piscina. They chose that part where

the image of Mary is sculptured in the

marble, and where it is said the most wonderful miracles have taken place.

"Kneeling in the placina, they recited the Creed, and then Sister M. Amanda

stretched herself out so as to bathe her

head and neck, where she autfered most

pain. The Sisters who helped her were

more dead than alive on seeing her

trembling with cold and as pale as

death, but, reanimating their faith, they commenced the Litanies, Sister M.

Amanda repeating the invocations and

the others answering. When they came to the invocation 'Queen conceived

without original sin' they repeated it

three times. At that moment Sister Amanda, with a sudden movement,

opened her arms, which up to this she

had kept crossed on her breast, pressing

the package of intentions which the

Sisters at Madrid had given her. 'What

is the matter?' inquired Sister M. Angeles. 'It is done,' answered she; 'I

"Quickly our dear Sister is taken

from the piscina. Her joy was so great,

her emotion so profound, that we were

obliged to help her to dress herself.

Then she almost ran to the Grotto to

thank Our Lady and fasten her crutch as

an ex voto. In the hope of hearing a

Mass in thanksgiving she went in all haste towards the Basilica, and met the

Benedictine Father, who was just leaving the Basilica after having said his

Mass for her cure. He stopped her, and, not recognizing her, said: 'What of the sick Sister?' 'I am the Sister,' she re-

plied, 'I am cured.' The poor Father

was unable to speak, and could

carcely believe his even that she was

tae same Sister whom he had seen an

hour before trying to drag herself to

the Gretto, not sole to walk a step with-

out stumbling. He told the Sisters that

at the Elevation of his Mass he had felt

deeply touched-so much so that he

could hardly pronounce the sacramental

words. This was just the moment when

the Sister had called out 'I am cured!'-

when the gentle hand of the Immaculate

Virgin was placed on the soul of her

child, giving to us all a sensitle proof of

her mercitul tenderness. What by mms

et thanksgiving were sent up to Heaven,

first at Lourdes, then Paris, Madrid and

Montpellier, where telegrams were at

once sent to tell of the wonders Our lady

had wrought!"-Catholic Times.

am cured.

"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XI.-Continued.

As for Anketell-he has even forgotten he is silent, so busy are his thoughts with all the past miserable hour. Again he seems to be standing in the dusky he seems to be station; again he sees her comer of the station; again he sees her come slowly forward. The quick advance of Eyre, her reception of him so devoid of surprise of any kind, her devoid of the small hearts him. giring up of the small bag to him—how plain it is all printed on his brain—in type that will stand out clear to the day of his death! No fear of its fading.

Ard then—the agonized watching for the train to come in. The horrible fascination that compelled him to wait and see her go-zo with that other!-that was the worst part of it! He had thought that at the last moment-the ren last—as her foot was on the step of the compariment, he would spring forward and draw her back, and implore her to return home and—marry his rival later in a more orthodox form.

But she had not given him that opportunity He had watched her impassioned change of decision-her refusal to carry out her design-her vehement relief when she saw her cousin. But her shandonment of Eyre at the last moment did her no good with him-rather, it increased the passionate, grievous anger that is tearing his heart in two False was she to her very core! And weak as false! False to both!

A heavy breathing from his companion's white lips at this moment wakes nim from his stormy reverie.

He turns to her. A star or two have pierced the heaven's dusk by this time, and there on the left, a pale, still creacent is stealing to its throne Diana a very young Diana, is swake at last :-

" Wide the pale deluge floats "

Sowly up from behind the hill beyond the comes, shedding glory on the earth with each slow, trailing step.

Biswlike a queen comes forth the lovely moon, from the slow opening curtains of the clouds.
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne? She gives Anketell the chance of seeing how his companion looks.

cold, shivering, chilled to her heart's core. Her pretty face is not only sad, but blue; her little hands, lying gloveless (what had she done with her gloves?) -on the rug, look sunken to even smaller dimensions than usual, and are trembl ing. A sharp pang contracts Anketell's

You are cold!' says be. in a tone so icy that no wonder she shivers afresh. No! no! says she hastily, through chattering teeth.

You must be!' says he angrily with only that little thin jacket on you. Here? (pulling up with undecided violence a warm plaid from under the seat). ut this on you!"

I would rather not, says she, making an effort to repulse him.

'Put it on directly!' says he, so fiercely ing she gives in without another word. la twining it around her, his hand comes in contact with hers. Your hands are like ice! says he, his voice once again breathing fury. What do you mean by Was there no rug, that you should

of it.' says she wearily.

Then think of it now! Put your hands under the rug instantly.

His manner is really almost unbearable; but Miss McDermot has got to men a low cbb that she has not the courage to resent it. He pulls up the

Cover them at once!' says he, and she meekly obeys him. What does it her. It is quite plain to her that, even if ignorant of this evening's work, he still detests her. His tone, manner, entire air, convinces her of that. Well, she will give him an opportunity of honorably getting rid of her. She will tell him of ner intention of running away with Eyre. That will do it! He is just the son of a man to stick to his word through thick and thin, however bateful the task may be But when he hears that she deliberatedly meant to run away with some one else—Oh! was it deliberate ? She will tell him. But not now. To morrow—perhaps No (sternly) -to morrow certainly. He is coming to dine with them; and after dinner, in the drawing room, she can then give him the opportunity of releasing himself how this unfortunate engagement. How glad he will be! How-

inketell moves unessily in his seat. What is that little soft, sad, brokenhearted sound that has fallen on his ears Dulcinea is crying—so much is plain. Not noisily, not obtrusively—it is indeed, a stifled, a desperately stifled 30b, that betrays her.

I am afraid you are unhappy about something," says he unrelentingly. He is frowning. Fretting for that confounded fellow, he tells himself; and the thought does not throw oil upon the waters. He seems to pause for a reply; but, none coming, he goes on: "To fret about anything is folly," says he hardly. "There is a way out of most diffi culties. I dare say you will find one out

This lost lover she is crying for-this lover lost by her own fear of sacrificing too much for him-may be regained. No doubt, enchained by her lovely face, he will be glad to be recalled. She can write to him, and he will respond warm-W. And he is a man of means. Once The McDermot has been told that he [Anketell] declines to carry out the engagement with his daughter, the old men will be pleased enough to give her to Eyre—Eyre, who has undeniably good prospects.

As for Dulcine, her sobs have now ceased entirely. Anketell's last words have struck a chill to her heart. He is



not in touch with her. He feels nothing for her. Her distress causes him no pain. It is impossible he should know her unfortunate affair with Eyre; and yet once again ber heart dies within her. That terrible doubt returns. It was scotched—not killed. Her tears dry upon her hot cheeks. This is no time for tears. If-if he was at the station when she arrived, and had seen her meeting with Eyre-without Andy! Oh! no. no! Anything but that!

XII.

"Fortune's wings are made of Time's leathers. Which stay not whilst one may measure them."

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang.

It has come to an end at last-this interminable drive! He has driven her up to the back gate, has lifted her carefully down, and bidden her a most distant good-night. Miserable-frightenedleaving hope behind her, and expecting a storm before her, she runs down the short road, through the farmyard and into the house. Her father! what will he say? She shivers in every limb as she dwells upon his wrath. It would be serious enough if it had only to do with her being out of the house at this hour. But when he hears of the sequence—the breaking off of her engagement with Anketell-how will it be then?

Racing upstairs at the top of her speed, she rushes into her own room and into the arms of Mrs. Driscoll.

The old woman, worn out with fear for the faith of her darling, has spent the last two hours wandering from room to room, and praying loudly to all her saints. Prayers unheard except in heaven, as the gaunt old house is virtu ally empty. Now, seeing her nursling return to the nest, she forgets all the distress, the absolute torture she has been enduring, and, being Irish, lets the past go in the joy of the glad present. All is forgotten, save that her child has returned to her.

'Oh, Bridget!' says Dulcines, clinging

to her—'oh, Bridget!'
'There, now! There, me darlint! Take yer breath now. 'Tis home ye are, an' safe wid yer ould Biddy. Hush now, alanna "-equeezing her to her ample bosom. 'Arrah! who'd be able to harm ye wid me at hand? But' (anxiously) where were ye at all, at all?

'Oh Bridget! how I love you!' cries the poor child gratefully, clinging to her with all her might. 'I thought you too would be against me!'

'Is it me, asthore?-me who musted 'Well, he said you had it 'in for me,'

or something like that '

'Who, darlin'? I'ell me the name o' the scamp who'd say such words o' me! It was Andy.'

'Masther Andy! You've seen him, then? says the old woman eagerly. He was wid ye, Miss Dalcie' (drawing her to the fire). 'Sit down here, agra! an' tell me all about it.'

She leads the girl to the roaring wood fire that is blazing up the chimney-a fire so carefully tended in hopes of her darling's return, that it is now indeed a noble spectacle-and pushes her into a big arm chair. And Dalcie, worn out with conflicting passions-doubts that have grown to certainties, and certainties that have once again resolved them-selves into doubts—sinks into the wel dall, cloudy, gray, taciturn day makes don't mind the cold. I don't think selves into doubts-sinks into the wel come chair, and drawing down the old | clear the window panes to Dulcinea -so nurse to the hearthrug beside her, pours into her ears the tale of the evening. With many sighs and many sobs she makes her bumiliating confession; but, in spite of Andy's dire threat, the faithful old nurse refrains from censure of any kind.

She meekly obeys him. What does it mater?—it is all over between him and now, to spoil yer purty eyes! Sure. what were ve. but a bit mistaken! Bid scran to Masther Andy for frightenin' ye like this! 'Twill be all over in no time. Sorra one will know of it -- -

He knows of it-part of it-he-' 'Misther Eyre? He's a gintleman,' says Mrs. Driscoll, who has in her pocket at this moment the very handsome douceur he had b stowed on her at

Mr. Eyre! I'm not thinking of him.' 'Oi who, thin, darlin'?'

'Sir Ralph' (faintly). 'Arrah, nonsense! Sure you know, he'll niver hear of it!' says Nurse, who, after all, in spite of her many good qualities, is frail.

'He will know. He shall know! says her young mistress, springing to her

'En?' (Mrs. Driscoll regards her with apprehension; what does she mean now?) 'Sit down—ye're tired, Miss

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Dulcie, dear,' says she with all the air of one trying to cajole an angry child.
'I shall tell him!' says Dulcie, with determination.

'Faix you won't,' says Mrs. Driecoll. "Tis mad ye are just now; but whin the mornin" comes, an' I've a talk at ye agin, ye'll know where yer right road

'Oh! tomorrow!' says Dulcie, with a groan. 'Do you know he is coming to dinner to morrow. Father asked him, and -But perhaps he will get out of it now. He hates me. I know that; I've reasons for knowing it.'

'Raysona! There isn't a rayson in ye,' says Mrs. Driscoll, with supreme contempt. 'As if any one, with an eye that wasn't yours, couldn't see that he just delights in the sight of ye. Why, twas only yestherday I overheard yer father sayin'-

'Oh, father!' (impatiently). 'Father wants to think as you do. By the bye, Bridget' (turning a frightened tace to her nurse), 'what of father? Where is he? What did he say? Was he asking for me? Is he very angry?'

Wisha, me dear, he knows nothin' of

Nothing ?' 'Ne'er a ha'porth. By all the luck o' the world Micky Flynn took to fightin' agin this evenin' shortly atther youwint for yer walk-and a party bad thrade he made of it. It appears he and Danny Murphy wint at it tooth an' nail down in the village below, all about nothin' but that ould ancient goose as Danny sould to Mrs. Flynn for a shillin' an' faix, between ourselves, miss, it was very ould; an' Mickey let into his skin like mad, an' Danny is now lyin' kilt below in his cabin, wid the wife screech-in' over him like a burnt cat.'

'Not dead?' [horror stricken].
'Oh, no, me dear! just a rib or two; but 'twas a most marciful occurrence. You see, they sint for the masther at once, an' niver a word has he heard of your bein' in or out.'

'Oh!' says Dulcinea, with a long sigh of intense relief. So much will be spared her, at all events.

'I've had a grudge agin Flynn for ten year,' says Mrs. Dris-coll. 'He once promised to marry me sister's cousin's nephew by marriage, an' he niver got as far as the alther; but I forgive him He's done a good job for ye this night. And now, darlin', won't ye let me undhress ye, an' put ye to bed? ye're worn out.] can see it; an' a poached egg an' a cup o' tay, that'll be the revivin' of ye. I'll bring it up to ye, whin yer undhressed. Ye'll sleep alsy afther it.'

XIII.

"Is there no place Laft for repentance, none for pardon left?"

"My life's a load !" But, in spite of the poached egg and the tea, Dulcinea hardly slept at all. Ther was halt an hour here and there of broken slumber, in which uncomfortable dreams held full sway, to the greater destroying of her peace when waking from them; but beyond that she lay all night with open eyes, thinking unhappy things, and crying inwardly with great longing for the day.

And at last it comes, reluctantly, as all winter mornings come, having no light of life to warm them. The sun for them lies dead. He may be there, somesilent, so devoid of sound is it indeed, that one might almost think of Nature as lying in her shroud.

A shroud typical !-cutside, all the world is swathed in a white sheet-the garb of death. During the night the soft flakes had fallen, silently, steadily; and now branch and leaf are laden with them. There had been snow before, but nothing like this. And still it falls.

'Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends. At first thin, wavering, till at last the

Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day With a continual flow."

Dalcinea's first thought on seeing the day is, that probably Anketell will not be able to come over to dinner. This should have caused her relief; but to

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her surprise it causes her only a deepening of the depression that is weighing ter down. Oh, he must come! Hmust! How can she live with this bur den on her mind? She will confess all to him; will tell him everything; will open to him the way to rid himself honorably of her-to put an end to his hate ful engagement.

All day she wanders aimlessly from room to room, longing for, whilst dreading, the hour that shall tell her if he is or is not coming. Towards five o'clock she finds herself in the schoolroom once again, and sinking into a chair rests her elbows on her knees and lets her lovely disconsolate face fall into her little chilly palme.

Five! If coming, he will be here in three quarters of an hour. The snow is still failing, heavily, steadily. It is al- received by the Heverend Mother of an the moment, a thousand times bleased, most impossible he should come. No one could go out on such a night unless compelled; and he-why, no doubt he min in Paris who was a witness of the will be glad of the excuse to keep away. And yet something within her whispers he will come.

Three quarters of an hour! It must be a great deal less than that now. Hais ing her eyes to the clock, she is astonished to find that it is only three minutes less. What on earth is the matter with that old clock? She taps it-listens no, it is going as methodically as ever Will a quarter to six ever come? He is sure to arrive then, The McDermot dining always at six sharp, and being seriously annoyed if a guest is not on the spot some time beforehand. How often she and Ra-Sir Ralph had laughed over that little eccentricity of his.

A sound in the firelit room behind her makes her spring to her feet. Oh no! not yet. Not until she has grasped the back of the chair, and has learned that the incomer is Andy, does she foot, and that her lips have grown so However, with the slight hope of at least cold - so horribly cold

(To be continued.)

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When any part of the body isn't doing the work that nature intended it to do, it puts the whole system out of tune-'My dear Mother,-You sympathise out of harmony. Sickness in one part with us in our trials, and it is only right of the body is likely to run into all paris that we tell you of our bys. Our of the body. When children stand a Blessed Lady has bad a great consolation row of bricks on end, they knock the in store for our Mother: the complete whole row down by upaetting one brick. cure of Sister M. Amanda, which she so That is exactly what happens to the much wished for, but which sile did not health when the howels tail to perform dare hope to receive, as two doctors at their proper functions. Constipation Madrid, one the Court physician had maker trouble all along the line-pu's declared her to be attacked with disease the liver out of order, is bad for the kidof the spinal cord, and humanly speak neys-bad for the stomach. It holds in ling, there could be no hope of a cure. the body poisonous matter, and because it cannot go any place clae, it gets into prolonging a life so precious, M. M. the blood. The blood carries it all over Celestine decided to send her to see the system. That makes sluggishness, Ductor Grasut, at Montpellier. This was as a last resource. The route by Barcelona, being most direct, was lassitude, bad breath and foul taste in the m oth, fills the stomach with gas and causes windy belching, stops digeschosen. Sister Mary Am inda was so tion in the stomach, causes sour stomach, heartburn and headache. You much attached to Madrid that she sufcan avoid all such trouble, for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets CURE constipation and its attendant evils. Send 31 cents in one cent left her. Sac felt that she was dying. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his "During the night after Sister M. "Morical Adviser." It is a book of 1008 Philomena's death, and being fully pages, profusely illustrated. awake (she had for a long time suffered from want of sleep, loss of appetite, and inability to use her limbs) Sister M PROFESSIONAL CARDS Amanda felt the presence of a dear Sister lately dead, who said to her in the J. ALCIDE CHAUSSE. lepths of her soul that she should go to Lourdes and be cured by Our Lody when ARCHITECT. bathing in the piecina. Sister M. 153-157 Shaw st., Montreal. Amanda, upon whom this notde a pro-Plan- and Estimates furnished for all kinds of found impression, but who was afraid buildings. Murcharts Theeriorn 1455. tnather imagination had played her a trick, did not speak of it to anyone.
'In,' thought she, 'the Blessed Virgin wishes to cure me she is powerful enough C. A. McDONNELL Accountant and Trustee, to change the route of our journey and make me go to Lourdes.' In the morn-180 ST. JAMES STREET. ing came a letter from M. M. Celestine Telephone 1182. deciding that the journey should be made via Tarbes, and thus enable the poor Personal supervision given to all business. sick Sister to sleep a night at our Rentscollected. Estates administered and Book convent at Lourdes, thus avoiding spending a night amongst strangers at Barcelona. When More M. SURGEON-DENTISTS Regario read this letter to Sister M. Amanda her face became radiant, and being asked the reason, 'It is,' replied she, that the Blessed Virgin wishes to cure me, and she told the Mother all that had happened during the preceding night, adding her profound conviction of being cured. Though More M. Celemine was told everything, she kept it secret, but we began a novem to Our Lady with great confidence that our prayers would be heard. The journey, so long and tiring, did not fatigue her overnmen. for shall them colored.) As white the for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wasted faces; gold crown plate and bridge work, painled tracting without charge if sets are inserted. Teeth filed; teeth repaired in 50 minutes; activithmen hoursifrequired From her arrival at Lourdes she began

to get back her sleep and to take some

food, but her poor legs still refused to be of any use. Two Sisters were obliged to

help her when she moved even a few

steps. When she was taken to the

Grotto she was pitied by all who saw her,

but her faith and that of Sister M. An

geles increased each moment. Indeed, she

had so little doubt of the miracle that

she had already chosen the spot to

hang up her crutch as an ex-voto-

she even bought a ribbon to tie it

un. It was decided that Thursday

27th January, at nine in the morning,

Sister M. Amanda would bathe in the pis-

cina, whilst at the same time a Rev

Benedictine Father of St. Maur said the

Mass of the Apparition to obtain this

much desired cure. M. M. Enguin, who

had a bad cold, could not, to her great

regret, accompany her, but Sisters St.

Francis and Angeles were her happy

companions. At half past eight they went to the Grotto to finish the novena,

and prayed on the very spot the Blessed

Virgin had appeared to Bernadette.

During this time we at Paris were also

engaged in fervent prayer. We had a

firm conviction that Our Blessed Lady

'After having drutk at the miraculous spring, our three Sisters went to the

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