who had ever been a prince among men

fred's pale face.
"I would so like to see him again!

the said.

And Ruth posted with her own hand

found the poor woman, her beads clasped in her hands, quite cold. She would never look again on the boy to whom she had been so faithful and kind a mother.

CHAPTER XIX.

BARBARA WINS.

The chief mourner at the funeral was

Irs. Buck, to whom had been made

snown the curious fact that she was the

copiously over both sorrows. Floriar seized upon his papers, and made vigor

ous attempts upon Billy and the priest to discover if his father were yet living They knew nothing or would reveal noth

ng, and he was compelled to give up t

effort for a time, and learn what Bill could tell him in detached sentences of the first appearances of his father. It was

leager information. However, with legs

accuracy he jotted down dates and facts and carried them home with him. H

ontinued to keep his own counsel regard

continued to keep his own counsel regarding late events and to study up a line of action. His was an eminently practica mind. He thought less of his title and his ancestry than of the gold they represented. The idea of donning his princel.

ould not do such a thing even were it at

would not do such a thing even were all feasible; with assassination threaten-ing it would be the highest folly. His chief difficulty was the mess of pottage. If he could get a half-millon! It was a

If he could get a half-millon! It was large sum—half of it was a large sum but one serious circumstance threaten

diminish and perhaps destroy it. Hi father was, perhaps, still living plans that he could form safety

that difficulty. Prince Louis of Cracow would not risk his money on chance, nor would he himself care to actso freely with

After many days of weary thinking he came to no conclusion in regard to his manner of procedure with the Count. Florian did not care to tell him at once of

his late discovery. If his father were alive it became necessary to produce him. If he were dead his death must be well

roven before the Prince of Cracow would

part with his gold to the prince's son. And Florian so needed the money that he

waiting for it another year. The conven-tion of the next summer was to nomin-ate a candidate for governor, and he was

out doing more than to set a very com-

out doing more than to set a very commonplace detective on his father's track. Nothing, of course, was discovered concerning him. His only confident in business matters was Mrs. Merrion, whom he had not yet made aware of his change of forume. He called on her one afternoon when twilight was drawing near and

visitors and admirers were sure to be put aside. She had a new doubt of conscience for him to solve. Her conscience always

troubled her now that she was a Catholi

"Father Baretti told me to-day"—she affected foreign clergymen—"I had been speaking to him of some dear gentlemen

friends of mine—"
"God help him," groaned Florian, "if he has to listen to the tales of women! I know a tithe of what his sufferings must

what was only presumptively his own.

name and settling down in Russi tered his mind only to be ridiculed.

child of her parents. She wep

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CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

portion of the town paid its respects to Ruth. Among her visitors were the worthy elders of the various congregaworthy eiders of the various congrega-tions, curious to know by what process of reasoning this young lady had gone over to the enemy, and many were the amus-ing questions put to her. Her great delense was the perversion of Mrs. Buck and the right of private judgment. With these weapons she triumphed easily, and Clayburgh accepted the position with the easy-going, matter-of-fact slowness which is an inheritance from Manhattan ancestors and does not prevail in bitter, unfor-giving New England. Mrs. Wallace had giving New England. Mrs. Wallace had not called, much to Ruth's surprise, and at the first opportunity she went over to see her. Time had dealt hardly with the placid lady. The Mrs. Winifred who backing the back of the state o smile and that with the old-line man-ner, but had not breath enough for so large a word as "seemingly," and Ruth sorrowfully recognized the fact that Mrs. Winifred's days were numbered. Her chief anxiety was for Florian. Florian was the theme of every conversation, and her chief anxiety was whether her boy was uneasy in mind and haunted by any

apprehensions.

"Because if he is," she said to Ruth,
"I can help him, and I will in spite of was the most determined expression

Mrs. Winifred had ever been known to use, and only her extreme weakness ac

her hand on her breast, "gnawing al ways. In a few days I shall send for you, maybe, to do me a favor. You wit come, won't you? Promise me, Ruth." "Oh! certainly," said Ruth assuringly for the sick woman began to get danger

ously eager. Ah! but you must promise, dear," sh cried, catching Ruth's dress with feverish hands. "Seemingly, you must promise that you will come, no matter what stands

in the way."
"I promise," answered Ruth.
After scanning her features for awhile
in an invalid's pitiful way, she lay back "What do you think of her?" said Billy

when next he met her.
"What can you think of a dying w

man? You will not have her long. Why not send for Florian? She is always speaking of him."
"The Pere wouldn't hear of it," said

Billy, tremulously. "No, no, he wouldn't hear of it. I couldn't permit it. It was that Russian, the divil! that did it all. Ever since he came here we got no good of her. It's awful!"

Ruth wondered at the Pere's interfer-

nce in the matter, but said nothing, as he wished to speak to the priest later. "It seems reasonable," she remarked to her father, "that if the poor woman wishes to see her son she ought to see

im."
"Why, of course," shouted Pendleton, and so she shall. I'll send for him o, I'll go for him myself.' "And do all sorts of harm," Ruth inter

osed. "No, no, father; but you might and out from Billy what his reason is for not informing Florian of his mother's con dition. Then we would the better know what to do."

Jes' so,' said the Squire, with a blush for his own stupidity.

"And to-morrow," said Ruth, "
must get out the boat and take me

the islands. I have not seen the her nit since my return."
"There isn't much about him to see,"
aid her father in disgusted tones.
He's had a doctor running over there

or some time seeing to a patient who ives with him or near him, and not one of us can find out who the sick man is." Trust a woman to do that," said Ruth I shall know what is to be known about im by this time to-morrow night." Since the day she had bidden him good-

ye in the cabin previous to her depart re for New York she had not set eyes or cott, and she was curious to learn wha hanges time had made in his looks oits, and opinions. They were ovenext day, and were a long time get g to their destination owing to scant ind; but the scenes, the old scenes were very beautiful that Ruth could have gered even longer among them. A ft haze rested like a veil on distant obs, and the river was dotted with th oats of fishing-parties, whose songs an herry-making floated pleasantly to th merry-making noated pleasantly to the ear. Every spot was a memory to Ruth, and Linda's bright face seemed ready to peep coquettishly from behind rock and tree. They came to anchor opposite the

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story. The metal box was easily opened. It was full of papers, legal documents most of them, composed in French, and all tending to show that certain persons were nobles or princes of high rank in well-known boulder, and Ruth leaping well-known boulder, and the house and ashore, ran eagerly up to the house and knocked smartly. She heard the sound of voices in the room within, but only the were nobles or princes of high rank in Russia. And so Linda, poor dear Linda, hermit met her at the door. He had Izaak Walton in his hand and a cold look on his face, but she offered both hands so radiantly that he could not but smile at her delight and shake them gin-

Russia. And so kinda, poor dear linter, was perhaps a Russian princess, born to luxury and love, to move through storied halls in proud attire, to live among the great and mighty; and fate had given her instead a home and grave in an obscure American town. She could not picture to herself that dainty girl in any other form than the sweet familiar one, nor fancy gerly.
"You are welcome back," said he gravely. "You've come to a safe harbor, and I hope you'll stay in it."
"You may be certain that I will," she During the next few days the greater herself that dainty girl in any other form than the sweet, familiar one, nor fancy ber a haughty lady of roval blood. And Florian was a prince! It was easy, in-deed, to dream of him in such a position,

answered in a low voice. Scott led the way into the house-the some old house, unchanged even to the patches on the bed-quiit. Ruth's tears began suddenly to flow as she stood looking at the only perishable spot about her which had a seeming of immortality. There it stood, not one iota different from the room in which Florian and Scott and the had discussed measures for the she had discussed measures for the Squire's safety nearly a decade of years "I always thought it the gate of heav

" he said smiling through her tears, but now I am sure of it."

"It makes little difference to some people what gate it is," he replied. "They wouldn't take advantage of it

"The nearer you get the harder to get on," said Ruth; "and the gate is the worst part of the road." His eyes flashed an instant's surprise

and admiration.

"You've learned something since you

were here last," he deigned to say.
"Learned something?" retorted the
Squire, laboring to keep his oar in the
conversation. "Why, man, do you think noversation. "Why, man, do you think woman goes backward as she gets old-r? Men advance, why not she?" re-

er? Men advance, why not she:
"I didn't say that men advance," replied Scott, "or that women didn't.
Flory used to say that woman was the only creature which learned nothing from Right be was, too. When Flory said

thing he hit the nail on the head every You saw him lately, perhaps?" said

the hermit to Ruth.
"Yes, and he was very prond and whom he is soon to call his wife."

"Ah!" said Scott indifferently.

"But his mother is so ill," Ruth went

"and the family do not seem to hink of sending for him. She is always peaking of him."
"These great statesman," said Scott,

'are not always willin' to give up their ime to sick people. He must have consid'able work on his hands besides."

"You have not asked me yet," said Ruth, "about my experiences since I left.
They have been very new I assure you."
"I know them all," Scott replied

briefly.
"And you take no credit to yourself for at fulfillment of your prophecies?"
"They might never have been fulfilled,

an' they weren't prophecies. I guessed what might have happened, an' it did— Ruth was disappointed. Scott's ordinary sequeness seemed to have a taken a sere gloomy shade, and the sarcastic, gh philosophy of his speech to have en way to a matter-of-fact plainness, ey talked on in an aimless way for a half hour longer, and then took their leave dissatisfied, without having discovered ns attailed, without having only trace of the stranger who was sup-osed to be living with the hermit. Ruth ressed his hand at parting, with the tears

her eves. are as human as the rest of us, You have changed, and not for he better.'

He did not reply, and Ruth, as they iled away, watched him sadly.
"Change, change, and nothing but aange," she murmured. "I am getting d indeed. None but the old feel change.

old indeed. None but the old feet change.
These differences in people hurt me."
Until the new life began to fit her shoulders she was weighed down with despondency. For a time it seemed hardly worth the trouble to live and fight the daily heartache and try to fill up the sense of loss which existed in her soul. Nursing feeble Mrs. Winifred helped her to overcome these feelings. But as the lady grew weaker, and there was the same hesitation in sending for Florian, she beresitation in sending for Florian, she be gan to feel indignant. Every day the mother called incessantly for her son. She did not ask to see him, but an increasing did not ask to see him, but an increasing anxiety as to his personal safety was evident in her manner. Although it was thought she was delirious at times, Ruth perceived a hidden meaning in the aparently wild utterances. Ruth was about to send word to Florian when one day Mrs. Winifred called her and gave her the key of a cup-board in the room.

"Open that," she said, "and then follow my directions."

The cuppord contained on its dusty

The cupboard contained on its dusty pelves a few old books and papers. he back was a secret compartment neatly nserted and concealed in the plastering; and from this mysterious hiding-place

Winifred, with a new decision in her voice, "and write as I bid. Seemingly this can't last forever, and I'll not have Florian's blood on my hands."

Ruth sat down in awed silence and began to write the following confession.

Several times she laid aside the satisfactory of the satisfac

Rath sat down in awed silence and began to write the following contession. Several times she laid aside the pen in amazement, thinking Mrs. Winifred's senses had taken leave of her; but the lady smiled reassuringly and bade her continue:

with enthusiasm. "Well," said he, standing before her smilingly, "if you ask the Count he will sell you that he does not believe I am plain Florian Wallace. He will swear also that I am Prince Florian of Cracow, the heir to a noble title and estate, whom the best been commissioned to find in this

"Florian Wallace and his sister Linda are not my children. Thirty years ago a stranger came with them to me and begged me to take care of them. Their mother was dead, and he offered me a large sum if I would adopt them as my own and keep from them forever the secret of their parentage. I have done soup to this moment. Florian now stands in danger from secret enemies, and I make this confession for his benefit, that he may know how to meet them. His father resembled him closely, but that his hair was yellow and his eyes blue. He told me his story. He was from kussa, compelled to fly because of his religion. He wisned that his children should never return to Russia, and orged me to rear them as my own. He had papers in his possession which he intended to destroy; but I stole them trom him and kept them to this day. What their value is I do not know. He left his children with me and went away. Some time ago a stranger, said to be a Russian, came to this town. I believe he was looking for the children, I know he will do harm to Florian, and I warn him, My husband can witness to the truth of this confession.

"WINIFRED WALLACE."

He obeyed, and she listened with shinhe will do harm to Florian, and I warn him,
My husband can witness to the truth of this
confession.

"WINIFRED WALLACE."

"You will give that to Florian," said
she feebly, "and also the box. It was a
great trouble to me, but now I feel better.
You will have to be secret. There are
some who think I have the papers, and
would like to destroy them. Be careful,
my dear—be careful."

He obeyed, and she listened with shining eyes,
"Oh! what a happy destiny," she cried;
what a future for your wife! How we
missed it that thought so little of you in
Clayburgh! What a bitter punishment
"Ay, indeed," he sighed, "what a bitter
punishment!"
"Ruth will be sorry enough now that
she threw you aside."

my dear—be carefu!."

Exhausted by the effort she had made,
Mrs. Winifred fell asleep, and Ruth was
left to think over and realize this strange
she threw you aside."

"Not at all," said he moodily; "she it was who first heard the story and got me the proofs. There was not one whit of re-

gret in her manner. If there had been-He growled the rest of the sentence t himself.
"If there had been," she continued maliciously and bitterly, "somebody would be left out in the cold."

A burning flush spread over his face.
"You see how I estimate you," she said rehly, "and you cannot get offended at archly.

have not the title yet. I am not going to Russia nor to wear my title. I am going to sell my right to it and remain in America."
"You are not going to wear your title!

you are going to remain in America That takes the romance from the story I don't feel like helping any one that's so foolish as to do that."

"It is not so very foolish. I am to run or the governorship of this State, and, if

have money enough, I shall get the lace. Which would you prefer, the govrnor or the prince?"
"The governor, by all means," said she promptly, seeing that such was his inclina-

who had ever been a prince among men; but she sighed as she recalled his present temper, and thought how little such an elevation would benefit him. His grasping ambition would now be increased and the field of wicked opportunities widened. While she sat and thought the sick woman opened her eyes again.
"Ruth, dear," she whispered, "you must carry the letter to New York yourself. I could not trust it in any other hands." "But my father, who has the first claim, may be living. I cannot sell while he is known to be alive; and if he appears or does not appear, where am I?" "Act as if he were dead. Probably he "No," replied Ruth; "but Florian shall ome after it."

A look of joy passed over Mrs. Wini-

is, and will never disturb you."

He walked the room in thought. The twilight had deepened into darkness and he street-lamps outside were shining on he wintry night. Her advice had oc-curred to him already, but he did not like a letter to Florian, urging him in strauge, mysterious language to lose no time in reaching Clayburgh. That night Mrs. Winifred died suddenly and alone. They o whisper its dishonesty to himself.
"I will think about it," he said; "it's

a nice point to decide."

"And naughty," said Barbara cheerfully; "but it is the only thing to do, and you ought to do it immediately, if you expect to have the money in time for the convention. You are attempting high

lights, Florian. "It will not be my last if it succeeds.
If it does not I shall come down with a

rippled wing."
"Prince Florian," said she, half to her self, "I fear me you will get the crippled wing. In some ways you have not the

support you should have. Frances is too weak a woman for you."
"I know it," he said calmly, but his face had whitened suddenly and his hands were trembling. "But the one woman fitted to support me is beyond my reach." "I am not so sure of that. Love and ambition laugh at many things. I know one woman who, if you would dare trake her in spite of many difficulties would be willing to follow you into hove or palace. But you are too fearful. You would not dare to do as she would dare."
"Perhaps not," he answered; and then after a pause, he said in a singularly qu

roice, "Name her, and I swear to you hat if she be the woman I think her shall dare anything. Barbara very significantly gave him her

Count Valdimir was honored next day with a visit from Florian, who carried

with a visit from Fiornau, who carried a packet in his hands.

"Welcome, my dear friend," said the Count; "you are becoming a model fiance. All your time is so exclusively devoted to Miss. Lyon, that you cannot spare an Miss Lynch that you cannot spare an afternoon to your friends. It is well Have all the skeletons of the closet laid are for Madame's inspection, and there will be no dream of them after."
"Never mind those trifles, Count.

have here some serious business for you can now prove to you that I am the only new revelations.

Vladimir could not repress the exclama tion of surprise that rose to his lips.

"My mother died in September," said
Florian, "and made a confession. She
also delivered to me these papers. Now blease examine them and tell me what you think of my chances."

The Count read the documents slowly

and carefully, with an expression of pro-fessional distrust on his handsome, wearied face.

"and I congratulate you on your advance-ment. You are now a fit object for

assassination.
"So I suppose; but as I emphatically decline to accept either the title or Russian citizenship, I hope that danger is It would be," said the Count slowly, "if you really mean that. But I cannot understand you to mean that you will not

attempt.—' "I mean that precisely. I don't want he title but I am in need of half a million. If my noble relative concludes to buy me ff for that sum he can remain forever nmolested."

'My dear boy," said the Count, de ighted, "you relieve me. I shall never have the pain of seeing your stiffened ody lying in the morgue. Instead I shall have the pleasure of handing you as much money as I can squeeze out of the prince. There is one little obstacle. There are no proofs of your father's death, wherefore it is to be presumed that he is

"Do not let that trouble you. My "Do not let that trouble you. My father knows your Russian methods too well ever to bother you. It is I who will receive the trouble, and I am prepared for it. If he makes his appearance, depend on me to manage him. If I do not your noble employer will."

"Is it so?" said the Count with a peculiar smile. "Then consider the work

I would advise you," said Florian, "to call in that agent of yours and dismiss him. It is impossible to say what harm he might do through the country, looking for the heir.'
"His work is ended. You need not

fear him "That I never did," said Florian.

That rever day he began to lay his plans to secure the nomination at the convention, and with the money which he had acquired, and the influence he had won, and his name rung to every change by the partisan newspapers, his prospects looked very fair. The story of his life was published far and wide. When it became known that he had preferred his American citizenship to the proud birthright of a Russian prince, his popularity knew no bounds, and papers and people were never tired of calling him Prince Florian, and pointing to him as a bright example of American training methods. His religion was not mentioned. It was a question which his party never could handle with perfect freedom, and the opposition never disturbed it unless for campaign purposes. The convention nominated him for governor amid universal acclamation; and if the means employed to obtain this result were questionable, such as the free use of money and the glossing over of his religious tenets, she threw you aside."
"Not at all," said he moodily; "she it they were not crimes and did not disturb although she was terribly excited, "our the sweet serenity of his slowly tough relations cease. You must leave this

ened conscience. In all his life he had never experienced such a thrill of delight as swept through him on seeing his name at the head of the State ticket. It dazed him for an instant. He felt already under his hand the mighty throbbing of the great State whose destinies he was to guide for twenty-four months. He would give a world for one continuous draught of such a delight.

Frances alone was silent and reserved.

She made no such demonstration as her mother did, and was ever looking at him mother did, and was ever looking at him with a vague alarm in her face. She received her share of public attention also, but it did not please her. He was sufficiently tender-hearted to feel asiasmed in the presence of the pure young girl, and to wish to keep out of her way as much as possible. What was he to do with her, as possible. What was he to do with her, now that she was become a burden to him? It was a question he did not like to face, for when he looked at it squarely

t showed him so much in the light of villian that the reflection was unpleasant He had no conscience in the matter, but had a spark of something which i called honor. During the course of the month he met the Count by appointmen and received the first installment of his

money.

"After this it will come rapidly," said Vladimir; "and my employer desires me to give the sincerest thanks to the young relative who concludes to accepte inevitable for so handsome a price You are always welcome, so he says, at he ancestral hall."
"Much obliged, indeed. I shall be

careful not to call, though, until the price is paid. If I died intestate the money would revert to the Prince. I can fancy he would like nothing better than an op-

"Tell me," said Vladimir, as they were parting, "have you yet any notion of where your father might be?"
"What put that in your head?" with a quick, sharp look into the Count's yellow face. "I hope your bloodhound is not

tace. "I hope your bloodhound looking for him," "We have nothing more to do with

him," he said proudly. "It was no cusiosity that prompted the question. Nevertheless the Count's wakened dormant considerations Florian's mind, and he walked away at ease. His thoughts were turned for bly into a channel which hitherto they had avoided. His father, if alive, was probably determined to die with his his ory a secret, yet his existence was in some sort a menace to that relative wh had purchased from Florian rights whice were not actually his to sell. What hat relative had instituted a search for his father. And what if he should be ound by that Nicholas whose murderous profession declared itself in his face Florian shuddered and put the though from him as too awful for propability; bu it seemed so fitting a climax for the d fections of which he had been guilty that again and again through that day and night he trembled with apprehension. His faithlessness to Frances, his bad dispositions and political heresies, loomed up before him like gigantic clouds from whose bosom threatened to leap the thunderbolt of crime. He was urged thereby to renew more actively his search for his father, and to have Nicholas shad owed. Under these precautions his mind found temperary rest, but occa-sionally the first thought presented itself like a specter and wrung his soul most

Barbara, on his next visit, was absent Baroard, on his next visit, was assent in Buffalo, but she had left a note for him enclosing a telegram. Its information was stupefying but welcome. Mr. Mer-rion had died suddenly in a Buffalo hotel, and his widow had gone to bring he body home. Fate clearly was help-ng him in his downward course. There emained between him and happiness ut one obstacle-the fall elections. ad a sublime American faith in the "They are very complete," said he, prople of the harmlessness of his faith in

American politics.

The most effective attacks which were made on Florian during the came from an anonymous writer in let-ters descriptive of his personal character. They could have been written by no other than a person well acquainted with him. The letters verged on brilliancy, and gave a fair account of Florian's rise and gradual change of opinions, with the views which orthodox. Catholica half and gradual change of opinions, with the views which orthodox Catholics held concerning him. Florian read them with feelings of indignation. There was a traitor in the camp, and he thought seriously of libel suits, until the failure of the letters to appear quieted him. He received his first hint as to their possible author from Barbara. She was certain author from Barbara. She was certain Peter Carter wrote them. She could see his natural manner in every line; and sure enough, after critical examination many evidences of the man appeared in them. When Florian had made com-plaint to madame, and she had accused Peter of abusing her hospitality, he admitted the charge cheerfully.
"I've been waitin' this many a year to

out him down to the public for what he s," said Peter, with the usual flourish, "and I'm doin' it. Those letters aren't Madame glared at him in a dangerous

"You may look, mother-in-law," said

ne jauntily, "but the days of looks are over. Ye are going to marry Frances, in spite of all my remonstrances, to a man that's fit for nothing better than the Brooklyn freelance. I told ye I'd never permit it. I tell ye so again. Frances was present at this tirade, and felt, without knowing its cause, a deadly sickness of heart. She looked at her

mother inquiringly, and it drove madame into a passion.

"You need not repeat your threats to me." she said, "but go and execute

"That I will shortly, an' ye can get ready for it. "Ye're a queer mother allow such a man to be connected with ittle finger, an' will be apt to do it before long, now she's a widow. Anyhow, I'll do it for him—"
"How dare you," cried Frances, start-

ing to her feet, pale with rage—"how dare you talk so of a gentleman? O mamma! why do you permit it?"
"How dare 1?" snapped Peter pittless-ly. "What daren't I do? An' he's a

ly. What daren't I do? An' he's a gentleman, is he? Oh' he's a gentleman of the new school, I suppose. But I'll teach him; an' if you don't give him up of your own accord, you will of mine.'
Frances burst into sobs and ran out of
the room, which sobered Peter. 'From

house forever, and one penny of your allowance you will never again receive."
"What a joke! But the day of jokes is over, too. I'll not leave the house, an', by hook or crock, I'll have my allowance to Go, go!" cried madame, trembling. "Do not urge me to have you forcibly

Florian was sitting one evening in madame's private parlor. Frances was engaged with her needle-work, and her gaged with her needle-work, and her mother was nodding over the pages of a magazine, when Peter unceremoniously entered. One glance at his face would show that he had come on a desperate errand. It was purple from suppressed feeling, and his eyes were averted. He made a great fuss over the door. Made as a pale and apprehensive, yet with the calmness of a courageous despair. dame sat paire and apprehensive, see with the calmness of a courageous despair. Frances, seeing her mother's expression, grew nervous, and Florian shaded his pallid face with his trembling hand. Peter, coughing and strutting, stood before him.
"I have a story to tell you," said he in

tones too unsteady for coughing to render firm, "and I'd like you to listen." Florian bowed in a cold assent. One

of Peter's peculiarities of speech was that in moments of excitement he lost much of his brogue.
"Ye are engaged to marry this girl here," continued Peter. "Well, I forbid the banns—aham!—that is, the thing can't go on without my approval, which

won't give. I AM HER FATHER!"
Naturally, after this astounding revelation, there was an awesome silence broken only by a sob from Frances, upon hom the truth of his last declaration fel crushingly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"I AM THE IMMACULATE CON CEPTION."

[Translated from the Annals of Montligeon France, December number, Read at Mt Jarmel chapel, Baltimore, Md., Sunday, Jan 8, 1899.]—From Henry Lasserre. What follows happened during th period of the apparitions which tool place at Lourdes, France, at the begin ning of the year 1858. Magnificen weather had favored the popular move ment. There had been a series of beautiful days, such as had not been for many years. Miraculous cure continued to be visible.

Benoite Cazeaux, of Lourdes, kep for three years in her bed by a slo fever, which was attended by sever pains, had had recourse in vain t medical science-nothing did her an The water of the grotto ha her on a sudden. Blaiset cured her on a sudden. Soupenne had seen disappear with th same suddenness and accuracy chronic malady of the eyes, which itherto medicine had failed to reliev

Wonderful works were multiplie God was doing His own work-the ho Virgin was showing her power. Be nadette had returned several times the grotto since the first series of a paritions. And now, on the 25 March, she heard again the miracu ous voice and she started immediate for the sacred spot. It was the ann versary of the day when the Ang Gabriel had descended to the eart had visited the holy Virgin and salt ed her in the name of the Lord.

As soon as the child had knelt do the apparition was seen. As alway around the Blessed Lady shone and effable aureola, whose splendor w limitless, whose sweetness was infin -it was as the eternal glory of ab lute peace. As always, her veil a her robe had the whiteness of the b liant snow. Bernadette, in ecstas had forgotten the earth in the present of beauty without stain. "Oh! Lady," she cried out, "will you hat the goodness to tell me who you

and what is your name?" The royal apparition smiled and a swered not. But at this very mome the whole Church carrying out solemn office of the day, was chant "Holy and immaculate Virgin, w praises could I give thee? In truth know not, for thou hast carried closed in thy womb Him whom heavens cannot contain.

Bernadette redoubled her entrea and pronounced again these wor "Oh, my Lady, will you have goodness to tell me who you are what is your name?" Again Bernadette repeat the same affect The apparition had its hands joi with fervor and the visage was sp

did with radiant beauty. It humility in glory. At the last q tion of the child the Blessed Lady joined her hands, causing to slip her right arm her rosary with chain and alabaster beads. She opened her two arms and incl them towards the earth, as if to to the world her virginal hands, fu benedictions. Then elevating towards the eternal regions, wh descended at the same hour the di messenger of the annunciation, sh joined them with fervor and loo up to heaven with the sentiment unspeakable gratitude, she pronou these words: "I am the Immac Conception." Having said words the most holy Virgin disappe and went back to heaven. The Virgin at this appearance had we to witness and certify by her wand by her miracles and last death. which the Church had defined which St. Peter, speaking by voice of Pius IX, had proclaimed

The little shepherdess to whom holy Virgin had just appeared for the first time these words: maculate Conception." And no derstanding them, she did her b returning to Lourdes to retain th mind. "I repeated them to mys the way along the road, so as forget them, she related to me one says this writer, "and even priest's house, where I was go said frequently, Immaculate Co tion, Immaculate Conception,' at step that I took, because I wishbring to the cure the words of the