THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh, a maid is something charming,
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious
Will her handsome face become!
Are you angry? She is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb!
Are you mirthful? How her laughter
Silver sounding, will ring out!
She can lure and catch and play you
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bold and wise,
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-locks in your eyes,
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by cupid since the fall;
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

THE MASQUERADE.

BY MRS. W. H. PALMER.

(Concluded.)

"You make a conquest at every turn, Percy," she said. "I would like the sensation of having a man so desperately in love with me as Mr. Wynne is with you."

"Don't mention his name. I detest it."

"I shall have to mention it, for, as drowning men catch a straw, he has caught at me, to deliver a message to you."

"I do not wish to hear it."

"Don't be childish, Percy. Mr. Wynne feels that he has acted very rudely. Of course I don't know what he refers to. He desires to apologize, and make amends. If you will appoint a time at which to receive him, I have promised to communicate to him."

"You are rather officious. I shall never receive him."

"He said, or rather hinted, that he had extorted some sort of promise from you, which he would cancel, if you would grant him an interview."

I caught at this, of course, and looked up inquiringly.

"And, moreover," Julia continued, "he said that if he failed to receive a summons to call, he would lunch at Delmonico's to-morrow, or rather to-day, at two o'clock, and that chance might tempt you in the same direction."

I started up angrily.

"When papa returns, Mr. Wynne's case will be referred to the police. He is either a lunatic or a brigand. His conduct to-night has been outrageous. I should expose everything to Mr. Elton, except—"

I paused. I could not say that I would not humble myself to justify my conduct to my lover till I knew whether or not we stood upon equal terms.

"You have not a grain of romance about you, Percy. Here is one of the handsomest, most elegant men I ever laid eyes upon, so infatuated with you that he acts, I confess, like a madman in consequence, and you coolly talk of him as a subject for the police."

"I don't choose to talk of him to-night any further at all," I rejoined, rather curtly. And silence ensued.

The subject was not renewed by either Julia or myself in the morning. The hours passed somewhat heavily till noon, when my friend announced her intention of going for a walk, without asking me to accompany her. She had scarcely left the house when I formed a resolution as unreasonable as the revelation of the preceding evening. I resolved to go to Delmonico's at two; not to meet Clarence Wynne, or rather not to be met by him, but to see what would happen.

Disguised by a heavy veil, I took a post of observation, and had the satisfaction of seeing Julia and Mr. Wynne enter together. They were shown to a private room, and assisted by the fortune which favors the brave, I obtained the one adjoining, and called for some luncheon. When this was served, I took off my bonnet, pressed my ear to the wall, and holding my breath and my heart beats, I distinguished the well-nigh inaudible sounds of their conversation.

"You have got me into a foolish scrape, with all your cleverness," said Clarence Wynne, moodily.

"Not at all, if you sustain your part," returned Julia's voice. "She and Philip are not reconciled yet. Widen the breech between them, keep her irritated and him suspicious, and the engagement will be broken. Then, when her pride is cut and her feelings inflamed, she will listen to you. Did a woman ever listen to you without yielding to you?"

"She is different from the most. By heaven, I shall begin to think *I* am in love with her."

"That will make you all the more sure of her. And think, Clarence, of such a prize! It is worth winning."

"I have acted like a fool, and it is your fault."

"I did my part well; why did you abuse yours?"

"I don't know. I first told her she would never know who addressed her, and then compelled her into accepting my acquaintance. I wish I had never listened to you or your advice. Then I should not merit her ridicule and contempt, at least."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," Julia returned. "And now I must go. I will offer no further advice. When you have secured Percy Vigogne don't forget Julia Ross."

"There is no fear," was the ironical response.

I was hardly surprised to received in the course of the afternoon a note from Clarence Wynne, in which I recognized, not the presumptuous mask, but the rational man to whom I had listened from my concealment.

I had a strong motive for desiring an interview with Mr. Wynne, now that I had discovered that he possessed a sense of honor to which I might appeal. I desired him to free me from the pomise he had exacted. But after what I had said to Julia, I could not let her know my intention. I was therefore indiscreet enough, or reckless enough, to reply to his note, and appoint a meeting at a quiet up-town restaurant for the following morning.

I went quietly boldly to this rendezvous at the appointed hour, and, entering the door, was respectfully and rather distantly greeted by Mr. Wynne. At the same moment, almost, Philip Elton stepped forward from where he was evidently awaiting us, and signed for us to follow him, which we did, speechless. He led the way to a quiet room, and there, turning upon us haughtily, he said,—

"I have come here merely to learn the truth. After I have learned it, I will act in accordance."

"Mr. Wynne is at this moment the only person empowered to speak what you wish to hear," I said, rather faintly, after a brief hesitation.

"I am prepared to speak or to be silent, Miss Vigogne, according as you command," was Mr. Wynne's reply, his looks ignoring Philip.

"You can hardly doubt what my desires are, Mr. Wynne," I responded, with downcast eyes, for some way I pitied the man who had placed me so unpleasantly.

I had learned unaware that he really loved me, and few women who are untouched by such a discovery. His presence, moreover, was fascinating to the last degree. I could in a measure understand what Julia had asked, "Did a women ever listen to you without yielding to you?"

"You wish me to explain to Mr. Elton what has occurred between us?"

"I do."

He bowed his head.

"May the sacrifice which this explanation necesitates, Miss Vigogne, give me a faint claim upon your forgiveness." Then, confronting Philip, Clarence Wynne said, "Having been the dupe of an artful woman, I will not be mean enough to cast any more of the blame of my conduct upon her than is required to make it clear. Circumstances which I will not explain have placed me for several years in intimate relations with Miss Ross. I suppose I may say that I am a fortune-hunter—like herself. At one time we were engaged. Eventually and mutually we dissolved this compact, and Miss Ross conceived the idea of securing for my unworthy self the hand of a friend. You supply the gaps in my story; I will relate only what refers to the other evening at the masquerade. The only phase of the affair which does not overwhelm me with mortification is its entire lack of success. Miss Vigogne will pardon me the details Her recital of them to you will depict me in my proper light."

"You remove the injunction of secrecy than, Mr. Wynne?" I asked.

"Of course. It was an outrage upon you, which I shall not easily forgive myself. I trusted that the latitude of a masquerade would justify my conduct, which I now blush to remember."

"You have made what expiation you could. Perhaps, but for some such unpleasant experience, I should have remained ignorant of a foe I cherished in the guise of a friend."

"Experience is a costly lesson, but sometimes we value it according to its price. Good morning, Miss Vigogne. The best that I can hope for from you, is that you will forget me."

He bowed to Philip, who offered him his hand. In a moment more we were standing alone.

"Percy, what happened?" was all he said.

I told him as calmly and briefly as I could. He turned rather pale and grim.

"I wish I had not shaken his hand," he remarked curtly, when I was through.

"What brought you here this morning, Philip?"

"To take care of you, of course, Percy."

"How did you know?"

"I have known of all your movement within two days."

"That I went to Delmonico's yesterday?"

"Yes. Miss Ross was along then, so I did not interfere."

I did not ask him what he meant, or what right he had, or anything else of the sort. I only said, quite meekly,—

"Philip, do you blame me?"

"No."

He put my arm within his, and we walked away, strolled into a picture-gallery, from there to a hot-house, and thence home through the pale, pleasant February sunshine.

I think we had almost forgotten Julia's existence for the time being, but we were scarcely amazed to learn that a telegram had reached her summoning her instantly home, and that she had left by the noon train. I went to her room. It was a little shock to miss her so suddenly. The chambermaid was already in charge of the apartment.

"Here is a little parcel I found behind the bureau, Miss Vigogne," she said, handing me something wrapped in white tissue paper.

I carried it to my room, opened it, and found it only the pale lavender gloves Julia had worn to the masquerade. She had a beautiful hand. I laid the glove across my knee, with a regretful sort of surprise, and stroked it with my finger. There was something in the glove—a note. The note undoubtedly which had come to the door that evening, and which Julia had said was a dance list from De Goff. I believe I opened and read it without stopping to question my authority. It ran:

"All is arranged as you desire. I will be in the grotto. You will find a buff and scarlet domino there. C. W."

The missing link was supplied. It was Julia herself had poisoned Philip's ear with a tale so grossly false. Can such things be? I wondered mutely. I would have spared myself this last disclosure of Julia's perfidy, if I could. But it was necessary to clear the mystery entirely. After all, it matters little now, since we two are one.

It is hardly necessary to add that the allusion to papa's bankruptcy was a fabrication, like all the rest. Not even poverty has come to mar the serenity of my life with Philip.

Julia and Clarence Wynne married each other not long after Philip and I. A business partnership, it seemed, for now and again we hear of this handsome and clever woman, and even handsomer man, as parties in some fraudulent transaction. And we mutely thank our fate that once they were not what they have since become, a pair experts.

VICTOR EMMANUEL'S WILL.

Before King Victor Emmanuel gave up the ghost, and before he could get absolution, and in order that prayers for the repose of his soul should be valid and of effect, the unfortunate king had to become most penitent. When he asked for his confessor, and the hopes of life were over, his attendants knew that the human spirit of the successful king, according to the judgment of this world, was broken, and one of them inquired why he took this step; that he should not trouble himself so much.

"I have awakened from a dream," said the dying monarch, "in which a sainted ancestress of mine appeared before me in tears, and I heard voices in a strange tone counting out the hours of life that remained to me, and a hand rose before my eyes pointing to that clock on the mantle piece"—here he pointed to the clock—"and the hands left their place and moved down, one in one direction, and the other in the other direction on the dial, and they rested when they indicated the hour of two o'clock or a little after, and the sun seemed to be going down, and then a great blur came over everywhere, and a dazzling light came forth from the depths of the blur and took shape, so that it looked like a figure nine, a mighty huge figure that terrified me. It struck me at once with meaning. It was like the handwriting Belthazzar saw upon the wall when he cried out. It meant that death was coming for me, and that I was to die like Napoleon the Third of his name and—" He paused, great sweats broke over his forehead, so that if the rain had fallen on him it would not have been thicker, and those around grew awe stricken, whilst like fog from a morass the impalpable steam rose from his perspiring brow.

"And what, your Majesty," said the attendent, wiping off the dew damp from his hair. A tremulous motion crossed the suffering body of the King. It seemed as if he was about to be stricken with a spasm. The attendants started back terrified.

"Send for Prince Humbert," said he who had spoken before.

"Aye," said the King, "send for him. I shall die like Napoleon III., that other persecutor of Pius the Pope. He perished on the ninth of January and I perish on the ninth of January. *God marks the day and the hour and the agony.* Send for him," he almost shrieked, "until he makes restitution for me, even to the last farthing. The ghosts of the dead are around me. See Cavour," he said, beads of agony rolling down his forehead, and pointing into space, "see him! See, see—," his words became inaudible for a moment, and then becoming calmer he said, hollowly, "Go to the Pope, go quickly, ask him if he will forgive me. Say I pray for it, humble, penitent, sorrowful, and that I would unlive all I have lived. Go!"

Just at this moment Prince Humbert entered the room.

"Father," said the Prince, "why do you fear, who have never feared before. Resume your courage. Remember Custozza, Solferino, Magenta, the Volturno. The blood of Charles Albert is in his son."

"Yes," said Emmanuel, "the blood of Charles Albert, the God-fearing, is in his son's veins; but a stronger enemy is here than any I ever met before. Death is here, and the son of Charles Albert remembers his pure life and shudders at his own. Iniquity is here, robbery is here, lust is here, love of the world is here, and wrong of God's annointed is here. I am terrified; for Cavour was here a moment ago, and Napoleon is coming to horrify me and tell me of his own agony. My son, my son, ill-trained, reared with my bad example before you, successor to a King whose name is infamous wherever lust is despised, give me some comfort by promising me that you will not impede the publication of any declaration I may now make, as you hope to be rescued from the agony yourself."

"I promise," said Prince Humbert.

"Now I can speak. Give me some restorative," said the King. They gave him a glass of water saturated with oxygen.

"Humbert! Here I solemnly conjure you to give back all that I have stolen and plundered, and won by force, or fraud, to their owners. Give back this Quirinal Palace to Pope Pius IX the moment I die. Give back to the religious, who possessed them, the convents I have turned them forth from to the bare world. Give back the churches I have desecrated, and turned into stables, and into barracks, and into stores, for they were not mine even by the laws of conquest. Give back his city of Rome to the Pope, and the Marshes, and Umbria, for these were guaranteed by two treaties; and on my death-bed I am a perjurer if they are not restored to him again. My private purse is rich, give all that is in it, in the banks in my name, or securities either here or elsewhere, in lands that I possess, in paintings which are my property, in horses, in carriages, in credit, give all to make restitutions to the poor Sisters who hungered in the streets, to poor Monastics who in their old age or in their youth were hunted from the homes of their predecessors for ages, in order that the parasites and harlots in my train should be enriched. Give it all, as I cannot arise to give it, for the words that ring in my ears are, 'You are bound to make restitution even to the uttermost farthing.' You know, Humbert, the alternative for me is—restitution, public restitution for all my robberies or else—eternal damnation! And oh God, this very house in which I die seems to crush me, for it is the first of my robberies, and the witness of my lusts. Promise me, Humbert, promise me, in the name of all that is dear to you."

The King held up his wasted hand, and with haggard eyes looked into his son's face. The Prince answered:

"But, father—!"

"No 'buts' for me," screamed the King, "I cannot answer God, when He asks me have I made restitution with 'buts!' Lift me from my bed—take me to the balcony! I am King yet, panderers, minions, parasites, false friends and foul friends: take me to the balcony, that I may scream my repentance before I die and perish in my sins, with the most awful curse upon me that has ever tortured the persecutors."

Humbert was terrified into replying.

"Father," he said, with pallid face, "I promise." The King laid himself back as if exhausted. At this moment one of the officers came forward and whispered, "The Pope's envoy, your majesty!"

"Show him here. Leave us," said the King.

Now this was Victor Emmanuel's will, but in two days after, Prince Humbert said in public that his father, "the King had died professing all the sentiments of his previous life."

The public may rest assured that when the King obtained absolution, he repeated, not in the same words, perhaps, but in the same spirit, this verbal will, which we have set down as his statement to Prince Humbert. He was frightfully terrified at the approach of death, and he knew that it would be a farce, a mockery of God, upon his part, to ask absolution, or to request the rites of the Church, without the spirit which we have delineated, and that absolution would have been refused to him, and no priest would offer Mass for his soul after death unless this condition of restitution and the full purpose of it, were fulfilled.

We have all this on the very highest authority, and publish it now to show how Victor Emmanuel died—when he died repentant.—*Catholic Advocate.*

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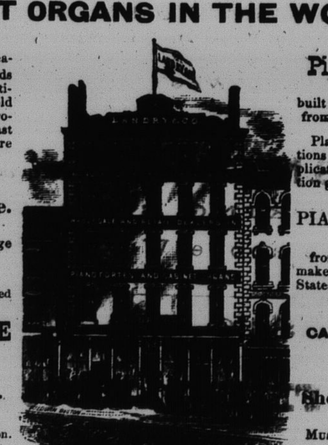

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mar16 J. MARCH, Secretary.

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Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor, Maine

Spring Goods.

I HAVE ON HAND:

200 PAIRS MEN'S FINE CONGRESS BOOTS, hand sewed and pegged.
150 pairs Gent's Hand Sewed and Pegged Shoes;
150 " in Alexis, French Tie and Oxford do.;
150 " Gaiters, hand sewed and pegged;
100 " Balmorals, "
300 " Men's Working Brogans at $1.00 per pair;
300 " Youths and Boys Brogans at 80 cts. per pair;

Also a large assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Walking Shoes, in French Tie and Button. The latest style of Ladies' Box-toed Button Boots, French Kid and Glove Calf, all of which are manufactured on the premises, and will be sold low for Cash previous to removal to new stand in the City.

MRS. JEREMIAH DON ON,

McKIEVAR'S BUILDING,

Main Street, - - Portland, N. B.

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FROM the first of May next, a shop in the subscriber's building, Germain street, at present occupied by Jardine & Co.

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STOVES,

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