

REVENGED.

COLD—bitterly cold! The few late clinging leaves that yet hung like crimson jewels on the trees seemed absolutely to shudder in the bleak gusts of wind, and the sky was all shrouded in driving racks of inky clouds. Talk of the heights of Greenland or the icy shores of Labrador—we maintain that it was quite cold enough for all reasonable purposes in the drear fastnesses of those desolate Vermont hills upon the December night.

All alone upon one of those hillsides nestled the homestead of Job Miller, almost suggesting the quaint idea that it had been wandering in search of some companion farm-house, and sat down among the pine forests in very weariness and despair. It was a low eaved building, guileless of paint, but stained with the winds and rains of half a century, with a broad door stone in front, and a creaking well sweep lifting up its gaunt arm in the rear—and Job Miller had dwelt there in toiling poverty for thirty years.

Put on another log of wood, Jasper, a good dry one, mind, spoke Job to his eldest son as he came from a brief surcease of the weather at the door. 'It's a bitter cold night, and I shouldn't wonder if we had snow afore mornin'.' And the great log crashed in among the blazing embers with a force that scattered the sparks hither and yon, in eddying showers. Job expanded his busy hands before the genial blaze in silent satisfaction, while his wife, a brisk little woman in blue calico and rolled up sleeves, pored vigorously away at a pan of red-striped apples, and stalwart Jasper considered how best to cobble up a piece of broken harness on his knees.

'Hutch! didn't I hear the click of the gate-latch?' exclaimed Job. 'Well, it's rather early for Hannah to be hum from Squire Field's grand doin's, ain't it, wife?'

'It's ten o'clock,' said Mrs. Miller, with a glance at the time-piece in the corner, 'and—'

But Mrs. Miller's speech was cut short by the entrance of Hannah, her eighteen year old daughter.

Reader, have you ever seen a rose-tinted peach nestling upon a bleak and gnarled branch, or an exquisitely penciled shell in the ragged rifts of some rocky beach? If you have you will know just how Hannah Miller looked in the rude home circle! She was rather diminutive but rounded like a Greek statue, with velvety brown eyes, and rippled bands of golden hair, and sweet pea complexion, which was deftly set off by a dress of bright blue merino, daintily fitted to her perfect figure. And as she stood there, eye and cheek brightened by the bitter cold, and the tiny hood falling away from her lovely hair, Hannah Miller was a perfect type of that glorious American beauty which is not rivaled throughout the world!

But she was not alone—for close to the door stood a tall, handsome young man with dark, curling hair, and that indescribable manner about which tells of travel, cultivation and refinement. Neither had those rocky hills furnished the silky fur which edged his wrap-pings, nor the opal, whose mystic light flashed from his forefinger.

'Father,' said Hannah, putting her little gloved hand appealingly on Job Miller's broad shoulder, 'will you not speak to Horace Clay? I asked him to come home with me to-night.'

Job stood with his back to the fire surveying the newcomer with a sort of grim displeasure.

'I thought,' he at length enunciated in slow, distinct tones, 'I sent you word, young sir, that I wasn't expectin' this honor, nor yet wishin' for it!'

Horace Clay came forward into the full glow of the freelight.

'I know it, sir,' he replied frankly, 'but I could not obey your intimation.'

'May I ask why?'

'Because, sir,' said the young man fixing his clear eyes upon Job's brown face, 'I love your daughter Hanna. Will you give her to me to be my cherished wife?'

Hannah would have stolen to Clay's side, but Job Miller's iron clasp was on her arm.

'Never!' was the energetic reply. The blood rushed to Horace Clay's cheeks.

'Perhaps, sir, you are unaware who I am.'

'On the contrary, I am perfectly aware. You are Eustace Clay's son—the millionaire's son. And young man, added Miller with a cold gaze, 'you are very like your father!'

'Is that a crime, sir?'

'To me, yes! And you want my rosebud?'

'I love her, sir, with my whole heart a doul!'

'Very well. Go back to your millionaire father, Horace Clay, and tell him I say that I will never give you my child?'

'Have you no reason to render for this?' asked Clay, struggling to repress his passion.

sure that hung like a broken lily on Mrs. Miller's shoulder.

'Never again, Horace Clay! Go and deliver my message to your father—you have looked your last upon the face of my child!'

'Forget her, my boy.'

The tinted light from oriel windows of richly colored glass streamed softly into the spacious room that Eustace Clay called his study—a room where wealth had garnered every luxurious trifle.

The door was carpeted with violet velvet, the windows were half hidden by draperies of embroidered lace, the very armchairs looked like violet shells of silk and down. And though the snow lay white in the streets without, there were roses on the table, fresh and fragrant, and a tiny basket of silver filagree held crimson-cheeked peaches, close beside a gilded stand of rare vases.

Eustace Clay's hand was on his son's shoulder as he spoke. Horace ball turned, and at one glance at that ghastly face, the father instinctively recoiled.

'Father, I cannot!' he said, in a low, hollow voice.

'Try the effect of travel,' persuaded the millionaire, carelessly. 'Dr. Phillips says your nervous system is shattered—that change of air will do wonders for you.'

'Dr. Phillips knows nothing of it,' said Horace, almost impatiently. 'I know I am ill, sir—but I do not think I shall die. If I do—'

'My child—my son!' appealed Mr. Clay, 'do not speak in this melancholy way. You are all I have in the world to love—if I lose you I lose all.'

'If I die,' persisted the young man, calmly, 'it will be of a broken heart. I do not say this to wound you, sir—but it is necessary that you should know all. Father, will you not lay aside the pride that is a part of your very nature—will you not write to—'

'I have written, Horace. I have humbled myself before that man as I could scarce have deemed possible a week ago. I have implored him to forget and forgive; and all for your sake, Horace.'

'And he has answered—'

'He has refused with bitter words of scorn. Horace, I would lay down my life for your happiness, dear boy; yet even that, I fear, would be in vain. There is but one alternative left—you must strive to forget this girl.'

And while the words were yet on his lips, Mr. Clay saw how impossible it was that they could ever be acted out.

The snow lay in freezing drifts among the deep clefts of the solitary hills; the January starlight wrote its silver hieroglyphics on the narrow window panes of Job Miller's lonely house, contrasting strangely with the ruddy flicker of the fire within.

Job Miller sat beside the blaze, his eyes mechanically upon the pages of the worn Bible that lay on his knees, as he shifted his position a letter fell from his waistcoat pocket to the ground.

'What's that, Job?' said watchful Mrs. Miller, who was darning stockings on the other side of the hearth.

'Eustace Clay's letter,' answered Job, carefully replacing it. 'Ah, wife, it's a grand thing for the millionaire to be begging and imploring of his old enemy the one thing that his money can't buy!'

During all the weeks that had elapsed since the evening in which the hopes of the young lovers had been blighted, Job's lips had been sternly sealed upon the subject, and no one, not even trembling, heart broken Hannah, had dared approach it. Now, however, Mrs. Miller's work dropped to the floor, and she had to come to his side.

'Job—will you not relent?'

'Relent? No!'

'Husband,' entreated the wife, 'Eustace Clay has wronged you—but there is a nobler revenge than you dream of. You ask God to forgive you your trespasses, while you will not for give them that trespass against you!'

Job Miller sat in silence, with immovable brow and compressed lips.

'Job!' continued his wife, her dim blue eyes eclipsed with tears, 'have pity on this poor young man! If it were your own Jasper—if—'

She watched him keenly—nay, she had not touched the right chord yet.

'If Hugh had lived—our dead boy!' she faltered. 'O, husband! let me remember of the dead Hugh plead for his living sister!'

She broke down here, that poor, wistful mother, in a flood of crying. Job smoothed down her grey locks with a kindly hand—he was evidently touched.

'There is much reason in what you say, Rachel,' he uttered, 'but one thing is certain—I will be revenged on Eustace Clay!'

He rose up the next day, colder and firmer than ever.

'Daughter,' he said, turning to the chair where Hannah sat, her golden hair drooping low over the book she was but pretending to read, 'put on your bonnet. I want you to take a journey with me.'

'Father, I would rather stay at home.'

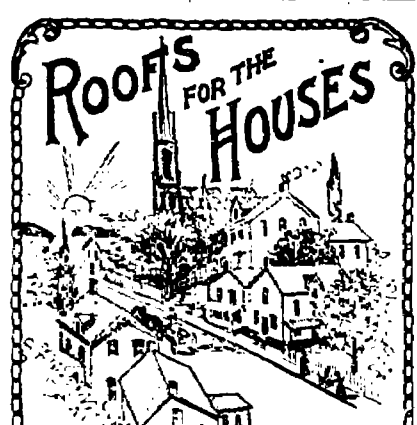


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St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the 2nd Sunday of each month, at 8 P.M. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E. STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL; Delegates to St. Patrick's League; J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

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Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 P.M. President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS SMITH, 65 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and E. Connaughton.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 202 Notre Dame St. Officers: B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. J. O'Connell, Treas.; Marshal, John Kennedy; T. Erwin, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening except on meeting nights for members of the Order and their friends, who may call and read and other leading newspapers on file.

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President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Desjardins ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. E. Brady, 125 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomity; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-Arms, B. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White, Marshal, F. Gibran; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: H. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, F. Gibran; Chairman Standing Committee, John Costello, A.O.H. Division No. 1 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1133 Notre Dame street.

C. M. B. A. of Canada.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74.
Organized March 11, 1888. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St. Gabriel's new Church, corner of Centre and Laurier streets, on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month. Applicants for membership, or any one desiring information regarding the Branch, may communicate with the following officers: Treas., W. O'MEARA, P. P., Spiritual Adviser, Centre Street; Secy., Wm. DeLacay, 15 Fire Station; Marshal, M. Curry, Financial Secretary, 77 Fort Street; Wm. O'LEARY, Treasurer, Bourgeois street; James F. LORCH, 25 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26.

Organized, 13th November, 1885. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 P.M. Applicants for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: MARTIN EAGAN, President, 577 Cadieux St.; J. H. FLEURY, Treasurer, 79 Sherbrooke St.; G. A. GADDIS, Fin. Sec., 51 St. Lawrence St.; JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325 St. Urbain St.

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Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.
Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 P.M. M. J. McALEER, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

St. Gabriel's Court, 185.
Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laurier streets. M. P. McALEER, R.O.C., Chief Ranger. M. J. McALEER, DRICK, Socy, 48 Laurier St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

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PATENT REPORTS.

Below will be found the only complete list of patents recently granted to Canadian inventors by the Canadian Government. This report is prepared specially for this paper by Messrs Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, New York Life Building, Montreal.

61,276—Abram H. Moore and G. Horace R. Merry Magog, Que., improvements in railroad spikes.

61,277—John William Hayward, Toronto, Ont., improvements in pie lifters, toasters and broilers.

61,281—Daniel Kuppel, L'Assomption, Que., improvements in planting machines.

61,282—Alva Armstrong, Oshawa, Ont., improvements in music boxes attached to bicycles or vehicles.

61,288—James Grant Kerr, Niagara Falls, Ont., improvements in Acetylene gas generators.

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From the Montreal Press. Alexander McKenzie is one of the well known residents of Brookholm, Ont., where he has lived for many years. A few years ago it was thought that an early grave would be his; on the contrary, however, he is now stout and strong, and the story of his recovery is on the lips of almost all the citizens of that burgh. The writer, while visiting in the village, could not fail to hear of his recovery, and with the reporter's proverbial nose for news decided to put to the proof the gossip of the village. The reporter visited Mr. McKenzie's home and was introduced to Mr. McKenzie. Enquiry elicited the information that Mr. McKenzie was not at home, but when in former days to his mission the lady freely consented to tell the reporter of her husband's case. Her story runs like this: "Mr. McKenzie is 40 years of age, an engineer by profession, and is now on a boat on the lakes. About five years ago he began to feel twinges of rheumatism in different parts of his body and limbs. For a time he did not think much of it, but he gradually got worse until the pain was such that he was unable to work and could not get rest at nights. I would have to get up two or three times of a night," said Mrs. McKenzie, "I try and relieve this intense suffering. Of course he consulted a physician, who pronounced his trouble sciatic rheumatism. The doctor did what he could for him, but without giving any permanent relief. This went on for several years; some times he would be some better and try to work, then the trouble would come on again and be as bad as ever.

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