### THEIR PUNISHMENTS.

The Angelus bell rang from the tower of the old abbey. Away down the broad nave, quite dark and deserted, a woman was praying. Was she praying? Or was she merely lost in the intense melancholy of the hour and place? fallen, her arms lowered, her hands bad departed, and her expiation had begun. attitude.

by the tinkling of a bunch of keys, which echoed through the church, assuming a false name, hiding his while a voice cried out:

"We close!" passers-by turned to look at her letters were sent. with actual curiosity, but yet without actual wonder.

seen passing by, wrapped in her but her inexorable judge had said black cloak, her face covered by to her: her thick, black veil. For 18 years her mysterious presence in that far- promised to obey; therefore, eat." off valley had furnished a subject reduced to silence.

Accompanied by her husband she arrived one evening, as already the past. stated, about 18 years previous to on the outskirts of the town was once a sign of forgiveness. being repaired. It was a pretty

known as Signor and Signora to her: Nicolini, but on their silver plate there was a monogram bearing a | yet I have betrayed no one.'

with an almost athletic physique, appeared, at the time of his arrival. to be about 50 years of age, his wife not more than 25.

same slow and mechanical step. They received papers, magazines, books, but never a letter.

Both seemed sad, of a gloomy and desolate sort of sadness, which those who approached them felt certain that they never wrangled free; her own mistress; her actions kept her grief in subjection, and nor spoke harshly; on the contrary free! her thoughts free-free to took up the next duty that lay at there was always between them a love and to be loved! dead silence, interrupted only by those short phrases which daily prison, of seeking other horizons. contact made necessary.

Reaching the garden gate, as if

the gate. At last she entered. In the hall she found a servant, look, answered:

Signora."

she stopped, hesitating again, before looking at herself. one of the doors on the first floor. Opening it rudely, she entered a iron bed, a bed befitting a soldier, would know her still. But who closure of the mortgage." lay her husband.

ing to the sick man's heavy and her acquaintances?

accustomed to the darkness, she would appear to him less handsome, wife, "and it leaves us without a cold percieve his convulsed and or that she had been forgotten. home. livid features, his cheeks furrowed | She feared that she might find him with red veins. His heavy eyelids | unlike the image he had left in her were half closed; his nose, drawn heart; that she might find him and emaciated, stood out above his changed physically and morally, blue, half-opened lips, from which and not recognize him; that he came a short and whistling breath | would be a stranger to her. He was dying!

ing at the bedside had left the feebly illuminated by the reflection clung to his hand. It was there except Sunday. Strangers and visitors are room as soon as signora had come of the moon, two dilated eyes gaz- when he sat waiting in the square in. And now the latter was alone with the dying man gazing on that of the moon, two dilated eyes gazing on her like coals; being affrightwith the dying man gazing on that of the moon, two dilated eyes gazing on her like coals; being affrighthall that was nearly as large as his
Rooms in Hocken-Mackenzie Block on with the dying man gazing on that ed by the gaze of the dying man, whole house. And his enemy's human force that had held her in who seemed as if he wanted to little girl running through the hall subjection so many years, and that follow her guilty reverie, turned on her way to bed stopped to look was now fading away. This hour with an irresistible motion, and at the strange man and was attraclooked forward to for 10 years; went toward the bed, obeying, in ted to the pretty shaving. She this hour longed for, prayed for in spite of herself, a kind of imperious had never seen one before. the silent revolt of her downtrod- and magnetic call. den heart; the hour of her liberty Then it seemed to her as if a that?" she asked. had come at last.

her mind turn once more to the stonelike.

in her heart sweet sentiments still have betrayed me. For years and could dwell. He, a stern and imperious man, was born to lead an desire, a word that would put balm army to battle, rather than to live in my bleeding wound, but you large eyes, that had a look of her by the side of a delicate and sensi- have let me suffer. I was inno- father in them but her voice was tive woman. His age was twice cent, and shared your expiation. heavenly sweet and full of compashers and they had no children. I took on me half of your punish sion and Joseph wound the white She had no one on whom she could lavish her tenderness, she had not a single person to whom she could and lo! with a murdering wish you ful some day, and she went away confide her dreams or illusions. would like to hasten my death, with her nurse, a happy little soul, Her mother had settled in a far and as you find it too slow your who had cast her mite of oil on travelling), to introduce a new discovery, and keep away province, and her only sister thoughts turn against your mar- troubled waters.

It was the old, old story. She that you are! My death cannot between the two men, who had met a young man. Their souls free you! Did you not say 'Never!'" once been boys together, one suc- Canada. blended. At first it was innocent She understood all this as plainly ceeding in his chosen profession of friendship; then the storm of pas-sion. One day her husband on te-suddenly she felt the horror of the times had been dull and his trade turning home, had found them to, evil she had done. Yes, he had at a standstill. gether, their hands clasped!

The thought of it made the blood and she had placed the coldness of rush to her heart, and she again her passive obedience over against Even though a carping world cry felt the same shame, the same ter- that man's passion. ror, which had wholly overpowered Then, before the terrible im- No effort be it nobly made her before her judge's revolver and potence of that conscious agony, Can ever a man's true self degrade." stern face. Everything had as- she felt that pity, together with When the two separated they sumed a strange rapidity. She had remorse, was entreating her heart, had told each other bitter truths, Write for particulars. faced her husband crying: "Mercy! and, being moved by an irresisting and Simon Kent had reiterated his mercy! I will promise never to power, she bent over the dying intention to sell the house in or- Paid Capital \$100,000,00. see him again." Her husband had man, stretched her arm to the cross der to realize on the mortgage hesitated a moment; looked at that hung over his pillow, and with The foreclosure must stand. them crushing them under the a low but distinct voice she repeat- The house in which Muriel was weight of contempt; then, without ed her promise:

may please to inflict." In the anguish of her fear and cheeks, already cold. what he had insisted upon.

young man, humiliated and vilified, peace desended upon her heart. we have to drink are those we mix CARRIAGES.

Suddenly the silence was broken command in the army, and had gone to live on the mountain slope, secret from all. Like two stones that fall to the bottom of the sea Hearing this, the lady rose hastily they had disappeared from society and withdrew, gathering about her without leaving any trace. Twice waist as she went the long black a year she wrote to her mother; cloak which covered her tall and her husband reading all her letters, slender figure. She left the church, would mail them himself in some and as she passed along the narrow far-off place. Finally her mother ten, forever. streets of the village the few had died and from that day no

gone through all the stages of from the Italian. Every day at the same hour for despair. For several days she de-18 years had that lady been clined to eat, wishing to starve:

"You are a Christian, you have And she obeyed, because even in fare of savages. But civilization to the imagination and gossip of her excuse of despair and revolt, restrains by the terrors of the law, the inhabitants. And yet, little by even amid her thoughts of suicide, and hatred of an enemy burns and little, before that impenetrable the idea of failing her promise had seethes in the heart and escapes the mystery, imaginations had ceased never crossed her mind. That period of suffocation, by an ebullito work, and tongues were now promise was, in a certain sense, the tion of wrath in words that wound

the time we are describing. They mained. She hoped that her hus- expression, yet as surely kills as if they lived for several months, she had observed his pensive forewhile the house they had bought head day by day, hoping to see ing this deadly presence, insures

He never treated her rudely, he and the destruction of his own cottage, surrounded by a full garden | never allowed himself to be wanting in respect toward her, nor to From, the day they had settled speak to her a harsh or sharp word. out. in their modest abode they had led Only once, having found her soba very quiet life. They were bing in a fit of despair, he had said like that other Joseph whose Son

"My life is no better than yours, He had, in fact, sacrificed every The husband, a strong, tall man, thing—his ambition, career, family, grow up in the eternal youth of pleasures-to bury himself with

her in the same atonement. Days, weeks, years had glided on with vain haste the little traveller They were never seen together. in an inflexible monotony; self- on her far journey. We have all He went hunting or took long control vanished; she became the essayed that futile wall—a wall walks, always alone. She wan- sport of moods, according to the in which there is no door save the dered among the roses of her time and humor-now weary of one that death opens. Through garden; and every day, morning life, now tormented by remorse, this Muriel had escaped—I use the and evening, she went to the abbey now irritated and full of hatred. word advisedly—escaped into the and came back, walking with the How many a time she had said to sunlight on the other side. When herself:

will die and I shall be free! When up the cross of life again and went shall I be free?"

And now he was dying. At themselves. Many a servant, in- this thought she felt a strange, deed, had gone away, unable to spirit-like feeling which startled down her work. She knew that cannot shake off. It is a safeguard endure that icy atmosphere. It is her. At last she was about to be it was well with the child, and she and salutary.

Ah! the joy of escaping from her of practical Christianity. of grasping friendly hands!

fighting an inward repugnance, the in her brain. and rose, feeling the broken laths and white curling yers, as usual, began making all lady stopped and passed by. Then need to walk, to move; stillness was shavings, and threw them on the sorts of inquisitive interrogatories. she turned back and again passed death, and she had enough of neat floor back of the stove with a "You say," remarked one, 'that death, silence, coldness, solitude. sigh that was almost a groan. the defendant sat very close to And as the moon, which was Muriel had always loved to play you?" who, to the mute question of her high above the horizon, sent its with the white, fragrant shavings, pale rays through the window, twining them in her fair curls, and hectic flush. "Still in the same condition, she went to lean against the nowmantelpiece, seized by a kind of Simon Kent was here to-day to She put her cloak and bonnet on uneasiness. She turned her face see you," said his wife, as they ate all the sittin' room we needed." a chair and went up stairs. There to the mirror, and stood there supper.

She was still beautiful.

would still remember her? And Joseph Downs threw down his

painful breathing, and, bending And what had become of him? over him, she tried to see his face. At this question she felt herself he said bitterly. Little by little her eyes growing seized upon by fear; not that she

A woman who had been watch- she saw before her, in the mirror of Simon Kent's fine house it still

deep and desperate voice came The lady seated herself and let from the face which was growing

She was still beautiful, and with- shipped you all my life, and you "I have loved you, I have worriage vows. Foolish and faithless

oh, the terrible recollection! loved her, he had adored her always, before and after her guilt, the thought of it made the blood and she had placed the coldness of the thought.

eternal life, that you will never see man beamed with serenity, his eye- so little. She had worked and this creature again; that you will lids lowered over his dim eyes, suffered and lost, ever since she obey me in all, and that you will while the only two tears which had joined her lot with his, and the accept the punishment which I she had ever seen flowing from blow to his manhood was this these severe eyes came down his She had refused to marry

love she had promised word, for These two tears were to her like Muriel died, and after that he had the baptism of pardon which wash- neglected his business, and this On a sign of her husband, the ed her guilt away, and a great was the result. The bitterest cup

She opened the window, saw the for ourselves. starry heavens among the snowy Her husband had resigned his peaks, over which the moon shed its life would be spent, She well knew that, to keep her promise, so

### A HUMAN INCIDENT.

BY MRS M. L. RAYNE.

bitter and unrelenting as the warsupreme inheritance of her love, and sting, but do not slay. So the painful tie that bound her to to-day many a man walks our city streets with murder in his As she had lived, hope alone re- soul, but never seeks any outward slain-it is the hater, who, harbourthe killing of every good impulse,

come back to him who sends them Joseph Downs was a carpenter, taught the divine doctrine of forgiveness. And he, too, was acquainted with grief. His little daughter Muriel had gone home to Heaven. It had well-nigh broken his heart, and for a while he had She had hoped, but in vain. let material things go to follow

her father realized his own im-"He is old and I am young! he potency to bring her back, he took

her door. That is the highest form

Then her lips parted with a "He left a paper-oh, Joseph, large, dismal room. Here on an smile. Those who had known her how can I tell you—it is the fore-

Noiselessly she drew near, listen- what had become of her friends, of knife and fork and pushed his chair back from the table. "That's a piece of spite-work,"

"I am afraid so," answered his out."

"I'm going to see him-I'm going to tell him to his face that he is a please; because what?" scoundrel!

As he spoke he mechanically Chicago Post. picked up one of the white shavings and curled it about his finger. While she heaped such thought When he rang the bell at the door

"Does your little girl play with

"Why dosen't she?" with the cruel persistency of childhood. "I haven't any little girl."

"Are you too poor?" "Yes." Savagely.

"Poor man; I'se sorry." She was a plain little thing with

There was a stormy interview

born, the house in which she died! lowering his revolver, had dictated "I promise I will never see him His wife said little about it, but Downs knew she would never get "Promise on the Gospel, on your The contracted face of the dying over the blow. He had given her THE MARITIME SULPHITE FIBRE CO, LTD, hath am N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

He was doing well again when

'Take care, Downs! If you pale and serene smile: then lower- should give the joist a touch with ing her eyes to the deep valley, your elbow it would fall to the she saluted, as if she saw it for the street. We musn't have an acfirst time, that prison where her cident of that sort on our hands.'

It was the "boss" who was speakthat fate should not bring the lov- ing, and Downs turned his head ers of former days together, it was and his eye glanced to the street necessary that she should remain far below, and saw as in a dream exiled from all, unknown, forgot- his enemy walking briskly in his direction, and the next moment The tomb which had opened for the devil of suggestion had put a an instant, had closed forever, and thought in his head, that, carried In that terrible isolation she had closed in peace.—BostonTranscript, out was to make him another Cain.

Yes, Simon Kent was at that moment taking the final step in the process that was to leave Downs homeless, and in a few seconds he would pass the exact spot where The feuds of civilization are as far above his head was poised an instrument of sudden and awful

It seemed to Downs that here was the supreme moment of fate. when by simply remaining in a state of muscular insufficiency he would be relieved of the man who was bent on destroying him.

At that moment, without any reason for so doing, since he did not know where Downs was emhad come alone, without servants, band, after he had noticed her and with but little luggage. They sweetness, docility and patience, and armed with a deadly weapon height directly above him, and saw and with but little luggage. They had alighted at the hotel, where would relent; and for many years But it is not the hated who is knew nothing of hypotnic phenomena, nor dreamed that the intense gaze of the other man was focused on him. But in that one look he Curses, like boomerangs, read his doom.

relief and passed on.

Downs had seen more than hatred looked out for a swift passing secand, from the background of these hard eyes, and at the same time a voice breathed into his soul the Carriages made to order.

That night when he went home his wife met him at the door. Isn't it good," she said, I was afraid Kent was coming to order us out, but he says it is all rightthat you are to have your own time to pay him, and that you would

Downs did not tell his wife of hie temptation, and what saved him, and I think it was right. Confession may be good for the soul of him who confesses, but I re-Said a great soul: "Work—it is gard it as an indulgence to condone better than what you work to get." sin. Kept between the man and Muriel's mother had never laid his Maker it is a hold on him he

A Frank Witness.

In Henry County, this state, some years ago, a young woman Joseph Downs went home from heart for breach of promise was put She felt a kind of intoxication his work carrying a bundle of on the witness stand, and the law-

"Yessir," was the reply, with a AT LOW

"How close?" "Close enough so's one cheer was "And you say he put his arm "Why didn't he come where I around your waist?"

"No, I didn't." "What did you say, then?" "I said he put both arms aroun'

"Then what?" "He hugged me."

"Very hard?" "Yep, he did. So hard that I

"Why didn't you holler?" "Cause." "That's no answer. Be explicit, "Cause I was afeerd he'd stop."-

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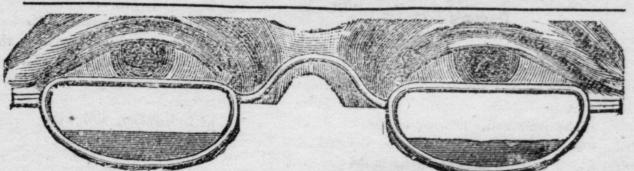
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for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de-CRAWFORDSTILLE. IND., Aug. 20, '86. REBECCA WILKINSON, C! Brownsvalley, Ind., To the Great South American Medicine Co.:

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Nervousness of Old Age, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,

Nervine Tonic.

right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments. disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all; the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts

several bottles of it I must say that I am sur- good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever. prised at its wonderful powers to cure the stom- did in my life. I would ac ach and general nervols system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.