THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE TWO BRIDES.

2

CHAPTER XXXIV. 2 MARRIAGE BULLS IN FAIRY DEEL

It was more spring-time at Fairy Dell. The great art was eredy, and was remem-bered any like one of the so terrible convul sions we to, at I mg not reals in the world'e history suive shaken the globe to ite founda tions in sover i as seriace with ruin and desolution. They had rebuilt the Manor House; and even the little chapel, which had not been opered by the Liter spoiler, was now enlarged and best-tified. The grand old woods had been spared, -for the site, being out of the lines of travel, could not be available as a strategic position. And the ravaged flewerbeds and shrubbery had been stocked anew under Genovieve's direction, and, with the zealous co-operation of Maud and Mary, promised to be as lovely as they wart on the memorable May mouning when our readers were first introduced 25 Francis D'Arey and his family.

On this present May morning also, the neight oring population were to be seen flock. ing from every direction toward the D.H. The chine of sweet-toned belic that Sister

Rose D'Arcy had ecat to her own little chape. from a ross the see was pealing mercily from the baif y, and found a joyour response in every heart among the hundreds there. About the oclock the bridal procession

left the Manor House, Gaston leaning on Mre Hutchinson, now about to become indeed his mether, while Lucy followed with her futher. Then came bridesmen, brides maids and ushers, and behind these, Louis D'Arcy and his oldest sister, Mrs. De Beaumont. The Reportaland his wife werealse there, he weath ; his uniform of Confederate gray. For the the of yesterday met that day be nearly two peaceful groves as friends and e data line of the Upion solbr. 1 graite with the gray of the " Lost 4.1.1 Cau-

of a flag from had forgotten age and press of elements as a sult the full new of visiting jur and but his triand the for to THE CONTRACTOR DAGAN -is used and they tells unless between worf its demost children. And there be studied his couly stored it vest-mones there forthat the alter, waning for the symposities is with his heads full of stressating also for the dear relathree ends and worth he now prized more three even. There was no organi-that on wa get Man D Arey used to play in former times but perilied in the barning of the chapet which had not yet been replaced. But as a offen appeared in the crowded church, Lang on the arm of her who had surget him so tooderly, and as the crowd looken up in the sourced face and the sightless eyer, a leep thrill of loving sympathy ran through the sacred editive, and a chorus of half suppressed tlassing and prayer arose,--sweet r to him, sweeter far to the lovely most t a impliant inusic. Lucy cast on the conce, sympathics g crowd of worshippers one taility, games full of unspeciable gratitude, and so the th a the worm tears fell down her checks. an , child there, Gaston, bland and manned, was greater, dearer than the Coiston of old, walking over these grounds in his godlike beautr.

stort levely was Lucy in her bridal dress. As she should presently boside Gastin at the abar-steps, with his three sisters bosind her, and Fainy De Beaumont's he with girls one could see on the bride's definite and intellectual features a glow of constitute pride ; of pride in the poble husban i God had given to her. It was the lofty

prime inspired by the purest love. By the side of Charles D'Arcy, acting as best to an in his brother, stood Colonel Frank Hatchinson, bronzed by exposure in many a sampsign, and raised above all his former weakbrases by his love for liose D'Aray,-a love now become honeless. Many who were

nood the most solemn part of the service, there was not one among the lew cottagers compelled to remain at home that morning who did not unite cordially with the worshippers inside and around the chapel, in beseeching all mauner of blassing on the wedded pair.

scoration-bell announced to the neighbor-

Louis D'Arcy repressed the regrets that would arise in his soul, as he knelt, happy on l gratoful, near the spot where his dear fitner reposed. He should have been supremely happy had his wife and his father been with him now, and had his sweet Rose graced these nuptials with her presence. That the spirit of his dear departed ones were near him, together with the dread and consoling Fresence in which he believed, was to kim a certainty ; and that with the same Presence came to himself and his children, blossings besought by his angelic daughter far away, he doubted not. Nor did Gaston and Lucy doubt of it.

It was, then, s. most blessed day for all who dwelt in Fairy Dell. The weather-the georious springtide of the South-kad put on its brightest and serenest looks. The whole country around smiled indeed like the Garden of God, and as if the sounds of strife had never disturbed its peace or marred for a

mement its loveliness. Long lines of tables extended beneath the trees, at which all who had come to the wedding feast -and all were bidden-sat down to a bounteous repast. This time the gaests were served by the wateran soldiers who had served on both sides in the late war, and who now, side by side, with a true brotherly spirit and military precision, kept the tables supplied with all the choice fara so abundantly provided by Mr. D'Arcy. Charles and Frank directed the labors of this zealous body of volunters. At night again there were ticeworks and illuminations, and the fair bride led her husband forth to gladden with sight of him the clowd of innocent revelers. Sweeter far than all the fragrance of flower and ties and shrub with which the night air was Laden was the grateful incense of their I we, berne to him and his Lucy from the

many known voices of those who had as long known and who loved so dearly both bride giorin aug bride. The next day the hospitalities were kept up in favor of all who had been absent per-

force on the wedding day. For the infirm or the very poor Lucy took care that abundant provision should be made, and conveyed to their own cottages in her name. Weither Girton nor herself sacralced to the senseless cashom of wedding tours. Their own sweet home was to them the sweetest of all earthly epots, and they believed in the duty and the felicity of making their dependents-of making the poor especially-sharers in their own happiness, and in their most generous bounty.

Lucy remained at heme to make of her honeymoon a season of heartfelt enjoyment to ner household, her acquaintance, and the needy far and near, a season made memorable gue beind him, than the strains of the to them by her practice of unlimited beneficence, coupled with the most graceful hospi-

to these two, leaning on each other, devoted helpmates for a great lifework, began a new She knew and fest that to every man, woman | existence, as the opening of a new era. (Louis D'Arey lived long enough to see all his father's great qualities revived in his son, and to behold and admire in Lucy the sweet virtues - 1 graces of Mary D'Arcy and her daughter Rose. Fairy Doll still continued to be the blissful haunt of good angels.

THE END.

NERVOUS DEPILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a fuez trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltain Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Dublity, loss of Vitality and Man-hou, and all kinded troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No rick is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, etc., mailed free by ad dressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

ANGEL Or Agatha's Recompense.

CHAPTER I.

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THE

THE GERM OF A TRAGEDY.

A nobler girl had never lived than she whose saintly face and saintly ways were so appreciated that in the vicinity of her abode she was known as "The Village Angel." Yet she was of humble origin, the daughter of a poor doctor.

He was a struggling country surgeon, with a small income, the result of very hard work -a man of no particular family, with no great connections, of no influence-a man content to wear thick leather shoes, a somewhat shabiy cost, and frayed gloves; a country surgeon, working hard for his daily bread, and finding that difficult to win; a man whose daily routing never varied, and who would one day pause in his work to die, and the world would know him no more.

And she was only his daughter-" only a doctor's daughter," as Sir Vane Carlyon said, over and over aga'n to himself; no fortune save the praise and love of all who knew her, no dowry save the blessings of the poor. Nothing but her fair, girlish loveliness, and sweet, pure character ; among other girls she was what a white lily is amid other flowers. One drop of water in the great, deep ocean,

one grain of sand on the vast sea-shore, one lesf in a boundless forest is to Sir Vans Carl. yon of quiters much importance as the doctor's daughter. She is one in a world of women, one out of the millions of fair girls, differing only from the others in that she is fairer and more graceful-true, sweet and pure as the petals of a white lily.

He thinks idly to himself as he now watches her, "Shall he seek to win her, or shall he

pass her by ?" The world is full of fair girls who would smile on the possessor of such broad lands; there is no particular reason for wishing to win her, except that it would be a novel sensation to wake up into fervent, passionate love the beautiful, dreamy soul shrined in that fair hody; a new sensation to quench the light of holiness and truth in the grave, sweet violet cyes, and fill them with the fire of love or the lurid light of passion ; a new sensation to touch the sweet lips that now dropped words of gentle wisdom, to utter passionate words that tell of love; to wake effect on her-he could see none; see did not the soul-filled now with the rapturous love of heaven-to the pains, the pleasures, the ecstasy of earthly love.

Quite a novel sensation-the only question was, should he give himself the trouble-was anything on earth worth the fatigue and anxiety it would cost him? Would love even ever so sweet and deep repay him? In idle mood, with the cane he held listiessly in his hand, he struck down the fair blossoms of the wild celaudine among which he stood.

What was she, after all, but a fair flower, growing in the green heart of the land, to be struck down and slain by the hand of man, if

women he had loved ; he had loved fair and heautiful bunettes, good and simple girls, heartless flirts. If a face attracted him, he had never resisted the attraction ; but he had seen rothing, no one like this doctor's daughter, with her dowry of bcaut7 and grace. She was like a new creation to him; he had heard her praises wherever he went; he had watched her, and owned to himself no

other girl was half so fair. Should he, who had never refused himself ny wish that he had formed, who had never let a woman's heart or a woman's honor interfere with his follies-should he win her or let

herpass by? As he watched her the blue sky shone above his courage failed him ; he dared not even his head, and the golden light of the sun lay h at at making an appointment with her.

are left open they will go in to rest in the est, merriest doctor's wife, and their little cool. shady church, or to play at hide-and-sek in the pews. Neither the rector nor Lady daughter Agatha was like a sur-heam. Rother suddenly a terrible accident happened, which plunged the whole village into mouroing, and blighted the douter's life. He had been appointed medical Anne Ruthven like it."

"I should say not," he oried ; " dirty little urchins like those." Hor face fell; he saw the expression change, and his dark eyes devoured its fair

loveliness. They are not all dirty little urahins," she

said, in a voice of gentle reproach. "I think the children of Whitecroft are healthy, strong, sturdy girls and boys." He made a gesture that implied contempt although he did not express it. She replied little Agatha about the lovely sights and to the gesture with a faint flush.

"Even if they are dirty, each one has a noul.

He looked at her in wonder. "A soul," he repeated ; "the idea had not occurred to me, but of course they have. I have really never thought of souls in connection with village children."

The sweet, grave, violet eyes looked at him with attention. "I think the soul of a child is the most

beautiful thing in creation," she said, softly. "It is the one thing nearest and doarest to heaven."

that the little pony, in its turn, took fright She had been struck with his face, beautiand overturned the carriage on a heap ful as that of a young Apollo, but a shadow of stones ; li tle Age tha rolled safely down of disappointment lay now in the lustrous a grassy bank, the dector's fair young wife eyes. That he should not know the value of fell with her head on the stones, and never the soul even of a village child, lowered him | spoke again. in her sight; but having made an opportunity of speaking to her, he had no wish to pursue tor in the bright, flowery cottage-the this style of conversation. It was neither of rooms never looked the same again; the village children nor of souls that he desired world was never the same to him, the brightest and fairest of creatures had to speak. gone from it, leaving it dark and

"I am afraid the rector must go to the expense of a new lock," he said, "this will not last much longer. I shall beg the cld one when it is done with." "Why?" she asked, with the simple won-

der of a child. "Because it has brought about that which

I most heartily desired," he replied ; " an introduction to you." There was not the least affectation, not th sintest approach to coquetry in her manner-

the grave, sweet simplicity characted him as aothing had ever done before. "Did you wish to know me How

eves ; before him stretched out the great. dark sea, called cternity, on the distant strange i'' sho said. "I do not think it strange, I think it pergolden shore of which stood his fair, well-

feerly natural, I saw you first in church, loved wife. While crossing that sea, if he turee weeks since, and I have been longing could heal the frail, ailing bodies and cheer the fainting hearts of his kind, he was glad ever state to know you." Not the faintest glean of coquetry came to do it. into the eyes or face ; he watched her keenly to see if his flattering words produced any

seem even to understand that it was fatteryshe took it as the announcement of a fact, nothing more.

"I am a very casy person to know," she plied, "I think every one in Whitecroft Lines written for the occasion of the Lyinz knows me. the foundation-scone of the O'C nnell

Momovia' Church, and dedicated respectfully to the Very Rev. Canon Brasnan, P.P., of "Then every one in Whitecroft is singn-Jarly bleezed and happy," he said; "I wish I were one of them, I do not belong to Cabirciveen: Whitecroft. Ye are the guardians of his wondrons fame

She locked at him, taking in with And of his hedricom solemn; one comprehensive glance the handsome, Go sick a shaft in honor of his name. aristocracio face, the tail, well-kait figure the air of superiority-then smiled thought And rear a stately column. Said Heaven's Light*: "Your work is great and good

he willied it? . He had had more love affairs, more in-trigues, more firtations than he could remem-her; he had forgotten even the names of the you. Our people are all poor and hard-

"And I are neither, you think i" "I am guite sure," she replied, with charming lettle nod of ner head.

By this time he had been obliged, sorely against his will, to lock the door. He had intended to ask her if she would meet him again, if he might walk across the fields with her ; but as she stood in the shadow of the old gray porch, thick green ivy making the background of the nicture, the sunlight fall-ing on her face, on her pale golden hair, and

And high and holy passion. the gray cloak she wore, she looked so young, A sacred mansoleum that shall tell so pure, so far above the earth, so like what The one ciernal story he had seen in piztures of the angels, that

Of him who fought life's fight, and fought it well, Through pathways layed with glory!

And, ev'ry power possessing.

The archway of St. Clement.

It braved the shock of ages;

Our Apostolic b'ossing."

The sacred element-

A SAXE-COBOURG PRINCE.

<u>.</u>...

fiver for's somewhat straggling country dis-

triet, and in cons-quence he had been obliged

to purchase a little carriage and pony. When

the pony was not required for duty, Mrs.

Brooke liked to drive her pretty little daughter

through the green lansa; but one day a terrible accident happened. Size was driving to Westbury, along the high-road, talking to

scenes around them, when suddenly along

the white, straight road she saw a wagonette

with two unmanageable horses speeding

She did the best she could; with a

white face and beating heart she told

her little daughter not to ery, there was no-

thing wrong; she drew the pony near to the

hedge, and waited in terrified silence for the

passing of the infuriated horses. It was all

over before any one knew what had hap-

pened ; and the immediate cause of the acci-

dent was never clearly ascertained, only this,

Death was such a strange, grim visi-

cold. In time the smart of his prin had

him. He level her with a very great love,

but he grow more areary and more absent-minded as the years rolled on, How many

people live on with a dead heart ! He did

he devoted himself to his dutics. Behind

kim is y an island of delight, at which he sel-

dom looked, because the sunlight dazzled his

(Tobs c ontin ued.)

THE OCONNELL MEMORIAL CHURCH.

We give you, priest, and friends and brotherhood,

Tie Ico's pift-this old foundation-stone-

Beneath it slept St. Peter and St. Paul--

Let faith-illumined artis -minds device.

Brave Christian knights and sages !

With fillal love and genius Solon-wise,

And hand and chisel fashion,

Of martyrs' faith-that gleamed so long upon

Two thousand years within that pillared wall

toward her.

`- . ·

AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE BULGARIAN CROWN -THE PRINCE OF WALES BACKS HIM --GADBAN EFFENDI UNDER A CHARCE OF KAULBARISM.

VIENNA, Dec. 15 -Prince Ferdinand of Saxa-Cobourg to day had an interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph and conferred with Coust Kalaoky about the prince's preposed candidacy for the Bulgarian throne, Prince Labanoff, the Russian ambassador to Austria is awaiting a telegram from St. Petersburg on the subject of Prince Ferdi nind's candidacy. LONDON, Dec. 15 .- The Prince of Wales

and Duke of Edinburgh vigorously support the candidacy of Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe-Cobourg-Goths, for the throne of Bulgaria. of Saxe-They are said to be using their personal infuence at Berlin and St. Petersburg in Ferdinand's favor, and it is considered certain that the Czar will approve his candidasy. The Queen continues to favor the Battenbergs. The Prinze of Wales ignores the presence of Prince Alexander at Windson and as opposed to the granting to him of the grand cross of the order of the Bath, the grade to which the Emperor William and the Prince Imperial of Germany belong.

RUSTCHUK, Dec. 15 -M. Stolanoff, r supporter of the Regency, publishes a letter urging the Macedonians to rise up against Turk. ish authority and join the people of Eastern Roumelia an i Bulgaria in constituting a state which shall be a "Great Bulgaria" with Prince Alexander. He asks them otherwise to join in proclaiming a Bulgarian republic.

CONSTANTINCPLE, Dec. 15 -Ambassadors of five of the powers recently informed the Porte that Galben Eff adi, the special Turkcold. In time the smart of his pair has, Forte that Conten by has, the spectal furk-passed, and he talked and laughed like ish envoy to Bulgaria, has been playing others, but the cold chill of desolation never a double game in Sofia. Yesterday MM. left him. It was stronge that he did het to the Board more fello and Cati, the Austrian, French and Italian amians. dete, seek comfort in the leastiful child left to told S.id Pasha, the Turkish minister of foreign affairs, that notwithstanding the Porte's circular recommending the Balgarians to accept Prince Nicholas of Mingreiin as a candidate for the throne. Gadb in Effendi had expressed in Sofia his personal option that Bulgaria would do better to wait till the reelection of Prince Alexander. It is reported that the Turkish ministry, in view of these representations, and after the discussion of them, has sent to the Sultan's palace a proposal for the dismissal of Gadban from the liplomatic service as soon as he returns to Constantinople, whither he is already on the way.

THE MODERN CORINTH.

The moral atmosphere surrounding the ipper classes in New York does not seem to be a healthy one, if the statements of Dr. Dix, a prominent Protestant clergyman, are any indication. That gentleman recently preached on behalt of a refuge for fail-n women, and holdiy recuked the aristocratic congregation he was addressing in terms of a most uncompromising character. In brief, he said. alluding to the passage in St. Paul which calls the body the temple of the Holy Spirit :---

" The idea exists am ng worldly men that God never enters into their concirns. They admit their belief of the text formally in words, but deny it in action It seems almost impossible for them to believe that the human body is the habitation of the Holy Ghost, and that to defile the body is to outrage the Holv Ghost. Of all the statements ever mide this is the most astounding-a uniting of the spiritual and the supernatural. Our bodies are the most material of all the material things in this material world, and yetthey are the temple of the Holy Ghost, even as much as our churches that are more than lecture rooms. Now to come down to how the temples are defiled in the lurid days and the shameless nights. The text was called forth by the condition of things that existed at that time. In Corinth there was nothing dreamy. It was a busy town, cultured, enterprising and sensuons. Vice was presented by art, and was made almost a religion. St. Paul was a man of the world, and he went there to stem the tide. Women displayed tnemselves immediately; men ran up and down souffing pleasure, and the philos-ophers said that it was all right-that it was natural law. St Paul's words are applicable to New York to day. The rin is the more shocking because society ignores it or tries to excuse it. Who is there present absolutely without complicity in the sins of the age? It is a very hard matter for any one to be, so many are the ovil influences that surround us. The shep windows + whibit pictures guling to the eye. It is impossible to visit art galleries without seeing some revolting obects of audity or sensually represented women. Young men boast of their prolligacy, and it is regarded as a matter of course that young women should be seen in the streets flumning their degradation. theatres, the academies and the studies all help to drag morality into the mire. Perhaps the greatest of all evil allurements is wrought by the customs of the day by presumably good women. I appeal, O woman ! to your pity ior man's weakness, if you have no shame left to appeal to, that you will try to remedy the present immodest manner of female apparelling. Shame must have died in you that you can dress so. Think of the men to whom the very sight of you so arrayed gives rise to lustful passions. And then think of the prayers for forgivenezs that are sent up from this house of mercy every night. They should make some men's ears tingle. New York in many respects is worse than was Corinth."

there, and looked upon the soldierly form, and bigot the tins of youth in the solid glories of heroid manhood, coupled Frenk hind human's name with that of Genevieve Diry, sul wished that a sister of Rose D'An, e's could become mictrons of Fairview, ornaoie Mrs. Hutchinson for the loss of

Mest touching were the words of exherto motion 1d song addressed to Gaston and hade by the vonerable priest. He reand i.e model and everlasting example wonded love, that which existed be tile Redeemer and His Church, he said, " during her life of more 11 mm centuriec, had over daily kindled i and of adoring leve within her heart by spacing the distigured features of her to a star and apouse, and by reading in his - , ... we unds the characters of Divine Well I know, he continued, "that ath Le your love, O my child, for the dear and notice husband of your own choosing. More beautiful in your eyes than all try in the foremost ranks of battle. And more honored and beloved will you both be to this people, who have known you both from childhood.-ycu, my son, be-cause of what you have risked and sacrificed, and you, my daughter, for your touching

devotion to one so worthy of it in every way, "As to you, G my friends," he said ad crowd of Protestants dressing the mixed and Catholics, of Confederate and Union men, vou see how the charities of brotherhood and the sweet graces of Christian feeling can bring us together ance more, around the same altars, at the same festive board, and on this beauteous and peaceful snot where we have so often met to be happy together within the last half-century. Here are brothers the last half-century. Here are brothers standing side by side to-day, bound together by stronger ties of love, who, but a sicrt time ago, were shaved against each other in mortal strife. You have been exchanging warm greetings on your way hither ; you will sit together at the same feast before returning to your homes, thankful only that the storm of battle has spared you, and anxious to be ten times more neighborly, more brotherly, than before.

Just as you have all helped and labored to build up the ruins around us here, because the venerable man who sleeps near this altar loved you all well, and was beloved by you, even so must we help to build up the ruins of our common country, and help to heal all her wounds, because she is the mother of us all.'

How fondly Gaston D'Aroy clasped the hand placed in his, at the solemn moment when they gave each other all that true heart can give to true heart-unbounded love and trust ! He knew so well that her love meant life long devotion to his infirmity ; and there was, in his acceptance of her, so much of gratitude mingled with his admiration of all her great and rare qualities of soul. But, in Lucy's lovo, there was the deep worship of all the varied excellence which she hed known in Gasion from her childhood, and this worship still more hallowed of late by her intimate knowledge of the magnanimity with which he accepted his sufferings and their consequent helplessness, and of his fervent yearning to devote his wedded life-her womanly industry and his own labor and wes the the bar pince of all around them.

A TERRIBLE CHARGE.

A CHICAGO YOUNG MAN ACCOSED OF ALTEMPT-ING TO MURDER HIS AGED FATHER.

CHICAGO, Dec. 16 .- Yesterday two men intered the house of John T. Hewitt at Rogers park, knocked him down and robbed him of 270. Two hours later, one of them, John Harris, was apprehended and made a confession, stating that Harry Hewith, a son of the man robbed, was his accomplice. It now appears that young Hewitt not only intended to rob his father, but to murder him. The elder Howitt is about 60 years of age and is quite wealthy. The robbers held a blanket in front of themselves as they approached the old man. The latter grappled with them, but they overpowered him and tied his bands and feet. Harris says young Hewitt drew a revolver and fired at his swort, pathetic, graceful lines one sees in the portrait of Beatrice Cenci; the delicate, the comelings and grace of the fairest youth father, but was so excited that the bullet are the scate won by devetion to one's coun-grazed his (Harris') head. Young Hewitt, graceful curves of the head and neck, the who is only 18 years of age, was arrested this morning. He refuses to talk. It seems and refinement, made a picture that was there has been considerable trouble in the Hewitt family and the elder Hewitt is said to be very parsimonious. the worn old door when he, passing up to the

COMSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple wegetable remedy for the speedy an i permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchi is, Ca-iarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung stay," he repeated ; and in those three words lay the germ of a tragedy, the death-warrant of the sweetest, brightest of human creatures Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering door, and her white, slender fingers were red fellows. Actuated by this motive and a deand bruised. sire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent them," said Sir Vane Carlyon--" this is mine, and I will make it." by mail by addressing with stamp, naming of the quiet dead had risen from his grave to this paper, W. A. NOTES, 149 Power's Block, give him solemn warning, it would not have Rochester, N.Y. [Woe91-11] turned him from his purpose-once formed, nothing ever did. He was standing by her

THE POPE TO THE IRISH BISHOPS. ROME, Dec. 15.-The Pope had a conference yesterday with Cardinal Simeoni, and presented instructions to the Irish bishops, charging them to keep their clergy scrupulously within the limits of duty in regard to the rent move ment

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances key." on thirty days' triat to any man afflicted with Nervous debility Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphict n scaled envelopes with full particulars mailed free. Write them at once.

DILLON'S POSITION.

Thinkits knowledge of the magnanimity with which he accepted his sufferings and hoir consequent, helplessness, and of his fer-comanly industry and his own labor and free the total pince of all around them. With the second sec

ne nearest a ttempt possible was to ask he round him : the summer wind brought eve sweet odor from fields and meadows ; the if she had been playing the organ, and she great branches of the lime trees swayed to answered yes, when she had any leiture she spent it in that way. "There is nothing;" he said, "that I love and fro; the birds sang : but not one of these

sweet voices of nature spoke to him--he was like music, and the organ seems to me the desf to them, one and all; he thought only whether he could take the trouble to win this mean perfect of incumuments. Do you go every day ?" girl, who looked fair and pure, as though her "That would presspore a good deal of

heart were in heaven. A question of little moment to him-at the leiaure," she replied. " No. not every day. utmost it meant remaining some weeks lon-On Thursday I give several hours to it, ger at Whitecrof: ; then probably going abroad, and the expenditure of a few thousand and she had not the faintest idea why he emilled. He thought to himself that the boundary

ounds To her it meant life or death, honor or disline was very parrow between the excess o nonor, theaven or the everlasting darkness of inpocence and the excess of art. the outcast.

vicarage, saw her and stood watching her.

-the death-knell of a human soul.

"How love would transfigure that face,"

She was still struggling with the key

would not lock the old, worm-eaten

"Man makes his own opportunities or mars

He crossed the churchyard. Even if one

side the next moment, hat in hand, and the

sunlight never fell on a handsomer face-dark,

brilliant, proud, and full of power-a face

fatsl in its irresistible beauty. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but that

door seems to give you a great deal of trouble.

If it be necessary to lock it, allow me to do it

"I shall be very grateful," she replied.

"The lock is rusty, and I cannot turn the

for you.'

This was Tuesday, and he would see her again on Thursday. With a few courteous The sweet flowers of the celandine fell to the right and left as he struck them recklessly words he hade her good-by, and went home with his cane. He looked once more at the to dream of a fair, pure face and a halo of golden heir, like the angels in the picturesface of the doctor's daughter-the golden hair was like a halo round it; from out of the a face into which he longed to put the light and glow of human love. violet eyes shone the truth, tenderness, and purity of a loving soul--the mouth had the

CHAPTER II.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

elender, faultless figure, instinct with grace Every one in Whitecroft knew and loved the "doctor's daughter." There seldom equaled. She had been playing the organ at the church, and was busily engaged in locking was no one like her, and none of them remembered over to have seen any one like her. She had grown up in the pretty village without ever leaving it; she belonged to it, as the old gray church and the pretty "How love would transing the only the said to himself. "The people round here with overhanging eaves, and the green lants, call her a saint. It will be a novelty to make love to a saint. I will stay." Away went spoke of Whitecroft without making Agatha River Revel did-as the quaint old houses the smiling heads of the celandine, with an-other vigorous stroke of the stick. "I will subject of conversation.

Many long years had passed since Dr Brooke came to Whitecroft. He was quite a young man then, with his life lying before iim. He liked the country much better than the town, and thought Whitecroft the prettiest part of the country he had ever scen.

He went to live there. When Dr. Sleigh died, he bought his pretty house and the oldfashioned garden, with its spreading sycamore trucs -- a pretty house, that looked as though it were dressed in flowers, shaded with rippling foliage bright with gleams of scarlet and gold ; roses and passion-flowers climbed the walls, framed the windows. clustered over the porch, where, in summer, it was pleasant to sit and watch the butter flies, the bees and birds.

People at first thought him too young, but after a time they discovered that he was much older than his years-that he was gentle, studious, and kindly of heart ; rather absent-minded, and easily imposed upon kind to the poor, and as much interested in saving the life of the poorest woman or child as though he had a duchess for a patient.

Dreamy, and in many ways unpractical, he There was no blush, no flutter of gratified vanity, no attempt at even the least flirtation. was earnestly devoted to his profession; and She was "calm as a sculptured saint;" the if ever he thought of himself at all, it was to color on the sweet, modest face deepened a believe that he had been sent expressly into little as she gave the key into his hand. It the world to heal the diseases and assuage was only a matter of course that he should the pains of mankind. In a very short was only a matter of course that he should the pains of marking. In a very short pretend to find teven more difficult than it was. "Why is it needful to look this door? You men, women and children all loved him, "Why is it needful to look this door ? You have no this was in this part of the world ?" trusted him, believed in him, and sought him in all troubles. He married the village

s, rear a gorg yous temple, tail and Go, weave from woofs of granite Translugent webs of cornice on each side. And sculptured s: white to man it.

EGreat champion of his country's rights was he-To Erin's form defin. 111 A lamb when stroked, but in the conflict free A strong, unyleiding glant.

His lips were as Mediasia v furles grim Let loose on pomp and 1 vower; And wigg'd injustice stood in awe of him, Whilet knight's were tang. At to cower.

He found his kind lashed to oppression's stake, With hopes of no to-morrow -Hearts that were bent by fate ore they could break, And drowned in seas of sorrow ..

Law was each magnate's word that pealed aloud, Like fire-bell f om the steeple; And acton sway, with glory might endowed, Coerced a hapless people.

"He saw his country's boudage and her shame," And with one bold cudeavor He lit in soul and pulse a thilling flame To last for eler and ever.

A dame of manly worth and man'y pride, And independent feeling-

The inner eye, that, conscious, scorns to hide What truth was long revealing

And though his hands grew palsied ere the chains With which the isle had striven In forum's court or on red battle plains Had been as yet unriven.

He found his kith and kin despairing slaves-He made them souls unfearing, And held aloft through storm-rent winds and wayps The old green flag of Erin.

And wherefore 'tis that Fame with hom2ge rare Opes unto him its portals, And wherefore 'tis he holds the curule chair

And our land's immortals. And wherefore 'lis from Down to sea-laved Beare" From Cape to Londonderry,

One voice crics out: " Well done" to those who rear His conotaph in Kerry.

Amid those scenes where first the great man knew The patriot's emotion,

Where all his deep, inspiring thoughts he drew From union with the ocean

Around the Stone they stand in service lines, Young man and grand sire heary, Dear Ireland's faithful priests and paladines,

As sponsors for his glory. And thou, oh reverend father! by whose voice

And holy zeal untiring, This new-born home of God shall yet arise To higher heights aspiring.

I hail thee oo'r the wastes offland and tide. Here where the shades stole o'er him --Here where he sought life's last repose, and died, Far from the land that bore him

Sink, then, the shaft, and plant the corner stone With feelings deep and solemn; And build the frescoed pillars, one by one, And rear a stately column.

EUGENE DAVIS.

Genoa, Italy, July, 1886.

* "Lumen in creli." St. Malachi's prophecy.

"Had the suspected party any special characteristics which might lead to his identification ?" Lady—I scarcely remember, only he was bald on the top of his head, red hair and—yes—a red noss—just like yourself, tification ?" be said. "No, no thieves, but there are plenty of "hildren," she said, "and when the doors pleat pair in the world. She way the bright-be said, "and when the doors pleat pair in the world. She way the bright-bad !"-Mc Masque de Fer.

RUSSA'S RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 15.-The Official Mes senger confutes the articles which have recently appeared in the Russian press generally describ-ing Germany's attitude as hostile to Russia. ing Germany's attitude as hostile to Russia. The Messenger says, "It is to be regretted that the press has been thus deluded. Owing to their mutual vital interests the relations be-tween Russia and Germany have become more consolidated. It has been proved by several trials that both powers recognize these relations as important to the welfare of both. Russia firmly intends to respect Germany's special interests and has reason to be assured that Germany will continue to abstain from any action affecting continue Russia's dignity or interests which have arison through Russia's historical relations with her eastern co-religionists. Germany's influence will be exclusively directed to main-tain the general peace which Europe needs and which the Czar and Russian people earnestly desire. The more complicated and critical political affairs are the more imperative it is to discuss them calmly and with caution. On this account there is less invitant for the protein account there is less justification for the precipitate and self opinionated character of the Comments of newspapers whose voices are by no means important in international relations." BERLIN, Dec. 15.-The German fleet has

arrived at Zanzibar.

VERY PROBABLE,

BERLIN, Dec. 15. - The K: cuze Zeitung suys as a result of the African delimitation conference England has scoured the best route to the Victoria Nyanza. From this point of view quite a new aspect is lent to her zeal in prepar only he was hald on the top of his head, red hair and yes a red nose just like yourself, Mozsicur le Commissionaire, only not so had !"-Me Masque de Fer.