

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

It was a very pleasant ball; and brilliant enough, in a quiet way, considering that the company were not exactly the highest elite of fashion. Mary O'Gorman was very happy this evening for she had had the right partner, the one of her heart's choosing. In fact, some of her female friends had rather enviously remarked that she accorded an unconscionable number of dances to handsome young Maurice Reardon. He let her off a few, however, just for decency's sake, and now she happened to be alone for some moments in the conservatory. She had dropped into a sweet, dreamy reverie, engendered partly by the languorous waltz melody, which floated on vaguely on the scented air. Suddenly a voice aroused her asking:

"Can I have the pleasure of the next waltz, Miss O'Gorman?"

She looked up, startled by the suddenness of the request. "Thank you, Mr. Forsyth; I think I am engaged."

"Believe me," he continued, "it will be to your interest—and his—if you listen to me. I am speaking to you as a friend remember. Maurice Reardon is in grave danger."

"Danger! What danger?"

"Oh, you know well enough the work he is engaged upon. I have proof that you do, so you need not pretend ignorance to me. But, besides his friends, his doings are known."

"To whom?"

"To me alone."

"You have styled yourself his friend."

"So I have, indeed. So I may be yet—at least, that will depend upon you," Gilbert Forsyth said, with meaning, but averting his face from her, as he crossed one leg over the other with affected ease.

"On me?" she echoed, her breathing thick and fast with apprehension.

"Yes, I can ruin him; you can save him. It," he whispered in her ear; "it came to be known that he is connected with the dynamite outrage."

"He is not!" she cried, starting up, her fair bosom heaving. "It is not true, Gilbert Forsyth, and you know it. Maurice Reardon is a patriot, and grieves for his country's wrongs and sorrows. He writes and speaks in her defense; but as for shedding a drop of human blood, you know he is incapable of it."

"I really thought you were aware how far he is involved. I know enough to hang him."

"Then you are an informer!" she exclaimed, with ineffable scorn.

"I assure you, Miss O'Gorman, that it will be to your interest to make terms with me."

The poor girl sank down again, trembling upon her seat, and Forsyth continued, remorselessly:

"If you care for him you would make any sacrifice for his sake. Well, you can save him. I will keep silence as to what I know on condition that you give him up. Bid him farewell. Do not tell him why, nor mention my name; but ask him no more."

The hot, blinding tears rushed to her sweet, brown eyes; but her pride, by a tremendous effort, kept them back unshed.

"Oh, I'll give you plenty of time to think my proposal over; three or four days, a week even. Write to me. I will meet you at any time or place you like to name, and then you can tell your decision. Meantime, I shall live on in hope that some day, when you have forgotten him, your heart will—"

He had drawn nearer to her. She started away in loathing of his touch. At that moment Maurice Reardon, entering the conservatory, came toward them. With a cry like that of an animal at bay who suddenly finds a protector Mary ran to him.

"Oh, Maurice!" she cried, "I've got such a headache—I feel so ill—do take me away from this hateful place!"

"Well, Mary, I hope you are better now?"

It is the next day after the ball, and Maurice Reardon is speaking to his sweetheart with anxious solicitude in his tones.

"Oh, yes; I am quite well, darling. Tell me what it is. Why don't you confide in me?"

"Yes, I believe you, if that can do any good," she answered, with assumed coldness. "But you have known their plans, the time and place? You are sufficiently implicated to put you within the reach of the law in case of discovery."

"Yes, that is true. Even now I know of a vile conspiracy which is being hatched to—"

Mary rose from her seat and, moving toward him, said, in strange, low, constrained accents:

"Tell me about it. Whisper to me."

"I will," he answered, after a moment's hesitation. "For I can trust you with my life, and it will put you on your guard."

He whispered a few hurried sentences in her ear. Her face turned paler than ever. She pressed a hand to her bosom, as though to still her heart's throbbing, and drawing away from him exclaimed:

"Oh, my God!"

"I swear to you solemnly, Mary, it shall be the last plot I shall know anything of. From henceforth I sever my connection with them."

"Why have you not confided to me, Maurice? Are you afraid to trust me? Do you think I am like the generality of my sex, and cannot keep a secret?"

"I have not thought about it. What do you mean?"

"Need I explain? Your connection with the secret society, and the outrages which—"

she whispered rapidly and then stopped short.

"Ah—who has told you?"

"No one—I cannot say—I dare not."

"Ah, Mary, is it true. At first I would join in no agitation which was not pacific in its object and means of execution. I entreated my companions not to resort to acts of violence. They showed me how cruelly wronged those men who had been imprisoned for purely political offences. I was led on by their specious arguments, by my sympathies, by my feeling of the justice that lay upon her side. But I swear to you solemnly that I have never been personally or directly connected with any of their criminal plots. You do believe me, don't you?"

"Ah God knows how much evil and misery may yet be wrought."

"No more, Mary, as far as I am concerned. I swear, as I hope for forgiveness here and hereafter, my darling, I—"

"Don't touch me!" she cried with sudden incoherent vehemence, waving him off; "don't touch me—don't come near me! Our paths for the future lie far asunder. We must never meet again!"

"Because of this?"

"Yes—no—I cannot tell you why. But for heaven's sake, as you value your own peace of mind and mine, go away and never see me again!"

"There is someone else?"

"You," very coldly, "you can think what you like."

"Mary! Even do you love me no longer?" he exclaimed, and the reproachful words cut like a knife to the very depths of her inmost soul.

"Love you!" she said, and heaven knows it was with a breaking heart that the poor girl told her pitiful lie; "love you? No!"

The tardy shadows of the short, warm summer night were beginning to fall around at last as, with rapid, uneven steps, Gilbert Forsyth paced up and down in front of a certain public building. Every now and again he drew from his breast a letter.

"By Jove!" he muttered; "I have frightened her into submission pretty soon; quicker than I thought I should. She has decided to save him, then? How she must love him. I wish to heaven I was loved like that. Well, perhaps in time she may. The best of the joke is, I really know so little of Reardon's complicity. I think I am right, though. I know enough to guess the rest, and my guesses are seldom wrong. It all depends on the general election. One government will thank me for the news, the other won't. But she does not think of that. In her mind crime is crime, poor confiding soul. Well, I've parted her from him, anyway," with vindictive hatred in his tone; then, looking at his watch by the gaslight: "I wonder if she will come? Oh, yes; she is one of those strange beings who always keep their words and their promises—no like some of my friends in high places."

At that moment a pale-faced figure, clothed in black, came up out of the gloom and stood by his side.

"You are here, then?" he said.

How deadly pale were her features—what a terrible light shone in her eyes! He thought, as the gas lamp shed its yellow glare around her. She had decided, but what agony she must have gone through ere she arrived at her final heroic resolve. There was a pause. It seemed as though she were waiting for something. Suddenly two men darted out of a dark passage and flew by them like shadows. Mary appeared relieved, and drew back a step or two from her enemy. The next instant there was a fearful concussion, a trembling of the ground, the crashing of windows, the collapse of walls, the air filled with terror-stricken shouts and cries of human agony. A dynamite explosion had taken place on the very spot where they stood.

A few minutes of horror, panic and confusion. A huge crowd is gathering. Mary O'Gorman is lying in Maurice Reardon's arms. Blood is flowing from her many ghastly wounds; her life's blood ebbing away. She turns feebly, perceives the mangled, lifeless remains of Gilbert Forsyth, and a sigh escapes her lips. Maurice is shedding vain, bitter tears.

"Did you remember the time, the place?" he cried. "I told you—"

"Hush. Remember your oath to abjure these plots, and when I am dead—"

"Dead! You are not going to die! For God's sake don't say that! Then I have killed you!"

"No, no—not you—you had no hand in it. It was an accident that I was here. Don't you understand?—I forgot. God bless you, my love—my husband!"

He pressed a passionate despairing kiss upon her lips, but those lips were unresponsive now—she was dead.

"PINK BLOSSOMS."

"M. Quad," the Humorist, Tells a Pathetic Tale of the War.

A body of cavalry sent out on a reconnaissance to pass over the neutral ground between two armies, to develop any recent earthworks thrown up, to locate the enemy's vedettes, to see if he is preparing the roads and bridges in his front, to observe everything which may have a possible bearing on the events of the week to come; more than that, to drive off horses and cattle, to load a score of wagons with provisions and forage, to add to the destitution and terror of helpless old men as they sit at their doors, and of the women and children as they work in the barren fields.

War is always sacrifice—never mercy. War demands death wounds and destruction. He who can kill and wound and destroy most is the greatest hero. War respects nothing, blackens everything. It moves in a trail across a country as a venomous serpent winds through the grass.

It was a May day, with the peach trees everywhere in blossom. Behind us were the smoke and flame of destruction; ahead, the old farmhouses which sheltered no one who could march in the ranks and fight against us. The fragrant blossoms, the green hills, the sunny skies—everything told of peace, and yet war was at hand as the flaxen-haired children came running to the doors. Just below a farm house we halted to water our thirsty horses at a brook flowing lazily across the road. A few men ride on to the house. We can hear children crying in affliction. We can hear the voice of a woman raised in fearful protestation. We can see an old gray-haired man with a child in his arms at the door, and though his voice is too weak to reach us, we can see by his gestures that he represents the lawless invasion.

Some of us ride to the right to reach the barns, where the wagons are already drawn up; some to the left, where the horses are at pasture; the remainder straight on up the road. Suddenly the bugles sound the alarm, and then warn us to rally on the centre. In one minute the scene is changed from dreamy peace to active war.

A body of the enemy, having the same object in view as ourselves, has come up from the south and attacked us at sight.

Many a saddle on our side is emptied before we check their fierce charge, and push them back till we have room to form. Each side has a light battery. The guns get to work almost as soon as the carbines. The old farm house is the key of the battlefield. An old man and a mother and four children are in there, but what of it? This is war. No one gives them a thought. Shot and shell plow through the stream—bullets search out every nook. Now our right wing drives the enemy back with a cheer—now the enemy presses back our leg and shouts in exultation.

It is a hot fight for thirty minutes—time enough for the dead and wounded to number 150. The reverberation of the guns brings down a shower of blossoms at every discharge, and the black powder smoke floats up through the branches and smokes and discolors.

"Rally on the centre! Forward—trot—gallop—charge!"

We have broken the enemy and sent him flying. We follow him for a mile or more, shooting and hacking, then the bugles blow the recall, and we cease the pursuit. There are dead men on the dusty highway, in the ditches, among the May weeds and the thistles, and dead horses almost block the way at certain points. Yes, a hot little fight, and we are proud of our victory as we return to the old farm house.

We have our dead to bury and our wounded to look after, and it is only when an officer starts to enter the house to say that it must be turned into a shambles that the inmates are remembered.

The officer cries out and starts back in horror. Under the peach tree growing close to the back door lies the body of the old gray-haired man, father and grandfather to the woman and the children. He must have been in flight when struck by a solid shot which cut him almost in two at the hips. He was carrying a child not more than two years old huddled to his breast. Her little arms were around his neck, and her face was hidden in his bosom. We unclasped the old man's arms and took her up. She was dead—dead without a wound. She had died of terror as he sank down with her, perhaps kissing her in his last breath.

And as we stood with uncovered heads the woman came out. Great Heavens! but how white her face—how ghastly the color of her lips—how red the blood which dripped from her wounded shoulder on the pink blossoms at her feet! She looked at her father and gasped for breath. She looked at her youngest born and her throat swelled up, and her eyes dilated until her look frightened us. "Dead, both dead?" she asked in a whisper.

"Poor woman!" replied the officer.

"Go in," she hissed, pointing to the door; "go in and gaze upon the rest of your work!"

There they lay—the other three children—all killed and mangled by the same shell as it exploded in the kitchen. Flaxen hair and chubby hands and little blue sun-bonnets contrast strangely with the red of war. We tiptoed out and stood beside the mother who had prostrated herself on the bodies of those so dear to her. She could not weep and wail. She could only moan and crouch to them in the agony of her breaking heart.

"Poor woman, poor woman!" sighed one.

She rose up slowly, looked from face to face as it pictured it on her memory and said:

"Leave me! May the God of Heaven take vengeance upon you to the uttermost!"

And we called it a hot little fight, and we felt proud of a victory won over a superior force, and we—well, each and every trooper prayed Heaven to be merciful and pitiful to that poor woman, and over the graves of her dear ones a hundred rough and blood-stained hands scattered peach-tree blossoms in atonement. We could do no more. War was impatient even as we did that.

An Empress As a Nurse.

It looks as though the Dowager Empress of Russia may have to spend most of her time in nursing sick relatives, and that she will hardly finish with one before she has to go to another. In imperial and royal families, as among humbler mortals, there come seasons when it never rains but it pours; and the Romanoffs promise to be well under the doctors' hands this year. The Dowager Empress will not be able to pass so much time with her aged and much-loved parents as she had hoped, for, in addition to natural anxieties about her daughter and daughter-in-law, the present condition of the unfortunate Grand Duke George is a grave trouble. The title of Czarévitch, which he will bear till the Czar is blessed with an heir or he dies, sits rather awkwardly on this hapless young man, whose maddening doom has to a dismal life apart from his fellows. Consumptive of minor degree and poorer fortunes will do well to watch this imperial case, as they may learn from it how little the doctors can do in the presence of some complaints, and how much wiser it is for an incurable invalid to stay quietly in one place, if the surroundings be comfortable, than to drag about wearily for change of air.

Love For a Dictionary.

Rome has been much amused lately by the coyness of such very well-known members of society there. The young lady is a wealthy and beautiful Englishwoman, and the gentleman a distinguished Italian. They met on the passage, and loved at sight; but as the young lady knew hardly a word of Italian and the gentleman even less of English, the love-making had to be

To Dye Or Not to Dye

that is the question: whether it is better to wear that faded, shabby dress and endure the scornful looks of all your well-dressed neighbors, or to purchase a package of Diamond Dyes and restore its freshness in another color—making a new dress for ten cents.

Diamond Dyes are made for home use. Absolutely reliable. Any color.

Sold everywhere. 10 cents a package. Direct from Book and 40 samples of colored cloth, free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal, F. C.

BEST FOR WASH DAY.

SURPRISE SOAP.

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

deus by the aid of a dictionary. However, now they are married, they will probably attain perfection in each other's language.

In the Wagon.

Caller: "We are very rich, and we wish to marry our daughter to a count, a marquis, or a duke."

Clerk (with dignity): "You are in the wrong office. This is a matrimonial agency. You will find the international purchasing agency two doors to the left."

WHAT PEDDLER IS THIS?

To people who live remote from shops the peddler is a useful man, whither he goes about in a wagon or on foot with a pack on his back. But in England no villages are so thick and shops so plentiful that the peddler's field is not what it used to be. So if these men want to keep on selling goods they will have to locate elsewhere presently.

There is one peddler, however, who will never stop going about. The day he does the community will suffer greater deprivation than if the local tradesmen should shut up shop at once, and never open again. Everybody buys from him, yet no housewife ever sees him on his rounds.

Year in and year out, in all seasons and weathers, he tends to business. People can refuse to deal with other peddlers and no harm done (perhaps money saved), but when they refuse to deal with him they die. Yet he is no murderer. "Who is he?" who is he?" you cry. Wait a bit till we introduce him. Ah, yes; he has wonderful power. Even when folks fail to treat him well they fall ill, worse than if a witch had cast the "evil eye" on them. And sooner or later every soul of us runs this risk.

Mr. Alexander McCreary, of Dam Head Crossing, near Moira, Co. Down, Ireland, was taken ill in June, 1890. It was nothing that he could account for. He simply felt weak, at first. There was a foal taste in his mouth, and when he sat down to his meals he couldn't eat a thing; that is, not with a relish. And when he falsely forced himself to swallow something, it went against him, as if it were so nasty stuff from a d. and. And that wasn't the worst of it; right away afterwards he had pain in his chest and stomach. Then his hands and feet grew cold and clammy, "as if," he says, "my blood had some malignant thing floating in it."

Soon Mr. McCreary found the kidney secretion scanty and hard to pass. His sleep was broken and unrefreshing. Thus he gradually weakened and wasted until he could barely drag himself along. All unknowingly, yet all the same, he had offended the mysterious peddler.

Mrs. Sarah Williams, of Lower Rhoscommon, Llandrinin, near O'westry, fell ill in like manner in December, 1891. She, too, lost her appetite, and got into a queer, nervous condition. Indeed, she felt so irritable she couldn't bear the least noise, or any one near her. Then she found it difficult to breathe. At times she was so bad this way that she gasped for breath, and was afraid she was about to die. When in bed she had to be propped up to keep from suffocating. As the weeks went by she lost strength more and more. She consulted a doctor, and spent pounds for physic without obtaining relief. For a month the lady suffered as we describe. Both she and Mr. McCreary got well again, but that is another part of the story. She, too, all unwittingly and unintentionally, had offended the strange peddler. "Who is he—who is he?" you shout. His name is Blood, and he travels through the country called human body incessantly from the hour of our birth to the hour of our death. He carries all things that are wanted by all parts: by the muscles, by the brain, by the skin, by the liver, by the kidneys, by the lungs, and by every other part, no matter how small or obscure. Any more than this he does. He carries away everything we are done with; everything that is worn out, and in the way. He gives new things for old, does this wonderful peddler, and asks nothing to boot. But he will not stand any interference with his business. When you compel him to distribute things not in his line, he doesn't refuse; he distributes them and makes you pay with your health, and often your life. You had better pull the ears of a hungry lion than offend this benevolent, kindly peddler.

How can you offend him? This way. Conduct yourself so as to contract the disease called indigestion and dyspepsia, which fills the stomach with poisons. These deadly poisons are loaded on to the Blood, which carries them to every part, just as he carries food. Only now he scatters pain, misery, suffering, death. Do you see?

That is what these two people—like millions more—did, and are all the time doing. They were saved at last by using Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, which relieves the Blood of his terrible load, throws it from the body's windows, and saves health and life. The letters from which we quote are duly signed by the persons we have named.

When you think you have offended Peddler Blood, ask Mother Seigel to help you to a reconciliation. Then be more careful.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

D.C.L.

SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN

PROPRIETORS:— THE DISTILLERS' CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.

For Sale by Street & Co.

NO TROUBLE TO MAKE. NO STIRRING REQUIRED. PREPARED WITH FLEISCHMANN'S COMPRESSED YEAST. FULL DIRECTIONS INSIDE.

10c. ADAMS' LIQUID 10c. ROOT BEER!

THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

The Canadian Specialty Co., 30 Front St., East,

W. S. CLAWSON & CO., St. John, N. B. Agents for New Brunswick.

Advertise in —

'PROGRESS,'

It Gives Results.

It Reaches the Homes.