

characteristic of each that while Lenora never forgot that Vane was a rich man, Mary Sulland never gave the fact a thought, nor would have considered the subject of much interest if she had.

The two girls were now alone on the veranda, anxious, restless, uneasy. "Over all there hung a cloud of fear—a sword hanging by a single thread; the cruel uncertainty as to what was going to happen, which makes the peculiar horror of a passive siege. In such a situation the ear is always listening, the nerves are ready to start at every sound, and the mind is kept stretched constantly on the rack.

Vane had no knowledge that the two girls were at that moment on the veranda, so near to his own window. He had just been round the station, and had got together with some difficulty half a dozen men who could be spared from active duty at the watch-posts on the walls; and these, as he had given orders, were now collected about the door of the room, awaiting his arrival. Four were English, two were Sikhs—every man of them, as Vane well knew, to be trusted to the death.

These he now placed on one side of the table, while he himself stood on the other. Then, in a few words, he explained the nature of the service for which they were required; adding that he only wished for volunteers, and that any man who disliked the duty might retire at once. Not a man stirred, however. The Sikhs saluted gravely; the British soldiers broke into a cheer.

Vane looked round him, and his eyes glistened; but he said simply: "The man that goes out first will run by far the greatest risk. Who will undertake the duty?"

There were, as already stated, six men present, besides Vane himself. Six right hands immediately saluted—there were six competitors for the privilege of being the first mark of the Sepoy's cannon. Vane smiled.

"We must draw lots, I see," he said.

Opening a shadow drawer in the table he took out of it a pack of cards. "Here are seven of us," he continued. "I am going to deal these cards round the table. Whichever of us receives a certain card—we will say the Knave of Spades—will be the man selected."

He cut the pack. The deal began. A hush fell on the six spectators—a hush of rising interest. Except for the slight fluttering noise made by the cards, not a sound was to be heard. Strange that there is something in suspense which affects the mind more strongly than the actual danger. These men had volunteered, without a space of hesitation, to face the risk of death. Yet not one of them could now look on without a tingling of the blood, as they waited for the card to fall that carried a man's life!

Such was their absorption that they did not see two faces which came suddenly peeping in upon them through the window of the room. The whole scene was over almost in a moment. Yet scenes as brief have often been the turning point of lives—and so it was to be with these.

Lenora, with a half-hysterical laugh, turned to the window and went out. Mary Sulland was left alone. Suddenly she sank upon a chair and burst into such a passion of tears as shook her very frame.

It is not in the nature of any woman, however nobly made, however jealous of the honor of the man whom she regards, not to feel, at such a moment, a cruel agony of mind. She was alone. The excitement which had sustained her was already over, and now the hard, plain fact, without disguise, pressed itself remorselessly upon her soul. Her hero had gone forth to almost certain death.

Her hero—yes—he was her hero. She made no secret of it now, in her own heart. Gladly would she have given her own life for his. But, alas! what could she do?

All at once a wild thought struck her. Her cheek flamed; the old light kindled in her eyes. She started to her feet, pale, eager-eyed and trembling, trembling now with new excitement. She seemed like one possessed by a spirit stronger than her own—by an impulse overmastering and resistless. For a moment or two she stood motionless, her eyes gleaming. Then turning, not to the window, but to the door, she hurried from the room.

She went straight to her own chamber. In a few minutes she came out again. She was now draped in a long close gray dressing-gown, which completely covered her own dress. Her tall, slight figure, thus garmented, looked like nothing so much as a gray ghost—and like a ghost, in the falling light of the evening, she glided out of her chamber, and passed along the passages and down a flight of stairs.

All at once she stopped. Some noise alarmed her. And now she was afraid—afraid, not of what she was about to do, being seen and thwarted in the execution of her plan. Presently, all being still, she again stole forward. The men were, for the most part, busy at their posts about the fortifications, and the part of the station through which she had to pass was almost deserted. Fortune favored her, besides; no eye observed her as she stole upon her way.

At last, to her infinite relief, she reached her destination. She stood in the archway which led out into the square.

It was still empty. Vane's volunteers had gone in search of the articles required for the adventure, and had not yet arrived. The open court was before her; and there, in the middle of it, was the well.

She knew the archway well!—its image had been clear to her mind's eye all along. It was a kind of tunnel, or covered passage, of brick work, some half a dozen yards in length. Near the outer end of the archway there was a buttress, and beyond it a recess or deep niche in the masonry. The niche was close beside the buttress on the side towards the square.

The gray figure reached the buttress—glided into the recess—and disappeared.

hurriedly forward and stood beside him.

"St. George," she said, "you must not go—you shall not go. Tell me you will not; promise me."

As she spoke, he thought, for the first time, of the veranda; she knew what he was going to do. He would much rather that she had not known; but he answered simply, "It is my duty, Lenora."

"Duty!" she repeated with impatience. "Oh, yes—but do not go! Send some one else: surely there are plenty of men. Do not go, St. George." She laid her hand upon the young man's arm and looked up into his eyes.

Great is the power of beauty—though it be the beauty of Delilah. It could not make a man like Vane forgetful of his duty, or shake for more than a moment his natural resolution. But as he looked down at the lovely lips which tempted him, he did not turn at once away. And yet her words jarred on him. He felt no surprise; he knew Lenora well; but he would have chosen that the girl to whom he gave his love, though she might part from him in agony of mind, would not have had him shrink his duty in the face of danger. Love might be dearer to her than life, but honor should be dearer than either.

He was on the point of speaking, when there appeared at the window another figure. They both looked up and saw it.

It was Mary Sulland. Her face was very pale, and as she came forward a close observer might have seen that she was trembling. But her eyes shone with a strange light, and when she spoke, her voice, though low, was thrilling in its distinctness. Her first words showed that she had not overheard, or had not understood what had passed between Lenora and St. George.

"We know where you are going," she said with shining eyes. "Lenora shall not be alone in wishing you God-speed before you go. I have come to do so, too," and, as she spoke, she looked as a Spartan maiden may have looked when she sent her lover forth to death or glory.

At the first sound of her voice Vane started. Their eyes met, and one might have thought that some reflection of the light in hers had flashed into his own. Without a word he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. Then with the same action of farewell to Lenora he turned away to go, reached the door of the apartment, and was gone.

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Five minutes passed—ten minutes.

Then the sound of steps was heard, and men entered the room; immediately afterwards he appeared, together with another officer—the surgeon.

No time was lost. Vane spoke a word or two, by way of last directions to the men; then taking a bucket in his hand, so that if by any chance he escaped the shot he might do his share in bringing in the water, he turned towards the square. That his chance was very slight, he knew. And as he turned to go forth into the range of the cannon, his face, though resolute, was grave.

He had already taken a step or two in advance, when he suddenly stopped short.

What was that? A soft, gray, ghostly figure started out of the wall in front of him, and flitted forth into the open air. Before he had recovered from his amazement it had already reached the well. For the space of an instant it stood there motionless, then, as if desiring rather to attract attention than to shun it, it raised both arms above its head and waved them in the moonlight.

In a moment—just as Vane, recovering a little started out of the archway—the cannon thundered; a storm of shot whistled in the air, ploughed up the ground, and rattled among the ruined woodwork of the well.

Vane was still outside its range, and no shot struck him. But the phantom figure—what of it? He looked, and thrilled. What dark thing was that which now lay motionless beside the mouth of the well? He had not seen the figure fall—but it was down upon the ground!

When the night was passed, when the next day shone, when the dial-needle marked the hour a little after noon, the garrison of Sunda Gunge was shaken suddenly by strange excitement. First, there became audible a noise of wild confusion in the encampment of the Sepoys round the walls. It grew—it gathered volume; it swelled into a tumult. Guns fired, voices yelled, a sound was heard as of the stamped of innumerable feet.

Suddenly—unexpectedly—relief had come. The Siege of Sunda Gunge was over.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the scene that followed. From that tumult of wild joy, of almost fierce excitement, we must turn away and follow St. George Vane.

As soon as the fact of the relief was certain, he stepped out of the crowd and made his way, along the deserted passages to a certain room which lay in the rear of the walled buildings—the room from which the night before a slender, gray-draped figure had stolen softly out.

Just as he reached the door and was hesitating at the threshold, Mrs. Jessop, who had been called out by the noise of the cheering, was seen returning in a state of much excitement. Vane accosted her eagerly, but in low tones, "Is she better? Can I see her yet?" he said.

"She is much better; she is dressed and sitting up. But the noise alarmed her. She does not know the cause of it. Will you come and tell her?"

Vane followed her into the room. In a large chair, next the window, looking very white and weak, with a bandage round her temples, where the shot had grazed and stunned her, sat Mary Sulland. As Vane entered she looked round. He paused, and for some seconds the two regarded each other.

He had not seen her since, the night before, he had carried her swooning to her room. He had heard with infinite relief, that the wound was not serious, and inquiring hourly at the door throughout the night, he had learned that with some hours rest there would be little to be feared. Yet the shock which he had felt at the moment when he had raised her in his arms, and caught sight of her white face in the moonlight, was with him still.

And indeed she had had a wonderful escape. Every sportsman who has tried his gun at a sheet of blank paper knows that it will sometimes happen that, while the paper will be spotted thick with pellets, there will sometimes be a space left free of shots—large enough, perhaps, to have let the game escape, however true the aim. It had so happened here.

Amidst the storm of shot only one had grazed her; the rest had whistled past without harm. But where her slender figure had so narrowly escaped, a man, being of larger bulk, would inevitably have been struck down. Mary Sulland had, in fact, been slightly wounded where Vane would have been killed.

During the hours of night, while he had wandered up and down outside her door, too restless to seek for sleep, he had thought of the girl who had risked her life for his; he had let his memory go back into the past, and called to mind all that he had owed to Mary Sulland through the years that he had known her: how all his noblest aspirations, dreams, ambitions, had come from her, or had been fostered or strengthened by her sympathy, and he had wondered how it was that he himself had never realized, till now, what she had been to him. And now, as he stood beside her, as he looked at her again, he wondered more and more.

The look of inquiry on her face recalled him to himself. "I am forgetting," he said. "I am glad to be the first to bring the good news. I see you guess it. Yes, relief has come. The siege is over." She looked at him with eagerness.

One thought filled her mind—it forced a passage to her lips.

"Then you will not have to go again for water?"

As the words escaped her she flushed.

Her action of the night before had hardly been her own—so overmastering had been the impulse which had hurried her away. And now, like a woman, she was troubled by a doubt—what would he think of her? Had she, in thrusting herself between him and danger, forfeited for ever his esteem? How could she expect that he would understand the unselfish devotion of her act?

He did understand, however, at least partly. He saw that she was troubled and he took the best course possible to set her at ease. He meant to regard what she had done as a matter which, between themselves, required no explanation. As for others, they knew nothing. Except that she had been hurt by a stray piece of shot, no one, not even the Colonel or Lenora, knew the truth. The men who had been at the archway had only the vaguest idea of what had passed. The secret was their own.

"No," he said, smiling, "I shall not have to go again. Nor, what is of greater consequence, will you, Mary!"

From the distance came a noise of voices cheering, as if they never meant to stop, but in the room itself there was no sound but their own murmured talk.

She laughed softly. His words thrilled her, but it was not his words alone, for in his eyes was that look which no woman ever mistakes.

They were married in the early days of October.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

A Pen Picture of the Illustrious Philadelphia Prelate.

A writer in *Donahoe's Magazine*, describing Archbishop Ryan, says: "When the Archbishop first came to Philadelphia, a prominent Protestant gentleman with broad views came to him and said: 'It would be a good thing if you would mingle with the people generally. Take part in public events and come to the front when matters affecting the city as a whole are being discussed.' Apropos of this, when the famine in Russia was at its worst, the people of Philadelphia, with that generous instinct for which they are justly celebrated, chartered an ocean steamer and filled it with provisions for the starving subjects of the Czar. On the day appointed for the sailing religious ceremonies were held at the wharf. A clergyman of every denomination was on hand to participate in the ceremonies. The Methodist preacher, the Presbyterian minister, the Episcopal clergyman and the Baptist all went through their forms of prayer. The large crowd was restless and seemed anxious to have the ceremonies end. Archbishop Ryan was standing modestly in the background with a heavy black coat on. He was invited to say something. He walked to the centre of the place assigned to the speakers, threw aside his coat, and was revealed to the great audience arrayed in full pontificals. Raising his right hand solemnly he pointed to the vessel about to sail on its errand of mercy. There was a profound silence for a moment, and then the Archbishop began a beautiful prayer, calling down the blessings of heaven on the vessel, its crew and its cargo. The impression made by His Grace on that day cannot be estimated; the people were visibly affected. All other words seemed hollow and vain beside his. There was an undefined feeling that here was a true, living faith. As the crowd was dismissed and the Archbishop started to leave, the Protestant gentleman before mentioned came up and grasping His Grace warmly by the hand said sincerely: 'Well, you are coming to the front! The Archbishop lives quietly, plainly and modestly. His study in the southwest corner of the archiepiscopal residence, at Eighteenth and Summer streets is fitted up with simplicity. In the centre is a square desk, at which the Archbishop does most of his work, with the assistance of the chancellor of the archdiocese, the Rev. Dr. James F. Loughlin. Pictures of distinguished Catholics, and volumes on all conceivable subjects, from light poetry to heavy theology line the walls. The Archbishop has a private parlor on the first floor of the Cathedral residence, where he receives callers other than clerical. The most prominent thing in the room is a fine marble bust of Pope Leo XIII, which stands on a pedestal between two windows. A large picture of the Vatican and of St. Peter's and oil paintings of former Bishops of Philadelphia help to complete the furnishings of this parlor.

The Archbishop is an early riser. The first duty of the day is the celebration of Mass, which usually takes place in the little chapel adjoining the cathedral. After a light breakfast the business of the archdiocese is taken up. The first few hours are set aside for the reception of priests and pastors. Two hours following this are accorded to general visitors. Dinner, as a rule, is served at 1 o'clock. If the weather is fine in the afternoon, the prelate generally takes a long walk. He is a great believer in pedestrianism. He frequently walks from the cathedral to the Lincoln Monument and Fairmount Park and back again. Although a great orator, he has put very few of his thoughts into book form. There is one, however, a reproduction of a lecture on "What Catholics Do Not Believe." This was delivered in St. Louis, and has had a large sale both in this country and in Europe.

It would be difficult to estimate in words or figures the great amount of good that Archbishop Ryan has done for humanity and religion in Philadelphia. Scores of handsome new churches, a baker's dozen of parochial schools, the successful inauguration of the magnificent new Catholic High School, the improvement of the seminary at Overbrook, the ordination of hundreds of young men into the priesthood, and the reception of as many young women into the various Sisterhoods, the establishment of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys, the erection of the Industrial School for Boys at Edgington, the establishment of a colored parish at twelfth and Lombard streets, the purchase of an edifice for Polish Catholics on German street—these form a small part of the good that the prudent Bishop and the wise counsellor has done in his large field of labor.

America's Largest Congregation.

The biggest congregation in the country is in New York city and it is one of the poorest. It worships in the smallest of edifices. It numbers 10,000 souls. Father Russo, of the Society of Jesus, is its pastor, and last year he baptized 750 infants, beating all metropolitan records. Father Russo's parishioners are the poor Italians of the east side, and they worship in the little church of Our Lady of Loretto. Several years ago Father Russo was delegated to undertake the work of organizing them, and he had services in a store. Sufficient funds were soon accumulated to build the present edifice, which is a very plain affair, not much larger than two ordinary dwelling houses. Its furnishings are as plain as its parishioners. Now Father Russo has three assistants. One, Rev. Father Vincentini, has come but recently. Father Russo went all the way to Rome to select a priest who possessed the peculiar qualifications for a certain part of the work of the little church. This qualification was none other than the ability to speak a certain Sicilian dialect spoken by many of his people, who came from the mountainous region of the sunny island.

"My people are very poor," said Father Russo. "There is not one of our congregation who is worth \$500. But they give more willingly and more liberally, according to their means, than many wealthier church people. They are hard working and thrifty, go to their priests about everything, and they are quite willing to listen to our advice. In our school we teach the children English three hours out of four. Their sons and daughters will be worthy of the country where their fathers found better conditions than they ever had in the mother country. If a girl has not found a husband when she reaches nineteen she comes to ask me to find her a husband. So you see my duties are as versatile as they are arduous."

Don't worry. Don't run in debt. Don't trifle with your health. Don't try experiments with medicines. Don't waste time and money on worthless compounds. Don't be persuaded to take a substitute for Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the best of blood purifiers.

To "Record" Readers. D. A. Evans & Co. of 274 College street, Toronto, have kindly offered to mail all our readers one week's trial treatment of the famous Australian Electro-Pill remedy, free, for catarrh, kidney, liver and stomach trouble, sick headache, sleeplessness, rheumatism and nervous ailments, or seven week's treatment for \$1.00. Our readers desiring to operate branch agencies for this great remedy should write now for terms and territory and name the CATHOLIC RECORD.

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