

deadly stupor into which he had fallen. His wounded arm had been attended to, but the loss of blood that he had suffered had made him as weak as a child, and for a couple of hours he lay in the guard room unable to move.

When consciousness returned to him, his first question was as to the safety of the papers. He was told that they had been duly delivered, but that Armand had met with an accident, and had been taken to the Rue Blanchard. The corporal who was in charge of him was mystified as to the business of the papers — he only knew that the young officer had run some danger in procuring them. Silvestre did not enlighten him as to the mission with which he had been entrusted; the fewer who knew of such matters the better.

The morning was well advanced before he felt strong enough to walk up to the Rue Blanchard. However, he must see Armand first, and then report himself at the commandant's office to give an account of his doings the previous night.

He was very weak, but he somehow managed to reach the house of Madame Raudin. He almost dreaded to ring at the door. What was the accident that had befallen Armand — and so serious a one as to necessitate his removal from barracks? He braced up his courage — he must know the worst, anyhow — and rang the bell.

The sound of lightly hurrying footsteps came to him, and the door was flung open.

A pair of laughing eyes met his own, and in them was a strange look of happiness such as Silvestre had never seen before. It was Therese who was standing there, but — a glorified Therese! How could she look so radiantly happy with Armand sick in the house?

"Oh, Silvestre, it is you! Where have you been all this time?" she gasped. Then catching sight of his arm in its sling, she cried: "Oh, mon Dieu! You have been wounded, too! Was it by the same shell?"

"How is Armand?" he interposed, almost fiercely. "Never mind about me. How is Armand?"

They were standing in the little salon, and he leaned against the table for support.

"He is doing well. His head is badly hurt, but the shell —"

"What shell?" stammered Silvestre, confusedly.

"You don't know, you haven't heard?" the girl asked, her face still in a glow of excitement. "Oh, Silvestre, was it not hard on poor Armand? To risk his life for those papers, and then at the last minute to be struck down! It is grand, though," she continued, her eyes sparkling. "He has done a splendid thing. I don't believe another man in Paris would have dared to go alone into the Prussian camp and risk being caught and shot as a spy, and all for the sake of a few papers. Dear, brave boy, I always knew he would be a hero some day."

A curious grayness spread over the face of Silvestre de Quetteville, and a dull understanding reached his numbed brain.

"Tell me," he said. "I was wounded last night — a stray shot hit my arm — and I know nothing of all this. They only told me that Armand had met with an accident."

"A look of infinite pride filled the girl's eyes.

"Oh, Silvestre," she cried, "you don't know? Why, you have got a hero for your brother — all Paris is talking of him by now! Listen — he was chosen by the commandant to undertake a work of great danger. He went alone last night into the enemy's camp and got hold of those papers that a spy wanted our men to have — something very important. Then he managed to get away safely, and just as he was going across the courtyard he was shot and burst quite close to him. It might have killed him! They took him to the commandant's office, where the papers were found clutched tightly in his hand, and then they brought him here."

"Who told you of all this?" asked Silvestre gently, with a curious choking sensation in his throat — "Armand himself?"

"Oh, no. He was too weak to talk. No, the men who brought him here early this morning told us, and when I asked Armand if it was all true he just nodded and smiled. Oh, I am so proud of him, Silvestre!"

"Has he spoken at all?" Silvestre put the question with dry lips, a horrible feeling of helplessness came over him.

Therese flushed and again the look of supreme happiness shone in her eyes.

"Yes," she faltered, "just a few words."

"And they were, Therese?" said the listening man gently, leaning forward as he spoke.

"He — he said he loved me — and asked me —"

She suddenly broke down and hid her burning face on Silvestre's shoulder.

"Oh, I am so happy," she sighed, with a half sob in her voice, "for I love him so dearly. And you, dear old Silvestre, will be my real brother at last."

"You will see Armand?" she asked, after a little silence. "He can talk now."

"Yes, I will see him — just for a few minutes," he assented.

There was something in Silvestre's face which made her hesitate on the threshold of the sick man's room. Then she let him go in alone and closed the door behind him.

As she stood outside she heard the low murmur of voices within. They were very low, but she could distinguish Armand's now and again raised a little, and as if in expostulation. But it was answered by the low, even tones of his brother's voice, and after a while the expostulation ceased, and Silvestre came out of the room.

"He is doing well," he said, "and there is nothing like a mind at rest for helping the body to recover! And his mind is at rest — now."

Therese wondered a little at the words, but something checked her from asking their meaning.

"God bless you, little one," murmured Silvestre. "You have got your heart's desire — and so has he! I hope you will be very, very happy!"

The expression on his face haunted Therese as she watched him pass slowly down the street, but in the light that flashed from the lover's eyes when she stood beside him she soon forgot it. One sentence rang in the ears of the lonely man as he knelt with bowed head before the altar of a neighboring church:

"The men who brought me here told her — they knew no better, and they told her — and I, God pardon me! had not the courage to confess the truth! Forgive —"

And Silvestre had forgiven!

The kindly faced priest whose confessional became so popular in later years was noted, with some justice, for his extraordinary severity in dealing with all faults that sprang from a lack of moral courage. This, and anything approaching the nature of a lie, caused the weary blue eyes to flash with the light of renewed youth, and the penitent would leave the confessional not a little awed by the holy man's austerity.

Therese de Quetteville has often wondered at her husband's tacit avoidance of his brother, Armand, though a successful soldier and one marked for distinction, cannot meet the calm, clear glance of the priest's eyes without daggers of knowledge being plunged into his soul. He realizes bitterly that there is a human love that finds its highest ideal in laying down its life on behalf of another. He is uselessly conscious that Silvestre's love for Therese was a nobler one than his own. He sees, too, in those tired blue eyes the reflection of an old sin, the reminder of an hour of cowardice, in which upon one who had done him no wrong he had cast the burden of a great silence. — Catholic Fireside.

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Mr. Morley on the War.

(Continued from page 3.)

of great repute and seriousness and published in a serious journal also. "This is the city point of view. The prolongation of the resistance is involving the permanent removal of the most bitter of our opponents from large districts of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, as it is quite impossible that many of the prisoners with their families can ever return. Their property is gone, they are incapable of industry, and there is nothing to justify their being restored to their country. All this," says the cold-blooded observer, "makes for peace in the Transvaal and Orange Free State in future. Then industrious inhabitants may settle in peace all the more easily that the restless elements are eliminated."

You are going to eliminate and banish the men who have fought for their independence. Who are you going to keep? You are going to keep the mine owners, you are going to keep all those gentlemen who justified Mr. Lecky, the Unionist, in saying, "The trail of finance is over it all." Just bear with me another minute. Here is the explanation of the extermination policy. "Unless," says one of the Lords of the Admiralty, speaking the other day, at Belfast, "unless at the close of the war we do something to settle under favorable conditions Anglo-Saxon men with Anglo-Saxon sympathies we shall have fought this war in vain." Do you take that point? That is to say, we shall have fought this war in vain unless we turn out the old inhabitants, the old tillers of the soil, and put in under favorable conditions, Anglo-Saxon men and women with Anglo-Saxon sympathies. Gentlemen, that is a very ghastly, and I will say

A VERY HIDEOUS PROSPECT (hear, hear). I have had to travel over a very long piece of road, and I hope I have made my various points tolerably clear to you. I will add this, that the policy of unconditional submission, which is the present policy of the Government — remember the passage I read to you about the prisoners at Ahmednuggur — the just as it would mean here — it means the policy of extermination and annihilation, and what is their prescription — the only prescription that they have to offer now? A most important and responsible member of the Government, speaking the other day, said the only prescription they have to offer to this country is but a double, treble, quadruple dose of that fierce drug, violence and force — that fierce drug that has been futile during the last two years, and has in fact done all the mischief. The prescription is more severity. Looking back over the picture that I have merely sketched to you, do you think severity has been a success? (No.) Well,

WHAT IS THE PRESENT ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT?

I can only call it an attitude of sullen desperation (hear, hear). They are just as much or more drifting to-day in view of the enormous and complex and entangled problems that the restoration of peace will present to them. They are drifting just as much as they drifted two years ago. No doubt they use high language; and the people of this island will never fail in spirit, in fortitude, in tenacity, and in energy. We all know that perfectly well. Whatever view we take of this war, we know that this country is a country of a martial race, and of unbounded fortitude; but when I look at their present leaders and advisers I am reminded of the old saying — there is

NOTHING SO DANGEROUS AS METTLE IN A BLIND HORSE (laughter). Let us ask ourselves what are our ends, now after our experience, knowing, as we did not know two years ago, the enormous difficulties of the question — what are the ends we are now about to see? I have never concealed my view that the moment the sword was drawn we should have placed upon our shoulders what a Minister of the day two years ago called the unmitigated misfortune of taking over these two States. I have never changed, and I do not change now (cheers). That being admitted, what are our ends? What is the road along which we have to travel, assuming that we do so in order to gain not only the momentary arrest of military operations, but the reconstruction of a new society in place of that society we have destroyed — to our shame have destroyed! Well, are these ends of ours, held by nearly all of us, in any degree apprehended by our enemy? The Government don't agree among themselves as to what these ends are. That I could easily show you if it were not so late. Are the Boer leaders unalterably opposed to the essential conditions of our policy, if they believed the negotiators were negotiators in real faith? Is it not possible that practicable terms might be found within reach? I know the difficulties well. It may be that events will give no favorable answer to that view. I do not know how that may be, but in sight of a year or two years in front of us, with dilapidated finances, with military pressure, with weakened diplomacy in Europe,

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surely it is worth while to make any attempt consistently with the maintenance of the ends which we have in view — surely it is desirable not to sit with folded arms and say we leave it all to the soldier Gentlemen, to leave it to the soldier is to show that you are

BANKRUPT AS STATESMEN (applause). I don't believe in that. I don't believe that the leading men in this land are so devoid in resources, so stubborn, so narrow, see the problem before us in so constricted a way, as to have no further resource. (A Voice—"Chamberlain hasn't"). Well, I will not mention any names. If that Minister hasn't — I am not sure of it — then I think the King will propose at no very inordinate distance of time to seek for other Ministers (loud applause) with better insight into facts and with a more pliant mind in face of one of the most dangerous and complex situations that has ever confronted the statesmen of this island (loud applause, amid which Mr. Morley resumed his seat, having spoken 77 minutes).

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MY HUNTRESS. I know a huntress fair indeed And womanly sweet is she; Full many a trophy of the hunt In her home you may daily see; And many a story of the glory Of the chase she has told to me.

How far away in the morning light Where the forests drip with dew, With shortened skirts and still-shod feet She wanders the woodland through, And swiftly creeps or quiet keeps For her prey to come in view.

She has caught the deer in their lissom grace As they drank from some rock-bound pool, And the birds that come for their morning dip In its waters sweet and cool. Yes, and many a raid has my huntress made On the pupils in nature's school!

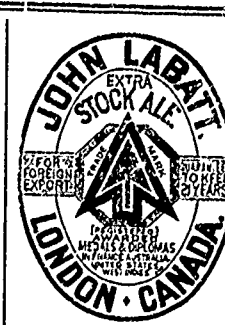
But never the forest has heard her gun, Or its shadows seen its flame, And never a bird or beast has known They were prey of her deadly aim. Yet those she sought were surely caught When into her range they came.

A camera only my huntress takes, And she joys in life so free; Then there comes no thought of struggle or pain When she shows her "game" to me.

And her eyes are bright with kindness light, For womanly sweet is she. —Alice Louise Brown.

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE. — Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Par-malke's Vegetable Pills will cure it — cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

One of those "healers" who was in Georgia some time ago was ap-



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