RECORD. CATHOLIC THE

deeply seated change in her father was of great souls for whom God has more than realized. Since the day at special uses. Marigny he had never been "like Then a ge Then a gentleman who was looking

over a paper at a window glanced up and said : "What do you take those himself," and instead of the kind and indulgent father she had known all her uses to be?" "Ah !" said D'Antignac, "that I life he was now suspicious, harsh, and severe. She had reluctantly spoken do not pretend to be able to tell. If I of this change to the D'Antignacs ; but did I should probably make a great mistake. But you, Gaston will agree it was greater than she was willing to

scknowledge, and had become more marked since she parted from them. with me that Armine Duchesne is no when, after much mental struggle ordinary person. The Vicomte de Marigny-for it was and debate, she had taken D'Antigno other than he-laid down his paper nac's note to the priest to whom it was addressed, she found all that he had and came forward before answering. promised of instruction, comfort, and Then he said quietly : "My acquaintance with Mlle. Duencouragement; but she was told that

chesne is very slight, but I certainly think she is no ordinary person. You know "-he hesitated for an instantbefore she could be received into the Church she must acquaint her father with her intention. The girl knew what she would bring upon herself, 'I saw her down in Brittany. Did but it was not in her to quail from anything in the form of a duty. She she tell you that ?"

"Yes," D'Antignac replied. "She mentioned it as one reason -or a least And one apparent reason — for a great change in her father. It seems that It was a storm such as she had never

he was never the same to her after he known before, such as she had hardly conceived possible. She had been saw her speaking to you at Maraware that Duchesne regarded the igny." "Poor girl!" said the Vicomte. "I am Church with animosity, but she had

sorry, then, that I addressed her. only did so in order to show her that not classed him with those who are so virulent in their hatred that there is only one explanation possible of the spirit which animates them. She had did not identify her with her father It is perhaps necessary to explain, M. supposed that he condemned and dis-liked that which was the chief bulwark l'Abbe," he added, turning to the priest, "that her father-the wellknown Socialist Duchesne-was in against the spread of ideas to which he Brittany for the purpose of defeating had devoted his life, but she could not have dreamed that he was capable of

my election, if possible." "I fone may judge by the maiority which returned you, M. le Vicomte, he might have spared himself the that unreason of blind rage which French atheism betrays whenever it touches upon the question of religion. trouble," said the priest, smiling. It was quite true that she had not lived "Brittany is always faithful," said

so long among the professed disciples of freedom of thought without learning the vicomte. "Yet even in faithful Brittany was what freedom of thought means from there not an attempt upon your life made ?" asked the other. their point of view-to wit, freedom

for themselves and intolerance for The vicomte shrugged his shoulders every one else-but the loyality of the "A trifling affair," he said. "I am girl's nature had asserted itself in quite sure that the perpetrators were this, as in all else where her father was not Bretons. A clumsy affair, too. It concerned. She had refused to believe that he could be so narrow in the name was the night after the election, and I

was sitting in my study writing, when I heard stealthy steps beneath my win of liberty, so tyrannical in the name of freedom, as others were around him. low. Thanks to a friendly warning, But incredulity was no longer po sible. The proud faith in which she had I had a weapon near me, and I quietly laid my hand on it. The next moment lived-faith in his reasonableness and something like a bomb was thrown nobleness, however mistaken it might be-lay shattered at her feet ; and it is through the open window and fell a my feet. It was instinct rather than not too much to say that a great part thought which made me snatch it up and hurl it out again. It explode this faith had sustained the affection when it touched the ground, as it had for her father which was the strong been meant to explode when it first centre of her existence. To spare him pain she had been almost ready to landed at my feet ; and it is needless t say that if it had done so I should not deny her God-at least by such passive be talking to you now. The momen form of denial as lies is not acknowledging-and now she felt as if it were sharpthat the detonation was over I rushed to the window and fired at the figure est punishment that with his own hand he demolished the ideal she had of a man whom I could plainly see making off with great haste. But I presume that my shot did not strike For that ideal had little in common him, since no one was found when the servants, who hastily gathered, searched the grounds. Voila tout !" with the man who in violent words forbade her ever to approach a priest again, who spoke of religion in term

"Was no further attempt made?" of bitter hatred, and told her that henceforth she could be trusted no asked the priest. longer, but would be placed under strict surveillance. "For I find that "None, although I remained at Marigny for several days after. I had no ousiness to detain me, but was simply you have had too much freedom," he determined that the instigators of th "I forgot too easily that folly attempt should not fancy that they had and deception make up the character of woman. But I will take care that

frightened me." Whom do you suppose the instiga-

you see no more of those who have taught you to array yourself against tors to have been?' 'Oh ! the secret societies that I have me, and to betray, as far as lies in your power, that cause of freedom so oftened denounced ; there can be no They do me honor by which is dearer to me than my heart's doubt of that. esteeming me a dangerous opponent. blood. We shall leave Paris soon Then the conversation was diverted until then I will place you with the wife of one of my friends, requesting to the political situation, and it was that she will exercise over you the not until the priest had taken his departure that D'Antignac said to his This meant, Armine felt sure, a

companion : "You spoke of a friendly warning, Gaston ; may I ask who gave it ?"

looking at him a little keenly ; " but it is strange that you should have learned so much of her on so slight an

acquaintance. It is strange," said the vicomte, as if he were answering his own thought as well as the words of the other, "but it is a curious fact that one learns more of some people at a glance than one learns of others from the acquaintance of a lifetime. Mile. Duchesne's character is very sympathetic. But what first probably excited my interest in her was the conscious ness in my mind of the unacknowledged tie of blood between us."

"How did you discover that?" asked

D'Antignac "I have always known that my granduncle left a son who called him-self Duchesne, and who gave the family some annoyance by asserting that he was the legitimate heir, though he could not prove the marriage of his parents. I might not, however, have been aware that the Socialist leader was his son but for the fact that the latter was at Marigny once-several years ago-to see a man, the son of my granduncle's confidential servant, rom whom he hoped, no doubt, to obtain information." "And failed ?"

Cela va sans dire. What could not be proved at the time was hardly likely to be susceptible of proof at this

late date "And this fact," said D'Antignac, "the cloud upon his father's birth, has do doubt not only embittered him against the order to which he does not elong, but also against you, who hold what he believes to be his inheritance. "He cannot possibly believe that," said the vicomte, "since there is not a shred of proof that his grandparents

were married." 'He may not believe it, but none the less he feels injured, you may be sure. It is almost invariably the attitude of those who have suffered in this way. It also accounts for his harshness to his daughter when he saw her speak to you." "Did she know or suspect the cause

of his harshness?" "No. She spoke of it with simple wonder, unable to account for what

eemed to her an extent of prejudice simply incomprehensible." "Then I suppose that I must never speak to her again, unless 1 meet her

"You are not likely to meet her," said D'Antignac. "Her father has forbidden her to see us-chiefly, if not altogether, because she first met you

The vicomte looked startled. "I am sorry-I am very sorry," he said. "But I have nothing with which to blame myself.

"Nor have I anything with which to blame you," said the other, "except, perhaps, a little want of thought. Knowing the father to be what he is, I do not think that, in your place, I would have spoken to her at Marignyor, at least, I should have been con-

tent with a mere salutation." "It was hardly more," said the vicomte, in the tone of one who feels

called upon to justify himself. "And her father was not with her. She was standing at the church door, and I had just left the presbytere. What was more natural than that I should have What was exchanged a few words with her. partly from courtesy, and partly, I confess, because she has always atracted me ?"

D'Antignac smiled. "The last reahe said, "is a strong oneson." especially since you are not very easily attracted."

FEBRUARY 9, 1895,

A LEGEND OF BOHEMIA.

The Midnight Mass in the Weird Castle of Kunzenburg.

BY F. P. KOPTA.

on

spe

It had been one of those beautiful days that we sometimes have in Bohe mia in September. The sky had been dark blue all day, and the sunlight had all the brilliancy of summer, but the air, when it fanned our cheeks, brought with it the peculiar chill of autumn, and I had been reminding my young companion of the vanity of earthly joys, and how soon we, too, would be like the withered leaves that

we crushed under our feet. It was near sunset, and the western sky was all ablaze with red and yellow clouds when I first saw the ruins of the castle Kunzenburg, near the town of It stood on a hill, as the same name. It stood on a hill, as most of the castles of Bohemia do, surrounded by almost impenetrable forests. We had been wandering all day, soliciting alms for our convent with little success, and were worn out with climbing mountains, and losing ourselves in the dense forests, to receive at the end a few coppers from some poor charcoal burner or lonely

shepherd, whom I pray God will reward. Wearily my young companion (it was his first journey and he was a mere youth) and I trod the rough mountain path that led to the small We were footsore and faint town. with hunger, having eaten nothing since morning, and the people stared at us strangely; perhaps they had never seen any Minorites before, but

they showed us gladly where the mayor of the town lived. He was a pious man-God give him Paradise! When he caught sight of our white habits he bade us welcome in the name of the Lord, and placed black rye bread, with eggs and cheese-the best he had in the house-before us.

As we sat at the table and feasted, we spoke of many things, and among others I asked if the lords of the castle were charitable, and if it was likely they would look upon us with favor; our convent was exceedingly that poor, and the prior had been forced to send us to solicit alms from the faith.

ful. "O Reverend Father," said our host, crossing himself devoutly, " the castle yonder has not been inhabited for half a century. Neither do the lords of the manor reside with us. Outwardly it looks stately enough, but within it is desolation.

"And why do they not repair it, my son? It seems a noble building ; are the lords so wealthy as to let such a castle fall into ruins, or is it the other way, and poverty prevents their re-

pairing it?' "Neither, Reverend Father ; it is haunted."

"Haunted !" said I, crossing myself And who haunts it ?" "That is the trouble ; no one can

find out ; many a holy man has exer cised the castle, but no one has succeeded in bringing peace."

"This is most strange," said I. "The evil one be far from us! And how is it haunted ?" "Strange noises are heard, as

though armed men were carousing in the halls ; and when one goes to see, Then there behold, there is nothing ! are lights, and some of the villagers, stealing wood, or laying traps in the forest, have told me they heard shrieks, and some would even have it that they had heard strange forms flying through the air, leaving a blue path behind them, and a smell of sulphur. Thou knowest, Reverend Father, people always make more of what they see or hear than is necessary ; but things must be bad enough without all this, for the

"Far from it," said De Marigny. "It is my misfortune, or perhaps my ords could not live in the cast od fortune, to be insensible to many to remove elsewhere, and every time charms which other men feel. But a that they had nearly sold it to some face so sensitive and so poetic as Mile Duchesne's I have seldom seen, and as nobleman, something turned up to prevent them ; sometimes it was this, seldom have I heard a voice so like a ometimes that ; but the long and the chord of music.' short of it was that they could not sell 'It may be as well that you are not it, and there it stands a warning to likely to hear it again," said D'Antig-nac with some significance. "There Christians till to-day." can hardly be two people in the world placed farther apart than you and the "Ah !" said the mayor's wife, as she cleared the table. "What a loss it is laughter of Duchesne the Socialist.' to the town, your reverence. How

the object of the invitation, had him an opportunity, an experience,

the force of a new sensation by the thought : "Why should she take so much interest - why should she care so father's influence?

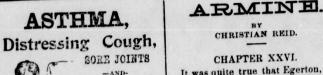
occurred to him to ask before, so entirely had he accepted Armine's interest as a part of Armine's self -- as something which did not conform to ordinary rules, but was the more simple t has been already said that he had not much of the vanity of his sex, so that he was not inclined to interpret hat interest as a man of coarser nature hight have interpreted it. alt) so little to do with him personally that he had accepted it simply as the manifestation of the girl's strong feeling on the subject which had most deeply colored her life. Yet now, in his hope that this Brussels journey might not come to her knowledge, he was startled into asking himself whether such interest was indeed

ordinary interest.

sure of the interest which she had excited in him-an interest deeper (he aid to himself) than any he had ever known before. "Falling in love," in the conventional sense, seemed commonplace and poor compared to this motion blent of so many subtle elements-admiration, interest, pity and a sense as if she could give something of which he stood in need, some spir itual light or moral strength. But he knew too much of the human heart in general and of his own in particular to lighted to see her," he thought, recall come upon her graceful presence by the fountain in the old palace garden but was it not as I might have been that I had not exhausted ? And have not the days always come when I have exhausted every such study? Yes, they are right-Winter and Miss Ber-

tram, and D'Antignac too, no doubt, if declare that I have no strength or con

espouse a cause, and the passion to love a woman, seem alike lacking in me !



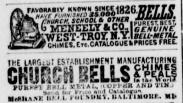
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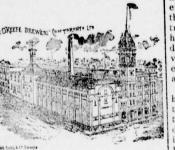
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CHRISTIAN REID. CHAPTER XXVI. It was quite true that Egerton, in a

spirit of adventure and curiosity, had spirit of adventure and curtos, in to accepted Duchesne's invitation to Brussels. "Of accompany him to Brussels. "Of course," the latter had said in giving it, "you will not hear anything of the business of the meeting; but you will see many of the most famous leaders of

this great movement, and you canno fail to be impressed by personal contact with them." Egerton, who understood thoroughly

self no doubt of being impressed, but considerable doubt whether this impression would take the form Duchesne desired. Nevertheless it was told her father of her resolution. which then the storm burst. an opportunity, an experience, which he could not let slip, though he hoped the intelligence of it might not come to Armine's ears. "For she would not understand," he said to himself; and then he was suddenly struck as with

much - whether or not I yield to her It was a question which it had not

and charming for that. And een so directly expressed, it had (he

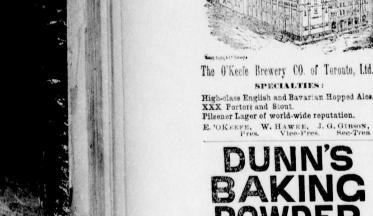
entirely impersonal-if he was merely a brand which she wished to snatch from the socialistic burning, or one who had been fortunate enough to excite in her something of more than

However that might be, he felt quite e certain that this sentiment, fine and delicate as it was, possessed either endurance or strength. "I was deing the day when he had suddenly glad to open again a book that had ascinated me, or an interesting study

he spoke what he thought-when they viction of feeling. The enthusiasm to

species of imprisonment ; and she was

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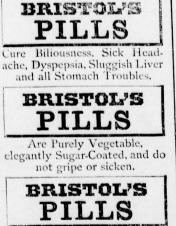
The orthe most instructive and useful pampla lets extant is the lectures of Father Damen They comprise four of the most celebrated onei delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church, the only trat Church of God," Confession," and "The Rea Presence." The book will be sent to any ad dress on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Order may be sent to Thos. Coffey. CATHOLIC RECOM

Notwithstanding this conclusion, however, it was interest in Armine he recollection of their conversion in the Luxembourg Garden, and the esire to know more that was going on in her mind and soul - which moved him to seek her father again, else he

would probably have suffered that enthusiastic Socialist to pass out of his He called at the apartment in the ife. Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, saw Du chesne and received the invitation to accompany him to Brussels, but did not see Armine. There was no mention of her beyond Duchesne's brief re ply to his hope that she was well ; he vas not asked to enter the salon, and some instinct that all was not well be

ween father and daughter prevented nim from begging to do so. It was an instinct well founded, for

in truth father and daughter had never in their lives been so far apart in feeling and sympathy as they were at this Armine's foreboding of some time.



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not mistaken. Even more violent and ntolerant (if such a thing were sible) than the men are the women who array themselves under the banner of free thought. And such a woman was the one with whom her father placed her-a woman against whom every instinct of nature and her taste revolted But she could do nothing save submit. Even appeal, she felt, would be use less, and she made no attempt to change or soften her father's resolution. She was only able before leaving his house to send a little note to the priest, which the latter took to D'Antignac-a few pathetic words saying that she had followed his counsel, and that the re sult was what she had feared : her father, deeply incensed, had forbidden

of her life lay shattered with it.

loved

aid.

closest watchfulness.

her to see him again, and to enforce his command had removed her to stricter guardianship.

"My poor Armine !" said D'Antig nac when he read these lines. "My heart aches for her. I know well what she is suffering.

"It is a great privilege to have something to suffer for God," said the priest quietly. "This trial will do her no harm, but much good, if she is made of the stuff I fancy her to be." " It would be difficult to fancy better

stuff than she is made of," said D'An tignac. "If occasion tries her you will find that her soul is heroic in its temper.

'I was very much impressed with her," said the priest. " Even without your letter I think I should have been. One who sees much of human nature must-unless very unobservant-learn to judge character by apparently triff ing signs. One of the things which

struck me in Mlle. Duchesne was that she said no more than was necessary of herself. But in all that she did say she showed remarkably clear intellec and very fine feeling.' "I suppose I am something of an

enthusiast about Armine," said D'Antignac, smiling. "But I am sure that no one in the world knows her better than I do-indeed, I doubt if any one knows her so well-and my opinion is that she belongs to the highest and finest type of character, to that order

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe.

The Vicomte did not answer. In stead he put out his hand and took up Armine's note, which had fallen on th couch and been left there by the abbe, to whom it was addressed. He opened it and read it over silently -a proceed ing excusable on the ground that he had already heard its contents read aloud and discussed. Then he drew from his pocket another note, which he placed beside it and offered to D'An ignac.

There was some difference in the writing of the two-a difference due to the nervous haste and agitation with which the first had been producedbut even with this difference it was sufficiently evident that the same hand had written both. D'Antignac, at least, felt not an instant's doubt. He started and said in a tone of deep feel

ng: "It was like her; but what it must have cost her, my poor, brave Armine

"I never doubted that it came from her," said the vicomte; "yet my certainty had no proof until now. had, of course, never seen a line of her writing before."

But D'Antignac, with his eyes still on the note, could only repeat again what was so often on his lips, "My poor Armine!" Then after a pause he looked at the vicomte. "If you he looked at the vicomte. "If you knew her as well as I do," he said, every word of this would be eloquent for you. You would understand the struggle which it must have cost her to write it

"I think I understand," said the other. "I cannot possibly know her as you do, but I know her -somewhat. How could one look in her eyes and not know her somewhat? And this note "-he held out his hand for it-"brought me another message than that which it bears on its face : a message of a gentle heart, of a brave soul, of a nature that could not stand by and see wrong done unmoved, but that, even at the cost of bringing blame where blame was not due, felt bound to send a warning that might save a life." "She is all that," said D'Antignac,

TO BE CONTINUED.

To BE CONTINUED. The D linea'or for March is the great issue of this popular magazine that has yet been published. All the departments are un-ureased value through being the first authorita-tive pronouncement for the spring modes. The comprehensive chapter on Cards : their Uses and Etimette, by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, this being the first of a series entitled the Social Code. There is also a very interesting first article on the Experiences of Life at a Train-ing School for Nurses, with an Introduction by Mrs. Frederic Rolinelander Jones. Woman as A Musician is the subject of a "Conversation" to which is appended a delightful bit of verse by Mrs. Frederic Rolinelander Jones. Woman as a Kusician is the subject of a "Conversation" to which is appended a delightful bit of verse by Miss Thomas, Mrs. Carrie M. Dearborn, evrites of the Teaching of Cookery as an Em-Rathbone of A Girl's Life and work at the Uni-restly at Michigan. Mrs. Longstree has an other chapter to here interesting series on the Rathbone of A Girl's Life and work at the Uni-restly at Michigan. Mrs. Longstree has an other chapter to here interesting series on the Rathbone of A Girl's Life and work at the Uni-resting at Michigan. Mrs. Longstree has an other chapter to here interesting series on the Rathbone of A Girl's Life and nork at the Uni-resting at Michigan. Mrs. Longstree has an other chapter to here interesting series on the Ratons of Mother and S.m. and M.s. Wither spone Littell. The honsewife will find much of value in the care of Silver, Cookery for the morth and hints on serving Lemons, and the for worker will appreciate the new designs in Knitting, Netting, Tatting, etc.:

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castle, but none were equal to the task. "Friends," I said, rising from the table, "I will go to that castle, even now, and deliver those tormented souls or die in the undertaking. My son," I said, turning to the youth at my side, you will accompany me in so laudable a work ?" Great was the astonishment of the ma or and his wife. At first they tried to dissuade me, pointing out the mishaps of the way, and the danger that might beset me; but I was deter-

many fat geese and ducks I could have

sold in the castle for good money, let

alone the brave weddings and chris-tenings! Many a holy man has the

town

besought to try to deliver the

mined to rescue those precious souls from the evil one, and would not be persuaded. When the mayor and his wife saw that it was useless to speak further with me they set about getting the necessary things for saying Mass ; they were stored in their house for safety, as the priest came over from another town, and the church was old

and in bad repair. When everything was ready they called their servants to accompany us and help carry the things; but these flatly refused to move a step. And when the mayor abused them for cowardly knaves, they said they had been hired out to serve people, Christians ike themselves, but not to run into the clutches of the evil one, and perhaps lose their souls. The mayor cursed, and the good wife scolded, but I said 'Peace, peace ! 1 and the youth will go alone. Not many things are I necessary, nor are they heavy. Com-