CHRONICLES

BY ANTHONY HOPE. Author of "A Prisoner of Zenda," Etc.

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CHAPTER VII.-CONCLUDED. COUNT ANTONIO AND THE LADY OF

RILANO. the day worn to evening, and long had the day seemed to Antonio, who sat thus alone, for Luigi and the two youths had gone to set snares in the wood behind the cave with the sale with the cave with had gone to set enares in the wood behind the cave-or such was the pretext Luigi made; and Antonio had let them go, charging them to keep in earshot. And as the hours passed Antonio, seeking to entertain the lady and find amusement for her through the hours, began to recount to her all that he had done, how he had seized the sacred bones, the manner of his dealing with the abbot of St. Prislan, and much else. But of the killing of Duke Paul he would not speak; nor did he speak of his love for Lucia till Venusta pressed him, making parade of great sympathy for him. But when he had set his tongue to the task he grew elequent, his eyes gleamed and his cheek flushed, and he spoke in the low, reverent voice that a true lover uses when speaks of his mistress, as though his wonted accents were too common and mean for her name. And Venusta sat listening, casting now and again a look at him out of her deep eyes and finding his eyes never on hers, but filled with the fancied vision of Lucia. And at last, growing impatient with

"Is this girl, then, different from all others, that you speak of her as though she were a goddess?"
"I would not have spoken of her but that
you pressed me," laughed Antonio. "Yet in
my eyes she is a goddess—as every maid
should be to her lover."

him, she broke out petulantly:

Venusia caught a twig from the ground and broke it sharply across. "Boys' talk!" said she, and flung the

broken twig away. Antonio laughed gently and leaned back, resting on the rock.
"Maybe," said he. "Yet is there none

who talks boys' talk to you?"
"I love men," said she, "not boys. And
If I were a man I think I would love a
woman, not a goddess." "It is heaven's chance, I doubt not," said Antonio, laughing again. "Had you and I chanced to love, we should not have quarreled with the boy's talk nor at the name of goddess.

of goddess.

She flushed suddenly and bit her lip, but she answered in raillery:

"Indeed, had it been so, a marvel of a lover I should have been! For you have not seen you mistress for three years, and yet you are faithful to her. Are you not, my lord?"

Small credit not to wander where you love to rest," said Antonio.
"And yet youth goes in waiting, and delights missed come not again," said she, leaning toward him with a light in her eyes, and scanning his fair hair and bronzed cheek, his broad shoulders and the shiny hands that

"It may well be that they will not come to me," he said. "For the duke has a halter ready for my throat if by force or guile he She started at these words, searching his face, but he was calm and innocent of any hidden meaning. She forced a laugh as she said, twisting a curl of her hair round her

finger:
"The more reason to waste no time, my Lord Antonio.

Antonio shook his head and said, lightly:
"But I think he cannot take me by force and I know of no man in all the duchy who would betray me to a shameful death." "And of no woman?" she asked, glancing at him from under dropping lashes.
"No, for I have wronged none; and women

are not cruel." 'Yet there may be some, my lord, who call you cruel, and therefore would be cruel vengeance. A lover faithful as you can have but one friend among women."
"I know of none such," he laughed. "And surely the vengeance would be too great for the offense, if there were such.' "Nay, I know not that," said Venusta,

"I would trust myself to any woman, even though the duke offered her great rewards— aye, as readily as I put faith in Lucia herself or in you.'

"You couple me with her?" "In that matter, most readily," said An "But in nothing else?" she asked, flushing again in anger, for still his eyes were dis-

tant and he turned them never on her 'You must pardon me," he said, "my eye are blinded. For a moment she sat silent, then she said

In a low volce: 'But blind eyes have learned to see before

now, my lord. Then Antonio turned his eyes on her; an now she could not meet them, but turned her face away. For her soul was in tumult and she knew not now whether she loved or hated him, nor whether she would save or still betray him. And the trust he had in her gnawed her guilty heart. So that a sudden passion seized her and she caught Antonio by the arm, crying:
"But if a woman held your life in he

hand and asked your love as its price, An "It could not be," said he, wondering

"Nay, but it might. And if it were? And Antonio, marvelling more and more at her vehemence, answered: "Love is dear and honor is dear, but we

of Haute Velluto hold life of no great price." Yet it is a fearful and shameful thing to hang from the city wall."

"There are worse things," said he. "But indeed, I want not to do it," and he laughed Venusta sprang to her feet and paced th

space between the cave and the river bank Be with restless steps. Once she flung her hands above her head and clasped them; then, holding them clasped in front of she stood by Antonio and bent over him till her hair, falling forward as she stooped brushed his forehead and mingled with his fair locks, and she breathed softly his name,
"Antonio, Antonio!" And he looked up with
a great start, stretching up his hand as
though to check her, but he said nothing. And she, suddenly sobbing, fell on her kneed him, yet as suddenly she ceased to sob and a smile came on her lips and she leaned toward him, saying again, "Antonio!"

"I pray you, I pray you," said he, seeking to stay her courteously. Then, careless of her secret, she flashed

"Ah, you scorn me, my lord. You car nothing for me. I am dirt to you. Yet I hold your life in my hand!" And then in an instant she grew again softened, bereech-ing: "Am I so hideous, dear lord, that death is better than my love? For if you

will love me I will save you."
"I know not that my life is in you hands," said he, glad to catch at that and leave the rest of what Venusta said.

"Is there any path that leads higher up into the mountains?" she asked.
"Yes, there is one," said he, "but if need come now I could not climb it with this wounded foot of mine."

'Luigi and the young men could carry Yes, but what need? Tommasino and the band will return soon."
But she caught him by the hand, crying

"Rise, rise, call the men and let them carry you. Come, there is no time for lingering. is more painful than death to me," said he, looking away from her and being himself in

creat confusion.
"Come, come," she cried. "Call them! Perhaps some day- Call them, Autonio, as she spoke, before Antonio call, there came a great cry from the wood behind the cave—the cry of a man in some great strait. Antonio's hand flew to his sword, and he rose to his feet and stood leaning on his sword. Then he cried aloug to Luigi. And in a moment Luigi and one of the youths came running, and Luigi, cast-ing one glance at Venusta, said, breathlessly: "My lord, Jacopo's foot slipped, and the

poor fellow has fallen down a precipice thirty feet high on to the rocks below, and we fear that he is sore hurt."

Venusta sprang a step forward, for she suspected (what the truth was) that Luigh

lord," said Luigi, with a cunning show of

"I am in no present danger, and the youth may be dying. Go speedily," said Antonio. Luigi turned and with another youth (Tommasino told Niccolo his name, but Niccolo had forgotten it) rushed off, and Niccolo had forgotten it) rushed off, and even as he went Venusta cried: "It's a lie. You yourself brought it about!" But Luigi did not hear her, and Antonio, left again alone, asked her: "What mean you?"
"Nay, I mean naught," said she, affrighted, and when fixed by his inquiring eyes not daring to confess her treachery.

"I trust the lad is not killed," said Antonio.
"I care not for a thousand lads. Think of yourself, my lord." And, planning to rouse Antonio without betraying herself, she said: "I distrust this man Luigi. Is he faithful?

"I distrust this man Luigi. Is he faithful? The duke can offer great rewards."
"He has served me well. I have no reason to mistrust him," said Antonio.
"Ah, you trust every one!" she cried in passion and in scorn of his simplicity. "You trust Luigi! You trust me!"
"Why not?" said he. "But indeed, now I have no choice. For they cannot carry both largers and me in the path."

Jacopo and me up the path."
"Jacopo! You would stay for Jacopo?" she

flashed out flercely.

"If nothing else, yet my oath would bind me not to leave him while he lives. For we of the band are all bound to one another as brithren by an eath, and it would look ill if I for whom they all have given much, were the first to break the cath. So, here I am and here I must stay," and Antonio ended smiling, and his foot hurting him while he stood, sat down again and rested against the

It was now late, and evening fell, and Venusta knew that the duke's men should soon be upon them. And she sat down near Antonio and buried her face in her hands, and she cried, for Antonio had so won upon her by his honor and his gentleness, and most of all by his loyal clinging to the poor boy Jacopo, that she could not think of her treachery without loathing and horror. Yet she dare not tell him—that now seemed worse to her than death. And while they sat thus Luigi came and told Antonio that the youth was sore hurt and that they could not lift him.

"Then stay by him," said Antonio. "I need nothing!

And Luigi bowed and turning went back to the other youth and bade him stay by Jacopo, while he went by Antonio's orders to seek for some one to aid in carrying him. "I may chance," said he, "to find some shep-herds." So he went, but not to seek shep-herds, but to seek the duke's men and te'l them that they might safely come upon Antonio, for he had now none to guard him. Then Aptonio said to Venusta:

"Why do you sit and weep?"

For he thought that she wept because he had scorned the love in which her words declared her to hold him, and he was sorry. But she made no answer. And he went on: "I pray you do not weep. For do not think I am blind to your beauty or to the sweet kindness which you have bestowed upon me. And in all things that I may I will truly and faithfully serve you to my

Then she raised her head and she said: "That will not be long, Antonio." "I know not, but for so long as it may

be," said he.
"It will not be long," she said again, and burst into quick, passionate sobs, that shook her and left her at last breathless And he looked at her for a while and

"There is something that you do not tell Yet if it be anything that causes you pain or shame, you may tell me as readily as you would any man. For I am not a hard man and I have many things on my conscience that forbid me to judge harshly of another.

raised her head and she lifted her hand into the air. The stillness of evening had fallen and a light wind blew up from the plain. There was no sound save from the flowing of the river and the gentle rustle of the trees.

"Hark!" said she. "Hark! Hark!" and with every repetition of the word her voice se till it ended in a cry of terror. Antonio set his hand to his ear and lisned intently.

"It is the sound of men's feet on the rocky path," said he, smiling, "Tommasino re-turns, and I doubt not that he brings you: jewels with him. Will you not give him a smiling welcome? Aye, and to me, too, your smiles would be welcome. Your weeping pierces my heart, and the dimness of your eyes is like a cloud across the sun." Venusta's sobs ceased, and she looked at

Antonio with a face calm, white, and set.
"It is not the Lord Tommasino," she said. The men you hear are the duke's men," and then and there she told him the whole. Yet she spoke as though neither he nor any other were there, and as though she rehearsed for her own ear some lesson that she had learned, so lifeless and monotonous was her voice as it so lifeless and monotonous was her voice as it related the shameful thing. And at last she ended, saying: "Thus, in an hour you will be dead, or captured and held—for a worse death. It is I who have done it." And she bent her head again to meet her hands; yet she did not cover her face, but rested her chin on her hands, and her eyes were fixed mmovably on Count Antonio.

For the space of a minute or two he ilent. Then he said: "I fear, then, that Tommasino and the rest have had a fight against great odds. But they are stout fellows-Tommasino and old Bena and the rest. I hope it is well with

Then, after a pause, he went on: "Yes, the sound of the steps the sound of the steps comes They will be here before long now. earer. had not thought it of Luigi. I trust they will not find the two ogue!

Venusta sat silent, waiting for him to re proach her. He read her thoughts on her ace, and he smiled at her and said to

"Go and meet them; or go, if you will away up the path. For you should not be here when the end comes." Then she flung herself at his feet, asking forgiveness, but finding no words for her

"Aye, aye," said he gently. "But you must ask it in prayers and good deeds.' And he dragged himself to the cave and set himself with his back against the rock and his face toward the path along which the duke's men must come. And he called again Venusta, saying: "I pray you, do not

stay here."
But she heeded him not, but sat again n the ground, her chin resting on her hands and her eyes on his.

"Hark, they are near now," said he, he looked around at sky and trees and at the rippling swift river, and at the long dark shadows of the hills; and he listened to the faint sounds of the birds and living creatures in the wood. And a great lust of life came over him, and for a moment his lip quivered and his head fell; he was very loath to die. Yet soon he smiled again and raised his head, and so leaned easily against the rock.

Now the Lord Lorenzo and his twenty men

conceiving that the lieutenant of the guard could without difficulty hold Tommasino, had come along leisurely, desiring to be in good order and not weary when they met Antonio, for they feared him. And thus t was ev ning when they came near the cave and halted a moment to make their plans, and here Luigi met them and told them how Antonio was met them and told the Antonio was alone and unguarded. But Lorenzo desired, if it were possible, to take Antonio alive and carry him alive to the duke, knowing that thus he would win his highness greatest, thanks. And while they talked how this might best be effected, they in their turn heard the sounds being made by Tommasino, Bena, and their party, who had ridden as fast as the weariness of their horses let them. But because they had ridden fast their But because they had ridden fast their

horses were foundered and they had dis-mounted and were now coming on foot; and Lorenzo heard them coming, just as he also had decided to go forward on foot, and had caused the horses to be led into the wood and ethered there. And he asked:
"Who are these?"
Then one of his men, a skilled woodsman

and hunter, listening, answered: "They are short of a dozen, my lord. They must be come with tidings from the lieutenant of the guard. For they would be more if the lieu-tenant came himself, or if by chance Tom-masino's band had cluded him."
"Come," said Lorenzo. "The capture of

the count must be ours, not theirs. Let us go forward without delay." Thus Lorenzo and his men pushed on, and but the half of a mile behind came Tom-masino and his, and again three or four miles behind them came the licutenant and his, and all these companies were pressing on toward the cave where Antonio and Ven usta were. But Tommasino's men marched the quicker, and they gained on Lorenzo, while the licutenant did not gain on them, yet by reason of the unceasing windings of the way, as it twisted up around rocks and skimmed precipices, they did not come in sight of Lorenzo, nor did he see them, indeed, he thought now of nothing but of com-ing first on Antonio and of securing the glory of taking him before the lieutenant came up. And Tommasino, drawing near the cave, gave his men orders to walk very silently, for he hoped to surprise Lorenzo unawares. Thus, as the sun sank out of sight, Lorenzo came to the cave and to the open space between it and the river, and beheld Antonio standing with his back against the rock and his drawn sword in his hand, and Venusta crouching on the ground some paces away. When Veunsta Lorenzo she gave a sharp, stifled cry, When Veunsta saw

did not move. Antonio smiled and drew himself to his full height. "Your tricks have served you well, my lord," he said, "Here I am alone and crip-"Then yield yourself up," said Lorenzo

"We are twenty to one."
"I will not yield," said Antonio. "I can die here as well as at Forniola, and a thrust is better than a noose.

Then Lorenzo, being a gentleman of high spirit and courage, waved his men back, and they stood still ten paces off, watching in-tently, as Lorenzo advanced toward Antonio, for though Antonio was lame, yet they looked to see fine fighting. And Lorenzo advanced to see fine fighting. And Lorenzo advanced toward Antonio, and again said: "Yield yourself, my lord."
"I will not yield," said Antonio again. At this instant the woodsman, who was

with Lorenzo, raised his hand to his ear and listened for a moment, but Tommasino came softly and the woodsman was deceived. "It is but leaves," he said, and turned again to watch Lorenzo. And that lord now sprang flercely on Antonio and the swords crossed And as they crossed Venusta crawled on her knees nearer, and as the swords played nearer still she came, none noticing her till at length she was within three yards of Lorenzo. He was now pressing Antonio hard, for the count was in great pain from his foot, and so often was he compelled to rest his weight on it it came near to failing him, nor could he follow up any advantage he might gain against Lorenzo. Thus passed three or four minutes in the encounter. And the woodsman cried: "Hark! Here comes the Heutenant. Quick, my lord, or you lose half the glory!" Then Lorenzo sprang afresh on Antonio. Yet as he sprang another sprang also, and as that other sprang there rose a shout from Lorenzo's men. Yet they did not rush to aid in the capture of Antonio, but turned them-selves round. For Bena, with Tommasino at his heels, had shot among them like a great stone from a catapult; and this mar Bena was a great fighter. And now he was all aflame with love and fear for Count An-tonio. And he crashed through the ranks and split the head of the woodsman with the heavy sword that he carried, and thus he came to Lorenzo. But there in amazement he stood still. For Antonio and Lorenzo had dropped their points and fought no more. But both stood with their eyes on the slim figure of a girl that lay on the ground between them, and blood was pour-ing from a wound in her breast, and she moaned softly. And, while the rest fought fiercely, these three stood looking on the girl and Lorenzo looked also on his sword, which was dyed three inches up the blade. For was dyed three inches up the blade. For as he thrust most flercely at Antonio, Ve-nusta had sprung at him with the spring of a young tiger, a dagger flashing in her hand. brings, he had turned his blade against her, and the point of it was deep in her breast before he drew it back with horror and a cry of "Christ, I have killed her!'
And she fell full on the ground at the fee

of Count Antonio, who had stood motion ess in astonishment, with his sword in rest Now the stillness and secrecy of Tomnasino's approach had served him well, for ne had come upon Lorenzo's men when had no thought of an enemy, but stood crowded together, shoulder to shoulder, and several of them were slain and more hur before they could use their swords to any purpose, and Tommasino's men had fallen o them with great fury, and had broke through them even as Bena had, and, getting above them, were now, step by step, driving them down the path, and formed a rampart between them and the three who stood by the dying lady. And when Bena perceived this advantage, wasting little thought on Venusta (he was a hard man this Bena), he cried to Antonio: "Leave him to me, my ord. We have him sure!" and in an instant ie would have sprung at Lorenzo, who, findng himself between two enemies, knew that his state was perilous, but was yet minded to defend himself. But Antonio suddenly cried in a loud voice, "Stay!" and, arrested by his voice, all stood still-Lorenzo where he was, Tommasino and his men at the top of the path and his guards just below them

And Antonio, leaning on his sword, stepped a pace forward and said to Lorenzo: "My lord, the dice have fallen against you. But I would not fight over this lady's body The truth of all she did I know, yet she has at the last died that I might live. See, my men are between you and your men." "It is the hazard of war," said Lorenzo.

"Aye," said Bena. "He had killed you, my Lord Antonio, had we not come." But Antonio pointed to the body of Venusta. And she, at the instant, moaned again and turned on her back and gasped and died, yet just before she died her eyes sought Antonio's eyes, and he dropped suddenly on his knees beside her and took her hand and kissed her And they saw that she smiled in dying. Then Lorenzo brushed a hand across his eye

and said to Antonio: "Suffer me to go back with my men, and for a week there shall be a truce between us. "Let it be so," said Antonio. And Bena smiled, for he knew that the lieutenant of the guard must now be near at hand. But this he did not tell Antonio, fearing that Antonio would tell Lorenzo. Then Lorenzo, with uncovered head, passed through the rank of Tommasino's men, and he took up his dead, and with them went down the path, leaving and with them went down the path, leaving Venusta where she lay. And when he had gone two miles he met the lieutenant and his party pressing on. Yet when the two companies had joined they were no more than eventeen whole and sound men, so many of Lorenzo's had Tommasino's party slain or hurt. Therefore Lorenzo in his heart was hurt. Therefore, Lorenzo in his heart was not much grived at the truce, for it had been hard with seventeen to force the path to the cave against ten, all unburt and sound. And having sorely childen the lieutenant of the guard he rode back, and rested that night in Venusta's house at Rilano, and the next day rode on to Forniola and told Duke Valentine how the expedition had sped. Then said Duke

Valentine:
"Force I have tried, and guile I have tried and yet this man is delivered from my hand. Fortune fights for him," and in chagrin and displeasure he went into his cabinet and spoke to no man and showed himself nowhere in the city for the space of three days. But the play, rejoiced that Antonio was safe, and the more because the duke had laid so cunning and treacherous a snare for him. Now Antonio, Tommasino and the rest,

when they were left alone, stood around the corpse of Venusta, and Antonio told them briefly all the story of her treachery as she herself had told it to him. And when he was finished Bena cried:

"She has deserved her death."
But Tommasino stooped down and compose er limbs and her raiment gently with his and, and when he rose up his eyes were dim, and he said: "Yes, but at the last she gave her life for Antonio. And though she deserved death, it grieves me that she has gone to her

account thus, without confession, pardon or the rites of holy church." Then Antonio said: Behold, her death is her confession the same should be her pardon. And for the rites." bent over her and he dipped the tip of

his finger in the lady's blood that had flowed

from the wounded breast, and, lightly with

MOTHER'S PICTURE.



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his finger tip, he signed the cross in her own blood on her brow. "That," said he, "shall be her unction, and I think, Tommasino, it

Thus the Lady Venusta died, and they carried her body down to Rilano and buried it there, And in after days a tomb was raised over her, which may still be seen. But Count Antonio, being rejoined by such of his company as had escaped by flight rom the pursuit of the duke's troops, abode still in the hills, and albeit that his force was less, yet by the dread of his name and of the deeds that he had done, he still defied the power of the duke, and was not

And whether or not the poor youth whom Liugi pushed over the precipice lived or died, Niccolo knew not, But Luigi, having entered the service of the duke, play false to him also, and being convicted sure evidence by taking to himself certain moneys that the duke had charged him to distribute to the poor, was hanged in the great square, two years to the very day after Venusta died-whereat let him grieve who will-I grieve not.
(To be Continued.)

CONNUBIALITIES.

"Are you sure the girl to whom you are engaged will be able to make you happy?" "Positive," the young man replied. "Has she common sense?" "She has more than She has the uncommon dollar.' It's easy enough to manage a husband. All

and yield to him, and sacrifice herself for him in every way. Lillian Nordica is to marry a man of the name of Kasehoski. How would Mme, Kas-choski look on an operatic bill? What choski look on an operatic bill? What thoughts of perennial catarrh would perplex

that a woman needs to do is to humor

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weckerle of Eliza-bethport, N. J., celebrated their golden wed-ding last Sunday by driving to church in a handsomely decorated coach, drawn by four horses, and after receiving communion, receiving from the pastor the same nuptial blessing that was bestowed upon them fifty years ago.

A New York drummer engaged himself to a Boston young woman on a twenty minutes' acquaintance recently, and was married to her within a day. The haste of the young woman to land her catch is probably accounted for by the scarcity of men in comparison with the number of women in Bos

have as her wedding portion a bureau, a writing desk, a work box, two lacquer trays, with dishes and chop sticks and two sets of

bed furnishings. Her trousseau should contain dresses for all seasons and very many handsome silk sashes, for styles never change, except the wife changes from Japan-

ese to European costume.

A novel "Cherokee Strip" romance was ended by the marriage the other day of Albert Jones and Miss Clara L. George at Arkansas City, Kan. Both Mr. Jones and Miss George claimed the same piece of land and were prepared to fight for it until dooms-day, when Jones fell ill. Miss George, womanlike, went over to his cabin to look him up and stayed to nurse him back to health. By this time they had decided to divide the claim between them, but it was not long before they solved the problem in a better way and resorted to matrimony in-stead of the land office.

St. Jerome mentions a widow who had mar-ried her twenty-third husband, who, in his turn, had been married to twenty wives. A woman named Elizabeth Massi, who died at Florence in 1786, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She espoused the last at the mature age of 60. on her deathbed she recalled the good When on her deathbed she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and, having impartially weighed them in the bal-ance, she singled out her sixth spouse as her favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his. The death of a soldier is recorded in 1874 who had five wives, and his widow, aged 90, wept over the grave of her fourth husband.

Under the French law a girl may not marry until she is over 15 years old, and a man until he is more than 18. If the girl has been betrayed this section of the law is not operative. Men under 25 and women under 21 must have the consent of their fathers and mothers. After that age the consent of the father alone is necessary. The father may withhold his consent for three months. The son or the daughter must ask him three times. If he refuses the third time and both are of legal age they may be married with-out the paternal blessing. When the woman is 25 and the man 30 they are required to ask the father only twice. The asking must be through a notary, who makes an official re-port of the fact. After the man has passed 30 and the woman 25 years the law supposes that they have acquired enough wisdom not to need the sanction of their parents.

RELIGIOUS. Chicago recently dedicated her 128th Methodist church. There are 14,983 pastors and 1,362,760 numbers in all the colored Methodist

The estimated value of educational institutions in the United States owned by the Lutheran church is \$4.889,550. The Congregationalists of Chicago and its ecution, February 8.

suburbs claim that their churches have in creased from seventeen to seventy during the last twelve years. Miss Margaretta Churchwall of Brooklyn

a licensed deaconess of the Methodist Epis-copal church, has accepted a call to the South Park Methodist church of Hartford The Rev. Edward Davis of Oakland, Cal.

is said to be an actor-preacher, a word painter, a patron of the waitz, a sponsor for "bean" poker and the most popular preacher in the city. Prof. John A. Zahm, of Notre Dame uni-versity, Ind., who is probably the foremost authority on science in the American Cath-

olic church, has been honored by the pope with the degree of doctor of philosophy. The Rev. Dr. Smith, who was one of the principals in the church controversy at Pater-

son, N. J., about two years ago, and which caused widespread attention at the time, died a few days ago at Havana, whither he had gone for his health. At the recent meeting of the synod of the Catholic diocese of Brooklyn it was reported that the annual income of the churches varies from \$3,000 to \$40,000 a year. A tax for the support of the bishop was fixed so as to yield him about \$11,400 a year; besides this

he receives \$2,000 from the Pro-Cathedral congregation, and enough more from the Catholic cemetery at Flatbush to bring the annual receipts up to about \$25,000.
The only distinctive Russian edifice in the United States was dedicated recently Streator, III., by Bishop Nicholas of Sitka Alaska. The services were impressive, last ing five hours. The church is built entirely of wood which comes from Russia, and is the remains of the Russian vestibule in Manufactures building at the World's fair The congregation there numbers over 200.

A curious fact in the life of the Revoseph Stevenson, the defender of Mar-Joseph Stuart, who died recently in England at th age of 90, was his becoming a novice it Society of Jesus when 72 years old. whole life was spent among the manuscripts of the British museum, which he entered in 1831. He edited a great many manuscripts for the Government's Record series and for private publication societies, like the Rox-

private publication societies, like the Rox-burghe, Maitland and Bannalyne clubs and the Surtees and Historical societies. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, but at nearly 60 was led by the character of his studies to enter the Roman Catholic church, and after the death of his wife became first a priest and later joined the Jesuit order. He was then employed to search the vatican archives for material relating to the history of England. He wrote a number of books in

CHEER UP.

Cleveland Plain Dealer Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why wrinkle the cheek and whiten the half.

With the weight of an unknown sorrow?

Why wander the valley of black despair

With a trouble you only borrow?

Tis better to dance and laugh in the light

On a flowery pathway streaming.

To gladden, with song, the hurrying flight

Of the years, with their somber dreaming.

Why amble along, with a shake of the head
And a sigh, for the joyous greeting,
Or a trickling tear, or a timorous tread,
While the mortals are gaily fleeting?
Put off the shadow! Take up love's task!
Plant a flower beside the river!
Forget, glad soul, fear's hideous mask—
Join the world in a song forever!

IMPIETIES.

Once Mr. Gladstone had been cutting down tree in the presence of a large concourse of people, including a number of "chear trippers," relates a London paper. When the tree had fallen and the prime ministes and some of his family who were with him were moving away there was a rush for the chips. One of the trippers secured a big piece and exclaimed: "Hey, lads, when I dee this shall go in my coffin!" Then cried his wife, a shrewd, motherly old woman, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "Sam, my lad, if thou'd worship God as thou worships Gladstone thou'd stand a better chance of going where the chip wouldn't burn!

A bishop of St. Davids, Eng., confided to an old Welsh clergyman his difficulty in mastering the Welsh double L. The parson replied: "Put the tip of your apostolical tongue in the roof of your episcopal outh, my lord, and then hies like a gander."

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were sitting in whurch at Cannes the other day. They were near the pulpit, but when the sermon began Mr. Gladstone turned to his wife and said, irritably, "I can't hear!" "Never mind, my dear," she replied, in a whisper loud enough to reach the pulpit, "never mind; go to sleep.

It will do you much more good. San Francisco Examiner: Churchman-Do you think it right for that Oakland minister to dance in the pulpit? Deacon—I'm a lectic doubtful, brother, lectle doubtful. But, remember, the more he dances the less he preaches, and we must consider all the mittgating circumstances.

defense of Mary Stuart, and by a strange co-incidence died on the anniversary of her ex-ecution, February 8.

A rew Sundays ago a clergyman in Ire made the following announcement: "Sunday, in this church, the Rev. Mr. will renounce the errors of Box. A few Sundays ago a clergyman in Ireland nade the following announcement: "Next will renounce the errors of Rome for those of Protestantism."