Marie's Trial.

1 great plus forest, a hand of forty armed soldiers, their leader the centre of the group, a heavily berried, durk-prowed man, graing floredy at a little girl standing quiety before him. She did a tremule at this nor loot about for hip, nor seem to be in the least first. The way a tright spat, the result of excitement, in either cheek, and her excessione with an expression that was like by, and her lips were parted with a bright smile.

"Speak!" the leader thundered. Will

parted with a bright smile.

"Speak!" the leader thundered. Will
you tell me where the priest has
flown?

"Presor, sir."

Or where the Sacrament i hidden?

en?
No, sir
"Or the altar vessels?"
"No, sir,"
"I will give you one more chance to bey me, he crid. If you do not oll me, this shall be your fate. Wa fill blind your cyos and fear o you here to the forest, and then the wolves will once by night and the wild birds by ay, none shall be hero to defend you."
The soldiers gazed at her wenderigh.

The soldiers gazed at her wendering).
Would she fatter? How small and frait she looked under those glant trees, and how fact the night was coming! Some of these men had little daughters at home who were just Marie's age, and they remembered them and felt sorry for her in their immest souls; but then they were soulders, wild with the war excitement and the flocuse of the camp. They were too wild to let pity plead for her at all.

They had come upon the suite! little

were too wild to let pity plead for her at all.

They had come upon the quict little Polish viling; in the morning, for they have heard that the church was a very lovely one with rich adornings and vestments and only one priest, and he an oged man, to guard it.

"No one knows his hiding place unless the Marke." So add a rough and evil man buying for himself an exemption from pillage by turning informer against a little girl. "She is always in the church," he said, "always praying, dusting or sweeping. My word for it, sh. knows all about the treasure." Marke did not deny this statement, but to entreatte, threats and promises she would not make any rouly exempto constant rofundate any entry exempt. make any reply except constant refu-sal to betray the trust imposed in her. So they bore her off with them into the gloomy forest and put her to the final test, thinking she must surely viold.

the gloomy forces and put her to the final teet, thinking she must surely yield.

"It is the last time," the leader said. "Not often, child, do I ask at thing wite, and I hate walted long for you. Will you tell me what I ask of you?" More than these rough men waited for Marle's answer. Angels waited for ser lips to open-waited to see the light between the good and cell fought relips to open-waited to see the light between the good and cell fought out to its bitter end that, by God's grace, might prove most swood. In the gathering twillight the soldiers could not see any sign of pallor on the face before them, and they heard no fattering word in the volce that sound most elerly over the evening breeze sighing through the pine trees: "I can not tell you, sign."

No more parleying and no more parleying and no more parleying and the small jest together with a stout, knotted cord. She looked straight forward at the setting sun, which was visible just at the horizon through the visits of for trees. "Would she cover see that sun again? She looked up at the blue sky, the verdent grade and the swaying branches; one little squirrel she noted lovingly darting up a gnarled and mossy trunk, and yet she felt no heartable. At the rude soldiers she did not glance at all,

They let her look as she pleased for one brist minute, then bilinded her brave eyes closely, and saddenly she felt berself litted and borne ouward by witalward arms.

"We will not leave her where she let the set the leader said.

felt herself lifted and borne onward by staiward arms.
"We will not leave her where she last saw the light," the leader said.
"Onward, men, onward!"
Where they went Marie could only grass, but the sound of twige crackling beneath their foet and of the booghs pushed aside or broken made her think that they were going deeper into the wood. By and by she was let roughly down.

boughs pushed asies or more going deeper into the wood. By and by she was let roughly down.

"A good spot," she heard one say, "It looks like the wolf's den and no other. Well, she might have sarned a botter late had she chosen."

Did they dream that their words could make her fear or waver f If they did their dream was in valu, and although one and another turned to look at her as they marched away into the gate-ring night, they only saw the face as calm and wrott and still as the croning star that lang in the darkening slice above the trees that were growing grim and ghostly in the twillight.

There were men that awoke with a

camp that night—wore from dreaming of a child in acre distrass throughing of a child in acre distrass throughing of a child in acre distrass through sins of thrire. Years afterward there were men who dreamed that dream sleeping and waking, and called on God to forgive them the sin which they could not forget.

But that night of fear and remorse for them was bright with joy and pose. Sometimes are had learned the good priest tell that when the markyrs suffered for our Biessed Lord, it was not always suffering; that three had been cases known where the fierce fits had lot it using; the three had been as the bed of and the rack had been as the bed of and the rack had been as the bed of and the rack had been as the bed of and the rack had been as the bed of and the rack had been as the bed of and the rack had been as the bed of and the rack had been as the bed of the safety odd on the fall in the safety of the safety in the safety of the safety in the safety

keeping the shored Heart was beating all that hight awake with here. But it was more than this that Marie saw, frome, redain with the brigatine, and a be outy far beyond the glony of the exting out in recess had looked on host, ang ' faces, here of good that rang with the sweetest music, in that mode a chant of havenly glory mingling, raising grand bosanias to the King of Kings. And the door of the holy thrine stood open, and within she saw a Child more fair, more sweet, more adont to behold than any angol there.

and more than more sweet, more and ant to be hold than any angel there.

He looked at her, He smiled at her, towards her He hold His hands where he had be beight the sacred wounds. That smit: that look t—no pen can trell them, no penell paint them. Watching them all time was nothing, no one could think of time, or fream of fear. or know aught of pain and trauble while such bisses were present. "Market Market Market Merket." She had not heard the step that came through the forest, crushing the twigs and boughs beneath it, she did not know that the sight had passed away and the morning san was shining in her face. If beast or be door creeping thing had towards her once in all that cold, draw night he could move tell for the face of the Leval of all created things had been before her, and the sight had charmed all else as as a charmed all else as as a business of the or only brother and But Stanislaes, her only brother and But Stanislaes, her only brother and

draw night she could inverted for the face of the Lord of all created things had been before her, and the sight land charmed all oles as wir.

But Stanislaus, her only brother and the only reducte that Marle had, coming home from college for a brief holiday with his little eslete, and cloosing the shortest way through the tangled copes and theken wood, rather than the besten track, in order that he might rench her cooper-choosing it by his good ange's guidance—saw a sight that made him doubt at first that what he had seen would not be the than the had seen would not be the standard of the seen would not be the control of the seen of t

Sacred Heart," she cried. "Is it time for morning?"

In an ancient convent dwelt for many years, from her very childhood to advanced old age, a nun who bore the name of Sistor Marie of the Blessed Racrament. No one ever saw her smile but always upon the placid face there was a smile that spoke of joys more drep than smiles could tell—a look that hey sister nuns affirmed was aweeter than any smile thay ever saw.

Mearly a thousand persons in France have come forward to show that they are as old as the Sovereign Pontiff. Now it is the turn of the centenarians beside whom the nonegenerians seem almost young. One of the oldest of the centenarians just come into view is a spinater, Mile. Leconic de Lisle du Fiex. She maintains that this year is the first of the twentieth century and thus claims to have seen three centuries. She was born in 1793, is in perfect possession of her faculties and remembered her golfather, the Chevaller de Harsconet, who was born in 1714. Unsequently she can say that she has come in contact with a contemporary of Louis XIV. She is probably the only human being in the world who can say as much. On the occasion of her hunderelth birthday the Bishop of Nantes granted her permission to have the granted her permission to have the Holy Sacrifice celebrated in her house.

with Brains sir!

A great artist
was once saked
what he mixed
his pigments
with to obtain
sect wonderful effects.
His reply was.
Artille brains,
sir lib brains,
sir lib brains,
sir lib was weet to hundreds of people who are
the time asking what
Pierce's medicines are
produce such marvelous
medicines are the result

answer to human dreds of people who are all the time asking what Dr. Pierce's medicines are mixed with to produce such marvelous cures. These medicines are the result of Dr. Pierce's thorough professional education; his deep study of the principles of materia medicina and of the human physiology in health and disease; and above all his unparalled practical experience.

"I thank God for the dreds of the dr

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Dragon Teeth.

Dragon Teeth,

Not long since, when a great confinct hold the people by athless and united, they had little time to need petty, linear wars liven than how over, they had run as of a pittless fead that raged in the Southern mountains. Sometimes it could like a hid cass dragon asleep it the overs and hollows, and again, like that dragen roused, it breathed out fite and smoke and gorgod theeff with blood. My story juts to do with the Instances wherein the dragen hid, and with a time when it seemed for some days to know then it seemed for some days to know then it seemed for some days to know then it seemed for some days to know the fill seem the seemed for some days to know the fill seemed the see

dors.

Buck Kittredge was a typical and true Cumbertand meantainer, and the only surviving "party to the first party" in the famous Kittredge-Hunt feud. He was big boned and lanky, edyct-handed, tender-eyed and pro-

leud. He was big boned any many, elect-handed, tender-eyed and profano.

Buck's home at the foot of the hill
was as true a type of the mountain
homes as was Buck of the mountain
homes as was Buck of the mountain
and. The great, square house gleaned, skeleton-like, in the early dawn,
all the interstices of the logs were
orammed with glaving with clay.

Buck passed sw'ftly tarough the
open back door, and out of the while
door opposite it in the front. By a
law of the land, primary and primeval, both stood open, and within easy
reach, back of them, were ranged the
shiding guns. Buck grasped one of
these as he passed out, and at the
mer touch of it his shoulders
straightened and his eyes grew resolute.

mere touch of it his shoulders straightened and his eyes grew resolute.

With a few mighty strides he reached the stile-block at the edge of the road in front and leaned against it. A little lizard on the block scurried to a safe distance, where it paused and throw back its head, gloaming purple and groen in the sea. It exemble and throw back its head, gloaming purple and groen in the sea. It exemble and throw back his head, also, and was gating up at the old house. Within the last four months as many men ind gone out from this gatoway to return no more, with each this same trusty Winchester had gone and come and come and, happits of the insisting of blood each time anow. Fatner Kittredge hind gone first, then Uncle Chad, and Brother Hugh, and Sister Sairey's man, Sain, was left to the old pince, for Back, "the baby," was going, gone.

Sister Salrey's man, Sain, was left to the old pince, for Buck, "the baby," was going, gone, Almost, but not quite, for a voice arrested him yet one moment. On the upper gallery, which was hung fantastically with reasonies of beans and corn and dry sheaves of herbs and tobacco, a woman appeared, drugging over the rough floor an antiquated flax-wheel. She was an old woman, and she leaned down acrose the railing the face of a—as saint, with a halo of silver and a homospin gown. "Yuh goin" nout ful a lected flax-wheel. She was an old woman, "Yuh goin" nout ful a lected flax-wheel, she was an old woman, "Yuh goin" nout ful a lected flax-wheel. She was an old woman, "Yuh goin" and the last halo of silver and a homospin gown. "Yuh goin" and to ful a flax of the cost flat of a violin, and it was rich and 'tipram'. Buck draw."
"You'd not a will go man benediction will be the said of the old was gallery, her wax-pink shoulders as yet only half-way into ber pink cailco frock. After a while she sturnled down and went away up the road, weeping still.

way into here pink called rock. After a while she structled down and went away up the road, weeping still. The head of the other faction concerned in this particular foud lived but two calles we. Roth I swillow ment to the bent of reaches of the called the still the second of the called the calle

way kept his eyes upon the ground, his restricting hand upon the thing he held in absymmet that seemed to are also and twist and long the tracks were white helmon that mesked into technol these prifit thereis, and spetted here so of whose that rept like sunces along the ground. They were sphotened and sphashed with rest-asset sools or file-tone know not which the spot had lately known a run of both. Buck reached the third crossing first, and her sour rose up in sucken not record the threat were yet in the little cast, and her sour rose up in sucken not record. He threat up his arms with an oath, and whitted and staggered about There were yet in the little foat up that if they quickly. An one of the threat that of one man agreed the threat the folding of hands and present a should reach the folding of hands and present and the threat her threat pitch as houlder.

raver Buck lifted his gun to his shoulder once and again, and once and again his arm for powerless, and re-preption.

again his arm for powerless, and to propt of.
The same demon wrestled tere with Bills Bint a moment taker, we he passed. He even knott down and took a long, toong alm, his eve glittering and sequeng down the barred in wild desire. Then he remembered that he was shooting this foe in the back, and put his Take to the dust in shoot shame.

And now come practed to bimself.

was shoosing his foo in the back, and put me face to the dust in shoor shume.

And now even prayed to himself and to his God for succor, for each know what he approached.

Across a awampy strotch stood, the serted now for years, the old log school house, where, in their brief time of childhood these boys hal loved each other and Nature with that dear intimery that only boys know. The house had of late been used as a log-ging camp, and was piled about with rusty red-back and nose-green logs. Both road and profit crossed the marsh lock red and profit crossed the marsh lock red with the state of Billy had met and faced each other, had saluted each the other with a slow-sleng gun and a stolid gase that grew into a glare. Then they gave each the other a hissing, simultaneous good-bye, and into togother for hours afterward, face downward in the shade.

Buck and Billy avolded the cordurog now, and each took his way through the arrivable waves of pale grass on either side. Buck saw only the crawling at his feet. Billy looked straight ahout at the moldering wails of the old shed. Some thing there enught his sye, a glowing pattol of color on the ago-statined boards.

ont shed. Something there caught his sye, a glowing parton of color on the ago-stained boards. It was, in trath, a glaring postor, adding in terms the true to love and life to the country's service, an appeal for men that were ment. Many like it had of its been flung upon any available place throughout the countryside. The fluming bers and bline licid made it sacred to the rudest marauder. To Billy it shope as bluo as Heaven, as red as Valor, and as white as Love.

With a long leap and a run he seached it, loaned to it as a reluge, and pressed his rille against it with passionate force. Then, dropping the gas, he led out his hands.

"Oh, Buck! Oh, Buck, O' felluh," he cried.

"Oh, Buck! Oh, Buck, O' felluh, he cried.

"Oh, Buck! Oh, Buck, O' felluh," he cried.

"Oh, Buck! Oh, Buck, O' felluh, he cried.

"Oh, Buck! Oh, Buck, O' felluh," he cried.

"Oh, Buck! Oh, Buck, O' felluh, he cried.

"Oh, Buck! Oh, Buck, O' felluh," he cried.

"Oh, Buck! Oh, Buck, O' felluh, in the fight of the mad took in his his late.

Some mounts the Winchesters were excepted to the contract the Winchesters were excepted.

Some moments the Winchesters were stacked in amateurish soldier style against the wall and the men stood together as they had not stood since the day the old soliced ceased to keep. Buck's arms were about Billy's shoulders.

Buck's arms were about Billy's shoulders.

"So you be thinkin' tuh h'inlist, little felluh?" he queried.

"Yuh'il make a pow'ful sight bet uth soler, o'! Buck," responded Billy, lifting trustful eyes, although he trembled still.

"Wa'al, we use bettuh shouldah a'ns of we oyatch th' cyar."

"Ta'as, an' thet double-quick, too."

Thoir gib soldler talk and preparations were doomed to interruption, however.

however.
Two flying forms came down the way by which the men had come, both in the narrow path.
"Sistuh Iane," gasped Billy, as they

"Sistuh Inne," gasped Bliry, us oney drew near,
"An Sistuh Betty," ejaculated Buck,
The devoted sisters approached as rapidly as the little little Jane could proper the roly-poly Betty. The pale yave had Inneed on a suith, as red as a cardinal (fower, but poor Betty could get no resider.

Touched by the love and despair on the young faces, the would-be soldlers "presented arms" in brotherly greeting.

ing.

But "Oh, Buck," shrijked the little
Jame as she "fell in."

Jane as she "foll in."

And "Oh, Billy, Billy," panted Betty, in spite of the time it took for extrications, explaintions, promises, tears and kisses—fleeting tears and long, long kisses—and farewells, Buck and Billy ought "th' cynt." Jane and Betty saw them last, standing together in the fond old way, And all about them, erowding the fleeting cars, were other men, young and earness mountaineers, bound all together for the war "that vius just."

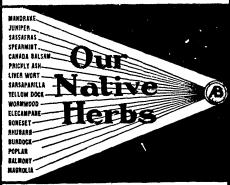
When they crossed the corduroy, on he long way home, the girls whither-

And so, from the burled teeth of the Dragon, fearsome tiling and foul though it was, sprang up the stal-vart soldiers of the Plain, and they, alone, knew of the transformation,



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BATTLE OF DENDEE.

The losiowing clever satire alludes of the fact, that while the English and he Dutch are supposed to be and realy are battling in the Transvanl, yet he Irishmen, as usual, are prominent ylocated noth sites of the question, ud are doing a great part of the real inches.

and are doing a great part of the real fighting:
On the mountain's side th' battle raged, there was no stop nor stay;
Machin captured Private Burke and Eneign Michael Shea,
Fitgerald got Fitpatrick, Brannigan found O'Rourke;
Finnigan took a man named Fay—and a cuple of lads from Cork.
Suddenly lay heard McManus shout:
"Hand's up or I'll run you through, the though he had a Vorkelite "Tyke"
Twas Corporal Donoghau:
WeGarry took O'Leary, O'Brien got Mc-Name,
That's how the "English fought the

at's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Dutch" at the Battic of Dundee.

Then someone brought in Caser, O'Connor took O'Nell;
Elley captured Cavanuagh, while trying to make a steal.

Hogan caught McFadden, Corrigan found McBride,
And Breuman mast a handsome touch when McBly tried to silde.

Diecy took a lad named Welsh; Dooley got McGurk;
Gilligan turned in Fahey's box—for his fath? he used to work.

They had marched to light the English—But Irlah were all they could seen that is now the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Spillane then took O'Madigan; Shannahan took Magee,
White chasing Jerry Dogovan, Clancy got shot in the hune.

He cursed the Queen's whole army; he cursed the English race,
Then found the man who first the shot,
'was a cousin-Martin Grace,
Then McGlunis caught an AO.H., who came from Linerick town,
But Sullivan got an Orangeman from somewhere in County Down.

Henuesey took O'Hara-Hennigan took McFee,
That's how the "English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee.

Dutch" at the Battle of Dundoc.
The sun was slowly sinking, the battly rolled along;
The man that Murphy "handed" in was a cossin of Mand Gome.
Then Fiannian dropped his rifle, shook hands with Bill McGure,
For both had carried a piece of surf to light the schoolroom fire.
Then Rafferty took in Flaherty; McComedigot Major McGus.
O'Keefe gov hold of Sergoant Joles and a Beliast lad or two.
But the man they thought was Uncle Paul was a Galway man named Dunn.
Though the war may have worse her-

Dunn.
Though the war may have worse herrors, 'twas a frightful sight to see
The way the "English fought the
Dutch," at the Battle of Dundee.

Just wh's the sound of fighting in the distance fainter grew. Ryan coagst McClocky, and Orderly Doisgan, too, O'Toole he found McCarthy, O'Mahony got Malone, Duffy got a pair of lade from Connaught near Athlone.

Then Diness took O'Hagan; Phelan got English or a pair of lade for the part of the pair of the part of th

Waterford Powers I mean,
And took a ind named Koeman and a
Captain named Mulqueen;
Then Brady capturel Nooman; Maher
got Moldoo,
Motovers got O'Hanlon and Col. McLonghlin, too,
Twas now the hour of sunset, the battie was nearly o'er,
When Moformick cause in with Hoolan
and Lieut. Roger Moore.
But twas a great day for Ireland, as
you can fairly see;
Thack how the "English fought the
Dutch" at the Eattic of Jundee.

Dutch" at the Battie or numers.

They marched them all to Kruper's town for supper and a bed,
O-Halloran was the rour guard; the way McNalty led;
When they got them to the race course, the Bosre were full of gies.
While Kruger never expected "so many English to see."
They told him they were Irish; it pussible the old man's head,
For the Irish he'd seen were dressed in green, while these were togged in red.

green, while these were togged in green, while these were togged in red,
But'ds a passing story; on history's page you'll see,
That "Twas the English fought the Dutch" at the Battle of Dundee,

A WASTED VALENTINE

A WASTED VALENTINE.

It took him several hours to choose the valentine.

Nothing would do that was at all mortanery. No, indeed, it was for the dearest girl in the world—hit beloved, in fact, only he hain't told her so yet. It must be very expensive, and of a kind not early duplicated. Therefore he made a tour of the fashionable stores where the dainty missives of Capid are dispensed to lovesick yound one so large it could barely and one so large it could barely he passed through the front door of her house.

tintt" he need, while his hourt wouts bitty-pat in a most uncomfortable war.

"Oh some born fool," she answered, in a somewhat ward manner.

With his soul in his shoes he looked at her long and earnestly.

"Why do you say some born fool?"

"Because he dish't put enough postage on it, and i had to pay seven-teen cente to get it," she anowieed.

And he did not even dare to instimate that it was he who had sent it.—

Tom Hall, in The Criterica.

got Malone,
Duify got a pair of lads from Connaught near Athlone.

Then Dinbest took O'Hagan; Phelan got
K'rhon,
Dempey onptured Calinhan, but Gallaghre let him go.
You'i have thought the "Belfast
thicken" had teacled the "Dublin
Fig.
The way the "Duglis fought the
Dutch," as in Basile of Dunden.
Then Powers began so inbevens, the