Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink.

Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think—
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed for answering "Yes" without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain! Think of the tears that will fall like the rain: Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow: Think of her love, and at once answer "No" Think of the hopes that are drowned in the

how!: Think of the danger to body and soul: Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow Look at them now and at once answer "No.

Think of manhood with rum-tainted breath Think how the glass leads to sorrow an death; Think of the homes that, now shadowed with Might have been heaven had the answer been

Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown, Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own; Think of proud forms now forever laid low. That still might be here had they learned to say "No."

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl, Driving to ruin both body and soul; Think of all this as life's journey you go, And when you're assailed by the tempter say "No!"

-Public Opinion.

A WOOER IN MAY.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The breakfast-room of the Burleighs, at The breakfast-room of the Burleighs, at Marble Row, was invitingly cheerful that bright May morning. Breakfast was just over, but the family yet lingered about the table, the glittering service of silver and Sevres-ware sparkling in the Spring sunshine, which cast its yellow radiance freely over the other certis, appointment. freely over the other costly appointments

the room. Mr. Burleigh read the paper with an attentive eye—a gentleman on the shady side of fifty, with a marked but kindly side of fifty, with a marked but kindly face, who sat very erect in his chair, and wore his iron-grey hair brushed up stiffly from his capacious brow. Near him, giving some directions to a French bonne as to the elaborately-dressed infant of six months she held in her arms, was the eldest daughter of the house of Burleigh, the Hon. Mrs. Matthew English, who had here provided a market a Wash. been married some two years to a Washington Senator, and was now up from the Capitol on a visit to her people. She was a dark, haughty-looking girl (she was not much past twenty), with a scorpful mouth a cold manner, and that aplomb and exquisite taste in dress which the fashionable

Mrs. Burleigh's bland, motherly face regarded her with infinite complacency. Even the ecstatic baby, crowing and regarded her with infinite complacency. Even the ecstatic baby, crowing and jumping at his young mother from the nurse's arms, could not disturb, in the least, her elegant repose of manner.

"My Clarice could have married a prince," thought Mrs. Burleigh, with a beaming smile, "and done him konor."

Then her eyes wandered to a blonde beauty on the other side of the table, her second daughter. Estelle: and the smile.

second daughter, Estelle; and the smile became, if possible, still more motherly

and beaming.

Such a profusion of soft flaxen hair le out of crimps into a waving mass upon her shoulders. Such a baby freshness in the pink and white skin, and such a baby want of strength and character in the pale blue eyes and dimpled mouth. The pretty bisque doll had pushed back her plate (she had eaten a doll's breakfast), and, while tracing the damask pattern on the cloth e top of a silver fork, was dreamily gazing at a brilliant solitaire which sparkled on her hand.

"Go to your papa, Estelle," said Mrs. Burleigh, still beaming; "and kiss him like a darling, and tell him how happy you have made us all."

The flaxen-haired out of reverie, and sliding up to Mr. Bur-leigh, put her arms (without any enthu-siasm) about his neck, and touched her lips (without any enthusiasm) to his cheek. She was as unimpassioned in her small way as Clarice was in her grand way. Her father seemed to take the performance for what it was worth, and asked, with an

"Well, pigeon, what is it all about ?" "I am engaged, papa."
"The deuce you are!" and Mr. Bur-leigh laughed down at the pink and white

which made its matter-of-fact an nouncement without varying a shade in its colors.
"Tell him to whom!" cried the mam-

ma, triumphantly; "and show him your

ring."
Estelle ceased drawing her fingers
through her long, soft hair, and held the
hand where the great diamond glittered

like a star.

"To Mr. Goldborough, papa."

"Goldborough of the Exchange? I did not know he had a son. Or is it a ne-

phew?"
Neither, papa; it is Mr. Goldborough himself.' "Preposterous!" (Mr. Burleigh looked

gravely incredulous.) "The portly old broker with the glasses and the brown toupee? My child, you are dreaming. The man is as old as I am, if not older." The bisque doll was as delightfully cool

The bisque doll was as defighting cool as a pyramid of pink ice-cream.

"But he is a very nice gentleman, papa; and he has a splendid establishment on West Walnut street. Such beauties of horses as he drives—there is no such turn-out as his in all the Park," simpered Es "and he makes me the loveliest gifts,

and he says I may do just as I please when I am married; and so—and—so—"
"And so," smiled her mother, coming graciously to the rescue, "our darling Es-telle has learned to love and respect her future husband very becomingly; and has, at least, my hearty approval of her en-

"Engagement — bosh!" growled Mr. Burleigh, frowning, as he thought the matter over in one light, and laughing, as he thought it over in another; "by George! it is a regular blue-and-gold edition of Beauty and the Beast, Mother, I thought you had more sense.

you say, Clarice?"
The Hon. Mrs. Matthew English pushed back her chair from the table, and stood

back her chair from the back her chair from the up with an ennuied look:
"It is no concern of mine, papa," she
"It is no concern of mine, papa," she said wearily; "but I suppose if Estelle choose to be May to Mr. Goldborough's December it is her taste to be an old man's darling rather than a young man's slave."

As his eldest daughter's husband might

very easily had been old Mr. Goldborough's son, as far as years went, there was a little personal sting in Clarice's words which made her father look sharply at her. But a diversion occurred at the moment in the opening of the door and the en-trance of a bright-faced young gentleman in shoulderstraps. It was Mr. Burleigh's nephew, Max Marshall, a lieutenant in the

in shoulderstraps. It was Mr. Burleigh's nephew, Max Marshall, a lieutenant in the navy, and a universal favorite.

"Why, Max, my dear boy," cried his uncle, heartily, "you are in the very nick of time. We are holding a family council over a remarkably serious subject; and the relatives and friends are most respectfully invited to attend."

"Ring us a chime on the wedding-bells, I beg of you, instead of droning out that funeral knell, uncle mine. Sealed proposals, el?" queried Max, with his mischievous eves on Estelle.

"How do you know, pray?" asked that young lady, with admirable sang froid.

"How could I help knowing when I saw old Money-bags holding somebody's hand in the alcove last evening, and eaught a glimpse of somebody's flaxen hair touching a brown toupee as it bent down and whispered in a pink and white ear.

"Horrid fellow!" pouted Estelle, turning her back on him.

"Pon honor," pursued Max, "it would make a capital sketch of 'Little Nell and her Grandfather,' granted that Moneybags would consent to go through a course of Anti-Fat, and diet himself down to an interesting pallor and slimness. Pretty Polly!" laughed the merry lieutenant, as

interesting pallor and slimness. Pretty Polly!" laughed the merry lieutenant, as he stroked his cousin's flaxen locks; "would it forgive its 'horrid fellow,' and let it be its groomsman? And would it entrust him with the ribbons once in a century, and let him drive old Gold-borough's spanking bays?"

Even Clarice laughed, and Estelle look-

Even Clarice laughed, and Estene loosed very important.

"When did you hear from the Hon. Matthew?" said Max, with a curious scrutiny of the elder girl's face.

The weary cloud fell again over the dark, proud eyes, and Clarice, pretending not to hear, shook a silver rattle before the crowing baby. Max did not wait for an answer, but began to whistle "Little Buttercup," and walked to a glass-door that communicated with the garden.

Buttercup," and walked to a glass-door that communicated with the garden.

"Ah! there she is, by Jove! the very girl I wanted to see!" he cried out, as he caught sight of a pretty figure in one of the walks bending over a flower-bed. "I tell you, Uncle Burleigh,

There's a woman like a dew-drop she's so purer than the purest, And her noble heart's the noblest; yes, and her sure faith's the surest."'

"She is noble enough and pure enough "She is noble enough and pure thouse," my boy, if that is what you mean by all that Browning bosh," said the old gentle-man, frowning at his paper; "but as to her 'sure faith' being 'the surest,' well, that, I must admit, is open to two opinions," and Mr. Burleigh made an irritated "Papa never liked cousin Dorothy's

turning Papist in that convent-school, you know," whispered Estelle at Max's el-"Hang it all!" blurted the young lieu

tenant in a pet, "how I hate bigotry! This is a free country and Dora's a sensible girl. Who says she has not a right to ble girl. Who says she has not a right to worship God as she pleases, even if she is a descendant of the straight-laced old duf-fers that came over in the Mayflower?" which indignant and uncermor

ious ventilation of his views, Max threw open the door, and bounced into the gar-"The top of the morning to you, Dora,

darling. Are you living on love or this fresh morning air that you show such supreme contempt for the family board and the matutinal meal?"

"Dear me, cousin Max, how flustered

you look! You are as red as a peony and your eyes are fairly snapping. B your pardon, I breakfasted, let m our pardon, I breakfasted, let me see,"
(and she drew out a tiny jewel of a timepiece), "two mortal hours ago by the
watch." She was a brown-haired girl, with a de-

She was a brown-haired girl, with a de-lightful face, not beautiful, but fresh-tin-ted and wholesome. Her bright hazel eyes were full of soul, and there was a sweet-tempered decision in the pretty mouth and "What on earth made you take such an

early breakfast?" questioned Max, as he ran his eye over the pleasant face and trim little figure in its becoming dress of blue "You are a regular note of interroga

to this morning, cousin mine. I went to early mass at St. Mary's (on account of the month of May, you must know," put in Dorothy, confidentially; "and when I got back from church I was so hungry, o dreadfully, unromantically hungr took breakfast in advance of the rest Max laughed.
And what has the month of May got

to do with it all?"
"Oh! you poor, dear, deluded heretic, let me explain. In the Catholic Church, my good cousin, we delicate the fairest and sweetest month of all the Spring, the lovely month of May, to the especial honor of the blessed Mother of our Lord."
"By Jove! so you do: I forget all above.

By Jove! so you do ; I forgot all about "By Jove! so you do: I forgot an about it, but now that you recall it to my mind, I have seen this thing in operation when we stopped at Catholic ports along the shores of Italy and France. You dress an altar up with tapers and flowers and laces, and sing hymns before it and pray and ask favors of the Virgin."

'Say blessed Virgin, dear Max," pleaded Dorothy; "you know she said that herself in the most beautiful canticle that ever woman sang (its down in the Bible too, in black and white), 'All generations shail call me blessed.' That was one of the things that made a Catholic of me at saled. The one peerless woman of the school. The one peerless woman of the

'Our tainted nature's solitary boast,' and not a Protestant voice to call her

"You dear little enthusiast! I'll never offend your loyal ears again, and I give you free leave to convert me to the Madonna as expeditiously as you please, pro-vided you answer one question: Tell me what happened between you and that handsome Hamilton who was paying such desperate court to you before I went

Dorothy blushed, but looked straight at

away to the Mediterranean, six months

him with her clear eyes:
"Ah! that is a vexatious subject, Max. But I don't mind telling you. I never fancied the man much from the beginning, although he was gentlemanly enough, and

aunt and the girls were never tired of chanting the catalogue of his praise. He was the step-brother of a baronet, you see, and of course little Dorothy Burleigh had ample cause to reckon herself honored (and all her family with her) at the bare prospect of such an illustrious alliance. But"—she paused, and, stooping, plucked a blossom from a bed of pansies at her feet.

feet.

"But what?" queried curious Max.

"Cousin," said the girl with quiet energy, "I never, never could have married him. He was a Protestant in the first and a discreased was in the second. place, and a divorced man in the second.
What blessing from God could be asked,
or expected, for such a union? And yet when I dismissed him, woe is me! I open-ed on my unhappy head the sealed vials of domestic wrath.

domestic wrath."

"In plain words they raised a row, did
they?" said the lieutenant, nodding back
towards the breakfast-room.

"It has been nothing but black looks
and cutting words ever since," whispered
Dora, as if to herself; "but I'm sure its all Dora, as it to nersell; out it in size it said because they do not thoroughly understand my motives. Catholics and Protestants regard these things from such entirely different standpoints."

"Don't be vexed about it, dear cousin.

"Don't be vexed about II, dear cousin.
It will all come right some day. I could
not help pitying Hamilton, however. The
man's religious training had been such a
negative one, that my objections to his
suit were so much Greek to him. I assure you I was glad when he took himself back to England again; but now I have left the whole matter in the hands of God and His blessed Mother, and I haven't

fear for the future."

"And meanwhile, you are badgered to pieces by those unreasonable relations of yours, because you refuse to sell yourself for 'blood' as Estelle is going to sell her-self for gold. Bah! I have no patience with such people!"

Dorothy shook off the subject with a

Dorothy shook off the subject with a swift wave of her graceful hands:

"Let us drink, Lethe, and forget our annoyances this bright May morning. Behold me at your service, fair cousin. Shall we read Tennyson in the summerhouse? or go a Maying in the woods?"
"Leave poetry and botanizing to som

lazy dreamer of a landsman," answered Max; "but be ready after luncheon, Dora, dear, and I'll take you to see 'Pin-

A few hours later Lieutenant Marshall A few hours later Lieutenant Marsian was scated in the parquet of the Operahouse, the favorite cousin by his side looking as fresh as a violet in her simple Spring hat and walking suit. Over in one of the proscenium boxes Clarice and Estelle were throned in all their gorgeoustess with gouty old Geldborough for an ness, with gouty old Goldborough for an escort. They swept the crowded house from time to time with their lorgnettes, but superclicity in the control of the but superciliously ignored the blooming face beside the Lieutenant. Max tool note of it all, and fumed in pithy exple-tives more forcible than elegant; but Dora only said, "How well the girls look in their new hats!" and devoted herself to her libretto and the bunch of hearts'-eas

her cousin had put into her hand.

Then, when the curtain went up they had a good laugh together over the operatic inconsistency of a Buttercup who was both angular and vixenish-looking; and called Dora's attention to the Max had called Dora's attention to the fact that the Captain, who "never got sick at sea," walked like a dancing master, and certainly did not possess what is called, in sailor parlance, a pair of "sea-legs," when a genial, mellow voice beside them cried:

"Max Marshall! of all other men in the world! Can it he negative that was part at

"Max Marshall! of all other men in the world! Can it be possible that we part at Maples to meet on board the deck of 'H. M. S. Pinafore!"

A tall bearded man, with a Saxon face, had dropped into a seat next the cousins, and was grasping the young lieutenant's

and was grasping the hand with a cordial delight. "Why, Effingham, this is a pleasure! Allow me, Dora. My cousin, Miss Dor-

othy Burleign; my very good friend, Mr. Roland Effingham."

Then followed a lively chat, during the

Then followed a lively chat, during the progress of which Dora lost the greater part of Sir Joseph Porter's egotistic song, but managed to glean that the two men beside her had met on Max's last voyage, and had spent many a delightful day together beyond seas.

There was a manly straightforwardness

about this stranger which pleased her, and she liked his refined countenance extreme-ly; but she was a little puzzled and disly; but she was a little puzzled and dis-concerted at the intense gaze he riveted on her own bright face from the moment of introduction. Every time that she glanced away at the stage, and back again at her companions, the quiet blue eyes of the new acquaintance were studying her with more watchful interest than the chance meeting, or her relationship to Max, seemed to justify.

Max, seemed to justify.

When the curtain fell on the last act, the two gentlemen parted at the door of the Opera-house, agreeing to meet again in the evening at the hotel where Max The young lieutenant led Dora away, as buoyant as a child over the un-expected encounter with his friend. He actually waved his hat, with a face beam-ing with good humor, when Clarice and Estelle rolled past them in Goldborough's

landau. "The finest fellow in the world, dear coz," he whispered; "and a Catholic like yourself. He became a convert in Naples some months ago, and he's just the sort of man to suit your fancy. Solidly Christian, without a particle of sham. I am going to bring him round to-morrow to see you."

And so he did; and Mr. Roland Effingham profited so well by his first entree at the Burleigh mansion that he became from "A very nice young gentleman," remarked Aunt Burleigh, one of those

but ordinary, exmornings to Estelle; tremely ordinary."

"Nothing else would suit Dora's homespun tastes," sneered the future Mrs. Goldborough. "She did not know how

to properly appreciate that distingue Ham-"I am seriously afraid Dorothy will disgrace us all some day," said Clarice's

sured tones.
She has disgraced us all as it is, turning Papist," added Estelle; "and this Ettingham man is one of the same sort, it

seems Yes, and Max Marshall is on the high road to Rome as well as the rest of them. Dora can do what she pleases with him; and my bonne tells me he actually gets up early these May mornings, and goes to that low St. Mary's with his cousin."

"I do wish your father would exercise his authority," sighed Mrs. Burleigh "and put a stop to all this nonsense. If he were not wilfully blind, he could see what has come of sending his brother's daughter to board with those designing nuns. They have made an emissary of the Jesuits out of her, and she will convert us all before we know where we are:"

"She will not convert me, that is on thing certain!" cried Estelle, tossing her bead, and strolling into an adjoining room. Her cousin Max was there, head, and strolling into an adjoining room. Her cousin Max was there, stretched upon a lounge, smoking a cigarette, and enjoving the pleasure of a chat with Effingham. Dora was seated near at hand, with her lap filled with early roses which she was forming into a boquet. She had given a few of the flowers to Clarice's baby, lying on a cushion at her side, and the happy little fellow was crowing up in her face, and crushing the pink roseleaves in his still pinker fingers.

crushing the pink roseleaves in his still pinker fingers.

"Look at yonder charming tableau Max," said Effingham, "and tell us what it reminds you of?"

"I am sure I can't say, my dear fellow,"

"I am sure I can't say, my dear fellow,"
was the reply, "and I am too deliciously
lazy just now to hazard a guess."
"That fine old picture in the Siena
Academy we both went mad over last
December. Don't stir, please, Miss Dora,
or if you do, turn your face a little more
this way. There, Max, isn't that the living picture of St. Dorothea and her roses?"
"Capital, by George! and the baby
might pass for that cute little angel
who carried the fruits and flowers."
"Dorothea, Dorothea," murmured
Effingham to himself, "one of the sweetest of sweet names; its very sound lifts

est of sweet names; its very sound lifts up the soul to heaven!" "It is just a horrid name!" snapped Estelle, with that spiteful rudeness which some fashionable girls affect as dashing and quite the thing; "it always reminds me of Dorothy Draggletail!"

me of Dorothy Draggletan!"

Effingham surveyed the be-ruffled and
be-trailed form of the speaker from head
to foot with a glance of cool criticism very

trying to support.
"The name Dorothea," he said very "The name Dorothea," he said very slowly, "has an extremely beautiful significance. It means the gift of God. If you will do me the honor to listen, Miss Estelle, I will repeat to you the legend which the obliging cicerone told us when Max and I made fools of ourselves over the picture of St. Dorothea and her roses in the old Italian gallery." the old Italian gallery."
Estelle looked bored; but something in

the speaker's quiet manner made ashamed of her impertinence; and ashamed of her impertinence; and she threw herself into a chair, lisping out 'I'm all attention."

"I'm all attention."
With his eye on Dora's fresh young face, Effigham began:
"In the province of Cappadocia and in the city of Cesarea, fifteen hundred years ago and more, dwelt a noble virgin whose name was Dorothea. In the whole city there was none to be compared to her in beauty and grace of person. She was a Christian, and served God day and night

with prayers, with fasting, and with alms.

The governor of the city, by name Sapritius, was a very terrible persecutor of the Christians, and hearing of the maiden and of her great beauty, he ordered her and of her great beauty, he ordered her to be brought before him. She came, with her mantle folded on her bosom and her eyes meekly cast down. The Gover-nor asked, Who art thou?' and she replied. 'I am Dorothea, a virgin, and a servant of Jesus Christ.' He said, 'Thou must serve our gods or die.' She answered mildly, 'Be it so; the sooner shall I stand in the 'Be it so; the sooner shall I stand in the presence of Him whom I most desire to behold.' Then the Governor asked her: 'Whom meanest thou?' She replied, 'I mean the Son of God, Christ, mine espoused! His dwelling is in Paradise; by His side are joys eternal; and in His garden grow celestial fruits and roses that garden grow celestial fruits and roses that never fade.' Then Sapritius overcome by her eloquence and beauty, ordered her to be carried back to her dungeon. And he sent to her two sisters, whose names were Calisti and Christeta, who had once been Christians, but who, from terror of the torments with which they were threatened, had renounced their faith in Christ. these women the governor promised large these women the governor promised large rewards if they would induce Dorothea to follow their evil example; and they, nothing doubting of success, boldly under-took the task. The result, however, was far different; for Dorothea, full of courage and constancy, reproved them as one having authority, and drew such a picture of the joys they had forfeited through their falsehood and cowardice that they fell at her feet, saying, 'Oh, blessed Dorothea! pray for us, that through tercession our sin may be forgiven and our penitence accepted!' And she did so. And when they had left the dungeon they penitence accepted! proclaimed aloud that they

ervants of Christ. the Governor, furious, commanded that they should be burned, and that Dorothea should witness their torments. And she stood by, bravely entered to the should be burned, and the bravely entered to the should be burned. couraging them, and saying, 'Oh, my sisters, fear not! suffer to the end! for sisters, lear not: suffer to the end! for these transient pangs shall be followed by the joys of eternal life! Then they died; and Dorothea herself was condemned to be tortured cruelly, and then beheaded. The first part of her sentence she endured with invincible fortitude. She was then with invincione fortitude. She was then led forth to death; and as she went a young man, a lawyer of the city, named Theophilus, who had been present when she was first brought before the Governor, called to her mockingly, 'Ha! fair maiden goest thou to join thy bridegroom? Send me, I pray thee, of the fruits and flowers of that same garden of which thou has spoken; I would fain taste of them! And Dorothea, looking on him, inclined her head with a gentle smile, and said:
'Thy request, O Theophilus, is granted!'
Whereat he laughed aloud with his companions, but she went on cheerfully to

When she came to the place of execution she kneit down and prayed, and sud-denly appeared at her side a beautiful boy with hair bright as sunbeams. In boy with hair bright as sunbeams. In his hand he held a basket containing three his hand he held a basket containing three apples and three fresh-gathered and fragrant roses. She said to him, 'Carry these to Theophilus; say that Dorothea hath sent them, and that I go bofore him to the garden whence they came, and await him there.' With these words she bent her neck and received the death-stroke.

stroke. "Meantime the angel (for it was an angel) went to seek Theophilus, and found him still laughing in merry mood

over the idea of the promised gift. The angel placed before him the basket of angel placed before him the basket of celestial fruit and flowers, saying, 'Doro-thea sends thee this,' and vanished. What words can exprets the wonder of Theo-philus? Struck by the prodigy operated in his favor his heart melted within him; he tasted of the celestial fruit, and a new life was his; proclaimed himself a servant of Christ, and followed the example of Dorothea, suffered with like constancy in the cause of truth, and obtained the crown

As Effingham ceased to speak, his glance As Effingham ceased to speak, his glance met that of Dorothy, and both faces glowed with the sympathetic expression of a kindred and most noble sentiment. Max Marshall shaded his eyes with his hand and was silent; but Estelle only gave a jerk at the bell-rope, and cried out, in her silly way:

in her silly way:

"I declare that baby has gone to sleep
on his cushion, and has forgotten to send

Poor worldly Estelle; she had not the soul to appreciate the spiritual beauties of the old Greek martyr and her marvellous legend; but the next week she was in her

glory.

It was all very precipitate to be sure; but, nolens volens, the flaxen-haired fiance was forced to don her wreath of orange-blossoms before she had half begun to sip the sweetness out of her brief and dazzling betrothal. Letters had come from the sweetness out of her brief and dazzling betrothal. Letters had come from Europe, and important issues were at stake with Goldborough's branch house in France, which needed his personal supervision. The gouty lover was as ardent and impatient as a Spring-tide Romeo, and would brook no delays; so the twain were to be made one flesh at once and take their bridal tour to Paris. And in this way it came about that a select circle of the bon ton was gathered at the nuptials in the Burleigh drawing-room, and

Soft the light that shoneon fair women and for although it chanced to be a bright morning in May the handsome apartment was made becomingly gloomy and funereal for the selemn occasion. A fashionable minister from St. Mark's fashionable church, in the very blackest of ministerial suits and the very whitest of ministerial ties, had attitudinized to his pious heart's content, and breathed out the words of the marriage-service in the very oiliest and most languishing of tones. And then the congratulations began. Mr. Goldthe congratuations began. In the borough, in white satin and a superb parare of diamonds—the gift of the groom; her pink cheeks pinker than ever, and her flaxen hair floating childishly about her shoulders, looked, for all the world, like the granddaughter of the portly and brown-wigged bridegroom. The Hon. brown-wigged bridegroom. The Hon. Mrs. English sat near her complacent and Mrs. English sat near her complacent and over-dressed mamma, sullen and out of sorts, despite her exquisite toilette and the artificial bloom put on to hide the pallor of her dark face. Dorothy and Max were flitting in and out among the guests, carrying sunshine and May-breezes of genial humor wherever they went.

But Mr. Burleigh was missing.

"You are the 'swellest' girl here." Max had said privately to Dora—with an admiring glance at his favorite's dress of soft white silk, and pure pearl ornaments; "and I am glad of it, for Effingham will be supplied to the state of the

along after a while, and I want you to look your prettiest."

Before Effingham came along, however, Mr. Burleigh did,—stealing in among the gay assembly like Banquo's ghost at the gay assembly like Banduo's guest at the festive board; and pausing with a pale anxious face behind Clarice's chair. She looked up at him with frightened eyes and a curious trembling about the mouth. He formed some word voicelessly with his since his introduction to the Burleigh mansion that he had been asked to meet mansion that he had been asked to hete the representatives of the elite, the circle of monied aristocrats whom Mrs. Bur-leigh dubbed her "set." One of that "set" had just returned from Europe after a lengthy stay on the continent. The lady, lengthy stay on the continent. The lady, a Mrs. St. Lawrence, looked at Effingham as he entered with a delighted stare of re-Up went the supercilious nose trice, down came the well glass in a trice, down came the well-gloved and patronizing hand upon the ulder of the hostes

stantial s My good Mrs. Burleigh, we are honored, indeed, to-day. Here comes that delightful English baronet I met last fall in London. Welcome to America, Sir Roland, a thousand times, welcome! here and congratulate our little bride, and help me to tell her all about dear merry old England and that glorious Effingham Park."

Mrs. Burleigh turned positively green with horrified dishay, and Mrs. Gold-borough bit her white lips till the blood came. But Max Marshall caught Dorothy's hand in his, and drew her away to a curtained corner.

Did you hear what that woman said?" he asked with a vehement emotion.

he asked with a vehement emotion.

"Yes," whispered Dora, very pale, but
with eyes shining like stars.

"I knew it all a week ago," went on
the young lieutenant, rapidly. "The man the young lieutenant, rapidly. "The man Hamilton, whose addresses you rejected six months ago because he was a Protestant and a divorced husband, Dora, dear, was Effingham's step-brother! Passionately attached to each other (in spite of many grave differences of creed and morals Hamilton told everything to Roland, firs by letter, afterwards, face to face; and, moved by a strange curiosity to gaze upon the little woman who could stand firm for conscience sake under the fire from such battery, the baronet, Effingham, came all the way to America to look at her. He came—he—saw—but you, darling" (and he dashed away a tear), "you have conquered; for he loves you with his whole manly heart, and there is no reason under heaven why you should not marry

Dora hid her blushing, happy face in her hands, and slipped away before her cousin could make an effort to detain her. tousin could make an entire to dean act.

In the sitting-room up-stairs, whither she fled to be alone with her own blissful thoughts she came upon Clarice lying white and exhausted on a lounge, with a blood-stained handkerchief pressed to her

lips.
"Clarice, dear cousin, what is the matter?

The dark fingers of one jeweled hand unclosed from their terrible grip upon a slip of paper and Dora read these words: "An altercation took place last eve-ning in one of the parlors at Willard's be-

tween the Hon. Matthew English, of the Senate, and a distinguished young physician from New Orleans, during the course of which Senator English shot at and it is Southerner. The affair has been hushed up as much as circumstances would per mit; but jealousy is said to have been the cause of the dispute, the fair object being a pretty ballet girl at one of the Variety

An hour later, when the Goldboroughs were gone, and Clarice was hiding her white face and her broken pride in the privacy of her own chamber, Max Mar-shall stood alone at an open window and watched Dora and Effingham pacing up and down below in the sunny garden.

"May God in heaven bless thee and thy
noble lover, sweetest Dora!" he whispered,
with moist eyes; "O woman like a dewdrop! thy faith ' is the 'surest;' and if
Max Marshall is a Catholic to-day it is thy prayers and thy pure, gentle, brave-hearted example that, under God, have surely made him one!"—McGee's Illussurely made trated.

THE MOUNT ST. BERNARD DOG.-People

The Mount St. Bernard Dog.—People who desport themselves during July and August in the sunny watering-places down below, wearing their light summer clothing and complaining of the heat of the valley, or perhaps taking refuge in their comfortable hotel at the first breath of the evening breeze, have no idea of the wild winter storms which are raging among the mountains at the time, or of the clouds of sharp, needle-like show flakes which flutter round the savage cliffs, blowing in the face of the half frozen traveller, and completely hiding his path. In those upper regions terrible dangers are everywhere lurking; and those who eseverywhere lurking; and those who escape death at the hands of the avalanche and treacherous snow-storm too often perish from hunger and fatigue. How-ever, the monks and their servants keep constant watch over the lives of the wayconstant watch over the lives of the way-farers, and are greatly assisted in this ar-duous labour of love—by the faithful St. Bernard dogs. The little band of watchers take no rest night or day; even when the sun is shining two servants are constantly pacing to and fro on the look out for travellers, and in stormy weather the whole establishment turns out to search for these who lave lost their way, and to for those who have lost their way, and to administer restoratives to such as have become exhausted and unconscious from excome exhausted and unconscious from ex-posure to the cold. The grave-looking, beautiful building of dark freestone which stands in the midst of this dreary desert, is deservedly looked upon with admira-tion, as are also its inhabitants, both men and animals, who have renounced the sunshine and other attractions of the value, blow; and it is with a feeling of reverence that one enters within walls so sacred, which have already extended their generous hospitality to sacred, which have already extended their generous hospitality to so many hundred thousand human beings. Unfortunately, the genuine old breed of St. Bernard dogs had almost, if not altogether, died out at one time, owing to the unusually severe weather which occurred in the winter of 1730, when both packs, nade and female, were taken, and a great number perished. 1730, when both packs, male and female, were taken, and a great number perished. Lately, however, the original breed has been revived at Hollingen, near Beru, and has been re-introduced in this and other hospices.

CARDINAL ZIGLIARA. -The Church is the truest republic. The only claims to distinction she recognizes are brains and virtue. Neither ambition, nor unscrupul-ousness, nor demagogy, has a chance of ousness, nor demagogy, has a chance of reward in her administration. Prince Napoleon has declared that her system of Pontiff to-day as eighteen hundred years ago if he will only display the requisite qualities, and no one will reproach him with his origin. Who is Father Zigliara, with his origin. about to be invested with the about to be invested with the insigna of the Cardinalate, the Princedom of the Church! A wise, and holy, and most learned priest, of course; one of these embodiments of erudition, zeal and piety so numerous in the clerical ranks. But he is the son of the poorest of Corsican parents. His father was a sailor, and his mother proprietress of a little shop for the mother proprietress of a fittle shop for the sale of salt. The Brothers of the Chris-tian Schools had the first care of his education, and taught him to read and write. A Franciscan, who accidentally preached a Mission in Bonifacio, took a preached a Mission in Bonifacio, took a fancy to the boy and brought him to Rome, placing him there in the Convent of the Minerva. This transition fixed his career. He disclosed rare intellectual power, and became a great theologian and great preacher. His theology is of the school of St. Thomas, and his courage is that of the martyrs. Leo XIII. holds him in particular esteem, and rejoices at his ability to add so distinguished a priest the Sacred College. So the son of a sailor is about to become a Cardinal—to enter into the only aristocrasy the world possesses that is not hereditary, and de-mands in its elements qualities for which the rulers of the world have little apprecia-

Cardinal Newman's full and official title now is "John Henry, by the Grace of God and the favor of the Apostolic See, Cardi-nal Priest of the Holy Roman Church of the title of Saint George in Velabro." There are seventy cardinals, when the sacred college is full, and each of them has for his seat one of seventy of the churches in Rome, which have been for centuries designated as cardinalate churches. The Church of Saint George in Velabro, which is near the Bocca Delia Verita, is the only church in Rome dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of England. He bears a peculiarly striking appearance. He has a gaunt emanciated figure, a sharp and eagle face and a cold, meditative eye. "Take him as a whole," says tive eye. "Take him as a whole," says Mr. Gladstone, "there is a stamp and seal upon him and rare fascination about him."

Lady Herbert of Lea, mother to the Earl of Pembroke and the Countess of Lonsdale, has broken up her establishment in Belgrave Square, diminished all collateral expenses, and left her magnificent mansion to Sir Lawrence Polk. Her Ladyship's to Sir Lawrence Polk. present intention is to reside permanently in Rome, occupying one of those pleasant flats near the Vatican now so much prized by admirers of the Eternal City.

The Cathedral of Ottawa has been made a minor basilica,

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[FRIDAY

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