parchment: "

THE CRUCIFIX OF BAL

A Legend of the Middle Ages.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER II.

The new-comer was a young man of perhaps twenty-eight years, pale, delicate, and slightly stooped. His large blue eyes, candid and intellig- to see those rejoicings of which thou ent, gave a charm to his young though thoughtful face, whence light emotions seemed to be banished to give place to the workings of a wigorous mind. Johann, at first sight did not seem handsome, but he became more and more interesting on acquaintance, The simplicity of his look and costume—a dark gray doublet, leathern belt, and cap without either clasp or plume-certainly neither attracted nor retained the gaze. Johann saluted the beautiful Mine, who returned his greeting with a look of playful anger, and then hastened to greet his master.

"Well, Johann, what news?" asked Sebald, advancing with outstretched hand.

"That I have not come alone, master. Your business is done; the prior of the monastery of Fremersberg is here. I have spoken in your name, and he binds you neither by designs nor advice. You will be at full liberty to execute according to your own will the sculpture of the chapel, You need only confer with him as to the time and conditions of the work. The prior wished much to visit your atelier and see your beautiful bas-relief, of which the fame has spread far and wide, but you know that he is old and inform. The stair was too steep for him to mount, and I left bim in the hall below, where he awaits you."
"Very good; I go, my brave boy

and thanks to thee. Hast been in the city, Johann?"

"Yes, master, I was carried away by the crowd, and could not avoid the tournament."

"Very well, then, amuse Mina with the story of all the fine things that thou hast seen. An old father and his statues are not very joyous company

for a girl of seventeen. With these words Koerner left the room, and Mina, who until now had remained silent and pouting, came forward with animated looks and flashing eyes:

"Then you saw the tournament, Bohann?" she began.

'Yes, Demoiselle Mina."

"Who were the victors?" "There were three, as there were three encounters. The Gaugrave Siegfried of Ehrenfels; the old Count of Arenheim; and our acquaintance, our fellow of the studio, Otho of Arneck who triumphed on foot and horse the finest of all the received

"Ah !" exclaimed Mina, with joyous sigh, while a sudden blush overspread her countenance.

"And," continued Johann, " it was the richest and most beautiful of the ladies of the Margravate who gave it him-the Countess Gertrude of Horsheim, whose father possesses the entire valley of the Murg."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mina again, but this time her sigh was one of anguish, and she grew pale.

Johann Muller gazed on her a moment in silence, then turned away and walked a few paces with the air of one who meditates some resolution or prepares a discourse; then he re-turned, and stood with downcast eyes before the young girl
"Demoiselle Mina," said he, "we

have known each other since infancy. Would you for the sake of our old friendship, allow me to ask you one question, and then to offer you a single counsel?"

"I will reply to your question, if it be suitable for me to do so, and I will list your counsel if it be good,' roplied the girl with a slight haught-

inces in her manner.
"You shall judge," said Johann. "Demoiselle, you take much interest in all that passes in the city.'

I seek not to conceal it. I am young and full of life, and I leve to gaze upon brilliant cavalcades, shining breast-plates, floating plumes and embroidered doublets; I like to hear of the nuptials of such a baron, or the mourning of such a castellan. My father forbids it not, nor think I that you will blame it. Such tastes are far from marvellous at my age."

"Nor marvel I at them; but if they are imprudent, demoiselle?" asked Jehann with a look of affection, "Imprudent! Why? returned Mi-

na quickly, a flash gleaming from beneath her long lashes.
"Because—because," stammered Jo-

hann, "to me it seemeth that the happiness of a young maiden like thee, beautiful, good, and virtuous as thou art, is better assured when it flow show beneath the shadow of her home. Baronesses and countesses may display their great names and fine apparel at courts and tourneys: but for thee, demoiselle, thy inde, thy rich apparel, and thy true dignity are thy sweet virtue in the first place, and, after, the renown of thy father, and such gifts are how little prized by the great ones of the world. Thou wilt better enjoy them and better preserve them by not exposing them without thy dwedling. "And have I not remained there:" cried Mina, almost in tears. "In I

over to rejoicings unless my father bears me company? Was I ever seen. while he works here, to habble or even to smile without?"

Tis not that I would charge."
Treplied Johann. "All see thee ever the tranquil, smiling, and nure, like you bright marble cherubim, which

hovers over thy house, and, even if he were not there, still might thy dwelling be called the House of the Angel. But if thy thoughts wander abroad whilst thou remainest here; if thou dost always desire ardently knowest naught, or that world which thou scarcely knowest, thou will become unhappy, demoiselle, and it is that evil I wished—that thou must escape.'

"But why, my good Johann, disquiet thyself about my happiness?" asked Mina in a kinder tone.

"Why, Mina, why? Because from childhood I have grown by thy side: because for long years it seemed thou wert my sister; because later I thought thee my friend; because I would gladly bear the burden of thy sorrows, and count thy hopes as

mine own." "I thank thee, Johann; thy heart is good and true," replied the girl. while her eye sought the distant mountain behind which the setting

sun was soon to sink.
'Sayest thou so, Mina? I know nothing of that; but I feel that I have a heart that loves thee—that would regard no effort, recoil from no sacrifice that would bring to thee joy, glory, or happiness."

"Truly art thou generous, Johann," replied the girl, nodding ber fair head, "But I need naught; am tranquil and happy, and will probably never find occasion for the exercise of thy devotion."'

"Ah! if some day thou mayst find aught of consolation in my tenderness!" cried Johann, clasping his hands and fixing a timid glance full of emotion upon her. "Mina- I sometimes dreamt-pardon me- but thy father was always so affectionate to me, and thou hast often been so kind-I sometimes dreamt that some day Sebald Koerner might call me son-that thou, Mina-thou mightest give me a name dearer, tenderer. holier yet. But your looks tell me I hoped in vain before your mouth has spoken-and yet, to thee would I have consecrated so much of devotion and love, if thou: hadst become my wife!"

The maiden motioned with her hand and turned away with a sigh. 'We would be neither rich nor powerful," continued Johann, "but nevertheless I thought we might be happy. If thou shouldst degire fine apparel, Mina, I would have given thee them from the rewards of my toil; if thou shouldst desire glory, I would have worked until thou wouldst bear my name with pride. For thee would I have strained my uttermost strength, what talent I may own, my youth-and of thee I would have asked only that thou shouldst remain joyous and beautiful, and shouldst love me a little. And how peacefully would thy old father live- how hapoily die, seeing thee happy and beloved, ay, adored! Yes—adored, Mina; I have said the word and will not unsay it."

Uttering these last words, Johann lowered his eyes and bent his head before her, as if to express by his mien the deep tenderness of his heart. She stretched forth her hand, moved by these simple declarations of a love almost hopeless, but yet so full

of life. "Dear Johann- faithful Johann," said she at length, "thou art good and kind, but- speak no more thus. Thou hast said that in our childhood thou lovedst me as a sister. Let me still be thy sister. I will never be thy wife. I will neither lie nor forswear myself. I would shelter myself behind the grating of the cloister of Lightenthal or sleep in yonder cemetery rather than give thee my hand, because with it I should not give my heart, and thou wouldst not see remorse and regret in the heart of thy wife. Johann! let us be friends, and, if thou lovest me, try to forget thy $dre_{a}m.'$

"I may never forget it," murmured the young sculptor. "My love is as old as I, Mina; it forms part of my life. But if God, some day allows its 'lame to be quenched, it will be because he will light in its place a purer and loftien one, and God alone may console me, Mina, when I shall have

At this instant the joyous notes of far off trumpets broke the calm silence of the air.

'What sounds are these ?" asked Mina, turning to the window. "Probably the departure of vanquishers of the tourney. the distribution of the crowns, they were invited to the burg, and are now separating, doubtless to change their costume for the ball of the ev-

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ening. Perhaps, too, some of the bar one may be returning to their castles and, if so, their banners will soon appear at the end of the street I am very curious to see them pass," said Mina, and, leaving Jo-hann alone in the atelier, she pushed a stool upon the balcony, and there leaning upon the railing, her little head with its golden hair supported by her white hand, she awaited the

CHAPTER III.

coming of the brilliant cortege.

Toward evening, indeed, knights b'annerets, squires, and men-at-arms, scattered thomselves through the roads and the streets of the town. One of the most brilliant, though least numerous parties were making their way toward where the town became confounded with the country. Two nobles rode in advance, helmet on head and lance in hand, attired in brilliant armor, over which were thrown pourpoints of fine velvet. Behind, their squires bore their banners, one showing gilt battlements in a field gules, the armorial bearings of the barons of Arneck, the other the green oak and argent field of the rich counts of Broeck.

"My dear Otho," said the last named, throwing upon his young companion a glance of almost paternal affection, "I am well satisfied with thee; thy deeds shone bright in to-day's joustings. Thy brothers-inarms had begun to laugh at thee, and to say thou hadst become but an image-maker. But to-day showed that the noble remained in thee." "You are very kind, my lord

count," replied the young knight. "Not so, in sooth; I but look to thy interest, as in duty bound. Although thy domains, my friend, be of limited extent, thou hast a name ancient enough, a brilliant fame, and a brave enough form to make it a pleasure for many a rich and proud demoiselle to give thee her hand and dowry and to change name and title for those of the barons of Arneck.

"You flatter me, lord count," replied Otho, raising himself in saddle and joyfully stroking mustache. "Hath one of those fair ladies of whom you speak deigned to cast a glance upon me ?"

"More than one has done so, as well thou knowest," returned he of Broeck; "and even to-day the richest and most beautiful of them all, Gertrude of Horsheim, spoke and smiled graciously as she placed the crown upon thy brows."

"Lady Gertrude," said Otho, hath truly a sweet voice and teeth

of exceeding whiteness." "Moreover, she hath two castles in the valley of the Murg and a thriving village in the plain. Her father is a stout lord, who, well I know, will not object to thee for a son-inlaw. I know, Otho, that Master Se-bald Koerner has a pretty daughter, and that thou art sometimes charged with wishing to espouse her. But wouldst thou truly, in the lightness of thy heart, add to the battlements of thy shield the chisel of such a

father-in-law? They say that you make between you a complete company of stonecutters, and that thou art the mason and he the sculptor. I wish thee well, my friend, and therefore do I scold and mock thee. I know that in thy heart's depth thou art as proud as thou art brave. So far thou art Sir Otho, Baron Otho. the citizen, Otho the image-maker, and have all ladies turn their backs upon thee or point thee out as some wonder?'

"Truly, not so; and never will I give them reason for so doing," replied the young knight, with a face

scarlet with shame.
"Then," said De Brock, "reply suitably to the invitation I am anout to offer thee. In a fortnight I give a festival at my castle. There will be jousts in the great court, banquests in the great hall, balls and hunts, tilting for the ring, and shooting with the bow. The Countess Gertrude will be there, and thou canst enroll thyself among the number of her suitors. Stegfried of Thunn will be there, too; he here the ring from thee lately, and thou hast thy revenge to take. All this, I hope, promises enough of pleasure, and is better than thy statues and images. So, Otho, thou wilt come? I may count upon thee!"

'Assuredly, my lord count, it is an honor and happiness to obey you' replied the young knight, taking leave of his protector with a courteous inclination.

The two escorts separated, and Otho, dismissing his,, took the direction of the house of the sculptor. A few moments after, Mina and Johann saw him enter thy atelier

"Here I am at last, my dear master" said he, pressing the old artist's hands with real affection. "Did you think that I had forgotten you in the midst of tiltings and passagesat-arms?"

"There was certainly reason that you might," replied Schald, smiling. "In the midst of thrusts of lance and crushing of helms, you could scarce think of kneading clay or cut-

ting statues."
"That may be, but a pupil can almost his dearest, ways find time to give his dearcst, his oldest friend and most excellent master pleasure, And what think you, Master Koerner, I bring to-

"Firstly, a crown, if rumor speaks truth," answered the sculptor; "sccondly, some broken casques and battered harness. Those, I believe,

are the gleanings of the tilt-var.l."
"Then, master, you are wrong. I bring something different from all these. Would you know what? An order from the margrave, written with his own hand and sealed with his own seal, for Master Schald Koerner to begin, with no greater delay than a month at most, the elecoration of the chapel, and the grand hall of his castle at Liberstein."

"How! The margrave choose me" cried Sebald, his eyes lighting up with joy.

"And cortea, my master, could be have made a better choice? After the tournament we met in his castle and he there spoke of his castle of liberstoin and the embellishments, he

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proposed, but he had not yet fixed his choice upon a sculptor. In short, I brought forward your name; > 1 praised your St. Christopher; I ne some invisible form in its depths, called your Virgin Mary to his mind; some other nobles seconded me, and horo is the order written upon

"Thanks thanks my true friend!
my dear punil true the old mas ter, pressing the young knight's hand. "Through your good bilices some momories of me may remain in my country. The thick walls of the castle of Eberstein will protect and preserve my staues, and they may perhaps be gazed on when time shall have crumbled into dust the saints I have carved for the pediments of the houses of the city, and the Christs I have raised by the roadsides. And it is you, noble Otho, who have brought to me the brightest crown, the sweetest joy, a sculptor can wear or taste—the assurance of the duration-mayhap the glory of his works !"

"Dear master, why so much of compliment and gratitude? Would I not do much more for the love art and of you?"

And while he spoke, the knight's eyes sought those of Mina, smiling and blushing in a corner, and repeated in their silent language, "And for the love of thee, too, fair gurl." "This day is a day of gladness for me," continued Sebald. "Johann conducted hither after vespers the

confided to me the decoration of his

chapel.' "Pah! a monastery of poor monks!" exclaimed Otho, shrugging his shoulders slightly, and throwing disdainful glance on the humble Johann and his gray doublet. 'Not a very brilliant or lucrative undertaking, I should say. You will neither win a load of glory nor mountains of gold there my dear master. But each brings what he finds and gives what he has," said the young knight withdrawing his gaze from

"I could find nothing better," said Johann in a tone of discouragement "although I, too, would work for the glory and fortune of my mas-

Johann and turning on his heel.

'And thy master accepts thy good intentions with joy, my son," answered old Sebald, taking his hand, for he knows that they come from a devoted soul and a sincere heart. I have not only a noble art and a good daughter; I have also two brave pupils, two true friends. God be thanked, he hath made me a happy man !"

Happy, O poor Sebald! Ay, thou hadst no daughter. Alas! why. does Mina gaze with such simple admiration upon the noble countenance and gilt spurs of the knight! Why does she hang enchanted upon the sweetaccents of his voice?

As long as he came regularly the studio, Mina was smiling and happy; but one day he came not, and on the next she received a let-

CHAPTER IV.

From the day Mina received that letter she lost her freshness gayety.

Then commenced a long and bitter series of nights without repose and days without hope. She sometimes said sadly to herself that, as the sun | each other; we can recount legends shines not always clearly, as the sky and all noble ladies smile upon and is not for ever blue, so the smiles good voice, can trill some love-lay salute thee. Wouldst be called Otho and joys of maidens are of short of the minnesingers. And what will life, and, that while women remain around the hearthstone, young and valiant knights must depart to the wars or on long journeys, like the great silver herons which pass a sexson on the borders of limpid waters. and then depart on outspread wing to return when the gloomy winter has passed, to find once more their nests in the long grass, and their clean bath among the budding reeds. She thought all this, and then reas-

oned a little and prayed much more;

but she often trembled; she ever was

in pain, and, becoming weak, she became unhappy.

Her cheeks grew pale; her brow clouded; her eyes ceased to sparkle. She no longer took pleasure in seeing from her balcony the archers of the margrave pass, nor in confining with golden cords and tassels her shining hair or waving robe. Her sadness and languor at last attracted the attention of her father. He thought that his frequent absences, the solitude of the house, alone caused his daughter's weariness and illness. Ceasing for a while his labor, he passed a few days with her, or brought her with him from time to time, hoping to wean her thoughts from their melancholy by the sight of the great ornamented halls and the beautiful park of the castle of Eberstein.

But often, when he had led her to the great park and allowed her to wander there, going himself to finish a keystone, to carve a capital or decorate a moulding, he found her not on his return crowned with wild flowers, or culling odorous berries and wall grapes, or following with eager eye the bounding deer. No; almost always Mina sat by the margin of some solitary pond, plucking the leaves from a willow branch or

to the flower. It wandered over the surface; of the water, slowly and sudly, and oftentimes seemed to seek and then turned tearful from the waves, as if sorrowing at not therein perceiving the object of its long-

Ings.
The sculptor wondered and grew sad, as a good father would, and then consoled himself with the re-flection that often tender hearts were subject to passing griefs, and that it takes but little to trouble. the gayety of the happiest maiders. But it was the weariness of idleness he feared most for Mina, and he made

every effort to distract her thoughts. "Listen, my child," said he one beautiful morning in July, when the earth smiled fresh and glittering in the dew-"listen. It is too fine a day for me to wish to work in. In my old age I must have from time to time a little recreation-fresh air and sunlight; if it please thee, will go to the city.'

"As thou wishest, father," replied Mina, rising with vacant eye and dreamy air.

"And methinks a little walk and a few cheerful visits would do thee wondrous good. It is long since have seen Master Hans Barthing, the goldsmith, mine ancient neighbor and old friend, and his daughters Jeanne and Bertha, will not be vexed to have thee their companion for a day. Let us start, then, my daughprior of the Augustines, who buth ter. Ah! here is Johann! Well, let him come. Johann is an excellent youth, and is always welcome with Master Barthing as with me. Jo-hann my son," continued the old sculptor, turning to the young man, it is useless to take up the chisel to-day. Thou shalt help me to buckle my mantle. We are going to take a walk, and I invite thee to accomp-

any us." "I will go willingly," replied Johann, who rarely went out in Mina's company, and who, poor boy, marked with a white mark those days when the pretty girl deigned him a friendly look or word.

Soon the three visitors arrived at the house of Master Barthing, the jeweller, whose talent was well known and valued even beyond the frontiers of the margravate of Baden, and whose frank cordiality and iovous humor were justly prized by his friends and neighbors. "You here at last. Master Koern-

er!" cried the old goldsmith rising from his leathern arm-chair and coffing his firred cap as soon as he percoived his visitors. "Come you to examine my treasures or to ask diamond from my shop? But, pshaw my old Sebald, you need them not you have other treasures and owe no man for them; and here," he continued, looking on Mina, "is your brilliant, your most precious diamond Come Jeanne! Bertha! here is a happy visit-a charming friend."

The two girls rushed forward and gave their ancient neighbor a thousand caresses and a thousand kisses "How changed thou art, Mina!" exclaimed Jeanne suddenly.

"Thou are wearied, I am sure," added Bertha, "in thy great lonely house. It cannot be very diverting to have ever around thee but marble and stone, and plaster and statues. Why dost thou come so seldom to visit us? Together we can amuse as we spin; or Jeanne, who hath a amuse thee perhaps more than aught else will be to see the beautiful and shining jewels in our father's workshop. I know well, my dear friend, that many things are to be seen in thy father's atelier, but there every-thing is white-for ever white, and that must be somewhat saddening. But a young girl is always rejoiced and glad, when she contemplates at her feisure rich diadems and rings, enamelled flasks, and glittering necklaces."

"Courage, child ! courage, Berthu!" cried the goldsmith, laughing. is a dutiful daughter who to love of her father joins love of his trade. Well, if thou thinkest Mademoiselle Mina will take pleasure in seeing my enamels, my jewels, and my diamonds, as soon as our collation is finished thou shalt take her to my atelier. I have there something I think exceeding fine, in fact a veritable master-piece. But it becomes me not to praise myself. You will see; you will judge, and you will give me your opinion," Half an hour after they entered the

long and narrow gallery where the goldsmith showed forth his richest jewels, his most massive and skilfully chiseled pieces of silver, his best finished and most precious works, brilliant lights seemed to sparkle and shine from all sides in this room of wonders. Everywhere glittered gold, rubies, sapphires, while pearls lent their soft white light, and diamonds and opals their thousand colors. Great show-cases full of enamellings shone like the sun; rings, reliquaires, clasps, laid out on tables, seemed to form a vast train of sparks whose firest mingled in shining light, and claims and necklaces formed slender garlands of stars and variegated flame.

And while the two old men followpulling a wild rose to pieces. But ed, chatting, behind, the three her gaze bent not to the branch or young girls wandered with light

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step in advance hither and whither trying on this necklace, toying with teese rings, admiring that reliquitre tearing their cotranced eyes from those wildernesses of beautiful forms, of rays and colors. Between the two groups came. Johann, the poor youth feeling no inclination to join one and not daring to approach the other; lonely Johann who admired alone, and from time to time

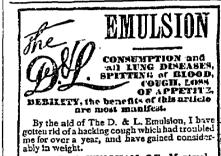
(To be Continued.)

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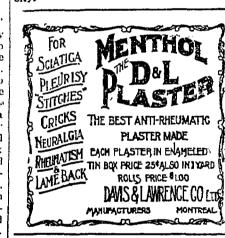
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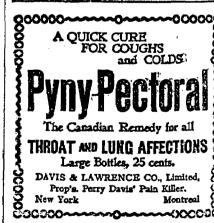


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