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It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—*Newport News.*

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ST. VERONICA'S VAIL.

C. H. GALLAGHER.

(In Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

As on the first Good Friday
The Son of God Most High
Dragged painfully the heavy cross
On which he was to die.

It happened that a woman stood
Close to the narrow road,
And saw the patient Jesus sink
Beneath His fearful load.

While from His Holy Face there fell
Drops of His precious blood,
As thorns drew from His sacred Head
A cleansing, copious flood.

At seeing Him, her heart was touched,
And pushing through the crowd
She knelt beneath His tortured form
Which to the earth was bowed.

She quickly took her clinging vail
And giving it to Him,
She saw Him wipe away the blood
Which made His eyes so dim.

With grateful look He turned to her,
And lo, what gift of grace!
Upon the snowy linen was
The impress of His Face.

With tears she pressed it to her heart,
And kissed it o'er and o'er,
And cried, "My Lord and Master,
I will love Thee evermore!"

As on that cloth Thy Holy Face
Was drawn by heavenly art,
O Jesus, may Thy sufferings
Be drawn upon my heart.

And may the blood from Thy dear Face
Fall on my sinful soul,
And washing every stain away,
Save me, and make me whole.

DIMITRIOS AND IRENE;

—OR—

The Conquest of Constantinople.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE

(Copyrighted)

—BY—

CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.

(Published in the Herald with the Author's permission.)

CHAPTER XIX.

The dreary night was at an end. Before the break of day, the Emperor and his guard stood beside the gate of St. Romanus, where the principal breach was yawning to allow the entrance of the foe. Two towers had been levelled by the Ottoman cannon, and the debris filled the ditch. Guistiniani was there with the men of Genoa, and there too, stood Morosini with his brave Venetian volunteers. Dimitrios, clad from head to foot in armor, grasped his sword nervously, while his eyes remained fixed upon the Emperor.

Within the city, the inhabitants were filled with dismay, many spending hours in the churches, to implore the help of God. Dimitrios had given strict orders to Helena not to leave the house, before which several Venetian guards were stationed in accordance with the promise of Morosini.

When the first streaks of dawn announced the end of the night, the roar of Turkish cannon ushered in the day. On all sides of the unfortunate city, the awful peals of war-like thunder rent the air. Still the brave defenders stood at their post. Mid fear and anxiety the day wore on. Constantinople was still in possession of its rightful owners. At night, the fire of artillery ceased, but Constantine and his followers remained at their post, guarding the dangerous breach. Sleep had fled from the eyes of the inhabitants, no one knew what the morrow might bring forth. Dimitrios hastily partook of a slight refreshment, though his appetite had forsaken him, for he knew that the struggle of life and death was about to commence.

The Turkish army was drawn up on the other side of the ditch, along the land wall. It resembled a blood-thirsty tiger, crouching, in order to spring upon its prey.

Slowly the weary hours wore on, there was no change in the situation. The hour of midnight finally arrived. It began the last day of the Byzantine Empire, the memorable 29th of May, of the year 1453.

A soldier approached Dimitrios.—"The Emperor wishes you to come to him," said the man. The youth immediately obeyed the summons, and, proceeding to the spot where the Sovereign of Byzantium stood, he found Morosini standing beside him.

"Dimitrios," said the Monarch, we have loved each other in life, we shall love each other in death. I now proceed to St. Sophia. I feel that it is for the last time. Morosini goes with me. Will you accompany us?"

"My heart overflows with gratitude towards you, my Sovereign, at the thought of the honor conferred upon your humble servant, to bear you company at this most solemn moment."

"I will partake of the Body of the Lord, will you too strengthen yourself with the Sacrament, which, as St. Chrysostom says, makes men strong as lions?"

"I will most serene lord, for it may be for us the Viaticum."

"Come then, my faithful friends."

The Emperor mounted his horse, and his companions following his example, they rode off towards the church in which the Christian mysteries were to be celebrated for the last time. Without, all was plunged in the thickest darkness, broken only by the torches carried by the attendants of the Emperor, but the sacred edifice was in a blaze of light. Numerous lamps in which perfumed oil fed the flame, were everywhere suspended, casting a golden reflection upon the marble and the splendid mosaics of the interior. Never did St. Sophia seem so solemn. A multitude had gathered within it, in spite of the early hour and the fact that the Sacred Mysteries were to be celebrated according to the Latin rite. The awful solemnity of the moment seemed to have suppressed the animosity of the Greeks against the Latin Church. Women were sobbing, while strong men, with solemn faces, stood looking upon the awe-inspiring scene.

The Emperor had occupied his stall, and he kept Dimitrios and Morosini near him. At the altar stood a priest, clad in the vestments of the Latin Church. A Roman Cardinal, the envoy of the Sovereign Pontiff, was also there, besides high dignitaries of the Greek Church. They had all spent a sleepless night in anticipation of the awful fate that was impending.

The Sacred Mysteries were offered up. At the moment of the Holy Communion, the Emperor approached the altar. The deepest recollection was pictured in his countenance. He fell upon his knees before the priest, he raised his eyes and fixed them upon the Sacred Host; there was something in them which was not of the earth. A sweet feeling of peace came over the soul of Constantine which mirrored itself in his features. The voice of the celebrant re-echoed at that solemn hour, under the lofty dome and through the aisles of St. Sophia: "May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul unto eternal life!" *For the last time!* Words such as these rang in the ears of Dimitrios. "For the last time! Tomorrow it will be the name of Mahomet."

The Byzantine Emperor had partaken of the Sacrament of the Eucharist in the Church of Justinian. He arose and returned to his seat, to the west of the Sacred edifice, facing the altar. Dimitrios and Morosini also received the Holy Communion.

Mass was over, but the people still remained. After a prayer of thanksgiving, the Emperor arose, bent his knee before the altar, and beckoning to Morosini and Dimitrios to follow him, departed. As they left the Church, a piercing cry was heard at the distance of a few yards before them, and a man in long robes and hands upraised to heaven, darted away, disappearing in the darkness.

"Woe! woe!" he cried, "woe to Constantinople!"

The Emperor summoning one of his attendants, bade him run after the strange individual, fearing lest his cries might excite a panic among the population. Again the cry resounded:

"Woe to Constantinople; woe to Byzantium; woe to Constantine!"

All was silent once more, the man had vanished.

"It is the same person," said Dimitrios, "who, on Easter Sunday, attracted attention by his singular words on this very spot."

"Alas!" replied the Emperor, "his words are awful, but I fear that they truly indicate the tragic end of the Queen of Cities. My friends, I leave you now to snatch a few moments' repose which I badly need. To-morrow I will need it no longer. Farewell, once more, Vincent, may God's blessing rest upon you for your fidelity to Constantine Paleologus! farewell, Dimitrios, my cherished youth, may God's holy angels guard you! Farewell, my friends, until we meet in the Bosom of God."

The Sovereign of Byzantium embraced for the last time the two faithful servants, whom he loved as though they were his equals, and, with sorrow in his soul, departed towards the half-ruined Palace, where so many Emperors of Byzantium had slept before him. Constantine soon fell into blissful unconsciousness, and the last of the Emperors slept his last sleep upon earth.

Dimitrios and Morosini, knowing that they would stand in need of all their strength, concluded to follow the Sovereign's example and retired to the quarters of the guards within the enclosure of the Palace, where they snatched a few hours' sleep. They were up before the sun, and while darkness still covered the earth. They enquired whether the Emperor had yet left the Palace, and learned that thus far, he had not been seen. Hereupon they proceeded through the Royal Gate, where a crowd had already gathered, and where a richly caparisoned horse was held in readiness for the Emperor.

The horses of the two friends were also saddled. They had not long to wait, for a tramp of feet within the walls announced that the attendants of the Sovereign were approaching. In a few moments the Emperor, careworn and sad, made his appearance. Dimitrios and Morosini knelt before him, kissing his hands. The crowd drew back in mournful silence. The Emperor mounted his horse. His ministers and the members of his household crowded around him for a last farewell. Constantine, holding the reins in his left hand, and raising the right, made a motion that he was about to speak. The multitude awaited his words in breathless attention.

"My children," thus sounded his voice amid the silence of that awful morning, "my children, the end has come. Death shall find your Sovereign fighting in defence of a city he may not save, but"—here the Monarch raised his voice—"of a city—let it be handed down to posterity—of a city he has loved until his latest breath."

Suppressed sobs, bursting from the breasts of the spectators, were wafted upon the morning air. The Emperor continued:

"Yea, I have loved Byzantium, the fair city of Constantine, the city that bears a name I bear; I have loved Byzantium, loved it to the end; for Byzantium I have lived, for Byzantium I die."

Loud wailing arose from the lips of the multitude; women shrieked, warriors, grown grey upon the battlefield, brushed the tears from their eyes.

"Weep not for me, my children, weep rather for yourselves. Weep for Constantinople. Whatever ills betide you, O! let your Emperor, with his dying lips, implore you, be true to your country; be true to your God! All men have their faults, Constantine has had his. If I have ever injured any man, if wittingly or unwittingly, I have been the cause that the innocent one has suffered, in this solemn moment of my life, before our common Creator, and in presence of you, my brethren, I beg you all—forgiveness."

Loud sobs and lamentations interrupted this speech.

"Farewell! my children," cried Constantine, and the Emperor rode on to meet his fate. Dimitrios and his Venetian friend sprang into the saddle and followed their master.

High arose, borne aloft by the breeze of the morning, as though a distant echo, the cry: "Woe to Constantinople! Woe to Constantine!" The Emperor heeded it not; his friends were silent. They reached the gate of St. Romanus. The bulk of the little Greek army was there. Beside the Emperor stood Giustiniani, sword in hand. To his left Morosini and his Venetians took up their stand, while Dimitrios occupied his place among the Emperor's guards.

The morn of the 29th of May was dawning. Faint rays from the East shot over the heads of the valiant defenders of Constantinople, reflecting upon the Turkish army before the ditch. Suddenly a shout arose from the thousands of Turkish mouths, and a horde, like an avalanche, heedless of danger and death, precipitated itself upon the walls. A general attack had begun all along the walls at the weak spots, where breaches had been made. The main attack was at the northwestern portion of the wall, where the great breach yawned, beside the gate of St. Romanus. The Greeks filled the outer ramparts. The Turks rushed on, though thousands fell, pierced by the arrows of the city's defenders, or hewn down by their swords. The Greeks fought like lions, the Turks like demons. The ponderous weapons of the former fell thick and fast upon the felt caps and unarmored bodies of the latter. Countless infidels were hurled back into the ditch as they attempted to scale the walls. Shouts of despair, imprecations of the besiegers, cries of the wounded and groans of the dying mingled with the clash of arms. The intrepid Christians struck right and left, they drove back their assailants; it availed naught. Twelve thousand Janizaries stood before them. With flashing sabres in their hands they formed successive columns of attack. Hardly was one repelled, when another took its place. The number of the enemies seemed infinite. Their dead bodies were heaped up in piles; they were fast filling the ditch; still new hordes advanced, The Greeks were fast succumbing to fatigue. Dimitrios, with a shield on his left arm, and a long sword in the right hand, slew right and left, and many a Turk paid dearly for encountering the young Greek in mortal combat. The ditch was now filled with the bodies of the slain. They formed a solid ground under the feet of the Janizaries, who rushed on directly to the attack. The Greeks fell back, impelled by the onrushing forces of the enemy. A huge son of the desert, a Turk, a true Goliath in size, with flaming eyes, raised his scimitar above the head of Constantine. Dimitrios noticed the danger of his Sovereign. The blow had fallen, but upon the Emperor's shield. In another moment the infidel lay biting the dust, pierced by the sword of Dimitrios. The Emperor's life was spared, but another illustrious victim had fallen, Giustiniani lay wounded in the face with an arrow. Speedily the bleeding chieftain was carried away by his brave men and taken on board his galley. The ranks of the Christians were sadly thinned, the Emperor and a few companions stood nearly alone, still they yielded not.

A loud cry is heard; there is a fearful rush; onward fly a troop of Janizaries, headed by Hassan of Ulabad. Dimitrios casts a rapid glance around him. Only a few Greeks are visible. Where is Morosini? The Emperor stands there still. But it is all in vain; naught can save him now. His sword still falls upon the heads of the enemy, but he is wounded, covered with blood and exhausted. The Turks rush on; the breach is filled with their numbers. Constantinople is conquered and Constantine Paleologos falls, unknown to his enemies, who rush over his body into the city. All grows dark before the eyes of Dimitrios; he sees no more; he sinks; he falls; Dimitrios Phocas lies prostrate upon the ground. A piercing cry re-echoes over Byzantium's walls: "Woe, woe to Constantine! Woe to Constantinople!" The prophecy has been fulfilled; Byzantium has fallen.

CHAPTER XX.

"Oh, my brother, my brother!" This was the stifled cry which burst from the lips of the sister of Dimitrios, as, now and anon, she arose from her attitude of prayer, to give vent to her feelings.

"Zoe," she said, turning to her old nurse, "tell me, how think you it will end; shall I ever behold him again?"

"Courage, dear lady," replied the faithful servant, "God is good."

The words were spoken in such a hopeless tone, that they brought little consolation with them.

"The firing has nearly ceased," said Helena, "but that ominous sound, like the distant roar of the ocean, bodes no good. Perhaps at this very moment—"

She covered her face with her hands, as if afraid to think what her lips were about to utter.

Hours of intense anxiety had thus worn away, Helena, now lying prostrate in prayer, then seeking relief in the exchange of words with Zoe. From time to time, the old woman would go to the outer door, to inquire from some solitary pedestrian as to the progress of the struggle, but what she heard was far from reassuring. Then she would return to her young mistress and endeavor to cheer her with hopes which she knew were groundless.

Suddenly, loud cries were heard in the distance, as of a multitude rushing onward.

"O, Heavens!" cried Helena, "what does that mean?"

"Be calm, lady," replied Zoe, "I will go and see."

"O, Zoe, be careful, venture not into the streets!"

The latter, without waiting to reply, hastened to the door. She was met by one of the Venitian guards, running breathlessly into the house,

"Noble lady," he exclaimed, "fly, fly quickly, if you value your life; the Turks are upon us!"

The uproar grew louder, and it appeared as though the sound of tumultuous voices proceeded from the street in front of the house. Cries and shrieks of females could be heard above the din.

"Heaven, protect us!" exclaimed Helena.

"Follow me," shouted the Venetian, leading the way.

"Dimitrios, where is Dimitrios?" I do not want to live without Dimitrios," shrieked the girl, half crazed with terror. Zoe took her mistress by the hand and dragged her to the door, through which the Venetian had just passed. As they reached the threshold, a horrible sight met their eyes. The unfortunate guard, who had risked his own life to save theirs, lay lifeless upon the ground in a pool of blood; his head had been cleaved by a blow from a Turkish scimiter.

"Ah, here is a prize!" exclaimed a ferocious Turk, as his eyes fell upon the Greek maiden. Though Zoe understood not his words, she divined his intention, as he advanced towards her mistress. Clasping her arms around her, as though she would hide her from the infidel, she cried out:

"Help, mercy spare her!"

The follower of Mahomet rudely thrust her off, but still she clung to Helena, who was rendered speechless by fright.

"Begone, hag!" roared the Turk, "this girl is mine. I was the first to lay eyes on her."

The faithful servant held on to her mistress.

"If you will not let go your hold, take that," and the brute severed the head of the unfortunate woman with one blow of his sabre. Scenes similar to this were being enacted in all quarters of Constantinople. The sight of this atrocious deed caused the head of Helena to reel; her eyes grew dim—she had fainted. The Musselman caught her as she fell.

"What are you doing, Ali, ugly scarecrow?" exclaimed a young Turk, more than six feet high, "give up that woman, I claim her!"

"She is mine, by right of possession."

"I say she is mine by the right of the strongest, or the right of conquest if you like; give her up at once."

"I will not, you shall have to fight for her first."

"Look here, Ali, what is the use of friends fighting? We shall compromise the matter. But, fool, the girl is dead!"

"No, she is not, she has only fainted. We will soon revive her."

A sound of horses hoofs is heard; the Turks look around. A rider is rushing on at full speed. The ground groans beneath him; heedlessly he rides over the Turks he encounters, if they are unfortunate enough to fall in his way. No one dares to intercept him, all eyes are turned with wonder toward him. Ali, still holding the unconscious girl in his arms, and the new-comer look bewildered toward the rider. As the latter approaches the two men, he gradually slackens his speed, then, at a distance of a few yards from them, he makes a sign as if about to speak. They gaze at him in astonishment. Arriving near Ali, as quickly as lightning flashes, he bends over, clas Helena in his left arm, draws her across the saddle, and darts off like an arrow shot from the bow. The shock received by Ali was so great that the clumsy Turk fell sprawling upon the ground.

"Hold him," he cried, "hold the thief, the dog of a Christian!"

His companion roared with laughter as he beheld the discomfited Ali struggling to his feet. This enraged the brute still more and he sprang at his neighbor like a tiger.

"This is thy fault, villain!" he exclaimed, "and thou darest laugh at me!"

"Be cool, Ali," said the other, "don't be angry."

"Angry?" roared Ali, "angry? thou hound, I will choke thee!"

"Choke me? Come, Ali, learn better manners than to talk to a comrade about choking. There! I will not choke thee, I will do something else," and the giant placed one arm around Ali's waist, turning him as though he had been a reed, and setting him upon his head, while he held both feet in the air.

"Now, Ali," he inquired, laughing, "are you prepared to choke?"

The unfortunate Ali struggled to free himself, but his friend, or rather enemy then, held him in his iron grasp. The comic spectacle attracted a number of other Turks who had witnessed the proceedings from afar, and, for a moment, forgetting their work of plunder, they ran up to enjoy the fun.

"What is the matter, Ismael?" queried one of their number.

"Nothing of importance. Two ravens happened to catch a beautiful little dove, but an eagle suddenly flew on and snatched the dove away from both. The dove is gone and the ravens are fighting it out between themselves."

"Let me go, for Mahomet's sake," cried Ali, "the blood is rushing to my head."

"Well, I will let go, for we are losing our precious time, but if thou ever again dost threaten to choke me, I will not let thee off so easily"

Then he loosed his hold on Ali's feet and the poor fellow again tumbled on the ground, to the great amusement of the spectators. Ali, red with shame and rage, arose and skulked off, casting upon Ismael a look which, to any one acquainted with the art of reading the human face, would have spoken the language of deep revenge. In the midst of these scenes, the rider and the Greek girl had been forgotten.

No sooner had Morosini, the deliverer of Helena, placed the poor girl upon his saddle, than he galloped off as fast as the fiery steed he rode could carry him. His position was one of extreme danger, for the streets were filled with Turks, and no Greek was safe. Still, it was a matter of life and death, and Morosini sped on his way. He knew that it would be impossible for him to gain the open country beyond the walls, for the Turks were scattered in all directions. There was no thought of entering a house, as the whole city was given up to pillage. His only hope lay in gaining a boat which, by his orders, lay concealed in a remote part of the harbor, and he hoped that the Turks would be so busily engaged in plundering the inhabitants that they would pay little attention to the water front. But how could he possibly reach the boat? At all events, it was necessary to hazard the experiment, so on he flew. He had arrived opposite the Hippodrome on his way to the south-eastern portion of the city, when an arrow came whizzing through the air. It pierced the breast of his steed; the animal tottered and fell over the rider and his charge. In a moment half a dozen Turks surrounded them.

"Hold!" cried a man of Herculean frame, "I brought down the rider; these Greeks are mine. Woe to him who touches a hair of their heads! You know me?"

The Turks drew back.

"Help me to draw away the animal," he added.

A number set to work, and the horse was dragged off. The Turk approached Morosini and said to him in Greek:

"Arise, young man, I did it for your own good. Fear nothing. You and the lady are safe now. Think not of resistance, for it would be your death. I assure you that not a hair of the lady's head shall be hurt. But she has fainted."

Spreading his cloak upon the ground, he said:

"Lay her down here." Then, turning to one of the Turks, he spoke in a tone of authority:

"Fetch some water, immediately."

(To be continued.)

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B.B.B.

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Mortgage Sale.

To be sold by Public Auction on Tuesday, the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1896, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-first day of December, A. D. 1887, and made between Thomas Connors, of Grand Tracadie, Lot or Township Number Thirty-five, in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, farmer, and Anne Connors, his wife, of the one part and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien of the other part.

All that tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Thirty-five, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows that is to say:—Commencing on the shore of Winter River at the southeast angle of a farm of land formerly in the occupation of Hugh Ready but now in the possession of Michael McNab; thence north twenty-five degrees east for the distance of sixty-nine chains to the shore of Bedford Bay; thence eastwardly along the said shore for such a distance as to admit of fifteen chains at right angles to the last named line; thence south twenty-five degrees west to Winter River, aforesaid; and from thence westerly along the said river to the place of commencement containing ninety-five and one-half acres of land a little more or less.

If not sold at the time and place aforesaid the said property will thereafter be sold by private sale.

For further particulars apply at the office of Æneas A. McDonald, Solicitor, Charlottetown.

Dated this eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1896.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN,
Feb. 19, '96—tl sale. Mortgagees.

The above sale is postponed until Tuesday the fifth day of May, A. D. 1896, then to take place at the hour and place aforesaid.

Dated this fourteenth day of March, A. D. 1896.

CREDIT FONCIER FRANCO-CANADIEN,
c ow, tl sale. Mortgagees