By Henrietta Dana Skinner. CHAPTER XXVII.

The room will sway a little, and a haze Cloy eyesight -soul-sight even-for a space, And tears, yes, and the ache here in the To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me.

-Whiteomb Riley.

Lady Ainsworth and her mother relieved each other in their watch by the sick girl's bedside, vying with each other in their solicitude and tender care for the beloved sufferer. Little Maxime and his mother had; sent up to the villa to stay with Pepilla, that the cotnight be kept absolutely quiet Disdier and Gentile stepped tage might stepped while Disdler and Gentile stepped softly about, longing to be of service. Espiritu lay white and helpless, but she seemed to be conscious the greater part of the time and not to suffer There was a rested, peaceful look on her face, and from time to time the eyes opened and gazed ou over the blue waters dancing in the over the blue waters dancing in the sunlight at the foot of the dark cliffs, whose sloping sides were covered with groves of olive and myrtle and lemon. "Paradise!" she whispered, and her voice was scarcely more than a breath.
"Margara, I shall see it all soon!"

e you glad to go, dearest?" "Oh, so glad!"
"But Theodore, dear! Are you not

sorry to leave him?"
"We shall not be separated!" but the whisper was so soft that Margara could hardly distinguish the words. A little later the eyes opened again with an eager light in them. "Adrien is there," she murmured. "Margara

send him to me. Lady Ainsworthy had heard no sound, but passing from the sick-room through the adjoining chamber she could now detect low voices conversing in She entered and saw Darantercom. etti, a letter in his hand and a railap spread on the table, making explanations to Disdier and the marchi-

He will cross the frontier of Mo dena at Boscolungo," he was saying,
"and goes from there to San Marcello, which he expects to reach to-night, which he expects to reach to-night. San Marcello is a five-hours' drive uphill from the Baths of Lucca, and I have telegraphed Bindo to start immediately. diately and meet him there. But in this letter Teodoro says that if delayed later than this evening he will not go to San Marcello at all, but drive directly from Boscolango to Pracchia to catch the express. In that case, Bindo would miss him, but I believe that by aking the next train to Pracchia, I may yet be in time to intercept him. There are but these two roads, and one or the other of us cannot fail to meet him. I have driven over here before starting to get the last news, and if possible to see her lovely face once

She has asked to see you, Count Adrien," said Lady Ainsworth, coming She is waiting for yo forward.

He passed into the sick-room alone. At the first sight of the still, white face on the pillow all hope fled from his heart, yet her smile of welcome was bright and tender, almost like her old As he bent over to kiss her brow she whispered :

" Dear Adrien, I wanted the happiness of telling you myself that she loves

you."
"Margara!" he exclaimed, startled

and incredulous.
"Yes, dear brother," she whispered again. "While I was well I could not betray her confidence, but in the light of eternity one sees things so different-She could say no more for weak-

Espiritu," he sobbed, " I would re-

through a half-open door of something that broke his heart—Espiritu's bridal leaned against the doorway, the tears raining down his cheeks.

When he looked up a moment later,

find voice to say, but she held out her hand to him with averted face. Ad-riano took the out-stretched hand reverently and gratefully in his.
"Lady Ainsworth!" he said, his low

voice tremulous with feeling. "The good God has sent us grief where we expected joy. Oh, my poor boy! how will he bear the long years of suffering and loneliness? But we cannot weep for her; she seems glad to go. We can only weep for ourselves left to can only weep for ourselves, left to battle out our lives in this weary world

of sin and sorrow."

He would have released her hand, but she did not withdraw it. It lay still within his own, his clasp slowly tight-ening over it. He felt his heart beat almost to suffocation. He pressed the hand eagerly to his breast, and still she did not shrink from him. " Margara!" he cried, bending towards her.

Margara, my love ! look up !''
Slowly she turned towards him her exquisite face and great, love-lit eyes, and in another moment they were locked fast in each other's arms.

She was the first to speak, but he had to bend his ear close to her lips to hear the whispered words. "Adrien, dear Adrien, forgive me !"

"Forgive you? sweetest Margara, dearest friend! What have I to for-give? You could not then have done Thank God that the gift of your tenderness and trust has come to me at last! I know not why you fee differently, it is enough that you do; I accept it as a gift of pure mercy, the

"Oh, Adrien! I presumed to sit in judgment on you, you who are so much better, so much more fervent than I!"
"My own sweet Margara, my wife,

my love! There can be no comparisons between us, for we are walking to heaven by different roads; you by the way of innocence, and I, who have of innocence, and I, way of innocence, and i, we have sinned, by the path of penitence. But, my darling, the two ways lie side by side; we may walk them hand in hand, helping and comforting each other, loving each other in joy and sorrow, in life and death." He stopped, overcome by emotion for a moment. "Oh, i he murmured, "Thou hast bl even me—so far beyond—it is too much!" and unclasping his arms from about her he slid down to her feet, kneeling with head deeply bowed till his it. touched the very hem of her gown.

She did not prevent him, she seemed o understand that he would take comfort in the self-abasement, but as he raised his head sec sank into chair beside him and drew him, still kneeling, closer to her till his head rested against her shoulder and her cheek felt the touch of his waving hair.

Now a troubled look stole into his telltale eyes. "But, Margara, I cannot undo the past. Can you forget it, even as you have so blessedly forgiven it.?"

"Oh, hush!" she said. "Why should we remember the past, except to rejoice that it is past? Listen, Adrien! The good God remembers no more for-given sin; why should I, His frail child? And does He not love you all the better that He has forgiven you

nething?"
"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a long sigh of assent and a beautiful look in his eyes. Then he turned and clung to her, even as when a little child he had clung to his mother as she told him the sad, sweet story of his Saviour cruci-

The sound of a carriage driving into the court-yard startled them, and they

rose to their feet.
Margarita, I, with the joy of my life just dawning, I must go to meet that poor boy and tell him that the sunlight

going forever out of his!"
They looked at each other tearfully.
here was nothing they could say. There was nothing they could say. They must leave his soul for comfort to Him who made it.

The imperturbable Italian train took its leisurely way. The summer sun had sunk and left the world in darkness when they drew up at the little station where one changed to go to Lucca. Daretti was the only occupant of the first-class coupé, and he felt a little annoyed to hear the door open and see a man's figure present itself.

"Why did I not think to fee the guard?" was his first thought, and then

he sprang forward with an exclamation of delight. " Oreste !'

Yes, it is I, my dear, dear master The Commendatore sent me your tele and I came to accompany you and tell you the plans."

The engineer whistled and the guard

came round shutting the doors and giving warning of the departure of the train. Daretti pulled Oreste into the compartment with him. "Tell me, has the Commendatore started for San

Marcello?" Yes, sir. He started in half an hour from the time he received your excellency's telegrams. He will reach San Marcollo about this time, and if Count Teodore has not been heard from, he will push on to Boscolungo."

"Ah, there is no time to lose," sighed Adriano. "Oreste, I saw her, and she cannot linger long. One felt the angels hovering over her, waiting to take her to paradise!'

Both m n bared their heads reverent-

ly. "To think of him wandering up in the hills, careless and happy, looking the whip they started the sign my happiness to bring you back to life and health again."

"But I am glad to go," she murging the hills, careless and happy, looking forward to his wedding, and she at her agony! O God, what can we do to go," she murging the hills, careless and happy, looking the whip they started to his wedding, and she at her agony! O God, what can we do to go," she murging the hills, careless and happy, looking the whip they started to his wedding, and she at her agony! O God, what can we do to go," she murging the hills, careless and happy, looking the whip they started to his wedding, and she at her agony! O God, what can we do to go," she murging the hills of the hi mured. "Do not grieve for Teodoro, all will be well with him."

He saw that she had not strength to bear more, and resigned her to the hands bear more, and resigned her to thanked of the marchioness. As he crossed the adjoining chamber he caught sight loved his brother to idolatry, and with almost paternal sense of protection and responsibility. It seemed to him at robes spread upon a couch, with the filmy veil and the wreath of the little waxen flowers of the Espiritu Santo. knelt at Margara's death-bed almost with equanimity, if such a sacrifice could save his baby-boy from the terrible orrow before him

Oreste touched him on the shoulder.
You have had a long journey from When he looked up a moment rate, first time since she had sent him away first time since she had sent him away from her in repulsion and disdain now nearly a year ago. How differently—oh, how differently she felt towards oh, how differently she felt towards oh, how differently she felt towards to Pracchia."

The to-day!

Still before you. But the confortable for you, while I make it comfortable for you, and try to get a sleep. Oreste is with you and will warn you as we come near to Pracchia."

keep strong for what is before me,' Adriano stretched himself out on the cushions while Oreste folded the rug under his head for a pillow, drew the light overcoat about his shoulders, and then climbing up on the seat ingeni-ously arranged a paper to shade the eyes from the glare of the lamp. As he stepped down, Adriano laid his hand affectionately on the young man's arm. It is a blessed comfort to have you, he sighed.

"I know-I know, sir," said Oreste sympathetically. "As for the new one"—he never called his successor anything but "the new one doubt he is a good man in his way, he may do his work better than I, but," ssing his head with infinite contempt, he knows nothing of the sentiment of

Adriano smiled at the expression, s. Adriano similed at the expression, 8) characteristic of the better Italian nature, "Tell me something of yourself, Oreste," he said. "Are you happy? Is Consiglio happy?"

happy? Is Consiglio happy?"

The young man turned red to the roots of his hair and averted his face in delighted confusion. "I am not half goo! enough for her, sir," he stammered, "but she is an angel and she says she is content with me."

"And you have left her to come to me?"

"I should not care for her as I do, sir, if she had not wished it herself. She told me not to leave you while this trouble lasted."

blush and look away. "Know, Oreste, I, too, have found an angel who says she will be content with me!" ABILITY. Bishop John L. Spalding at the Con-

In a moment Oreste was down on his knees on the carriage floor by his master's side. "Then it is all right!" he vention of Catholic Colleges, Chicago cried joyfully.
"What is all right?" queried Ad-

riano. "Was anything wrong?"
"Excuse me, sir, if I am indiscreet, I guessed-I feared-What? Tell me, Oreste, what you "Oh, sir, you had not seemed quite "Oh, sir, you had not seemed quite like yourself, if I may say so, since the time we left London. I feared you were not happy here," touching his breast. "Excuse me, sir, but I know how I felt myself before Consiglio had given me her promise. It will be a joy to her, sir, as it is to me, to know that you have your heart's desire. Now we wisdom of the

can enjoy our own happiness with lighter heart." "Happiness!" said Adriano, broken-" Do you know, Oreste, I would re sign my hard-won heart's desire at this moment to bring back one ray of happiness to that poor boy we are going to

"God forgive me for speaking of happiness at such a moment, but I was only thinking of you," said Oreste, remorsefully. "But do not be too morsefully. "But do not be too troubled, sir. Perhaps the doctors are mistaken in thinking Signorina Disdier so ill, and if it is indeed true, it is a sorrow that must come sooner or later to us all. She is more dise than for earth, and if it is the will of God to take her, Count Teodoro will

now how to make the sacrifice."
Adriano turned his face to the wall. I have only been looking at the uman side of Teodoro's sorrow," he said to himself," and this dear fellow reminds me that death is not all despair and affliction to the Christian. Yes, Tedi will bow to the will of God, and she will be a saint in heaven and for us all." He closed his eyes pray and tried to repeat some prayers, soon the monotonous rumble of the train, the shaded glimmer of the lamp, and the low murmur of Oreste's voice saying his rosary soothed the exhausted nerves, and Adriano sank into a dreamy slumber in which he and Margara sat hand in hand with lovely children playing about them, while Espiritu and Teo floated before their eyes in celes tial beauty, singing sweet songs and blessing them.

A touch on his shoulder aroused him. "We are nearing Pracchia, sir," and he tried to shake himself free from the vision. The " new one" now appeared at the door and gathered up rugs and portmanteau, while Oreste selected from among the waiting carriages one that appeared most suitable for the long nountain drive which was before them, a plain but easy victoria drawn by a pair of strong young horses, their stout harness studded with polished brass and decorated with gay bunches of colored ribbons.

There is not much ascent from here to Cutigliano," said the proprietor, coming to the door with the travellers. We are two thousand feet above the sea-level here and they are only a hundred feet higher, but from there on you will need an extra horse to make the Passo dell' Abetone. The elevation of Passo dell' Abetone. Boscolungo is two thousand four hundred feet above us at the frontier. The new valet took his seat on the box be side the driver, a weather-beaten, tacttall, peaked hat iturn peasant, whose cockkade of the same colored ribbons that decorated his horses. Adriano seated himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage and drew Oreste down beside him, though the young man had intended out of reto crowd himself into the tiny seat opposite. Lanterns were hung on the carriage, and with much cracking of the whip they started off at a round

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Real Belief.

make life a burden, but to lift our hearts above our burdens. To believe God is to love Him above all things; to love Him above all things is simply to relegate other things to their true place and their minor importance, and thus to make ourselves superior to them. If we believe wealth to be the supreme happiness, to be poor should make us unutterably wretched. If we do not so believe, poverty will only make us unhappy to the measure in which we hold wealth essential to happi-To seek God's kingdom first, is simply to seek things in proper order. this to view things in the light of God's eternity and to make our souls, if not our bodies, impervious the assualts of time.

Do the Dying Never Weap?

"I have stood by the bedside of hun dreds of dying people," said an old physician at Topeka yesterday, "and I have yet to see a dying person shed a tear. No matter what the grief of the bystanders may be, the stricken person will show no signs of overpowering emo-tion. I have seen a circle of agonized children around a dying mother-a nother who in health would have been touched to the quick by signs of grief touched to the quick by sign of girls in a child—yet she reposed as calm and unemotional as though she had been made of stone. There is some strange and inexplicable psychological change which accompanies the act of dissolution. It is well known to all physicians that pain disappears as the end approaches. And nature seems to have arranged it so that mental peace shall also attend our last lingering moments. — Kansas City Journal.

Italy as She is.

Leo XIII. is the best friend of Italy. While the evil men now holding the helm of the Italian State seem to "grow worse and worse, erring and driving into error," as their hatred increases, and their denunciation become more boisterous against clericalism, by

AMERICA WANTS TRAINED

The Catholic Church, from its beginning, began to promulgate not merely the truths which Christ had brought into the world, but to defend and elucidate and enforce these truths by the aid of what Edmund Burke would call all of the science, all of the art, every virtue and all perfection that had existed in the human race, taking up the literature, the science, the art, the philosophy, the statemanship, the wisdom of the ancient world, Hebrew and Greek and Roman, and so purify-ing and so moulding and adapting them that they might become allies with those who prociaim the truths of everlasting life.

After preaching the Gospel and doing the works especially enjoined upon us by our Divine Lord and Master, there is no such power to bring human thought and human conduct to bear upon the welfare of the world,—inas-much that world is to work for the coming of a perfected kingdom which in-deed can never be realized here—no such power as education.

THE ABLE SEVEN-TWELFTHS. able men are the centres The force in every organization, in every sphere of human activity. Take our productive work—the work of manuacture, of commerce, of trade—it has een calculated by competent experts that the production of great manufactring and commercial seven-twelfths of it, to ability and only five-twelfths to labor. hear it proclaimed everywhere that labor does all this. It is ability, the ability to organize the enterprise, the ability to foresee all the difficulties, to open markets, to compete to improve, direct, to govern, to make men able

to give them opportunity. in our ordin Now this, which is tru ary business life, is doubly true where the interests are of an intellectual or a where moral or a religious nature. With-out great leaders the intellectual a people begins at once ak and gradually becomes sink extinct. If there be no moral heroes, no men alive with moral earnestness, absolutely breathing in a air in which they feel that to live lik are in which they teet that to have a man is to live righteously and purely and devotedly and unselfishly—if there are no such men, the whole people sink down to lower and lower planes of life, until they reach mere animalism.

TENDENCY TO SCHOLARSHIP.

Now, in the last thirty years there has been a tendency, which is growing day by day, to educate ever-increasing numbers of men, not only in collapse but in universities, so that I am persuaded that in even the generation that is now young we will see America as full of scholars in every branch of human thought as Europe itself, if we do eagerly, if we do with all our might, that which we are undertaking, in these universities which are endowed with inexhaustible resources—men, individuals and people—ready to out their treasures as never before they been given to a cause of this kind. -scholars from every part of the world and the youth of the land.

Now, are we Catholics going to eter-nally talk about the Church and talk about our glories and about our numbers, and not enter into this very highfield of human activity? Are not going to place men in many parts of our country who are thoroughly competent to discuss every possible problem, every possible subject—not in a popular, in a general way, but with the best knowledge of the day, acquainted thoroughly with the best that has been done, has been and is right? We must do it.

LARGER CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. That is why these men, year after year, coming from our various colleges and institutions of learning, to confer The Real Belief.

O Faith! what an idle word thou art upon the tongues of men! Why will we make God a liar, instead of studying His word? To love God is not to make life a burden, but to lift our each year determined school with which they are connected to higher and higher efficiency; and then, above all, if they are to plish anything of worth at all, they will more and more—all the presidents of superior to Catholic colleges and institutions of -will more and more the United Statesform a solid body, determined to build up one real Catholic university in

America. If they do not, they will fail to do more than the elementary or secondary work at last. Unless our colleges become places where young men, when they have received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, feel that they have only begun and clamor for something more real, more living, for abler and greater minds to lead them to high truths, our colleges will turn out into the world graduates who will sink back into the crowd and becom merely mechanic, ordinary, routine men.

Until we get bodies of Catholic ouths who, having finished in the colyouths who, lege, feel that they have merely gone through an apprenticeship, merely ac-quired that sort of education which

COLLEGES BUT PREPARATORY.

will admit them into the secret home of the greatest and noblest and the most cultivated minds, we shall not most cultivated minds, we shall not have representatives able to bring to bear upon Catholicly society all the science and all the art and every virtue and all perfection; and we shall not be able to arouse in the multitude of our people that enthusiasm which is irresistible. Just as the multitude of our laborers

would drop back into idleness, as our factories would be closed if we ceased to have men of ability and men of practical knowledge to keep them in iton, so the multitude of our Catholics will lose that deep and abiding love of their religion, that pride in the power which has civilized the world, pride in power to consult us in all the ills of life, to strengthen us in all the tempcreases, and their denunciation become more boisterous against elericalism, by which they mean Catholicity, it is refreshing to behold the Holy Father manifesting all the best traits of Chris-

will crowd around them, and more and shall become a power.

GREAT CATHOLIC OPPORTUNITY.

God has never, since the berbarians came down upon the Roman empire, offered such a field to the Catholie religion as is presented here in America. It is a safe word. It is a world ready to learn of us, ready to hearken.

The Catholic University, therefore, is a part of that partnership. Every man and every woman, every mother and every sister, and every one who loves human perfection, and every one who believes that God's mightiest power and sweetest and holiest and divine influence is found in the Catholie Church, ought to centre around this great university of ours and make home. There is room for more ability than is in all America, than is in all the world—more ability than has ever been in the world, to speak, to direct, to guide, to push forward to-ward God and toward all victory this mighty democracy which is America.

The Sunday School Not Enough.

It is a sad comment on Catholic progress in America to find men in high places asserting that the parents and the Sunday school can supply the want of a religious education. As far as the instruction given in the Sunday school s concerned, it is absurd to suppose that an hour's recitation of the catechism once a week will give sufficient spiritual food to the mind, and it is equally absurd to expect that parents will give the necessary There is not a priest on the mission who cannot bear testimony that the majority of Catholic parents cannot and do not instruct their children in the religion of their baptism. How can they, after a few days' or a week's weary toil, sit down and catechise their little ones in the principles of revealed religion? But suppose they do, and afterward commit them to the guardianship of the public schools, will not influence of evil instruction, combined with the bad example by which they are surrounded, retard and obstruct the growth of the good seed they sowed in their hearts? The care with which a good thing should be guarded ought to be proportioned to ts value and the danger which threat ensit; but, as the soul is, of all things the most valuable in the sight of God, refore Catholic parents should use all the energy of their minds and wills prevent the ruin of their children's This they do not do, and hence the sad picture of defection and apos-

THE PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHI.

Speaking recently at Maynooth College, Cardinal Moran, of Sydney, Aus-

ralia, said : Yesterday a friend of mine put into my hands a memoir of Oliver Plun-kett—with whose venerable and saintly name I have not been unfamiliar. The name of that venerable martyr to Ireand's faith should be ever revered and celebrated as a promoter of temperance in this fair land. There is one remark that I thought I would set forth. It is that this venerated martyr had con-sulted the greatest literary authority of his day, the distinguished Benedic-tine, Mabillon, as to the authenticity of a prophecy of old, and the reply Mabillion to that venerable Primate Mabillion to that venerable Primate of Armagh was that that prophecy of St. Armagn was that that prophecy of St.
Malachi was undoubtedly genuine, and
he risked his authority on the genuineness of that prophecy. And that prophecy should be dear to every Irishthat the dying moment of St. man. At the dying moment of St. Malachi he was seen to shed tears, and those standing by asked why he thus learned that lesson at Fordham, thirty wept, and the reply is given in that authentic document: 'Woe is me,' authentic document: 'Woe is me,' said St. Malachi: alas! for my ruined country, alas! for the Hely Church of God. How long, how long dost thou forget us? How long, my country, art ter's life and attempted his mother's, the Reshaudtering Reston last thou consumed with sorrow?'

" A little after, as if some one had spoken to him, he said: 'Be of good heart, my son: the Church of God in Ireland shall never fail. With terrible discipline, long shall she be purified. But afterwards far and wide shall her magnificence shine forth in cloudless glory and oh! Ireland, do thou lift up thy head. Thy day also shall come, a day of ages, a week of centuries, equaling the seven deadly sins of thy enemy, shall be numbered upon thee. shall thy exceeding great merits have obtained mercy for thy terrible foe, yet so as through scourges as great and en during. Thy enemies who are in thee shall be driven out and humbled, and their name taken away. But inasmuch as thou art depressed, in so much thou shall be exalted, and thy glory shall not pass away. There shall be peace and abundance within their boundaries, and beauty and strength in thy de

"After this Malachi was spent for while. Then, with a loud and joyous voice, he exclaimed: 'Now, O Lord, dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace. It is enough. The Church of God in Ireland shall never fail, and though long shall it be desired, my country shall one day stand forth in its might, and be fresh in its beauty like the rose.

"I need scarcely remind you that even centuries from the death of Malachi have just come to a close, and when we look back over the last fifty years that have rolled over our country we cannot but see that the fruitful zeal of the clergy of Ireland has already begin to bear its fruit, and those plants that have been sown, those plants that have been spread through the length and breadth of the country are spreading their branches far and wide even into he remotest extremities of the world.

False Eduation Worse Than Ignorance.

Ignorance is the stumbling block that sends so large a number of souls to the torments of the dark chasm. False education is more to be dreaded. It is this that fills minds with such egotism and arrogance that they fall headlong, while

A Bigoted History of Education.

There is keen and caustic criticism in the Catholic World Magazine for July of a bitter anti-Catholic book that is now used as a text book in many of the High schools. Dr. Fox, of the Catholic University, shows up this other attempt at "poisoning the other attempt at "poisoning the wells," and with a sharp pen lays bare all its bigotry. It is about time that this propaganda which has for its purpose the using of the Public school systems are to define the Carlotte and the C tem as an agency to defame the Catho lie Church and decatholicize the Cath. olic children should stop. The American Book Company is anxious to get Catholic trade; it should therefore be very particular how it hurts Catholic sensibilities. It has no business publishing such a bitterly anti-Catholic book as Seely's History of Education, and much less has it any business put ting such a book in the Public scho

Rejecting the Light

When the truth flashes conviction the consciences of some persons that the Catholic Church is the one true Church that Christ established, deliberately shut their eyes against it They are like the Sandusky minister who said: "If I knew the Catholic Church to be the Church established by Christ then would I become a pagan." The are also like the Protestant father is the same Ohio city who declared of his own son: "I would rather see him in hell than a member of the Catholic

They at first think it impossible that the Catholic Church is the true one. and so, when the conviction illuminates their soul they resent it as an injury. shrink from it. They hate They don't want to believe in what they

Now comes in the dread fact of their responsibility. They have seen the truth. To reject it, fully, wickedly and is to imperil their salvapersistently on. To so reject it is to sin against the Holy Ghost. To so reject it is in-deed to choose hell rather than memberin Christ Church .- Catholic

Not so Cruel After All.

An incident which seems likely to be preserved as history in the story told in York journalist, author and philanthropist. An emigrant, landing in

wandered on with my gripsack, straight
wandered on with my gripsack, straight ahead into the country, until toward noon I reached Fordham College, famished and footsore. I had eaten nothing ed and footsore. I had eaten nothing since the previous day. The gates to the college grounds were open, and I strolled wearily in without aim or purpose. An old Father whose noble face I sometimes recall in my dreams, came over and asked kindly if I was hungry. I was, in all conscience, fearfully hungry, and I said so, although I did not mean to. I had never seen a real live mon

before, and my Lutheran training did not exactly incline me in their favor. "I ate the food set me, not without qualms of conscience and with a secret suspicion that I would next be asked to abjure my faith, or at least to do homage to the Virgin Mary, which

firmly resolved not to do.

"But when, the meal finished, I was sent on my way with enough to do me for supper, without the least suggestion that I should perform such an act, I felt heartily ashamed of myself. I am just as good a Protestant as I ever was, I have no quarrel with the excellent charities of the Roman Charch, or with their noble spirit and management.

in the Roxbury district, Boston, last week, that he had visited a clairvoyant and her predictions of his own speedy death had unhinged an already weak mind. It was evidently a swift tion in his morbid lancy from the thought of his own to that of others

His known unbalanced condition, and the testimony of life-time friends and neighbors to its long standing, will doubtless send him to an insane hos pital instead of to the electric chair But the miserable fraud who wrought upon his sick mind will go scot free. We have many and stringent laws in Massachusetts—the most statute-ridden state in the union-against trivial offences; but none against the fortune-teller who too often combines another wicked avocation with her pretended reading of futurity.

A few months ago we noted the case

of a young woman in Philadelphia driven into a maniac's cell, and another in Cleveland into a suicide's grave by members of this evil craft; and here Boston four lives will probably pay the penalty of a pretended satisfac

the craving for forbidden knowledge.

Is there no way of protecting the young, the hare-brained and the ignorant against these dangerous impostors? -Boston Pilot.

The Temperance Question Growing

The temperance question grows every day more important. Leaving aside the share taken by the religious element, great business concerns, notably the railroads, insist upon temperance in their employees. Situations can only be held by temperance men. of licenses The courts in the granting emphasize that only reputable men shall be engaged in the business. Public at-tention is now riveted upon the drinking man, and society debars him from its social functions. It is sufficient to know that a man is a wine-bibber, and he is discredited. All these various agencies are teaching the population to think upon the folly, misery and dis-grace of drink. The practice of treat-The practice of treating is falling into discredit. This mi-erable American custom, more than anything else, has in the past contributed to the slavery of drink. Do away with it altogether. Abolish it, and the backbone of drunkenness is

In the year 189 big, 28 and a bach ments overlooking the south. Dr. W the south. Dr. W He thought some him. Thought it The Doctor ha coom into the libra ndow opening of at night after he li that the curious being stared at car eling passed off

THE MYSTER Relating to the Str Dr Wir

BY EDW

the thing he beging through and going through and either that or els mental balance, a wouldn't admit fo He examined th and thumped the solid. There was door leading int was a key in the fectly. He wen was thirty feet f nearest house in at Fifty-seventh half away. No in a tree, for the down to make ro ings, and those p sition's structure little more than

Windom began Then he pulled quit. One night library window ness that hung the park. He sa He put it down one of the ho seventh street. stantly connecte was being watch Windom left his across the park On the north si the pleasure a night. The hor Calcutta's Hole Windom pace hour. No light homeward, man stepped and loo

ences had something now From one of streaming thro dow set in the just under the was that of t night. A hear scend over th seeming of a bi To the physimagination it monster of the a leering wind both windows. nerves and we

the house or were there and unusual size posed of little sashes as a After that he All he could fi daughter lived servants. out a short ti The time covered that e was being

One-half ho 1895. Dr. Joh from a visit to on Everett house with are shut." he instant the girl rushed Windom. T showed him a face, but pal-might have e sight of back, frighte face, she crie seizing his h She led his the hallway of stairs in

feebly light conscious th pied a large in the phys an old man g a convulsive "I think pered the only a few to the couc

A look

case of pa

old man's looked at was stimul ave seen t Mary, lest An enth ed the cour into the gi chair abou bending fo small tube The huge

took his ey largest he The girl great wone she said. Half bedream, W His sense saw. He saw seas and then ute as t

the water