

MISS BLAKE'S MARY.

Hugh Maxwell glanced impatiently at his watch. The draughty railway platform, which he had reached a quarter of an hour previous to the time appointed for the departure of the train, was scarcely a pleasant waiting place; yet he continued to pace up and down rather than seek the crowded waiting-room. Suddenly he came face to face with a thin, delicate-looking man in ecclesiastical garb.

"Phil!" he cried, involuntarily. The priest looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"Sir," he began. Hugh Maxwell laughed.

"Do you not know me—me, Hugh Maxwell?"

The priest held forth his hand. "Hugh Maxwell! Yes, yes it is! You must pardon me, but I was engrossed in my own thoughts. What a length of time since we were together in Clongowes!"

"Twenty years," Hugh Maxwell answered promptly. "Now you are a priest, I see."

"Yes."

"Father Blake. The old name came readily to my tongue," Hugh Maxwell said. "Are you travelling far?"

"To Fenmore."

"Then our ways lie together as far as the junction. Here is our train. I'll find an empty carriage."

In a few moments the two were in a first-class compartment; and an obliging official, in response to Hugh's whisper, locked the door of the carriage.

"Now," he cried, gleefully. "We can have a—"

He stopped suddenly. The priest lay back deadly pale against the cushions.

"No, no!" Father Blake gasped, as Hugh lowered the window. "The faintness is passing off. Don't call. You need not be alarmed."

The color came gradually back to the priest's face; but the train was speeding through the suburbs of the city when he spoke again.

"I am used, in a measure, to these attacks. The least exertion or excitement brings one on."

"You should see a doctor."

"I came to Dublin for that purpose."

"Well?"

The priest smiled.

"Sir Christopher was not hopeful. Indeed, he warned me that my life can not be a long one."

It was some minutes before Hugh Maxwell spoke.

"Have you been ill long?"

"A year or so," Father Blake replied. "Now, let us talk of yourself. What have you been doing? You were called to the bar, I know."

"I never practised," observed Hugh. "My uncle's only son was drowned ten years ago. Since then I have lived at Maxwell Towers, and managed the factories and the estate."

"Oh! And are you married, Hugh?"

Hugh shook his head.

"And why?—excuse the question, please."

"To answer it involves a story that might tire you."

"No, no: You do not know how often I have thought of you in quiet Fernmore."

"Well, then," Hugh said, with a short laugh, "at present I am seeking a wife. My uncle's father was a convert to Catholicity, and the next heir after me—the estate is entailed—is a rabid Ulster Protestant. You see?"

"Not exactly."

"My uncle fears the estate may pass into Protestant hands. He has taken a tremendous interest in his people. He has built a church, schools, libraries for his tenants and workers. Indeed, Maxwell Towers is now the centre of a little Catholic colony. It is in Antrim, you know."

Father Blake nodded.

"Well, my uncle dreads that the estate may become the property of his cousin, Rupert Maxwell; so he is feverishly anxious that I should marry. Poor old man! I have held out against his wishes for a long time."

"Why?"

"That means the story," Hugh Maxwell's face clouded as he hesitated for a moment, and then went on:

"Ten years or so ago I was the guest of a friend of mine, Edward Talbot. His home was in Galway, and his wife was an extremely handsome and attractive woman. His children were in the nursery; and the daughter of a fellow officer who died in great poverty was also an inmate of the house. This girl, Mary Norreys, was a Catholic. Perhaps that was why she and I were drawn together."

The speaker paused a moment. "I had been invited for the hunting season, and the house was filled with a merry, fun-loving party. Mrs. Talbot was an ideal hostess, very kind and courteous to all her guests. Towards Mary Norreys both she and her husband showed much consideration, and the girl had a very sincere affection for both, particularly for Talbot. Well, at the end of the season some big personage or other visited the neighborhood, and the country people decided to give a ball in the Duke's honor. Mrs. Talbot had a very valuable necklace and some other jewels down from Dublin to wear on the occasion; and on the night before the ball the necklace was stolen. Talbot was much annoyed—the necklace had been an heirloom—and detectives were called in. They did not succeed in recovering the article, but some suspicion attached itself to Mary Norreys."

"Well?"

"At Mrs. Talbot's urgent solicitation, the matter was hushed up."

"Perhaps the girl was innocent," Father Blake said.

"She was innocent, though I, unfortunately, did not think so at the time. I had been out in the evening for a long walk, and had lost my way, so that it was the dinner hour when I was crossing a small platform towards the house. The evening was clear, and I was able to see a couple who were concealed among the trees and were not aware of my approach. One was a low-set, dissipated-looking young fellow; the other was Mary Norreys. She was handing an oblong packet to her companion when I caught sight of them. I got away without attracting their attention. When the loss of the necklace was discovered I was glad I had kept to myself the knowledge of Miss Norreys' whereabouts that particular evening. You see I cared very much for her. Indeed, I had made up my mind to ask her to be my wife that very evening."

"What became of the girl?" Father Blake inquired.

"I don't know. Two years later I was in London, and at Euston station I saw a man try to fling himself under a passing train. I was able to save him from instant death, but next day he died in a hospital. The authorities had my name and address, and before he died he desired to see me. Of course I went to the hospital; and you can guess my surprise when I found the man to be the same to whom I had seen Mary Norreys give a packet on the night that Mrs. Talbot's necklace was stolen. The poor fellow was suffering horribly, but he was quite sensible. 'You were a guest of Edward Talbot a couple of years ago,' he said, as I approached the bed where he lay. 'I saw you once or twice and heard your names.' I answered affirmatively, and then the man astonished me by declaring that he was Mrs. Talbot's brother."

"Both he and his sister had been left penniless at an early age, and had picked up a livelihood by means not always respectable. Ned Talbot met his sister at some seaside resort, and married her, under the impression that she had no living relatives. The brother had sunk lower and lower, and it was when he was about to be arrested for forgery that he had gone to his brother-in-law's place, hoping that Mrs. Talbot might have sufficient money at her disposal to help him. This she had not; and, as her brother threatened to appeal to Mr. Talbot, she had asked Mary Norreys to carry to him the package containing the necklace. The poor chap was anxious that I should let his sister know of his death. 'And tell her,' said he, 'to hide the truth no longer. I understand the girl that carried the necklace to me was suspected of stealing it.'

"I attended the man's funeral, and then sought Mrs. Talbot. She admitted the truth, and told me how Mary had kept silent rather than bring sorrow to Mr. Talbot. Of the girl's whereabouts she knew nothing. I advertised, I employed detectives, but I could find no trace of Mary. For a long time I had hopes of discovering her and marrying her. Now I am, as I hinted, journeying South. There is a certain Miss Lawless, a nice, quiet girl. She is a great favorite with Mr. Maxwell, and he is anxious that she and I should become better acquainted. But here we are at the junction!"

Hugh assisted the priest across the platform to another carriage. The effort of moving brought on a return of the faintness, and Hugh took a quick resolution.

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A LIFE AMONG INDIANS.

Forty-three years of missionary work among the Coeur d'Alenes, the Yakimas and the Colville Indian tribes of Idaho and Washington is the record of Father Joseph M. Caruana, of the Society of Jesus.

Father Caruana is now at the head of the mission at De Smet, Idaho, on the Coeur d'Alene Reservation, 12 miles southeast of Tekoa. He has been there since the mission was established, in 1880. He performs the triple duties of priest, teacher and postmaster at the little Indian village, but finds time to entertain his friends and takes delight in narrating his unique experiences among the red men.

At De Smet is located a school for Indian boys taught by one of the brothers of the Society, under the supervision of Father Caruana. The school is attended at present by about forty-five pupils. There is also a convent and a school for Indian girls with an average attendance of about fifty pupils. This is under the charge of Sister Jane de Chantal, Mother Superior. She has the assistance of two teachers. Girls are admitted to these schools as young as four or five years, and can remain as many years as they wish. The course of study is almost identical with that taught in any school of the State. White girls are also received at the school, but are taught in separate classes from the Indian children.

Father Caruana began his labors among the Coeur d'Alene Indians in 1862. Of the Indians then inhabiting the Northwest, this tribe was noted as being the most treacherous and cruel. Their territory had never been invaded by a white man, except one or two missionaries of the Jesuits and a few agents of the Hudson Bay Company. On account of the ferocity of the Coeur d'Alenes the letter feared to establish permanent agencies, as they had done with the Flatheads, Kalispells and other peacefully disposed tribes. But from dense ignorance they have been brought to a degree of enlightenment and honesty. Well tilled fields, sleek horses, and barns and money in bank are possessed by many of the industrious, while the moral and mental condition of the tribe has been vastly improved, says Father Caruana.

"When I arrived among these Indians they were in a state of degradation bordering on the brute creation. The Catholic religion, combined with patient treatment and continual instruction, has brought them to a high degree of civilization and rescued them from the darkness of polygamy and superstition, with their train of vices, which formerly reigned supreme among them. Previous to the advent of the Jesuit fathers cruelty and treachery were the best known characteristics of this people. They did not even dare to trust each other, but neighboring camps of the same tribe were in constant fear of surprise and deception—perhaps of robbery and massacre."

"The change which has been wrought since then has been truly wonderful, and can only be explained by the theory that it was caused by the grace of God working in their hearts. An incident may illustrate this point. At the breaking out of the Nez Perce war Chief Joseph sent a deputation of several warriors to meet the Coeur d'Alenes and persuade them to join the Nez Perces in war against the whites. Chief Seltice acted as spokesman for the Coeur d'Alenes, and said: 'I ask first of all whether you know that we are Catholics?' They answered, 'Yes, we know.' 'Then go back to Joseph and tell him we shall fight none but him and his people should they cross the line of our own land, to drive them away.' The Nez Perce warriors then asked to shake hands as good friends before leaving. Seltice then stretched himself to his full height and said, 'We cannot shake hands covered with human blood.' The emissaries of Joseph departed and never again had the temerity to cross the territorial line of the Coeur d'Alenes."

"I wish to relate another incident of the Nez Perce which tends to throw some light on the true character of the people of this tribe. During that war there were several white families scattered over this country who became frightened at reports of massacres perpetrated by Nez Perce Indians, and, fearing an uprising among the Coeur d'Alenes, they expected to meet a similar fate. The chiefs of the tribes or camps, following the advice of the father superior of the mission, advised them to remain at their homes, and no harm would befall them. The whites were distrustful, however, and fled to a place of safety, leaving, as they supposed, their houses, stock and household property to certain destruction. The chiefs held a consul-

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French View of Ireland's Literary Revival

M. Augustine Filon, writing in the Journal des Debats, gives a brief but interesting French impression of the literary renaissance that has become so familiar to American readers. After noting the rise of the various Irish societies—Literary, Folk-song and Text; after a word for the National Theatre at Dublin and the plays of Mr. Yeats, who, as he puts it, "seems to be recognized by everybody as the Victor Hugo of this Irish people," M. Filon interprets the whole movement, both in its Irish and its English aspect, as "the old duel beginning again, no longer in the field of material and political interests, but in the realm of sentiment and ideas." Thus, from this French point of view, "the Land League of twenty-five years ago lives in the Gaelic League, and Mr. Yeats in Parnell became poet and dramatist."

In the Irish Theatre M. Filon finds not so much real drama as "poetry in concrete form." In fact, throughout this new literature, above all in Yeats—"with charm of originality and fancy, and now and then the grand compelling accent of the ancient Celts"—he finds "first, an idealism vague but immense, which seems to derive its force consciously or unconsciously from Catholic inspiration and which ranges itself scornfully against the vulgar and grasping commercialism of the Anglo-Saxon. Then a patriotism which our own, ardent as it is, can not comprehend. The explanation of it all is in the fact that Ireland's ideal of herself is never realized, never incarnated; she hovers always aloft in memory or dream untouched by the stains of reality. An actual living country may compromise its honor, may make itself ridiculous or corrupt; but the ideal land keeps ever the inevitable loveliness of things divided—or realities but half-revealed."

And again—"The Irish temperament knows naught of seeking its blessings in this world; it is divinely idle and contemplative. Ireland still lives that life of the olden time that ran so much slower and deeper, so wonderfully deeper. The individual was fully aware of his own being; he was not, as to-day, swept along in great social currents absorbed by the collective mass of which he is but a molecule. . . . The Irish poetry gives us something of those feelings so intense, so personal, that made the charm of that existence. Humble, rustic life attracts it, and solitude for it has irresistible fascination."

In the following passage M. Filon makes a significant point: "Yet the Celtic soul comes to nature, not in the manner of Rousseau or Wordsworth, to confide in her own emotions, to impose upon her its own inner states of feeling, to demand of her a sympathy she cannot give; rather does it lay itself upon her bosom as if to sleep and dream, to become imbued with her calm and strength, to forget and lose itself in her, to fly with the winds and flow with the waters until it feels across its passing flesh the sweep of the sublime breath, the infinite stirring of universal life."

Whether this Irish poetry is to "embody itself with masterpieces" or to continue, "only a repertoire of poetic impressions," whether it will actually succeed in "reviving the language that belongs to it," or will "bend the idiom of the odious Sassenach to the expression of unwonted sentiments," Mr. Filon invokes some scores of years to settle.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

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A PERSISTENT NEST BUILDER.

One of the most energetic nest-builders is the marsh wren; in fact, he has the habit to such a degree that he cannot stop with one nest, but goes on building four or five in rapid succession. And there is nothing slovenly about his work, either. Look among the cattails in the nearest marsh, even within the limits of a great city, and you will find his little woven balls of reed stems, with a tiny round hole in the side. There is a certain method even in his madness, for the nest in which his wife is brooding her seven or eight eggs is less likely to be found when there are so many empty ones around. Then, too, he uses the others as roosting places for himself.

"Clarence, dear," said the bride of three short weeks, reproachfully, "it was after midnight when you got home last night."

"Well, if that isn't just like a woman," growled Clarence. "Before we were married you didn't seem to care how late I got home."—Chicago News.

Character which is wanting in the element of reverence for that which is old, fails of the finest beauty.



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