

# WRONGFULLY CONVICTED.

It was a bitter night in winter. The streets had been deserted at an early hour, and the wind that raged up from the sea tore at the shutters and banged at the doors, shrieking, whistling, and roaring, till the townfolk turned in their beds and muttered: "God save the sailor lads this night!" But some of the new girls who were covered their ears and said: "The good-for-nothing vagabonds!" For they thought the banging and shouting came from some ship's crew just landed, and hurrying to spend their money and vitality larking.

Suddenly the wind veered to the north-west, and whirling down out of the low black clouds came one soft white flake, then another, and another, until the air was as white as the surf bursting and flying out of the harbor.

And all the time, in a side street of this water-end of the city a man lay face down, a knife in his back, and death on his lips and in his heart. And the snow gathered and covered the red stains that crept like a scarlet rain from the small wound, and wrapped him in a winding-sheet whiter than any fax ever spun.

And a ship drove safely into the harbor out of the storm, let go her anchor with a rattle and clank of chains, and a hearty "Yo-heave-ho!" that rang merrily through the night; and one of the sailors—reusing with a laugh to wait for day-break—sprang into the dingy, pulled ashore through the angry water, and struck out briskly for home. Such a little box of a home, but neat as a new pin, and an old mother in it dearer than all the world to the sturdy fellow tramping through the snow.

"I told her I'd be there, and, of course, I will, for this here wind a-blowing," and the delay from the backin' and fillin' we had to do outside there, so as to get a good head-way on the old gal (the ship), all have her uneasy I know she won't sleep a wink this blessed—but I what's here? Git along, old chap. 'Taint safe for a feller to be takin' naps in this here temperator. Whew! if there's one thing I hate it's a feller a-makin' a beast of himself a-drinkin'. Medbe, though, I'd been there when it had been for Father Tom; so here goes to help "the man and brother." My Lord A'mighty, what's this here? It's a knife, and the man's dead as a nail. Mur—

last Thursday, when I'd said as much to him—Gillett, we've got responsibilities both of us, and above all we've got to keep everything clean-washed and accounted for."

"Yes, I cut you, me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord." That's just what I said—Me to the Guv'nor and you to the Lord—and it was a pretty neat answer."

And he rubbed his chin softly, and repeated his own words several times with intense enjoyment of their neatness.

"When can I see him?" begged David.

"To-morrow, maybe."

"To-morrow!" and his face fell back to its lines of misery. "Good Lord, man, my old mother'll hear it before that, and it'll kill her if it's broke too sudden to her. Father Tom's the only man that can do it."

"Well, well," said the goaler, "I'll telephon round for you; but—with a sudden sense of responsibility—" "that was a shabby trick to play a messmate."

"I didn't," said David, simply, and he raised his honest eyes to the goaler's face. "I never saw him till—"

"There, there!" said the goaler, soothingly, "don't talk till your lawyer gets here." And off he went down the corridor, thinking as he did so: "He looks honest, but great Scott! you can never tell. They'll look like cherubs and seraphims (his Biblical knowledge was slight and very mixed), and all the time they'll be up to any dodge on the p'lice docket. This feller's cut different from the left of my birds, though."

An hour later Father Tom stood in the cell, and he took David in his arms, and welcomed him as if he had come home laden with honors instead of crushed under the charge of crime. Then he said, gently: "Now, Davie, tell me all about it."

And David told the whole story, beginning with the start from the ship, and going circumstantially through the after-events, from the brief but terrible struggle over the dead man's body to the prison. Father Tom listened intently, and David, as he warmed up to his story, concluded with: "I am as innocent of that man's blood as you are, Father Tom; but if I had that Italian here I'd strangle him."

"Father Tom's only answer was to pull out the crucifix from his girdle, hold it up, and point to the agonized figure on it.

David hung his head, and with the cry, "But think of mother!" the tears burst from his dry and burning eyes.

Presently Father Tom said: "Now, Davie, let us kneel down and say a prayer."

But poor David's cry, as soon as the Amen was said, was again, "O Father Tom! my poor old mother!"

"Now, Davie, look here, boy," said the priest, with some severity, "do you suppose such a good Catholic as your mother is, is going to waste time mourning and weeping? If you had been guilty, then she might have many things to do for you, and so many things to do for you, and she can come every day to see you, too—that the time will go by almost before you know it. I'll go to her now and tell her about it. And skipper, you like me to send your loving regards to any of your shipmates to see you?"

"Not yet," said David; "tell 'em, though. And Father, tell 'em, too, I didn't do it."

"Ay, ay, lad, you may depend on that. Now, is there anything you want? Have you got tobacco, and some pipe, and some money? Have you got your—oh, yes, there are your beads!"

"Yes, sir," said David, "I've got them safe; but it's a wonder I didn't lose 'em in that scrimmage last night. I s'pose I would a done it if I hadn't strung 'em round my neck before I went aloft out yonder."

"Keep up your heart, keep down your temper, and trust in God," were the priest's parting words. "I'll send you some papers, and I'll come back to-morrow, asking the judge, in view of the peculiar circumstances, to call the trial; for the actual witness, one Manuel Ignazio Pizarro, would have to sail with his brig—the 'Maria di Napoli'—on the following Wednesday for Marseilles."

There was some demur about precedent and son on; but the point was carried, and the 20th of December saw the court-room filled to hear the trial of David Jameson, for the murder of an unknown man on the night of the 17th day of that same month, in the year of Our Lord 188—.

The court was opened with the usual formalities, and the case presented by the counsel for the Government. Then, after a brief citation of the facts—the terrible facts—they were called—the Italian, whose tongue alone could tell the truth, was put upon the stand.

He was a tall, well-formed man, but there was a furtive trick about his eyes, and the eyes themselves, though large and brilliant, were near together and they seemed to

cross at times; the eyebrows were heavy and met at the roots of the nose, which gave a sinister look to his face; and his nostrils were thin as paper, and vibrated with every breath. For the rest, he was handsome enough; and his picturesque though very theatrical costume was becoming, from the scarlet Thyrsian cap, and the wide gold rings in his ears, to the curiously embroidered top-boots, and the long Spanish cloak in which he draped himself (as he entered and departed) to an ancient Roman.

He told his story dramatically and with abundant gesture, and wound up by saying, "Doubtless, excellency, it was some secret foe; for he stabbed him, with such force, such savagery, and a blow in the back—Oh, treacher! Oh, cruelty!"

"Stick to facts, sir," said the judge, impatiently.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders and bowed, but his eyes seemed to leap towards each other, and their flash belied the wide smile that displayed his teeth, white and strong as a shark's.

Then the cross-examination began.

"At what time did you go to Moreno's?"

"At 22 hours (10 o'clock p.m.)"

"Where were you before that?"

"Aboard the 'Maria di Napoli.'"

"At what hour did you leave the ship?"

"At 21 hours and a half (9.30 p.m.)"

"Were you alone?"

"No. My mate was with me."

"What is his name?"

"Pedro Maria Allegrini."

"Was he with you in the wine-shop?"

"All the time."

"Did you leave together?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Pedro's head was heavier than his legs."

"Where is Pedro Allegrini?"

"Here," and he waved his arm towards a heavy, stolid man among the audience.

His name was noted.

"When you saw the two men—the prisoner and the deceased—what were they doing?"

"Struggling; this one actively, the other like a man heavy with wine."

And so on, and so on, with a circumstantiality of detail and a distinctness of outline that were appalling to rather Tom and David's other friends.

And when Moreno and Allegrini were called they confirmed all that Pizarro had said up to the hour of his leaving the house, at two o'clock.

The witnesses for the defence could only do negative service by testifying to David's previous good character, and this they did heartily; but the jury, after a half-hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of murder, commending the prisoner, however, to the mercy of the court.

When the foreman had spoken a shrill, heart-broken cry rang through the room:

"My son! my son! Spare him, your honor! spare him! He's as innocent as a baby!"

It was the mother, who tore at her gray hair and beat her breast, and the slow tears of old age rolled down her cheeks.

"Poor soul!" said the judge, kindly; "I can only let the law take its course."

Then she raised her tottering frame, and, with hands and arms uplifted, she cried:

"Mirror of Justice, defend us!"

It was a touching little scene, and many people in the court-room wiped their eyes; and the prisoner's drooping head and sunken cheeks, and laboring breath bore witness to the anguish he endured.

Father Tom came to him and spoke a few cheering words, then took the mother from the court-room; and the captain and some of David's shipmates followed him to the gaol to see him; but, finding they could not enter, stood about and talked in low voices of him as one already dead. During the week they came back one by one, the captain to shake hands, and wish him kindly, but angrily "well out of it," the sailor men to shuffle their feet, shift their quids, and sit about awkwardly and silently, the very force of their sympathy making them as unobtrusive as wooden figures.

Then they sailed away, and the 'Maria di Napoli' left her canvas wings for the Mediterranean; and Father Tom, and his mother, and his lawyer; the latter of whom had become so deeply interested in his fate that, by incredible work and judicious appeal, had presented the case in the right quarters; to say nothing of catching at every technical straw that could aid him, he secured a final sentence of "imprisonment for life at hard labor."

But this all took months, and it was not until the gaol had blanched his face, and the confinement almost burst his heart, that David was taken to the penitentiary, and there, among forgers, murderers, and criminals of all degrees and grades, put to work out a life of misery.

merchant, who, 40 years before, built his house in the then most fashionable quarter of the city. But business marched up and on, pushing the gay world farther and farther northward and westward, until it was now the only dwelling in the square. But the old merchant lived there contentedly, and on this night his youngest daughter, his golden-haired Elsa, came of age, and the birthday was celebrated by a great fancy ball.

This Italian, of course, could not know; for he was a stranger, and was, moreover, half-crazed with drink; but what he did know was that at that point there were people, there was life, there was the sound of human voices, and above all there was light—light that kept at bay the terrors that rent his soul when night and sleep fell on the world.

How he hated the dark! It swarmed with such ugly things; and a face—an awful face, with staring eyes and rigid lips—would start into his ghastly distinctness as soon as the sun was down, and he followed him like a shadow, hounding him from place to place, filling him with an unnatural vigor and an activity that defied the stoutest of his boon companions; and when they slept, exhausted, it still drove him on, tortured, agonized, panic-stricken, till the day broke, and the sight of the crowds helped him to sleep and reason.

As he reached the awning and pressed close to the steps, a carriage dashed up to the curb; the door of the house was flung open, for some departing guests, and for a few minutes a dazzling vision was revealed—fairies, shepherdesses, arquebuses, pages, halberdiers, kings, court ladies, and queens, in gorgeous colors and flashing jewels; but the Italian saw none of these; his starting eyes fastened on a stately figure that seemed to float down towards him between the rows of orange and palm trees that lined the stair-case. On it came, tall, in flowing raiment, a cloud of golden hair rippling over its shoulders from under a crown of light; in one hand a pair of scales, in the other a gleaming sword, whose point seemed to mark him from the throng.

"Speculum Justitie!" he shrieked. "Yes, I did it—I did it—I did it! I murdered him! Take me—"

And he fell grovelling at the feet of the policeman, who had forgotten their official stolidity to stare open-mouthed at the lovely Angela von Henkeldyke, who in her costume of "Justice" had wrought such innocent vengeance.

On principle they seized the Italian for a rowdy, but his repeated cry, "I did it—I murdered him!" soon attracted their attention, and as he struggled in a fit, they called up the patrol wagon and took him to headquarters. There the policeman took him in hand, until finally, at daybreak, he recovered consciousness. On being told that he could not live through the next night, he asked for a priest, and who but Father Tom was brought to the poor wretch, who told the following story:

He had played, he said, in the wine shop that night until midnight with a stranger, who lost heavily to him, and drank away his pocket. But his losses did not seem to depress him, and the wines did not confuse, and Manuel said:

"You are a gallant man, signor. You lose with grace and courage."

And he had answered with a laugh: "I can afford to lose 50,000 dollars here." And he touched his breast.

Manuel raised his eyebrows.

"Don't you believe?" asked his companion with some heat.

"Manuel bowed deviously.

"Hang it," said Manuel, "I'm telling you the simple truth. Look here."

And he drew out and opened a small doeking bag slung around his neck, showing a diamond the like of which Manuel had never beheld.

"It sent madness to my head, Father, and I say I must have it. But he tucked it away again and rose. 'You must go,' he said; 'I have already stayed too long.' I pressed him to wait, but he got restless, and looked at me suspiciously. I asked where we might meet the next day, and he pushed out and play away little game of more. But he answered, 'I didn't know—he was here to-day and there to-morrow, and far away the day after. I laid my hand on his arm. 'Come, crack another bottle,' I urged. But he shook me off roughly, and pushed out of the wine-shop, saying 'Enough's as good as a feast.'"

"I knew the house. There was a

cellar that gave on the street, he must pass, I said. I must have a bottle of lachryman, the vintage of '73. I went below—the landlord knows me—and I opened the cellar door and stole after him. In the dark I tracked him, and struck at him from his neck, and nearly shrieked at something soft and cold, like a dead finger, touched my cheek. It was a snowlake, and I ran in hot haste back to the shop, so no tracks could be left. The whole affair did not take twenty minutes, and I came back into the room, and drank and played. But the diamond, in my breast burned like a coal, and I thought its rays of splendid fire must be seen; and in at the windows the dead man's face seemed to look—but that was only the snow flying past; and I felt drawn back to the spot, as if he had his hand in my sleeve of my jacket. But, this I fought against, until I suddenly remembered with terror I had left my knife sticking in the wound, and I knew I must have it at any risk. As I crept along I saw a sailor coming up the street. He stopped, he touched the body. Here was my chance. I sprang on him, dragging him here and there—and he fought well, that boy; like a wild cat—and I shouted 'Murder! Murder!'

"It all turned out as I hoped. The home, small hands pulled the weeds from the grave, and sometimes to a quiet graveyard by the shore of the bay, where they would kneel and pray for him who slept below. And then, as they rested before starting from the grave, and picked the lichens from the letters of the inscription sometimes spelling them out as they did so. And the spelling read: 'Pray for the soul of Manuel Ignazio Pizarro.'—Catholic Fireside.

for Manuel spoke the truth when he said he could not go without forgetting the amazement of the prison physician.

At first David refused outright to see him, for his heart was bitter with the load of anguish borne through these three frightful years. But Father Tom "talked to him," and his mother gave the final stroke that determined him.

"Ye must go, Davie," she said, as she hung on his neck.

And oh! the thoughts of the two men as they faced each other! Where in David now? Well, his story told above, and there was quite a furor of sympathy. Some good soul started a purse, and big hearts and good incomes ran the money up to enough to buy him a half-share in a schooner, of which he frankly became owner and captain. His old skipper wanted him back, but he did not need to be any man's man now, except his own—and our Lady's.

The old mother lived to dandle his children on her knee, and to take them on sunny Sundays, sometimes to Father Tom's, and sometimes to a quiet graveyard by the shore of the bay, where they would kneel and pray for him who slept below. And then, as they rested before starting from the grave, and picked the lichens from the letters of the inscription sometimes spelling them out as they did so. And the spelling read: 'Pray for the soul of Manuel Ignazio Pizarro.'—Catholic Fireside.

### Society Directory.

**ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, O. O. F.**, meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month, in their hall, corner Selgneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, Secretary.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY**,—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month. Committee meets Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. B. Doran; 1st Vic, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vic, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

**A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2**,—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

**A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3**, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: President, M. McCarthy, M.P.; President, Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary, 1528 Ontario street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary; G. Young, street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY**,—Established 1885.—Meets in its hall, 167 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

**ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY**,—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; James P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

**C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH 26**,—(Organized, 13th November, 1888.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership, or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B.C.L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Fealey, Jr., Treasurer.

**ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY**, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. P. Quinn, 625 St. Jacques street; M. J. Ryan, Treasurer, 16 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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## HOW TO GAIN FLESH

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce of Scott's emulsion. It is strange, but it often happens.

Somewhat the ounce produces the pound; it seems to start the digestive machinery going properly, so that the patient is able to digest and absorb his ordinary food, which he could not do before, and that is the way the gain is made.

A certain amount of flesh is necessary for health; if you have not got it you can get it by taking Scott's Emulsion.

You will find it just as useful in summer as in winter, and if you are thriving upon it don't stop because the weather is warm.

Manuel nodded his head, and with a great effort raised his eyes to Father Tom's. They were still far too near together, and he was dealing as the spirit understands it, but there was a new light in them.

"Father, I will, but I fear I could not do this if I did not know I was going to die. I would not have the courage, I who call myself a sinner."

And two tears rolled down his cheeks.

Father Tom felt a knot in his own throat at this confession, courageous in its weakness, pathetic in its falterings, and, although the words of St. Augustine seemed to stand out before him in letters of fire, he thought of that hill on which once hung three crosses, and he heard a thief cry, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" and the voice that answered through the gathering darkness across the shuddering earth, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." And while he sought for the nearest magistrate, he said such words of hope as the Church alone can breathe to the penitent, teaching as he did in the meaning of his sinner's repentance, and filling the sinner's heart with humble hope.

And after all this, our Manuel begged to see David.

"I don't see it, but I cannot go until he forgives me," he said.

And somehow, in spite of technicalities, Father Tom managed it, and the two men met on the same day.

Again it was a night in winter, and again the wind blew and the snow flew—stinging like a swarm of white bees—just as it had blown and flown that other night three years ago, when, in that Northern seaport town, a man had been stabbed in the street, and a young sailor was sent to the penitentiary for life on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of-of the man who is now, on this bitter winter evening, creeping along against the houses of that same town, glancing first over one shoulder, then over the other, with terror in his eyes, and a shivering and racking of his body that made progress slow. Once or twice he stopped, panting for breath; but started up and hurried on again, looking back furtively as if pursued.

Up the street a great block of carriages stopped the way. It was before the house of an old German

man, who, 40 years before, built his house in the then most fashionable quarter of the city. But business marched up and on, pushing the gay world farther and farther northward and westward, until it was now the only dwelling in the square. But the old merchant lived there contentedly, and on this night his youngest daughter, his golden-haired Elsa, came of age, and the birthday was celebrated by a great fancy ball.

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With the nee  
All the monks  
O! started at  
Question was  
Doth he trul  
"Brethren!"  
Prior  
"May his ene  
May the life w  
Be, indeed, h  
Sister Beatric  
of the leper l  
Beatrice, the m  
band of Sister  
years ago volun  
among the sado  
ate of God's cre  
by it to the ene  
love that are o  
Six years ago  
al street, there  
able scene. It  
in April, and  
Paul Tulane, b  
stood four Sister  
were Sisters Be  
an, Thomas, a  
bound? For the  
they would rite  
they were enter  
requiring all the  
courage of whic  
capable they w  
to volunteer, ex  
lives and lavish  
derness of their  
like spirits upon  
ever forbidden  
among their fell  
are abandoned  
est, and dearest  
"Unclean, uncl  
awful a terror  
did in the old l  
was condemned  
withoutness of  
come a material  
non and Gehen  
less a living off  
a torment to sel  
without hope in  
easures. These  
among whom  
at Sisters of Ch  
consecrate their  
ever, in glad  
And their leas  
trice.  
Upon the levee  
the members of  
there, too, stood  
tion a strong bo  
tlemen, members  
St. Vincent de  
to bid them go  
and voluntary  
without a tear  
a smile on their  
was given the p  
to the outcast ar  
these brave slat  
ing forever bein  
picture of home  
The new game  
that these sile  
the leper land,  
crowd had gather  
Tulane put off  
rough a deafening  
to open, must be  
rough, must be  
grou pained in  
"God bless the  
kerchiefs were  
there arose the  
though it was a  
who were going  
thought, and he  
marching to vic  
Yesterday even  
returned the new  
work. She had  
human sacrifice  
love, she had