I'm weaving my carpet of rags to-day,
And watching the warp as it fills in fast,
While my thoughts are broken like ends
that fray—
Shutle fly in!
How first and last
The colors fling
Through the webbing of life like rags and
string!

Tight in the loom is the warping of Fate;
Ah! feed in the dark woof certain to cleave— Gray, when the years get lonely and late. Shuttle fly out!

Joyfully weave Scarlet and gay, For youth when we sang with the birds at

Mingled for sorrow, and clear when the

heart
Wove with a passionate tenderness
through;
Shuttle fly in!
Blue for the true
Watted away,
And black when we knelt by the beautiful

Fill rags in the carpet with random rife,
Bright ones, and dark ones, knotted and
tied,
Typical checkers that vary in life.
Shattie fly out!
White for the bride,
Black for the bier,
Warped and woven as life they appear.

The Independent.

The state of the carried with control with the control of the cont

face, and a red cap with a tassel was adjusted to the shape of his head. His throat was enveloped in a great woolen wrapper. He had the appearance of a Hercules as he stood on the quay receiving one weighty basket after another.

The girl who was now close behind him on the quay, looked round as he gave the order in a bluff, honest voice. "Marcel," said she timidly, "the Lionne is not yet in port."

The man glanced towards the sea. Above the horizon the clouds had thickened, picturing a black mass in the sky.

sky. "Worse luck," he replied; "she will be

As he uttered this prediction a change As he uttered this prediction a change became apparent in the sea. A dark shadow was creeping towards the shore, and the waves which this shadow crossed were white with foam. It was another sign of the approaching storm, and in a moment it burst upon the coast. As though night had suddenly descended without warning, the harbor was thrown into semi-darkness, and with the gloom the wind swept round the quay and howled about the rigging of the fishing smacks. The creaking and straining of the boats now sounded a protest against the threatened gale. the threatened gale.

The girl uttered a low cry, and her

The girl uttered a low cry, and her eyes sought Marcel's face.

"Pauline," said the sailor, looking round, "is Fernand on board?"

"Yes," she replied in a distracted voice. "He will be lost!"

"Courage, my girl," said Marcel. "Fernand is a brave and able scaman."

Pauline appeared slighly reassured.

"He is indeed brave," she said with grave fervency. "Heaven protect him!"

She raised her eyes and her lips moved as though in prayer. Then she glanced about with a look of action. The crowd upon the quay was still working, in spite of the rough wind, with dogged energy. The boat had to be discharged, and the herring dispatched while fresh to the inland towns. The Paris market needed the supply, and the owners of the fishing smacks, fearing to lose their profit, were moving about like taskmasters among

the supply, and the owners of the fishing smacks, fearing to lose their profit, were moving about like taskmasters among willing slaves.

Pauline turned and ran along the quay. It was now quite dark. Lanterns hung suspended from the mast of every fishing amack, and the lamps had been lighted in the roadway. The windows of the Cafe de la Phare, the fisherman's favorite wine shop, began to brighten as the sky in every quarter assumed the aspect of night.

You have seed the?

"Where?"

The ahepherd seized her wrist.

"Come," he replied, "I will show you."

She yielded helplessly, consenting to be led like one blind, for she could not see at that moment an inch before her. The wind and rain were beating in her face, and she was half dead with terror and expectation.

After ascending a few steps to the summit of the cliffs Pierre la Tour stopped. Pauline heard the waves breaking with

Crossing the drawbridge, which separated the harbor from the dock, Pauline reached the foot of the cliff. A steep pathway led, in serpentine curves, towards the lighthouse. The girl began to ascend, and her movement was full of

to ascend, and her movement was tanto vigor and purpose.

When she had almost reached the height and had come to the walls of a monastic ruin, she noticed a flock of sheep huddled together. A black shaggy dog was running restlessly too and iro. The shepherd, a huge man, wrapped from head to foot in a thick sheepskin cloak, turned to look down at her.

Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning lit up every corner of the chapel with its ghastly, quivering brightness. The white, stone floor, worn by the tread of many a generation of pilgrims; the large, painted window over the altar, representing the Virgin and Child; the dark oaken beams of the arched roof—all became for an instant as visible as though the ghost of daylight had looked in. Then followed a clap of thunder, which sounded as if the clift close by had fallen with a crash into the sea.

into the sea.

Pauline Delille started to her feet with

Pauline Delille started to her feet with a painful cry upon her white lips. She fied towards the chapel door, and hurried out into the storm. In a sheltered corner among the ruins Pauline heard the terrified flock bleating piteously. The shepherd was not there. The girl stopped and peered into the darkness. Another flash revealed him; she recognized his towering form at the edge of the cliff. Pauline crept cautiously forward, calling him loudly by name.

"Pierre la Tour!"

Pauline saw him approaching.
"Pauline," said he, as she reached his side, "I have seen the Lionne,"

"You have seen her?"
"Yes."

a deafening roar a hundred feet below

a deefening roar a hundred feet below them.

"Look !" said Pierre, "look towards the sea and wait."

Pauline obeyed. But she had scarcely waited a moment, with her eyes strained eagerly seaward, when another flash of lightning quivered out of the dark clouds. The whole expanse of an angry sea was illuminated, and upon the waves the girl described a large fishing smack with a broken sail, and at the helm was the man for whose safety she had been praying. It was like a vivid vision impressed upon her brain, for in another second the scene was enveloped in black night.

when she had almost reached the walls of a light and had come to the walls of a constitutin, she noticed a flock of acep huddled together. A black haspy dog was running restlessly too and iro. The shepherd, a huge man, rapped from head to foot in a thick heepskin cloak, turned to look down at her.

At this elevated point, near the top of the cliff, the force of the wind nearly raised the girl off her feet; but the shepherd stood facing the weather, erect and motionless.

Pauline hurried toward him.

Pauline hurried toward him.

Pauline hurried toward him.

The shepherd pointed towards the West.

"Out yonder," said he, "just before suncet, I saw as asil."

"The Lionner or cried Pauline, "was it not Pierre Iz."

Pierre Le Tour, who had wandered for many years over these Normandy hills, knew every fishing boat by sight which left the port. To watch the vessels that may be a const was almost the only distraction he had in life. He had a keen eye, and could distinguish one sail from another as distinctly as a see easy, and could distinguish the faces of his flock.

The girl hastened towards the was no longer standing at his post. The had a keen eye, and could distinguish one sail from another as distinctly as a see easy, and could distinguish one sail from another as distinctly as a see the could distinguish the faces of his flock.

The girl hastened towards the was no longer standing at his post. The had a keen eye, and could distinguish one sail from another as distinctly as a see easy, and could distinguish one sail from another as distinctly as a see easy, and could distinguish one sail from another as distinctly as a see any easy and the care of the face of his flock.

The girl hastened towards the was no longer standing at his post. The had be could distinguish the faces of his flock.

The girl hastened towards the case. The was no longer standing at his post. The had be could distinguish the faces of his flock.

The girl hastened towards the case had continued the course of the course of the course of the cou

ine had reached womanhood Fernand had asked her to become his wife. The young sailor had lately inherited a small farm through the death of his father; and it had been his intention, as soon as the herring season was over, to give up the sea and marry Pauline. The marriage had been fixed to take place in a month's time.

That day the girl had pictured Fernand, as she had so often seen him, steering the Lionne into harbor—a strong figure stationed at the helm; a brave face with dark and watchful eyes. And such was the vision which rose before her now as she knelt upon the altar steps in the little chapel praying for Fernand's safe deliverance from the perils and dangers of the sea.

Suddenly a vivid flash of lightning lit up every corner of the chapel with its ghastly, quivering brightness. The white, stone floor, worn by the tread of many a generating of nightness the large a rained.

I or action.

Pauline Delille leaned eagerly over the low wall of the jetty. She watched the light on board the Lionne as it rose and fell, and was sometimes hidden entirely beyond high waves. Slowly it approached nearer and nearer toward the narrow entrance to the harbor. She march the slightest miscalculation, or the least mishap to the rudder, and the boat would be dashed to pieces against the projecting masonry. These we moments of suspense seemed to her like a lifetime; her agony was terrible when she reflected that they might be her lover's last moments on earth. The sunny days they had passed together in their native village, and the plans they had formed of the future, rose up in her mind only to increase the sense of bewilderment and despair. And yet she lost no confidence in Fernand; sall light on board the Lionne as it rose and fell, and was sometimes hidden entirely be was the velound the slight on board the Lionne as it rose and fell, and was sometimes hidden entirely beyond high waves. Slowly it approached nearer and nearer toward the narrow entrance to the harbor. She narrow entrance to the harbor. The narrow entran

skill.

Closer and closer came the light towards the harbor, and at some moments was so completely lost among the waves that Pauline was seized with a sudden fear that the Lionne had sunk, sudden fear that the Lionne had sunk, never to rise again. But presently a huge wave leaping high brought the fishing smack, with a sudden rush and a loud roar, into the narrow opening where the lamps on each side of the jetty glimmered down on the broken sail, a number of fishermen clinging to the spars, and the stout-hearted Fernand Demarre still stationed at the helm. But the great wave upon which the Lionne was lifted into port had scarcely subsided when another wave leapt after it, and sweeping forward struck the bow of the boat with such force that Fernand lost his balance, and was flung overboard

of the boat with such force that Fernand lost his balance, and was flung overboard before Pauline's eyes. A cry of horror rose from the crowd, but it was quickly silenced; for Marcel the muscular fisherman, had sprung upon the wall of the jetty, with a rope bound round his waist. In another moment he had been lowered into the sea.

In another moment he had been lowered into the sea.

A minute of terrible suspense followed; Marcel and Pauline's brave lover were struggling half hidden by the surf, at the very entrance to the harbor. A single wave might, without warning, dash both men against a wall of the jetty and deprive them of life. But the men were both excellent awinners, and wall know both men against a wall of the jetty and deprive them of life. But the men were both excellent swimmers, and well knew their danger, and meanwhile they were being carried farther into the harbor out of the roughest sea. Fernand had now got near enough to his friend Marcel to seize an end of the rope; and they could

keep themselves affoat while swimming side by side. At the same time a large boat from the harbor, rowed by two fishermen, was making towards them; every stroke of their cars was watched by Pauline with a mingled sense of hopefulness and dread. Could, she thought, such an unequal contest be much longer sustained? The struggle was enough to exhaust the best of swimmers. But the boat reached them at last, though none to soon; for the two men, when lifted into the boat were more dead than alive with cold and fatigue. They were taken, amid great excitement upon the quay, into the inner harbor; and the first face which Fernand Demarre caught sight of as he was carried up the steps on to the quay, was his sweetheart's—the face of Pauline.

still anxious, I called on Fr. B. and asked him if he knew Mr. — He informed me that he had known him for years as an me that he had known him for years as an educated man, but non-practical Catholic. I begged him to go with me and see him. In a little while he approached the patient and asked if he know him. The answer was in the affirmative, followed by these words: "I know you well and I respect you, but I do not need your services. Strange, that you should come to me uninvited. Already I have been greatly annoyed by the presence of two other priests. Leave me in peace. When I require your services I will send you word."

Strange to narrata the man recovered

Strange to narrate, the man recovered his heaith, but he, afterwards, failed to attend Mass and receive the Holy Sacraments. A year passed away when, one day a messenger came in great haste to my residence and made known to the housekeeper that a man was dying. At the time I was in the confessional. As soon as the message reached me I set out at once. On nearing his residence I heard a wail of sorrow. On reaching the abode I was informed that the man was dead.

On entering the room my eyes rested on the dead body of a man who, a year before, had refused the services of three priests. As I returned homeward my heart was sad. While hoping that the deceased had been able to elicit an act of perfect contrition in his dying moments, the remembrance of abused graces made me doubtful.

V. W. Strange to narrate, the man recovered

"He most lives who thinks the most,
Acts the noblest feels the best,
And he whose beart beats quickest.
Lives the longest, lives in one hour
More than in years do some whose
Fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."
These lines describe that condition of
perfect health which all men and women
wish to enjoy. To be able to think clearly,
to incline to do noble acts, to live long
and joyously, we must be free from the
domination of disease. By taking Dr.
Plerce's Golden Medical Discovery we may,
by purifying the blood, escape consump
tion, general debility, and weakness, and
all blood and skin diseases, and verify the
truth of poetry as well as fact.

Peter Kieffer, Buffalo, says: "I was

JOHN DALE'S FAILURE.

TION OF A WIFE IN DAYS OF ADVERSITY.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

John Dale was one of the richest men in Bondourg. He was still on the sunny side of forty, but gray-haired business men and financiers consulted him upon the most important matters, and whenever it was known that John Dale was connected with any enterprise the success of the project was assured.

Dale was lavish in his expanditures, and his besutiful wife did not try to restrain him. Mrs. Dale outshone the younger beauties and belles of the place, and her husband was proud of her.

In Bondburg the main staple of the talk was the Dales, their movements, their extravagance, and their good fortune. Sometimes old men shook their heads, but everything that Dale touched seemed to turn into gold. The young speculator established a bank, and built a railroad, and took hold of a dezen other big enterprises. The entertainments at railroad, and took hold of a dozen other big enterprises. The entertainments at the Dale mansion were on a scale of magnificence never seen before in that part of the country. Among the invited guests were millionaries who travelled in special cars. It was a common thing for people to rush across the continent to see the Dales.

The financial crash of 18—was a terrible disaster. It was felt not only in great

"But," exclaimed Dale, in some amazement, "you do not understand. We must give up our house. There will be nothing left. My creditors may pursue me all my life, and there is nothing but poverty before me."

Mrs. Dale gave him another kiss. "Do you think I care?" she said.

"My dear," said Dale, and his voice trembled. "I must tell you the worst. My success made me reckless, and if some of my creditors push me to the last extreme they will be able to send me to prison, although I had no criminal intention in my transactions with them."

"No matter what befalls you," said the beautiful woman by his side, "I will stand by you, and suffer with you, and wait for better days."

Then for the first time John Dale shed a few tears. Later in the day he went to his office and devoted his attention to his business affairs.

business affairs.

"You will see him beg for mercy," said

old Steele to the meeting of creditors,
"I know these extravagant spendthrifts.
Dale will come here and cry and plead.
You must be firm with him."
Just then the object of his talk entered

the room.

"Hello, Steele," he said, with his customary carelessness. "Well, gentlemen, here we are. Now let us see what can be

here we are. Now let us see what can be done about this matter."

Old Steele glared at Dale, and the others looked at him in astonishment. Dale did not look like a man who had been crushed by some great misfortune. He looked younger, brighter, and handsomer than ever, and there was a ring of triumph in his tones.

"Curse that fellow?" said old Steele. "I wender what is up now."

"Gentlemen," said Dale, "before proceeding to business I desire to say a few words."

words."
Instantly there was a dead silence in. Instantly there was a dead silence in. the room. Dale then made a caim, straightforward statement concerning his various enterprises, and wound up with the admission that his liabilities greatly exceeded his assets. Then he told them of his interview with his wife.

"You will now understand," he concluded, "that this is no great misfortune after all. If my wife is satisfied to share my poverty, I am the happiest man on earth."

Dale looked around upon the group in such a frank and manly way that all were favorably impressed.

When the creditors consulted together

in private, Steele was the only man who held out against a compromise. Then the others withdrew, and in a short time

the others withdrew, and in a short time returned.

"It is all right," said the leader to Steele. "We will settle your claims and give Dale another chance. He is a good fellow, and he shan't be sacrificed!"

"Well, if you will be fools," snarled Steele, "I have no objection."

John Dale did not have to give up his house, and there was no talk of a criminal prosecution. His manly way of meeting his difficulties and the devotion of his wife rallied a band of strong friends around him, and in the course of a few days he was on his feet again.

Perhaps the Dales profited by their experience during the panic. At all events, they did not rush headlong into a career of extravagance. They modified their style of living, and in the course of a few years they had the satisfaction of knowing that they were out of debt, and again on the road to fortune. And yet it might have been very different, John Dale said one day to his wife:

"When I told you of my failure if you

wife:
"When I told you of my failure if you

"When I told you or my lattire it you had broken down under the news it was my intention to go to my room and blow my brains out."
"Why, John!" exclaimed the little woman, "how could I have given you any other answer?"

When I am a Protestant minister, the dear cross shall be on my church, and nobody shall stay away from it because they are ragged or poor, or because the cushious are too nice. Oh, I like Catholicity for that. They are nearer heaven than Protestants on this point.

I am very glad for the Protestant noonday prayer-meetings, wheresoever held. One may have a great spiritual need on other days than Sunday. One may happen in there—if such things ever happen, which I doubt—and there learn that need and the way to satisfy it. The devil is cunningly and wisely busy every day and every night in the week; why day and every night in the week; why should good Christians think to circum-vent this skilfal diplomatist in one?—on Sunday only? The devil makes easy all the paths leading to perdition.

Christians make hard and difficult the

Christians make hard and difficult the road to heaven, with their fine churches and fine worshippers, and empty preaching once a week. And all around us pitiful hands are outstretched, and hungry hearts are waiting for the loving Christian word of help, temporal and spiritual; and men and women go down into the maelstrom of despair, folly and sin; and we open our churches, and let well dressed Christians in to pray for them on Sunday. Sunday! the word has no meaning. Call it Monday, or Tuesday, or 4th of July, or anything you will, but not "Sunday." That once meant something.—Fanny Fern.

If you have a cold, cough, bronchitis, or any form of throat or lung disease, do not neglect it. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if promptly taken, will speedily relieve and cure all ailments of this character.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excite-SLEFILESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Prevailing Sickness.

Prevailing Sickness. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Inflammations and Congestions are most prevalent at this season of the year. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best external and internal remedy for all these and other troubles. FROM THE IRIS Tinited I

APRIL 14,

House of Comm This has been unquiventful week of the the Government intr Local Government I grand juries, to crest boards, and generally ment of all local affair elected representative day they throw out temporary measure tunate Irish tenants with eviction on

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> Government thr sion from which Irish land questionew crists will be Mr. Parnell's I necessity out of of Campaign, we perpetual Coerci ment Land Bill, tion of Mr. Pari fathered and br past the eleven low the rejection 1888, which was balance which t unappropriated not for me to at any rate, wer The Govern Unionist rump able and unjust

Mr Parnell m of his Arrears Bi

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they must retrebear the respon trouble that me before very lon had several ren significant and action of Mr. that in its turn of Mr. Parnel occupying not hour; but it o every strong a Bill and an an Bill and an an objection that The Governm against the Bil subsequent as necessity which the Bill subsequent and the Government of the Bill subsequent and the Government of the Bill subsequent of the Bill su

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