There is implanted in every man a love of life strong enough to make him tremble and kneel before death when he thoroughly recognizes its approach. The trouble with men is that they do not recognize death unless it comes in some violent or rapid form. Consumption kills more men than wars, famines, plagues and accidents, but its approach is insidious, and men do not realize that they are in its clutch. While consumption is a germ disease, the bacilli will not invade sound and healthy lungs. The lungs must first be in a diseased condition.

First a man feels a little out of sorts. Probably he is overworked and has given too little time to eating, sleeping and resting. His appetite falls off. His digestion gets out of order and his blood does not receive the proper amount of life-giving nutriment. The liver becomes torpid and the blood is filled with impurities. These are pumped into every organ of the body, building up unhealthy, half-dead tissues. The most harm is done at the weakest spot, and most frequently that spot is in the lungs. A slight cold leads to inflammation, the bacilli invade the lungs and we have a case of consumption.

Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of consumption are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the lost appetite, makes the digestion perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, builds new and healthy flesh and drives out all impurities and disease germs. It cures weak lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. No honest druggist will recommend a substitute.

Mrs. Ursula Dunham, of Sistersville, Tyler Co., W. Va., writes: "I had a pain in my side all the time, had but little appetite and grew very thin. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' promptly cured the pain, restored my appetite and increased my weight."

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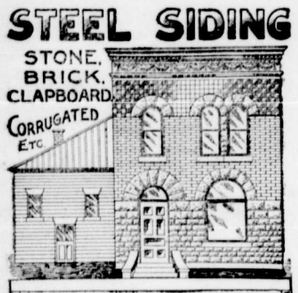

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We, the undersigned, certify that the health of the Rev. R. A. Bilkey has for months been deteriorating, and that he is now suffering from severe nervous prostration, and urgently requires immediate and prolonged rest. J. W. McLaughlin, M.D., A. Beith, M.D., L. Holland Reid, M.R.C.S., etc.

THIS INTERVIEW TELLS IT.

A reporter called on the Rev. R. A. Bilkey, rector St. John's (Episcopal) Church, Bowmanville, Ontario, during a church function, and on congratulating him on the great change for the better in his appearance, the reverend gentleman said, "It is due entirely to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

"I suffered for over three years from extreme nervousness, weakness and prostration, and could not obtain relief. A few months ago it became only too apparent that extreme nervous prostration had set in, as I lost flesh and appetite rapidly. Three of our four medical men pronounced me in urgent need of immediate and prolonged rest in order to build up my nervous system, giving me a certificate to that effect. About this time, by pure accident, Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills were brought to my notice. I decided to try them, and on doing so a decided change for the better took place at once. I have since continued taking the pills, with continued and marked benefit and improvement. My appetite has returned. I am gaining in flesh steadily, and my general health is now good. Further, I am sure that these results are due to the action of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and I have every confidence that they will do for others all that they have done for me."

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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY;

OR,

Rejected for Conscience's Sake.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

XXIV.—CONTINUED.

"Uncle Sydney knows we would sacrifice a good deal to have him with us, and as a proof we shall return to the carriage immediately, and drive home."

"In order to gratify your curiosity regarding what I have to tell you, eh?" he said playfully.

"No sir;" replied Florence with assumed indignation. "I disclaim any curiosity in the matter, and own only to a pure, unmitigated desire for your company."

"Oh, wonderful among your sex," rejoined Wilbur, as he offered an arm to each lady. "But, nevertheless my little disinterested niece," he continued, as they retraced their way to the carriage, "my news nearly concerns you."

"I do not care," rejoined Florence, determined to be consistent and abide by her assertion of disinterestedness. "I am only desirous of your company and nothing more."

"But it may have something to do with Miss Hammond," he persisted:

"Oh, will it? What is it? Do tell me," and she stopped short in her walk, bringing her companions also to a sudden stop.

Wilbur laughed heartily:

"I knew you had the curiosity of your sex, and now I have proved it; but you will have to mortify it until we get home. I shall not tell you another word."

"Miss Hammond is the one vulnerable point on which you may wound, rouse, or fire Florence," put in Mrs. Wilbur playfully. "She does nothing but quote her, think of her, and I verily believe, dream of her."

"She is not the only person who thinks and dreams of Miss Hammond," said Wilbur softly.

His sister-in-law gave a gentle pinch to his arm on which she was leaning and then she said very softly:

"Heart-sore still on that subject, Sydney? Have not your travels banished her image?"

They had arrived at the carriage and he seemed to make the matter of assisting the ladies to enter the vehicle a pretext for not answering. Nor did he refer to the subject during the homeward drive; instead, he seemed endeavoring to divert the thoughts of his companions from it by making constant remarks about the narrow streets of Florence, its unfinished churches, and its gloomy, massive and frowning architecture.

But once within the medieval-looking apartment to which they repaired on leaving the carriage, he burst out as if unable to defer his communication for a single instant longer:

"I have determined to become a Catholic, and I have come here to you two for assistance in my final preparation."

Amazement seemed to have transfixed both mother and daughter; they stood and looked at him as if the power of volition and speech had gone from both. Florence was the first to recover, and she sprang to him throwing her arms about his neck, and fairly crying upon his bosom:

"The sacrifice that Agnes made has won this," through her happy tears, and then she continued:

"Have you told her? does she know?"

"Not a syllable of it," he answered, "nor do I wish her to know until I bear it to her in person."

By this time Mrs. Wilbur had recovered herself.

"You have indeed brought us news, Sydney, and I congratulate you."

Her eyes were misty, and Sydney touched by this unexpected evidence of feeling in her sister-in-law, disengaged himself from his niece, and crossing to Mrs. Wilbur folded her in a very warm embrace.

While he bent with inimitable tenderness over the fragile little lady an unpleasant doubt seemed to come to the mind of Florence. It was so strong and so painful, she burst out with it immediately:

"Are you going to embrace our Faith because so doing will bring you Agnes?"

"No, my orthodox, and careful little niece," he replied, lifting his head, and releasing himself from his sister-in-law. "I am not going to do so base a thing as that. My change of creed is produced by an absolute and entire conviction of the errors in my own belief, and the truth of yours. Doubts of my own religion began in Annecy where I met an old-time friend who had become a convert to your Faith. I struggled against them, and for the purpose of crushing them I fled to Germany, to Worms, to catch as it were, something of the spirit of that archreformer, Luther.

"While there, I tried to make up my mind to end my wanderings, return home and actually gladden Deborah's heart by consenting to go out West and claim what was left to me by Uncle Derwent's will. I even wrote to Deborah to that effect, but I did not mention the time of my return. I could not yet make up my mind as to the precise date. The very day on which I dispatched that letter, I drove upon my fate, for going to visit one of the suburbs of Worms, the vehicle in which I had engaged a seat met with an accident upon the road. The accident caused an hour's detention and one of my fellow-travellers, to pass the time, began to converse with me. Finding that I was a more fluent speaker in French than in the German, he used that language. He was a most interesting and instructive talker, and when we resumed our journey, it was, on my part, to be more delighted with him, than with any point of interest on the way. The acquaintance continued, and before long I discovered that he was one of your Catholic priests in disguise—the disguise was owing to the severe attitude of the government to Catholic ecclesiastics. When I learned that fact, I could not resist the desire to confide to him my doubts on religious matters.

"Unlike what I expected, he was not eager for my conversion. He seemed more auxious that I should wait, examine, and reflect. I remained in his vicinity several weeks reading the books he recommended, and having many lengthy conversations with him. Then as a last effort to get away from myself I went to Baden-Baden that I might be diverted by the gay life there. It was useless. The very gayety only seemed to bring more forcibly to my mind all that I had learned of nobler things from my German friend, and the life, the warmth, the soul of the Catholic Church in contrast with the coldness of my own faith. Conviction overpowered me. I could no longer resist it and I determined to become a Catholic. Then, my dear friends, it occurred to me to come to you; to give you the pleasure of supertending my final preparation, as a sort of reward for having neglected you in the matter of correspondence. I wrote irregularly, and was silent upon all that I have told you because I could not bring myself to mention the subject more than seemed to be absolutely necessary. Am I forgiven by you both, and are you, my scrupulous Florence, reassured about the motive for my conversion?"

Mother and daughter clapsed each one of his hands and answered in a breath:

"Quite forgiven;" and Florence continued: "And quite reassured as to the motive, dear Sydney."

"And Agnes," she resumed, when the three were seated, and Mrs. Wilbur was declaring for the fourth time that it was so very wonderful she could not realize it, "happy Agnes. Heaven has at length rewarded her."

"Rewarded me, you mean," replied Sydney, "in not alone enriching me with the gift of true Faith, but enabling me again to woo Miss Hammond."

"And that will cut you off forever from Derwent's will," said Mrs. Wilbur.

"To be sure," replied her brother-in-law, "but I shall not need it. I have my profession to turn to should it become necessary, and I am so rich in what I gain by resigning my title to this will that I think I am rather to be congratulated on my loss."

"Do please enlighten my curiosity," pleaded Florence. "I have heard occasionally about some queer will in which you, Uncle Sydney, are greatly concerned, but never, to feel the desire to know about it that I do now. Please explain it to me."

"On condition that you do not enlighten Miss Hammond; that you promise never, by word, hint, pen, or pencil, to drop a syllable to her that shall make her think, guess, or know there has ever been in existence such a thing as Uncle Derwent's will."

He spoke playfully, but his niece could not help feeling that he was quite in earnest, and she hastened to assure him that she would be as secret as the grave.

"Since then you make so grave a promise," he resumed, with a ludicrous affectation of great solemnity, "I shall not hesitate to give you the particulars.

"Uncle Derwent was my mother's brother, and so rigid in his particular form of Protestant belief, that when my elder brother married your respected mother," bowing to his sister-in-law, "being baptized in the Catholic faith on the day of his marriage, it was feared that the old gentleman in his frenzy would lay violent hands upon himself, or somebody else.

"My brother had been his favorite, and as Uncle Derwent had never married, it was well known that my brother was almost his sole heir. On my brother's marriage, however, he straightway had the will altered, substituting my name for that of my brother, and putting in a proviso which had not been there before. The proviso was that in the event of my marrying a Catholic, every cent of the fortune was to pass to public institutions. Sometime after the making of the latter will he went, for his health, to California. Liking the country and the climate he remained there, and with the whimsicalness of an odd, old man, he actually had another proviso added to the will. One which said that in order to claim the bequest I must reside in California, and take his name, and not receive my inheritance until I had passed my thirty-sixth year."

"But, with all his provisos he was strangely short-sighted. He bound me not to marry a Catholic but he said not one word of the possibility of I myself becoming a Catholic.

"Whether he stupidly thought that the fact of my not having a Catholic wife would avert all danger of conversion from myself, or that it was actually an oversight on his part, I know not. Certain it is that he died, leaving the terms of the will as I tell you."

"And so it is really for Agnes that you renounce this fortune. How the dear girl would feel did she know it," mused Florence.

"That is the precise reason I did not wish her to know it," answered Sydney. "There is no telling to what further depths of sacrifice her high spirit might impel her."

And though Florence did not answer it, she silently concurred in the opinion.

"But how will Deborah receive all this?" asked Mrs. Wilbur. "Have you written to inform her?"

"Not I," laughed Sydney, shrugging his shoulders. "I prefer to face the storm in person and have it over at once. Did I tell her by letter, the tempest would only gain violence because of the length of time which she would have to excite herself before my arrival. I wrote to her just as I left Baden-Baden, that I was coming here to Italy, but I did not even say that I expected to meet you. By tomorrow, however, I shall decide on the date of my return, and I shall then write and apprise her of that."

Happy Florence! never was her sunny, unselfish heart so gladdened before, and never before did she say such fervent prayers of gratitude.

"It was Agnes' daily Rosary that brought about this," she said to Sydney the next day as she was accompanying him to see one of the priests attached to the church of San Lorenzo.

"She never omitted saying the Rosary," she continued, "and how distressed she was, when, during our stay in your house she happened to lose a little pearl rosary given to her by one of the Madames on the morning of her departure from the convent. She could hardly be consoled for it."

Wilbur did not reply, but he was nothing loth to hear his niece talk of Miss Hammond; indeed, contrary to his feelings when he was in England, it was the subject he liked best to hear about, and when occasionally, Florence was silent for a time about her friend, he found pretexts for introducing her. Once he hinted his fear least she might have found another suitor.

Florence turned upon him indignantly:

"That shows you do not know Agnes Hammond. She does not wear her heart upon her sleeve for every daw to peck at, and having loved you once, she will continue to love only you. You wrong her by the supposition of another suitor."

"Granted, by little, fiery niece, but what has Miss Hammond been doing all these months? Denying myself all news of her, I am actually hungry for some now."

"Why, have I not already told you all I know about her?" replied Florence in a sort of dismayed astonishment that was ludicrous. "Did I not tell you that she was living a very monotonous life with her guardian, diversified alone by her works of charity which I only suspect, because she is almost absolutely silent upon them?"

"Yes," returned Wilbur, "and that she had refused your invitation to visit you here—if she only had" he added in a tone of doleful regret.

"Yes; if she only had for just your satisfaction, I suppose," mimicked Florence with pretended indignation, "as if nobody else felt keenly her rejection of that invitation. But, as I told you before, it is only another instance of her real nobility of character. And now, Uncle Sydney," changing her voice to a tone of playful gravity, "I shall doubt the sincerity of the motive you allege for your conversion, if you continue to talk and think so much of Agnes Hammond."

"As if all my thinking and talking of Miss Hammond were not atoned for by the visits you compel me to make to numerous shrines. And when your tyranny extended as it did yesterday to making me say in the Medicean Chapel a thousand Hail Marys, I think I may be permitted a little latitude in the matter of Miss Hammond."

And he made a most wry face.

"But I intend to repay you, Florence," he continued, "for our wedding-tour shall include Italy, and Agnes and I shall make a stay of some months with you."

"You are a good, charming uncle," she replied, "and to reward you, I shall be more lenient with you. I shall insist on no more preparation for your baptism than that you shall hear Mass every morning, make every afternoon a visit to some chapel, recite daily the Rosary, and the Litany of the Saints, beside spiritual reading for an hour, saying a few Hail Marys and pious ejaculations, and—"

The burst of laughter from her uncle in which she was compelled to join, stopped her.

"You want me to out-Herod-Herod, in my Catholic prayers," he said as soon as he had recovered his composure.

Despite Florence's pretended fear of the motive which actuated her uncle's conversion, his demeanor on the day of his baptism in the chapel attached to the church of San Lorenzo indicated the seriousness, and in some measure the sublimity of his thoughts. It was in the early morning, and there were no witnesses but Florence and her mother; the latter, and the priest who performed the ceremony were his sponsors, and as Florence heard his firm responses to the demands which form part of the rite, her eyes filled with happy tears.

A little after, and the three received Holy Communion. Even in the arder of her own thanksgiving Florence could not refrain from looking at her uncle who knelt beside her: but his face was buried in his hands, and his motionless attitude indicated how deep and absorbed were his devotions.

XXV.

Deborah Wilbur was in a glow of happiness, a letter having arrived from Sydney naming the very day on which he intended to begin his journey homeward. The one thing needed to fill the measure of her delight was the presence of Miss Liscome. That lady had accompanied her invalid sister to a quiet country resort, and from the tone of her lengthy letter to Miss Wilbur, written not an hour after her arrival at her destination, she was hardly likely to return for a month or more, at which prospect Deborah chafed. She wanted Prudence to talk to, and even to assist her preparations for a final departure from New York, for, though her brother had not said a word of going to California she felt assured that he was coming home for no other purpose.

When the excitement consequent upon her satisfaction seemed beyond control, she found some relief in talking to Anne, thereby astonishing not a little that practical and undemonstrative domestic, while her bustling preparations went to the extent of disarranging the whole house, in order, so she said, to have everything ready for immediate sale, or transportation, on Sydney's return.

Anne stared agape at the litter and confusion, thinking it a funny welcome to give the master, and wondering at such hasty preparations for a journey the date of which had not been even hinted.

The only apartment Miss Wilbur spared, was that which her niece and Miss Hammond had occupied. Having denuded Sydney's own room of its furniture in order to show him how certain she was of their speedy removal to the West, it was necessary to have some chamber prepared for him, and Anne was set to work dusting and polishing, but with orders not to disturb the texts that still ludicrously enough stared down from the walls. Thus, Anne's sturdy arms belaboring the bricks that formed the back of the hearth of the wide, open fire-place, caused some of them already loosened by time to project still more from their cavities; in this way she even disturbed the little case containing a pearl rosary which so long had lain hidden from sight. It came slightly to view, but at that moment an authoritative ring of the hall-door bell made Anne in such haste to obey the summons, that she finished her work at the hearth without perceiving anything more than the scoured surface of the bricks.

The visitor was a flashily-dressed, but fine-looking man, whom Anne had never seen before, and he asked for Miss Wilbur with such a self-confident and patronizing air, that she went immediately to find her mistress.

Miss Wilbur saw him at once, her fringe of cork-screw curls pushed ludicrously up from her forehead and her puckered face expressive of intense curiosity.

"Miss Wilbur, I presume."

The stranger bowed very low, Deborah nodded, and puckered her face still more in her desire to know the business of the visitor.

"I have come to learn the address of Miss Liscome. She is an esteemed friend of mine, but not having seen her for some time I am in ignorance of her whereabouts. I ascertained by accident her acquaintance with you, and learning your address, I have taken the liberty of calling for the information."

Deborah's curiosity began to be mingled with indignation at Prudence for never having mentioned that gentleman who claimed her as such an esteemed friend, and her indignation made her for the moment impervious to the stranger's suavity. She eyed him all over with unpleasant sharpness as she answered:

"I don't know that it's my place to give people's addresses to every stranger who inquires for them. And may I ask who referred you to me for information about Miss Liscome?"

The gentleman, instead of being daunted by her rebuff, only smiled the broader, and seemed to put himself more at his ease, while he said very suavely;

"Your prudence is to be commended, my dear madame; I dare say it is upon that quality my friend, Miss Liscome, has based her excellent friendship for you. But in this case you may safely waive the virtue; my object in desiring to see Miss Liscome is purely to benefit her."

Deborah in spite of herself was slightly mollified by the suave, confident air of the visitor, and feeling that she would serve little purpose by continuing to withhold Miss Liscome's whereabouts, she not only gave that lady's number on Hubert street, but actually produced Miss Liscome's letter, and permitted the stranger to copy the address which headed it.

"And what is your name?" she asked with a little snap, when the visitor seemed about to depart without giving any information on that point.

"Kellar, madam; Nathan Kellar, entirely at your service for your graciousness of this morning," and he bowed again very low.

Deborah would have put a few more questions, but he gave her no opportunity, for with a hurried adieu that was in marked contrast to his former easy manner, he seemed to dart from her presence and out of the house.

She relieved her feelings by writing immediately to Miss Liscome; adding to her graphic description of the visitor an account of her own displeasure at being treated with such reserve by Prudence, as not to know something about this old-time friend of the latter; then she concluded by hinting that unless Miss Liscome speedily returned she would find the Wilbur homestead quite deserted and even possibly sold to strangers.

Mr. Kellar also wrote to Miss Liscome a flattering epistle, but so coarse in its flattery that to any other woman it must have caused a sort of indignation and disgust; in Prudence it raised emotions of the keenest vanity and lulled even her fear of discovery as to her true knowledge of "Jared." Mr. Kellar had devoted a page of large letter paper to the impression made upon him by Miss Liscome—his inability to forget the charm of her manner, his longing to behold her again and how that longing had impelled him to seek her address from Miss Wilbur to whom he had been referred by their mutual friend, Mr. Mallaby, as the person most likely to know where Miss Liscome lived; that in accordance with an impulse of prudence, not knowing what degree of friendship existed between Miss Liscome and Miss Wilbur, he had withheld from the latter all mention of Mr. Mallaby. Then was added an artful description of the unfavorable contrast Miss Wilbur presented, in the eyes of the writer, to Miss Liscome.

Prudence read it repeatedly, each time becoming more delightfully agitated, and more anxious to return to the vicinity of her new and ardent admirer.

To the dire consternation of her sister she announced her intention of starting for the city the very next day, and she was unusually indifferent to entreaties, protestations and reproaches. Mrs. Mallary having come to the country at the mercy of Miss Liscome, was obliged to return at the will of the same lady, before the expiration of half the time allotted for her sojourn.

Her first visit was to Deborah, and full of the flattering contents of Kellar's letter she felt that she was very much the superior of Miss Wilbur. Indeed, there was a sort of inward chiding of herself for not having before impressed her superiority upon that lady, but she intended to atone for her remissness by beginning to do so at once. She felt quite bold and exultant as she tripped along the sidewalk, not even ruffled in thought by the indignation and tears of Mrs. Mallary whom she had just left—that lady being both aggrieved and insulted by hurried and untimely return.

Miss Liscome's resolution to assert her superiority weakened at the sight of Miss Wilbur, and it gave way entirely before the extravagant welcome of Deborah, who, answering the bell herself, could hardly get Prucence into the house quickly enough to impart some delightful information.

It was to the effect that Sydney had arrived from abroad that morning and had gone out not ten minutes before Miss Liscome came. She was so full of her own communications that she even forgot to allude to the gentleman who had called for Miss Liscome's address, and she also forgot to reproach Prudence for never having told her that she had such an acquaintance.

"Sydney has grown handsomer than ever," she rattled on, not giving her visitor the slightest chance to put in a word, "and he is in the best of spirits, a clear proof that he has completely forgotten that forward chit, Miss Hammond. He was just delighted that I had the house so torn up, and things in readiness to depart, for he said he guessed it wouldn't be long until we should leave here. So, you see the dear fellow has actually preserved his common sense, and in a little while we shall be in California in full possession of that fortune."

She was obliged to pause to take breath, and Miss Liscome seized the opportunity to remark mildly:

"I am very glad Mr. Wilbur has returned so well, and I'm sure I shall be quite lonesome when you go to California;" and then Deborah's breathing spell being further protracted by a cough the speaker ventured to continue:

"Since your preparations are all made, I suppose you will start for California before the month is out." It was then the early part of June.

"Dear me! I hope we shall," answered Deborah with increased vivacity, as if to make up for her enforced silence of the moment before. "I don't know what we'd be doing staying here with the house all upset as it is. There isn't a room fit for Sydney to sleep in, except that one I fixed up for the girls. You remember, Prudence, the one where I hung all the texts—" Prudence nodded; "well, that room I didn't touch just because it had those blessed texts in it: I do think it was owing to them, somehow, that Sydney was kept from marrying that forward piece."

"No doubt," simpered Miss Liscome, at the same time venturing to look around at the disordered condition of the parlor.

"You can guess how busy I have been," continued Deborah, observing her visitor's look, "and how much I needed your help, but you can do a good deal for me yet before we go. And oh, Prudence Liscome," suddenly recollecting the person who had called to know Miss Liscome's address, "who is that Mr. Kellar who came here looking for you?"

Remembering her former indignation at not having been told anything about him, her voice had taken a sharper accent.

Prudence colored, but it did not show very much owing to the partially darkened state of the apartment, and the quantity of rouge on her cheeks.

Expecting the question from Deborah's fierce letter to her just before she had left the country, she had prepared her answer, and she gave it with assumed carelessness:

"He is a friend whom I have not met for some time."

"Singular you never spoke about him. You've told me at one time or another about your friends, but you've never mentioned his name."

And Deborah went to one of the windows, and threw back the venetian blind as if to let in more light on Miss Liscome's face. But that lady retained her self-possession.

"You couldn't expect me to mention everybody I ever knew, Deborah; and it was some time since I had seen Mr. Kellar."

"But where did he get directions to find me?" perhaps the questioner, remembering with some vexation how she had omitted to insist upon that information from Mr. Kellar himself.

"I don't know; I have not seen him yet," replied Prudence.

"But he wrote to you didn't he?" asked Deborah again in half indignant astonishment; "he copied your country address from one of your letters to me, and that meant, if it meant anything, that he was going to write to you."

"Oh yes; he wrote to me; I got his letter about the same time I got yours."

"And do you mean to say, Prudence Liscome, that you don't know where that man got my address? You're keeping something back, Prudence, or you're lying, and your lying will be found out, and the wrath of God will strike you."

And Deborah who had remained standing after her return from the window, drew her little form up and looked with severely virtuous indignation at her visitor.

Prudence, however, endured the ordeal, emphatically reaffirming what she had said.

Baffled on that point, Deborah probed to find another.

"When and where are you to see this friend?" there was a slight and rather unpleasant emphasis on the last two words.

"I shall write to his office on Nassau Street, and invite him to call on me."

That sounded plausible enough, but Deborah could not yet withdraw the probe:

"Is he married, or a widower?" she asked.

"Neither," hazarded Miss Liscome. "He is a single man."

"Ah!" ejaculated Deborah, and then feeling that her visitor had evidently fortified herself by the quality which her name represented, and, that no more definite information could be elicited from her just then, she abruptly changed the subject by desiring Prudence to take off her bonnet, and accompany her up stairs; she needed her advice regarding the sale of certain articles.

But, though Prudence advised according to her economical judgment, and though she endeavored to appear as if she were interested alone in the articles submitted to her inspection, her thoughts were in an excited whirl, because of her untruthful answers to Deborah's questions about Mr. Kellar. What, if by some means the Wilburs should learn of her acquaintance with Mr. Mallaby, and through that, the real extent of her acquaintance with Mr. Kellar? She was not even sure that Mr. Kellar was not in the category of married men, or widowers, though to Deborah she had asserted the contrary; to do her justice, she did not dream for a moment that he could have a wife living and write her such a letter, but her confidence was founded on blind trust, however. She knew that nothing disgusted Deborah so much as a lie; a downright, cold-blooded lie even in a trifling matter would be sufficient to alienate Miss Wilbur's friendship. As the Wilburs were so soon to leave New York, there seemed really little to fear in that respect, but despite such an assurance Miss Liscome was secretly ill at ease. Not that she need care for Deborah's friendship now, she argued to herself, when they were to be separated speedily, but it was the fear of ignominiously losing that friendship which made her so uncomfortable. Regarding Sydney, her old feelings for him were considerably blunted by her delight at Kellar's sudden and seemingly violent esteem for herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Raw from Her Toes to Her Knees

DR. CHASE MAKES A WONDERFUL CURE

Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover Place, Toronto, makes the following statement:—

MY mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P.O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

DYSPEPSIA is the cause of untold suffering. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the digestive organs are toned and dyspepsia IS CURED.

"THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE."

C. F. STREET, M. A.

CONCLUDED.

Through Mr. O'Neil's kindness, Mr. Simon, with his wife, was enabled to leave the town, where he had so long resided, at the end of March, and undertake the journey to the city of C——, in the State of Maryland. They did not go further than New York city, on the first day; here they rested and had an interview with the physican there, whose professional services had already been so beneficial to Mr. Simon; they resumed their journey, after a day's rest and arrived safely in the city of C——, where they found Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil with Mabel anxiously awaiting them at the station, who conducted them to their home and comfortably installed them there as their guests.

It happened to be holy week, when Mr. and Mrs. Simon had started on their journey; a week which is observed with great reverence and solemnity by the Catholic Church. The city which they were visiting contained a large Catholic population and presented a scene of unusual religious activity, especially on Holy Thursday; on this particular day is commemorated the institution of the blessed sacrament of the Eucharist, when the churches, with brilliantly-illuminated altars, are visited by the public, during every hour of the day, to manifest their faith in the Real Presence of their Lord in the consecrated elements of the Lord's Supper.

Mr. Simon, as a convert, showed a deep interest in the events commemorated and was most anxious to take part in the solemn services, according as his strength would permit him. Poor man! He was astonished that his mind had been so long closed to the truth through ignorance and prejudice and been so indifferent to the graces and blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He was very anxious to be prepared to make his first Communion on Easter Sunday in order that he might thank God for the gradual restoration of his bodily health and the sanctifying grace bestowed which had enlightened his soul and led him safely into the fold of the true Church.

On Holy Saturday, the parish priest called on Mr. Simon, whom he found much changed since the time they first met on the day of his marriage to Miss O'Neil. He congratulated him on his reception into the Catholic Church, which event had interested him deeply, especially as his wife and daughter were so highly esteemed by him. Referring to little Mabel, the Rev. Father had much to say in praise of her faith and piety; "she was indeed a child of grace".

Mr. Simon was much affected by the earnest and kind remarks of the priest about his child, and replied that, on her return home last winter, when he was seriously ill, he was forcibly struck with her sincerity in her religious duties; her faith was such a reality to her; it had been the child's conversation and actions which had aroused him from his spiritual lethargy; he envied her in her simple faith and perfect trust in God.

You are not the only man, the priest said, who has been converted by observing the piety of the young. Indeed our Divine Saviour directed the attention of His disciples to a child, when He was instructing them in the faith. He called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of his fol lowers and said to them, "Verily I say unto you except ye be converte and become as little children, you shal not enter into the kingdom of heaven" "Whosoever shall humble himself a this little child, the same is the greates in the kingdom of heaven." Althoug your wife, continued the priest, is suc a good Christian woman, yet it wa your little daughter, you say, who in terested you in the Catholic faith, an now you have no doubts about th creed of the Church. Oh! exclaime Mr. Simon, had I been converted year ago, it would have saved me from gre misery and delivered me from tempt tions which nearly ruined my min body and soul; now I have learne how watchful are the Catholic pries over their flocks individually and co lectively and how effective are th means they possess for the saving souls. The sacrament of penan which has been simply explained me teaches the laity to examine car fully their thoughts, words and action to study the nature and effects of ve ial and mortal sins, the tendency their predominant passions and to no the progress they are making in t path of righteousness.

The parish priest was much pleas with the conference between Mr. Si on and himself and strongly approv of his desire to make his first Commu ion on Easter Sunday. Before taki leave he appointed an hour when convert could go to confession with exposing himself to great fatigue.

Easter Sunday 189—was an event day in the diary of the Simon fami Mr. and Mrs. Simon and their dau ter accompanied their host and host to the parish church to take part the celebration of the Easter Mass unite themselves with the faithful with the angels and saints in the ad ation of Christ risen from the dead in the praises of Him who was vic ious over death and hell and had stowed upon mankind the divine of immortality.

Among the faithful, who at the t of Holy Communion, knelt before altar, was Mr. Simon; it was the time he received the Eucharist. those who had known him a few y ago, had witnessed his religious in ferentism, his falling from grace, moral degradation, his spiritual de his recent physical weakness and s