## In The Furnace of Temptation

"Don Ippolito's been here the whole afternoon," continued Mrs. Vervala, "or rather ever since about 5 o'clock. He took dinner with us, and we've been talking it over and over. He's so enthusiastic about it, over. He's so enthushastic about it, and yet he breaks down every little while, and seems quite to despair of the undertaking. But Florida won't let him do that; and really it's funny, the way he defers to her judgment—you know I always regard Florida as such a mere child—and seems to take every word she says for gospel. But, shedding tears, now; it's dreadful in a man, isn't it? I wish Doa Ippolito wouldn't. wish Don Ippolito wouldn

do that. It makes one creep. I can't feel that it's maily; can you?" Ferris said something about these things being different with the

Latte races. "Well, at any rate," said Mrs. Vervain, "I'm glad that Americans don't shed teurs, as a general rule. Now, Florida; you'd thiak she was the man all through this business, Latin races. the man all through this business, sho's so perfectly herole about it; that is, outwardly; for I can see—women can, in each other, Mr. Ferris—just where she's on the point of breaking down, all the while. Has she ever spoken to you about Don Ippolito? She does think so highly of your opinhon, Mr. Ferris."

"She does me too much henor," said Ferris, with ghastly irony.

"Oh, I don't think so," returned Mrs. Vervain. "She told me this more much that she'd made Don Ippo

"Oh, I don't think so," returned Mrs. Vervain. "She told me this morning that she'd made Don Ippo morning that she'd made Don Ippo-lito promise to speak to you about it; but the didn't mention having done so, and—I hated, don't you know, to ask him—In fact, Florida had told me beforehand that I musta't. She said he must be left entirely to himself in that matter, and "—Mrs. Vervain looked suggest-

at Ferris.
e spoke to me about it," said Ferris.

"Then why in the world did you let me run on? I suppose you advishim against it.'

est num against it."
"I certainly did."
"Well, there's where I think woman's intuition is better than man's painter slightly bowed his

Yes. I'm quite woman's rights in that respect," said Mrs. Vervain.
"Oh. without doubt," answered Fer-

ris, aimlessly.
"I'm perfectly delighted," she went
"I'm perfectly delighted," she went "I'm perfectly delighted, she went on, "at the kiea of Don Ippolito's giving up the priesthood, and I've told him he must get married to some good American girl. You ought to have seen how the poor fellow blushed! But really, you know, there are lots of nice girls that would jump at him —so handsome and sad-looking, and

Ferris could only stare helplessly at Mrs. Vervain, who continued:
'Yes, I think he's a genius, and
I'm determined that he shall have a

our hands; but I'm not sorry. I'll introduce him into society, and if he needs money he shall have it. What does God give us money for, Mr. Ferris, but to help our fellow-creatures?" So miserable as he was, from head to foot, that it seemed impossible he could endure more, Ferris could not forbear laughing at this burst of moter.

what are you laughing at?" asked Mrs. Vervain, who had cheerfully joined him. "Something I've been saying? Well, you won't have me to laugh at much longer. I do won-

saying? Well, you won't have a laugh at much longer. I do wonder whom you'll have next."

Ferris' merriment died away in something like a groan, and when Mrs. Vervain again spoke, it was in the condens of the same and when the same and the same are said to be said wish Florida would come! wish Florida would come: She was to boit the land-gate after Don. Ip-polito—I wanted her to—but she ought to have been back long ago. It's odd you didn't meet them, coming in. She must be in the garden somewhere: I suppose she's sorry to be leaving it. But I need her. Would you be so very kind, Mr. Fer-ris, as to go and ask her to come to

Ferris rose heavily from the chair in which he seemed to have grown ten years older. He had hardly heard anything that he did not know already, but the clear vision of the affair with which he had come to the Vervaius was hopplessly confused and darkened. He could make not and darkened. He could make nota-ing of any phase of it. He did not know whether he cared now to see Florida or not. He mechanically obeyed Mrs. Vervain, and stepping out the terrace, slowly descended tairway. The moon was shin stairway. The moon stairway. The moon stairway.

XV. Florida and Den lipplito had paused in the pathway which parted at the fountain and led in one direction to the water-gate, and in the other out through the palace-court into the

campo.
"Now you must not give way to desput again," she said to him, "You will succeed, f am sure, for you will

deservo success."
"It is all your goodness, madamigella," sighed the priest, "and at the bottom of my heart I am afraid that all the hope and courage I have are also reurs."

courage, then, We believe in you, and we honor your purpose, and we will be your steadfast friends. But now be your steaming trades.

you must think only of the present—
of how you are to get away from Venige. Oh, I understand how you must
hate to leave it! What a beautiful night! You mustn't expect such moonlight as this in America, Don Ippo-

"It is beautiful, is it not?" said the priest, kinding from her. "Bua I think we Venetians are never so conscious of the beauty of Venice as you strang-

I know. I only know that now, since we have made up our minds to go, and fixed the day and hour, it is more like leaving my own country than anything else I've ever felt. This seem to have spent m whole life in it; and when we are stilled in Providence, I'm going to he mother send back for some of the atues. I suppose Signor Cava

them if he were paid enough. At any rate we must have this one that belongs to the fountain. You shall be the first to set the fountain playing over there, Don Ippolito, and then we'll sit down on this stone bench before it, and imagine ourselves in the garden of Casa Vervain at Venice."

"No, no; let me be the last to set it playing here." said the priest, quickly

No, no; let me be the last to set it playing here," said the priest, quickly stooping to the pipe at the foot of the figure, "and then wo will set down here and imagine ourselves in the garden of Casa Vervain at Providance."

Fibrida put her hand on his shoulder. "You mustn't do it," she said simply.
"The padrone doesn't like to waste
the water."

"Oh, we'll pray the saints to rain it back on him some day," cried Don Ippolito, with wilful levity, and the stream leaped into the moonlight, and seemed to hang there like a tan-

gled skein of silver.
"But how shall I shut it off when

"But how shall I shut it off when you are gone?" asked the young girl, looking ruefully at the floating threads of splendor.

"Oh, I will shut it off before I go," an wered Don Ippolito. "Let it play a moment," he continued, gazing rapturously upon it, while the moon a moment, see continued, gazing rap-turously upon it, while the moon painted his lifted face with a pallor that his black robes heightened. He fetched a long, sighing breath, as if he inhaled with that respiration all the rich odors of the flowers, blanch-d like his own viscous in the white ed like his own visage in the white luttre, as if he absorbed into his heart at once the wide glory of the sum-mer night, and the beauty of the young girl at his side. It seemed a supreme moment with him; he looked as a man might look who has climbed out of life-long defeat into a single

in tant of release and triumph Florida sank upon the bench before the fountain, indulging his caprice with that sacred, motherly tolerance, ly yielding to men's will, and which was perhaps present in greater de-gree in her feeling towards a man more than ordinarily orphaned and

"Is Providence your native city?"
asked Don Ippolito abruptly, after a

"Oh. np; I was born at St. Augustine, in Florida." "Ah yez, I forgot; madama has told me labout it; Providence is her city. But the two are near together?"
"No." said Florida compassionately, they are a thousand miles apart "A thousand miles? What a vast ountry

"Ye., it's a whole world."
"Ah, a world, indeed!" cried the
priett, softly, "I shall never comprehend it."

You mover will," answered the young girl gravely, "if you do not think about it more practically."

"Practically, practically!" lightly retorted the priest. "What a word with you Americans! That is the consul's word: practical."

"They you have been to consul's

"Then you have been to see him to day?" asked Florida with eagerners. "I wanted to ask you"—
"Yes, I went to consult the oracle

"Don Ippolito—"
"And he was ave was averse to my going to America. He said it was not prac-

"Oh!" murmured the girl.

"I think," continued the priest, with vehemence, "that Signor Ferris is no onger my friend."

"Did he treat you coldly—harshly?"

"Did he treat you coldly—harshly?"

she asked, with a note of indignation in her voice. "Did he know that I that you came-" Perhaps he was right. Perhaps I

shall indeed go to ruin there. Ruin, ruin! Do I not live ruin here?"
"What did he say—what did he tell

No, no; not now, madamigella! I "No, no; not now, madamigella! I do not want to think of that man now. I want you to help me once more to realize myself in America, where I shall never have been a priest, where I shall never have been a priest. here I shall at least battle anded with the world. Come, let us

handed with the world. Come, let us forget him: the thought of him palsies aff my hope. He could not see me save in this robe—in this figure that I abhor."

"Oh, it was strange, it was not like him, it was crue! What did he say?"
"In everything but words, he hade me despair: he bade me look upon all hat makes life dear and noble as impossible to me!" "Oh, how? Perhaps he did not ur-

derstand you. No, he did not under-stand you. What did you say to him, Don Inpolito? Tell me!" She leaned towards him, in anxious emotion, as he spoke.

The priest rose, and stretched out his arms, as if he would gather something of courage from the infinite space. In this visage were the sublimity and the terror of a man who arts overwhim. a man who puts everything

"How will it really be with me vonder?" he demanded. "As it is with other men, whom their past life, if it has been guittless, does not follow to that new world of freedom and justice?"

"Why should it not be so?" demanded Florida. "Did he say it would not?"
"Need it be known there that I have

been a priest? Or if I tell it, will it make me appear a kind of monster, different from other men?"
"No, no:" she answered fervently.
"Your story would gain friends and

honor for you everywhere in America. Did he—"

"Oh, my hope, my trust, my life, if it were you, that I loved?"—
"What!" shuddered the girl, recoiling, with almost a shriek. "You?
A priest!"

Don' Ippolito gave a low cry, half

sob:
"His words, his words! It is true,
I cannot escape, I am doomed, I
must die as I have lived!"
He dropped his face into his hands,
and stood with his head bowed Sefore her; neither spoke for a long time, or moved.

Then Florida said absently, in the husky murmur to which her voice

husky murmur to which her voice fell, when she was strongly moved, "Yes, I see it all, how it has been," and was silent again, staring, as if a procession of the events and scenes of the past month were passing before her; and presently she mouned to herself, "Oh, oh, oh!" and wrung her hands.

The foolish fountain kept capering and babbling on. "All at once, now, as a flame flashes up and then expires, it leaped and dropped extinct at the foot of the statue.

Its going out seemed somehow to leave them in darkness, and under cover of that gloom she drew nearer

cover of that gloom she drew nearer the priest, and by such approaches as one makes toward a functed ap-parition, when his fear will not let him fly, but it seems better to sufworst from it at once than

fer the worst from it at once than to live in terror of it ever after, she lifted her hands to his, and taking them away from his face, looked into his hopeless eyes.

"Oh, Don Ippolito," she grieved, "What shall I say to you, what exist I do for you, now "?"

But them was nothing to do. The

"Blame me, blame me; do!"

"Blame me, blame me; do!"

"But there is no blame. Think that it was another way of asking your forgiveness.—O my God, my Gol, my God!"

He receased his hands from her, and the receased his hands from her hands f

She hid her face.

sie hid her lace.
"I knew it," groaned the priest, "I knew that too!" and he turned away.
"Don Ippoito, Don Ippoito—oh, poor, peor Don Ippoito," cried the girl, springing toward him. "Is this the way you leave me? Where are you make the street of the str

seized the hands imploringly extended towards him, and clayed them togstner and kissed them both. "Adieu!" he tyhispered; then he opened them, and passionately kissed either pain; "adieu, adieu."

"Adjeu, ameu."

A great wave of sorrow and compassion and despair for him swept turough her. She flung her arms about

killed. Then she suddenly put her hand; against his breast, and thrust him away, and turned and ran.

Ferris stepped back again into the shadow of the tree from which he had just emerged, and clung to its trunk lest he should fall. Another seemed to creep out of the court in his person, and totter across the white glare of the campo and down the blacknoss of the calle. In the intersected spaces where the moonlight fell, this alien, miserable man saw the figure of a priest gliding on before him.

XVI.

Florida swiftly mounted the terrace steps, but she stopped with her hand on a the door, panting, and turned and walked slowly away to the end of the terrace, drying her eyes with dashes of her handk relief, and ordering her hair, some coils of which had been loosened by her flight. Then she went back to the door, waited, and softly operaed it. Her mother was not in the

losered by her flight. Then she went back to the door, waited, and softly opened it. Her mother was not in the parlor where she had left her, and she parior where she had her her, and she passed noiselessly into her own room, where some trunks stood open and half-packed against the wall. She began to gather up the pieces of dress that lay upon the bed and chairs, and

bionor for you everywhere in America.
Did he—

"A moment, a moment!" cried Don
Ippolito, catching his breath. "Will
it ever be possible for me to whn
something more than honor and
friendship there?"

She looked up at him askingly,
confusedly.

"If I am a man, and the time
should ever come that a face, a look,
a voice, shall be to me what they
are to other men, will she remember it against me that I have been
a priest, when I tell her—say to
her, madamigella—how dear she is
to me, offer her my life's devotion,
ask her to be my wife?"—

The madamigella is gather up the pieces of dress
that lay upon the bed and chairs, and
to fold them with mechanical carefuluess and put them in the boxes. Her the other
chamber, "Is that you, Florida?"

"Yes, mother," answered the girl,
before one
of the boxes, with that pale
grant to gather up the pieces of dress
to fold and put them in the boxes.
Her that lay upon the bed and chairs, and
to fold them with mechanical carefuluess and put them in the boxes.
Her that's the only safe way.
Well, then, there is nothing to prevent
our going to-morrow."

Florida drew a leng breath and rose
flave you can't help feeling
well, of course, you can't help feeling
she had worn on the morning when
ferris had first brought Don Ipposhe had worn on the morning when
ferris had first brought Don Ipposhe had worn on the morning when
ferris had first brought Don Ippodol and looked down at it without
her, madamigella—how dear she is
to me, offer her my life's devotion,
ask her to be my wife?"—

Well, of course, you can't help feeling
well, of course, vou can't help feeling
well, of course, vou can't well, of course, or you won't cry so easily, my dear. It's
we're repried and worn on the morning when
ferris had first

## SAVED THEIR CHIED.

Mr. T. W. Doxtater, Expresses a Father's Gratitude.

His Little Girl Was Attacked With Heart Trouble and Doctors Said She Could Not Recover - Dr. Williams'Pink Pills Have Made Her Sound and Lively as a Cricket.

(From the Sun, Belleville, Ont.) In a comfortable farm house in Sydney, near Believille, lives Mr. T. W. Doxtater, a prosperous farmer and most respected citizen. In this pleasant home the hearts of a father and mother beat with gratitude to Dr. Williams' Fink Pills, because they irmly believe they saved the life o their little daughter. A reporter of the San having heard of the case drove out to Mr. Doxtater's for the purpose of getting at the facts, and found both father and mother of the little girl very enthusiastic in their praise of the medicine that has unquest onably done so much to relieve suffering in this country. Said Mr. Doxtater: "Yes, we have good rea-"Oh, Don Ippolito," she grieved. "What shall I say to you, what can the for you, now?"

But there was nothing to do. The whole edifice of his dreams, his wild imaginations, had fallen into dust at the word; no magic could rebuild it; the end that never seems the end had come intit daughter Clara, was about eight imaginations, and fallen into dust at the word; no magic could rebuild it; the end that never seems the end had come into each was spracken with want the doctors and was heart trouole, the let her keep his cold hands, and presently he returned the entreaty of her tears with his wan, patient smite "You cannot help me; there is no help for an error like mine. Sometime."

I word; no magic could rebuild it; the end that never seems the end had come of her tears with his wan, patient smite. "You cannot help me; there is no help for an error like mine. Sometime would attack her without a moment's warning. We consulted a cotor, under whose care the was for a time, but the treatment did her no good—in fact she was growing worse. Then we called in another doctor, and he frankly told us that he could he frankly told us that he could have held me report for the reason that they would have discerned save through such agony as—You too loved my soul, like the rest, and you would have had me no priest to for the reason that they would have had me a priest to we will have had me no priest to me "Yes, yes:" piteously explained the girl, "but you were a priest to me." "That is true, madamigella. I was always a priest to you; and now I see that I never cauld be otherwise. All, the wrong began many years before we met. I was trying to blame you a little—"

"Blame me, blame me: do!"

"Bare th son for praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think they are worth tea

tered this cry under his breath, with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving misery gives me the picture of this misery gives me the picture. "Madamigella, if my share of this misery gives me the right to ask of you."

"Oh, ask anything of me! I will give everything."

If faltered, and then, "You do not love me," he said abruptly; "is there some one else that you love?"

She did not answer.

"Is it —he?"

Madamigella, if my share of this mere she blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid at 50c. â box, or six boves for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

guid posture, and laid the dress in the trunk. "So do I, mother. I would give the world if we could go to

"Threw it," ground the priest, "I knew that to?" and he turned away, "Don Ippolito, Don Ippolito—oh, poor, peor Don Ippolito—oh, poor, peor Don Ippolito—oh, peor, peor Don Ippolito—oh, peor, peor Don Ippolito—oh, the way you leave me? Where are you going? What will you do now?"

"Did I not say? I am going to die a priest.

"Is there nothing that you will let me be to you, hope for you?"

"Nothing," said Don Ippolito, after a momean, "What could you?" He seized the hands imploringly extended towards hin, and classed them bogs-

"Not going with us? Why?"—
"He is not going to America. He
will not leave Venice; he is to remain a priest," said Florida doggedly.

Mrs. Vervain sat down in the chair
"Not with bright the door." Not Agreat wave of sorrow and compassion and despair for him swept torough her. She flung her arms about hits neck, and pulled his head down upon her heart, and held it tight there, weeping and moaning over him as over some napless, harmless thing that she had unpurposely bruised or killed. Then she suddenly put her hand; against his breast, and thrust him away, and turned and ran.

Ferris stepped back again into the shadow of the tree from which he had just emerged, and clung to its trunk little beyond anything. I never ex-

want of consideration for us. He's cuite made fools of us."

"He was not to blame. It was a very great step for him. And if"—
"I know that. But he ought not to have talked of it. He ought to have known his own mind fully before speaking; that's the only safe way. Well, then, there is nothing to prevent

gueit, or a friend of the family. He never ceemed to want to take the money, and of late, I've been letting it run along, because I hated so to offer it, till now it's quite a sum. I offer it, till now it's quite a sum. I suppose he needs it, poor fellow. And how to get it to him is the question. He may not come to morrow, as usual, and I couldn't trust it to the padrone. We might send it to him in a draft from Paris, but I'd rather pay him before I go. Besides, it would be rather rude going away without seeing him again." Mrs. Vervain thought a movent; then, "I'll tell you," she resumed. "If he doesn't happen to come here to morrow morning, we can stop on our way to the station and give him the money."

Florida did not answer. "Don't you think that would be a

"Don't you think that would be a good plan?"
"I don't know," replied the girl in a dull way.
"Why, Florida, if you think from anything Don Ippolito said that he would rather not see us again—that it would be painful to him—why, we could ask Mr. Ferris to hand him the poper."

"Oh, no, no, no, mother!" cried Flor-ida, hiding her face, "that would be too borrib.y indelicate!" "Well, perhaps it wouldn't be quite good taste," said Mrs. Vervain per-"We.l, perhaps it wouldn't be quite good taste," said Mrs. Vervain perturbedly, "but you needn't express yourse. I so violently, my dear. It's not a matier of life and death. I'm sure I don't know what to do. We must stop at Don Ippolito's house, I suppose. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," faintly assented the daughter.

Mrs. Vervain yawned, "We'l, I can't think anything more about it to-night; I'm too stupid. But that's the way we shall do. Will you help me to bed, my dear? I shall be good for

bed, my dear rothing to-morrow."

She went on talking of Don lppolito's change of purpose till her head touched the pillow, from which she suddenly lifted it again, and cafled her daughter, who had passed out to her daughter, who had passed into the next room: "But Mr. Ferris — why didn't he come back with you?"
"Come hack with me?"

-why didn't he come back with you?
"Come back with me?"
"Why yes, chi.d. I sent him out to call you, just before you came in.
This Don Ippolito business put him out of my head. Didn't you see him? out of my head. Didn
-Oh! What's that?"

"You're sure you didn't set any-

"No! It went dead out."

"Light it again, and do look. Now is everything all right?"

"Yes."

is everything all right?"

"Yes."

"It's queer he didn't come back to say he couldn't find you. What do you suppose became of him?"

"It's very perplexing. I wish Mr. Ferris were not so odd. It quite borders on affectation. I don't know what to make of it. We must send word to him the very first thing tomorow morning, that we're going, and ask him to come to see us."

Forida made no reply. She sat staring at the black space of the doorway into her mother's room. Mrs. Vervain did not speak again. After a while her daughter softly enfered her chamber, shading the candle with her while her daughter softly enered her chamber, shading the candle with her hand; and seeing that she slept, softly withdrew, closed the door, and went about the work of packing again. When it was all done, she flung herself upon her bed and hid her face in the pillow.

The next morning was spent in The next morning was spent in bestowing those interminable last touches which the packing of ladies' baggage demands, and in taking leave with largess (in which Mrs. Vervain shone) of all the people in the house and out of it, who had so much as touched a hat to the Vervains during their sojourn. The whole was not a vast sum; nor did he sundry extortions of the padrone whole was not a vast sum; nor did the sundry extortions of the padrone come to much, though the honest man racked his brain to invent in-juries to his apartments and fur-niture. Being unmurmuringly paid, he gave way to his real goodwill for his tenants in many little useful of-fices. At the end he persisted in sending them to the station in his own gondola, and could with diffi-culty be kept from going with them.

own gondola, and could with diffi-culty be kept from going with them. Mrs. Vervalm had early sent a mes-sage to Ferris, but word came back a first and a second time that he was not at home, and the forencon wore away and he had not appeared. A certain indignation sustained her till the gondola pushed out into the canal, and then it yielded to an intolerable regret that she should not see him.

by to Mr. Ferris, Florida, she said at last, "and it's no use asking me. He may have been wanting a little in politeness, but he's been so good all along; and we owe him too much not to make an effort to thank him before we go. We really must stop a moment at his house."

Florida, who had regarded her mother's efforts to summon Ferris to them with passive coldness, turned a \$111,751.27.

"I can't go without saying good-

look of agony upon her. But in a moment she bade the gondoller stop at the consulate, and dropping her veil over her face, fell back in the shadow of the tenda-curtains.

Mrs. Vervain sentimentalized their departure a little, but her daughter made no comment on the scene they were leaving.

were leaving.

The gondoler rang at Ferris' door and returned with the answer that he was not at home.

Mrs. Vervain gave way to despair.

"Oh dear the dear!"

"Oh dear, oh dear! This is too bad! What shall we do?"
"We'll lose the train, mother, if we lolter in this way," said Florida.
"Well, wait. I must leave a mes-sage at least." "How could you be away," she wrote on her card, when we called to say good-bye? We've changed our plans, and we're going to-day. I shall write you a nice scolding letter from Verona—we're golng over the Brenner—for your behavior last night. Who will keep you straight when I'm gone? You've been very, very kind. Florida joins

and good-byes.' haven't said anything

her eyes.

The gondolier carried the card again to the door, where Ferris' servant let down a basket by a string and fished

down a basket by a string and fished it upt.

"If Don Ippolito shouldn't be in," said Mrs. Vervain, as the boat moved on again, "I don't know what I shall do with the money. It will be awkward beyond anything."

The gondola slipped from the Canalazzo into the network of the smaller canals, where the dense shadows were as old as the palaces that east them, and stopped at the landing of a narand stopped at the landing of a nar and stopped at the landing of a nar-row quay. The gondoller dismount-ed and rang at Don Ippolito's coor. There was no response; he rang again and again. At last from a window of the uppermost story the head of the priest himself peered out. The gondo-lier touched his hat and said, "It is

the ladies who ask you, Don Ippoli It was a minute before the door opened, and the priest, bare-headed and blinking in the strong light, came

and binking in the strong light, c. with a stupefied air across quay to the landing-steps.

"Well, Don Ippolito!" cried ! Vervain, rising and giving her hand, which she first waved cried Mrs. the trunks and bags piled up in vacant space in front of the i "what do you think of this? "what do you think of this: we can change our minds, too; and I don't think it would have been 'too much," she added with a friendly smile, "if we had gone without say." ing good-bye to you. What in the world does it all mean, your giving up that grand project of yours so suddenly?"

She sat down again, that she might talk more at her ease, and seemed

taik more at her eas; and seement thoroughly happy to have Don Ippo-lito before her again.

"It finally appeared best, mad-ama," he said quietly, after a quiek, keen glance at Florida, who did not lift her veil.

"Well, perhaps you're partly right.
But I can't help thinking that you
with your talent would have succeed
ed in America. Inventors do get on
there, in the most surprising way.
Thornes the Samu Courter and Process There's the Screw Company of Provi It's such a simple how the shares are worth eight hun dred. Are you well to day, Don In-polito?"

"Quite well, madama." "Quite well, madama."
"I thought you looked rather pale.
But I believe you're always a little
pale. You musn't work too hand. We
shall miss you a great deal, Don Ippolito."
"Thanks, madama."
"Yes, we shall be quite lost without you. And I wanted to say this to

out you. And I wanted to say this to you, Don Ippointo, that if ever you change your mind again, and con-clude to come to America, you must write to me, and let me help you just as I had intended to do." The priest shivered, as if cold, and gave another look at Florida's veiled face.

face.

"You are too good," he said.

"Yes, I really think I am," replied Mrs. Vervain, playfully. "Considering that you were going to let me leave Venice without even trying to say very think." "were very trying to say the said."

good indeed."

Mrs. Vervain's mood became overcast, and her eyes filled with tears:
"I hope you're sorry to have us going, Don Ippoito, for you know how very high.y I prize your acquaintance. It was rather crue. of you, I think "

She seemed not to remember that he could not have known of their change of plan. Don Ippolito looked imploringly into her face, and made a touching gesture of depreciation, but did not speak.

(To be Continued.)

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