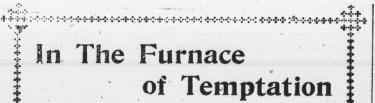
THE ATHENS REPORTER, FEBRUARY 15, 1900.



## 

"Yes, it was and it wasn't, and I don't know that it differed from any-thing else in the world, in that respect. It is true that there is a great dis-"Oh, yes I have I've told you it

trust of the priests amongst the Italtaus. The young men hate them—or think they do—or say they do. Most educated men in mbide life are mater-ialists, and of course unfriendly to the Langues, and of course unifiendly to the prests. There are even women who are sceptical about ranging But I suspect that the largest number of all those who talk loudest against the priests are really subject to them. You must consider how very inti-mately they are bound up with every lam by the most solemn relations of life."

"Do you think the priests are gen-ally bad men?" asked the young girl shyly. "I don't, indeed. I don't see how

things could hang together if it were so. There must be a great bas's of sincerity and goodness in them, when all is said and done. It seems to me that at the worst they're merely pro-forctional access for the there. festional people-poor fellows who have gone into the church for a living. You know it isn't often now that the sons of noble families take orders; the priests are mostly of humble origin; not that they're necessarily the worse for that is to be astronaus used to be for that; the patricians used to be just as bad in another way." "I wonder," said Florida, with her

"why there is always something so dreadful to us in the idea of a priest?"

They do seem a kind of alien crea ture to us Protestants. I can't make out whether they seem so to Catho-lice, or not. But we have a repug-nance to all doomed people, haven't we? And a priest is a man under sen-tence of death to the natural ties he-tween himself and the human race. He The spectre of our dearest friend, father or mother, would be terrible. And yet," added Ferris, musingly, "a num kn"t terrible."

cau to a woman's life even in the world seems to be a constant giving up. No a nun isn't unnatural, but a priest

She was silent for a time, in which she sewed swiftly; then she sud-denly dropped her work into her lap, and pressing it down with both hands she asked, "Do you believe that priests the matery are ever skeptical about religion ?"

"I suppose it must happen now and then. In the best days of the church it was a fashion to doubt, you know. I've often wanted to ask our friend, Don Ippolito, something about these matters, but I didn't see how it could be managed." Ferris did not note the change that passed over Florida's face, and be continued. "Our acquaintance hasn't become so intimate as I hoped it might. But you only get to a certain point with Italians. They like to meet you on the street; maybe they haven't any indoors." "Yes, it must sometimes happen, as you say," replied Florida, with a quick sigh, reverting to the begin-

quick sigh, reverting to the begin-ning of Ferris' answer. "But is it any worse for a false priest than for

any worse for a false priest than for a hypocritical minister?" "It's bad enough for either, but it's worse for the priest. You see, Miss Vervain, a minister doesn't set up for so much. He doesn't pretend to for to much. He doesn't pretend to forgive us our sins, and he doesn't ask us to confess them; he doesn't offer us the veritable body and blood in the sacrament, and he doesn't baar allegiance to the virible and tangible vice-gerent of Christ up-on certific A humanitian parion maron earth. A hypocritical parson may be absurd, but a skeptical priest is tragical.

Yes, oh, ves. I see." murmured the induced, sometimes, to enter the girl. with

"Oh, yes I have. I've told you it wasn't a supposable case." "But suppose it was." "Well, if I must," answered Fer-ris, with a laugh. "With my unfor-tunate bringing up, I couldn't say less than that such a man ought to get out of his priesthood at any hazard. He should cease to be a priest, if it cost him kindred, friends, good fame, country, everything. I don't see how there can be any liv-ing in such a lie. though I

ing in such a lie, though I know there ist In all reason, it ought to eat the soul out of a man, and leave him helpless to do or be any sort of good. But there seems to be some-blining. I don't know what it is, that is above all repson of ours, something Using, I don't know what it is, that is above all reason of ours, something that saves each of us for good in spite of the bad that's in us. It's very good practice, for a man who wants to be modest, to come and live in a Latin country. He learns to suspect his own topping virtues, and to be lement to the novel combinations of right and wrong that he sees. But as for our insupposable priest—yes, I should say decidely he ought to get out of it by all means." Florida fell back in her chair with an aspect of such relief as comes to

an aspect of such relief as comes to one from confirmation on an import-ant point. She passed her hand over the sewing in her lap, but did not speak.

Ferris went on, with a doubting look ducing Lon Ippelito's name since the day on the Brenta, and he did not know what effect a recurrence to him in this talk might have. "I've often wondered if our own clerical friend were not a little shaky in his faith/ I don't think nature meant him for a priset. He always strikes me as an extremely secular an index parent. extremely coular-minded person. I doubt if he's ever put the question whether he is what he professes to be, squarely to himself—he's such a mere dreamen?

Florida changed her posture slight-

y, and locked down at her sewing. She asked, "But shouldn't you abhor him if he were a skept cal priest ?" Ferris chrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't find it such an easy matter to abhor people. It would be interest-ing." he continued unwing the here such a dreamer waked up, once, and suddenly confronted with what he re-cognized as perfect truthfulness, and couldn't help contrasting himself with. could "t help contrasting himself with. But 't would be a Little cruel." "Would you rather have him left as

he was?" asked Florida, lifting hereyes to his. (1) "As a moralist, no: as a humanitar-ian, yes, Miss Vervain. He'd be much harper as he was." "What time cught we to be ready

"What time cught we to be ready for you to-morrow?" demanded the grl in a tone of decision. "We cught to be in the Plaza by nine o'clock," said Ferris, carelessly no-cepting the change of subject; and he told her of his plan for seeing the pro-cession from a window of the Old Procuratia Procuratie. When he rose to go, he said lightly,

Perhaps, after all, we may see the type of tragical priest we've been talking about. Who can tell? I say his nose will be red." "Perhaps," answered Florida, with

unheading gravity XII.

The day was one of those which an come to the world only in early June at Venice. The heaven was without a cloud, but a blue haze made agoon and sky met unnseen. The lagoon and sky met unnseen. The breath of the sea bathed in freshness the city at whose feet her tides spar-kled and slept.

The great square of St. Mark was ers are expected to pain ser ously ransformed from a mart, from a salon. to a temple. The shops under the colonnades that enclose it upon the coonnades that enclose it upon three sides were shut; the caffes, be-fore which the circles of kile coffee-drinkers and sherbet-caters ordi-narily spread out into the Piazza, were repressed to the limits of their no centiment at all," answered the girl ruefully. "But this makes me dreadfully sad." were represent to the limits of their own doors; the stands of the water venders, the baskets of those that sold oranges of Palermo and black cherries of Padua, had vanished from the base of the church of St. Mark, which with its dim splendor of mo-sales and its carven luxury of pillar and arch and finial rose like the high-altar, ineffably rich and beautiful, of the vaster temple whose enclosure it completed. Before it stood the three great red Lag-staffs, like painted tap-

rustling of the sheets of tinsel attach-ed to the banners and candles in the procession; the whole strange, gorge-lous pleture came to life. After all her plans and preparations, Mrs. Vervain had not feit well enough that morning to come to the spectace which she had counted so much upon seeing, but she had therefore insisted the more that her daughter should go, and Ferris now stood with Florida alone at a window in the Old Procur-atie.

averted.

a one at a window in the Or Procession at a window in the Or Procession ?" Well, what do you think, Miss Vervain ?" he asked, when their senses had somewhat accustomed themselves to the noise of the procession ; "do you say now that Venice is too gloomy a city to have ever had any possibility of galety in her?" her ?'

her?" "I never said that," answered Florida, opening her eyes upon him. "Neither did I," returned Ferris, "but I've often thought it, and I'm not sure now but I'm right. There's something extremely melancholy in all this. I don't care so much for what one may call the deplorable superstition expressed in the specta-cle, but the mere splendid sight and the music are enough to make one shed tears. I don't know anything more affecting except a procession of lantern-lit gondolas and barges on the Grand Canal. It's phantas-mal. It's the spectral resurrection of the old dead forms into the pre-sent. It's not even the ghost, it's haunting Venice. The city ought to have been destroyed by Napoleon when he destroyed the Republic, and thrown overboard—St. Mark, Winged Lion, Bucentaur, and all. There is no land like America for true cheerfulness and light-hearted-ness, Think of our Fourth of Julys and our State Fairs. Selah." "I never said that," answered

true cheerfulness and light-hearted-ness. Think of our Fourth of Julys and our State Fairs. Selah!" Ferris looked into the girl's seri-ous face with twinkling eyes. He liked to embarrass her gravity with his antic speeches, and enjoyed her endeavors to find an earnest mean-ing in them, and her evident trouble when she could find none. "I'm eurious co know how our friend will look," he began again, as he arranged the cushion on the win-

he arranged the cushion on the win-dow sill for Florida's greater com-fort in watching the spectacle, "but it won't be an easy matter to pick him out in this masquerade, I fancy. Candle-carrying, as well as the other acts of devotion, seems rather out of character with Don

the other acts of devotion, seems rather out of character with Don Ippolito, and I can't imagine his putting much soul into it. However, very few of the clergy appear to do that. Look at those holy men with their eyes to the wind! They are wondering who is the bella bionda at the window here."

workering who is the bella blonda at the window here." Florida liszened to his persiflage with an air of sad distraction. She was intent upon the procession as it approached from the other side of the plazza, and she replied at ran-dom to his comments on the differ-ent bodies that formed it. "It's very hard to decide which are my favorites," he continued, sur-veying the long column through an opera glass. "My religious disad-vantages have been such that I don't care much for priests or monks or young John the Baptists, or small female cherubim, but I do like little charity boys with voices of pins and meedles and hair cut a la dead-rab-tit. I should like, if it were consistent with the consular dignity, to go down and rub their heads. I'm fond, also, of old charity boys, I find. Those paupers make one in love with desti-tute and dependent age, by their as-pect of irresponsible enjoyment. See how brickly ends of them toways.

tuto and dependent age, by their as-pect of irresponsible enjoyment. See how brickly each of them topples along on the leg that he hasn't got in the grave! How attractive likewise are the civilian devotees in those im-perishable dress-coats of theirs! Ob-forve their high collars of the era of the Holy Alliance-they and their fathers and their grandfathers be-fore them have worn those dress-coats; in a hundred years from now their postcrity will keep holiday in them. I hould like to know the elixir by which the dress-coats of civil em-poyees render themselves iminortal.

ployees render themselves immortal. Those penitents in the cloaks and cowls are not bad, either, Miss Ver-vain. Come, they add a very pretty touch of mystery to this spectacie. They're the sort of thing that paint-ers are expected to paint in Vonico-

"But-but is there no escape for | what you think of doing has

you?" They looked steadfastly at each other for a moment, and then Don Ippolito spoke. "Yes," he said, very gravely, "there is one way of carero

"Yee," he said, very gravely, "there is one way of escape. I have often thought of it, and once I thought I had taken the first step towards it; but it is beset with many great ob-stacles, and to be a priest makes one timid and insecure." He lapsed into his musing melan-choly with the last words; but she would not suffer him to lose whatever heart he had begun to speak with. "That's nothing," she sild; "you mut think again of that way of escape, and never turn from it till you have tried it. Only take the first step, and you can go on. Friends will rise up every-where and make it easy for you. Come," she implored him, fervently, "you must promise." He bent his dreamy eyes upon her. "I should take this only way of escape, and it seemed desperate to. all others, would you still be my irlend?" "Would yon be my friend if the whole world turned against you." man I should like to bet on, if he'd only look up." The p.fest whom Ferris indicated was slowly advancing toward the space immediately under their window. He was dressed in robes of high cere-mony, and in his hand he carried a lighted taper. He moved with a gentle tread, and the droop of his slender figure indicated a sort of despairing weariness. While most of his fellows stared carelessly or curiously about stared carelessly or curiously about them, his face was downcast or

averted. Suddenly the procession paused, and a hush fell upon the vast assembly. Then the silence was broken by the rustle and stir of all those thousands going down upon their knees, as the cardinal-patriarch lifted his hands to bless them. The priest upon whom Ferris and Florida had fixed their eyes fal-tered a moment, and byfore he

"I should be your friend if the whole world turned against you." "Would you be my friend," he asked-eagerly in lower tones, and with signs of an inward struggle, "if this way of secape were for me to be no longer a priest?" "Oh, yes, yes! Why not?" cried the girl, and her face glowed with heroic sympathy and deflance. It is from this heaven-born ignorance in women of the insuper-able difficulties of doing right that men take fire and accomplish the sub-lime impossibilities. Our sense of de-tails, our fatal habits of reasoning paralyze us; we need the impulse of the pure ideal, which we can get only from them. These two were alike children as regarded the world, but he had a man's dark prevision of the means, and she a heavenly scorn of Florida had fixed their eyes fal-tered a moment, and before he kneit his next neighbor had to pluck him by the skirt. Then he, too, kneit hastly, mechanically lifting his head, and glancing along the front of the Old Procurtie. His face had that of the Old Procurtic. His face had that weariness in it which his figure and movement had suggested, and it was very pale, but it was yet more singu-lar for the troubled innocence which its traits expressed. "There," whispered Ferris, "that's what I call an uncommonly good face." Forida raised her hand to silence him, and the heavy gaze of the priest rested on them coldly at first. Then means, and she a heavenly scorn everything but the end to of be a light of recognition shot into his eyes and a finsh suffused his pallid visage, which seemed to grow the more haggard and desperate. His head fell again, and he dropped the candle from his hand. One of those

Achieved. He drew a long breath. "Then it does not seem terrible to you?" "Terrible? No. I don't see how you can rest till it is done!" "Is it true, then, that you urge me to this step, which indeed I have so long desired to take?" "Yes, it is true! Listen, Don Ippo-lito: it is the very thing that I hoved

beggins who went by the side of those beggins who went by the side of the procession, to gather the drippings of the tapers, restored it to him." "Why," said Ferris a.'oud, "it's Don Ippo.ito! Did you know him at first?" "Yes, it is true! Listen, Don Ippo-lito: it is the very thing that I hoped you would do, but I wanted you to speak of it first. You must have all the honor of it, and I am glad you thought of it before. You will never regret it." She smiled radiantly upon him and he kindled at her enthusinsm. In an-other moment his face darkened again. "But it will cost much," he murmured. The ladies were sitting on the ter-

race when Don Ippolito came next morning to say that he could not read with Miss Vervain that day nor for

with Miss Vervain that day nor for severa: days after, alleging in ex-cuse some priestly duties proper to the time. Mrs. Vervain began to la-ment that she had not been able to go to the procession of the day before. "I meant to have kept a sharp look-out for you; F.orlda saw you, and so did Mr. Ferris. But it isn't at all the same thing, you know Forida "No matter," cried Florida. "Such a nan as you ought to leave the prest-tood at a: y lisk of "...ai! You hould cease to be a priset if it cost should cealed to be a priest if it cost you kindred, friends, good fame, coun-try, everything." She blushed with irrelevant consciousness. "Why need you be down-hearted? With your genius once free, you can make coun-try and fame and friends everywhere. Leave Venice! There are other places. Think how inventors great in Am so did Mr. Ferris. But it isn't at an the same thing, you know, Florida has no faculty for describing; and now I shall probably go away from Venice without seeing you in your real character once." Don Ippolto suffered this and more in meek silence. He waited his oppor-Think how inventors succeed in

erica"-/ "In America !" exclaimed the priest "Ah, how, long I have desired to be in meek silence. He waited his oppor-tunity with unfailing politeness, and then with gentle punctilio took his

"We?, come again as soon as your duties wi? let you, Don Ippolito," cried Mrs. Vervain. "We shall miss you dreadfully, and I begrudge every one of your readings that Florida bass." "You must go. You will soon be fa "You must go. You will soon be fa-mous and honored there, and you shall not be a Etranger, even at the first. Do you know that we are going home very soon? Yes, my mother and I have been talking of it to day. We are both homesick, and you see that she is not well. You shall come to us there, and make our house your home till you have formed some plans of your own. Everything will be easy. God is good," she said in a breaking voice, "and you may be sure He will befriend you." The priest passed, with the sliding The priest passed, with the sliding step which his impeding drapery im-posed, down the garden walk, and was half-way to the garden walk, and was half-way to the garden walk, and was her mother, "I must speak to him i.gain," and swiftly descended the steps and swiftly glided in pursuit. "Don Ipplicip!" she called. He already hid his hand upon the gate, but he turned, and rapidly went back to meet her.

voice, "and you may be sure He will befriend you." "Someone," answered Don Ippolito, with tears in his eyes, "has already been very good to me. I thought it was you, but I will call it God !" "Hu:h! You musta't say such things, but you must go, now. 'Fake time to think, but not too much time. Only—be true to yourself." "They rose, and she laid her hand on his arm with an instinctive ges-ture of appeal. He stood bewilder-ed. Then "Thanks, wadamkgella. sack to meet her. She stood in the walk where she had She stood in the walk where she had sto: pod when her voice arrested him, breathing quickly. Their eyes met; a painful shadow overcast the face of the young g'rl, who seemed to be try-ing in vain to speak. Mrs. Vervain put on her glasses and peered down at the two with good-matured enricelity.

on his arm with an instinctive ges-ture of appeal. He stood bewilder-ed. Then "Thanks, madamigella, thanks!" he said, and caught her fragrant hand to his lips. He loosed it and lifted both his arms by a blind impulse in which he arrested himself with a burning blush, #aid furned away. He did not take feave

so terrible to you, gerhaps it is more terrible than I can understand. If it is the only way, it is right. But is there no other? What I mean is,

is there no other? What I mean is, have you no one to talk all this over with? I mean can't you speak of it to-to Mr. Ferris? He is so true and honest and just." "I was going to him," said Don Ip-polito, with a dim trouble in his Ince.

"Oh, I am so glad of that! Remem

ber, I don't take anything back. No matter what happens, I will be your friend. But he will tell you. just what to do." Don Ippolito bowed and opened the

gate. Florida went back to her mothes Florida went back to her mothes who asked her, "What in the world have you and Don hppolito been talk-ing about so earnestly? What makes you so sale and out of breath?" "I have been wanting to tell you, mother," said Florida, she drew her chair in front of the elder lady, and sat down.

sat down

XIV.

Don Ippolito did not go directly to the painter's. He waked toward his house, at first, and then turned aside, and wandered out through the noisy and populous district of Canaregio to the Campo di Marte. A squad of cav-alry which had been going through some exercises there was moving off alry which had been going through some exercises there was moving off parade ground; a few infantry sol-diers were strolling about under the trees. Don Ippolito walked across the field to the border of the lagoon, where he begen to pace to and fro, which his head sunk in deep thought. He moved rapidly, but sometimes he stopped and stood still in the sun, whose heat he did not seem to feel, though a perspiration bathed his pale face and stood in drops on his fore-head under the shadow of his nicchio. Some little dirty children of the poor, which this region swarms, looked at him from the soping shore of the Campo di Giustizia, where the exe-cutions used to take piace, and a small boy began to mock his movements

by began to take place, and a small boy began to mock his movements and pauses, but was arrested by one of the girls, who shook him and ges-tloulated warningly. At this point the long railroad bridge which connects Venice with the mainland is in full sight, and now from the reverse in which he corre from the reverie in which he con-tinued, whether he waked or stood tinued, whether he walked or stood stil, Don Ippolito was roused by the whistle of an outward train. He fol-'owed it with his eye as it steamed along over the far-stretching arches, and struck out into the fat, salt marshes beyond. When the distance hid it, he put on his hat, which he had unknowing.y removed, and turned his rapid steps toward the rail-road station. Arrived there, he lun-gered in the vestibule for half an hour, watching the people as they gered in the vestibule for half an hour, watching the people as they bought their tickets for departure, and had their baggage examined by the customs officers, and weighed and registered by the rairoad porters, who passed it through the wicket shut-ting out the train, while the passeng-ers gathered up their smalker parcels and took their way to the waiting.

Who passed to through the where shar-ting out the train, while the passeng-ers gathered up their smaller parcels and took their way to the waiting-rooms. He followed a group of English people some paces in this direction, and them returned to the wicket, through which he looked long and wistfully at the train. The baggage was all passed through; the doors of the waiting-rooms were thrown open with harsh proclamation by guards, and the passengers flocked into the carriages. Whistles and bells were sounded, and the train crept out of the station.

A man in the company's uniform ap-proached the unconscious priest and striking his hards softly together, and with a pleasant smile, "Your servant, Don Ippolito. Are you expect-

vant, Don Ippolito. Are you expect-ing someone?" "Ah, good day!" answered the priest, with a little start, "No," he added, "I was not looking for anyone," "I see," said the other. "Amusing yourself as usual with the machinery. Excuse the freedom, Don Ippolito; but you ought to have been of our profes-sion-ha, ha.! When you have the lei-sure, I should like to show you the drawing of an American locomotive which a frierd of mine has sent me from Nuoza York. It is very differ-ent from ours, very curious, But mon-strons in size, you know, prodigious !

## DOCUMENT LS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

before they've thought about it, and then don't know how to escape from the path that has been marked out for them from the'r childhood. Should you from their childhood. Should you think such a priest as that was to blame for being a skeptic?" she

asked very earnestly. "No," said Ferris, with a smile at her seriousness, "I should think such a skeptic as that was to blame for

being a priest." "Shouldn't you be very sorry for him?" paused Florida, still more so!emnly

I should indeed, if L liked him. "I should indeed, if I\_liked him. If I didn't, I'm afraid I shouldn't," said Ferris; but he saw that his lev-ity jarred upoa her. "Come, Miss Ver-vain, you're not going to look at those fat monks and sleek priests in the procession to-morrow as so many incorporate tragedies, are you? You'll spoil my pleasure if you do. I daresay they'll be all of them de-yout believers, accenting exerviting. vout believers, accepting everything down to the animalcula in the holy water.

"If you were that kind of a priest," persisted the girl, without heeding his jests, "what should you do?" Upon my word, I don't know.

can't imagine it. Why," he contin-ued, "think what a helpless crea-ture a priest is in everything but his priesthood-more helpless than a woman, even. The only thing he could do would be to leave the Church, do would be to leave the Church, and how could he do that? He's in the world, but he isn't of it, and D don't see what he could do with it, or it with him. If an Italian priest were to leave the Church, even the would despise him still more, even the liberals, who distrust him now, would despise him still more. Do you know that they, have a pleasant fashion of calling the Protestant converts apostates? The first thing for such a prisst would be exile. But I'm not supposably the kind of priest you mean, and I don't think just such a priest supposable. I daresay if a priest found himself drifting into doubt, he'd try to avoid the disagree-able subject, and, if he couldn't he'd philosophise it some way, and wouldn't let his scepticism worry him."

Then you mean that they haven't consciences like us?'

consciences like us?" "They have consciences, but not like us. The Italians are kinder peo-ple than we are, but they're not so just, and I should say that they don't think truth the chief good of life. They believe there are plea-santer and better things. Perhaps-they're right."

they're right." "No, no; you don't believe th

The fully solver the second se great red f.ag-staffs, like painted tap-ers before an a.t.r., and from them hung the Austrian f.ags of red and white, and ye low and black.

In the middle of the square stood the Austrian military band, motion-ess, encircling their leader with his go d-bended at fi uplifted. During the

Do you think there is ?" "I don't taink it," said Ferris grave-ly, "I know it. But I don't wonder that this slight makes you doubt. Great God! How far it is from Christ! Look there, at those troops who go before the followers of the Lamb; their trade is murder. In a minute if a dozen men called out 'Long live the King of Italy !' it would be the duty of those solders to fire into the he!pless crowd, Look at the selvants of the carpenter's son ! Look at those miserable monks, voluntary prisouers, beggars, all as to their kind ! night a light colonnade of wood, roaf-ed with blue cloth, had been put up around the inside of the Plazza, and under this now passed the long pomp of the eccessistical procession — the priests of all the Venetian churches in priests of all the Venctian churches in their richest vestment, followed in their order by fachini, in white sandals and gay robes, with caps of scariet, white, green and blue, who bore huge pointed candles and siken banners dis-playing the symbol or the portrait of the tituar sints of the several churches, and supported the canopies to unter which the host of each was ele-vated. Before the clergy went a com-pany of Austrian soliers, and behind came a large array of religious so-teletes, charity-school boys in uni-forms, old paupers in holiday dress, the Wilderness, little girls with angels? wings and crowns, the monks of the yarlous orders, and civilian forms of constant of sole and site of the sole of the the Wilderness, little girls with angels? wings and crowns, the monks

at those miserable monks, voluntary prisoners, beggars, alians to their kind! Look at those penitents who think that they can get forgiveness for their sins by carrying a candle round the square! And it is nearly two thousand years since the world turned Chris-tian! It is pretty slow. But I sup-pose God lets men learn Him from their own experience of etil. I imagine the kingdom of heaven is a sort of re-public, and that God draws men to Him only through their perfect free-dom."

the Alderness, little girls with ange's' wings and crowns, the monks of the various orders, and civilan penitents of all sorts in cloaks or dress-coats, hooded or bareheaded, and carrying each a lighted taper. The and the New and Old Procurate were packed with spectators; from every window up and down the fronts of the started doves of St. Mark perched upon the cornices, or fluttered un-easily to and fro above the crowd. The baton of the band leader des-

St. Mark perchad Their faces look false and sly and bad "No, no, Miss Verval,," said Ferris, band leader des-of martial music, the charity-boys use of shuffling when foliage-like "No, no, Miss Verval,," said Ferris, a right to do, of course. I don't think the if faces are bad, by any means. "No, his weat to you by everything you believe good that I would rather die than be false to you hat a slagie breath or thought." "Oh. I know it, I know it, "she marmurgd. "I don't see how I could say such a cruel thing." "No, I know the false to the charity-boys their faces are bad, by any means. "No his the desting." The baton of the band leader deschanted, the charity-boys st noise of shuffling

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natured curizefity. "Well, madam gella," said the priest at last, "what do you command me?" He gave a faint, patient sigh. The tears came into her eyes. "Oh," she began vehemently, "I wish there was someone who had the right to speak to you!" that people sigh over as so peculiarly Venetian. If you've a single sentiment about you, Miss Vervain, now is the time to produce it." "But I zeren't. I'm afraid I have

XIII.

speak to you!" "No one," answered Don Irpolito. "has so much the right as you." "I saw you yesterday," she began again, "and I thought of what you had told me, Don Irpolito." "Yes, I thought of it, too," answered the pricest. "I have thought of it ever since."

since?" "But haven't you thought of any hope for yourself? Must you still go on as before? How can you go back now to those things, and pretend to think them holy, and all the time have no heart or fact in them? It's ter-rible!"

rible!" "What would you, madamigella?" demanded Don Ir polito, with a moody shrug. "It is my profession, my trade, you know. You might say to the pris-oner," he added htterly, "It is ter-rible to see you chained here.' Yes, it is terrible. Oh, I don't reject your compassion! But what can I do?" "Sit down with me here," said Flor-ida, in her blant, child-like way, and sank upon the stone seat beside the NO sank upon the stone seat beside the walk. She clasped her hands together in her hap with some strong, basiful emotion, while Don Ippolito, obeying her command, walted for her to speak, Her voice was scarcely more than a hoarse whisper what she began. "I don't know how to begin. "I don't know how to begin what I want to say, I am not if t to advise anyone. I am so young, and so very ignorant of the world." "I too know little of the world," said the priest, as much to himself as to her.

said the priest, as much to himself as to her. "It may be all wrong, all wrong. Besides," she said abruptly, "how do I know that you are a good mua, Don Ippolito? How do I know that you've been telling ma the truth?. It may be all a kind of trap—" He looked blankly at her. "This is in Venice; and you may be leading me on to say things to you that will mike troub'e for my mother and me. You may be a spy—" "Oh, no, no, no, no?" cried the priest, springing to his feet with a kind of moan and a shudder, "God forbid !" He swiftly touched her hand with the tip of his fingers, and then kissed them, an action of inexpressible humil-ity." Madamigela, I swear to you by everything you believe good that

of her with his wonted formalities, but hurried abruptly toward the

gate. A panic seemed to seize her as she saw him open it. She ran after him, "Don Ippolito, Don Ippolito," she said, coming up to him; and stammered and faltered. "I don't know; I am frightened. You must do nothing trans the said of the said of the said of the said the said of the said

I containing from mer i cannot let you i I'm not fit to advise you. It must be wholly from your own conscience Oh, nc. don't cock so! I will be your friend, whatever happens. But if

from Nuova York. It is very differ-ent from ours, very curious, But mon-strous in size, you know, predigious! May I come with it to your house, some evening?" "You will do me a great pleasure," said Don Irp. No. He gazed dreamily in the direction of the vanished train. "Was that the train for Milan?" he

"Exactly," sa'd the man. "Does it go all the way to Mlan?" (To be continued.)

The Unionist candidate for York It must conscience 1,400 majority. Lord Charles Beress-ford captured the seat from the Lib-But if erals in 1898.

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