### SOME MODERN MARTYRS.

It is good for Catholics of the present day to read the accounts of the suffering, the privations and heroic martyrdoms or converts to their holy faith among the heathen. It is like the bracing atmosphere of the mountain to an enervated system. Accustomed to the ease and luxury of this age of worldliness and sell-seeking, there is great danger that we shall lose that robust piety which is ready to make sacrifices and endure all things for the faith. The record of the sacrifices, the sufferings and deaths of our fellow Christians which recently occurred in China, and are, perhaps, at this very moment occurring, is indeed terrible. The very thought of their excruciating tortures fairly makes the blood curdle in our Yet, who can read that record veins. without feelings not only of deep sympathy, but of profound admiration at pathy, but of the exalted Christian heroism manifested by those thousands of converts but just now, as it were, redeemed from barbarism and still surrounded by the overshadowing and powerfully enticing influences of their isolated position ? We have been very much struck, and we must say, edified, by a brief account, in the last number of Catholic Missions, headed "The Heroes of To-day," of a most striking exhibition of the triumphs of faith in those from whom we would naturally least Kisow-ya-pin," writes the Pre-Vicar-

Apostolic of Yun-Nau, "will ever be celubra cd for the valor of its Catholics. On their refusal to apostatize, fifteen were beheaded in presence of several thousands of A neophyte, who was a butcher by trade, showed a degree of horoism worthy of to reach my lofty aim. the greatest martyrs of Christianity. Whilst still living he was hacked and cut up like a pig, in allusion to his trade. The witnesses of his tearful execution say that he did not once raise his voice to complain, or give a single sign of weakness. A father, followed by his two sons, with a single word roused their failing courage. In their short journey from his house to the place of execution, something said by one of his sons gave him the idea that they were on the point of giving way. 'For the greater glory of God,' he exclaimed, 'remain faithful to the end.' Fortified by these burning words they died heroically, under the execu-tioner's sword, before their father, who in turn scaled his taith with his blood."

A still more striking instance, if possible, is that releted by Mgr. Puginier, Vicar-Apostolic of West Torkin, cf a youthful convert, Paul Lieu, who, when ordered by the Black Flags to trample on the cross, energetically refused, and with a glad heart endured a martyr's death. His torturers cut off, successively, his two hands and feet; the by suffered without a complaint; only the names Jesus and Mary crossed his lips. Notwithstanding these cruel tortures he was living, and his face still radiant with joy. Astonished, but untouched by so much courage and constancy, the executioner cut open his body, took out his liver and cut it before his eyes. Truly," exclaims the editor, "the Catholic Church, and she alone, now, as ever, fulfils the words of Scripture, 'Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus'—The white-robed army of martyrs praise Thee." -Catholic Re-Bieu.

#### A Most Liberal Offer.

Tire Voltage Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send Bigir Celebrated Voltaic Brits and Electric Appliances o thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous dobillity Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in scaled envelope with full particulars posited free Write them at once.

#### SWEET SAYINGS.

- " Oh !"
- ~' Nice!" "Meanness!"
- "Too good " She flirts!" "Sour grapes!
- " Old tomboy !"
  " Mean old thing !"
- "A regular liar !" " He makes me sick !"
- "He drinks on the sly !" " He's a crabbed old thing !" " She thinks she's somebody !"
- " He never could take a joke !" "He never draws a sober broath !"
- " He's as poor as a church mouse !" He's mortgaged for all he's worth !"
- "She doesn't look decent in anything !"
- "He ought to be tarred and feathered!" " She married him just for his money !" "He's tighter than the bark on a birch
- 65 She runs with everybody that comes "He don't know beans when the bag's
- notied !" "They won't live together for six months, I know !
- "I wouldn't trust him as soon as I would a dog !"
- "I wouldn't have him doctor an old sick
- dog for me!"
  "If you want everybody to know it, just
- tell it to her!"
  "He ought to be ridden on a rail and
- tanght a good lesson!"

  The above and hundreds of similar expressions can be heard ony day on the streets, in the parlors, in the stores, and in the homes. A liberal reward is offered to anyone who

will prepare a similar list of good expressions about people in as common use.

#### NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are sllowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy r. liof and permanent cure of Mervous Debitity, loss of Vitality and Manhoo , and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by ad dressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

#### LIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

THE PRESIDENT CONSIDERING THE WISDOM OF AN APPROPRIATION FOR BAR-THOLDI'S STATUE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—The question of lighting the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty was officially brought to the attention of . the President to-day for the life time by the content of the Treasury. The president and ions at variance with the secretory examined the laws bearing on the expressed.

"I hoped that my firm and open content of the bear of the content President to-day for the first time by the Secthat the matter be placed in the hands of the Lighthouse board, with a view of determining the utility of the statue as a beacon Mr. Gill, president of the American System of Electric Light, subsequently waited on the secretary of the Lighthouse heard and made a proposition to light the statue free of expense to the Government. He was told to put his offer in writing and it would be considered. A number of the board, i speaking of the subject this afternoon, said the main question to be considered was whether an electric light was an aid or a detriment to navigation.

Tank was a second

# THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER XXVI.-Continued.

"Every where I have been received with a cordishity that has won my heart. To but few members of the native clergy have I been bold enough to open my mind on the state of religion in the republic. Those whom I have consulted are men distinguished both for learning, for zeal in their sacred office; and for a well-earned popularity. With one exception, they deplore the step taken by some of their bishops in allying themselves with

the French Emperor. some time, and have communicated my resolution to my father. I am far beyond the active center of political intrigne. The atmosphere of these mountains has to my moral sense somewhat of the sweet fragrance of the early missionary period I can see that the many solid and admirable virtues to be found in the haciends of the Castilian or the ranch of the Opata are the genuine fruits of Christian culture. The vices which oversue, like weeds, some of these fair fruits are the produce of a soil neglected. Some of the priests are men who recall a St. Thomas of Villanuova or a Francis of Sales. They draw me to themselves with an attraction which I cannot resist, and to which I am happy to yield.
"Shall I be all you would have me to be

when Providence brings us together again ? I know not. This only can I say: tast I am not what I was, and that, as you hade me,-you, who are the lady of my heart, -I do daily and hourly in all things endeavor to aim high, and put forth my whole strength

"I remember how constantly you labored -you and your angelic mother-to do good to every human being brought within your reach. So, now, to be worthy of her whose image fills my soul with light and joy and strength and holy love, I try to benefit every person I converse with. Even the Opet ove and vouthe, when' I go abroad into the streets of Oposura, or i to some of the many populous Indian towns in the neighborhood, have learned to love mc. I join in their games and sports, never in anything that savors of gambling, and I give occasionally some handsome prizes. And they will surround meand juestion me about old Spain and Andalusia, about our great cities, and our popular amusements, and our great religious feasts. And I take a delight in answering them, on i describing such glorious edifices as the cathedrals of Seville, or Malaga, or Cordova; or in painting to them the splen iers of our religious processions and great so emuities.

"So, they all look upon me with a love mingled with reverence. The other day, I happened, with my friend D. Aguilar, to visit the town of Babiacora. As we began our journey, I was very much surprised that we were escorted by about one hundred young Opatas, all well mounted and in gala costume, who accompanied us all the way to do us honor, a part of them always riding in advince to see that we were properly received at the various ranches and haciendas along

"At Babiac ra we were received like princes, -our escort di-appearing, as if by magic, and leaving us in the hands of the friends who were expecting us On our re-turn an equal number of other young men from other Opata towns or pueblos were ready to attent us, while our former escort met us about helf-way, and both parties then rode with us into Oposura.

"This is to me not only gratifying but extromely instructive. On, why were these populations deprived of the religious guidance that must have developed into perfect maturity all the qualities I can never cease admiring!

"A day or two after this excursion to State, who introduced himself by asking estoem. me the questions which serve as a pass word among brother Missons. Finding that I belonged to the craft, he pressed mo to join himself and the members of the society in the capital at an important meeting to be held during the following week. 1 declined; and he thercupon informed me that my words and acts had aroused suspicion ever since I arrived in Mexico, and begged me to be more cautious, and in order to silence all evil tongues, to join my brother Masons at their next celebration.

thought I should, once for all, tell him that I wished to study the Mexican people and their institutions quietly and as thoroughly as I could before I was ordered home by my government, but that I neither received to the property of the government, but that I neither received no obsyed orders emanating from any other authority in Mexico. He left me with certain mysterious threats, and I have heard

nothing further of him.
"As New Orleans is now open to vessels of all nations, I have been thinking how best I could get there with letters from the Spanish ambassador in Mexico. Doubtless, once there, I should, in my quality of a stranger and a diplomat, be able to get into the Confederate States, and thus reach

Mortlake. "Let me foundly cherish the hope that I shall see you ere many months have clapsed.
Absence and delay weigh heavily on my

reart. "Accept the renewed offer of my devoted

attachment, and believe mo to be,
"Ever your true knight,
"Diego de Lebrija."

The second letter was marked private, and addressed to Mr. Louis D'Arcy. It was dated from Oposura, on June 6.

"My letter to Miss D'Arcy," the writer

gaid, " contains many details about this part of Mexico which may be of interest to you also. But the matter hinted at toward the conclusion is of a more serious character than I was willing to suggest to her. The secret societies which have had so blighting an influence on this country have, happily, never been able to enlist in their ranks any considerable portion of the 'anded' proprietors of this section of the republic The leaders do not care much to admit such Indians as the Opatas into their secrets. While in the City of Mexico I met with several men of position and influence whom I had formerly known either at Madrid or in Park. We belonged to the same scoret associations, and seemed to have the same opinions and aspirations. Though I was careful never to say a word about these societies one way or the other, I could not help manifesting, soon after my arrival in America, semimonts and opinions at variance with those I had formerly

demnation of French intervention would save me from being misunderstood by any patriotic Mexican, more especially by the moderate Liberals. But there are, even among these who support the alliance with France and claim to belong to the Church party, not a few men deep in the secrets of these oucult societies. I have reason to believe that these mon have been active in denouncing me to their opponents as one intrusted with some mysterious mission preg-

and the second of the second o

the prevalent clerical scandals. It will not surprise you, that, in more

than one locality, I was received at first with coldiness or reserve. This, however, invariably disappeared after a brief acquaintsice. The most distinguished clergyman in these parts has advised me to leave Mexico quietly, and as speedily as possible. This I -cannot consent to do. I should thereby seem to confess myself guilty of some action that a man of honor could not avow. It would be cast up to me ever afterward that I had sucaked out of Mexico like a thief discovered in the act of stealing, after I had come here on the most honorable of missions. No! I shall go to the capital and face the men who happen to be there in authority; and whether they be friendly or not, I shall force them to bear authentic termony to my unstained henor.

Most probably I shall set out in a few days, traveling all the way by land, and acc.mpanied by some werm and influential friends that I have made here during my oricf sojourn. The journey must be long and tedious; it may also be dangerous. That I do not fear, nor, indeed, apprehend seriously.

"As my reception in the City of Mexico may not be of a very friendly character, and as I may be exposed to ill treatment from the French, I had rather you would not mention anything of this to Miss D'Arcy -at least not for the present. I still continue to direct my letters to our fronds in New Orleans, trust ing to them to have them forwarded to you

The most distressing accounts reach uconcerning your terrible civil war A few weeks ago the rumor was current all through Mexico, that France and England were posparing to interfere in favor of the Carfederacy; and this creet d quite a penic in certain quarters. Then, again, we were tell trat President Lincoln had called out a new and large lavy of troops, and that the Union forces, on sea and land, were preparing for a d-sperate and final effort to crush the re-

"I do not think that France can interfere, or that Eogland will join her. They are both-it least some short sighted Euglish statesmen, as well as the French Emperer, are—glad to see you waste your strength in civil strife. But 1 often recall the words of your revered father to me at Seville: 'Believe me, Diego, the sword which our imprudent Secessionists have forced Abraham Lincoln to draw from the scabbard, will never be sheathed till the Gordisp knot of slavery is cut. Se-

it is to yield to defeat or dieaster.' "I see by the newspapers sent me from the United States, that you have organized a gigantic army and created a formidable navy. I see also that President Lincola has proplaimed slavery abolished within the teral ritery in rebellion. This, too, confirms your father's predictions. And this makes it still more impossible for France or England to interfero, inasmuch as their intervention was intended to favor the Confederacy.

"May you soon have peace, -a glorious and lest ug peace! The ruin and blight that meet me in the fairest provinces of this most beautiful country are the sad effects of chronic civil strife. And has my own Spain not suffered bitterly from the same curse? I am too singers a lover of free institutions, too enthusiastic un admirer of the native country of the worshiped lady of my soul, not to pray that you "A day or two after this excursion to may have a peace crowned with honor to Babiacors I was rather surprised by the visit both bolligerents, and, therefore, most likely of a gentleman from Uros, the capital of the to be lasting and productive of mutual

## CHAPTER XXVII.

RETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

We must hope for the best, dear madam. And I think we are now justified in noping confidently." Dr. Ambruen was saying to which the reader parted with her in Mr. Lancaster's.

"And youth, with the pure blood formed by a life as he led, must offer a precious resource to medical skill," added Mr. Bing-

could not help thinking of the bunut lul 'Madonna and Child,' from Leonardo da Vinci, which we used to go to see at the Louvre, in Paris. Did not Mrs. D'Arcy remind you of the delicate and spiritual features, and of the sweet and modest molancholy eyes?" she asked of the priest.

"She was, in truth, an angelic woman," replied he.
"And she reared him as if he were a some

thing divine, given her to love and to form,"

Mrs. Hutchinson added.

"You certainly had every opportunity of

studying her methods of education," Mr. Bingham said. Yes," replied the lady; "though I was

a strict Presbyterion and she so strict a Catholic, we and our children loved each other as if we wore near and dear relatives, of the same blood and of the same faith "

"That is precisely how we all ought to live tigether. True Charity, surely, ought ever to go hand in hand with the true Religion," said the priest, with a smile.
"Ah, Dr. Amprose, but all ministers are

not like out friend, Mr. Bingham. He is so devoted to his own Caurch, and yet my hus-hand and myself, and all our children, love him as dearly as if he were not the terrible pupiet that he is."
"I fear," replied the Doctor, "that if he

does not make haste to return to Cincinnati he will make a papist of me." " Let us not get on this subject, my dear

Doctor," Mr. Bingham said, blushing. "When can you hope to say that your patient is out of danger?"
"I think, if these narcotics continue to

produce their effect, that by this evening, or to-morrow morning, we can judge pretty surely of his chances of recovery. We have had to amputate all but the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, and the right arm was dreadfully shattered, and then the face was so dreadfully distigured, and several minute fragments of shell were lodged in the check and neck. It was altogether a most complicated case. Aud, as you say, nothing couli have saved him but his youth, his splendid constitution, and the period purity of his blood, untainted by vice or excess of any kind."

"He was the finest youth I ever looked upon," said Mr. Bingham. "And if he enly recovers, I know he will be still, hough maimed and distigured, one of the truest men to be found in the country." "Even though he continue to be a rebel?"

inquired the Dactor, laughing.
"He did not think it was rebellion," said the pricat. "Before the war began, his

had been described in advance as a titled ad notion that the doctrine of States Rights was and maimed like this! I only did for creased by the arrival in mid-July of Mrs. in Church and State; or, again, I was not see the wrong of secession when the firmed to be sflitsted to the Jesuits, and travelling through Mexico for the twofold purp se of obtaining a list of the estates once when the bad just returned from Europe, and was over the interest which others will be seen to be seen the wrong of secession when the bave done for Frank Hutchinson. In what federal compact had been openly violated. I am I to blame?"

In nothing, dear jointy in showing him when the bad just returned from Europe, and was over the whole with business, so that I deferred an openly a sisterly interest which others will purp se of obtaining a list of the estates once when desired with owned by that order in New Spain; a full elaborate answer to Mr. D'Aroy. The mistake for the love of a maiden for the man statement of the revenues at present derived family meanwhile were broken up, and of her choice."

The prevalent clerical scandals.

When were broken up, and of her choice."

Lucy paused a moment, with her head on the prevalent clerical scandals. did the rest. I do not believe that any of suddenly, "I should have died before betray—nouse and one untred Mr. D'Arcy's children would knowingly and ing, voluntarily my affection for Gaston rang with young laughter and pleasant deliberately do wrong under any force of D'Arcy, were he still treading his own lawn voices; and Mr. D'Arcy, now entirely at Fairy Dell, the comeliest man between the recovered from his illness; was made sense of duty towards God."

"What were you saying about Gaston? said a low voice at Mr. Bingham's elbow, as sand times more. Oh, mamma, how have the speaker laid her hand softly en the old you forced me to say this, even to you?" gentleman's arm.

gentleman's arm.

"An, Miss Lucy," said he, "you would weeping.

not hear your friend's brother ill spoken of. Mrs. Hutchinson allowed the tenra to flow.

We were saying all that is good of him, as She had not hitherto thought seriously of the childish admiration of Lucy for Gaston and

know, too, door Mr. Bingham," she continued, "the sudden meeting of Lucy with Gaston on tinued, "the first on was also a brother to the verge of the battle field, with all his

And you have done a true sister's duly by him," said the priest. "How much Rose will love and bless you and your mother, for your devetion!"

'Oh, I don't want the thanks,' said the (iil. "But I do want her love; and I know I shall bave it." Thereupon, a Sister of Charity from Emmittaburg, who had taken Lucy's place by

the rick-hed, appeared suddenly in the doerway, and requested the Doctor and Mr. Bing-ham to come at once to the patient. He had just awakened from a sweet eleep of several neurs' duration, and seemed to be no longer del rious. In a moment Lucy, without more fondly and lavished on her the sweetwanting for the others, was by the sufferer's est terms of endearment, -- words of comfort side, having glided into the room as softly as that went straight to the heart of the ionoa sunbeam. She bent over the bandaged face and eightless eyes, as if she could read in every one or the loved lineaments what was passing in his coul

"Dear Gaston," she said, in a low, distinct voice, "are you better? Do not try to speak," she continued. "You would only hurt your jaw. Squeeze my hand; it is that of Lucy." And he did press it, while indistinct murmurs came rom the mainted moutb.

"Oh, thank God!" exclaimed the earantured girl, failing on her knees. "Oh, Doctor, he knows me!"

"Gently, prudently !" said Dr. Ambrose approaching his patient, and scrutinizing the countenance upturned to his own, "You are decidedly better," he continued, bringing his mouth close to Gaston's ear. "But we must keep very, very quiet, -- with a shake of the head and a look at Lucy. "You will soon be able to use your tongue, cession has armed with it the Puritanism of the North; and the Puritans know not what inflammation. Does it tire you to it is to yield to defeat or disaster.' must not be too much talking yet awhile. You are here with your good friends Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter, so you are in good hands. And, besides, there is a good Sister of Charity, who comes to help the docter and your kind nurses. And here is also a dear old friend from Cincinnati, Mr. Bingham, come all the way to see you, and I verily believe he has brought ' healing on his wings." So now be happy. You must sleep as much as we can make you,—and leave the rest to

God.' At Mr. Biogham's name, the poor sufferer made an effort as if he would rise, while the disfigured features seemed to beam with a new light.
"Gaston, my dear hov," said the

priest, "do not stir, nor let this excite you. I shall remain with you till you are entirely out of danger. So now be very calm. Ged has been good to you, my own brave boy. And I shall give you further good news from home to morrow, when you are more rested than at present. With all hands.

By this time Mrs. Lancaster and her daughter had entered the room, and shared in the common delight at the change in Gaston's condition. So it was a very happy Mrs. Hut hinson some ten days after that on houshold that night, in spite of the multi tude of sufferers to be found on every side, and in spite of the echoes of war which still came feebly from across the Potomac, like the last muttering of the thunder, as the storm passes away beyond the distant mountains.

> propriety and the impredence of showing so openly, and before strangers, your love for Gaston D'Arcy? Going down on your knees by his bedside to thank God that he was better !

"Oh, mamma, you are cruel. Surely, after having watched him for ten days and nights in his dreadful sufferings—even if he had been an utter stranger-I should have done a thing that was quite natural, in so thanking God for this favorable change.

"But, my dear, everybody in the house knows that Gaston is not a stranger." " Just so, mamma. You have said, time and again, that he was as dear to you as

an own son, and so has pips, for that matter."

" But no young lady can say, or even show by her actions, that a young gentleman is as dear to her as if he were an own brother."

"Have we not been brought up togother, mamma? Has not Gaston, being several years my elder, shown me, when I was a sickly, helpless child, the tender care that my own brother never once cared to show me? Do I not owe to Rose and Gaston, after you and dear papa, my re-covery from worse than mortal disease, and all the happiness I have ever known?"

'Yery true, dear; but you are no longer a child, and Gaston has long since ceased to pet and caress you, as when he used to carry you about in his arms." "But I have not ceased to love him for al

his goodness, all his nobleness.' "Do you not see the impropriety of speak ing of such love before strangers, or of show

ing it so openly?"
"Ob, mamma, if Gaston were only what we saw him at Fairy Dell, the haudsome, graceful, accomplished gentleman whom everybody, young and old, admired and loved, I should be more reserved than I was then. But to see him crushed and mangled, and lying unconscious at death's door for weeks and among strangers, how could you, and how could I, help showing all helpful sympathy and love to our dear Rose's brother Oh, to remember what we saw him, and to see him now, the sad wreck that he is! And the generous girl burst into tears.
I did not wish to distress you, darling

her mother said, as she embraced the really distressed Lucy "I only wanted to make you more prudent, and thus prevent unchar itable comments."
"Manima," said Lroy, with a flush of the

old impetuosity, "I had not thought of love at you mean it in watching over Gaston. Had my own brother been to me, since I was er an nant with danger to Mexico.

grandfather wrote to me in great afflution of a child, everything that you know he was not ent to great afflution of a child, everything that you know he was not ent to great afflution of a child, everything that you know he was not ent to great afflution of a child, everything that you know he was not ent to great afflution of a child, everything that you know he was not ent of the secular clergy. I have not with, I studies, had become decayly imbued with the

်မြို့သည်။ လုပ်သည် ပြုပြုပြုသည်။ လုပ်သည်။ သည် မေးသည် ရှိသည်။ မေးသည် မြို့သည်။ လုပ်သည်။ သည် လုပ်သည်။ ကြို့သည်။ လုပ်သည် သည် သည်သည်။ အာရှိသည်။ အောင်သည်။ အောင်သည်။

venturer sent here to spy out the weak points the true constitutional doctrine, and could Gaston D'Arcy in his need what Labould

Blue Ridge and the Smoky Mountains, Now that he is only a wreck, I love him a thou-And she again burst into a more violen; fit of in the evening, and made the sunny lawn

you may well imagine."

'Yes," she answered; 'I know you could be childish admiration of Lucy for Gaston most happy by seeing others around him so D'Aroy. But Lucy was now sixteen, and thoroughly happy. There was a drawbeck say nothing else. Only I thought you might be tilaning him for being a rebel But you hand most teautiful maider. Then, ugain, his uneasiness about his two sons. As to young manhood's g'ory gone forever, could not create in Mrs. Hutchinson's mind any lear of seeing her daughter's girlish friendship for the handsome youth suddenly ripen into devoted affection for the maimed and disfigured soldier. She was, therefore, startled by Lucy's confession of love. Still, she was too much of a woman—too much of a true woman-not to admire her child's generosity. Whatever the reader may think of the child's generosity. Whatever the reader may think of the writer's lack of romance, truth will have it that this truehearted mother, after listening to her child's avowal, only pressed the latter to her heart cent and unworldly girl. From that day, though Mrs. Hutchinson

and her daughter continued to be assidnous watchers by Gaston's bedside, there was a great change in Lucy's manner. A sudden light had revealed to her the true state ot her own affections. She shall now wait tell Gaston declares that he loves her with an equal devotion

Dr. Ambrose had taken extraordinary interest in his Carolinian friends,-in Gaston particularly, whose praises Mrs. Hutchinson had never ceased to sound from the beginning. Mr. Bingham's arrival, and the history he gave of the D'Arcy family, raised Dr. Ambrose's interest to the highest pitch So he devoted to the young Confederate every hour he could spare from his other patients, and applied all his ripe skill to hasten a cure

which he now deemed cartain. The bones of the shuttered arm were con firmly set, and Gaston could move it gently. The maimed hand also began to show signs of healing, and the sad wounds in the face yielded, one by one, to the physician's art and admirable nursing that seconded its efforts. The fracture in the jaw-bone also, though giving the Doctor much fear and trouble, was in a fair way, and the inflammation of the tongue and mouth subsided so as to enable the sufferer to swallow a greater quantity of nourishment. Of the left eye there was no hope whatever. It required the utmost medical skill to preserve it from fatal inflammation. The right eye was sightless, and presented only a lump of raw flesh. Still, the temperate succedents of the sufferer and the uncommon cars at present bestowed on him, might eventually

save the precious organ.

As to Gaston bimseli, he had ispsed into noconsciousness and delerium soon after he had been found near the battle-field by Mr. Hutchinson, and had re-c ived the first attentions of that gentleman's wife and daughter. The trying journey to the neighborhood of Frederic City had thrown him into a delirious fever, and for ten days his life hung upon a thread. my heart I bless you!' he whispered to him. On regaining consciousness, the recollections "And now put yourself wholly into God's of the dreadful three days fighting and of his own hurt and danger, came on him like I the memory of a horrible dream. But how sweet it was to hear the music of Lucy's

well-known voice, and then her mother's, and then the loved accents of Mr. Bingham One thought had been uppermost in his mind when first stricken down smid the cxcitement of hattle, and trodden under foot by the retreating infentry : was not the death which threatened him sent in punishment of his undutiful parting from his sick parent? He could answer his cwn soul that in so doing he had not sinned knowingly, but obeyed what he conceived to ue the call of honor and duty. Still, there was the pain of having for the first time in his life grieved and angered the best of fathers, What would he not give for one word of love and forgiveness from those dear lips, for one pressure of the hand which had ever guided his steps to gently and so surely? And Rose? Ah, if he could only, in the utter darkness that shrouded his bed of pain, hear the voice of his sister, the cherished companion of his boyhood and youth! And so, cut off almost entirely from communication with the world around him, a thousand thoughts and fears ceased not to importune

him, and would not be put away. Even to the kind friends who ministered to him in his helplessness, he could not convey the expression of his deep grati tude. But how much he prized the devotedness of Mrs. Hutchinson, and the sisterly care of Lucy, whom, during his sister's absence in Europe, Gaston had been accustomed to look upon as Rose's second self !

As to the future, blank as it was and dark as the veil which covered his sightless orbs, he left it in the hand of God. With that Divine Majesty, to whom he had been trained from infancy to look upon with unbounded reverence and trustfulness, Gaston now conversed sweetly during his long wakeful hours, and this communion gave him infinite comfort and strength to endure.

Thus, while the young invalid continued

to be for the Lancasters and for their numerous acquaintances an object of ever-increasing interest, the summer waned, and the sutumn, the lovely autumn of Northern Mary-land, shed its mellow radiance over earth and sky. And that it could not soften into. brotherly accord the souls of those on whom depended the cessation of the gigantic strife. which daily grew flercer and more sangulnary. by the despairing efforts of the weaker party and the iron persistency of the stronger

There was to be a time when Gaston would revisit this hospitable and fertile region, when he could express to those whose sympathy and friendship were so sweet to him, all the sentiments that filled his soul. Many a household among these descendants of the ancient Pilgrims was to he saddened, as his own would soon be, by the deadly danger or tragic less of son or husband. But the virtues inherited from well-tried ancestors were to survive the rayages of hostile armies and the havoc of the

battle field.

So leave we the young soldier to recover lowly, under the skillful direction of Dr. Ambrose, and the unwearied care of Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy, There are very many things at Mortlake and Fairy Dell that demand our attention.

General de Beaumont and her two youngest children. Of the two oldest, a children. Of the two oldest, a boy and a girl, the former was with his father at Charleston, and the latter was in Paris, at a famous school for young ladies. The arrival of Miss Fanny Da Beaumont was hailed with delight by De Beaumont was hailed with delight by her mother-in-law, who was tenderly attached to her, as well as by Rose and her sisters. The most happy by the devoted attentions of both ladies, as well as by the sight of the bright young faces that surrounded the dinner-table, filled the drawing-room with mirth and frolic more sunny still by their joyous sports and pastimes.

We have said that Mr. D'Arcy was made most happy by seeing others around him so his uneasiness about his two suns. As to Churles, Mr. D'Arcy felt comparatively at ease; the armies that contended for the possession of Eastern Tennessee and the sea. board of North Carolina had, so far, kept vloof from Fairy Dell and its neighberhood. But Gaston, he knew, had been on the field of Gettysburg, and every effort made to obtain certain tidings of the young officer had ben unavailing. It was in vain that General De Beaumont had sent telegram on telegram to Lee's headquarters on the Rappahennock,the only enswer that came was that Captain D'Arcy was among the "missing," and most probably a prisoner of the Federale.

This uncertainty was more painful to Rose than even to her father. Though loving both her brothers most tenderly, and most dearly loved by them. she looked up to Gaston with a pronder affection and a sense of dependence and trustfulness that she did not feel toward her younger brother. She seemed to herself to need Gaston near her, in order to help her love and comfort their father in the loneliness created around him by the death of his wife and his parent. Gaston was to be the head of the family; her heart, if not her hand, had already been given to another, and she could not bear that Gaston should be separated from her father.

In the last week of August, on a lovely Sunday evening, the family were seated round the supper-table, when they were startled by what seemed very much like a shout of joy from the colored servants outside. In a moment Jue Porter made his appearance at the door of the supper-room, and behind him towered the tall figure of Hiswassee.

At this sight something very much like a shout went up from the supper table, in which, we fear, some of the ladies-at least, of the young ladies—joined heartily. At any rate, Rose was by the Cherokue's side in an instant, kissing him on both cheeks, as had ever been her wont, and there was a most warm welcome extended to our old friend.

"You have been sick," the chief said to Mr. D'Arcy, when he was seated by his side at table, "and I have not been with you. You will believe, my dear Louis, it was through no fault of mine."

"I need no assurance of that, Hiawassee," replied Mr. D'Arcy. "My love for you comes from your well-proved love for me and mine. "Do you bring us good news from Fairy

Dell, Hiawasee ?" asked Mrs. De Beaumont. "From Fairy Dell good news, dear madam," he answered; "but very good news from Washington." "You have ever been a messenger of gladness to us, my dear old frien i," said Mr.

D'Arcy extending to him his hand across the table, and shaking the old Indian's warmly. "I knew you must be anxious to hear from Gaston especially," His wassee continued, "and I could not trust to any one else to bring you the welcome tidings, many as were the difficulties I had to encounter on

my way hither. "Gaston is alive, then?" Rose said, grow

ing deadly pale. "He is alive, thank God!" replied the Cherokee, "and out of all danger. He has been in the hands of Mr. Hutchinson, and his wife and daughter, ever since he fell on the battle-field. I need not tell you have tenderly all three have cared for him. These letters," he continued, taking a package from his vest pocket, "will tell you the stor; of Gaston's miraculous preservation and of their most generous devotion."

The ladies were in tears, poor Viva sobbig aland, while Hiswassee was thus skillfelly preparing them for the details of the harrowing intelligence; and Mr. D'Arcy himself could scarcely restrain his emotion as he heard how the Hutchinsons had saved his

boy.

"May the God of all goodness repay both father and mother," he said, with a voice half-choked by his feelings, "by making of their only son the pride and joy of their old age !"
"Amen !" said Hiswassee, solsomly.

"Amen !" said Mrs. De Bunumont and her daughter-in-law, through their tears, while Rose and her sisters repeated their "Amen" silently, but with heartfelt fervor.

"And now, my dear Louis," said the judicious Hiawassee, "now that I have told you have told you

what you were mest anxious to know, I should advise you not to read these letters at present. There are details which would not besit the supper-table, and which some young ears present ought not to listen to. I believe, dear Louis, that your dear father and your angelic Mary must have been watching over their boy, as he was passing through that fearful field of blood and flame."

So, giving a rapid account of events at Fairy Dell, and of the incidents of his journey through South Carolina, Hiawassec en couraged them all to complete their meal in comfort, while Fanny DeBeaumont and Rose were placing before himself the materials of a more substantial repast. He did a hungiy man's justice to their fure, making the children laugh by relating several ludicrous scenes of which he had been witness on the way; told the ladies of a visit which he had paid Mr. Bingham immediately after the return of the latter from Frederic, and thus gave them additional courage to bear the shock the reading of the letters was to cause them.

Two of the letters, addressed to Mr.
D'Arcy by Mr. Hutchinson and Mr.
Bingham, were read at first by him
only to Louisa and Fanny Do Beanmont. This was the suggestion of the
prudent Hiawassee. Mr. Bingham's letterprudent Hiawassee. Mr. Bingham's letter-also at the chief's suggestion—was read before that from Mr. Hutchinson. It was a most timely precaution. Mr. Bingham's description of the sick-room, the sufferer, and his devoted nurses, completely overcams the poor father, so tried of late by affliction and by illness. He had to pause again and again while realistics. while reading it,—now horror-struck by the cruel fate that had overtaken his idelized son, and now melted into deep gratitude towards the fatherly Providence that had preserved him, and towards the generous friends so miraculously sent to his aid in his

mand our attention.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOPER AND FEARS.

The family at Mortlage had been in me strength to bear this! Prolong my in the letters.

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