In The Furnace of Temptation

"Oh, no, it stops at Peschiera, where the passengers have their passports examined; and then another train backs down from Desenzano and takes them on to Milan. And after that," continued the man with anima-I you are on the way to Eng land, for example, another train car ries you to Susa, and thence you get the dilgence over the mountain to St. Michel, where you take railroad again, and so on up through Par's to oulogne-sur-Mer, and then by steam er to Felkestone, and then by railroad to London and to Liverpool. It is at Liverpool that you go on board the steamer for America, and pff! in ten days you are in Nuova York. My friend has written me all about it."

"All, yes, your friend, Does he like

"Passably, passably. The Americans have no manners; but they are good devils. They are governed by the Irish. And the wine is dear. But he likes America; yes, he Ekes it. Nuova York

America; yes, he likes it. Nuova York is a fine city. But immense, you know! Eight times as large as Venice!"
"Is your friend prosperous there?"
"Ah, heigh! That is the prettiest part of the story. He has made himself rich. He is employed by a self rich. He is employed by a large house to make designs for mantlepieces, and marble tables, and tombs; and he has—listen—six hundred francs a month!"
"Oh, per Eaceo!" cried Don Ippo-

"Honestly. But you spend a great "Honestly. But you spend a great magnificent, "Honestly, But you spend a great deal there, Still, it is magnificent, is it not? If it were not for that blessed war there, now, that would be the place for you, Don Ippolito. He tells me the Americans are actually mad for inventions. Your servant. Excuse the freedom, you know," said the man, bowing and moving away.

moving away.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," answered the priest. He walked out of the station with a light step, and went to his own hoase, where he cought the step in walked to his own hoase. sought the room in which his inven-tions were stored. He had not touched them for weeks. They were all dusty, and many were cobwebbed. He blew the dust from some, and oringing them to the light, examined them critically, finding them mostly disabled in one way or another, except the models of the portable furniture which he polished with his handkerchief and set apart, surveying them from a distance with a look of hope. He took up the breech-loading cannon and then suddenly put it down again with a little shiver, and went to with a little shiver, and went to the threshold of the perverted oratory and glanced in tory and gianced in at his lorge. Veneranda had carelessly left the window open, and the draught had carried the ashes about the floor. On the cinder heap lay the tools which he had used in mending the which he had used in mending to-broken pipe of the fountain at Casa Vervain and had not used since. The squeed chilly even on that er's day. He stood in the doorway with clenched hands. Then he called Venerando, chid her for leaving the window open, and bade her close it, and so quitted the house and left her muttering.

Ferris seemed surprised to see him when he appeared at the

when he appeared at the consul-ate near the middle of the after moon, and seated himself in the place where he was wont to pose

for the painter. "Were you going to give me a sitting?" asked the latter, hesitatsitting?" asked the latter, hesitating. "The light is horrible, just now, with this giare from the canal. Not that I manage much better when it's good. I don't get on with you, Don Ippolito. There are too many of you. I shouldn't have known you in the procession vectorday."

We may be the prescriptor of the before, when you talked of going to America.

Don Ipposite did not respond. He rose and went toward his portrait on the case, and examined it long, with a curious minuteness. Then he returned to his chair, and continued to look at it. "I suppose that it resembles me a great deal," he said, "and yet I do not fee! like that," he said, "I hardly knew what is the few". It is hardly know what is the fault. It is as I should be if I were like other

"I know it's not good," said the painter. "It is conventional, in spite of everything. But here's that first sketch I made of von.

He took up a canvas facing the wall, and set it on the case. The character in this charcoll sketch was vastly sin-

cerer and sweeter.

"Ah!" said Don Ippolito, with a sigh and smie of relief, "that is immersurably better. I wish I could speak to you, dear friend, in a mood of yours as sympathetic as this picture records of some matters. of yours as sympathetic as thi ture records, of some matters concern me very nearly. I have just Seeing som: friends off?" asked a painter, indifferently, hovering or the sketch with a bit of char-in his hand, and hesitating whether to give it a certain touch. He kinneed with half shut eyes at the

Don Ippolito sighed again. "I hardmy desires, my prayers, that followed the train to America "

The painter put down his charcoal, dusted his fingers, and looked at the priest without saying anything.

"Do you remember when I first came to you?" asked Don Ippolito, "Certain's," said Ferris. "Is it of that matter you want to speak to me? I'm very serry to hear it, for I don't think it practical."

"Practical, practical." "Practical, practical will it has been tried. And why should I not go to America?"

"Because you can't get your rass."

"Because you can't get your rass." The painter put down his charges!

"I have thought of that," rejoined Don Inpolito more putiently, "I can get a passport for France from the Austrian authorities here, and at Mian there must be ways in which I could change it for one from my own king "—it was by this title that patriotic Venetium of those days spoke of Victor Emmanuel—"that would carry me out of France into England." Ferris pondered a moment. "That is quite true," he said, "Why hadn't you thought of that when you first came to mg?"

I could even get a passport for France till the other day."

Both were sient while the painter filled his pipe. "Well," he said presently, "I'm very sorry. I'm afraid you'r dooming yourself to many bitter disappointments in going to America. What do you expect to dethere?"

"Why, with my inventions"— "I suppose," interrupted the other, putting a lighted match to his pipe, that a painter must be a very p sort of American; his first though sort of American; his first thought is of coming to Italy. So I know very little directly about the lortunes of my inventive fellow-countrymen, or whether an inventor has any pros-pact of making a living. But once when I was at Washington I went anto the Post-office where the motors when I was at Washington I went into the Post-office where the models of the inventions are deposited; the building is about as large as the Ducal Palace, and it is full of them. The people there told me nothing was commoner than for the same invention to be repeated over and over again by different inventors. Some new succeed, and then they haveled. again by different inventors. Some new succeed, and then they have law-suits with the intringers of their pa-tents: some sell out their inventions for a trifle to companies that have capital, and that grow rich upon them; the great number can never oring their ideas to the public no-

oring their ideas to the public notice at all. You can judge for yourself what your chances would be. You have asked me why you should not go to America. Well, because I think you would starve there."

"I am used to that," said Don Ippolite; "and besides, until some of my inventions became known, I could give lessons in Italian."

essons in Italian."
"Oh. bravo!" sald Ferris, "you prefer instant death, then?" Put madamigella seemed to believe that my success as an inventor would be assured there."

Ferris gave a very ironical laugh. "Miss Vervain must have been about twelve years old when she left America. Even a lady's knowledge of ousness, at that age, is limited. When did you talk with her about it? You and not spoken of it to me, of late, and I thought you were more concentrat than you used to be."
"It is true," said the priest. "Sometimes within the last two months I have almost forgotten it."

"And what has brought it so forcibly to your mind again?"
"That is what I so greatly desire to tell you." read to be seen that the "That is what I so greatly desire to tell you," replied Don Ippolito, with an appealing look at the painter's face. He mostened his parched lips a little, waiting for further question from the painter, to whom he seemed a man fevered by some strong emotion, and at that moment not quite wholesome. Ferr's d'd not speak, and from his pitto, began again: "Even limited by the second of the second tion, and at that moment not quite wholesome. Ferris d'd not speak, and bon h p hito began again: "Even though I have not said so in words to you, dear friend, has it not appeared to you that I have no heart in my vecation?"

"Yes, I have sometimes fancied that, I had no right to ask you why."

"Yes, I have sometimes fancied that, I had no right to ask you why."
"Some day I will tell you, when I have the courage to go all over it again. It is partly my own fault, but it is more my miserable fortune. But wherever the wrong lies, it has at last become intolerable to me. I canwherever the wrong less it has at last become intolerable to me. I cannot endure it any longer and five. I must go away, I must fly from it."

Ferris shrank from him a little, as men instructively do from one who has set himself more going despente has set himself upon some desperate attempt. "Do you mean, Don ippoattempt. "Do you mean, Don Ippo-lito, that you are going to renounce

Don Inpolito opened his hands and let his presthood drop, as it were, to

the procession yesterday."

On Ippolito did not respond. He with vehemence, "but now an ange

Les, yes: replied Don Ippolito with vehemence, "but now an angel has appeared and shown me the blackness of my life."
Ferris began to worder if he or Don Ippolito were not perhaps mad.
An a gel, yes," the prest went on, rising from his chair, "an angel whose immaculate truth has mirrored my falsehood in all its vileness and distortion—to whom, if it destroys and distortion—to whom, if it destroys me, I cannot devote less than a truth-

mc, I cannot devote less than a truth-fulness like hers!" cried the painter, with a sudden pang. "Whose? Don't speak in these riddes. Whom do you

edly over his face. Thise were his own words, the words he had used in speak-ing with Florida of the supposed skep-tical project the group and skeptical priest. He grew very pale. "May I ask," he dimanded, in a dry, hard voice, "how she came to advice such a stray."

step!"
"I can hardly tell. Something had already moved her to learn from me the story of my lie-to know that I was a man with ne ther faith nor hope. Her pure heart was torn by the thought of my wrong and of my error.

I had never seen myself in such de-

priest Boty. Nothing is practical, the than been tried. And why should I not go to America!"

"Because you can't get your passport, for one thing," answered the painter dry.y.

"I have thought of that," rejsined Don Impolito more patiently. "I can bens!"

"No, not then," patiently replied the other; "she was too greatly operwhere withink of any cure for it. To day it was that she uttered those words—words which I shall never forget, which will support and comfort me, whatever happens!"

bave no reserves in her reparation?"

The painter was b'ting hard upon
the stem of his p'pp. He turned away
and began ordering the color-babes
and peoplis on a table against the
wall, putting them close together in
very neat, straight rows. Presently
he said: "Perhaps Miss Vervain also
ad 'red yen to go to America."

"Yes," are cred the prest, reverently.

"Yes," are cred the prest, reverently.

"Do I not know that well? Have
I not fet the laim of her most heatenly pity?"

I shall follow them at once,"
"Follow them?"
"They are going, she told me. Madama does not grow better. They are

ama does not grow better. They are omesick. They—but you must know it this already?" "Oh, not at all, not at all," said the

"Oh, not at all, not at all," said the painter, with a very bitter smile. "You are telling me news, I ray go on."
"There is no more, 'She made me promise to come to you and listen to your and esten to you and listen to your and esten to the said; but 'f I took this step, then through whatever happened she would be my freed. Ah, dear friend, may I speak to you of the hope that these words gave me? You have seen that"—
The priest failtred, and Ferris stared at him helpless. When the next words came he could not find any strangeness in the fact which yet gave him so great a shock. He found that to his nether consciousness it had been long familiar—ever since that day when he had first jesting!y proposed Don Ippolito as Miss Vervain's teacher. Grotesque, tragic, impossible—it had stall seen esque, tragic, impossible—it had still been the under-current of all his reveries; or so now it seemed to have been.

Don Ippolito anxiously drew nearer Don Ippolito anxiously drew nearer to him and laid an imploring touch upon his arm,—"I love her!"

"What!" gasped the painter. "You? You! A priest?"

"Priest! priest!" cried Don Ippolity violanting the gast of the painter.

"Priest! priest!" cried Don Ippolito, violently. "From this day I am no longer a priest! From this hour I am a man, and I can offer her the honorable love of a man—the truth of a most secred marriage, and fidelity to death"!

Ferris made no answer. He began to look vary coldly and haughtly at

to look very coldly and haughtily at Don Ippolito, whose heat died away under his stare, and who at last met it with a glance of tremulous per-plexity. His hand had dropped from Perria' arm, and he now moved some steps from him. "What is it, dear friend?" he besought him. "Is there something that offends you? I came something that offends you? I came to you for counse, and you meet me with a repulse little short of enmity. I do not understand. Do I intend anything wrong without knowing it? Oh, I conjure you to speak plainly? "Wait! Wait a minute," said Ferris, waving his hand like a man tor-

ris, waving his hand like a man tor-mented by a passing pain. "I am try-ing to think. What you say is—I cannot imagine it!

"Not imagine it?"
"Not imagine it? Not imagine it?
And why? Is she not beautifu.?"
"Yes."
"And good?"
"Without doubt."

"Without doubt."

"And young, and yet wise beyond her years? And true, and yet augelically kind?"

"It is as you say, God knows. But—a priest"—'Oh! Always that accursed word! And at heart, what is a priest, then, but a man?—a wretched, masked, imprisoned, banished man! Has he not blood and nerves like you? Has he not eyes to see what is fair, and ears to hear what is sweet? Can he live near

"No!" said the mainter, with a kind "No!" said the painter, with a kind of groan. He sat down in a tall, carven gothic chair—the furniture of one of his pictures—and rested his head against its high back, and looked at the priest across the room, "Excuse me," he continued with a strong effort. "I am ready to befriend you me," he continued with a strong enfort. "I am ready to befriend you to the utmost of my power. What was it you wanted to ask me? I have told you truly what I thougan of your scheme of going to America; but I may very well be mistaken. Was it about that Miss Vervain desired you to consult me?" His voice and manner about that Miss Vervain desired you to consult me?" His voice and manner hardened again in spite of him. "Or did she wish me to advise you about the renunciation of your priesthood? You must have thought that carefully over for yourself."

"Yes. I do not think you could make ne sie that as a greater difficulty that the appeared to me." He paused with a confused and daunted air, as some important point had sipped lils mind. "But I must take air, as some important point has sipped his mind. But I must take the step; the burden of the double part I play is unendurable, is it

"You know better than I."
"But if you are such a m "But if you are such a man as I, with neither love for your vocation nor faith in it. should you not cease to be a priest?"

to be a priest?"

"If you ask me in that way—yes," answers! the painter. "But I advise you nothing. I could not counsel another in such a case."

"But you think and feel as I do," said the priest, "and I am right, then."

speak in these ridges. Whose? Don't mean?"

"Whose can I mean but only one?—madam'gella!"

"Miss Vervala? Do you mean to say that Miss Vervala has hadvised you to renounce your priesthood?"

"In as many words she has bidden me forsake it at any risk—at the cost of kindred friends, good fame, country, everything!"

The painter passed his hand confuscibly over his face. These were his own words, the words he had used in speak.

Ghat I may speak plainly to you in return."

"Surely," answered the priest, pausing in his walk and fixing his eyes upon the painter. "It was to you as a friend of both that I spoke of my love, and my hope—which is oftener my despair."

"Then you have not much reason to believe that she returns your—feeling?"

ing?"

"Ah. how could she consclously return it? I have been hitherto a priest to her, and the blought of me would have been impurity. But hereafter, if I can prove myself a man, if I can win my place at the world-No, even now, why hould she care so much for my escape from the e boads, if she did not we care for me more than she knew?" "Have you ever thought of that ex-travagant generosity of Miss Ver-vain's character?"
"It is divine!" me more than she knew?"

A TURINIO MERCHANT

Bears Important News to His Fellow Citizens.

Toronto, Dec. 20th.-Here is a let ter we hope everyone of our readers will perus: "I am 39 years old. Have been troubled for four years with what I thought was rheumatism what I thought was rheumatism—stiffness in the muscles of my legs, later in the arms. Soon the stiffness changed to soreness. Went to Hot Springs, and came back a little better. Was a moderate drinker, but quit using liquor altogether, and carefully regulated my det. One day I got wet and then the trouble was got wet, and then the trouble was worse than ever. Had to lay off for three weeks. Have had similar attacks at intervals ever since, each one worse than its predecessor. Had headache, pain in the small of the back, urine dark, scanty and scalding. Began using Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills a short time ago, and am already wonderfully improved. Feel confident they will cure me, and I shali give them the chance and report. I have since I began using your pills.

477 Yonge street, Toronto.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills,

18 Don I; polito were altogsther self-pills, and then that he had spent three months in a dull German town tecause he had the room there that was once occupied by the girl who had refused him; the painter remember ed that the young fellow said he had just read of her marriage in an American newspaper.

Why did M:s Vervain send Don impoint to him? Was it some scheme of her secret love for the priest; or mere coarse resentment of the had acted throughout in pure simplicity, in unwise goodness of heart?

If Don I; polito were altogsther self-

pills.

477 Yonge street, Toronto.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the only medicine on earth that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists at 75c a box; sample size at 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Arnold Chemical Company, Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King street west, Toronto.

s the impulse of her own heart? "As high!" cried Don Ippolito, al. mort angrily. "Can there be any higher thing in heaven or on earth than love for such a woman?"

"Yes; both in heaven and on earth."

ntwered Ferris.
"I do not understand you," Don lppolito, with a puzzled stare.

Ferris did not reply. He fell into a dull reverie, in which he seemed to forget Don lppolito and the whole affair. At last the priext spoke again: "Have you nothing to say to me, sign "I? What is there to say?"

"It what is there to say?" returned the other blankly.

"Do you know any reason why I should not love her, save that I am—have been—a priest?"

"No, I know none," said the paint-

er, wearily.
"Ah," exclaimed Don Ippolito "Ah," exclaimed Don Ippolito,
"There is something on your mind
that you will not speak. I beseech
you not to let me go wrong. I love
her so well that I would rather die
than low my leve of lead to than let my love offend her. I am a man with the passions and hopes of man, but without a man's expe

Ferris abruptly rose and went to his balcony, and looked out upon the Grand Canal. The time-stained palace opposite had not changed in the last half-hour. As on many another summer day, he saw the black boats going by. A heavy high-pointed barge from the Sile, with the captain's family at dinner in the shade of a matting on the roof, moved sluzgishly down the middle curshare of a matting on the roof, moved sluggishly down the middle current. A party of Americans in a gondola, with their opera glasses and guide books in their heads, pointed out to each other the eagle on the consular arms. They were all like sights in a mirror, or things in a world turned upside down. Ferris came back and looked diz-zily at the priest, trying to believe zily at the priest, trying to beneve that this inhuman, sacerdotal phan-tasm had been telling him that it loved a beautiful young girl of his own race, faith, and language.

"Will you not answer me. sig-

in my hands. If they come to me for help, that is different. What do you wish? You tell me that you are re-solved to renounce the priesthood and go to America; and I have an-

swered you to the best of my power. You tell me that you are in love with Miss Vervaim. What can I have to say about that?" Miss Vervain. What can I have to say about that?"

Don Ippolito stood listening with a patient, and then a wounded air. "Nothing," he answered proudly. "I ask your pardon for troubling you with my affairs. Your former kindness emboldened me too much. I shall not trespass again. It was my ignorance, which I pray you to excuse. I take my leave, signore."

He bowed, and moved out of the room, and a dull remorse filled the painter, as he heard the outer door close after him. But he could do nothing. If he had given a wound to the heart that trusted him, it was in an anguish which he had not been able to master, and whose causes he could not yet define. It was all a shapeless torment; it held him like the memory of some hideous nightmare prolonging its horror beyond sleep. It seemed impossible that what had happened should have happened.

It was long, as he sat in the chair

near, but without a man's experi-ice, or a man's knowledge of what just and right in these relations, you can be my friend in this so far 5 to advise or warn me; if you can bler friend"—

Ferris abruptly rose and went to

"Will you not answer me, signore?" meekly demanded Don Ippo "In this matter," replied the painter, "I cannot advise or warn you. The whole affair is beyond my con-The whole affair is beyond my conception. I mean no unkindness, but I cannot consult with you about it. There are reasons why I should not. The mother of Miss Vervain is here with her, and I do not feel that interests in such a matter are

happened.

It was long, as he sat in the chair from which he had talked with Don Ippolito, before he could reason about what had been said; and then the worst phase presented itself first. He could not help seeing that the priest might have found came for hope in the girl'n behavior towards him. Her violent repentances; her fevent interest in his unhappy fortunes, and her anxiety that he should at once forsake the priesthood; her unging him to go to America, and her promising him a home under her mother's roof there; why might it not all be in "It is divine!"

"Hat, it seemed to you that if such a woman knew herself to have once wrongly given you pain her atonement might to as headongy and exceptive as her offence? That she could have no reserves in her reparation?"

Do appelite looked at Forcie in the control of Ferris to control to the could not otherwise have no reserves in her reparation?" baye no reverse in her reparation?

Do a lipsolite looked at Ferris, but it is not concern for what seems to her your terrible possible in the search what seems to her your cerrible possible in the her way, and she is truth itself. Are what seems to her your cerrible possible in the latin of her most heaven to appear its his accordate panephy; therefore in the fet the latin of her most heaven to appear to appeal to something in you as high.

The search of the content of the content is not concern for what well? Have forget in the nouse as a safeguard against consumption, pneumonia and other fatal lung troubles, and to the scores of thousands who use it in large quantities this new style of package will prove more convenient as well as will prove more convenient as well as sionate defiance which he had noted with Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is prompt and positive in the come back to him from Don lipsolito's lip; her letting another man go with which her price-tily lever was to appear in his sacerdotal panephy; there way, and she is truth itself. Are to look upon the procession in which her price-tily lever was to appear in his sacerdotal panephy; there way, and she is truth itself. Are to look upon the procession in which her price-tily lever was to appear in his sacerdotal panephy; there way, and she is truth itself. Are to look upon the procession in which her price-tily lever was to appear in his sacerdotal panephy; these with the house as a safeguard against consumption, pneumonia and other fatal lung troubles, and to the scores of thousands who use it in large quantities this new style of package will prove more convenient as well as sionate defiance which he had noted will prove more convenient as well as introduced will prove more convenient. To those who are not yet acquaint ed with Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is prompt and positive in against consumption, pneumonia and other fatal lung troubles, and to the come better in him against consumption, preumonia and other fatal

als bargain," said Ferris a.oud, and, als bargain," said Ferris a oud, and, rking, surugged his shoulders, and tried to cast off all care of a matter that did not concern him. But one doe; not so easily cast off a matter that does not concern one. He found himself haunted by certain ones and looks and attitudes of the young girl, wholly alien to the character he had just constructed for her. They were childlake, trusting, unconclous, far beyond anything he had yet known in women, and they appealed to him now with a maddening pathos. She was standing there before Don Ippolito's picture as on that morning when she came to Ferris looking anx ously at him, her innocent beauty, troubled with some hidden care, hallowing the place. Ferris thought of the young fellow who told him that he had spent three

deceived, and nothing but her unknow. ing pity had given him grounds of hope? He himself had suggested this to the priest, and now with a different more the looked at it in his own be-half. A great load began slowly to lift itself from Ferris' heart, which could ache now for this most unhappy priest. But if his conjecture were just, his duty would be different. He must not coldly acquiesce and let things take their course. He had introduced Don Ippolito to the Vervalus; he was in some sort responsible for him; he must save them if possible from the must save them if possible from the painful consequences of the priest's hallusination. But how to do this was by no means clear. He blamed himself for not having been franker with Don Ippolito, and tried to make him see that the Verrains might regard his passion as a presumption upon their kindness to him, an abuse of their hospitable friendship; and yet how could he have done this without outrage to a sensitive and right-meaning soul? For a moment it seemed to him that he must seek, Don Ippolito, and repair must save them if possible from the For a moment it seemed to him that he must seek, Don Ippolito, and repair his fault; but they had hardly parted as friends, and his action might be easily misconstrued. If he shrank from the thought of speaking to him of the matter again, it appeared yet more impossible to bring it before the Veryains. Like a man of the imaginative temperament as he was, he exagger; ated the probable effect, and pictured their dismay in colors that made his allocatine promine energy, and possible their dismay in colors that made his interference seem a luderous enor-mity; h fact, it would have been an interference seem a lid crous enormity; it fact, it would have been an awkward business enough for one not hampered by his intricate obligations. He felt bound to the Vervains, the ignorant young girl, and the addle-pated mother, but if he ought to go to them and tell them what he knew, to which of them ought he to speak, and how? In an anguish of perplexity that made the sweat stand in drops upon his forehead, he smiled to think it just possible that Mrs. Vervain might take the matter seriously, and wish to consider the prepriety of Florida's aepering Don Ippolito, But if he spoke to the daughter, how should he approach the subject? "Don Ippolito ells me he loves you, and he goes to America with the expectation that when he has made his fortune with a patent back-action apple-corer, you will marry him." Should he say something to this purport? And in Heaven's name what right had he, Ferris, to say anything at all? The hörribly absurdity, the inexorable delicacy of his position made him laugh.

On the other hand, besides, he was

the inexorable delicacy of his posi-tion made him laugh.

On the other hand, besides, he was bound to Don Ippolite, who had come to him as the nearest friend of both, and confided in him. He remembered with a tardy, poigant intelligence how in their first talk of the Vervains Don Ippolite had taken pains to inform himself that Ferris was not in love with Florida. Could he be less manly and generous than this poor priest and generous than this poor and violate the sanctity of his and violate the sanctity of his conti-dence? Ferris groaned aloud. No, contrive as he would, call it by what fair name he chose, he could not com-mit this treachery. It was the more impossible to him because, in this agony of doubt as to what he should do he now at last read his own heart agony of doubt as to what he should do, he now at last read his own heart and had no longer a doubt what was in it. He pitied her for the pain she must suffer. He saw how her simple goodness, her blind sympathy with Don Ippolito, and only this, must have led the priest to the mistaken pass at which he stood. But Ferris felt that the whole affair had been fatally carried beyond his reach; he could do nothing now but wait and endure. There are cases in which a man must. There are cases in which a man must not protect the woman he loves. This

was one.
The afternoon wore away. In the evening he went to the Plazza, and drank a cup of coffee at Florian's. Then he walked to the Public Gardens, where he watched the crowd till it thinned in the twilight and left him alone. He hung upon the parapet, looking off over the ingoon that at last he perceived to be flooded with moonlight. He desperately called a gondola, and bade the man to row him to the public landing nearest the Vervains', and so walked up the campo, through the court that on

one side opened into the garden.

Mrs. Vervain was alone in the room where he had always been accustomed to find her daughter with her, and a chill as of the impending change fell upon him. He felt how pleasant it had been to find them teachers are the contraction. had been to find them together; with a vain, piercing regret he fet how much like home the place had been to him. Mrs. Vervain, indeed, was not shanned; she was even home. him. Mrs. vervain, indeed, was not changed; she was even more than ever herself, though all that she said imported change. She seemed to observe nothing unwonted in him, and she began to talk in her way of things that she could not know were so near

that she could not know were so near his heart.

"Now, Mr. Ferris, I have a little surprise for you. Guess what it is!"

"I'm not good at guessing. I'd rather not know what it is than to have to guess it." said Ferris, trying to be light, under his heavy trouble.

"You won't try once, even? Well, you're going to be rid of us soon! We are going away."

"Yes, I knew that," said Ferris quietly. "Don Ippolito told me so today."

"And is that all you have to say?

"And is that all you have to say."
Isn't it rather sad? Isn't it sudden? Come, Mr. Ferris, do be a little complimentary, for once!"

"It's sudden, and I can assure you would concern for me," sorpled the

sad enough for me," replied the replied the painter, in a tone which could not leave any doubt of his sincerity.

"Well, so it is for us," quavered Mrs. Vervain. "You have been very, very good to us," she went on more collectedly, "and we shall never forget it. Florida has been reaching-rest.

it. Florida has been speaking of it, too, and she's extremely grateful, and thinks we've quite imposed upon you." "Thanks."
"I suppose we have, but as I always say, you're the representative of the country here. However, that's neither here nor there. We have no relatives on the face of the earth, you know; but I have a good many old know; but I have a good many old ways ground. "Thanks" relatives on the face of the earth, you know; but I have a good many old friends in Providence and we're going back there. We both think I shall be better at home; for I'm sorry to say. Mr. Ferris, that though I don't complain of Venice—it's really a beautiful place, and all that; not the least exaggerated—still I don't think it's done my health much good; or at least I don't seem to gain, don't you know, I don't seem to gain, don't you know, I don't seem to gain. you know. I don't seem to gain. "I'm very sorry to hear

Vervain. "Yes, I'm sure you are; but you see, don't you, that we must go? We are going next week. When we've once made "up our minds, there's no ob-

made up our minds, there's no object in prolonging the agony."

Mrs. Vervain adjusted her glasses with the thumb and finger of her right hand, and peered into Ferris' face with a gay smile. "But the greatest part of the surprise is," she resumed, lowering her voice a little, with that Don Ippolito is going

"Ah!" cried Ferris sharply.
"I know I should surprise you,"
laughed Mrs. Vervain. "We've been having a regular confab-clave, I mean—about it here, and he's all on fire to go to America; though it must be kept a great secret on his account, poor fellow. He's to join us in France, and then he can easily get into England, with us. You know he's to give up being a priest, and he is going to devote himself to invention when he gets to America. Now, what do you think of it, Mr. Ferris? Quite strikes you dumb, doesn't it?" Ferris? Quite strikes you dumb, doesn't it?" triumphed Mrs. Vervain. "I suppose it's what you would call a wild goose chase—I used to pick up all those phrases—but we shall carry it through."

Ferris gasped, as though about to speak, but said nothing.
"Don Ippelito's been here whole afternoon, contained and Vervain, "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 enthusiastic 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. now: it's dreadful in a man, isn't it? I wish Don Ippolito wouldn't do that. It makes one creep. I can't feel that it's man'y; can you?"

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