ANNA HANSON DORSEY,

AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MA BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE SURPRISE. "Listen, my sweet one, to the cas-cade!" said Zilla. "It is fluttering down over the rocks like a tattered rainbow, chattering with the finches, and doing its best to catch them as they flirt their wings in the spray, and they flirt their wings in the spray, and dart off with wild trills that sound like dart off with wild trills that sound like derisive laughter. Even the marble naiad seems merry as the sunshine glistens through the water that is dashing over her; she looks as if she'd like to step out and dance! Oh, it is very beautiful, my child! And, then, the smell of the new roses brought from a far Eastern land! they are just blooming, and the air is full of their fragrence. So rise up now rosts. rance. So rise up now, pretty one don't lie there, with thy face hidden in the grass, saying no word, when even the butterflies would sing if they

The two were once more together i the child's favorite haunt, near the cascade, in the beautiful gardens of the villa on the Aventine; but the little silent and drooping, no longer re sponded to the gladdening influences of the spot. In vain Zilla's entreaty; she made no sign, uttered no word. She had thrown herself upon the grass, her forehead resting on one of with the other extended, fingers listlessly toyed with a wild hyacinth they happened to touch. fleecy, shining curls strayed loosely over her shoulders, some of their tendrils coiled like shredded among the fragrant grasses. of white Persian muslin with silver, falling in diaphanous folds around her, was gently stirred now and then by a passing zephyr, but she her-self remained motionless and silent.

self remained motionless and silent.
"Perhaps," thought Zilla, "she is slumbering. The day is so delicious, the air so languorous with sweet odors, and the sunshine falls so warm out of the blue skies, what wonder if she should have dropped asleep?"

But she was not asleep, and Zilla could not see the warm tears that moistened like precious dews the wild against which her face was pressed; whatever it was that held her so silent, she would not disturb it, but wait. While watching, with eyes full of yearning love, the recumbent form, look of deep trouble clouded Zilla's ace. "She is slipping away from le," she murmured; "I no longer face. "She is slipping away from me," she murmured; "I no longer satisfy her; she is pining for other love than mine, a love coldly withheld, while mine has been lavished. little lady," she whispered softly, she whispered softly, un able to restrain herself any longer, art thou awake ? Ah! why refuse to speak to thy poor Zilla, who loves thee

The bright head moved ; there was ; sound, half sigh, half sob; the hand toying with the wild hyacinth was held up, seized and kissed by the woman.

"Now, dearest one," she said, plac-ing her arm tenderly under the child, lifting her gently until she rested against her bosom; then she saw, with a sharp pang, that she had been weepnt Zilla seemed not to notice she only smoothed back the golden tangles from her forehead, and turned herself slightly, so that a current of fresh air drifting by fanned and re freshed the hot, flushed face; then, still without a word, she kissed away very gently the traces left by tears ut her heart was not so calm her outward seeming : with the fury of a Pythoness, and cried out in voiceless words: 'Nemesis speedily overtake him ords : " May is speedily overtake him who cause tears to a child like

golden fragrant wine, the low whisper goiden fragrant wine, the low whisper of leaves, the soft plash of fountains, the mellow fluting of the thrushes among the mulberry trees on the hill-side, and the clear, wild trills of the goldfinchs in the limes, fell like balms on both troubled hearts, soothing those ordant emotions, which under Ro man skies are never of long continu-ance, until both woman and child were possessed by an indefinable passive sensation that made the sense of exist-ence delicious, and banished the sorrow and passion which so recently disturbed

'Now, my child," began Zilla, "w will go and sit under the ilex trees near the Fountain of Diana, and I will tell thee how once the naiads caught a young satyr, and tried to pull him into

! no! I don't want to hear stupid stories like that !" answered the child, as they walked along a verdant

Then I'll tell thee about the great festa I once saw, when the priests of the temples, with music and banners, and a great multitude in gay attire, all singing, carried the statue of Cybele from her sanctuary, to bathe it in the Fountain of Egeria. Oh! it was a grand

'I dont't want to bear about it!" interrupted the child, in quiet tones.
"Well, then, here we are, and here

too are those cypress wood boxes that were brought weeks ago."
"Boxes! Tell me of them." "Oh, they are only some rough boxes

that arrived three weeks ago! I heard Symphronius say they contained statues, Grecian statues. It may be so: no one has seen them."
"Who sent them?" was the next

Thy noble father, dear one." Ah. now did the child's face glow and brighten! Here at least was something that spoke of him, something that she could touch and feel. "Here is one," continued Zilla, "right under the dancing shadows of the leaves; we

will sit upon it and rest." Claudia laid her hand with a caressing touch on the wood, then, bending down, she kissed the rough case, and pressed her cheek upon it. "Yes, yes, he will come very soon now, Zilla; he he will come very soon now, Zilla; he will come very soon now, Zilla; he will want to know what they have done attendant's delicate flesh, could force covered, came from his place of conceal- by a zephyr," he answered smoothing ressed her cheek upon it.

with his boxes; it is very plain that he

will have to come," she said, joyously.

"I think so, my child. It is time,"
answered Zilla, sighing: "Oh! how
brightly the light dances on the fountain, while the pomegranate flowers scatter their scarlet leaves in the basin, where they chase each other like

elves at play-"
"Zilla, what is light?" interrupted Claudia, her wide-open, dreamy eyes gazing blankly away into the far dis-

"Light!" said Zilla, with a start, while her face grew very white; "light is the smile of the gods, I think."

"Dost thou see it?—tell me what it is like," persisted the child.

"Ah, my little one! I feel it, I the flowers, taste it in th smell it in fruits, hear it in the winds, and when the birds sing, even as thou said Zilla, evasively. She had fondly hoped that this child, blind from her would. not discover isfortune, at least until she old enough to comprehend and make the best of it; hence it had been her ever-tender

it had been her ever-tender and watchful effort to impress her with the idea-not by words-that she was not different from others. All the little creature's other senses were acute, and so faithfully was her de privation supplied by every means that Zilla's deep love for her and her in-telligent and refined mind could sug-gest; with such untiring vigilance did she guard her from learning even accidentally that she was blind, that until this moment she had never give the slightest intimation of on awakened consciousness of the fact that there was in her life a mystery of mingled shadow and blankness which she could not penetrate. Zilla was troubled, and ought to turn the child's thoughts in another direction; she was unprepared for the issue now: she must th over, and see how best to meet it; she would use every art at her command, however, to put off the evil day as long as she could.

'See, dearest, I have brought my lute with me; shall I sing the peasant vintage song for thee? Or sha sing about the fishermen, and they sail out into the blue sea, chaunt ing their gay songs, as their boats skim the waves like white birds?'

"Yes—that. But who knows?" she asked.

"The poets, who dream of all they tell. Are not thy dreams sometimes lovely? So are theirs.'

"Yes: I love to dream strange, beautiful things. Sing, my mother," for so the child often called her—"sing

the poet's dream."
And with light, musical touches, and n tones sweetly clear and tender, Zilla played and sang her own far-away memories of the beautiful Ægean with its mysterious islands, visited by the gods, and where the oracles son declared their demonical inspirations

in the sacred groves.

Zilla? While she sings, her short story may be told, as far as known. Her father was nobly born and ich. He held the heroic traditions of his country as sacred, and the blood of her old heroes that flowed in his veins like a smouldering fire, ever inciting him to wrath and revolt against the Roman conquerors. Knowing his powerful influence, the Government of Rome tried to win and conciliate him the offer of high official honors

which he spurned; magnificent bribes and threats followed, but he was moved neither, and he was marked a dangerous subject. At length incited a widespread rebellion cainst his Roman masters; and against his plans were so well laid, thoroughly organized and well plied with warlike implements, lied with warlike implements, that assumed important proportions, to all and subdue which extraordinary efforts on the part of the Romans, who were engaged in several distant wars at the time. Finally, after a number of severely contested feated, and the Greeks were de their great leader, whose name has passed into oblivion, was taken in chains to Rome, and cast into one of the horrible subterranean dungeons of Hippolytus on the Urban Way, from with other miserable captives in a and the orange flowers," answered the triumph decreed by the Senate to the unscrupulous Zilla, ready to say any successful general, who, after previous thing that would save her darling free conquests, had subdued the rebellion in a knowledge of the bitter truth. As Greece. Thrown back, after this humiliation, into his dungeon, he perished miserably, his last tertured by the news, imparted with flendish malignity, that his wife and child, whom he had fondly hoped were

Thessaly, had been taken captive, brought to Rome, and sold into slavery. It was true.

On the day there were offered in the slave-market, the noble matron's veil and a portion of her garments torn from expose her beauty to buyers, the father-in-law of Nemesius, the Senator Serventes Casius, who happened to be passing at the moment, was attracted by the refined classic beauty of the unfortunate lady, whom serrow and harsh adversity had not robbed of her dignity. He remembered that his wife had recently lost her favorite slave, her personal and confidential attendant, who had turned out her contumacy in denying the gods, and confessing Christ with a constancy and courage that kindled to madne

in safety among the beautiful hills of

had been taken

the rage of her pagan judge.
"This woman," thought the Senator, surveying the noble captive with criti-"will suit; she is of th finest type of Grecian beauty, and the child is a perfect Psyche. his gold for them, and when, after due preparation, they were presented to their proud mistress, who would tolerate no ill-favored or awkward persons among her attendants, she was in raptures. It was not long before she omprehended that her new slaves were of high birth—the woman accomplished, earned and refined; and, urged by curiosity, she endeavored by means, gentle and harsh, to ascertain her history; but not even the point of her sharp jewelled stiletto, which drew young.

the revelation of the secret she so closely guarded.

"Our name will perish with us," was always the reply, until, finding how hopeless it was to expect any onger the information she hungered for, she yielded the caprice for some-thing new. She could not afford to lose the invaluable services of a slave whose exquisite taste, faithful service, rebeautiful presence, more than fulfilled her most fastidious and exacting requirements. daughter Claudia—afterwards the wife of Nemesius—had also her caprice. She would have the slave-child Zilla for her own companion and playmate; she insisted on her sharing her studies, music, dancing and all else; and being the only child, she was indulged. So they grew to womanhood together loving each other, and happy only when

they were together.

A day came when, stricken by fatal disease, the proud Roman lady, Claudia's mother, died. A year later the noble Grecian matron, whose secre sorrows had preyed upon the springs of her life until they were exhausted, passed from captivity to freedom. The two motherless girls clung to each other, their affection drawn closer by their sorrow; no effort was made to separate them, and nothing occurred to divide their interests, or break up their mutual dependence upon each other, until Claudia's hand was sought in marriage by Nemesius, who was said to be the first match in Rome. The be the first match in Rome. The espousals took place with the understanding that the friends were not to be separated. Zilla, older and more thoughtful than Claudia by a few years, found favor in the eyes of Nemesius, who, perceiving that the loss of such companionship would prove a serious disadvantage to his young wife, as-sured her that he wished the friendship existing between them to continue as heretofore. She went with them to the villa on the Aventine, and we have seen how faithful and tender and true she was to Claudia, even unto death.

This little digression will explain why Zilla, in language, bearing, . and manner, was so superior in every spect to the class to which adverse fate

had assigned her. Seeing that Claudia was pleased, the good nurse played and sang on and on, merry airs, dance music, and comic little songs, that made the child laugh and clap her dimpled hands, and beat her feet softly on the grass; when, afraid of wearying her, Zilla laid the lute aside, Claudia threw

around her neck and kissed her. "Oh, I know now that he will be here very soon!" she exclaimed. "I dream it like the poet, I feel it like the

warm sunlight in my heart."
"Yes, dear one, I am sure of it,"
said Zilla, returning the sweet caress.
"Now we'll gather flowers, and make fresh garlands for Dii Penates; he wil like that, for he honors the gods.'
"Oh, yes-but-how wilt thou

the prettiest?" she asked hesitating-

"By smelling and touching them, was Zilla's ready answer. "It is easy to tell a hyacinth from a rose, and a violet from a pomegranate flower, which has no perfume. We'll go nearer the fountain, my love, where the spray will fall upon the garlands as we make them,

and keep them fresh."

It did not take Zilla long, in such ilderness of bloom, to collect an armful of the richest flowers, vines, and leaves of the sweet olive: then the two sat to gether on a low bank of moss, busy and chattering over their work.

"The blue ones are here to thy left," said Zilla, guiding the child's hand the white ones just in front, close by the blush roses; these are the sweet olive leaves, and-"How canst thou tell one from th

other ?" interrupted Claudia. know thou hast not told me true!" "I tell thee true: it is by the touch the smell, the thorns, that I know

them. "Why can not I, too?"
Thou wilt do it just as I do whe tus on the Urban Way, from some white; they will look lovely with the blush roses and almond blossoms, Zilla, ready to say anypresently they grew so intent on their work that Claudia no longer cared to talk, and Zilla was glad of silence, to wonder how she should meet the queries evolved from the child's ripening intelligence, which would not much longer allow the concealment of her Never having seen, she misfortune. was as yet unable to comprehend the dark side of her life.

While Zilla was pondering the ques-tion, she fancied she heard a footstep, which might be that of one of the gardeners; but the sound suddenly ceased, and was resumed, as if some one were stealthily approaching. She looked up quickly, but saw no one; in a few mo-ments she heard a rustling of leaves, and on casting a keen glance around, thought she discovered a quivering of the ivy vines which covered a screen-work that furnished the background for a statue of Silenus; another glance, more steady and penetrating, discov ered a hand pressing aside the sprays to be a Christian, was arrested, tor-tured, and buried while yet alive, for and through the space so opened were visible a pair of large dark eyes gazing intently towards them. She dropped the garland she was weaving, and, erouching on one knee, threw one arm around the child, and as swift as lightning lifted the other to her head, and drew out from the heavy coil of hair a the back a sharp, gleaming dagger such as the Roman w omen in those days of violence had need to carry. one of those accursed Christians, lurk ing about to watch for an opportunity to steal the child for their sacrifice!" was the thought that flashed through her mind; "but there will be a struggle unto death first." Her teeth were set, her face rigid with her purpose, and as white as marble in the concentration of her heroic will; she looked like a tigress ready to spring on

The intruder, seeing that he was dis-

sunlight upon him revealing every fea-ture. It was Nemesius. His complex-ion was bronzed, his face lined and grave, and the hair on his temples threaded with white. Zilla uttered a low cry, and pointed to the child, still busy among the flowers. He lifted his hand for her to be silent; his emotion was too deep for words; his chin quiv-ered and his face grew pallid as he stood gazing upon the image of his lost

'Zilla! some one is here! I am afraid: come to me!" she cried.
"Let her come to me," he said, in

The silence was broken by the

ow, hoarse tones. Yes, yes, dear child, some one is indeed here-he whom thou ed for ; he stands there, and bids thee come to his embrace," said Zilla, in

trembling tones. Claudia threw back her head, a radiant smile lit up her lovely face; and she sprang up, grasping Zilla's hand to be led to him, so dependent had she always been upon her for guidance; her ountenance glowed with joy, but her wide-open eyes turned blankly in an-other direction from where he stood. "Where? where?" she exclaimed, dragging at Zilla's hand.

"Here. Come to me; do not be afraid. Let go her hand," he said. "This way, my sweet child. What is the meaning of this?" he suddenly asked Zilla, as the child, while apparently gazing directly at him, went from In an instant Zilla was at his

She is blina -- blind from her birth!" she said, her countenance grave and stern; "but she is unconous of her misfortune, and must not

For answer he sprang forward, lifted the child in his arms, clasping her to his breast, and raining kisses upon her happy face. He had made a sepulchre heart all these years; now suddenly unsealed, the true, tender nature within awoke to new life; the deep fountain of his affection, so long pent up, flowed forth, mingled with an finite pity and tenderness, towards the innocent and lovely the innocent and lovely being that claimed it. He called her by the sweetest and most endearing names, covering her with caresses, which she, radiant with happiness, returned with glad smiles and sweet, artless words.

The meeting had been entirely unexected to the great captain, who had intended to go to his villa and return unseen, to select sites for his Greek Going towards the spot where the cases were deposited, to if his orders had been carried out, he heard the sound of a lute, accompanied by a wonderfully sweet voice, which presently ceased; then he heard a woman and child conversing, and he determined to conceal himself, ascertain who they were, and go his way. This was not altogether purposeless, for there was something in his heart that assured was near his child-his child whom he had never seen-and, impelled by the irresistible impulse, he, treading softly, passed behind the screen of ivy and gazing through, beheld that which been already descibed.

Why was this misfortune concealed from me?" he asked, turning suddenly

Zilla laid her finger on her lip, and raised her hand to arrest his speech; then, in a few brief words, spoken in her own sweet Thessalian tongue, she re ded him of the day he had ordered her from his presence, the day with aching heart she had gone to his

apartment to tell him of it.
"I was mad—mad with grief! ember what thou recallest, and if thou canst not forgive my cruel neglect let it comfort thee to know that I can never forgive myself," he answered, in

"Forgive is a word unknown in the vocabulary of a slave towards her master," she replied, in cold, quiet tones. "The child does not know she is blind. I have never spoken to her, on allowed others to do so. wanting sense. I have guarded her from the remotest conception of her loss, which was not so difficult a task as might appear; for, having been born blind, she is not conscious that she is unlike others. At least I fondly hoped so, until this very day, when suddenly she asked me: 'What is suddenly she asked me: 'What is light?' I evaded the question, and I beg of thee not to refer to her great neprivation. Her life so far has been

very happy-"
Made so by thee, Zilla." "Her only ungratified happiness, noble sir, has been an almost feverish longing for thy presence," continued the relentless Zilla.

"And so thou didst teach her to

love me! Faithful Zilla! how can I ever repay thy care and tenderness? From this moment thou art free!" he said, with emotion.
"Thou meanst kindly," she

swered, in low, even tones, " but I can never be free from the promise I made to her dying mother. I understand thee to mean I am no longer thy slave, but I am hers by the affection I bear her, and by that promise; and unless thou dost compel me by force to leave her, I never will. It would kill me to be separated from her; for remember, noble Nemesius, she is the only thing Fate has spared me to love."

shalt never leave her by will of mine, I swear it by the altars of the gods!" he said. "She is thine by gods!" he said. "She is thine by adoption and such love as only mothers can give their offspring."

While this conversation was going on in the musical Thessalian speech, the child, with one arm around her father's neck, had been busily tracing with her dainty fingers every line of his face each feature in turn, following the out line of his head and chin, always bringing her hand back like a ing bird, to his eyes, as if to make sure of something. She felt that they were full of great tears, which wet her cheek, close pressed to his, and dropped

upon her fingers.
"Why dost thou weep when I am so

glad?" she asked, tremulously.
"Aha! my little love! how could I weep, having just found thee? What thou mistakest for tears is the spray from the fountain, blown into my face

ment and stood in full view, the bright her hair from her forehead that he might scan her wonderful loveliness
"And thou wilt never leave me again? Oh! how I longed to see thee! but never could unless when I was asleep; then when I awoke thou wert gone! Oh! it was very tiresome to wait so long; but now I have thee, and I will never let thee go!'

clinging closer to him. Nothing shall separate us again, my dove, not even death, whispered.

The words, 'Not even death, The words, Not even death, of the brave, handsome pagan, it will be seen later, bore a strange significance to subsequent events in his history. "Go, Zilla, tell Symphronius that I am here; tell him to prepare a festa. I

will follow presently with the child," continued Nemesius.
" Zilla! my Zilla! come kiss me; let

me feel thy hand. I love thee too, but he—thou knowest how long he has been said the sweet child, fearing in her new-found happiness the faithful nurse would feel neglected. Thou canst not love him too much,

my child," answered Zilla, caressing the dimpled hand she held, and laughing as she sped away on her errand, eaving the two together.

Nemesius could not weary of gazing

on the beautiful face of his little listening to her sweet words, and receiving her tender caresses while her sighless eyes, looking blankly into his, pervaded his whole being with pain and tenderness indescribable. old him of her plans and her simple pleasures-her doves, the nightingales. er friends the finches and thrushes,delighted by the interest he expressed in them all; and then he bore her in his rms from grotto to fountain, through the verdant alleys, and at last to the cascade. Her innocent joy stung him with bitter self-reproach; he was almost overwhelmed as thoughts of ould come : he longed to be alone to give vent to his emotions, but this was possible until he gave her back t Zilla's care, and he could only vow reparation. "A lastrum ago!" he murreparation. "A lastrum ago!" he muror have I been mad or turned to stone : And all the while this living, breathing image of my lost love—her child—abandoned, forgotten, almost hated, awaiting me here, and blind-blind Why did not thy vengeance, great Nemesis, fall upon me? Alas! it has Nemesis, fall upon me? Alas! it has fallen upon me through the innocent.

So did the proud, brave spirit of the great Roman captain, stung by remorse, melted by tenderness and exceeding pity for his little blind daughter, bewail itself.

Happiness once more folded her wings in the villa on the Aventine; the withered garland was removed from her statue in the atrium, and replaced by one freshly gathered. Sounds of music and mirth once more echoed through the beautiful gardens, and there was a feast spread for the slaves of Nemesius, who were bidden to enjoy themselves in honor of the return of the master who had never oppressed them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Magdalen of Cortona.

St. Margaret of Cortona was one the great penitents of the ages. Her life story is well worthy of study, and s replete with lessons for us all. noted pen of Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. of ore us in the perces of the Law College before us in the pages of the June Cath olic World Magazine.

A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

THOSE WHO SUFFER FROM HEADACHES

Every woman needs plenty of pure. rich, red blood and sound nerves to carry her safely through her times of pain and sickness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good in a special way for nev actually make new health-giving blood. They give ease, strength and vigor. They stimulate all the organs to perform their funcions regularly and well. They banish all pains and depression, all headaches and backaches, and all the secret distress that only a woman knows.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills bring the

sparkle to dull eyes and the rosy glow of health to cheeks once pale and pinched with silent suffering. They oring health and strength when all else fails. Here is a bit of strong proof from Mrs. John McKerr, Chickney, N. W. T., who says: "For some years N. W. T., who says: "For some years I was greatly afflicted with the ailments that make the lives of so many of my sex miserable. I tried many medicines, but found nothing to relieve me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have made me feel like a new person; the almost continuous suffering I endured has passed away, and life no longer seems the burden it once did. I know other women who have been similarly benefitted, and I think the pills are worth their weight in gold to all who suffer from female omplaints or general prostration."

All over the land are suffering women ho can obtain new health and strength through the use of these pills. Only the genuine should be taken and these bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People " on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 or sent by mail by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

One Minute Cure for Toothache Not only for Toothache, but any nerve pain ured almost instantly by Nerviline. One rop equals in pain-subduing power five drops f any other remedy. Thousands say solowerful, penetrating, pain-subduing Nervile. Marvellous in action for internal and xernal use The world challenged for its qual. Druggists sell it. Your money back if its not so. IS NOT SO.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPENT.

A little medicine in the shape of the wonderil pellets which are known as Parmelee's
egetable Pills administered at the proper
ms and with the directions adhered to often
revent a serious attack of sickness and save
toney which would go to the doctor. In all
regularities of the digestive organs they are
n iavaluable corrective and by cleaning the
lood they clear the skin of imperfections. Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure! I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

IN A BRETON CONVENT.

NOW EMPTIED BY FRENCH LAW. nna Seaton Schmidt in the Catholic World

"Will you go with me to visit my sick people, mademoiselle? See, I have my speckets filled with good things." Pretty Sister Catherine laughed merrily at our exclamations of surprise overthe number of her treasure. Surely there never were such pockets as those of the Sist marc'h! As we walked through the fields the children stopped their work and ran to beg something from their contents.

You would not take from them? Here's a pear for you, Marie Jeanne, and an apple for Marie Louise. How is the baby this morning, Marie Kenig? Oh! you have him with you. Look mademoiselle, that is our little Jear Marie asleep on the ground. not catch cold ?" we anxi.

ously inquired.
"Dear no; all the babies sleep on the warm, soft earth while their mothers work in the fields."

It was a beautiful summer morning. Far out at sea the blue waves dance in the sunshine, chasing each other to the shore, where they dashed their white spray high against the rocks On our right were green fields filled with peasants in gay Breton costumes Do the women and children always work in the fields, or only during the

harvesting?" the ground must first be " But ploughed and the seed sown, ma Yes, but in our country the men do

that. "And at what do the women

"Oh, they stay at home and cook for

"But that is very hard, maden selle. It is so much nicer to be out of doors. When I was a girl I loved to work in the fields, and now the bonne Merc permits me to take charge of our garden. We raise many potatoes." garden. " Do you never grow tired of eating them ?

"Then what should we eat, made moiselle? We are too poor to buy meat or fish. With bread and milk and potatoes one can live quite well While Sister Catherine ministered to

while Sister Catherine ministered to her sick in Kerity, we walked out on the pier to watch the fishing boats come in. Many had landed that morn-ing. The catch had been a large one, and the happy fishermen were lounging about watching the new arrivals, ea with a baby in his arms. The little white-capped heads rested lovingly against the weather-beaten cheeks of these rough, uncouth men, whose first thought on landing had been of home and children. They saw that we were admiring their babies and that we had a kodac. Being Bretons, they were too reserved to ask us to take their photographs, but it was plain that each fisherman thought his child a splendid subject! We could not resist a few snap shots, and as they turned out well we decided to present the photographs to the proud fathers. Not knowing the sailors' names, Sister Catherine offered to go over with us and find the owners. What excitement in Kerity! Every man, woman, and child in the village crowded about us. Each photograph had to be held aloft for inspection. Shouts of joy greeted the recognition of

the babies.
The Bretons bear little to the Parisians except in this national characteristic of adoration for their children. A man must be very drun abuse his child, as was unfortunately too often the case with the BACKACHES AND AILMENTS PECULIAR father of Marie Chiffon, (a nickname given her on account of clothes), a little girl in whom w came deeply interested. The first time that we saw her she was standing mo tionless in the hot, dusty road. In o hand she held her wooden shoes, the other was folded across her Her head, in its large Breton bonnet was reverently bowed, while she murmured strange words in her queer Gae

ic tongue.
"She is begging," said Margaret. "They never ask for anything in Brit-tany; they just stand still and pray aloud for their benefactors until so one gives them food or money.'

As we approached to put some pen-nies in the child's hand, she raised her head and met our eyes with the furit ive, startled gaze of a wild beast. It was terrible to see such a look human face—above all, that of a little child. She could not understand one word of French, and we were unable to find out to whom she belonged until our return to the convent.

"It must have been Marie Cle," said Sister Othilde. "Her mother died when she was a baby, leaving a boy but little older than Marie. The poor husband was wild with grief. To torget his sorrow he began to drink and has gone from bad to worse. when not at sea, he is drunk, and often beats the poor children cruelly. Marie is but six, yet he makes her beg on the public road with her brother. If they return at night empty-handed, they know what is in store for them. times they wander off for time, sleeping in the fields rather than face their angry father. My heart aches whenever I think of them, and little Sister Othilde's blue eyes filled

with tears. A few days later we came upon the same queer-looking child. She was trudging along, the tears streaming down her brown cheeks and trickling off the end of her freckled little nose. At the sound of our voices she threw nerself on the ground, sobbing violently.

"I cannot stand this," exclaimed the Something must be done for artist. the child," and gathering her up in her strong young arms, she started for the convent. Startled by such abrupt proceedings, Marie lay quite still, erying softly until we reached the door; then, terrified probably by the thought that she was again to be beaten, she leaped from the artist's arms and darted towards the gate, where Catherine caught her. She fought like a wild animal for her freedom, and it was some time before the good Sister

JUNE 27, 19 could soothe her

She says that to eat since yesterd her father beat he night because she brother ran away; ing for him all mo While the Siste went to talk over Mother Superior. Mother Superior.
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our expenses. If school we will loo her something t aunt in the next was to come to se ing to receive her Sister Catherin woman who kept ity. She was su material from h Sunday dress. V and started the what she could a for a new outfit. a merry sewing

Perhaps my re made the new clopossible pattern Chiffon must be of the village fr So sacred are th tany that even porrified at our with the bustle skirts to which t demned! But clothes of a Bre to the nimble firstresses, and by longer Marie fichet! (Breton, clothes) Alas! little girl. Or driving in a di Marie begging new clothes in the fact of her l fields. The bo proached, and into our wagon to her long abs

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peared; she childish face piness. Her o the dear Siste A recent le She has lear French fluen you a little ow fast she pairs of stock is our most pupil." Dear Sister

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