NADA, BRANCE 13th 26 meets at 8t 92 St, Alexand Monday of each egular meetings for of business and d and 4th Monday I. Callaghan: Che arcy; President, ing Secretary, P. 0 9 Visitation street tary, Jas. J. Cos Urbain street; Tree ly; Medical Advis rison, E. J. O'Con

McShane's

5 years, accor

perts are at your extra cost; Ca or you? RFF halters, &c., G STREET.

heard her say, " eak the rules of

"It goes badly with them as with everybody else. Therese waited for two hours at the baker's in the Rue Bianchard for some bread-

"She got it, I hope?" interrupted Bilvestr

"The supply was sold out before it came to her turn."

"Mon Dien!" exclaimed the young soldier. "What will they do?"

"Therese says they have enough in the house to last them for another day, but then-" Armand shrugger his shoulders.

"Oh, it is horrible," Silvestre burst out, "horrible." For men strong and able the siege is bad enough, but for delicate women and children-

For a moment the two young fellows were silent, and their thoughts a bit Silvestre took his prother's 'It is strange, Armand, that you

nd I-brothers and the best hums all our lives should be rivals

THE USUEPER

upon a white city and fre

pen glory. From the heights of

s of the city walls, and outs

one of twinkling lights

learned in such matters

heard to declare that in

and the cup of degradation

ant misery, starvation dering fury. Men looked

me another with an unspoken curs

ing in their eyes, and wome

ring the mark of long-drawn-ou-

pasery in their pinched faces trudged rearly to the few bakers' shops

till open and waited their turn for

of bread as were to be bought

usting shells that landed in unex-

nected spots at all hours of the day

and night. The quarter of Mont-

artre was especially dangerous for

rksmen had got their range and

harded the hill continuously. The

enders of the city had dragged

their heavy cannon up to the heights and from their vantage point re-

turned the fire, but the position

was a hot one, and the wayfarer in that quarter of Paris took his life

ent a bursting shell might bring it

Two men, both wearing the uni-

form of lieutenant, were pacing the

astion near the eastern gate of the

ety. From time to time they stop-ped and looked over the snow-

em and the twinkling lights of

the Prussian camp, and then again

They were both young, having, in

d, but recently left boyhood

hind them, and they were curtiously alike in appearance, though the like

em being brothers. Enveloped in

aked caps drawn down over their

yes, it was difficult to distinguish

"To surrender," said one of them

our only chance. At least it

ocked to bits and the certainty of

smarck riding through the streets

as a conqueror," replied Armand de

uetteville. "I wonder how the peo

"The people," observed the other

have had all their spirit crushed

out of them by sheer starvation

What they want is food, Bismarck of

no Bismarck ! Empty stomachs are

feat easily, Silvestre, and there is

a pride in us that not even hunge

egain stopped and looked out over the plain at their

the enemy's camp fires. The lights

and like so many hungry wolves

"What of Therese and Madam Rau-

din?" asked Silvestre at length. "I

have had no time to go up to the

The night was dark now, for

moon had set, but the gloom

helped to intensify the glitter

"But we French do not take

His brother did not reply,

great levelers of pride !"

e plain at their feet.

waiting for their prey.

house to-day."

can kill.

with

only

ness was explained by the fact

long military cloak, and

will save the whole place

"It will be a sorry sight to

ing starved to death."

with a shrug of their shoulders

ned their tramp.

plain that lay between

nto his own hand, for at any

an abrupt termination.

by the

purchasing of such meagre

Therefore silence brooded Paris, being broken only

pedestrian, for the

the city there reigne

ch-fires of the beleaguering Prus

and fretted carving

circle there gleamed

Those among the besieged

lays at least capitulation

tied to its dregs

uldering fury.

"I see nothing strange in it." torted the other, rather hotly. these years is to love her, and that I believe we both do.

"But what of her ?f" peesisted Sil-

"Ah, that is past man's standing. I do believe she cares for one of us in the way a woman should ove the man she means to take for er husband. but which sudden breaking off of the septence petrayed his inability to fathom the

riddle of a woman's heart.

"She is so young," said Silvestre "At her age women don't know their own minds. They want somebody of something to decide for them.'

Armand laughed a little, and lean ing against the wall heazed out into the darkness.

"Do they ever know their minds, Sylvestre, think you? I agree with you on one point; they want mething that appeals to their ima gination or their hearts — what-ever they like to call it—before they wake up to the realities of life. Now for instance, if either of us had done something out of the common, anything that called for great cour age or personal risk, during these past few weeks, we should not in doubt now as to which of us she really loves. Women," contiaued the young philosopher, "are great heroworshippers, and often love a man more for what he does than for his own personality, though God knows what they ever see to love in us."

"Well, it hasn't been our fault that we might show the grit that is in everything has been as dull as ditch water lately," replied Silvestre. Perhaps if an opportunity offere us. But I see no chance-

"Beg pardon, sir." The young men looked around. A soldier was standing with his hand to the salute.

"Yes," said Armand sharply "What is it?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the "but the colonel wants you again. in the orderly room."

"Right," was the reply. "Com Silvestre. let us go and see what's up.4

They found their commanding officer and one or two others awaiting

"Ah." said the colonel "here are lieutenant-and your brother, I ee. I want to send one of you upon an errand which means the devil's own risk. Which of you will under take to go through with it?"

"I will, sir !" The brothers spoke simultaneously, and the officer laughed as he looked from one

the other. "You are both of you as keen as he said, "and small anything wonder, after being cooped up here with nothing to do but watch lines yonder. But come," he added. briskly, "there is something on hand The general has received in timation that a fellow in the secret ervice has secured some valuable intelligence-probably plans of attackwhich he has committed to paper rash proceeding, but one excusable under the circumstances. He send word that he will be in readiness to officer if met on the outskirts of the camp. He has disguised himself a loafer, but is to be recognized the exchange of a pass-word and the fact of his whistling airs out 'Les Huguenots.' Now, do either of you know that opera well enough to be able to continue any air

might be whistling?' "I do, sir" replied Armand Quetteville. "And I, too," added his

brother. 'So-both of you again! You will have to toss for the honor of going. I won't disguise to you that it is a undertaking of great danger. The nemy's lines will have to be passed -the risk of detection will have be run-that and the chance of being shot as a spy. Should the secret ser vice man he there and the exchange successfully carried out, the papers nust be carefully secreted. The in formation will be closely written on thin tissue, and if the bearer should be taken on his way back through the lines he must eat and swallow it. The Prussians must not get hold

of the papers. You understand?"
"Perfectly!" replied the young me in a breath.

"Now, settle between yourselves which is to be. Whoever goes will make for the knoll—that one with the trees on it—at the extreme left disloder of the camp, and then bear away to sition.

the northeast. He will con cottage, leave that on the left and follow the hedge that runs parallel with the garden wall. The holder of re about. The words vered is 'Le Roi Blanc.' and the then know you for our m Whichever one of you goes will have the satisfaction of doing his country an inestimable service: the inform tion received may alter the whole as pect of affairs."
"At what hour will the man

pect a messenger, sir?" "At 2 o'clock. There is no tim to be-lost."

The brothers saluted and left room. Once outside the house faced each other with mutual irreso lution. The bursting of a shell not far from them was the only to be heard for a few moments. Nei ther wished to reliquish the opport nity of distinguishing himself

"Well," said Armand at there is nothing to be gained standing here. Which of us is it to

"Don't you think we had bette toss up for it?.' said Silvestre with a little laugh. "That will be the fair est way to decide which of us is to court renown-or death !'

Both men felt more than the po sible welfare of Paris was at stake in the expedition. The vision of a fair, girlish face lit up with prid was present in the minds of each and the certainty of her appreciation of a brave action and contempt danger was a stronger actuating force than patriotism

"Good. We will toss for it" we the reply. Armand de Quetteville took a coir from his pocket.

"Ready?" he inquired. The other hodded. "You call, then, let us decide by

ingle throw." The coin was spun in the air and fell in the snow. Silvestre called -

"Yours !" exclaimed Armand. "Yo are in luck, Come, you had better be seeing about starting." He comuited his watch, "After 1 o'clock It will take you all your time to get there, for you must have your wits about you and go cautiously. I will wait at the outer gate till you

return." They descended to the drawbridge the heavy machinery was put into motion and the two men crossed the moat, making their way toward the second rampart. The man charge of the outer gate being curtly told of the work in hand prepared to open it.

Silvestre turned and grasped hi brother's hand.

"You bear me no ill will, Armand

for my luck ?" "Ma foi, no! It was an ever chance. I only hope it will prove luck to you. Got your revolver all Well God guard vou, old chap, and bring you back-with the papers. Vrve la

The gate swung back and Silvestre, creeping cautiously out, was swallowed up in the gloom.

With the advance of the night light mist had arisen. This, argued Armand, would be in Silvestre favor, lessening the chances of his being detected by the Prussian outposts. But it was a dangerous job one requiring all the nerve and thorough knowledge of the lay of the land that his brother possessed.

The reward would be great, how duty for the honor of his country and of being perhaps the means of avert fatally certain, also - and to lover's eyes the best - the hope bringing to a maiden's face a flush of pride for a loved one's deed of daring, a flush that might lead to much-to the winning, maybe, that wavering heart.

With his cloak wrapped well about him Armand de Quetteville watch for the return of his brother The monotonous passing to and fro of the sentry hardly disturbed thoughts as he leaned over trying to pierce the impenetrable darknes of the country that lay between th walls and the Prussian camp.

An irritating and to all appearance ess bombardment was main tained intermittently the shells be ing directed against the upstanding hill of Montmartre, where the artil lerymen, under cover of night, wer busy at the work of remounting gun

islodged by the Prussian fire.
Occasionally a shot fell short and ploughed its way into the hard frost bound earth at the foot of the walls not more than thirty paces from where the officer stood. The gate vas in the direct line of fire, those in charge of it ran no small danger of becoming victims to Prussians' persistent endeavors dislodge the artiflery from their po-

The minutes passed very slowly to nd de Quetteville. In spite of his words to the contrary, he was very jealous that the lot had faller Silvestre. It was not so much that the love of his country burne in his heart as that he begrudged Silvestre the chance of becoming hero in the eyes of Therese Raudis

From childhood those gray eyes had been the load-stiar of brothers. Being orphans, they had of late years found a second home in se of Madame Raudin, old friend of their mother's. by side with themselves had grown up the sweet-faced child who heart-when she grew old enough to realize that she possessed such thing-wavered between her two will ing slaves. Each brother considered that

other was the favorite, and

vestre, on his side, was willing to admit the superior claims of mand. He was the elder by a vear and certainly the cleverer, and posessed of the greater wit and fun Armand, to do him justice, conscious that Silvestre, had to which he could not lay claim. He envied him his gentleness, the power of sympathy and readiness to sacri own pleasure for that of others. He knew, too, that in spite of being the younger he enjoyed confidence of his senior officers to a greater degree than himself - his word was always implicitly to be relied upon, also his sense of honor.

Thus there were many disquieting thoughts in Armand's brain as looked out into the gloom of the raw winter's morning.

The church clocks had sounded the hour of four, and still there was no

Supposing-1 Armand shook the thought from nim; but the devil that had prompt ed it was only momentarily abashed and again whispered into his ear, urging the supposition.

If Silvestre failed in his mission Failure could only mean one thing. Either he came back with the pers, or he did not! If the latter. then—the devil at his shoulder grinned as he saw the hot flush shameful hope rise to Armand's face -then his path would be unobstruct-

Dieu! What was that? The flash of a musket caught his eye, and few seconds later the dull crack of the shot. As far as he could judge it was about a couple of miles dis tant.

Armand started to his feet, erect and vigilant, and peered intently into the darkness.

The minutes passed, drew out into half an hour or more, and yet nothing happened. There had been out one musket shot, and then -si lence. Strain his eyes as he would he could see nothing. That the shot was in some way connected with his brother he was positive yet-

Yes, there was a figure running to ward the gate-a reeling, staggering figure, as of a drunken man, groping blindly in the snow, though almost

in touch of the gate.

Armand flung himself precipitately down the steps lending to the entrance, and seizing a lantern that hung upon the wall, ordered with an oath the man in charge to unlock the gate. He waved the light fran tically to and fro as a guide to the wayfarer, whom he knew for surety was Silvestre

Out of the darkness a figure staggered into his arms—it was Silvestre blood-stained, pale and utterly spent Armand drew him quickly into the guard-room by the side of the mas sive wooden barrier.

"See here," gasped Silvestre, "the papers—quick, take them—I can go no further—they hit me twice." He He pointed to his right arm, which hung helplessly by his side. "I have been bleeding like a dog for God knows how long-take the papers; they are safe enough-take them-"

Before Armand could catch he tumbled in a heap on the floor in a dead faint.

But the papers were safe. Telling the corporal in charge to look after his brother and to fetch a doctor, Armand grasped the precious bundle and hurried at the top of his speed towards the inner gate. He nust go at once to the comm ant's office; the papers must be de livered.

As he walked 'swiftly a curiou feeling crossed him. With the packet in his hand he could almost have pelieved that he had been the mear of procuring them for his country True, the colonel did not know which of them -Silvestre or himself- had finally decided to go on the perilous He almost laughed at the strange feeling of envy that swept across him. Silvestre was wounded would be a hero on the morrow

one who had wrought a great deed at

the air-the rush of something shricked like a demon in mortal as it tore its way through the atmosphere a blinding flare of lighta crash-a belching hell of flame. Armand de Quetteville lay on

ground, his hands tightly grasping the package of papers, his body luged with blood, struck almost sible by the bursting shell. was grievously wounded, but he still kept the power of speech. Men rushgently

had sufficient strength to whisper be fore they would give up their charge

"Take him to his quarters." the colonel, "or, stay-better still -take him to the house of Madame Raudin in the Rue Blanchard, and tell the surgeon to go there at once. They will take good care of him they have known him from child-Not much the matter with hood. him, I fancy," added the officer, few flesh wounds and a nasty knock on the head from a splinter. Be careful of him my lads-so-he's a brave fellow, and it's rough on him for this to have happened just as he had finished his work-so-gently there." Not even the roar of the bursting shell roused Silvestre from the deadly stupor into which he had faller His wounded arm had been attended to, but the loss of blood that had suffered had made him as weak as a child, and for a couple of hours

him, his first question was as. the safety of the papers. He was told that they had been duly delivered, but that Armand had met with an accident, and had been taken to the Rue Blanchard. The corporal who was in charge of him was mystified as to the business of the papers-he only knew that the young officer had run some danger in pro euring them. Silvestre did not enlighten him as to the mission with which he had been entrusted: the fewer who knew of such matters the better.

he lay in the guard room unable

move.

The morning was well advanced be fore he felt strong enough to walk up to the Rue Blanchard. However he must see Armand first, and ther report himself at the commandant's office to give an account of his doings the previous night.

He was very weak, but he som how managed to reach the house of Madame Raudin. He almost dreaded to ring at the door. What this accident that had befallen mand—and so serious a one as to necessitate his removal from barracks? He braced up his courage-he know the worst anyhow-and the bell.

The sound of lightly harrying footsteps came to him, and the door was flung open.

A pair of laughing eyes met own, and in them a strange look of happiness such as Silvestre had never seen there before. It was Therese who was standing there, but—a glo rified Therese! How could she look so radiantly happy with Armand sick in the house?

"Oh, Silvestre, it is you! Where have you been all this time?" gasped. Then catching sight of his arm in the sling, she cried: "Oh mon Dieu ! You have been wounded

too! Was it by the same shell?"
"How is Armand?" he interpose almost fiercely. "Never mind about me. How is Armand ?"

They were standing in the little salon, and he leaned against the ta ble for support.

"He is doing well. His head is badly hurt, but the shell-"What shell?" symmered Silves

tre, confusedly.

"You don't know, you haven't heard?" the girl asked, her face still in a glow of excitement. "Oh, Silvestre, was it not hard on poor Armand? To risk his life for those papers, and then at the last minute to be struck down! It is grand, though," she continued, her eyes "He has done a splendid sparkling. thing. I don't believe another man in Paris would have dared to go all alone into the Prussian camp risk being caught and shot as spy, and all for the sake of a papers. Dear, brave boy. I alway knew he would be a hero some day.

A curious grayness spread over the face of Silvestre de Quetteville, and a dull understanding reached

"Tell me." he said, "I was wound ed last night-a stray shot hurt my arm-and I know nothing of all this They only told me that Armand had met with an accident."

A look of infinite pride filled the girl's eyes.

"Oh, Silvestre," she cried, "you don't know? Why, you have got a hero for your brother—all Paris is one who had wrought a great deed at talking of him by now! Listen! He was chosen by the commandant to when you know when you know when you know when alone.

he want alone last night into smy's camp and got hold of some papers that a spy wanted our general to have something very important. Then he managed to get back safely. and just as he was coming across the courtyard the shell fell and burs quite close to him. It might have killed him. They took him to the commandant's office, where the papers were found clutched tightly in his hand and then they brought him here.

"Who told you of all this?" asked Silvestre gently, with a curious choking sensation in his throat— 'Armand himself ?"

'Oh, no. He was too weak to talk. No, the men who brought him here early this morning told us, and when I asked Armand if it was all true he just nodded and smiled, Oh I am so proud of him. Silvestre-' "Has he spoken at all?" Silvestre

put the question with dry lips; a horrible sensation of helplessness came over him. Therese flushed and again the look

of supreme happiness shone in eyes. "Yes," she faltered, "just a few

"And they were Therese?"

the listening man gently, leaning forward as he spoke

"He-he said he loved me - and

She suddenly broken down and hid her burning face on Silvestre's shoul-

"Oh, I am so happy." she sighed, with a half so's in her voice, "for I love him so dearly. And you, dear old Silvestre, will be my real brother at last."

The blood rushed with one wild

throb out of his eyes "Yes," he said softly, "I will be your brother. I—I am so glad, dear Therese. God bless you—both."

"You will see Armand?" she asked after a little silence. "He can talk now.'

"Yes, I will see him-just for

few minutes," he assented. There was something in Silvestre's face which made her hesitate on the threshold of the sick man's room. Then she let him go in alone and closed the door behind him.

As she stood outside she heard the low murmur of voices within. They were very low, but she could distinguish Armand's now and again raised a little as if in expostulation tion. But it was answered by the low, even tones of his brother's voice, and after a while the expostulation ceased, and Silvestre came out of the room.

"He is doing well." he said. "and there is nothing like a mind at rest for helping the body to recover. And his mind is at rest-now."

Therese wondered a little at the words, but something checked from asking their meaning.

'God bless you, little one," murmured Silvestre. "You have your heart's desire-and so has he. I hope you will be very, very happy 1" The expression on his face haunted

Therese as she watched him pass slowly down the street, but in the light that flashed from her lover's eves when she stood beside him she soon forgot it. One sentence rang in the ears of the lonely man as he knelt with bowed head before the altar of a neighboring church. "The men who brought me here

told her-they knew no better, and they told her-and I, God pardon me, had not the courage to confess the truth ! Forgive

And Silvestre had forgiven.

The kindly faced priest whose con essional became so popular in later years was noted, and with some jus tice, for his extraordinary severity in dealing with all faults that sprang from a lack of moral courage. This, and anything approaching the nature a lie, caused the weary blue eye to flash with the light of renewed youth, and the penitent would leave he confessional not a little awed by the holy man's austerity.

Therese de Quetteville has often wondered at her husband's tacit avoidance of his brother Armand hough a successful soldier and one marked for distinction, cannot meet the calm, clear glance of the priest's eyes without daggers of knowledge being plunged into his soul. He realizes bitterly that there is a human love that finds its highest ideal laying down its life on behalf another. He is uneasily conscious that Silvestre's love for Therese was a nobler one than his own. He sees. too, in those tired blue eyes the flection of an old sin, the reminder of an hour of cowardice, in which upon one who had done him no wrong he had cast the burden of a great lence.-Havelock Ettrick in Catholic Fiveside.

You know what a man lives for when you know what he looks

Directory.

A. & B. SOCIETY 8. -Rev. Directo Phail; President, D Sec., J. F. Quinn on the second Suronth, in St. Am's Young and Ottam NG MEN'S SOCIE 1885.—Meets in its

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"One branch e.' ilosophy wrapped u ene, when, hear ehind, I turned an ys had been play

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