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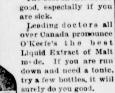
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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XXVI.-CONTINUED.

I would have given a good deal to have been near Mr. Jardine at that moment, and at every fresh bid my desire to restrain him grew stronger. Quite satisfied with himself, however, and with what seemed to me, after all I had heard, to be a strange want of perception of the trap he was being decoyed into, Mr. Jardine went on, light-heartedly topping his rival's biddings. He must have been carried off his legs by the sympathy which he felt was with him in the room, so recklessly did he bid, so indifferent did he appear as to the expenditure of his money, puffing it away at each breath with a freedom and a sense of enjoyment which popularized him immensely with the people. In less than no time the bidding was at £4,100. Too bad! that money should be so wantonly squandered for the advantage of a pair of swindlers. I could stand it no longer, and throwing somewishess to the winds, scribbled a for the advantage of a pair of swindlers. I could stand it no longer, and throwing squamishness to the winds, scribbled a few lines on the back of a letter, and had it passed by hand to the lawver. It had the effect of sobering him. The inn was down to the firm at this moment for £4,150. Mr. Jardine suddenly became mute. I wish I could have seen the partners faces at that moment, but I was sitting with my back to them.

ners' faces at that moment, but I was sit-ting with my back to them.

"Four thousand, one hundred and fifty," cried the auctioneer, hardly able to believe that an out-of-the-way moun-tain inn could have realized such a sum. tain inn could have realized such a sum.

"Any advance, gentlemen, upon that bid? A snug little inn, gentlemen, going dirt cheap for four thousand one hundred and tifty pound! Weil, gentlemen, all I have to say is, somebody's letling a bargain slip. Healthy locality, rich scenery, nice little business, all going for a matter of four thousand and fifty pound! Dirt cheap, gentlemen. Any advance upon four thousand one hundred and fifty? If some one else doesn't sing out, I shall have to knock it down to this

fifty? If some one else doesn't sing out, I shall have to knock it down to this gentleman here for four thousand one hundred and fifty pound."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Goble, with astonishing effrontery, "you are making a mistake; not to me, but to the gentleman youder—mine was the previous bid."

"Nothing of the kind sir!" soil Mr. "Nothing of the kind, sir!" said Mr.

Jardine. "I bid four thousand one hundred and twenty-five — not a penny "I certainly understood it so," said the

auctioneer, judicially.

But Goble and Lend would have it that they were right, while Mr. Jardine stoutly maintained his view: and the disputants were grawing warmer on both sides, when the auctioneer, rapping the table loudly with the hammer, called for

"Mr. Jardine," he said, as soon as silence.
"Mr. Jardine," he said, as soon as silence had been restored, "do I understand that your last offer was four thous and one hundred and twenty-five?"
"Yes. sir." said the lawyer, emphatic

and one hundred and twenty-live?"
"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, emphatically, "that was my last bid."
"Very well, then. We will start again, gentlemen, if you please, from that point. Four thous a done hundred and twenty. Four thousand one hundred and twenty-five. Four thousand one hundred and twenty-five. Mr. Jardine bids four thous-and one hundred and twenty-five. Is there any advance upon that bid? Do you advance upon that, sir?"

Mr. Goble shook his head. In vain

the auciioneer tried to stimulate his audi-tory. In vain he put the matter in this light and in that. In vain he was regretfully prolonging the awe-inspiring word, "Going!" Only an intense silence

"Every breath in the room was held, and not a word fell from any lip. The auctioneer raised the hammer high in air. It was awful to see it poised there; awful to see it slowly beginning to descend. Lower it came, and lower, and then it touched the table with a light

For a moment every one stood with mouths wide open, in a state of expectancy. Mr. Jardine hurried up to the auctioneer. Mr. Goble and Mr. Lend conferred together and laughed; but there was nothing more very clearly to be ascertained, and the room soon began to empty rapidly. For my part, had I been with a less impetuous companion, I certainly would have waited to make out what I could of the remaining formal-ities. But it would not do to thwart The O'Doherty at this juncture, so I moved with him towards the door, through

which the crowd was now pouring.

"Whew!" he cried, taking a long breath as soon as we were in the open air. "Did you ever know anything like

t?"
"The heat? Never."
"The heat! No, the price, If any one had told it me, I wouldn't have believed it posible. And Mr. Jardine, too! Were

it posible. And Mr. Jardine, too! Were ye ever so surprised in your life?"
"Who would have thought he had such an ambition—or so much money?"
"Faith, I don't know which to wonder at most, his wealth or his folly. A close-fisted man, too, to be flinging away money like that! He was too eager—the others saw it, and they ran him up. Didn't you see how they backed out when they see how they backed out when thought he wouldn't go any higher what is his idea? Can you understand his keeping such an intention to himself? I declare it 'tis downright treachery.'' "He didn't bid against you, sir!"

No, no, by G-d, you're right. I for-that. And I can almost forgive him, or keeping those rascals out of it. were too many for me. But still, it wasn't what I would have expected of Jardine, that he shouldn't give me an inkling of what was in his mind."
"There he is, surrounded by all the

boys from Glencoonoge. Won't he be courted now? We ought to congratulate him, too. He'll think you're offended, sir, if you might have a worse tenant. He'll pass this way to his house. We might wait for him here." But it was for the landing stage that

Mr. Jardine was making. Conn and some others scrambled into a boat and brought it round, and it looked as if the

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lawyer was going to make a journey across to Glencoonoge. So we stepped out as fast as we could towards the landing-place. Mr. Jardine, I believe, saw us. He was very pale, as he got hurriedly into the boat, which the Glencoonoge boys, obeying his orders, no doubt, quickly pulled away from the shore. Conn steering, as before.

"I declare I think he's afriad of me!" said The O'Doherty, as we stopped short

said The O'Doherty, as we stopped short and looked after the boat already at some and looked after the boat, already at some distance. "A queer little man! Though I've known him all these years, I can't make him out, at all. What the dickens is taking him to Glencoonoge? Does he think 'The Harp' will run away? 'Its true what you say, sir, he didn't bid against me, anyhow; and so, after all, I'm right glad he has got it. I'd like to be the first to tell him so, too, when he lands at the other side. We might be there before him, if he spurred our horses. But, egad, we'll have some luncheon first—which is more than he got, anyhow. 'Tis a pity he was in such a hurry.''

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT GLENCOONOGE. Mr. Chalmers, unseen, had witnessed from his window all the hurry-scurry of the departure of the Glencoonogettes that morning, and had been able to follow the morning, and had been able to know the winding course of their boats long after they had ceased to be visible to the book-keeper from the sea-wall. Long after the boats had diminished into activing he remained at the window after the boats had diminished into nothing, he remained at the window looking out. Not that the scene soothed him, or harmonized with his mood at that monent. Others, to-day, might passively await events they could not control; but for him, some instinctive foretrol; but for him, some instinctive foresight had lately pointed to this present
hour as that in which a dreaded task
might be with less difficulty accomplished. Now all the bustle was over.
Silence was brooding where lately there
had been so much stir; and his beating
heart told him the propitious time had
come which must not be suffered to pass
by. "Go to her now, and tell her all,"
whispered an inward prompting. "She
lis there behind the hedge, pensive at the is there behind the hedge, pensive at the water's brink. For these next hours your water's brink. For these next nones your sister will be alone, and face to face, you can speak together freely and fully, without fear interruption. Tell your story, plead your cause, endure her reproaches; receive from her perchance—but that is almost too much to hope for — some words of welcome. But be it of welcome or reproach, whatever she may say at this golden time, will be at least her own

free utterance. The counsel was convincing, was im-The counsel was convincing, was imperative; the thing was to be done, and would be done, Eastace Chalmers told himself. But reasons for delay argued importunately too. "Wait till she comes in," said one; "it will be easier to speak to her indoors." And so the time passed while he stood there, watching and dreading her recentry. By and by—but it while he stood there, watching and dread-ing her re-entry. By and by—but it seemed an age first—the book-keeper ap-peared in the opening of the hedge, and crossing the road, and ponderingly mount-ing the steps, entered the inn. But now hesitation put in its voice. "What will you say? How will you begin?" And you say? How will you begin?" And the forecastings that ensued so unnerved their victim that he could no longer face them; and the thought of speaking to her in the house, too, almost stifled him. "Ah!" cried the sufferer, paralyzed with wavering, "why did I not join her awhile ago! She may not go out again, and if she does not, I have lost my chance." And in a faver of intermittent exaspera-And in a fever of intermittent exaspera-tion, Mr. Chalmers stood at his window, waiting, hoping, and despairing, as the long minutes passed and the book-keeper did not emerge, and not even a bird flew across the sky to break the torturing

It had occurred to the book-keeper the there might be company at the inn that night. If Goble and Lend were the pur-chasers, it was almost a certainty, she thought, that they would at once put in an appearance at Glencoonoge. What would be the import of their visit if they would be the import of their visit if they came in all the pride of ownership? It could hardly be favorable to her and Conn; but in any case it would reflect no credit on her management to be taken unawares. So Polly was told to kill and dress some fowl; and Mrs. Costello was reminded to look to her store of flour, bacon, butter, eggs, milk, and preserves, in case she were suddenly called upon to show her skill. Directly the book-keeper had turned her back, Mrs. Costello expressed to Polly a wish-to-my-goodness that the "bothersome business" might soon be settled once and for all, and decent folks be allowed to go back to their he book-keeper) had got so feverish and the book-keeper) had got so levels and digetty that there was no such thing as bearing with it. But in truth the book-keeper stood in too great awe of Mrs. Costello to approach her unnecessarily and the mistress of the kitchen had not really the dynamic of Palls. eally had much to complain of. Polly ndeed, had worked like a horse for the last week, scouring the passages and the rooms; and to-day the book-keeper, as she rooms; and to dead the observed, as the wandered from one to another with a critical eye, felt satisfied that the new owners must be very captious if they could find fault with the place on the score of want of cleanliness. Her tour of inspection over, she began to wonder at the lightness of heart with which she had made it; for latterly she had gone about he house with the shadow of the coming change always on her. To-day, however, there was no room for regrets, no pause to consider whether this or that was being done for the last time. The crisis being done for the last time. The crisis was surely, by this, at its height; and Conn had promised to burry home and bring her quick tidings of what had happened. He might even now be on his way! she thought, anticipating, in her impatience, the time when that could have been possible; and there being nothing more to see to she took up some saw. ing more to see to, she took up some sewing to busy her hands with, and sallied ing to busy her hands with, and sallied forth to look out for her husband's com-

At her favorite seat at one end of the sea walk (the same where Conn and I had sat that night, many months ago now, and he had unbosomed himself of his fond despair) the book-keeper rested, after she had walked backwards and for wards for some time. Lifting her eyes presently, she saw "No, 7" standing at presently, she saw "No, 7" standing at the end of the sloping pier, which the water was lapping with wavelets, for the tide was rising. He was standing, now line was rising. He was standing, now looking out seawards, now regarding the inn and its surroundings, and presently his looks were turned in her direction.

"Poor young man!" she said to herself; "I don't think he is," hesitated "No. I'm way. But what of that? It is not only that he is poor, but he is far below ill he looks! There! he sees me, ineath her in station. She is a lady, and in the look is the ineath her in station.

and is turning back. I suppose he will wander off somewhere, and hide himself away for the rest of the day."

But she was mistaken. "No. 7" had

But she was mistaken. "No. 7" had begun to retrace his steps only that he might approach her. As he came near, the book-keeper was still more shocked to see how ghastly he looked; but he addressed her with unusual liveliness—in a tone of cheerfulness, in fact, which by contrast with his looks sounded insincere. "I begin to think Mr. Snipley is right," he said. "The place is a perfect paradies."

dise.'
"Ah!" said the book-keeper, shaking her head and speaking authoritatively, "you do wrong, sir, to stay in Glencoonege. It is too dull, too lonely for coonoge. It is too dull, too lonely lor you; you want change and movement. Or if you must stay, you should take more pleasure. Mr. Shipley used to amuse himself, in one way or another, all day long ond every day. You might have gone to Lisheen to-day. It would have been an excitement. You could have had a seat in one of the boats, and welcome. The man are civil enough. The men are civil enough welcome. The men are even though they seem rough, and can be so upon occasion; but a stranger, especially one so inoffensive, has nothing to fear. Besides, my husband was with them."

"No. 7" sat down on the bench near

her.

"Why do you think the place too lonely for me? You do not seem to find it so."

"No," said the book-keeper, considering the point. "Not now. It is my home; I have no wish beyond it. But it was the point of the point of the point. "It is a place when the point." home; I have no wish beyond it. But it was different once. It is a place where one can be sad, I know that well enough. That is parlly why I often wonder how you can bear it. You surely have friends somewhere? Some one on whom you have the claim of blood or friendship?

You are not fit to be alone."

"No. 7" laughed mckingly.

"Inight journey round the world and yet come to no place where I have any stronger claims than I have here." sighed the book-keeper, " have you no friends, either?" None."

"Are you in earnest? What! not a relative in all the world?"
"I did not say that. But relatives are not always friends. Even of those I have but a small stock—only one, a sister."
"Well—but she—?"

"Oh! she is married, and has other interests. I am nothing to her.'
"How dreadful!"

"No, it is natural enough."
"Oh, no!" she returned, taking a rapid survey of him as he sat beside her on the bench, "I call it most unnatural." "We have lived nearly all our lives

"We have lived nearly all our lives apart."

"Still, I cannot understand it," she remarked, stitching with easy regularity. Suddenly she stopped, and dropping her hands into her lap, and looking into her companion's face, and speaking as if hurried on by some impulse, she said, "Why, I had a brother once—I can barely companied by the statement of the statement remember him;—a wild, ungovernable boy, with the adventurous and romantic blood of a sailor-grandfather. He was my mother's pride, and joy, and hope. Alas! while still a schoolboy he ran away to sea, and wrote a letter home saying he would come back rich and famous. ing he would come back rich and famous, or never. He left no trace behind; a lefforts to discover him were fruitless; we never heard of him again. I was a child then, and I am grown up now and married—that will tell you many years have gone by since. He is dead, or certainly we should have heard of him long ago. Sometimes I have thought, sometimes I still think—it is an idle fancy—supposing he did not die! Supposing he was alive, and yet had made no sign during all those years when my father and was alive, and yet had made no sign during all those years when my father and mother were mourning his absence, and wishing, longing, despairing, and clinging achingly to hope when things were all going wrong; when my father, broken in fortune and spirit, died, and my mother and I were left alone and needing helphis silence would have been hard and cruel, would it not supposing him to be

cruel, would it not, supposing him to be free and sane? impossible to excuse or defend, turn it how you will? Still, do on think he would b ho were to return, or I heard that he was alive? I cannot understand your sis-ter," she added, resuming her work and looking at him doubtfully between whiles, as if she was wondering on which

side the fault lay.

But "No. 7" was apparently more willing to hear her story than to tell his own.

"And you hardly remember your brother?" he said, looking away. "It is

strange he should ever come into your "It is a habit with me of long standing," said the book keeper, talking on partly to humor him. "My mother parily to humor him. "My mother never quite lost hope that Eustace—that was his name—would return. As her end drew near, she spoke of little else;

and there were times during many years when she infected me with her belief that he was not dead." "Do you believe so still?" asked "No "Ah, no. That fancy has long ago died out.

bring my brother to mind. Sometimes

it is one thing, sometimes another. have thought very much of him lately and why, do you suppose?"
"I cannot guess."
"Because of you."
"Of me!"

"Yes," she answered, laughing, "you were so anxious to buy my grandfyther's portrait. I should be sorry, under any circumsances, to part with it, but I could

hardly have resisted your offer if it had not been that—"

"Ay," said "No. 7," turning away again, and speaking as if he had a twinge of pain, "your husband has told me the reason."

twinge of pain, "your husband has told me the reason."

"Come, now," said the book keeper, lightly, when some minutes had passed, and "No. 7" still sat silent, looking out ahead with far-off eyes, "I have told you my family history—certainly I am changed; a few months ago I could not have spoken so freely—may I ask you, in return, to gratify my curiosity? Really and truly, now—why are not you and your sister friends?"

"Partly for the reason I have given you—we know so little of each other."

"And besides—?"

"Well, if you must know, partly because of her marriage. When I first heard of it, it filled me with despair and shame."

shame,"
The book-keeper was full of sympathy

he—little better than a laboring man. People should not think only of them-selves when they marry. Noblesse ob-lige does not apply alone to titled aris-"No?" said the book-keeper with cold

deliberation.
"Ah! what have I said! I ought not

"Ah! what have I said. I look to have spoken."

"Eh? I do not understand you, sir."

"I know too well I have no right to say anything that would cause you pain. Believe me, the words were out before I knew exactly what they were, or all that they implied. I spoke as I once thought, beadly set I think now."

they implied. I spoke a relative they implied in a lithink now,"

"You are very mysterious," said the book-keeper, mentally casting about for his meaning. "Be as open as you like, if it relieves you to speak."

"Well—as I may speak freely—I was effectly on might, see a reference to your-

afraid you might see a reference to your-self in my unlucky remarks about my sister's marriage." A slight pallor overspead the features of the book-keeper, and the beating of her

heart began to quicken.

"To me!" she faltered, "why to me?"

"Ah!" he returned, "blunderer that I am! I am wounding you; and yet you yourself have forced me to speak. It was

yourself have forced me to speak. It was not fair to urge me on."

The book keeper stopped working, considered, and then, looking him full in the face, said in a low tone of suppressed strength, "What do you mean, sir?"

"You know well enough I have seen that portrait in the house yonder. You yourself have just told me that it is the portrait of your grandfather. And who can pretend that that peasant stripling whom you have married—houest fillow though he may be—is a fitting husband for the grand-daughter of Admiral Stanhope?"

She sprang from the seat with a gasp.

'Nay, do not be alarmed, do not go away. Sit down again. There! If I have stumbled on a secret that you wish kept concealed, your secret, depend on it, is safe with me, and goes no further without your leave.

fixed her eyes upon him search

She fixed her eyes upon him searchingly, but there was no guile in his looks, nothing but a grave sincerity.

"How do you know all this?"

"It is not the first time I have seen a portrait of Admiral Stanhope. He used to be held up to my admiration; his name is one of the earliest things I can remember; and—do you not know that it has been in people's mouths a good deal of lete?"

"People are wondering what has be-come of his grand-daugnter," said the

stranger.

"People were not wont to trouble themselves so much about her; what has set them talking of her now?"

set them talking of her now?"

"A young man hailing from Australia—a certain Eustace Chalmers, who says he is the grandson of Admiral Stanhope, has been making inquiries for his sister in all directions. His story is a strange one—some might think, incredible. For years he has been struggling uphill; so buff-sted about by mischance and illbuff-ted about by mischance and ill-success, that he had not heart to raise success, that he had not heart to raise
his voice, or make a sign, or do anything but hide his face. Till his return
home lately—such is his account—he
had heard nothing, suspected nothing
of the terrible things that had happened in his absence—his parents'
deaths, his sister's disappearance; and
ever since driven by a constant in deaths, his sister's disappearance, and ever since, driven by a constantly increasing dread, he has been hurrying distractedly hither and thither trying in vain to find out where she is. There are some who pity him, and others who say he is mad. I have sometimes therether the same myself before now."

thought the same myself before now."

The book-keeper was pale and trembling. "Can it be possible! Sir! you are not trifling with me?"

"He is bewailing his selfishness, his folly, and stupid pride, and well he may; an accumulated vengeance has folly, and stupid pride, and well he may; an accumulated vengeance has overtaken him."

"Sir! what! For pity's sake! hs is not deat?"

"No, no—he is alive and well."

"Enstace Chalmers! it must be

can be no other! Oh, where will a letter reach him? where is this young man to be found?"

"Who can say! Awhile back he was in London, then he was heard of in Ire-land, and later on in France. But whereever he goes, it is with the one object—to liscover his sister."

Oh, how can I find him?" "You would receive him? You wish

"Can you ask? Oh, sir! you who know so much must know more. It is cruel to keep me in suspense! Where is he now?" "Here, Janet; he is here, before you. I am Eustace Chalmers. My mother's prophecy was true. Can you forgive me?"

She could not speak at first, and then You! Number—!'
"Yes, I. Look, Janet, look! do you

know that writing?" He took from his pocket a paper, unfolded, and held it to-wards her. It was her own letter to Miss Walsingham.

The color had faded from her cheeks. She knew the letter. The diminutive of her name, long disused, struck familiarly

her name, long disused, struck familiarly on her ears, and like the sound of a well-known chord heard long ago, awoke old memories of her early home.

"These words," he said, still holding out the letter, "have been an unceasing cry in my ears calling me to the rescue. Alas, alas! that I should have come so late. How blind I was! Mr. Shipley can tall you that months ago he and I mat for late. How blind I was! Mr. Shipley can tell you that months ago he and I met for the first time by accident, and during an interval of forced inactivity we spent together, something—I don't know what—led me to talk of all that lay heavy on my heart. I was in this house the very night of your wedding, little dreaming whose it was. All next day Mr. Shipley and I were considering how I could find you; and when I went away so suddenly it was still in search of you. Ask Mr. Shipley. He can setyour doubts at rest."

The book-keeper was watching him as he spoke. His arguments indeed con-

he spoke. His arguments indeed confirmed his assertions; but she began also to see a look upon his face, certain pass-ing expressions, a play of the eye and mouth in speaking, which she knew by

"Nay, it is not that I doubt you—what reason can you have for wishing to deceive me? But I am stupefied. Give me

They sat silently there for a few mo ments looking out ahead, but seeing noth-ing, so preoccupied were they, until her brother, turning once more towards the book-keeper, saw that her eyes were brimming over, and that tears were streaming down her cheeks. He took her hand; he would have bid her not cry, but the words

failed on his lips. He knew how mixed must be his sister's feelings, and how natural it was that at such a moment old thoughts, old memories, old griefs and wishes were being reanimated, and giving birth to new and sharp regrets as poignant of his own.

"Say out what is on your mind. I never

poignant of his own.

"Say out what is on your mind, Janet," he said. "Reproach me to your heart's content. I am familiar with the bitter truth; the harshest things that you can think of will be mild compared with the think of will be mild compared with the self-upbraidings which have been racking me. I can bear the worst that you can say, if only afterwards, Janet, you will remember the claim of blood, and feel a little glad to see me."

"Oh, my poor wayward brother! how can you be otherwise than welcome, Reproach you, with your young grey hairs and hollow cheeks, and so many signs of suffering! You think because I do not jump about and laugh and clay my

signs of sunering: You think because I do not jump about and laugh and clap my hands that I do not care;" and she looked him in the face again. "Oh, what a wonderful thing it is has happened! It wonderful thing it is has happened: It coverwhelms me, Eustace. It is all true—and I cannot believe it. I have so much cause for joy that I have lost the power to feel." But for all that, something chocked her, and she could speak new rows just then.

no more just then.
Some silent minutes passed. The brother sat with patient meditative face, still holding the hand she left in his, while she tried to stem the ever-rising

while she that the terrising tears. Presently she turned again to him with her eyes all red.

"What was it you said, Eustace? Something you said just now is hurting me. Ah, yes, I remember; but let it pass, we can talk it over again; tell me more about ways refer."

"No, Janet, let me first draw out that pain, for I think I can. Unlucky words slip out unawares sometimes. I did not intend you should ever have known how much I was cast down at finding youmarried. But let me hasten to say that I have had opportunities of judging, and all I have seen, and heard, and know, nakes me believe that you are happy—

"Yes, yes—"
"And that you did not make so bad a

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEED OF PRAYER.

Which one of us has not felt the need of prayer? Which of us has fatled to see its results? If not sub-stantially in every-day life, at least can we fail to perceive the sweetness which penetrate the recesses of our souls To feel that we are not struggling alone, but are helped onward by the prayers of a friend, stimulates us to caution in every instance, causing the vision of discouragement to fade away in the clear gleam of sunlight which brings out with distinctness the picture of some loved one kneeling, his breast beating responsive to our re-"Pray for me." While he is thus fervently engaged, while perhaps heaven smiles upon us, let us go forward and meet the work which we are called upon to perform and burst asunder the chain of indolence which sometimes for too long a period bound in our happiness, leading us too often into selfish forgetfulness, where, in spite of ourselves, we lose, sooner or later, all susceptibility of every tender and social feeling.

WE SHALL RISE IN OUR BODIES

The possibilities presented by the doctrine of the resurrection of the body as a subject for the most inspiring reflections are wonderfully set forth in an article by Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C. S. P., in the Catholic World Magazine for February. He has sounded the highest note of praise and touched the deepest chord of the tion of this exalting belief-that the body shall with every single one of its faculties refined and perfected, be reunited to the sanctified soul some day in heaven, and for all eternity. Even now, he says, "the blessed sigh for their bodies; and it is a thought among the holy, that souls do not lapse into the being of God until they have received their supreme perfection from their union with their body." And again in their body." And again in their body. The philosophic convictions and enter into the essence of each other. Body and soul do not acquire the respective perfection of their nature until they are oined together.' "Since, then," concludes, "we are beholden to the body, let us look to it that we reverence it in decent fashion. It is for us pelievers the temple of the Holy Spirit; of immensely more historic interest than the temple of Jerusalem. Guard

gates by night, so that the wayward traveller with his camel cannot pass hrough the eye of the needle. "The defilement of the human body might be more tragic in its consequences than the spilling of a prop-het's blood in the portico of the temple. The body has its laws, prerogatives capacities; and it is serious to thwart or destroy them. Else nature will turn the throb of health to a nervous remor and the crimson glow of youthful beauty to the hectic pallor of dis-

the walls of the city and the temple

and do not permit the exterior senses

to wander at will. Close all the city

will be secure.

"Then, from a moral consideration, how horrible to think that in some manner we take with us in death bodily habits contracted in life; it would em of momentous importance, therefore, to lay on the lash, and whip disordered inclination into subservience to the sweeter instinct of the soul."

"Difficulties give way to diligence," and disease germs and blood humors disappear when Hood's Sarsaparilla is faithfully taken. Excellent Reasons exist why DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pains, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied

A HOLY AMERICAN BISHOP AS A BOY.

FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

Dr. Faust's Early Recollections of the Venerable J. N. Neumann.

The Ave Maria is always so good, so bright, so opportune in its topics, and judicious in its treatment of them, that it is hard to praise any one number as better than the rest. Still, in its issue of Jan. 27, it surpasses itself in the interest and variety of its

The initial article is "My Recollections of Bishop Neumann," by A J. Faust, Ph. D.

Dr. Faust is one of the faculty of St John's College, Washington, D. C., and a contributor to several religious and secular publications. His name is identified with the Church News, of ashington, for his admirable "Under the Library Lamp," one of the regu-lar features of that journal.

Dr. Faust has some very early re-ollections of the saintly fourth Bishop of Philadelphia, whom we are already privileged to call "Venerable John Nepomucene Neumann," and to honor as one of the glories of the Church and of the Redemptorist Order in America.

I was privileged as a boy to under stand, with the average intelligence o a boy, a great and noble character is whom this threefold life was clearly manifest even to casual observers. It recalling impressions, rather than recalling furpressions, rather that recollections, of the Right Rev. John Nepomucene Neumann, who died a Bishop of Philadelphia, on Jan. 5, 1860 I am constrained to mention a few fac personal to myself for the reader's appreciation of the individual influence f one of the most saintly of our Ame ican hierarchy. My mother, an arde Episcopalian, was left a widow in n childhood; but she continued after t death of her husband, who was a vout Catholic, to keep open houseit was called in those days-for t Catholic clergy serving the mission Carlisle, Pa., then attached to the prish of Harrisburg, and at a later peri

to that of Chambersburg.
"Carlisle was then, as it still is, seat of Dickinson College, founded the Presbyterians in the last centu In the days of Bishop Neuma the parish belonged to the Diocese Philadelphia, and during this period strength was numerically increased Catholic officers and soldiers then s tioned at the United States Barrack school of cavalry practice situated

the suburbs of the town.

"The man is clearly before me write. In stature he was below average height. His presence none of those commanding asp which sometimes repel children, which are usually associated with lers in Church or State. His face decidedly of the German type; and features were saved from what Americans call homeliness by an pression so placid and so benign it carried with it even to childh fancy, the thought of great good The boy instinctively felt that was nothing about the man to aw timidity. The fatherly gentlene face and manner invited confid and the boyish response was a met more than half way. B Neumann's head was remarkabl its size and conformation. And member thinking as a boy, and haps saying to him, that his hat be safe among numberless other public function requiring their

moval; for it would cover the fa well as the head of the average n Neumann in my mother's house be regarded as rather autique in when the remains of ol days, when the remains of ol architecture are rapidly disapp before the spirit of the present

It was a great cause of among the servants and y children why the Bishop never pied his bed at night, but see make use of chairs arranged self for sleeping purposes. So tification, so little known amor Catholics, was first taught to the example of him who, we a may soon find his place w beautified of Holy Church. hood's experiences cannot fat needs nor the modes of self co for the dominion of evil is or plete when habit fixes in grasp the victim of desires. comes with years, when the tenant of the brain, ready

its supremacy in the day of co While Bishop Neumann genial man in the best sen term, I can remember no mer talk's sake. Badinage, the d some of the saints, had no pla mental makeup. I can clear now a fixed purpose in his tion with the clergy, which direct its topics into a high than the mere pleasantries of In the expression of his opini ary or theological, he had the exquisite humility, which are be a normal intellectual train acter rather than a result of

ment.
"In the centre of our gard was a large one, my father a beautiful summer-house, t of his children. It was con honey suckles and grape vi entwisted themselves in work, making a fragrant bo from the rays of the s secluded spot served as a room in mild weather. clergy retired after dinner and then an army officer barracks, to enjoy their ciga Neumann, as I remembe smoke, but he usually wer