### Veteran's

Gives High Praise to Hood's for Health

Blood Purified - Strength Built up-Tobacco Habit Cured.

Many a veteran of the war, whose health was wrecked by wounds, exposure and privation, has found in Hood's Sarsaparilla just the tonic and blood reviving effects he needed. following is one out of hundreds of of letters from G. A. R. boys praising Hood's Sarsaparilla for health restored and strength renewed in declining years.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs: On account of the great benefit Hood's Sarsaparilla has been to me, I gladly write this, that others similarly afflicted may learn of the success of the medicine in my case and a positive

#### cure for them. I had been A Physical Wreck

since 1864, and had also been a constant smoker for 25 years. My wife purchased the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I commenced to take it more to please her than anything else. One bottle after another was taken with increasing benefit The effect was of a strenghening nature, toning up my whole system. After I had been taking the medicine a short time, I laid away my pipe and have not had any desire for the use of tobacco since. Hood's Sarsaparilla has thoroughly purified my blood and driven all poison out of my system. It has also done me

#### A Power of Good

physically, and I feel like a new and free man. Previously, I had tried a good many different times to stop smoking, and to regain my health, but I was unable to accomplish the former, so that my attempt for the latter was each time a failure. I am pleased to recommend Hood's Sarsapa rilla as a blood purifier." J. R. McFADDEN Ex-Commander Ness Post, No. 81, G. A. R., Dept. of Kansas, Brownsville, Wash.

If you decide to take Hood's Sar saparilla do not be induced to buy any substitute; insist upon Hood's and only

Hood's Sarsaparilla The One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. Price, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

BERLIN. ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical az Commercial Courses. For further particulars apply to

A SSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICE A COUNTION COLLEGE, SANDWICE ont.—The studies embrace the Classics and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to Ruy, D. Cuchine O. S. B.

REV. THEO. SPETZ. President

#### THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY CHATHAM, ONT.

The Educational Course comprises every branch suitable for young ladies. Superior advantages afforded for the cultivation of MUSIC, PAINTING, DRAW-ING, and the CERAMIC ARTS. PECIAL COURSE for pupils preparing for Matriculation, Commercial Diplomas, Sten Matriculation, Commercial Diplomas, Sec. ography and Type-writing.
For particulars address,
THE LADY SUPERIOR.

The London Business University and Academy of Shorthand and Typewriting . . . . . .

212 - 214 Dundas Street:

We solicit the same liberal patronage which the readers of THE RECORD extended to us in the past. Satisfaction guaranteed. W. N. YEREX, Principal.



180 KING STREET.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The leading Undertakers and Embalm-ers. Open night and day. Yelsphone-House, 373 Factory, 548.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS

# DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

ALCOHOLISM-THE LIQUOR HABIT A new home treatment, known as the "Dyke @nre" by which every victim of the liquor babit can be permanently cured of all crave or desire for intoxicants.

In from three to five days all crave for stimulants is removed, and at the end of twenty one days' treatment the patient is restored to the sondition he was in before he acquired the babit.

sondition he was in before he acquired the Babit.

This is a purely vegetable medicine taken by the mouth, and can be taken without the Mnowledge of any other person. No injections. No minerals. No bad after effects, and no loss of time from business duties. Correspondence strictly confidential. Copies of testimonials from patients cured in many parts of Canada, by permission sent on application. Cure guaranteed in every instance where the remedy is taken as directed. Fee for treatisent, \$25 in advance, which may be remitted to the proprietor of the CATIOLIC RECORD in London, Ont., or sent direct to Dr. A. McTaggart, \$34 Queen's avenue, London, Ontario.

We can speak from personal knowledge of the good work done in this city by the Dyke Cure for Intemperance, and the consulting physician, Dr. A. McTaggart, guarantees that the cremedy will do all that is claimed for it. In proof of this, he is willing that we become the custodians of each fee paid, until the end of the treatment, when, in the event of its failure to cure, we are authorized to return the same to the party who sent it.

Many cases in this city have been cured since August last, and only such families can brilly appreciate the great happiness they now saloy.

Thos. Coffey.

Publisher CATHOLIC RECORD.

Voice NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA. CHAPTER I.

It was All-souls Eve. The winter was setting in early, and threatened, or perhaps we should say promised, to be a severe one ; for a hard winter was looked upon as a misfortune a Yrakow, the ancestral home of Prince Zorokoff. Ice and snow brought too many pleasures in their train ever to

be unwelcome there.

A group consisting of young Prince Basil Zorokoff, his brother in law, M. de Beaucrillon, and three ladies were assembled in an old-fashioned tapest ried room of the castle. The two men were smoking cigarettes, and discuss ing sport between long drawn puffs The three ladies were sitting round the samovar. They presented three as distinct types as could have brought together with a view to the setting off of each by contrast.

Sibyl, Comtesse de Beaucrillon, the daughter of the house, was as blond as a Scandinavian, with light blue eyes and fair hair; her hands were so small as to be almost out of proportion with her figure, which was tall and full they were round and dimpled like baby's, with the delicate nails and pink finger tips that one seldom sees in perfection except in babies. Her move-ments had the subtle fascinating grace that reminded you of a kitten, or rather of a young cat, for there was nothing of the undignified friskines of a kitten about Sibyl. She was patrician to the tips of her fingers. Her manners united the refined elegance of a French woman with the soft serpentine grace of the women of the

Marguerite de Beaucrillon was just pelow the middle height, but she looked tiny beside her stately sister-in-law. She had no pretensions to beauty, yet her face was pleasanter to look at than many a beautiful one; her clear olive skin, her warm color, her wistful bright brown eyes, her dimples, and her glossy hair were suggestive of youth, health, and happiness, and these natural advantages were set off by the most becoming toilets; for Marguerite had a French girl's taste and principles about dress, and considered it seriously as one of the daily duties of life. She was careful and very successful in her combination of and effects. Yet you would never have accused her of coquetry in the ordinary sense. If you had been so un charitable, one glance into her face would have converted you. Her eyes were as free from consciousness as a child's, and their language was a transparent. Sibyl used to say to her:

If you don't want people to see wha

you are thinking of, drop your lids, for those eyes of yours are like win-

dows into your brain, and let one see

your thoughts coming and going. Narka Larik, the adopted sister of Madame de Beaucrillon, was the tallest of the three women, and cast in alto gether an ampler mould. If her figure had been less perfectly proportioned, it might have seemed too large; her great luminous blue black eyes, ometimes quite blue, sometimes quite black, were soft as velvet, but under the softness there lurked intimation of a fiery vitality ready to awake and sparks at the lig ; her mouth was the lightest emit touch; her mouth was per-haps a trifle too full for class ical perfection, but its curves were so exquisite, the sensitive play of the lips so lovely, that you never thought of that: the clear tint of her complexion was like the whiteness of some white flower; her hair, of that warm red gold beloved of Titian, was knotted in thick coils at the back of her head, and fell in rippling waves over her low square forehead. There was some thing wild in the character of Narka's beauty, in the lines of her figure She stood and moved with the strong, elastic ease of a panther, or of som other grand, free, untamed creature. Beautiful, incomparably more beautiful than Sibyl, there was nevertheless something wanting to her beauty which that of Sibyl possessed, impalpable but distinct, something which marks the difference between a highly finished work of art and a spontaneous growth of Nature in her happiest and most generous mood. This difference was not noticeable except when the natrician sister was brought into close contact with the plebian, and even then no one was conscious of it, perhaps, but Narka herself. She knew that she was beautiful, and far more

## DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE



Cures cold in the head in ten minutes.

Cures incipient catarrh in from one to three days.

Cures chronic catarrh, hay fever and rose fever. Complete, with blower free.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS Price 25 Cents

et she felt as much her inferior as the lowly born maid in mediaval times may have felt herself below the noble demoiselle in whose train she was brought up.

The three friends were chatting over

gifted in many ways than Sibyl, and

their teacups, planning costumes for a fancy ball that was to take place at the castle before Christmas.

"I wish I could hit upon something that would combine everything," Mar guerite said, putting her head on one side with a pretty bird-like motion very characteristic of her, and which always amused Basil Zorokoff

"Why don't you consult me, cousin?" he said, holding out his cigarette between his first and second fingers and gazing steadily at Marguerite; but the twinkle in his blue eves belied the extreme seriousness of his handsome face.
"Well?" said Marguerite, with an-

other bewildering turn of her head from left to right

"Little Red Riding Hood would suit you to perfection. The color would be becoming, and your eyes would shine like diamonds under the scarlet hood, and you would look like a Lilliputian Venus in the short petticoats. "And you would play the wolf and

howl at me?" "And crunch you up ; that I should do with great satisfaction !

"How many wolves' skins would it take to make a costume for you, I wonder?" said Marguerite, measuring the tall young fellow's height with a glance of saucy impertinence. pity it is so early in the winter, or you might go and shoot half a dozen. exciting it must be to hear them howling in the forest! They never come till Christmas, do they?

Basil had not time to answer when a distant sound, penetrating through the heavily curtained windows, made them all start.

There it is again !" said Narka. "What is it?" Marguerite.
"Listen!" Sibyl held up her finger, and the gentlemen put down

their cigarettes. A long dismal howl, perceptibly nearer this time, was again audible.
"Is it a wolf?" asked Marguerite

under her breath. " At this time of the year?" said M. de Beaucrillon. "You were just now telling me that they never came till

the snow was deep?"
"No more they do," replied Basil "I never before knew, except when I was a child—"
"There it is again!" interrupted Basil.

Sibyl, "and this time quite close. Let us go up to the gallery "Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed

Marguerite, who seemed too horrified to move. "If he were to dash at the windows and break in !' 'He certainly would if he saw you little cousin," said Basil; "but as he

can't, we have nothing to fear. along up to the gallery, and see what a live wolf looks like. He drew her arm through his, and

led her off, excited and only half reluc-The others had all fled up before them, and were already grouped in the deep mullioned window at the further end of the gallery, the only one that was in shadow, for it was a brilliant night, and the full moon, riding high in the heavens, sent as her largess broad bars of silver light through the row of eight windows on Basil still one side of the gallery. holding Marguerite's arm within his, joined the others, and they all stood watching.

The broad gravel-drive shone like granite in the dazzling whiteness of moonshine: one wing of the castl was in black shadow, the other in brilliant light, every arch and moulding carved in ebony and silver. "Where is the brute sneaking?"

said Basil. "He can't be far off," said Narka.

"The last howl was very close. They waited with bated breath. Nothing stirred. The park was so silent you might have heard the stars twinkling.
"Look! there he is!" exclaimed

Sibyl, in a whisper, pointing toward the clock tower, that was in shadow. They pressed closer, and strained

"I see him!" Marguerite cried, and shuddering, she clutcded Basil's arm, as if safety lay in his coat sleeve.

their eves.

Basil bore it manfully. "Never ear, little cousin. See, he is coming

The heast advanced a few steps and paused, one half of his lank gray body Sud.

in shadow, the other in sheen. Sud denly he pricked his ears, held one forefoot suspended, and turned his head toward the park in an attitude of intense listening.

"Does he hear something?" asked M. de Beaucrillon. "It looks like it," Basil replied, un easily.

ily. "I will get my gun."
So will I," said his brother in law. And they hurried away together. Presently the wolf turned his head toward the house, moved forward a few steps, and glared up with his red eye-

To Marguerite there was something delicious in the combination of horror and a sense of comfortable safety that she experienced in looking down at the ferocious animal from behind thick stone walls.

"Do you think he heard us speaking?" she asked, almost under her breath.

Narka's fear and Sibyl's was that he had heard something else. What an age the gentlemen were in bringing their fire-arms! They had in reality been away about two minutes.
"Oh, here they come!" said Sibyl.

"Open the window as quickly and quietly as you can," said Basil. But before there was time to obey, the wolf "Oh my God! And Narka!

turned his head, and uttering a long howl, bounded off, and disappeared round the clock tower.

"Confound the brute!" muttered Basil. "I wonder why he darted away s

suddenly?" said Narka.
"Probably it was some noise in the thicket, some animal prowling about, said Basil; but he did not seem con-

"Suppose it were some one coming through the park?" suggested Mar-guerite. "How awful if it were!" "Nobody is likely to be out this time

of night," replied her cousin.
"Hush! listen!" cried M. de Beaucrillon, laying his hand on Basil's shoulder. Every ear was strained. Yes, there

was a sound of galloping hoofs in the "Ought we to send out men with

fire arms?" asked Sibyl.
"Where to?" said Basil. "That sound comes from the left, and the brute made for the forest. Besides, no one would be abroad at this hour without fire arms. I dare say it is Lar-choff. I met him riding in to X. this afternoon. He often rides back late. He is sure to be armed. It would be a good joke if the wolf pulled him down and made a meal of him."

cried Narka; "No such luck," "beasts of a species do not prey on

each other.'

This speech sounded unnaturally cynical on the lips of a young girl. Marguerite shrank imperceptibly away from her, and moved closer to Basil. M. de Beaucrillon felt the same repulsion so strongly that, under pre-tence of putting aside his gun, he went out of the room. Presently Basil carried his to a safe corner, and then stepping into the deep embrasure of one of the windows flooded with light called to Marguerite to join him. went tripping lightly across the polished floor, and they stood together

looking out at the moonlit landscape Sibyl and Narka remained alone They were both more disturbed than they wished to appear. Superstitious as genuine Muscovites, the coming of the wolf before the seasonable time was to them an ill omen, all the more alarming from its vagueness. "Th wolf waits for the white carpet," was a saying of the peasants; and when h appeared before the carpet was spread, some calamity was certain to follow.

"Well, cousin, you have had a glimpse of one of our winter amuse ments. How do you like it?" asked

"I don't like it at all," replied Man guerite. 'You were saying, only a little

while ago, that it must be so exciting, and wanting me to turn wolf and how "Do you think the wolf overheard

"I will tell you a secret," said Basil 'I asked the brute to come and howl

for you to-night. At first he flatly refused, like the brute that he is; then I bribed him. "What bribe did you offer him?" "You won't tell?" He bent his tall figure down until his mustache almost

touched her ear. "I told him that Larchoff was coming this way, and that he could sup off him." "Oh!" said Marguerite, drawing away with a little shudder. do you want that poor man to be de

voured by a wild beast?" "Because that poor man is more de structive than any wild beast alive he is the devil.

'Is he so wicked? Who is he?" "Who is Larchoff? He is our

Peter the Great, who gave the family a title. He is a liar and a hypocrite, as cruel as a tiger and as greedy as a wolf, cowardly as a rat and dishones as a Jew; he has all the bad instincts of man and beast combined; he is only fit company for the devil, and that is where the curses of good men are speeding him night and day.

"Ah! but that is wicked!" said "They Marguerite, with a shudder. ought to pray for him that he might 'Pray for Larchoff !" Basil threw

back his head with a low laugh; the notion of anybody praying for Lar-choff was immensely funny to him. 'If the prayers were heard, and that fiend were to repent and enter the kingdom of heaven, I hope I may go somewhere else! He has done more evil and made more men and women miserable than any man of his genera tion, unless, perhaps, his master the Czar. You know about old Larchoff, this fellow's father? No? Sibyl never told you? Well, listen. Jacob Larik. Narka's father, was a Jew ; they are a vile race, but Jacob was an exception; he was honest, and very rich. He traded in furs, and he was clever and industrious, as the Jews mostly are He lived in one of Larchoff's villages unluckily. One day Larchoff, who, like his son, was always in want of money, went to Jacob, and said he must pay down fifty thousand rubles or pack up. Of course Jacob paid them. At the end of six months Larchoff came down on him for another fifty thousand. Jacob paid again : and so it went on until there was no more blood in the stone. Then Jacob fell on his knees and besought Larchoff, for the sake of the God of Abraham, to spare him and give him time to gain the money, and he would go on working and paying while he could but Larchoff spat on him and mocked him, and then went off and denounced him as deep in a plot against the life of the Emperor. The poor wretch was seized and flogged and tortured to make him confess; and as he could not confess, he was sent to Siberia. For-"Oh my God! And Narka?"

"Narka was a small toddler at the time. She and her brother Sergius and Madame Larik came to live with

us. Narka was educated with Sibyl Sergius with me; he was such a dear good fellow, and so clever! He wanted to be a physician, and just after old Larchoff died he passed his examina-tions brilliantly. We were all proud of him, and everybody made much of him; all the people in the district in vited him and made a fuss over him. It was very foolish, for it enraged Lar choff fils; he knew that his father had been hated for the murder, as it was called, of old Jacob, and that he himself was hated as much as his father He resolved to be revenged on us al by ruining Sergius. He went and de-nounced the poor fellow. Oh, it was a damnable piece of work!" said Basil, with suppressed passion.

"What happened him?" "Sergius? He was sent to Siberia.

"And is he there still?" "Yes-his bones are there. He lived three years at the gold diggings, and then luckily he died. Poor Ser gius!

"And his mother, and Narka?"

"They lived through it, as people It broke their hearts : but people do. live with broken hearts, as they do with broken legs. We were all fond of them-Sibyl and Narka are like sisters. My mother always spoke of Narka as her adopted child, and after her death the two were insepar able

"And that cruel, horrid man stays on here? Does anybody speak "Speak to him! They cringe to

him, they lick his feet. "You never speak to him?" "I spoke to him no later than this

afternoon."
"Oh!" in a tone of shocked aston

ishment. "My child, if I offended Larchoff, in spite of my father's present influence at court, he would never rest till he had sent me and all belonging to

me after the Lariks."
"Is it possible? Why, he must be the devil. " My sweet cousin, I began by tell-

ing you he was."
"And is there nothing to protect people against him? Is there no law

"Yes : there is the law of might and cunning.

After a moment's silence Marguerite said, in a confidential sotto voce, look ing up at Basil: "I wonder why you don't make a revolution. If I were a Russian I should be a Nihilist—is not that what you call them?"

Basil's eye flashed, and he made a sudden movement as if he would have caught her in his arms; but he checked himself, and said, with a laugh, "I you preach treason of that sort, petit Francaise, I will tell Larchoff, and you will be escorted to the frontier imme diately, and perhaps get a whipping first

While this conversation was going on in the deep recess of one window, Sibyl and Narka were talking con-

fidentially in another.
"I wonder whether Basil thinks at all seriously of Sophie?"Sibyl remarked. 'I do long to see him married and out

"Are you sure that to marry him to the sister of Ivan Gorff would be taking him out of harm's way?"

Sibyl did not answer. "Supposing it were," resumed arka, "I could understand your Narka. overlooking a good deal to make him settle down, as you say; but I can't see how the Prince should be anxious for such a marriage for his son. Paul Gorff was a trader and Ivan carries on his father's business-on a grand scale, it is true; still, he is in trade; and the daughter and sister of a trader is not the wife one would expect Prince

Zorokoff to select for his son. "It is hardly a selection. Who else is there to prefer to Sophie? the only girl in the district. never goes to St. Petersburg except to pay his court to the Emperor and rush back. You know how he used to entertain us caricaturing all the girls he sees there. Then Sophie's mother was noble : it was considered a dreadful disgrace her making that mesalliance with Paul Goroff. Besides, she is sole heiress to her uncle's enormous fortune, and Basil, with all his indifference to money, knows very well that it is not a thing to be despised; for I suspect my father is melting down his fortune as fast as he can at St. Petersburg."

Narka did not reply. She knew well enough that the Gorff money bags were the bait that was making Prince Zorokoff swallow his pride and court the trader's pretty daughter for his But would Basil prove an accomplice in the transaction?

"Basil is far too proud to make mesalliance for money," continued Sibyl, contradicting her last words for she felt instinctively what was in Narka's mind. "But he does admire Sophie. Bestdes, he is so chivalrous I believe he would make any sacrifice to deliver her from that brute Larchoff. Ivan says that Larchoff is trying hard to ingratiate himself, and naturally loathes the sight of him; but | cubs being trapped." if she were to let Larchoff see this, the consequences might be awful to her-self and Ivan. We know of what Larchoff is capable."
"Yes," replied Narka, in a level
undertone; "but it would not be pleas-

ant to have his vengeance turned upon Basil as a successful rival." Before Sibyl could answer, M. de Beaucrillon interrupted them.

"It appears the whole house is in a commotion about the wolf," he said. 'My man tells me they are prophesying the most appalling events—fires, earthquakes, murders, and I know not

what-on the strength of it.

That wolf came with the best intentions, solely to amuse Marguerite. To morrow he will provide entertain ment for you by giving us an opportunity to hunt him." "Your Russian hospitality is sub-

"They are a pack of fools!" Basil

called out, walking up with Mar-guerite through the checkered light.

lime, mon cher," replied M. de Beau-crillon. "The very wild beasts are summoned to contribute to the enjoy. ment of your guests."

And so, laughing, they went out of the gallery together, and separated for the night.

#### CHAPTER II.

The excitement caused by the appearance of the wolf was increased rather than lessened next morning by the prospect of a hunt, which diverted superstitious terrors of the household into more healthy sensations. I was a splendid day; the sky was clear as sapphire, and the frosty landscape glittered in the morning light. news had been taken down to the village at daybreak, and when the ladies came down stairs the hunt was assembled on the lawn, every available mau in the household being present with his gun; the villagers and mou. iks in their costumes and she the dogs in force, and all in high good

humor. Narka and Sibyl entered into the prospect of the sport with keen gusto : but though Marguerite was alive to the picturesque side of the adventure, the idea of a close encounter with such ferocious game was too terrifying to admit of her entering into it with any sympathy.
"Why not set traps for the wolf, in-

stead of exposing men's lives in going to hunt him?" she asked, as they watched the scene on the lawn

"But then where would be the sport?" cried Narka. "Yes; that is what the men delight in," said Sibyl; "and that is what wolves are for-to make sport for

them. 'It is the nature of men, I suppose to like such sport," said Marguerite "but I can't understand your liking it for them. Just think if the wolf were to turn on Gaston or Basil and kil either of them !' "Cherie, I'm not going to think

anything so unpleasant," You are a little coward, you French girl. "Yes, I am; but at any rate I have

the courage of my cowardice; I'm not ashamed to own it." "There is no shame in being a coward for those we love," said Sibyl,

caressingly.

Marguerite blushed up scarlet. "No; I dare say even Gaston would be frightened if he saw me going out to fight a wolf." She gave a little sudden turn of her head and looked

away

Narka saw the blush, and saw the movement to hide it. Did "those they love" include for Marguerite somebody besides Gaston? Girls don't blush violently at being suspected of cowardice on their brothers' behalf.

comes Ivan Gorff," said Sibyl, as there emerged from round the clock tower a broad shouldered, loosely jointed, bushy-headed young man Basil broke from a distant group to

go and greet him. As the two men walked up the broad gravel path they presented a striking contrast. was the type of the polished, highly civilized Russian seigneur, very tall, with clear complexion, abundant fair hair, and golden musache; his countenance was frank and full of intelligence, with a singular mobility of expression.

Ivan Gorff was by no means vulgar or ill-looking, but his large head and massive shoulders, his loosely built frame and his heavy, shuffling gait, showed to increased disadvantage beside the finely proportioned figure and noble bearing of the young Prince.

Ivan paid his respects to the three ladies, raising their hands to his lips after the chivalrous fashion of his countrymen, but he performed the ceremony with a brusquerie which was the result not so much of shyness as of an awkwardness that seems to be inseparable from a badly built human frame.

"What does the village say, Ivan

Gorff?" inquired Sibyl. "It says that a pack of wolves, variously estimated from five to five. and-twenty, came down and kept up a howling round the castle from mid-night till dawn," replied Ivan.

"That is how history gets written, observed M. de Beaucrillon. "What do they say brought the wolf down?" inquired Sibyl.

"They say he came for no good they are terrified out of their wits."
"They are a pack of idiots," said Basil. "I suspect some rogue has been trapping cubs in the forest, and the mother came down to look for them. The howl sounded uncommonly like the

call of the she-wolf. "That was the first thing that occurred to me," said Ivan ; "but they all swore they knew nothing about

"They were sure to swear that any how," laughed Basil. "By the-way," said Ivan, "the wolf

was near trapping a cub of the devil's last night. Larchoff came up with him on the road, and if he had not put a bullet through the brute in time, and sent him yelling away on three legs, he was a dead man."

"Whom did he tell that stunning lie to?" asked Basil.

"Father Christopher. He met Lar choff this morning on his way to see some sick woman in the wood. ome sick woman in the wood.
"I wish Father Christopher did not "He

meet him so often," said Basil.

may brave the fe and my father ma him out of his far 'Father Chris of that," said Nar of sparing the himself between cruelty. If it Christopher, Laro them alive, and morning to get

JUNE 5, 186

breakfast."
"Oh!" Marg scream. 'She is only sil. "You s Basil. things before he to Narka.
"No; it is nerves," observe

nerves," observe He said it seriou but Sibyl suspec "The Father i "It w marked. for everybody o to conciliate Lar "Yes," said I just my lord Cou bit, it would

"The Father

better.

anybody," said such a vile thing " Pshaw !" sa of wasting fine One talks to a folly, and one savage. The Fa mistake too late his tactics towar cobbler heard them on the road not catch what t but Larchoff sh keep you tongue ter pack up.'
up,' said the Fa start every day take the road t than abet your tongue.' Paul the wall, and h like a mad bull a

"I wish the keep out of the 'Yes, but the the devil's way, always about, s devour. A horn sound Come! let said Basil.

The three ger

The ladies wa

presently the hi

but when Sibyl

angry lion, his

dow she missed "She has gon not be devoure Narka, in answ of surprise. "Does she you think-I m She cares

say a prayer Sibyl sat d Narka stood loo dow. Basil were to guerite!" said

soft and long d pulling throug Narka gave were sighing l fall in love wit "I would si would help hi Marguerite. tials that wou

'Are you su what Basil wa "He admire immensely. N " It does no suit him best

that he could

who would g

plenty of chara

has everythin

will : she turns finger." "I should not round his wife mistaken in fa lacks characte character, only French train married, and she will develo like that."
"Would she

if Basil tried, vercome it. Marguerite fa Something turn and look you smile l Don't you t Basil?' "You and him.

all your clever girl who is no a girl-not hi fall in love wi you would ?— "Perhaps. that a woman a man co she was right Sibyl raised drop lightly o

'How silly

ture of utter a 'To think should not l winning any she exclaimed ing!"
"Charm is individual ta

Presently she and went to running her