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NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXV.-CONTINUED.

"Oh, Marguerite, it is you! Come in quick," she cried, breathlessly. And she told her in a few hurried words what had

told her in a few hurried words what had just happened.

"And she is gone down with the box to me?" said Marguerite: "then I must hurry home and be there to meet her."

Narka would have been thankful to have the support of her presence when the police came; but it was all-important to get the casket into safe-keeping, so she did not detain her. Marguerite was not surprised on reaching the House to find that Madame Blaquette had not yet arrived: the back way made a great round, and the old lady might linger to make sure of a voiding the police. The dispensary window commanded the court; Marguerite went in there, so as to

court; Marguerite went in there, so as to see her the moment she arrived. But ten minutes passed, then twenty, and Madame Blaquette did not appear. Could she have been seen escaping from the window and followed and arrested? This was highly improbable; still, when half an hour passed, Marguerite grew nervous. There was no one to consult. All
the Sisters were absent on their rounds,
or engaged in the schools. Suddenly the
sound of a light hammer fell on her ear.

She opened a door off the dispensary; it was a closet into which they had smuggled Antoine Drex. He was cobsmuggled Antoine Drex. He was cobbling an old boot, nailing a sole to it. Antoine was safe as a tombstone, and cunning as a rat; he knew the police, and he knew every turn of the lanes and courts through which Madame Blaquette had to pass. Marguerite told him what had happened.

"Most likely she's hiding till she makes sure those vermine are out of the way."

"Mostlikely she's hiding till she makes sure those vermine are out of the way," said Antoine. "Keep your eye on the gate, ma sœur; old Blaque will turn up." He nodded, and went on with his job; but he knit his brow with a scowl. "Take care you don't stay too long at that, Antoine," said Marguerite; "the blood might go to your head and bring on congestion."

on congestion. I'm all right, ma sœur." he re-

plied, nodding confidentially.

Marguerite felt a little reassured. She went back into the dispensary and kept her watch on the gate; but when an hour went by, and there was no sign of Madame Blaquette, she could bear it no longer. The suspense was intolerable. She resolved to go back to Narka and see what had havened there at any rete what had happened there, at any rate. She opened the door of the closet to tell Antoine she was going, but to her sur-prise the place was empty. Where and how had he gone off? She remembered there was a way out by the garden, but he must have got out of the window; and why on earth had he done this? He was to have made his escape that evening travelling in a wine wagon till he got to Caen, when he was to be rolled off the truck, and to make his way on foot to St. truck, and to make his way on foot to St. Aubin, his native village. It seemed to Marguerite that everybody was on the wrong tack to-day. She walked quickly on to Narka's. The place was quiet, just as she had left it an hour ago; no groups about, no sign of any unusual incident, such as an arrest, having stirred the neighborhood. This was reassuring; still her hand shook as she pulled the bell, and she uttered an exclamatio 1 of relief when Narka appeared.

"Well?"

Well? "There has been nobody. I began to ink Madame Blaquette imagined the whole thing."
"But the box? What has she done

with it? The box ?" Hasn't she taken it to

you

you?"
"No; she has never been near me."
Narka turned deadly pale. A horrible suspicion flashed through both their minds. "Oh, my God! it was a trap," said Narka; "it was a trap set for Basil. They saw him here last night."
Marguerite thought she had gone stark mad. The scared expression of her face reminded Narka that she had not told her about Basil's arrival.
"Oh, darling!" she said, "we have not

'Oh, darling!" she said, "we have not

"Oh, darling I" she said, "we have not inst a moment to breathe, or I should have told you Basil has escaped; he is here in Paris. He came to see me last night; he had just only arrived by the train, and I was expecting him again this morning when that dreadful woman came."

"Basil is here!" Marguerite repeated in amazement.

Yes; he came late, about 10 o'clock, and staid till midnight; I watched him across the Place; there was not a soul about; but those blood-hounds must have tracked him! Oh, my God! has he faller to their fangs again?"

ands in misery.

They stood silent, both their hearts beating with terror.

"Do you know at all what those papers contained?" Marguerite asked, under her

"I fancy they were a political programme, or something of that sort, drawn up by a man who is dead since, Ivan Gorff to'd me. But then there were those

erticles in Basil's own handwriting. Marguerite did not know what articles

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she was talking about; Narka had never told her of those translations, or of the

meeting.

"Narka," she said, laying her hand on the girl's arm," do you think there was a confession in them? About Father Christopher?" "I don't think so; but I don't know. Oh, Marguerite, what is to be done?" "Where is Basil staying?" asked Mar-

guerite.

"I don't know; I never thought of asking him. But Sibyl will know; he is most likely with her now, if — Oh, my God! I feel half mad! Only think: he has barely escaped, and to be caught again!" She put her hand to her forehead, and dropped into a seat.

"We don't know yet whether he is caught," said Marguerite. "or even likely to be caught; don't let us jump at the worst conclusion in a minute. The whole thing may be a silly scare of that old worst conclusion in a minute. The whole thing may be a silly scare of that old goose Blaquette's invention."

goose Blaquette's invention.

"But she said Schenk sent her to warn

"But she said Schenk sent her to warn me. How could she have known I had papers unless he or some one told her?' There was no denying this. "Well, you can't sit here waiting to be arrested," said Marguerite. "Put on your bonnet, and go round by the back way, and take refuge with Madame Drex. And this evening you can steal down to us."

Narka heaved a great sigh, but she did

not move.

"Dear Narka, for Basil's sake don't lose heart," Marguerite entreated. "Get up and go, and I will hurry off to Sibyl."

"Oh, Sibyl! Sibyl!" Narka cried, in an accent of poignant pain.

"Go!" Marguerite persisted, trying to make her rise. Narka seemed incapable either of resisting or deciding. She rose passively, and let Marguerite help on her bonnet and cloak.

connet and cloak.

"Let me see you safe out by the win-ow before I go," said Marguerite. But Narka, roused at last to some realization of her position and of the necessity of the moment, said that she must put away some few things and lock her drawers. This was reasonable enough, and Marguerite, seeing that she had re-covered her presence of mind, was satis-fied to leave her behind and hurry off on her own mission. They stood at the door together. Narka took her in her arms and kissed her, a long, loving kiss. "God bless you, Marguerite! You are

"God bless you, Marguerite! You a God's providence to me always." She opened the door to let her out. she did so, two men stood outside. was the Commissary of Police. He laid his hand on Narka's shoulder and said, "I arrest you in the name of the Em-

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Sibyl had returned to Paris the ment the riots were over; but she had not ventured near the disturbed quarters, nor had she seen Marguerite, consequent ly when the latter walked into her boudoir, half an hour after Narka's arrest Sibyl welcomed her with double delight

"You haven't met him?" she exclaimed, running to embrace her.
"Whom?" said Marguerite.
"Basil!—yes, Basil! He had only just left me. He is gone off to see you and Narka. He walked in here this morning, and nearly killed. and nearly killed me with the joy of the surprise. You look as if you thought I had gone crazy; but it is perfectly true." I am only too glad to believe it," replied Marguerite, with disappointing calmness. "I am glad of good news from

plied Marguerico, calmness. "I am glad of good news from any direction."

"Why, what do you mean? What has happened?" Sibyl asked, in alarm.

"Narka is in great trouble. She has

been arrested."

"Arrested? Again? Here? Good heavens!" Sibyl sat down.

"Yes," said Murguerite, sitting too; "it happened half an hour ago. I was there when the police came."

"And what have they arrested her for?"

Marguerite was embarrassed. Basil had not spoken of his engaement, it might be indiscreet to mention the papers that had been seized. "I heard nothing except that they had a warrant to arrest her," she said. But the perplex-

ty in her mind got into her face, and Sibvl saw it. 'You know more than that, Marquer ite," she said. "Has Narka been asso-ciating with those wicked rioters up at La Villette?"

A man who was wounded and pur "A man who was wounded and pursued by the police sought refuge with her one night, and that may have been discovered. But what is to be done? How are we to help her? You must know hosts of people who have influence. There is Prince Krinsky; you must go to him."

him. But he is the Russian Ambassador! "Well, and is not that a reason? What are ambassadors for but to help their countrymen when they get into

That depends upon what the trouble is. It is not likely our Ambassador would feel it his duty to help any Rus-sian for conspiring against our Emperor." "Why should you at once conclude that she has been conspiring against your Emperor? My belief is, the whole

affair is either a gross mistake or some cruel trick, and if you won't help her, I will ask Gaston to do it."

"As if I did not care a great deal more than Gaston about Narka!" retorted Sibyl. "The fact is, I suspect I know more about this arrest than you do. We were warned months ago that Narka was were warned months ago that Narka was associating with disreputable people who would get her into trouble. That Dr. Schenk that she had attending her bears

a very compromising character. How came she to know him?" "Through Ivan Gorff. Ivan brought him to her when she fell ill. That was not her fault.

"It was her misfortune, anyhow. It obliged me to be very circumspect in my intercourse with her. It would not have done for me to become identified with a person who associated with bad charac-ters. My house is a centre of Russian so-ciety in Paris, and though I am now a French woman, it might have injured my father and Basil if I had paraded my friendship with a Russian who was on

intimate terms with conspirators."

And so this was the mot de l'enigme, the secret of the cold aloofness which had

wounded Narka so deeply.

"I don't believe Narka has been associating with conspirators," said Marguerite.

"You need not have been afraid of her compromising you." Then, after a moment's pause, "What would they do to her if she were accused of anything of that sort ?" she asked.

"If she has mixed herself up in any

treason against the Emperor of France, the French law would deal with her."

"But if it was against the Emperor of

Russia "In that case they would send her to Russia to be tried."

"On."
If Sibyl's answer had been, "They will
flog her to death," the interjection could
not have expressed more horror. Marguerite's look and tone seemed to hold a

terrible revelation.

"Did Narka ever tell you about what

"Did Narka ever tell you about what happened to her in the prison?" Sibyl asked, in an altered manner.

"She let me guess. Oh, Sibyl!" said Marguerite, clasping her hands, and her eyes filled with tears, "how awful if she were to go through that again!"

Sibyl changed color, and stood up, and moved restlessly about the room. Then, as if conquered by some motive which bore down all opposition, "I will go to Prince Krinsky," she said.

Marguerite burst into tears, and kissed her, and hurried away.

Sibyl ordered the carriage and went to dress. Just as she was ready to go down-

dress. Just as she was ready to go down-stairs, Basil came back with M. de Beauerillon. They were both in high

spirits.

"You have not heard?" said Sibyl.
"Narka is arrested."
Basil uttered a violent expletive in
Russian, and turned pale.

"Arrested! What for?" said M. de

"Arrested! What for?" said M. de Beaucrillon, scarcely less moved.
"Marguerite, who told me about it—she has only just gone—says she knows nothing but the fact of the arrest. She was with Narka when the police came and carried her away."
"I must go to her at once," said Basil, picking up his hat, that he had dropped in his excitement, and he was leaving the room. "I must go to the prison and pay my way in to her. Where is the prison?"
"My dear Basil, you are the leat you.

"My dear Basil, you are the last per-

"My dear Basil, you are the last person who ought to go near her," protested Sibyl—" you who are so compromised yourself."

"Sibyl is right," said M. de Beaucrillon. "You would only compromise her still more. But what in Heaven's name has Narka been doing to get into this new trouble?" new trouble

Basil took a turn in the room, and then suddenly coming up to Sibyl, he said, "The time has come for me to speak out. I am engaged to Narka."
"What?" Sibyl cried, almost with a

"Diable!" exclaimed M. de Beaucrill-

Then followed a pause of stupefied amazement from both.
"Yes," said Basil, "the night I left
Yrakow I asked her to be my wife. I
cannot see why the news strikes you both dnmb with horror, as if it were a crime. Narka is good and gifted and beautiful, and you, Sibyl, have looked on her as a sister all your life."

But Sibyl could not answer him; the power of speech seemed to have left her. She was clutching the mantel, her face was blanched, the color had faded from her eyes, and they stared fixedly at Basil with an expression that was indefinable

"Mon cher ami," said M. de Beaucrill-on, "I must own I don't understand your wonder at the effect of your announce-ment on my wife. It is not such a sur-prise to me. I always thought Narka's position in the family was an anomalous one, and likely to end in some catas—cul-mination of this sort. I said so to Sibyl but she ridiculed the idea and laughed at me.'

"I don't see why the culmination should have excited Sibyl's ridicule," Basil retorted, looking angrily at her.

"One has not far to look for the reason, nevertheless" end Gaston. "Medana"

nevertheless," said Gaston. "Mademoi-selle Narka is undoubtedly all that you say, as gifted as she is good, but she is the daughter of a Jewish trader, whereas you are

Her affianced husband," interrupted

Basi Ah! just so. Then there is nothing more to be said, and it only remains for me to congratulate you." And M. de Beaucrillon bowed stiffly. "Oh, Basil! Basil!" Sibyl cried, and

she clasped her hands and burst into tears, and flung herself sobbing on a

So much for a woman's friendship! said Basil, bitterly; and he looked at his brother-in-law as if expecting him to acquiesce in the contemptuous sentiment. But M. de Beaucrillon walked over and leaned against the chimney-piece, look-ing down at his sobbing wife with an air

"Look here, Sibyl," said Basil, after a momentary hesitation, "and you too, de Beaucrillon, listen to what I have to say and give me a fair hearing. When I came back that evening with Father Christopher's pardon there was a warrant sighed for my arrest. The Stanovoi gave me notice, and offered to let me escape before the warrant reached him if I paid him fifty thousand roubles. I could not him fifty thousand roubles. I could not him fifty thousand roubles. I could not by any possibility lay my hands on the sum within the time. I had three hours to find it. I knew you had not half the amount with you, and there was no one else to call upon. I was prepared to be arrested by 10 o'clock that night. I told Narka, about the warrant add by was Narka about the warrant, and by mere chance I mentioned the offer made me by the Stanovoi. She gave me the money, and I escaped."

they both exclaimed, Narka!

aghast. agnast.
"Narka gave you fifty thousand roubles!" repeated M. de Beaucrillon, in a tone of dense incredulity.
"Narka," replied Basil. "It so happened that that very day she learned that

a legacy of precisely fifty thousand roubles had been paid into the hands of Perrow for her by the executor of an uncle of Tanta Nathalie. Narka rode in uncle of Tanta Nathalie. Narka rode in to X., got the money, and returned just in time. The Stanovoi, who had had me closely watched, was lying in ambush at the gate, and I paid him the money. Before making my escape I asked Narka to be my wife."

"Ma foi! I don't see how you could have helped it!" exclaimed M. de Beaucrillon, with senerous warmth. "no money."

have helped it!" exclaimed M. de Beau-crillon, with generous warmth; "no man of honor could have done less."
"I don't see that at all," said Sibyl, whose sobs and tears had been suddenly checked by the counter-current of emo-tion. "I can't see that honor made it necessary for him to dishonor his name. It was most kind and generous of Narka; but any friend worthy of the name would

sa'd Basil, angry and hurt; "but the money is the least part of what I owe Narka." He pulled at his mustache, and after a moment's wavering and debating.

I had in my possession at the time,
documents that were then of great im-"documents that were then of great importance, and of the most compromising character; I could not destroy them, and I dared not take them with me. I asked Narka to keep them. I knew and she knew that they would bring grievous trouble on any one with whom they were found; but she accepted the trust without hesitating. The Stanovoi, who knew she had been with me to the last, and who no doubt discovered that she had given me the ransom, denounced her as having my papers. She was arrested, and kept my papers. She was arrested, and kept six months in prison. God and herself alone know what she suffered there; but they got nothing out of her. She lett Kronstadt without having betrayed me by a word." He seemed almost over-come for a moment. "You know the come for a moment. "You know the rest," he went on, hurriedly. "Tante Nathalie could not rally from the shock. Narka came away amongst strangers, first in one place, then in another; she suffered every sort of hardship, and it has been all my doing. And because I don't throw her over like a heartless scennded you ery out that I am dishon-

scoundrel, you cry out that I am dishon-oring myself!"
"Narka is a noble creature," said M.

"Narka is a noble creature," said M. de Beaucrillon, with genuine feeling.
"No man worthy of the name could behave otherwise than you are doing." Sibyl, who had entirely ceased crying, got up and went over to Basil and kissed him. "Yes, Narka has behaved nobly," she said, "and you are the most chivalrous of men. For the sake of all she has done and suffaced we will receive her as done and suffered, we will receive her as

our wife."
The concession was probably as much as Basil could have expected from Sibyl under any circumstances; but he took it coldly, and without a word of thanks or comment.

"The question now is," said M. de Beaucrillon, "what is to be done to get her out of this fresh trouble. You have no idea what has led to it?" "I may still be the cause of it," Basil re-plied, remembering last night's visit, and

the possibility of its having been discovered. "She may have kept those papers; it is very possible."
"Then we must go to Prince Krinsky at once," said Sibyl.
"What has Krinsky to do with it?"
asked Basil, sharply.
"If she has been watched by our police

and nobody else had any motive in watching her—Prince Krinsky will know, and he is the only person who can help. Basil thought it very unlikely that the Prince would help; the name of Krinsky had been as the seven devils let loose on him all these months in St. Petersburg and him all these months in St. Petersburg, and the name of Zorokoff was no doubt in equally bad odor with the Krinskys. The ambassador was not likely to extend his

ambassador was not likely to extend his favor to any offender who was identified with the family of the man who had rejected Princess Marie.

"Sibylis right," said M. de Beaucrillon.

"Krinsky is the person we must apply to, and no time must be lost."

"I wish I could see I van before we move in the metter." said Regil in evident person we must apply to.

"I wish I could see Ivan before we move in the matter," said Basil, in evident perplexity. He went to the window, and saw that the brougham was waiting in the court; then pulled out his watch. "I think I could catch him by driving there now. Yes, I will try and see Ivan; he will throw some light on the affair that will guide us. Don't go to the Russian. will guide us. Don't go to the Russian embassy till I come back, he said to Sib-yl; and snatching up his hat, he hurried

away, and in a minute they heard the brougham driving out of the court. "Wel!" said M. de Beaucrillon, fling-ing himself into a chair, and he threw up his hands in a gesture of utter amazement; "it is the most astounding story that I ever

Sibyl tore off her bonnet and tossed it from her, and pulled off her gioves in an excited manner; she seemed too agitated to speak. After a pause, "To think," she burst out, "that Narka should have been all this time engaged to him and never told me! The base hypocrisy of it is incredible. And to think of such a scene going on that night at Yrakow and I left in ignorance of it!

"She showed extraordinary self-con-trol, certainly," said M. de Beaucrillon; "very few women could go through such an ordeal without betraying themselves. And by heavens she does know how to love a man!" he added, in a tone of admiration that had a ring of envy in it.

" Better than she knows how to love a woman," retorted Sibyl. "" she could be so treacherous! "To think that "Quelle betise! and M. de Beaucrillon threw back his head with a contemptu-

ous laugh. It was treacherous of her," repeated

"It was treacherous of her," repeated Sibyl, her eves glittering.
"It would have been treacherous to Basil if she had betrayed her secret. Seigneur Dieu, quelle etude de mœurs moscovites!" M. de Beaucrillon laughed again, and rose, and began to walk about the room. "No, ma chere amie," he went on, "such a romance could never be acted in any country under heaven but Russia. Such a series of exaggerations, such a jumble of chivalry and cowardice, of gen-erosity and selfishness! It passes human understanding."

You mean French understanding. You are so chauvin, Gaston; you never can see things from any but the French point of view.

"Very likely, ma chere amie; just a "Very likely, ma chere amie; just as you can only see them from the Russian point of view. A Frenchman in Basil's place would, ten to one, have fallen in love with Narka, as a boy; would perhaps - well, he certainly never would, as a

man, have elected to marry her."
"Why, you said just now that no man
in Basil's place could have done other-

in Basil's place could have done otherwise."

"Precisely — in Basil's place; but a Frenchman would never have put himself in Basil's place; but having taken her money, and put her life and liberty in peril, and brought her into such terrible tribulation, a Frenchman would not have gone back to Russia and lived in luxury at court, and left the woman he owed all that to in every sort of hardship. Basil ought not to have left his money debt unpaid all this time, at any rate. debt unpaid all this time, at any rate.
Why did he not tell the Prince about it?"
"My father?" cried Sibyl. "Basil knew better than to do that. My father

would have cursed him."
"Et apres? We are not in the days of the patriarchs, and curses break no bones.

all the curses of all the papas in holy

Sibyl could not wish Basil to be a Sibyl could not wish Basil to be a scoundrel, but neither could she face the other alternative. Surely there must be some way out of the difficulty; surely Providence would rescue the pride of the Zorokoffs from this shame, would save the holy place from that abomination of abominations, Jewish blood! She sat still, except for the nervous mechanical action of twisting her handkerchief into a tight rope, unconscious that her fingers tight rope, unconscious that her fingers were tearing the costly rags to shreds.

were tearing the costly rags to shreds. The gong sounded, announcing a visitor, "I hope no one is coming up here," she said, impatiently. "Ring to forbid it."

M. de Beaucrillon rang the bell which sounded the desired prohibition, but before a servant could appear, Margaerite walked into the boudoir. They both the said is a will be a said a register of register. warked into the boudoir. They both greeted her with an exclamation of relief.

"Well, what news? — have you seen her?" said Sibyl.

"No; she has been before the Petit Parquet all the morning both her. quet all the morning; but one of the officials told me that she is to be taken

from the depot to-night to St. Lazare. "Ah! then there is a true case against her?" said Gaston. "There will be a trial?" "Evidently. But I shall see Narka

herself to-morrow."
"Oh, Marguerite," cried Sibyl, "you don't know half the trouble. Basil is engaged to her! he is going to marry her!— Narka!"

Marguerite uttered something inarticu-

Marguerite uttered something marticu-late, and blushed slowly.

"Yes, it is not to be believed," protested
Sibyl, misinterpreting the blush and the
exclamation. "And fancy her never
breathing a word of it to any of us!—to
me, that she pretended to love so! It is
enough to make one loathe the whole race than ever!"

M. de Beaucrillon shrugged his shoulders, and turned away with an impatient expletive.
"Perhaps Basil forbade her to tell,

"Pernaps bash forbade her to ten,
Margnerite pleaded.
"Of course he did," said M. de Beaucrillon, facing round. "You talk like a fool,
Sibyl. And what difference would it have
made if she had told you? Would that
have reconciled you to the marriage?
Not a whit." t a whit."
I should have felt that she had be-

"Bah! Her first loyalty was due to Basil. And she has proved that right nobly. The only pity is she's not a Na-richkin or a Woronsoff." "Yes, that is just the pity. But she is neither the one nor the other; she is a Jewess. You cannot understand what that means to people of our caste in Russia; but Narka does, and I cannot understand how her own pride did not protect us. I wonder she did not shrink from us. I wonder she did not shrink from bringing the disgrace of her Jewish blood into our house."

"What rank nonsense you are talking!" said M. de Beaucrillon, all his chivalry and manliness enlisted on Narka's side by this savage exaggeration of scorn.
"She has every quality that can ennoble and endear a woman, and Basil her."
"Does he? He had not the tone of a

man who was in love. My conviction is, he asked her in a moment of exuberant feeling, from a sense of honor, and that "By-the-way," said M. de Beaucrillon, turning to Marguerite, "you have not heard the story yet." And he told her briefly of the ransom, the flight, the papers left with Narka, and the trouble they had brought upon her.

brought upon her.
"Oh, Sibyl, is it any wonder that Basil loves her?" Marguerite pleaded. "How could he have done less than make her

an offer of his hand? "Perhaps not," replied Sibyl; "but Narka took an unworthy advantage in accepting it. She knew the offer was made in a moment of extraordinary excitement, under almost overpowering pressure of motives; she ought to have said, 'Wait a year, and then, if you are of the same mind, ask me again.

"I wonder how many men would have been of the same mind at the end of a year!" said Marguerite, with a toss of her head.

M. de Beaucrillon looked at her in amused surprise. "You little skeptic, where did you get your estimate of us, I should like to know? I dare say you are right enough, though," he added. "All the same, I'm not sure but that the ficklest among us would prefer the woman who took him at his word — the woman who loved him would be sure to do that: who loved him would be sure to do that; and Narka loves Basil, and no mistake."

"Then, if she loves him, she must do him good," said Marguerite. "Oh, Sibyl, won't you remember all she has suffered for Basil's sake, and try to love her?"

"I have got first to try to forgive her."
Sibyl replied, coldly. She looked as cold and hard as if she had been turned to ice.

hardness under that soft, smiling, sympathetic exterior shocked her inexpress-"What is there to be done?" she said,

Marguerite had been prepared for a great deal, but the sight of this frozen

"What is there to be done?" she said, addressing her brother. "Prince Krinsky will help, will he not?"

"We don't know that yet," replied Gaston. "If, as we fear—as Basil fears—the trouble comes from meddling with Russian politics, the Russian ambassador may refuse to interfere." refuse to interfere.'

may refuse to interfere."
"But he has a wife, a daughter? Princess Marie, who is so young, surely she will be kind? Go to her, Sibyl, and tell her everything. Tell her that Basilloves Narka, and is engaged to be married to Start and is engaged to be married to her.

Sibyl gave a little sardonic laugh.

'That would not be the way to touch her: no woman cares to help the rival who has supplanted her. Marie would hate Narre in the relief of the result of the relief of the rel

ka; in her place, any girl would, unless she were an angel."
"And why should she not be an angel? Nothing makes angels or devils of people like believing them to be such. Go to like believing them to be such. Go to Marie as if you believed she was an angel; tell her everything, and trust to

her pity and generosity. While Marguerite pleaded and entreat-While Marguerite pleaded and enteraced, Sibyl seemed to be rapidly debating the question in her own mind; she was looking fixedly out of the window, her features agitated, her hands nervously moving in that unconscious, mechanical twisting of her handkerchief. Suddenly her brow cleared, like a person who sees a way out of a difficulty, and has detera way out of a difficulty, and has deter-

mined to follow it.

"Yes, you are right," she said; "that is the best thing to do. We must wait but any friend worthy of the name would the pair larges, and curses break no bones. have done as much. And as far as that Machere, your men have something to be went, I would have paid the debt, had I known of it, within a month. I will do so now, and twofold, tenfold, gratefully and willingly."

I will do at its best. But your women—by heaven. So now, and twofold, tenfold, gratefully are as splendid race! Narka is a grand specimen of them, and Basil would a willingly."

There are debts that cannot be paid,"

I will go at once to Marie and try if s is of the stuff that angels are made of." till Basil comes back, as we promised him, and if he has no reason for preventing it, I will go at once to Marie and try if she M. de Beaucr courtesies which fail in to the wo her down-stairs the boudoir. diately by the place in Sibyl. perplexed look l from her counter resolute, almos

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Marguerite has possible for the n let them know w

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