AN ORIGINAL GIRL. By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER LXIX.

It was Dr. Burney who had told Rachel of the plan and the desirability of young companionship for her. Posted by means of Notner's letter, which was very explicit, he was able to talk al-most as if he here. Mise Conditions most as if he knew Miss Gedding, and wis quite aware of that young lady's aff c onate regard for Miss M nium; h ; explained, however, that his information came from Mr. Notner. Ra hel listened so pleasantly and

ev in eagerly interested, that the doctor augured unhoped for results from the plan, till Rachel herself quietly but firmly objected. "I should like it very much, Dr.

Burney," she said, " but I could not now receive Miss Gedding; it would be taking an unfair advantage of Miss Burknow what her wish was with rım. regard to my renewal of Miss Gedding's regard to my renewal of Miss Gedding's acquaintance — I know what she herself wrote to Miss Gedding at the time, and remembering all that, I must obey Miss Burram's wish now. Kindly remind Miss Gedding of all that, and give her my thanks and my love. Tell her, also, that just so soon as I can get Miss Bur-ram's consent, I shall welcome her." No amount of argument from the

No amount of argument from the doctor could dissuade her, or shake her opinion of what her duty was to Miss of it to Miss Minturn is the most remark-

able young girl I have ever seen. Were she a man, her firmness, determination, devotion to principle, and self-control would make her a very exceptional leader among men. That letter made Notner reflect again

upon a former letter from the doctor ; a letter in which had been described the doctor's own perplexity when he came upon Rachel in the library having an open letter in her hand and looking very much frightened, but replying to his inquiry that she must see Hardman. "They w ant hal puzzled Notner also, That account ha I puzzled Nother also, till he read in one of Mrs. Hubrey's letters how Herrick intended to write to Rachel. That must be the letter, and no wonder the child looked frightened-such revelations would have frighted a stouter heart, and Nother grashed his teeth in rage at Herrick. Then he wondered if Rachel had told Hardman ; it was not unlikely, knowing as he did the friendship that existed b tween the two, and the child must have some confidant. But he wanted to assure himself, and the next morning h

startled Hardman by presenting himself at the door of the carriage-house.

at the door of the carriage-holes. "I want to speak to you privately, Jim," he said, " about Miss Minturn. Do you know anything of a letter that Herrick sent her? Did she read for you, or show you such a letter ? Jim's face turned refl.

I can't answer your questions, Mr. Notner ; I'm sorry, sir, very sorry, knowing the good friend you are of Miss Rachel's, but I can't.'

Notner smiled . You think it would be betraying

"You think it would be betraying Miss Rachel's confidence, Jim ?" "I do, sir; I think it wouldn't be honorable to Miss Rachel." "Jim, you're a good fellow," said Notner; then he took a step forward and put his hand on Hardman's shoul-dor:

der : "You are an honest man, Jim, and a "You are an honest man, Jim, and a true one ; and in the not distant future you shall be remembered for it all." "Thank you, sir ; bat I haven't done

you take me somewhere where we shall not be interruped ?" "Yes, sir ; just now I can give you as much time as you like, and if you won't mind stepping into the little room that I mide here for myself, I can and there'll be nobody to that never for a moment doubted that shut the door and there it be nobody to distarb us except Sarah would come with a message, and then she just calls me from without." Notner had never been in that little Notner had never been in that little Nother had never been in that little room before, and he was struck with its cleanliness and neatness. There were just two chairs : Hardman's own big one, which he drew forward for his visit-or, and the small chair he had made for Rachel. Nother laughingly asked for what small visitor the wee chair was de-eigmed. ned. Miss Rachel," answored Hardman. made it for her when she first came, she uses it still, though it is very warmle and animation for the doctor, shaking it " I made it for her when she first came, and she uses it still, though it is very low for her, now that she has grown so H." eonsequences of the visit. The num "Well, Jim, I shall not ask you to Herndon had not roased Miss Burram give me any of the confidences Miss Rachel bestows upon you, but I shall give you some confidences of my own-Herndon in person might do so. "I did not care to give my name to so find a seat for yourself, ' Jim seated bin "I did not care to give my name to the servant," the stranger continued, his voice, in its clear-cut, well-modu-lated tones reminding the doctor of Rachel's voice; "I preferred to an-nounce my name to you myself; but I added suficient, as I thought, to in-sure my scolar you."

plexity; events and people were so strangly mixed. That Mrs. Hubrey should give Herrick information which nearly drove Miss Rachel to distraction, and that Notner should say not to be lieve it, was entirely past his compre no wish to be informed of your affairs, but for my patient's sake—in order to calculate the chances of recognition hension. It made him scratch his head and ejaculate a number of times :

" Bless my ribs !" CHAPTER LXX.

The month of May had set in unusu The month of May had set in different ally cold and wet; and with gusts of I saw her, and my appearance has wind that seemed in their piercing changed somewhat—if she is to be sharpness to have been borrowed from affected by any recognition at all, I very middle of an icy winter. People went about with faces re lecting the gloom of the atmosphere, and everyning in the town had a sort of helples ly wet, distressed look. The only stirring thing was the Re-

her ?

changed ?

think my voice may do it.'

ead on, doctor.

side, bringing out the features of the

it even gleamed on the trained nurs

was seated in a corner of the room

strange and startling contrast;

Yes. form Party, but even that, lacking its former opposition-the rout of Herrick's friends had been so complete-seemed to have lost much of its wonted liveli-The party held its meetings, and

made speeches, and had the popular assurance of a complete victory when it should go to the polls, but for all that, the enthusiasm was not quite so great as might have been expected; peras might have been expected; per-haps owing to the weather, and per-haps owing to the fact that many of the people had not yet recovered from the suddenness of the change which had

come to the town. Miss Burram's household there Burram, and when he wrote an account of it to Notner, he added : was little change, save that Dr. Bar-ney was growing irritable at the manner in which his patient's disease tinued to baffle him-he seemed so near at times to catching what she wanted from her eyes fixed upon him with such pitiful yearning — from her hand, vainly trying to make intelligible motions that it was tantalizing when it all be

eame as blank as ever. If only the power of speech for a moment would come to her ; but her tongue remained damb, and her strength, from that silent struggle with herself, began at length face, and in answer to it the girl had attempted to close them by pressing gentle kisses on the eyelids, but they They will both die," he wrote to

" Miss Burram and her Charge; Notner. Miss Burram may linger in this condi-tion for a few weeks, hardly more, for her strength has begun to be alarmingly on the decrease, and her Charge will follow her in a short time; a stronger constitution than hers could not endure he strain of such long vigils at Miss Barram's bedside. To remove herand it would have to be done by force -would do no good; she would herself to death. So there is nothing it, Notner, but to remain to the

end, and—bury them." Just as he signed his name there was a knock at the door. "Come in," he said, without turning

his head, and Sarah, flinging the door wide open, tiptoed toward him :

"Doctor," her eyes were bulging with excitement, and her long, solemn face had a scared look, " There is a gentle man in the parlor asking for you." "What is his name-did he give you

a card ?" asked the doctor quickly. anything ; "No, he didn't give me anything; he only told me to tell you he was a r to you, but that on account of

Miss Burram, you'd be glad of his The doctor was out of the room hefore Sarah had fully recovered her

breath after delivering her message. " May I never be burned nor drown alive !" she ejaculated as she followed him, but by the time she reached the parlor, the door was tightly shut, and though she lingered in her old fashion of eavesdropping, only a very indistinc and subdued sound of voices reached

Trank yoin, sir ', but i navel close anything o ly my duty."
'' And taat you have done so well,'' said Notner, '' that I thins you ought to know the further reselutions about Herrick. Have you time to spare, and can you take me somewhere where we shall you take me somewhere where we shall we have some where we shall we have some where we shall be a somewhere where we shall be a somewhere we sh

--you may be the person." He turned to lead the way out of the room, but before he reached the door, he stopped short. He the scream, and we came ruuning up, and they were carrying you out of the room, Miss Rachel; they said you fell across Miss Burram in bed." across Miss Burram in bed." "Oh!" said Rachel, so relieved, and even happy, that the pain seemed to go Pardon me, Mr. Herndon ; I have

suddenly out of her head and she lay back on the pillow, saying : "Thank you, Sarah, for that news; and now you can bring me some break-fort news?" is it long since she last saw you-long enough for your appearance to have

claimed his wife.

him

the place.

he gath

murmur to himself:

the master of the house rushed out

The wife, left alone, retired to the

took up her knitting, and while she was employing herself with her old-time

cheeks like rain, and Bourgenil, tired

of his home, his sad faced wife, repaired

to a neighboring cafe, where, in order to kill time, he frequently played cards

with a number of regular frequenters of the place. While he played he loved

to orate on the demoralized condition

of society, how the authority of the

severe to the end with his rebellious son. That was his sole top is of conver-

sation and in spite of the prestige

which his great fortune gave him, his

which his great fortune gave him, mis companions, after his departure, gener-ally dabbed him "an old bore." In his presence, however, they invariably nodded approval to his maledictions

against his on by such expressions as

idea of Brutus and the thought that h

himself was a man of that sort was ex

ceedingly flattering to him. But when he had left the cafe and found himself

all alone in the night, he would often

"I wonder how Brutus could have

Father Bourgenil, who was belated

evening his wife had introduced again

"You know that our son's wife is ou

tears were rolling down he

fast, please. "The strange gentleman that came!" Rachel ered now his name, Rachel remembered now shrieked by Miss Burram his name from all that Sarah had told comfortably furnished sitting room and seating herself at her work table, she her — and that name, Terry, was the name of Tom's friend, the Mr. Terry whom she had seen only twice, and whom she did not recognize when she saw him in Miss Burram's room. she remembered him, he was slender and not at all gray, and ever so much younger - looking ; and then she fell to thinking what he could have to do with Miss Burram, that his presence could affect her so, and what did he have to do with "Tom" — and from these thoughts she got to dwelling again upon all that Herrick had written to her, and then to what Hardman had told her of Mr. Notner's interview with him. How did Mr. Notner know? She e brightly, and, as it were, triasked herself, that he could say to Jim with such certainty Herrick had not told the truth? Oh, the doubt and the mystery of it all! Would it ever be explained to her? And why did she care, she said to herself - her duty was Miss Burram who was so kind to her, and so long as she was to believe

ther father, what the to her? For all that, the tormenting thoughts ent with her until they had wrought between the tormenting thought was only a simple peasant and his ideas was only a simple peasant and his ideas and notions on the subject of antiquity and notions on the subject of antiquity and notions on the subject of antiquity her into a fever that, as Dr. Barney said, when he saw her, was going to keep her in bed several days.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ODOR OF BOXWOOD.

An Easter Story.

lways opened to repeat the same look Rachel turned at the doctor's en been so hard-hearted to condemn his throwing down his napkin and rising angrily from the breakfast table. "Never! do you hear me? Never!" only son to death ?" At last Palm Sunday arrived, a trance, surprised that he was accom-panied, but thinking that the stranger he old man with the rage of a caged htrode eut of the dining room, while step of his heavy boots struck the and bright; and Paris had put on her and the old man with the rage of a caged lion strode eut of the dining room, while holiday attire. The ladies, a litt

holiday attire. The latter winter toil-ashamed, perhaps, of their winter toil-ettes, returned from church each with a and tried to conceal the tears which muff. Every one in Paris wears or car-ries a bunch of boxwood on Palm Sunfilled her eyes. For two years the same dispute had been going on between at the table. The dispute was over thier son Edward, who had two years before married against their will a will at the table. son Edward, who had coordinate of the son the be pursuing his lay studies. y loved him, their only child, had come quite unexpectedly after they had been married ten years, when they had given up all hopes of a family. One dayBourgenil, the master builder, said to his wife : had come quite unexpectedly after they

said to his wife: "You know, Clemence, they are about to tear up Paris from end to end. The buildings are strong and if that work goes on I shall make a fortune in less than a dozen years. And I hope our boy will not have to climb scaffolds use that," she said. "A poor girl perhaps, who had been a corset maker and what of that? What were we should be that? What were we said to that that was all ! We never expected to estab li-h our son in the Faubourg St. Ger main ! When Edward had made th accutalingtance oi his Angelina - villain main! When Edward had made the like his father and come home covered acquaintance of his Angelina-villai with lime dust. No—he shall be a gentleman, shall he not, the little ras cal?'

And things were going as the father they are married, why, really Bourge nil, we ought to have a little indu ence for the unfortunate children desired, for Edward was at college. He proved to be a brilliant scholar, and for, my husband, they are in misery ourgenil, the peasant of Limousen, yes, in misery; for where he found em-ployment, they only pay him 200 frances ho had years before come to Paris ith two five franc pieces tied up in a month, no more than you pay out for your cigars and coffee. These things corner of his handkerchief, had now honor of hearing his son complicut to the heart. Oh, I don't ask to nented by the faculty at the annual see them, only to help them a little, just to furnish ourselves a little pleasmpetition and distribution of prizes. In speaking of the future father Boargenil said one day, laying his hand

And the poor old woman, when her flectionately on his wife's shoulder: "Ah, we will allow the young rascal husband did not reply, but thoughtful-ly twirled the little glass which he had £5,000 income; then you see he will select a wife, well educated like himself, just emptied, quitted

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at least they were on a war footing. their one simply furnished apartment at least they were on a war looting. And every evening at the close of dinner hostilities were renewed and al-dinner moding in bitter words, which dinner hostilities were renewed and al-ways ending in bitter words, which wounded to the quick. "Stop—how can you speak so, Bour-genil? You are without pity?" exan instant their long years of life to-gether, she had worked so hard, been so economical and devoted. And this was the woman who was now suffering sue "All right, perhaps I am; but, I, the heartaches on account of their w old fool, say once for all-you are through and through a coward," and son. But was he so wicked ? Without estion, a child should honor his fathe nd mother and obey them. Yet was the room, slamming the door behind there not some excuse for youthful

At that moment the old wife, whom he was following with a thoughtful eye, had taken a piece of boxwood and approaching the wall where hung a large picture of Edward as a collegian, when he had taken the prizes, raised her arms and attached the pretty branch to the

picture. The old man placed his hand to his forehead; he scarcely knew where he was. The odor of the boxwood filled his heart with sadness and generosity. He harried towards his wife, and taking her hands, and looking up at the por-trait, he murmured, with a trembling of society, how the authority of the parent was despised by the children, how each day parental influence was diminishing. He at least was deter-mined to set a good example by being voice

Speak, Clemence; shall we forgive him :

THE CARDINAL'S STORY. An Incident Illastrating the Import.

ance of a Good Confession A former French Bishop who died in Rome after having attained the dignity of Cardinal, once told to a class of chil-Iren who were preparing for their first Communion the following incident: I knew a child, nine year of age, who had grown in wisdom and in grace under the eyes of a poor but deeply religious

nother. Clement-that was his ba nal name-hid nothing from his good mother, who read in his countenance, beaming with candor, the angelic pu of his soul. One day, however, came into her presence with a sad and nstrained air. "Clement, what ails you?" she Oh! mamma," he replied, quickly,

I have been to my duty, that's all "Clement," said his mother-no with concern this time, but with sever

ity-" Clement, you know it is not that that disquiets you; you have committed some fault. "But, mamma !" the boy protested. Some grave fault. Go back again

to your confessor." Clement went and her prayers fol-

lowed him. He soon returned, but the shadow which darkened his pure brow was not dispelled, and his mother's eye was not deceived. she said sorrowfully,

"Clement," she said sorrow 'you have not done as I bid you. "Yes, I have, mamma." "Oh!" exclaimed the mother, "I

am a most unhappy woman! My son has not made his confession as he ought! He has committed a sacrilege And she fell to bitter weeping. Clement loved his mother very much

and when he heard her deep sobs he turned pale with fear, and hastily went forth again to seek his confessor. "Well, my child, what is the matter?

Why do you return? 'Father, I have-I have forgotten something." "What is it, my child? Tell me,

and do not give yourself so much con-cern about it." ' Father, it's about Jules-you know

Jules. He sits beside me in "I know. Go on." "Well, Jules is rich, and his mother

has given him a new knife." "What of that, my child? said the priest, beginning to think the case

more grave. "'He-he showed it to me, and then put it back in his desk. And after-wards when Jules was not there, I ught I would like to see the pret mile again, and I opened the desk very

said the priest, breathing more freely ust too much curiosity, was it n And I looked at the knife a

MARCH

THE TRIU

BY REV.

I shall read y verses from the is a hymn of pro-

exaltation after In Thy stre shall joy, and in rejoice exceedi life of Thee : ar length of days

glory is great glory and great upon Him. Fr to be a blessi Thou shalt mak with Thy cour and be found Thy right hand hate Thee. Thou destroy f

seed from amo For they have Thee: they have they have not * * * Be Tho Thy own stre

praise Thy pov These words in their myst

triumph ave read the triumph I wish

to say may be positions. By won a triple continued to This triumph, seen by all wh in one sense l

tial, in anothe fect. Let me CHRIST'S TRI To-day Chi power of soldi tive, and over to retain its o

the power of He triumphs,

triumph, ove men, for those

to Him again

Apostle Thor God!" Here triple triumpl orces, a triu forces of plan a triumph ove sion, cowardi Strong is Can the dead thinnest mar Ponderous m bove the dw them down. tombstone, th can do all th which the go day. It was a great stor door. But E a flash of ligh the Body th came forth in Great is t against the w inarmed will ture to pass force keep g a spot menti soldiers stor

they were to sunrise had were smitter Prisoner pas that Eastern ren, is the tr physical for then began

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ountains o

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After cen

day. Arms nev taken up ag Nine Roman

against him streamed w emperors p swept away blood, and (Roman emp

There was not much harm in that,

priest in a disconsolate and reproachful

inght be another physician. On they went to the bed, keeping side by side till they stood where Miss Burram's eyes could rest fully upon both; then the stranger put himself slightly in advance of the doctor. Miss Burram looked at him; the same pitiful, yearning, agonized look she gave to everybody, but nothing more; nothing nore, till he said in a low, concentrated tones as if he would that they must reach her soul : Bedilla !' She raised herself in bed, waving her arms, even the one she had not been able to lift from her side for weeks. and a hoarse, gurgling sound came from her throat. Rachel and the nurse sprang simultaneously to their feet, while the doctor pushed his way in front of the stranger, but in that instant came from Miss Burram in a wild shriek that afrighted not only the occupants of the

room but pierced to ears below tairs, the single word "Terry That was all; in another instant she had fallen back motionless, insensible, and, Dr. Burney said,

CHAPTER LXXI.

What an awful dream ! and Rachel sat suddenly up in the bed and rubbed her eyes—Miss Burram dead! In her dream she had heard Dr. Burney say that she was dead, but of cour vas only a dream, and she looked about her as if for verification of her thoughts. It was morning, and she was in he own room, though somehow she could own room, though somehow she could not quite remember how she came there she did not recallect undressing he -she did not reconcet undressing her self, not did she recollect coming to he room at all—it must be even late in th

morning by the way the sun streamed in, and then she looked at the clock on he mantel - five minutes to ten the

Yes ; some years have passed since "Ah, yes," said the doctor, and he turned again to the door, but this time

Herndon stopped him. " Is Miss Burram's Charge with Herndon still hesitated, at which the doctor wondered, and finally asked : "Would you rather not have Miss Burram's Charge present ?" The stranger by that time having ide up his mind, answered : "I thought it might make a difference; but I feel assured now that it will not. At intervals that day the sun had

umphantly, but always withdrawing itself to the same gloom as before; now, as the doctor gently opened the door of the sick-room, the sun came out again lighting up the whole apartment with a brilliancy and cheer that brought gladess to the soul. It fell athwart Miss Burram's face of her father, what difference did any and it shone on Rachel sitting by her

other statement make to her?

Miss Burram was quiet, as she always was when Rachel was with her, but he eyes seemed to turn more frequently with their pitiful longing on Rachel's

Never!'' cried father Bourger

Jim seated himself on the table. "Do you remember Mrs. Hubrey ?

asked Notner. "The wife of the school man that made the speech about eating Creoles ?

"You did," was the doctor's reply, replied Hardman. "The very sam?" laughed Notner. "I have been apprised of everything by our mutual friend, Notner," re-"They went to Europe right after the peech," resumed Hardman. "People speech," resumed Hardman. "People sumed Heradon, "apprised by letter-said it was the speech as drove them having been travelling. I have also out of Rentonville; and then you took been ill, or I should have been here beteir house, sir." "Yes, I took their house, but before taking the steamer on which I had entheir house, sir.

gaged passage from the other side, and about them. I heard all taking i Well, in England, where they are now, Mrs. Hubrey has made some acquaint-ance that has enabled her to write a lot of stuff to Herrick. He kept all of her letters—had them in his bag when he was trying to escape when Rhett steamer's pier when we arrived, and attacked him—had an article that he not finding him at home when I made wrote from her letters, and that was to be published in the Rentonville Times, I have that article now. the next day. I have that article now, and all of her letters—it was from one of them I learned Herrick was going to write to Miss Minturn. If he did write to her, and if she has told you, or if she the next day. how much do you know about me ?' Now much do you know about me?" "Nothing beyond your name being the one given me by Mr. Notner, to re-peat to Miss Burram—I judged from that you must know her." "I do; I have known her; known let you read for yourself that letter, do not believe it, Jim, do not believe it. And you can tell Miss Minturn what I her long and intimately. have said; perhaps it will comfort

unannounced into my patient's room-"Yes, sir." answered Jim, dazed and she evidently wants something or so perplexed, and with a kindly " Goodone-she indicates it by signs that I can comprehend to that extent, and she ' Notner was gone ; nor did morning," Notner was gone; nor did can comprehend to that extent, and she him that brought her to, and made her Hardman speedily recover from his per- has been making these signs for weeks scream. Me and Mrs. McElvain heard

What was the matter that she should

"Dead !

sleep so late ? And now it suddenly came to her that her head felt strange, as if there were a pain in it that would not let her think. But she must think, and she must get up; and she threw the bed clothes from her and attempted to rise. Her limbs seemed as little able to obey her will as her mind was, for there was a heaviness and numbress about them that made her desist, and in again about her. At that instant the door opened and

rah's solemn face appeared. "Oh, Sarah !" Rachel said, and then it all came to her; the scene in Miss Burram's room, and how they took her, Rachel, away, and the nurse made her ake some medicine and put her to bed; take some medicine and part let to bed, then she had gone to sleep. So her dream was quite true – Miss Burram was dead. But Sarah had reached the badside, and she was saying in a frightened

Me and Mrs. McElvain, to say nothing of Jim, was so anxious to know how you were, Miss Rachel, that I took it upon meself to steal in to you when I seen the nurse was with the other nurse, a-talking to the doctor. Last night the nurse said as you'd be all right-that they gave you something to long sleep, because make you have a long sleep, because what you wanted was rest, and this she said you was sleeping still,

morning she said you was sleeping still, and she didn't think you'd wake for an hour yet — so I'm glad I came, and now that you're woke up, I'll go down and get some breakfast for you." She turned to go, but Rachel held her, wondering with a kind of dumb terror that Sarah said nothing of her of which intention I had sent a cable message to Notner. I sent a second message by cable to him so that he

would meet me; but he missed it in some way, for I did not find him at the my down here, I decided at once to see Rachel's own heart was full; every kind deed that Miss Burram you. Otherwise, Notner would have accompanied me. And now, doctor, had ever done for her rose before her, and she said with a burst of tears:

"Oh, Sarah ! How can you talk, or think of anything, and Miss Burram dead a

"Dead !" repeated Sarah; "Miss Burram is not dead. Sure she came to, last night, and the doctor has the great-"Then, my plan will be to take you

est hopes of her now. The strange gentleman that came was the means of it — he's some one that Miss Burram used to know, and it was the sight of him that brought her to, and made her

and one that will do us honor and make us happy in our old age."

Inhappy in our out age. Unhappily these beautiful projects were far away. The young man who had a handsomely furnished room in the had met in the Latin quarter a never irl of doubtful reputation, and had b On this particular morning the old to a so infatuated with her that his tudies were left to take care of themmaster mason was singularly sad and sullen. He was nervous and he had cut himself twice while shaving. Give in, selves, and at the age of twenty-five h had not even finished his first degree. The old parents were not discourage

until noon.

fre

om Mass, with a large bunch of box-

wood, which she placed on the round

and I, and these sensations aroused within him as with other people, re-

with its fresh powerful odor.

but consoled themselves with the argument "of young men sowing their wild oats." But one day the idiot declared to them that he loved his mishe put on a white shirt and his gray suit on this Palm Sunday morning. tress and was going to marry her t was a wonder that Bourgenil had not Notwithstanding that he had sold ou been struck by apoplexy, for it seemed as if the blood which suddenly rushed his business some years before, he held to the traditional costume of his profesto his head would burst through the

skin. "If you give my name to that hussy," fiercely screamed the old man in his rage, "you shall never receive on sou from me before I die." ments interested him again. He looked

But the ingrate preferred to break off all relations with his loving parents than to give up the woman who had won at the handsome clock, on which Galileo in gold bronze-why Galileo, pointed its finger toward a marble globe, which his heart. And now he was married to was the dial plate, and seemed to affirm that it turned. The globe did not turn, her and they were living on a clerk's miserable salary in a very poor part of the city. It was for this reason that but the dial plate marked 11 o'clock and the good man, who that morning the couple had not seen their son for had a good appetite, was impatient at the thought that they did not breakfast two years, and they had suffered cruelly. For some time the situation had been greatly aggravated-the fault of the other, of course! She was very dignant at first, but after a time her eart began to relent. Her anger was ess stronger than her chagrin and she egan to incline to the idea of pardon. she ventured to mention this inally to her husband, but he was seized with paroxysm of rage, and hurling his never ! never " at his poor, trembling wife, forbade her ever to mention the subject again.

membrances of the past, and while his wife was arranging the boxwood around But she could not obey him and from the room, the sweet odor emanating time to time tried to plead the cause from it was troubling the heart of the old man. He recalled an Easter morn-ing—Ah! it was a long time ago, when of the culprit; but each time with the same result, Bourgenil always throwing himself into a fury and creating a terrible scene. These two old people who in forty years never had even a he was a country lad, and his wife a young girl going out by the day as a seamstress; again he was enjoying his honeymoon, for they were married a few days before Lent, and like to-day, reproach for each other, who had lived nd labored side by side for thirty years with scarcely a cloud coming [between them, now became almost enemies, or

the tabl hand gently on his shoulder. Vain effort! Father Bourgenil suddenly retime; and it was so pretty—so pretty —" the child stammered confusedly. "That you stole it," concluded the membered that he was a Roman and hurled again at her poor, weary head "Never the eternal malediction :

"No, I did not steal it; I just took

"That is what I mean; and, my de child, is all the same thing. Think of it! And, besides, perhaps that was not the worst. The temptation was a violent one to you, who are poor; but what was worse was that you, who have No! He would not be such a ninny as to pay his son's rent. A "Roman." In my place would Brutus have paid the In order to strengthen his resolutions been so carefully raised by a good

other, have deceived her, at hid your fault from me, too-or, rath from me, but from the good God Whom I represent here.

The sobs of the repentant child were the only answer to these reproaches, and they testified to his sorrow for his sion, the gray apparel which was worn in the stoneyard, in order that the plaster could not injure it. He de-

sin. "You weep !" exclaimed the priest. You feel how much you have sinned! "You feel how much you have sinned! Now go; God pardons you; but sin no more, never more, in this manner." "Oh! no, no, Father! Never, never more," cried Clement; and he kept his word. Not only 31d here

word. Not only did he steal no more : but, better still, never again did he conceal anything from nis mother or

conceal anyoning from his confessor. "And see, children," added the good Cardinal, "the importance of that act and the reparation which he made for Then Mother Bourgenil returned Clement became a priest and later a Bishop, and you may well believe he stole no more prctty little knives. He still lives; and that child was myself. table and which soon filled the room Had it not been for my mother, what Father Bourgenil was not a poet; and he had not a delicate nature. Yet Whither might have become of me ! should I have drifted ? Who knows? Perhaps to the scaffold, -a fit ending for all the same he had sensations like you one who robbed his friend and dared to to deceive his confessor. So, my dear children, you must not steal, of course, but, above all, never conceal anything

n confession.

How ONE MILLION IS SPENT. Not less that on million dollars is annually spent by people speking an absolute ours for Catarrh, Bron-chitis and Consumption Numerous are the remedies, but the one standing ore-eminently sbove all others is Catarrh.czone. It cured these discases because it is sure to reach the Catarrhozone is inhaled into the lungs, throad and nasal nassages, and bathes every part of the days before Lent, and like to-day, she had brought from church some branches of boxwood, and decorated

died were c triumphant who fled in to keep th where the it. Those carried Hi and built u churches, from ocean day Christ arms to co force of a tion that that race. passing a triumphs, all Thy e find out al Their frui earth : an children ended ev devised co been able exalted, C we will si CHRIST But the cal force, ful than intellect. denied H and brough the Mes garb of t splendor. plotted prevailed He hung their las

of Israe