which she had not lifted from her face. Mrs. Vervain gave a little sob as Don Ippolito took her hand and kissed it; and she had some difficulty in leaving with him the rouleau, which she tried artfully to press into his paim. "Good-bye, good-bye," she said, "don't drop it," and attempted to close his fingers over it.

But he let it lie carelessly in his oren hand, as the gondola moved off, and there it still lay as he stood watching the boat silp under a bridge at the next corner, and disappear. While he stood there gazing at the empty arch, a man of a wild and savage aspect approached. It was said empty arch, a man of a wild and savage aspect approached. It was said that this man's brain had been turned by the death of his brother, who was betrayed to the Austrians after the revolution of '48, by his wife's confessor. He advanced with swift strides, and at the moment he reached Don Ippolito's side he suddenly turned his face upon him and cursed him through face upon him and cursed him through his clenched teeth: "Dog of a priest!" Don Ippolito, as if his whole race ounced him in the maniac's words, uttered a desolate cry, and hid-ing his face in his hands, tottered into his house.

The rouleau had dropped from his palm; it rolled down the shelving marble of the quay, and slipped into

The young leggar who had held Mrs. Vervain's gondola to the shore while she talked, looked up and down the descreted quay, and at the down and windows. Then he began to take off his clothes for a bath.

XVII.

Ferris returned at nightfall to his house, where he had not been since daybreak, and flung himself exhausted mon the bed. His face was burnt red with the sun, and his eyes were blood-shot. He fell into a dose and dreamed that he was still at Malamocco, whither he had gone that morning in sort of craze, with some fisher. men, who were to cast their nets there; then he was rowing back to Venice across the lagoon, that seemed a molten fire under the keel. He woke win a heavy groan, and bade Marina

fetch him a light.
Sie set it on the table, and handed him the card Mrs. Vervain had left. He read it and read it again, and then he laid it down, and putting on his hat, he took his cane and went out. "bo not wait for me, Marina," he said, "I may be late. Go to bed."
He returned at midnight, and lighting his candle took up the card and rend it once more. He could not tell viether to be glad or sorry that he had failed to see the Vervains again-the took it for granted that hou ap-polito was to follow; he would not ask himself what motive had hastened their going. The reasons were all that he should never more look upon the

o sleep. He woke carly, and went out to walk. He did not rest all day. Once

he could not resolve into any definite shirms or wrong. At times, what he had seen stemed to him some baleful trick of the imagination, some lurid had foolish illusion. But he could do nothing. He could

shinnes or wrong. At times, what he had seen stored to him some baleful trick of the magnation, some lurid and foolish illusion.

But he could do nothing. He could not ask himself what the end was to be. He kept indoors by day, trying to work, trying to read, marveling somewhat that he did not fall sick and die. At night he set out on long walks, which took him he cared not where, and often detained him till the grey lights of anorning began to tremble through the nocturnal blue, But even by hight he shunned the neighborhood in which the Vervains had lived. Their handlord sent him a prischage of trifles they had left becal a strange ground on which the walls trough all the complex resentments that divided them. It was inceed a strange ground on which the

priest was coming towards him across a canpo he had just entered; he stopped and turned back into the calle; when the priest came up to him it

was not bon ippolito.
In these days Ferris recespitch from the Department informing him that his stored appointed, and diregations the compiler. deliver up the consular archives, and other prop United States. No reason moval was given, but a never been any reason pointment, he had no plain; the balance was ed by this simple device.

where he had seen that malign visage before.

"Well?" he said, harshly.

"I come," answered the old woman, "on the part of Don Ippolito Rondinelli, who desires so much to see Your Excellency."

Ferris made no response, while the old woman knotted the fringe of her shawl with quaking hands, and presently added, with a tenderness in her voice which oddly discorded with the harshness of her face: "He has been very sick, poor thing, with a fever, but now he is in his senses again, and the doctors say he will get well. I hope so. But he is still very weak. He tried to write two lines to you, but he had not the strength; so he bade me bring you this word: That he had something to say which it greatly me bring you this word: That he had something to say which it greatly concerned you to hear, and that he prayed you to forgive his not coming to revere you, for it was impossible, and that you should have the goodners to him this favor, to come to find him the quickest you could."

The old woman wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl, and her chin wobbled pathetically, while she shot a

the corner of her shawl, and her chin wobbled pathetically, while she shot a glance of baleful dislike at Ferris, who answered after a long dull stare at her, "Tell him I'll come."

He did not believe that Don Ippolito

could tell him anything that greatly concerned him; but he was worn out with going round in the same circle of conjecture, and so far as he could be glad he was glad of this chance to face his calamity. He would go; but tot at once; he would think it over; he would go te-morrow, when he had go; some grasp of the matter.

The old woman linewed old woman lingered.

Tell him I'll come," repeated Ferris impatiently.

A thousand excuses; but my poor "A thousand excuses; but my poor master has been very sick. The doctors say he will get well. I hope so. But he is very weak indeed; a little shock, a little disappointment?—Is the signore very, very much occupied this morning? He greatly desired—he prayed that if such a thing were possible in the goodness of your exectency—But I am offending the signore!"

"What do you want?" demanded.

"What do you want?" demanded

The old wretch set up a pitiful whimper, and tried to possess herself of his hand; she kissed his coat sleeve instead. "That you will return with me," she besought him.
"Oh, I'll go?" grouned the painter.
'I might as well go first as last," he

added in English. "There, stop that!
Enough, enough, I tell you! Didn't I
say I was going with you?" he cried
to the old woman.
"God bless you!" she mumbled, and
set off before him down the stairs and

out of the door. She looked so miscrably old and weary, that he called a gondola to his landing and made her get into it with him.

It tormented Don Ippolito's idle woman so hatefully lost to him, but a strong instinct of his heart struggled against them.

He lay down in his clothes, and begin to dream almost before he began to dream almost before he began was known, when ferrise entered the priest's house with

to sleep. He woke carly, and went out to walk. He did not rest all day. Once he came home, and found a letter from Mrs. Vervnia, postmarked Verona, reiterating her lamentations and adicus, and expaining that the priest had reliminated his purpose, and would not go to America at all. The desper mystery in which this news left him was not less sinister than before. In the weeks that followed, Ferrishad no other purpose than to reduce the days to hours, the hours to minutes. The burden that fell upon him when he woke lay heavy on his heart till night, and oppressed him far into his sleep. He could not give his trouble certain shape: what was mostly with him was a formless less, which he could not resolve into any definite. her. He had not often visited Don Ippcof death.

"Advance, advance," whispered the

But even by hight he shunned the meighborhood in which the Vervains had lived. Their landford sent him a grackage of trifles they had left behind, but he refused to receive them, cording track word that he did not know where the ladies were. He had half expected that Mrs. Vervains though he had not answered her last letter, might write to him again from England, but she did not. The Vervains had passed out of his world; he knew that they had been in it only by the torment they had left him.

He wondered in a listless way that he should see nothing of Don Ippolito, he knew no evil of Don Ippolito, he could not accuse him of any betrayal of trust, or violation of confidence. He felt merely that this hapless creature, lying so deathlike before him, had profaned, however involuntarily, what was sacredest in the world to him; beyond this all was choos.

him; beyond this all was chaos. He had heard of the priest's sickness with fierce hardening of the heart; yet, beheld him now, he began to things that moved him to rse. He recalled again with which Don oken to him of

with him; and Ferris could not. That pity for himself as the prey of fantastically cruel chances, which he had already vaguely felt, began now also to include the priest; ignoring all but that compassion, he went up to the bed and took the weak, chill, nerveless hand in his own.

The canonico rose and placed his chair for Ferris beside the pillow, on which lay a brass crucifix, and then softly left the room, exchanging a glance of affectionate intelligence with the sick man.

"I might have waited a little while," said Don Ippolito weakly, speaking in a holow voice, that was the shadow of his old deep tones, "but you will know how to forg.ve the impatience of a man not yet quite master of himself. I thank you for coming. I have been very sick, as you see I did not think to like.

quite master of himself. I thank you for coming. I have been very sick, as you see; I did not think to live; I did not care—I am very weak now; let me say to you quickly what I want to say. Dear friend," continued Don Ippolito, fixing his eyes upon the painter's face, "I spoke to her that night after I had parted from you."

from you."
The priest's voice was now firm; The priest's voice was now life; the painter turned his face away.
"I spoke without hope," proceeded Don Ippoito, "and because I must. I spoke in vain; all was lost, all was past in a moment."

The coil of suspicions and misgivings and fears in which Ferris had ived was suddenly without a clew:

ived was suddenly without a clew; he could not look upon the pullid visage of the priest lest he should now at last find there that subtle expression of deceit; the whirl of his thoughts kept him silent; Don Ippolitions

"Even if I had never been a priest,

I would still have been impossible to her. She"—

He stopped as if for want of the stopped as if for want of strength to go on. All at once he cried, "Listen!" and he rapidly recounted the story of his live, ending with the fatal tragedy of his love. When it was told he said calmly, "But now everything is over with me on earth. I thank the Infinite Commenciation the ways have the work which pussion for the sorrows through which I have pussed. I, also, have proved the miraculous power of the church, po-tent to save in all ages." He gathered the crucifix in his spectral grasp, and pressed it to his lips. "Many merciful things have befallen me on this bed of sickness. My uncle, whom the long years of my darkness divided from me, is once more at peace with me. Even that poor old woman whom I sent to call you, and who had served me as I believed with hate for me as a false priest in her heaft, has de-voted herself day and night to my he plessness; she has grown decrepit with her cares and vigi.s. Yes, I have had many and signa. marks of the Divine pity to be grateful for. He paused, breathing quickly, and then added, "They tell me that the danger of this sickness is past. But none the less I have died in it. When I rise from this bed it shall be to take the vows of a Carmelite friar." Ferris mace no answer, and Don

ippolito resumed:
"I have told you how, when I first owned to her the falsehood in which livel, she besought me to try if might not find consolation in the loly life to which I had been devoted. When you see her, dear friend, will you not tell her that I came to understand that this comfort, this refuge, awaited me in the cell of the Carmelite? I have brought so much trouble into her life that I would fain have her know I have found peace where she bade me seek it, that I have mastered my affliction by reconciling myself to it. Teli

her that but for her pity and fear for me, I believe that I must have died in my sins." It was perhaps inevitable from Ferris' Protestant association of monks and convents and penances chiefly with the machinery of fic-tion, that all this affected him as unreally as talk in a stage-play. His heart was cold, as he answered: 'I am glad that your mind is at rest concerning the doubts which so long troubled you. Not all men are so easily pacified; but, as you say, it is the privilege of your church to work miracles. As to Miss Vervaln, 1 am scores that to give her your message. I shall never see her again. Excuse me," he continued, "but your servant said there was something you wished to

say that concerned me?"
"You will never see her again!"
cried the priest, struggling to lift
himself upon his elbow, and falling back upon the pillow. 'Oh, bereft! Oh, deaf and blind! it was you that she love!! She confessed it to me

that night."
"Wait!" said Ferris, trying to steady his voice, and failing; "I was with Mrs. Vervain that night; she sent me into the garden that night to call her daughter, and I saw how Miss Vervain parted from the man she did not love! I saw"— It was a horrible thing to have said it, he felt now that he had spoken; a sense of indelicacy, the shamefulness, seemed to allenate him from all high concern in the matter, and to leave him a mere solf-convicted eavesdropper. His face flamed; the wavering hopes, the wavering doubts, alike died in his heart. He had fallen below the dignity of his own trouble.

"You saw, you saw," softly repeated the priest, without looking at him, and without any show of emotion; apparently the convalescence that had brought him perfect clearness of reason had left his sensibilities atill somewhat dulled. At last/h/ ask. ed very gently. "And how shall I make you believe that what you saw was not a woman's love, but an angel's heavenly pity for mo? Does it seem hard to believe this of her?"

"Yes," answered the painter doggedly, "it is hard."

"And yot it is the very truth. Oh, you do not know her, you never knew "You saw, you saw," softly repeat-

"And yet it is the very truth. Oh, you do not know her, you never knew her! In the same moment that she denied me her love she divined the anguish of my soul, and with that embrace she sought to console me for the friendlessness of a whole life, past and to come. But I know that I waste my works on you," he exist hit waste my works on you," he cried bit-terly. "You never would see me as I was; you would find no singleness in me, and yet I had a heart as full of loyalty to you as love for her. In what have I been false to you?"

what have I been false to you?"
"You never were false to me," answered Ferris, "and God knows I have been true to you, and at what cost. We might well curse the day we met, Don Ippolito, for we have only done each other harm. But I never meant you harm And now I ask you to each other harm. But I never meant you harm! And now! I ask you to forgive me if I cannot believe you. I cannot—yet. I am of another race from you, slow to suspect, slow to trust. Give me a little time; let me see you again. I want to go away and think, I don't question your

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truth. I'm afraid you don't. afraki that the same deceit has tricked us both. 'I must come to you to-morrow. Can I?"

ed us both. 'I must come to you to morrow. Can I?"

He rose and stood beside the couch. "Surely, surely," answered the priest, looking into Ferris' troubled eyes with calur meckness. "You will do me the greatest pleasure. Yes, come again to morrow. You know," come again to morrow. You know," he sakt with a sad smile, referring to his purpose of taking vows, "that my time in the world is short. Adieu, to

meet again!"
He took Ferris' hand, hanging weak and hot by his side, and drew him gently down by it, and kissed him on either bearded cheek. "It is our cus-tom, you know, among friends. Fare-

The canonico in the antercom bowed

The canonico in the autercom bowed austerely to him as he passed through; the old woman refused with a harsh "Nothing!" the money he offered her at the door.

He bitterly upbraided himself for the doubts he could not banish, and he still flushed with shame that he should have declared his knowledge of a scene which ought, at its worst, to have been inviolable by his speech. He scarcely cared now for the woman about whom these miseries grouped themselves; he reallized

the woman about whom these miseries grouped themselves; he realized that a fantastic remorse may be stronger than a jealous love.

He longed for the morrow to come, that he might confess his shame and regret; but a reaction to this vio-ient repentance came before the night fed. As the sound of the priest's voice and the sight of his wasted face fndand the sight of his wasted face face defrom the painter's sense he began to see everything in the old light again. Then what Don Ippolito had said took a character of addicrous, of insolent improbability.

After dark Ferris set out upon one of his long, rambling walks. He walked hard and fast, to try if he might not still by more failure of body.

not still, by mere fatigue of body, the anguish that filled his soul. But whichever way he went he came again and again to the house of Don Ippointo, and at last he stopped there are in a graphy the property of the heaning against the parapet of the house, as though he would spell from the senseless stones the truth of the secret they sheltered. Far up in the chamber, where he knew that the priest lay, the windows were dimly

As he stood thus, with his upturned face haggard in the moonlight, the soldier commanding the Austrian patro, which passed that way, halted his squad, and seemed about to ask him what he wanted there.

Ferris turned and walked swiftly homeward; but he did not even he down. His misery took the shape of an intent that would not suffer him to rest. He meant to go to Don Ippolito and tell him that his story had failed of its effect, that he was not to be fooled so easily, and, without demanding anything further, to leave him in his le.

At the earliest hour when he might hope to be admitted, he went, and As he stood thus, with his up-

At the earliest hour when he might hope to be admitted, he went, and rang the bell furiously. The door opened, and he confronted the priest's servant. "I want to see Don Ippolito," said Ferris abruptly.

"It cannot be," she began.

"I tell you I must," cried Ferris raising his voice. "I tell you"—

"Madman!" fiercely whispered the coll woman sheling both her open.

oll woman, shaking both her open hands in his face, "he's dead! He died last night!"

The terrible stroke sobered Ferris; he woke from his iong debauch of hate and jealousy and despair; for the first time since that night in the garden he faced his fate with a clear mind. Death had jet his seal for ever to a testimony which he had been able neither to refuse nor to accept; in abject sorrow and shame he thanked God that he had been kept free from dealing that last he thanked God that he had been kept free from dealing that last cruel blow; but if Don Ipolito had come back from the dead to repeat his-witness, Ferris felt that the miracle could not change his own passive state. There was now but one thing in the world for him to do, to see Florida, to confront her with his knowledge of all that had been, and to abide by her word, whatever it way. At the worst, there was the war, whose drums had already called to him for a refuge.

He thought at first that he might perhaps overtake the Vervains be-

come back from the dead to repeat his witness, Ferris felt that the mirracle could not change his own passive state. There was now but one thing in the world for him to do, to see Florida, to confront her with his knowledge of all that had been, and to abide by her word, whatever it war. At the worst, there was the war, whose drums had already called to him for a refuge.

He thought at first that he might perhaps overtake the Vervains before they sailed for America, but he remembered that they had left Venice six weeks before. It seemed in possible that he could wait, but when he landed in New York, he was to throw off the cold, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsed and Turpentine is the safeguard against make the landed in New York, he was to throw off the cold, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsed and Turpentine is the safeguard against make the more difficult for the system to throw off the cold, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsed and Turpentine is the safeguard against make the more difficult for the system to throw off the cold, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsed and Turpentine is the safeguard against make the more difficult for the system to throw off the cold, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsed and Turpentine is the safeguard against make the more difficult for the system of thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. It is mother's far as ease of its wildness enfectbled his purpose. What was he going to do? Had he come four thousand miles to tell Florida that Don lppolito was dead? Or was he going to say, "I have heard that you tove me, but I don't believe it; is it true?"

He puched on to Providence, stifling

Thorough In Action.

Cough rixtures are almost as numer, one stands and sund represents the effort expended in trying to cough and bronchial tubes and rets up consistent the effort depend in the fell cough in the art of discassed to present the cough is merely removing the art of discassed in the first that he delicate the proper discassed in the form the first the might be cough is merely removing the art of delication the ef

these antic misgivings as he might, and without allowing himself time to falter from his intent, he set out to find Mrs. Vervain's house. He knew the street and the number, for she had often given him the address in her invitations against the time when he should return to America. As he drew near the house a tender trepidation filled him and silenced all other senses in him; his heart beat disheartening condition of half-work.

trepidation filled him and silenced all other senses in him; his heart beat thickly; the universe included only the fact that he was to look upon the face he loved, and this fact had neither past nor future.

But a terrible foreboding as of death seized him when he stood before the house, and glanced up at its clo.e-shuttered front, and round upon the dusty grass plots and neglected flower beds of the door yard. With a cold hand he rang and rang again, and no answer came. At last a man lounged up to the fence from the next house door. "Guess you won't make anybody hear," he said, casunake anybody hear," he said, casu-

"Doesn't Mrs. Vervain live in this house?" asked Ferris, finding a husky voice in his throat that sounded to him like some other's voice lost there.

"She used to, but she isn't at home. Famlly's in Europe."
They had not come back yet.
"Thanks," said Ferris mechanically, "Thanks," said Ferris mechanically, and he went away. He haughed to himself at this keen irony of fortune; he was prepared for the confirmation of his doubts; he was ready for relief from them. Heaven knows but this blank that the turn of the wheel had brought, this Nothing!

The Vervains were as lost to him as if Europe were in another planet. How should he find them there? Besides, he was poor; he had no money to get back with, if he had wanted to return.

He took the first train to New York and hunted up a young fellow of his

and was an ardent recruiter. He halled with rapture the expression of Ferris' wish to go into the war. "Look here!" he said, after a moment's thought, "didn't you have some

ents thought, "didn't you have some rank as a consul?"

"Yes," replied Ferris with a dreary smile, "I have been equivalent to a commander in the navy and a colonel in the army—I don't mean both, but either."

"Good!" cried his friend. "We must strike high. The colonelcies are rather increaselled.

er inaccessible, just at present, and so are the lieutenant-colonelcies; but

majorship, now"—
"Oh no; don't!" pleaded Ferris. "Oh no; don't!" pleaded Ferris.
"Make me a corporal—or a cook. I shall not be so mischlevous to our own side, then, and when the other fellows shoot me, I shall not be so much of a loss."

"Oh, they won't shoot you," ex-postulated his friend, high-heartedly. He got Ferris a commission as second Leutenant, and lent him money to buy a uniform.

Ferris' regiment was sent to a part of the southwest, where he saw a good deal of fighting and fever and ague-At the end of two years, spent after-nately in the field and the hospital, nately in the field and the hospital, he was riding out near the camp one morning in unusual spirits, when two men in butternut fired at him; one had the raortification to miss him; the builet of the other struck him in the arm. There was talk of amputation at first, but the case was finally managed without. In Ferris' state of health it was quite the same an end of his soldiering.

He came north sick and maimed and poor He smiled

perate venture, written to her at Providence, but he had got no answer. He asked of a Providence man among the artists in New York, if he knew the Vertains; the Providence man said that he did know them a little when he was much younger; they had been abroad a great deal; he behaved in a dim way that they were still in Europe. The young one, he added, used to have a temper of her own.

"Indeed?" said Ferris, stiffly.
The one fast friend whom he found The one fast friend whom he found in New York was the governor's dashing aids. The enthusiasm of this recruiter of regiments had not ceased with Ferris' departure for the front; the number of disabled officers for bade him to lionize any one of them, but he befriended Ferris; he made a feat of discovering the open sevent feint of discovering the open secret of his poverty, and asked how he could help him. "I don't know," said Ferris, "it looks

"I don't know," said Ferris, "It looks like a hopeless case, to me."

"Oh, no, it isn't," retorted his friend, as cheerfuly and confidently as he had promised him that he should not be shot. "Didn't you bring back any pictures from Venice with you?"

"I brought back a lot of sketches and studies. I'm sorry to say that I and studies. I'm sorry to say that I loafed a good deal there; I used to feel that I had eternity before me; and I was a theorist and a purist and an idiot generally. There are none of them fit to be seen."

rom a catch-all closet in the studio of a sculptor with whom he had left them, and who expressed a polite pleasure in handing them over to Ferris rather than to his heirs and assigns. "Well, I'm not sure that I share your satisfaction, o'd fellow," said the painter ruefully; but he unpacked the sketches.

Their inspection certainly revealed a disheartening condition of half-work.
"And I can't do anything to help the matter for the present," groaned Ferris, stopping midway in the business, and making as if to shut the case

again.
"Hold on!" said his friend. "What's "Hold on!" said his friend. "What's this? Why, this isn't so bad." It was the study of Don Ippolito as a Venetian priest, which Ferris beheid with a stupid amaze, remembering that he had meant to destroy it, and wondering how it had got where it was, but not really caring much. "It's worsthan you can imagine," said he, still looking at it with this apathy.

"No matter; I want you to sell to me. Come!"

"I can't!" replied Ferris piteously. "It would be flat burglary."

Then put it into the exhibition."
The sculptor, who had gone bac to scraping the chin of the famous public man on whose bust he was at

ic man on whose bust he was at work, stabbed him to the heart with

work, stabbed him to the heart with his mode ling tool, and turned to Ferris and his friend. He santed his broad, red beard for a side long look at the picture, and said: "I know what you mean, Ferris, It's hard, and it's feeble in some ways; and it looks a little too much like experimenting. But it isn't so infernally bad."

"Don't be fulsome," responded Ferris, jadedly. He was thinking in a thoroughly vanquished mood what a tragko-comic end of the whole business it was that poor Don Ippolito to get back with, if he had wanted to return.

He took the first train to New York and hunted up a young fedow of his acquaintance, who in the days of peace had been one of the governor's aides. He was still holding this place, and was an ardent recruiter. He halled with rapture the expression of Ferris' wish to go into the war. "Look here!" he said, after a moment's thought, "didn't you have some from one lower level to another. He rubbed his forehead and brooded upon the picture. At least it would be some comfort to be rid of it; and Don Ippolito was dead; and

to whom could it mean more than the face of it? (To be Continued.)

THE BOOK COLLECTOR.

He Made a Swap Which Satisfied the

"It's astonishing how book collecting will blunt a man's conception of the rights of meum et tuum," said the proprietor of a delightful old secondhand store on the south side of the town "I wouldn't trust a con-firmed collector as far as I could throw Jackson Square by the monu-ment. They all consider themselves, licensed privateers, and when one of them wants any particular volume and can't buy it the chances are it will mysteriously disappear the first time he pays you a visit. I am on to most of the tricks of the fraternity, however, and it takes a pretty smooth individual to secure any plunder in this slop.

"Only recently I circumvented and other stops of the stops."

arm. There was talk of amputation at first, but the case was finally managed without. In Ferris' state of health it was quite the same an end of his soldiering.

He came north sick and maimed and poor. He smiled now to think of confronting Florida in any imperative or challenging spirit; but the current of his hopeles melaurcholy turned more and more toward her. He had once, at a desperate venture, written to her at

break it so as to complete his own, but I have of course refused.

"Then I noticed that he began to drop in of afternoons with a book under his arm, looking up and down the shelves. The volume he carried bore a close external resemblance to the conv of Dickens he wanted, and the copy of Dickens he wanted, and I suspected at once that I would some day find them exchanged. Consequently I locked up the coveted volume 8 and substituted a worthless treatise on mathematics bound in the same manner. My visitor knew the exact location of the book on the shelf, and the other day I purposely gave him an opportunity to make I suspected at once that I would snell, and the other day I purposely gave him an opportunity to make the shift. It was done in the twinkling, and presently he strolled out. I haven't seen him since. The book he left was a very pretty copy of Keats. I am well satisfied with the swap."

New Orleans Times-Democrat. Effect of a Sudden Check.

Effect of a Sudden Check.

"Sea king of large babies," remarked Mr. Meeker, animatedly, as the conversation became general, "I knew a couple of twins once, named Herkinal, that weighed—"

At that instant he caught the siony glare of Mrs. Meeker's eye, turned in his direction.

"Four pounds!"

And he said it without pausing the 20th part of a second.

them fit to be seen."
"Never mired; let's look at them."
"They hunted out Ferris' preperty" ministered to the other fellow. Men admire justice when it is ad-

DANGEROUS TO STOP A COUGH.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Goes Deeper and Cures the Cold-It is Prompt and Thorough in Action.