and wine and some cold meat and he rolled an arm-chair into the little kitchen, which was the only addition to the salon bedroom in her apartment. But Antoine declared he was lodged like a prefet

Narka was glad to harbor a hunted fellow-creature, to give sanctuary to a victim of that long-armed and cruel tyrant, the law. Very likely Antoine was deep-dyed in plots against the government; but Narka was not the one to think worse of one map for that Forer political of any man for that. Every political criminal was dear to her for Basil's sake. Nevertheless, though she was glad to open her door to Drex, she felt that in doing so she was incurring a great personal risk, and if Antoine rested easily, she did not. All night long she lay awake, listening to every sound; a dog that barked, a cart that rumbled, made her start. She was up before Antoine gave signs of stirring. Then she prepared some food for him, and, with his shawl drawn round him, he stole out in the early morn, and went down to the House inst as the gate was opened

just as the gate was opened. Marguerite was horrified when she heard where he passed the night. But Antoine assured her that no harm would come to Narka; no one had seen him coming or going. The street had been quite deserted both at night and in the fast as she dared, and quickening her morning.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Narka never gave a thought to the possible consequences to herself, from the moment she saw Antoine Drex safe out of her house; but the event had excited of her house; but the event had excited her extraordinarily. She forgot that his coming to her for shelter was the natural enough result of her visit to him with Marguerite in the morning, and she magmet with an accident; he is now at the House, resting, and I am going to the Pre-fecture with this letter from hum desiring nified the incident into a portent. must be destined to play some par must be destined to play some part in this great revolutionary drama that was being enacted all over Europe, or else why did these chances pursue her? Some event was at hand, she said to her solf some great equation which a rate was Without waiting to see the effect of her information, she turned quickly away, and closed the door after her. An hour later two police-officers drove up to the entrance of the Cour des Chats, self, some great event in which a role was surely reserved to her by fate or by Pro vide

to be was lodging. They went up and knocked at the door, guided by the instruc-tions contained in the Commissary's let-ter. Some one said, "Come in." But on "Do you believe in presentiments?" she said to Marguerite, when they met "Certainly!" was the emphatic rejoin-der; "I believe them to be a sign of in

opening the door they found, instead of Antoine Drex, Sœur Marguerite, knitting digestion." Marguerite knew that Nar she made a point of snubbing her fancies. Just now she seemed exaltee and over-Pardon, ma sœur." said one of the agents, taking off his hat; "we are lock-ing for Antoine Drex. We have come to wrought. Marguerite's heart was beating like a

Nothing occurred during the day to justify Narka's presentiments, but at about 10 o'clock that night she was again startled by a visitor. This time it was a ring, a very light ring, but to her imagi-nation, on the watch for signs and por-This time it was : tents, it sounded preternaturally loud in the stillness. Could it be Antoine come back? Marguerite had said they would back? Marguerite had said they would shelter him at the House until he could men. " Ma secur, I have the honor to salute Narka went to the door and asked who

you," said one of them. They both bowed and walked out of the A voice answered in Russian, "It is I, Her heart gave a great leap, a low cry rose to her lips, the bolt flew back — she never knew how — and then she was in Basil Zorokoff's arms. For one long mo-ment life seemed over; she was con-scious of nothing but the wild rapture of possessing him; his strong arms were clasping her, his cheek was pressed against hers. Was it some sweet madclasping her against hers.

look at you." He put his hand under her chin, and held up her face so that the light from the shaded lamp fell upon it. "My poor Narka," he said, gazing at her with great tenderness, and then kissing her, "you are grown thinner, but you are as beautiful as ever. And in spite of all you have gone through — the prison —" He felt her shudder in his arms, and she nestled closer to him.

"Don't let us talk of that," she said, in a low voice; "it is all past, and we are together. I want to hear about you. Tell me everything; tell me all that has hap-pened since we parted. Remember how little I know — only hints from Sibyl in her letters first, and since then stray news of your through you Corff. Tell me the of you through Ivan Gorff. Tell me the

of you through Ivan Gorff. Tell me the story yourself now." And Basil, with his arm round her, and her hands locked about his neck, told it rapidly, passing lightly over all that was too paintul and humiliating, so as not to lacerate her loving heart, but enlarging complacently on the work he had done, the results he had achieved, the brilliant hopes he cherished. Narka saw with pride that he had ripened greatly during the interval of their separation; his mind had gained in shrewdness and insight, his faculties had evidently grown in power of had gained in shrewdness and insight, his faculties had evidently grown in power of concentration; she was amazed at the vigor and quickness with which he summed up the situation, weighed chances, forecast probabilities, and arrived at practical conclusions. It was clear that he had thrown his whole soul clear that he had thrown his whole soul and his whole energies into the service of patriotism. He looked a patriot and a hero every inch, so strong and straight and bold in his manly beauty — a lover for a queen to be proud of. And Narka was proud of him; her heart swelled with writch him she adwired him more than pride in him, she admired him more than with her whole soul. And yet—she was conscious of a disappointment somewhere. It was noble in him to be ab-sorbed in this grand impersonal object, to have cast away, for the sake of serving It was noble in him to be abhis oppressed fellow-countrymen, all the pleasures that his youth and rank might have claimed; she admired and ap-plauded the nobleness that this choice evinced, and yet there was a vague dis-appointment somewhere. Schenk's cruel words recurred to her with a sting that even the joy of Basil's presence could not allay. "He does not love you; he only loves his ambition. If he marries you, it will be from a sense of honor." Yet Basil was her affianced lover, and she was beautiful, and he had come to her before he went to the sister whom he loved so dear-How could she doubt but that he

ly. How could she doubt but lingered loved her best? If only he had lingered a little longer on the joy of their meeting, and then entered eagerly on the question

of their approaching marriage ! There was a moment's pause while these reflections sped rapidly through Narka's mind, and then that subtle electric consciousness which flashes thought from one soul to another with whom it is in close sympathy touched Basil.

" And Siby1?" he said ; "she has been true to you?" "In what sense true? Does she know

of our engagement?" "I took for granted she did."

"She never let me suspect it if she did. And, dear Basil, I am afraid she will reour marriage as bitterly as the prince. "I hope not, when she knows the whole

truth-when I tell her how dear you are to me, and how much I owe you. I hope to win her consent without great diffi-culty. She will be so glad to see me, it culty. She will be so glad to see me, it will be easier to persuade her." Narka's heart sank a little. Was Sibyl's

consent, then, essential? "You see." Basil went on, "we are still

in my father's power. I am absolutely penniless if he does not relent, and could not ask you to marry a beggar. I have brought trouble enough already on you, God knows! without that." "Oh, but I am going to make our for-tune," Narka said, with a sudden thrill of

tune," Narka said, with a sudden thrill of exuitation. And she told him of Zampa's offer, and the splendid career that was ready waiting for her.
"And I am to live in idleness while you work?" Basil said, with a laugh; and he carressed her.
"You will be working for the good cause, while I work for bread. Don't you love me well enough to eat my bread?"

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ka admired the large-hearted love that embraced every claim so faithfully. "When shall I see you again, dar-ling?" she said, as he gently unwound her arms and stood up. "I will come as early as I can to-mor-row," he replied, "unless Sibyl sends for you to come and meet me at her house." "Oh no, not that !" said Narka, shrink-lng. "I could not go through the comedy of a first meeting before Sibyl !" "That is true. Then I will come here and fetch you, and we will go back to her together."

and fetch you, and together." She went out with him to the dark en-try. At the outer door he turned once more and folded her in a close embrace, more and folded her he whispered, "When see Marguerite you may tell her I am She will be glad to know that I am vou see here.

"Yes, I will tell her," Narka replied. It was kind and natural that he should think of sending a message to Marguer-

CHAPPER XXXV.

Narka was up before the earliest bell. When she looked round her it seemed wonderful that nothing was changed in the shabby room; that last night's vision had not left some visible trail of light or teautin tokind it.

beanty behind it. "My love ! my love! did I dream that you were here, that you held me in your arms and kissed me? My own ! my own !'

own!" She struck her hands together, and laughed out loud for joy. The little morning duties were quickly performed, the frugal meal made ready and partaken of; then she dressed herself with care, in-spired by the coquetry of love, and made the room as pretty as she could, arrang-ing the flowers she had bought of a poor woman at the door, placing the books to the best advantage on the table, moving and charging everything, as if the maric the best advantage on the table, moving and changing everything, as if the magic of love's touch must improve the homely furniture. Then she sat down to the piano, and began to warble and thrill with the full-throated rapture of a thrush in spring. She fancied Basil listening to her; she fancied herself bringing down La Scale in thunders of applance and La Scala in thunders of applause, and gathering up gold in bushels and pouring it out at his feet; she saw herself ministering to his wants, making his home bright and beautiful, and setting him free to work with a liberated mind in the great cause he had espoused. Suddenly, n the midst of her dreams, she remer pered that her music might drown the sound of his ring, and she came away from the piano and moved about, chang-ing the chairs and the books again, and ing the chairs and the books again, and smiling at everything, and humming for very inability to check the joy that was overflowing in her. At last the bell sounded. She flew to the door. But it was not Basil; it was Madame Blaquette.

The landlady put her finger to her lips, glided quickly in, closed the door, and then, dropping her voice to a guilty whisper, "Dear young lady," she said, "can I spak in the strictest privacy " "Certainly, Madame Blaquette," re-plied Narka, in a high, cheerful tone ; she

was in a mood to enjoy the landlady's harmless little fancies. "I have come to warn you of a great peri," whispered Madame Blaquette,

squeezing Narka's arm: "the police have got notice that you have political papers here, and they are coming up to search your place. Burn or hide whatever you have; but be quick; there is no time to here it." lose

Narka could hardly trust her senses. Was this a delusion like the panic about the sewing-machine? Still, she had those papers. "Who told you the police those papers. "Who were coming here?" she asked, in sudden alarm. "Dr. Schenk. He met me the other

side of the Place, and sent me back to warn you. But make haste, or it will be too late." Narka's mistrust vanished at the men-

tion of Schenk's name. She looked round her like a trapped creature seeking for some way to escape. There was none; there was no fire where she could burn the papers; there was not a hole nor cor-ner in the narrow space where they would be safe from the lynx eyes of the police

for ten minutes. "I will take the papers and run to the Sisters." she said. to the Sisters," she said. "Dear young lady, the police will meet you. They are coming up the street." "Then I am lost!" cried Narka, clasp-her forehead with both hands. There was a sound of men's footsteps in the entry. "Come," she said ; and seizing Madame Blaquette by the wrist, she drew her over to the alcove, dragged a box from under the bed, unlocked it, and took out the ivory casket which contained the papers and Basil's articles, and thrusting hide it under your shawl, and take it down to Sœur Marguerite for me." There was a ring at the door. "Oh, my God! there they are !" she cried, turning white to the lips. "There is a back way, if I can get out through the kitchen window," said Mad-ame Blaquette. "Bring a chair." They hurried to the kitchen. Narka they number to the kineten. Mathematic the open the window, let down a chair, helped the agitated landlady to step on it, and then drew up the chair and shut the window, and went back into the room The bell rang a second time. Narka, trembling in her strong young lambs like a whipped hound, walked to the door and opened it.

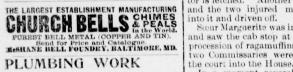
Ah !" Marguerite's look of intense

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room, and she heard the sound of smoth ered laughter on the stairs. But there remained now the Commiss

by the window.

arrest him."

of men.

police agent come to participate in some important arrest. Anyhow, the pair were after no good. It was clearly a judgment of Providence that had overtaken them, ary to face. Marguerite knew there would be no sympathetic laughter there. The Commissary, indeed, flew into a great rage when he heard the trick that had been played him, and sent for the Superior, and whipped Marguerite on her unoffending back; he threatened to de-nounce the community as accomplices of in favor of the poor wretch they were after, and the fun of the thing was delic-ious. People came from the neighboring shops and volunteered help. The cab

dropping her voice, "Antoine," she said, "the police are in pursuit of you. The Commissary was on his way here when he

and crossed over to the house where An-

hammer on an anvil, but she looked at him, and said, composedly, "You had better go to the House and tell M. le Com-

missaire that you found me here in place of Antoine Drex."

of Antoine Drex." The two police-officers looked at her as if they doubted her sanity. Presently they began to understand. They were young, they were brave, they had hearts

ome one to be sent to arrest you.

nounce the community as accomplices of all the rebels and rascals of the district, to have the House shut up, etc., etc. Marguerite meantime had followed the agents to the House, and walked bravely 'I have hurt my foot badly," said the mmissary. "Is there a doctor any-

Commissary. "Is there a doctor any-where near?" "We are close to the Sisters' House, monsieur," said a workman; "you had better let us take you there while the doc-better let us take you there while the docin to receive her reward. She was very frightened, but she did not show it, and this assumption of coolness made matters or is fetched. Another cab was called and the two injured men were helped into it and driven off.

worse. "So, ma sceur, this is how you respect the law!" cried the angry Commissary; "before you went to the Prefecture you gave that scoundrel a hind to skedaddle." "Monsieur le Commissaire, I am incap-able of anything so mean." replied Mar-guerite; "I told him plainly that I was going to the Prefecture with a message from you for his arrest." "And you are not ashamed of helping. Sour Marguerite was in the dispensary, and saw the cab stop at the gate with its procession of ragamuffins. Presently the two Commissaries were assisted across

In a moment several Sisters were in attendance. The injuries proved more painful than serious, and the Sisters were

And you are not ashamed of helping a blackguard like that to evade the law?" "Antoine Drex is not a blackguard, Monsieur le Commissaire. He is an honest man; he has been very unhappy; he was cruelly and unjustly treated, and he is exasperated. He was falsely accused of murdering his drunken wife, and kept of murdering his drunken wife, and kept ten months in prison with thieves and homicides before he was put on his trial and acquited. He came out of prison with his health broken and his heart maddened, and he has never got back into his right heart since. The injustice and cruelty of the law turned him into a rebel. And so it would have done you or me, M. le Commissaire." "Til tell you what," said the Commis-sary, "I will report you to the Minister as a rebel more dangerous than a score of Antoine Drexes." He was furious; but as he vented his fury something in her young face, an expression at once timid and dauntless, reproachful and beseech-ing, went to his heart. He turned away with an augry grunt, and remained silent, while Marguering heard.

ing, went to his heart. He turned away with an augry grunt, and remained silent, while Marguerite picked up and replaced at his back the pillow that in his agitation, he had sent rolling to the floor. A cab was now waiting to take him and his colleagne away. Before he left he spoke civily to Scur Jeanne and told her to look after Scur Marguerite, and see that she played no tricks with the law in future, for she might fall next time on some one who would be less ready to overlook her who would be less ready to overlook her misdemeanors than he was,

against hers. Was it some sweet mad-ness, or was she in heaven? "Are we alono?" he whispered, raising his head and glancing round the dimly-lighted room, while he relaxed his hold of her.

"Yes, quite alone. Oh, Basil, is it you, or am I dreaming?" She trembled and clung to him as if

she was afraid he would escape if she let him go. He drew her to the little couch, and they sat down together.

and they sat down together. "I frightened you," he said, laughing. "I ought to have given you warning, and not come down on you like a thunder-bolt; but there was no time, unless I tejegraphed on the road, and that would have been a risk." " I am not a bit frightened, only beside

myself with joy. Oh, Basil! Basil! my love! my love!" She looked up into his face, sobbing for happiness. He bent down and kissed her tenderly.

She could see that he was aged; but he was grander and handsomer than ever. "Where have you come from?" she said ; "have you escaped, or did the prince consent to your coming away ?" "Consent?" Basil threw back his head with the gesture she remembered so well "I escaped in disguise by the same train that took him to Berlin in attendance on the emperor, who is gone to visit his brother Kaiser.

"Then he does not know that you have

"He knows it by this time, and he is on his knees, tearing his hair, and swear-ing by St. Nicholas that Basil Zorokoff is the greatest wretch under heaven. Oh! it is a fine thing to be a loyal subject, and hate one's own flesh and blood for love of

the emperor." "When did you get here?" asked

"When did yet by Narka. "An hour ago. I have come on here from the train." "Then you have not seen Sibyl? You did not know she is in town?" "I did know it; but I came straight to

yon." "My own, my own—" She locked her arms round his throat, and let her head drop on his breast. "You came first to me

"Of course I came first to you. Let me

ove me well enough to eat my bread? love me well enough to eat my bread : She drew herself up, and keeping one hand round his neck, she laid the other upon his breast. "Say, Basil, do you love me well enough to eat my bread ?" He took her hand and kissed it, and held it clasped. "The husband ought to work for the wife," he said, "not the wife for the husband."

for the husband.

for the husband." "That is the philosophy of pride and of your aristocratic traditions. A patriot should be above such prejudice. Mar-guerite was glad when she heard this chance of helping you was in store for

"Marguerite ! Ah ! how is she?" There was a tender cadence in his voice as he said the name; it struck cold on Narka's heart.

'She is very well. I see her every

day." "Does she seem happy?" "She is perfectly happy. She loves her "Ah! That vocation is a wonderful

thing. But she was an angel always -Marguerite."

Nobody knew this better than Narka, yet to hear Basil say it, and pronounce Marguerite sname in that soft undertone,

Marguerite's name in that soft undertone, burned her like the sting of a wasp. "Good heavens! is that midnight?" he exclaimed, as the little clock on the "nantel struck the hour. " How the time has sped! I have kept you up so late, dearest. I have not slept myself for four nights." He made a movement to rise, but Narka clure and postled to him.

Narka clurg and nestled to him. " Must you go?" she said, rubbing her cheek against his coat caressingly. "Tell me about Sibyl: will she be very angry with you for coming to me first?" "I don't mean to tell her. I sha'n't say have seen you."

I have seen you." "Ah! Yet it would be as good a way as

"Ah! Yet it would be as good a way as any of breaking the truth to her?"" " I could not begin by vexing her and making her jealous. She has been the best of sisters to me always. No one has ever loved me better than Sibyl, except you, my Narka." The words were sweet, and tenderly spoken; but he might have pressed her to his heart, Narka thought, for his arm was round her. The next moment she mocked at herself for this ingenuity of self-torture. He had flown to her first; he had proved by this that she was his chief, his first object. Why could not she rest on that and be content, and silence these promptings of sick jealousy? It was natural as well as generous and un-selfish in him to consider Sibyl, and Narselfish in him to consider Sibyl, and NarTO BE CONTINUED.

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