

goodness in her soul — long, long sealed — been so widely opened; and the tears that dropped so hotly on her cheeks were shed, not for herself now, but for unhappy Margaret Calvert.

She murmured, between passionate sobs, the base part she had taken in the calumnies which were first spoken of the unoffending girl, and how it was due to her mother and herself that society continued Miss Calvert.

Simple Eugene had never before beheld the interior of a woman's heart, and it disclosed to him such appalling depths of malice that pain would have turned away, and closed his ears to the wretched story. His own heart was so pure, so bright in its dealings with all men, that to find women — women whom he had so revered — only filthy dross, was a shock from which he would not soon, nor easily, recover.

But it was difficult not to pity the poor, sobbing creature beside him; her distress was so unfeigned, her penitence so real.

"Tell me how to undo it all, Eugene," she said; "how to let her know that I am so sorry."

But he was as helpless as herself to advise her what course to pursue in that respect, and he only sighed, and looked at her in a tender, reproachful way which made her tears come afresh.

Perhaps it was because in sorrow the heart is ready to cling to any sympathizer, that her brother had never seemed so dear to Louise as he did at that moment that she felt the value — now an inestimable one to her — of the goodness it had been her wont to term "old-fashioned," and "straight laced," and that made her feel it was that goodness which enabled him to bestow the sympathy she would have sought vainly from others. To obtain his pardon, to merit his approbation, was now her sole desire.

"I shall try to think what I ought to do," she said, rising, "and when I have done all I can, will you forgive me?"

She stood shyly beside his chair, the tears yet undried on her flushed cheeks — a pretty and touching picture of timidity and embarrassment — and Eugene's heart beat with new tenderness and new joy as he reflected that it was not yet too late to undo the work which the world, aided so efficiently by his mother, had done; as his would be the task of raising his sister's character to the standard he would have it.

He rose, and for the first time since his return from college, kissed her part in her hair, and then he bade her a good night.

Stammering, Eugene Dolmar; let not, as these sometimes do, regrets because of his lack of mental gifts, mingle with his dreams. That last done what those with more brilliant parts would have been powerless to effect — thou hast turned a heart from its evil ways.

In her room, the young girl was inditing a letter to Margaret Calvert, blithered with tears. Without betraying her own unhappy attachment to Hubert, she poured forth the penitence and remorse her brother had roused.

She hinted at, without naming, the calumnies that had been spoken of Margaret, frankly confessing her own part in them, and humbly begging forgiveness.

"And now, Maggie," the letter concluded, "perhaps if I had known you long ago as I know you now, I should have been a much better girl; but I did not understand you in time, and I yielded to the counsels of my own evil nature. I shall not go to the court any more, for I could not look into your face after all I have done; but I shall pray for the best — for the very best — for you and Hubert."

"Good bye, and forgive me, for I am very miserable." Louise.

One hour after midnight, when Margaret had resigned her place by the invalid chair to Krebie, and was creeping to her room, Louise Dolmar, having directed and sealed her letter that it might be ready to give her brother in the morning, had thrown herself on the bed, and pressed her hands over her eyes to shut out the image of Hubert Bernot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Pray Without Ceasing.

It is known that Stonewall Jackson was eminently a man of prayer. He was once asked what was his understanding of the Bible command to be "constant in prayer," and to "pray without ceasing." His reply was: "I can give you my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it, and will not think I am setting up as a model for others. I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raised a glass of water to my lips without lifting up my heart to God in thanks and prayers for the water of life. Then when we take our meals there is the grace. Whenever I drop a letter in the postoffice I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received I stop to ask God to prepare me for its contents, and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my class-room and await the arrangement of cadets in their places that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so in every act of the day I have made the practice habitual."

"And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" asked a friend.

"I can hardly say that I do: the habit has become almost as fixed as to breathe."

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

STRANGE CASE AT ST. ALBAN'S.

We were very busy at St. Alban's hospital. Nurses and doctors were hard at work from morning till night, and from night till morning again. The severe winter was bringing its usual accompaniment of starvation and sickness. Hard times and bad living were working havoc among the poor; the hospital was full to overflowing. An unusual number of casualties, at the same time, brought stretcher after stretcher to the accident room.

The great clock over the entrance was just striking 6 as I threw my shawl round me and hastened off across the grounds to the dispensary. Running quickly through the snow I soon arrived at the door, and was greeted by the customary growl which awaited late comers.

"I am sorry I am late in coming for the stimulants," I said, as soon as I could get my breath. "I could not leave the ward before. Let me see six ounces of brandy for Nos. 20 and little No. 16's port wine; that is all, I think."

"Anything fresh this afternoon, Nurse Deaton?" inquired the dispenser, as I busily packed the bottles into my apron pocket, in order to leave my hands free for my shawl.

"Nothing for us," I answered. "A bad case has just gone up to Mary Ward. A poor young fellow was brought in this afternoon, found dead in the snow—good evening, and I set off again across the white ground."

"Off duty at 6," I said to myself, as I went, "I would not go off, only I am so tired and sister says I must."

At the ward door I encountered Nurse Fleming, my chum and fellow-nurse, just emerging from the ward, accompanied by two women, one of whom was weeping bitterly.

"Oh, dearie," exclaimed the nurse as she saw me, "I am so glad you are come. This is the wife of poor No. 12, who died this morning; she wishes to see him. I know you are off duty, dear, but do you mind taking her? I've just got a fracture in, and Mr. Hooper is waiting to attend to it; thank you." I nodded a cheerful acquiescence, and she turned back to attend to her many duties.

Taking the woman with me, I went to the room of the porter, who kept the mortuary keys. With many growls he lighted his lantern and prepared to accompany us, as he was in duty bound to do.

He was one of the many male officials of St. Alban's who considered it right to be as disagreeable as possible to the nurses whenever they required his services, so I took no notice of his murmurings, but devoted my attention to the poor woman at my side. While she was telling me of the many virtues of her late husband and of the dark future in store for herself and her eight children, we arrived at the door of the mortuary. Leaving us standing there, under a lamp which projected from the wall and which the porter lit from the flame of his lantern, the man entered alone, in order that he might bring forward from the large mortuary the particular body we wished to see; presently he opened the door again to admit us.

The door by which we entered led into a tiny chapel. It was here that the relatives of the deceased looked their last upon the pale, set faces of their departed friends. The body about to be viewed was wheeled on a light trolley into the chapel, which was kept very clean, and daily redocked with white flowers.

As we entered the porter stepped outside to do something to the lamp, which did not burn properly, while we went forward with the woman and gently turned back the sheet from the poor, dead face.

The two women were too much absorbed—the one with her grief and the other with her sympathy—to take any notice of me. So I, remembering a poor, little waif, who died in my arms a day or two before, and thinking I should like to see him again, for I had grown to love the little motherless creature, picked up the lantern from the floor and went in search of my little patient. It was some time before I found him, and, after imprinting a kiss on the small, pitiful face, I went to look at the new post-mortem room, which had lately been finished and which I had not seen. It was waiting round, the light of the lantern gleaming weirdly on the white tiles which lined the walls and floor, when I suddenly heard a door bang. Without knowing exactly what had happened, I shivered with apprehension and my face crept uneasily. In a moment I had flown through the mortuary and into the chapel. Too late! The door was shut, and all was in darkness!

In a moment I knew what had happened. The porter, supposing that I had gone and left the visitors to him, had turned out the gas, locked the door and gone away with them. Oh, it was too horrible! I beat on the door with both fists. I raised my voice in a fearful scream, but it was worse than the awful silence, for the hollow walls took up the sound, and the mocking echo came back to me as if the dead were shrieking in their places. I sank on my knees on the damp stones and covered my face with my hands.

The building stood far away from any other; the blustering wind would prevent my voice being heard even had I the courage to shout again, which I had not; no one would be in the grounds in such weather as this; I should not be missed. In the ward I should be supposed, being off duty, to be in my own room. Nurse Fleming, missing me from the supper table, would imagine that I had gone to bed, and

would probably retire without, as she thought, disturbing me.

What should I do? What could I do? To remain there all night seemed impossible, yet how much more impossible to get away. I had always been accounted among my fellow-nurses as the most courageous, and I fear I had been wont to boast that nothing could frighten me, but I had never dreamed of anything like this. To sit alone in the dark, with the light of a single candle, and beside a cheery fire, was one thing. To be forced to spend a night alone with the dead was another.

At length I gathered sufficient courage to turn round and try to realize my position. Oh, how I envied those fortunate mortals who, in moments of danger and dread, can quietly faint away into calm unconsciousness, to recover their senses only when the horror is past! If I could only lie down on that cold floor and sleep. Aye! even if it were the sleep that knows no waking, how gladly would I have done so. Anything rather than remain terror-stricken with these dreadful companions.

I glanced at the lantern; how long would it burn? Could I depend on its light lasting till dawn? I looked at the trolley, with its cold, still corpse, then, with a mighty effort, I crossed the chapel, and seizing the end of the ghastly carriage, whirled it quickly into the large mortuary. With as much strength as my arms possessed, I sent it into the darkness and flew back into the dimly lighted chapel, closing the door behind me.

Now at last I was alone, with nothing more unearthly than what I had seen and a large oblong cross which hung against the wall. Sinking down into the corner most remote from the inner door, wrapping my shawl closely round my shivering shoulders, I placed the lantern beside me and strove vainly to think of pleasant things. I tried to think of the ward, with its cheerful fire and rows of beds with their cozy red rugs; of the fun we had had at Christmas with the children and the Christmas tree; of home, with the dear faces I hoped to see when the summer came, and with it the long anticipated holiday.

But all in vain! My eyes would keep glancing round at the horrible door. My ears would strain themselves to listen for sounds from the silent room. Oh! I should go mad! I could not bear it! How wicked! how cruel! that no one came to seek me! What was that? The great clock at the entrance was striking. One! two—but no, seven! eight! then silence. Only eight o'clock. Only two hours since I ran through the garden to fetch the stimulants!

Almost involuntarily I slipped my hand into my apron pocket. Yes, there were the two bottles carefully wrapped around with my handkerchief as I had put them.

For a moment a ray of hope darted across my mind; surely when the bottles were missed from their place inquiry would be made and I should be sought for. But a moment's reflection brought back the old despair. It was not an unheard-of thing in those busy times for the dispensary to be forgotten until the door was locked and the dispenser gone. Mixtures and medicines would be left on the little shelf outside, but not the stimulants—and Sister, with a sigh at the forgetfulness of the nurses, would serve the patients from the stock bottles, and no thought would be directed to me.

Whether I fell asleep or not, I have never since been able to determine, but when I roused from the semi-consciousness into which I had fallen several hours appeared to have elapsed. Instead of the dim light of the lantern, at my side the chapel was flooded with silver moonlight. In spite of my thick shawl, I was fearfully cold and cramped with leaning so long against the chilly stones. I was aware that something had aroused me: something besides moonlight and discomfort. A glance at the skylight over head showed me the moon sailing calmly through the dark, blue vault of heaven, surrounded by fleecy clouds; and even as I looked and listened the great clock struck 2!

For nearly six hours I had lain unconscious in that awful place. The fact did not tend to bring me comfort; I felt sick and ill, my limbs ached; the black cross, touched by the moonbeams, loomed dark and awful against the white wall. Oh, to die and forget everything!—What was that? A sound—a groan! Oh, heaven! coming from the other side of that inner door!

I had arisen to my feet, but now I sank back, frozen with horror, into the sheltering corner. For a few moments, silence, then it came again. I listened—a low, long moan—but to my confused brain it was not the hollow, unearthly groan of the stage ghost such as we are wont to associate with rattling chains and lurid blue fire, but rather the groan of a human creature in pain. As soon as this idea took possession of my weakened mind, my courage returned. All my nurse-like instincts came to my aid.

The thought that a living human being was near, much more a fellow creature, who needed help, filled me with new energy, and I rose and took up my lantern. What I expected to find I hardly know, perhaps some workman who had been assisting with the new building had fallen asleep, or been overcome with drink, and shut in, like myself, through misadventure. How improbable a theory this was did not, fortunately, occur to me until long afterward, and I opened the door and looked into the dark interior. At the sound of the opening door the groaning ceased, and for a while I stood, uncertain which direction to take.

Presently a movement at the further end decided me, and I made my way slowly round the stone ledges, causing the light of the lantern on the ground as I went. No sign of a human figure could I see. No British workman's recumbent form gladdened my eyes. I stood still in perplexity.—Oh, heavens! what was that? Close beside me, not yet placed in a shroud, but lying on the stone slab, lay a long, still figure. Still! Oh horror! As I looked, unable to stir, I saw the white sheet that covered it move—a long, thin hand pushed itself from beneath and almost touched me. All my former experience was nothing to this. In a moment the fingers had pulled the sheet from the face, and a pair of dark eyes gazed into mine!

How long I stood thus I shall never know. At length, a long, quivering sigh from the white lips called me to myself, and I gathered courage to bend over and touch the prostrate form. Enough! The spell was broken! I knew then that this was no time to hesitate—no time to give way to womanish fears. I took the cold hand in mine.

"Do not fear," I said, in an calm voice as I could command. "I will do all I can for you," and, taking the shawl from my shoulders, I folded it round the shivering form. Instinctively I remembered the bottles in my pocket, and drawing them forth, dropped a little brandy between the chattering teeth. After a while the returning color in the lips, the increasing warmth of the limbs, told me that my efforts had not been in vain. Oh, it could only summon aid; but that was impossible! If I could keep life in my companion, my patient, until help arrived. Fortunately, my shawl was a large, warm one; fortunately, old No. 26 had not got his brandy, but I had it safely here.

"Where am I?" asked the man, as he looked round the dim place, his face full of surprise—and no wonder, for his surroundings had, to say the least, an unusual appearance. I did not think it wise or necessary to explain matters more than to tell him he was in St. Alban's hospital, and would soon doubtless be well. He told me what I had already guessed, that in travelling on foot through the snow he had been overtaken by intense fatigue and being unable to overcome the drowsiness he knew well might be fatal, he had fallen asleep. "It's a wonder I'm not dead," he concluded, and I made no answer.

I had been so absorbed in my work that I had taken no account of the hours as they went by, until now I heard the clock ring out 6! Oh, the joy of that sound!

We kept early hours at St. Alban's, and at 6 o'clock we were expected to rise. I should be missed, sought for, and found!

I was shivering and sick. The man had fallen into a doze, from which I could not find it in my heart to rouse him, lonely and miserable as I felt. Oh, how cold it was! My thin cotton dress was scanty covering from the icy air. How long would it be before they found me?

Would they seek long before they thought of the mortuary? Would they think of the mortuary at all? How all these thoughts tormented me, chasing each other through my aching brain until, at last, a sound of a key turning in the lock—the voice of my dear nurse coming saying in bewildered tones, "She cannot be here, porter." Then the whole place spun round and I saw and heard no more.

It was long before I returned to my work. Pneumonia had set in and for weeks I was too ill to leave my bed.

Tenderly was I nursed and much was I praised for what they were pleased to call my bravery. My patient, I learned, had recovered, and was full of gratitude for his strange rescue from an untimely end. The case of "suspended animation" was much talked of among the doctors, and the medical men took it up with interest. "You saved his life, you know," said the nurses to me, to console me for my unpleasant experiences; and the patient himself has told me the same thing a hundred times since that day, for I am now his wife.

A Fortune in a Name.

One who was very likely a devout client of St. Anthony, a wealthy citizen of Vienna, sought to perpetuate the name of his patron in a novel way. He died recently, and his heirs upon opening the will found the following conditions imposed on those who would enjoy the benefits of his bequests:

"I bequeath the whole of my property, movable and immovable," says he, "to my six nephews and my six nieces, but on the sole condition that every one of my nephews marries a woman named Antonio, and that every one of my nieces marries a man named Anton." The twelve are further required to give the Christian name Antonio or Anton to each first born child, according as it turns out to be girl or boy. The marriage of each nephew and niece is also to be celebrated on one of the St. Anthony's days, either January 17, May 10 or June 13. Each is further required to be married before the end of July, 1896. Any nephew or niece remaining unmarried to an Antonio or Anton after that date forfeits half of his or her share of the property."

Catarrh in the Head.

Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption. Read the following:

"My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it." W. H. FURBER, Newmarket, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is the Only True Blood Purifier.

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

HE LOVES THE CARDINAL.

Touching Meeting of the Aged Archbishop Kenrick and His Eminence.

Cardinal Gibbons' recent visit to St. Louis was marked by a touching occurrence. His Eminence visited the St. Louis University, and after leaving that institution met Archbishop Kain. The Cardinal, Archbishop Kain and Bishop Donahue breakfasted together. At the invitation of Archbishop Kain the two visiting dignitaries accompanied him to his residence on Lindell Boulevard. After admiring the simple beauty of the archiepiscopal residence, Cardinal Gibbons expressed a desire to see and speak to the venerable Archbishop Kenrick. His request was granted, and the meeting between the Cardinal and the recently-deposed Archbishop was a most affecting one and one which will long live in the memory of those who witnessed it.

Archbishop Kain led the way to the room, which the aged prelate seldom leaves. The door was open, and there, in his great chair, sat Archbishop Kenrick, absorbed in a theological treatise. For a moment the little party stood looking at the white haired prelate, and then Archbishop Kain advanced and said: "Your Grace, a visitor."

Archbishop Kenrick looked up. Although he had not been told that His Eminence was in the city, his face lit up immediately, and as the Cardinal advanced he sank from his chair to his knees and reverently kissed the Cardinal's ring. Then he resumed his seat, muttering: "Your Eminence, I am overjoyed." So affected were the members of the little group within the room that for several minutes no one broke the silence.

The Cardinal was the first to speak. Drawing his chair near to the venerable prelate, he began to speak of Church affairs, and found the mind and memory of Archbishop Kenrick wonderfully active for so old a man. But as often as the Cardinal touched upon the affairs of to day the venerable Archbishop would carry the thread of the conversation back a score of years. He talked long, intelligently and at times even eloquently of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in which he was such a prominent figure.

When the Cardinal referred to Archbishop Kenrick's deceased brother, the former Archbishop of Baltimore, the aged prelate's emotions proved too much for him. He shed tears, and it required the combined efforts of the party to bring him back to his former state of composure. It is well known that the Kenricks—Richard and John—loved each other tenderly, and no burden of episcopal cares or press of official duties ever prevented them from corresponding frequently.

Cardinal Gibbons is probably the venerable Archbishop's dearest living friend. His Eminence has always held the aged Archbishop in the deepest reverence on account of his great piety and learning, and also because it was Archbishop Kenrick's brother that ordained him a Bishop. Cardinal Gibbons in succeeding the Right Rev. John Kenrick in the See of Baltimore likewise succeeded him in the affections of his brother, Peter Richard Kenrick. When at last the Cardinal took his leave Archbishop Kenrick again shed tears.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victim before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

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The dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which no one can afford to be without. It is a book of reference, and a book of instruction. It is a book of power, and a book of peace. It is a book of life, and a book of death. It is a book of hope, and a book of despair. It is a book of love, and a book of hate. It is a book of wisdom, and a book of folly. It is a book of truth, and a book of lies. It is a book of good, and a book of evil. It is a book of light, and a book of darkness. It is a book of life, and a book of death. It is a book of hope, and a book of despair. It is a book of love, and a book of hate. It is a book of wisdom, and a book of folly. It is a book of truth, and a book of lies. It is a book of good, and a book of evil. It is a book of light, and a book of darkness. It is a book of life, and a book of death. It is a book of hope, and a book of despair. It is a book of love, and a book of hate. 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