# A Strange Case.

By Thomas Swift. CHAPTER IV.

ment are serrows more bitter than both and separation more crue! than the first To have leved and host, to set in the love and host to the set in the love and host to set in the love and host to set in the love and he love and by day as do lo lo set hat the love a lunk library and the love and by day as do lo lo set hat the love and he love and by day as do lo love he love and he love and by day as do lo love he love and h

he grow more and more powerless resists.

the weary time went on, and Frank, coming more deadened in soul and akened in bady, no longer gaw the his fatthful wife working in the life factor of the state of the stat

on the male an usin, scupid to have made my life a misery," ended vehemently, "and wreck-tur own. God forgive me, but I were a Protestant—an infidel thing before a Catholic, and liva State where the law would no from the bondage and degrated of being linked for life with—a ard."

ard."
swept out of the room like an d queen, leaving her husband en with shame and remorse. In yn cliamber the poor wife flung i on her knees, and with tears obs besought God to forgive her chement words she had spoken.

hersell on her knees, and with tears and sobe besought God to forgive her the vehement words she had spoken. But the barbed arrow, poisoned as it was, hit the mark and killed the demon in the man.

In the grey of the morning Frank stole noiselessly from his home, and down the quiet street. Saddenly the deep tones of a great bell smote upon his ears, and he stopped. It was the Angelus rung from the steeple of St. Mary's. He entered the church with the early worshippers. The section of the Masse, and a chord within him, long silent, responded to the muite. He bowed his head and his frame shock with senotion. How long he remained

thus he never knew. A kindly hand touched his shoulder. He looked up nut met the gaze of a priest. For a moment he thought he must be dreaming, but he could not mistake the voice.

For a moment is thought he must be breaming and the could not mistake the voice.

Why, Frank, my dear tellow, is it you?' said the priest. You have been here so long and were so still. I thought there was surely something the matter.'

On, Hugh, dear old Hugh, I am so giad to meet you," exclaimed Frank, chapping and pressing the priest's warm mand to his lips. "And there is something the matter. Take me where we can talk freely. I am in trouble."

So Fatter Hugh, frank plate led the way up the also and through the vestry, and never speek until he and this old tollege frank of according to the way. The Frank read art matter is the way in the also and through the vestry, and never speek until he and this botteling frank were sented in his own rous. There is not a frank took him his wretched story.

Then Frank reas and dropped on his knees, with the priests shottering arm about him, just as it had been many a day in their boylood's lays. There was a set furnituring of vices, one humble and constitute, the other tender and consoling. Then the priest's right hand was rused over the bows a head, and Frank rose and happiness entered the home and hearts of Frank Neville and his wife.

"Hugh," said Frank, one cening a month letter. "Do you remember the story of the Three Paths? I have thought of it much tately. But there is one other path that leads to—perdition."

"There are many by ways leading from the highways. Frank, and the

of Frank Neville and his wife.

"Hugh,' saud Frank, one evening a month later." To you remember the story of the Three Paths? I have thought of it much lately. But there is one other path that leads to-perdition."

"There are many by-ways leading from the highways. Frank, and the larkest is that which you allude to. I believe it is the most hopeless path upon which human foot ever trod. It was not known to the ancient people of eastern lands, but on this continent it is broad enough to be reckonda highway. Let us boseed himself and highway. Let us boseed himself and highway. Let us boseed himself and a strange experience." The had a strange experience was summoned to the beside of a dying woman-not a Catholic She was the Inthiess and direct. She had left the four maren of the diverce court and direct to her doon. The husband thoughtlessly but innecently formed a union with a beautiful Catholic girl who, upon discovering that he was a divorced man, at the cail of duty, gave him up and has never seen him since. The poor creature desired to be received into the Church, and to see the man she land called husband, that she might obtain Micryleness. There was no difficulty in finding him, for he is well-known to fame. He came at once, and lot he had become a Catholic—won by the example and heroism of this Catholic malden. He had sought in vain for the erring woman who lay dying before him intending to do whatever duty should claim of him. She died repentant and at peace. "The name of the man—of this artist?" agked Frank sould claim of him. She died repentant and at peace. "The name of the man—of this artist?" agked Frank sould claim of him. She died repentant and at peace. "The name of the man—of this artist?" agked Frank sould claim of him. She died repentant and at peace. "The name of the man—of this artist?" agked Frank sould claim of him. She died repentant and at peace."

"The name

CHAPTER V.

One day towards the end of September Neilie Irving, now a beautiful woman, was standing under the pines on the cilif that the civolocked Alling Bay, and contrary to her wont had all unconscious repeated to the cilif that the contrary of the wont had all unconscious repeated to dirth the account of the past for a moment with the dear arm and she was standing with his dear arm around her and her head leahing on his branch with his was once more the happy wife—of a day;

"Nellie!" she started at the sound. She turned and saw plate to fear.

"Walter," she gaspel, and the lovelight in her eyes gave place to fear.

"Oh. why are you here? You should not have come."

"I am here, Neilie, because both love and duty have brought me."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I am free—to come to you. who stood between us is dead—dead, and the past repented of. I have come to claim you as my true wife."

For a few moments the trees and sky scemed to spin round, and Neilie reded and would have failen, had not Walter caught her in his arms. She lay there like a child at rest. How weary higrimage was at an end, the past oblitorated, the present everything. Yet, woman-like, she strove against happiness itself.

"I was begrinning to be at peace, looking forward to the and where there slath be eatied to at peace, looking forward to the marrying nor giving in marring was at an end, the past of the past of the world to choose from the world. Walter and Catholic Neilie, and under God's grace, I owe my conversion to your noble and heroic example."

"You—are—a Catholic Neilie, and under God's grace, I owe my conversion to your noble and heroic example."

"You—are—a Catholic Neilie, and under God

your none care-a Catholic required, putting him from her in amazement.

"Oh, Waiter, you have made me very happy. Out of sorrow cometh joy, and after the darkness cometh the light. His the first faint flush in the morning sky, spread over her features and deepened into the rich efulgence of a new and tender beauty, which, springing from the sunshine of the soul within, bankshed fear and rested there for ays.

"Come, Waiter," she said, taking his arm.

She led him up the hill and they entered the fittle church to which the had so often repaired for strength

and consolation. Before the alter to-gother they knot, one is one faith, but the proper of their hearts is known only to themselves and God. THE END.

THE ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT.

wess looked at me very hard. I ran out my tongue at it. No star could scare me.

The apple trees had been in bloom a trille the day before, but something had happened over night—I had heard—the wind calling to me like a boy in the dark—and now the orchard was all plak and white, As the warm alt can be recepting up from around the carth—saw the wind veils of the blosoms part and the pink capes may be received in the place of the wind kept by whose made me don't he wind kept by whose he will have be and from the wind kept by whose he will have be called a me don't had be not be and the me that the sum was not yet up.

But me the very thick of these reproaches the sun advanced a ruddy face above the hills and shamed them, and reminded me that it was time to be at work.

I climbed a tree which stood, by actual count, exactly in the centre of the orchard, and orept out on the longest branch till I got to a certain hollow knob." It said to myself, "and when I am old and poor I shall come back here and climb out on that branch—I shall be all in rags, with a long white beard—and drop my lead and ind my treasure. I set still for soveral seconds thinking about this, till a caputrel came from his hole and questioned me from a neighboring the caputrel came from a helphoring the caputrel came from a hold and poor I shall come back here and climb out on that branch—I shall be all in rags, with a long with beard—and store it recklesly. I dug and dug till had an impressively deep hole. Then I burled my troasure and scattered twigs and leaves and bioseoms over it. retraining, with a wood-craft which comm

you hear two -----Ted?"
"Oh, quite plainly ! And, if the mo

light is not too bright, we can play that the training consists of pieces of oght and spanish doubloons." "No, not "criot my dear. "It is not necessary to pretent anything. This is one of the time-t time is my life is one of the time-t time is my life alignment in any found overything so delightful that I so not need to pre-

one a the one-time in my life in which I have found everything so delightful that I do not need to pretend."

'Very well, I laughed, "then what we skill find whit be a red the box containing three deligrate, glociously argo, fifty comming dime, a serpent of gold that springs and coils and chings, and a silver smithest set with thus and red garnets in the pattern of an American for 2.

My dear young wife died before our long marriade, oursel, was completed, and I, dreading to go back to the town where the supparious since kelled the green things and polsomed the arr, determined to be give actions, it work for which I had conceasing the most of the first number of the series of the first number of t

pingo to this outry.—
"Centre tree of apple orchard—long imb pointing to the South—directly under hollow knob—seven paces from the tree."

I planned to go some time and forgotal the knowledge that burdened mand the propic I know and the work I had to do, and follow those directions explicitly and light ill came to my treasure. It seemed to me that when I found it the labor and pain of the years would slip away like a river that flows to the sea.

The time came at last. I had two months for a vacation before setting off for the Andes. So I went to the old town and up the dusty road—it was late in the "unmer and the grapes were ripe—to the house. It looked ludcrously mean. I laughed aloud when I saw it. I went in and told they woman who lived there who I was.

"You are quite welcome. Mr. Burton," she said. "You must stay right here with us, of course."

"I wish I might have the room I need to have when I was a boy. Mrs. Edwards. It was the room with the double gable-window,"

"It is my son's room, but you may sleep in it."

"You have a son?"

"He is back of the house. See him youder. He is marching up and down with a wooden gun over his shoulder," I am going out to speak to hia," said I.

When the lad saw me he touched the kepl of his little military cap. I resumed the sainte. He presented arms with his wooden gun over his shoulder," "I am going out to speak to hia," said I.

When the lad saw me he touched the kepl of his little military cap. I resumed the sainte. He presented arms with his wooden gun over his shoulder," "I wish a lad out of lookes titles strung after the not sainted. Thought of how it looked now, Edward Thomas Burton, with a lot of lookes titles strung after it, and sighed. Times had been called Ted.

"Come, walk in the orchard." I urged.

"The orchard is no good any more," said he. "It is too old."

"But I am a sold as the crebard. Ted.

"Come, walk in the orcusary a ""ed,
"The orchard is no good may more,"
sath he. "It is too old."
"But I am as old as the orchard. Ted,
yot I hope I am some good."
He was shy and said nothing, and I
felt that he was thinking that he had
not yot made up his mind.
"Did you "eer search for buried
treasures?" I inquired.

felt the not yet made on the felt of the f

A light came into his eyes, "NO," he oxical mod."
It know where there is some," is said,
"Where?" he half whilepered. I opend my notebook and read,—
"Centre tree of apple orchard—long ilmb pointing to the South—directly un-

It isn't the bodily sickness that hurts a

It isn't the bodily sickness that hurts a man. He could datand that fairly well if his mind were seay. But Americans are busy. They have work to do—plans to make—schemes to execute. They are "plungens." They line up their incomes as soon as they receive them or re-invest them with the idea of increase. They cannot afford to be sick. Sickness is a calamity—a smancial calamity as well as a physical one. So the sick end worked with the sick end worked worked with the sick end worked worked with the sick end worked worked with the right time. The minute you do not soon the subject of the sick end worked work

stimulants or narcotics.

James E. Crumpt'n. Roq. of Sharpsburg,
washington Co., Md., write: "I was in busimes in Satismor, and inch relevant seal of the
mes in Satismor, and inch relevant seal of the
color of the seal of the seal of the seal
doctors I could get but they did me no good. I
color three bottless of Dr. Flere's Goldes Medical Discovery and it cure: me sound. I could
call allowers are seal of the seal of the
color of different desseant. I advend the patients to
use Dr. Flere's medicine, which they did, and
all were cured. I have sold over one sheets
all were cured. I have sold over core insection
pictured inc. Two can write to over trueget, MR. O. Y. Builth, in our town and he will
tell you what I did for you is regard to enthing
and any color growthers.

The Confederation Life Association publishes an intere-ting set of Pamphlets, giving full particulars regarding its different plans of insurance, and will be pleased to send them on applie ation to the Head Office or to any of the Assurance Agents

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Confederation Life Association.

W. C. MACDONALD.
Managing Datator.
Head Office - Toronto.

We only the problem of th

der hollow knob-seven paces from the tree."

In this orchard?" queried Ted. In this and none other."

He began to run and I followed nim. But when we had got to the heart of the orchard I had a good deal of trouble in identifying my tree. Some of the dead trees had been cut slown and the occurred to the rentard was no longer a thing to be definitely determined. I dealeded upon my tree with hesitation, for the long brane's which I had expected to find had been broken, some pred gal sease, with its weight of freit.

"I fear we shall have great trouble in finding our tresture," I said. I took seven paces from the tree, and then I remembered that my present paching must be at least a third greater than the pacing of my short legs in that un forgotten dawn.

"Tod." I directed, "you pace".

He dis and we drove a stake.

"But we must not think of making our search by daylight?"

"Arrange for my to sleep in your room to-night and we will creep out by monlight."

We were too excited to say more. We waited for the night. We were elevenour ingenuity and cunning were really unsurpassed. We secured your new look in the same room, I in the bed, Ted on a cot.

"At four I goes and put on my clothes."

"Come. Ted, coma! The moon is high, the tide rising. We must be one."

"Come, Ted, comail The moon is sign. the tide rising. We must be gone."

Tod sprang out of bed diz.// and l helped him into his coothes, I cassing the mirrors the bright moonlight afrect ed ma a glimpse of my whitened head. "Out upon it!" I muttered. "Can a man never forget?" When I crawied out upon the woodshed. Ted followed me. I had desired the sensation of an awful drop, but my feet touched the ground of a keel grating upon the beach, messand?" "No. pool-beats on the highway?" "The pool here i' I commanided. "The success of this adventure depends upon your watchfulness." I dug for ten minutes. Then I relieved the settry. "I will watch and you may dig." I said, I put the gun over my shoulder and began my beat. Suddenly there self over the lowest end of the shed. Wo started for the orchard, stopping was a cry." "The lows, sterd peed to felguan in

and began my beat. Suddenly there self over the lowest end of the shed. We started for the orchard, stopping every few steps to listen. Was a cry. "The lox, sir!" I no longer had need to felgn an interest. I dashed to the spot. "Give me the shovel." I com annied. earnestly this time. "Must I go on guard? asked my little friend wisatuily. "No, no was lightly treasure." We thinked the results of the time the showly the first of the short had been dearly the strength of the short had been dearly the short he results of the middle short her usted lid. We bent our head ogether in our eager curiostry, Withman was there dollars, glorlously large, lifty cunning dimes, a snake of gold that leapt and coiled and clung, and a sliver snulf box set with blue and red garnets in the pattern of the American flag. "Who does it belong to?" whispered Teal. It seemed great riches—a king's bounty. "Half and half," I replied. "It is ours by half and half," Wo divided with amicable agreement. "Then we crept through the orchard, past the pump, past the chopping block, to the shed. I pased there. "No keel gratting the boaches?" "No, Sir!" "No, loof-boats on the road?" "No, keel gratting the boaches?" "No, keel in the shadow of the orchard. But something warned me to hasten away while the dew was fresh on my delight.—Saturday Evening Post.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Passenger to Old Salt,—Can you tell me, my good man, the name of that fine bird hovering about? Old Salt,—That's a halbatrose, sir. Passenger,—Deat me! quite a rara a vis, is t not? Old Salt,—Dunne, sir; I've always heard it called a halbatrose. Passenger,—Yes, yes, my good fellow; but I call that a rara a vis just the same as I call you a genus home. Old Salt, indiginantly.—Oh, then, I calls that a halbatrose just the same as I call you a stupid idiot.

a stupid idiot.

Tall.—A Yankee who had travelled in Switzerland was asked if he had crossed the Alps. "Wal," said he, "now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass over some rising ground."

Old Lady—I want a watch that won't tick so loud. Clerk—They all tick like this, mu am; there's no other in the like this much in the second of the sight, ever stace I his reasonabor of the night, ever stace I his reasonabor.

Control of the Contro

der hollow knob-seven paces from the A WHISTLE SINTYFIVE MILES

Minates Saterities Miles LONG.

Minates Sating—in out incident occurred the Chicago and Northwester. Fall as recently at Highland and Mighland and Minates which reaches Minates at 11 orders, now the whether the valve oroke and in which reaches Minates of the steam from the nice maker. From Highland Park to Minates of shut off the steam from the nice maker. From Highland Park to Minates of the steam from the mise maker. From Highland Park to Minates was not a moment when the whistle was not a moment when the whistle was not sounding oul strength. It could be heard for miles away as the rain came on in a long continuous shrill sound, and at every city and the proposed of the miles was been used to be standard what was happening. While the whistle was blowing the firman was straining every nerve to keep the steam up to the realing point, and successful m bringing the train into the station on time.

REVIEWS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.
The Atlantic Monthly for May opens with a thoughtful paper, Nations and the Decalogue, by Henry Sedgwick, Jr., who discusses the grounds of national morality. Mr. Gosse writes about the history of The Mitton Mas, which he claims to be the most preclous nanuscipt of English literature in the world, "The Debut of Patrick" is a sparking London sketch by Mrs. Kate Douglas. Eliot Gregory writes an amusing and ironical paper, "A Nation in a Hurry," in satirizing the Americans for their habit of haste. Mr. Stillman continues his Autoblography. C. Hanford discusses The Experimental Life in a paper which might perhaps also be called The Higher Life, containing inspiration towards higher ideas of living and thinking. The Atlantic Monthly deals largely with purely American subjects of a serious and solic character and deals with them remarkably well.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

### THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The Catholic World Magazine for May devotes its editorial page to but one idea, and that is the relation of the administration as Washington to the Catholic Church in our new possessions. Particular note should be takenabout what it sure of the marpings, contract in Cuba. Rev. Dr. Fox, of the earlier of the Catholic University of America, reviews the Dudleian Iccture for 1899. Judge Dudley founded at Harvard a course of lectures "for the purpose of decenting correcting, and exposing the errors of the Roman' Church," etc. Dr. Toy, lecturer for "30, set about to find out the truth, making a careful study of the Eng-cilcal letters of Leo XIII. Dr. Fox discusses this point with him. There is an excellent setter of Leo XIII. Dr. Fox discusses this point with him. There is an excellent setter of Leo XIII. Dr. Fox discusses this point with him work from a Catholic point of view; a character sketch of the famous biologist, Theodor Schwan; an excellent article entitled; and a continuation of Amelical Court of the Councillar, Federal Marchael Court of the Councillar, repiete with historical references about Villa Santa Caterina at Casterid and old.

An English orchange says.—There would really seem to be no limit to commercial prosperity in England. For the last six years we have noticed annually that the papers, when chroniciting that the papers, when chroniciting the gains of the year just concluded, have invariably warned us that the high-water mark had at length been reached, and that the year to follow would would eccasarily witness a considerable falling-off in our revenue. False prophets Year after year there has been a sustained increase, until we now reach a limit undreamt of previously. Think of what it means, and that during a time of war, when every trade is supposed to be in a state of depression. A year since the estimated revenue for 1899-1800 was put down at £111,000,000. A month ago only the sum had reached £116,010,000, and now thirty days later we are informed that the actual revenue for the year has reached the enormous figure of £119,90,000. This is really "stupendous," as the Dominie used to say, and opers up a vista for future development limites in its extent.

Bridegroum after the ceremony,— "Mand, you and I are now one. It couly remains to be decided which is the one. I tried to win you, didn't I?" Bride,— "Yos, Haroll," "And I won. The seems to settle it." "Not quite, Harold You tried to win me. You succeed

Bs TREREA WILL WISDOM POINTS THE WAY,—The sick man pixes for relief, but he dislikes sending for the decler, which means bottles of drugs never concurred. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which small villationsty and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal hisself with his allment, wisdom will direct his estential to Parameters Vegetable Fills, which, as a specific for indigention and discorders of the digentive organs, have a quant