

YVES' PENANCE.

TEN LIVES FOR ONE.

EDITED BY

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

The long evenings had begun; the women knitted or shelled peas. Loise, the bell-ringer, the musician of the village, brought his "binion," and played sad or merry tunes, or told stories of ghosts and "lous-garoux" that made one's hair stand on end. He delighted in giving his audience a fright, and seeing how close the girls kept together when the time came to separate. Brittany is such a place for "eerie" sights and sounds. Think of all the "fairy-rocks," the mysterious "lavediers" of the streams, the "white ladies" in the ruins; then the "death-chariot," which passes noiselessly along, and the "hollah" of the "night-huntsmen!" It is all so delightfully terrifying, and Pere Loise was a great favorite with the young people.

He was the first to see how it was with Yves, and to give him a hint. "Take my word for it," he said, "and give up that idea; the hawk does not mate with the dove, nor the lamb with the wolf." These words set him thinking. "She shall love me," he said, and he set about trying to win her with all his might. Marthe was full of joy at the change in his manners and conduct, and Armelle treated him with affectionate kindness. All was sunshine at the farm.

Lent was over. The Paschal candle was lighted in the church, and the Abbe Kerdec had preached on the three-fold resurrection; that of our Lord, that of our hearts and that of the teeming earth.

Marthe and her husband, Armelle and Aubin, came out of church, full of peace and joy. Aubin gathered some "Alleluia flowers," and offered them to Armelle, saying: "They are not to be gathered in Lent; it would make Our Lady weep; but she smiles on those who pluck them at Easter."

"Thanks, Aubin; I will put them on my mother's grave."

"And may I pray there with you," he asked timidly, "as if I were her son?"

"And my brother."

They knelt, one on each side of Annette's grave, and prayed silently for a few minutes. Then Aubin bent down till his face touched the grass, and said: "Annette, Annette, let me tell you that I love Armelle."

The girl rose from her knees; before her, just behind Aubin, stood the Abbe Kerdec. Then, without a blush, with the grave religious sympathy of the Breton character, she drew from her finger her mother's ring, and gave it to the priest.

"In the name of your mother, Armelle, your humble holy mother, I approve of Aubin as your husband; and as I know the mind of Jean and Marthe Patriarche, I betroth you here to each other, in the sight of God and the holy dead."

The Abbe Kerdec walked home with the affianced pair, telling them the story of Tobias and Sara; he bade them remember that life is a pilgrimage, and that their happiness depended on their love for each other and for God. Then he said that they were very young, and had better not marry till after harvest.

"O, father," said Aubin, "I could wait Jacob's seven years now. I could do anything so that I may have Armelle for my wife at last."

"Very well, my children; I will settle it all with your father. You will do well, I am sure, and it will be a pleasure to me to give you to each other."

There was quite a grand dinner at the farm. Marthe surpassed herself. The mayor was present, with a friend of his, a magistrate from Rennes, a little, sharp, thin man, with a voice like a peacock's. He wanted a vote from Patriarche, and therefore did him the honor of drinking his wine and eating his chickens. Patriarche had no fancy for men of the law. As a rule, country people consider them a bloodthirsty race, from the gendarme to the avocat. The procureur imperial is the worst of the lot. The only legal functionary they consider useful is the garde champetre, who looks after their orchards. The farmer, therefore, was perfectly civil, but very careful to support the dignity of the spade and the plough. Yves was in a state of suppressed fury with the dry little man, who kept looking at Armelle through his eye-glass. She, on her part, saw nothing of what was going on; she kept touching her left hand with her right; it seemed so strange to feel no ring there. Then she thought that Aubin would soon give her another, with their names engraved inside, and a date, which the Abbe Kerdec would bless. She remembered the Alleluia flowers which she had laid on Annette's grave, and that the cure was going to tell the great event of the day to Jean and Marthe. The tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of kneeling for Marthe's blessing.

After dinner, Patriarche went into the

garden with his guests. The Abbe Kerdec said a few words in a low voice to Marthe, who led the way to the family sanctuary, and the lovers went for a stroll in a little green paddock surrounded by a thick hawthorn hedge. They talked of their childish days, of how they had loved each other all their lives, of the happiness which awaited them. Then Marthe and the Abbe joined them, and soon after, Patriarche. "God bless you, my children; we have settled everything—M. l'Abbe and I. We shall have to see our daughter's trousseau, that's all; there will be no house to find for you; the old folks would be lost if you left them."

Meanwhile Yves met Daniel in the road and invited him to accompany him to Macheoul's. He had overheard the conversation of Aubin and Armelle in the meadow, and his resolution was taken.

"I can't come," answered the straw-cutter; "he refuses me credit now."

"Come on, I'll pay," said Yves.

The fact was, Daniel's peccadilloes had multiplied of late; he had taken to poaching, if to no worse. When a hen came in his way, it was seen no more; he borrowed, and forgot to pay; everything short of actual stealing he was capable of; but he had not gone so far as taking money, and he made the strangest compromise with his conscience. The miserable man was very much altered in appearance lately; there was a wild wandering look in his eyes; sometimes he laughed idiotically; at others he would remain for hours without speaking; and then suddenly tell such strange weird stories, that Lolo himself might have been jealous. His hands trembled a good deal; still, he was as good as ever with the scythe and the sickle, but more gloomy, silent, and fierce-looking every day. When he went by, scythe in hand, the children ran away in a fright, and said he looked like the picture of Death.

When he had drunk some wine he brightened up a little. "Capital wine this," he said. "A barrel of it in one's cellar wouldn't be a bad thing in the winter," suggested Yves.

"I believe you."

"Well, Pere Daniel, I will send you a couple."

"And what will there be to pay?"

"Not a farthing."

"Nothing at all?"

"One word, just one, that's all."

"Let us hear it, by all means."

"You have a daughter—"

"And a pretty one, too."

"Well, will you have me for a son-in-law?"

"Patriarche would not allow it."

"Yes he would. Come, Daniel, two hogsheads of wine and three hundred francs on the wedding day. I will thatch and whitewash your cottage, and give you a cow into the bargain."

"That's all very well; but I don't half like giving up Armelle."

"Why, you turned her out of doors?"

"Never mind that; I can take her back whenever I like now, but if she's married I can't."

"I'll pay you so much a year regularly."

"How much?"

"A hundred and fifty francs."

"It must be all properly done, mind; drawn up by the notary; and on the whole I prefer three hundred francs down. Give me a bill for that sum, payable at three months' date and you shall be married at the end of that time."

"Done!" cried the young man.

When Macheoul came in, he gave Yves a knowing wink and said:

"Are things going all right?"

"Capitally; I am to marry his daughter."

"My daughter and my debts."

Yves took the straw-cutter home, and returned to the farm with his head in a wild confusion. Was it not all a dream, what he had heard behind the hedge and his wicked bargain with Daniel?

CHAPTER IV.

ANNETTE'S GRAVE.

Early the next morning, the Abbe Kerdec went to the straw-cutter's house. It was a wretched place. The walls were damp, black and cracked; the thatch hung, green and decaying, on the rotten beams; the door was almost off its hinges. The inside was no better: Ragged clothes lay about the place; in one corner fowls were pecking on a heap of straw; broken plates, cabbage leaves, potato parings, strewed the floor; and it all looked doubly disgusting on that fresh, sweet morning, when everything was so bright and beautiful—when Nature had donned her green robe, gemmed with dew drops, and wreathed her brow with flowers. But darker yet is the contrast between the song of the birds, the rustle of the breeze, the perfume of the flowers, and the blasphemy of the man who ignores or insults the God of whose Uncreated Beauty all this fair world of nature is a faint image.

The good priest walked along slowly and thoughtfully, blessing all the crea-

tures of God. A book was passed through his girdle, but it was the open book of Nature that he was studying, and his eyes were full of love and gratitude. He drew near to the straw-cutter's house; it was like a blot on the fair landscape. Daniel was walking before the door, reflecting on last night's transaction, and never noticed the Abbe Kerdec till he spoke.

"Good morning, my friend. I come from Jean Patriarche, who has commissioned me to ask your consent to Armelle's marriage with his son."

"My consent! Certainly, M. l'Abbe—with all my heart."

"I am glad you see no objection; the marriage will be after harvest."

"O indeed; is it put off till then?"

"It will be a time of leisure then; I want you to give a written consent."

"Are you afraid that I shall go back from my word?"

"No; but I am afraid that you will pay too many visits to Pere Macheoul."

"I see; all right. La Gervaise, bring us paper and ink!"

"I have brought everything with me," said the priest; "let me read you the form, and then you will only have to sign." And he read: "I, Daniel, commonly called 'the straw-cutter,' hereby give my consent to the marriage of my daughter Armelle with Aubin Patriarche, younger son of Jean Patriarche of the farm of Cadiorné."

"You have made a mistake, M. l'Abbe; you have written 'Aubin' instead of 'Yves.'"

"Yves! It is for Aubin that Jean and Marthe ask your daughter."

"Well, then, it's a mess," said the strawcutter, "for only last evening I promised her to Yves."

"It was a rash promise, Daniel. Aubin is a young man of unblemished character, and sincerely attached to Armelle, who returns his affection."

"All that matters nothing to me. Yves suits me best; and a girl must obey her father."

"And do you dare to call yourself by that title?" asked the priest indignantly.

"Did you not drive the child from her home? What have you done for the poor girl who has been brought up by the Patriarches, you only remember that you are father in order to tyrannize over her; the duties of a father you shamelessly forgot! Daniel, beware of braving God's anger!"

(To be continued.)

A VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT.

Copy of Dante's Poems With a Miniature of the Poet.

At a recent meeting of the Bombay Asiatic Society the Secretary laid on the table an illuminated manuscript copy on parchment of the "Divine Comedy." It appears that in the July number of the "Journal of Indian Art," Sir George Birdwood, in the course of an article, mentions that when he was secretary to the Bombay society he found this manuscript in a heap of rubbish under the roof of the Town Hall. He describes it as "an illuminated manuscript of Dante's poems, with a miniature of the poet, all painted within thirty years of his death, and certified by the secretary of the Ambrosian Library at Milan to be one of the noblest manuscripts of Dante extant." In a letter to the secretary, which was read at the meeting, Sir George Birdwood inquired after the volume, and said: "It is worth a lakh of rupees, and I made a regular shrine of it, showing it to all distinguished strangers. Every learned Jesuit that passed through Bombay used to be shown it; and I recollect one of them saying that it was absolutely priceless, and that £10,000 would be given for it at once in Italy."

The secretary of the society says the treasure is in excellent condition. The flyleaf has the following words: "To the Bombay Literary Society, presented by Hon. Mountstuart, Elphinstone, president of the society." The inside of the leather bears an inscription in Italian, of which the following is a translation: "Magnificent copy in parchment of the 'Divina Commedi' of Dante Alighieri, which equals in preservation and in beauty those existing in the leading libraries of Europe, especially that in the Ambrosian Library of Milan, with which it has been compared. The form of the characters shows that its date is near the middle of the fourteenth century—that is, thirty years after the death of Dante, which took place in 1321, at the age of 56. The miniatures at the head of each canto allude to the contents of the canto, and indicate the style of art of the fourteenth century in a way that renders this book highly precious."

To Restore the Works of Michael Angelo.

The Pope has ordered the restoration of Michael Angelo's pictures in the Sistine Chapel. The execution of this task has been intrusted to Seidtz, the famous German painter.

Reports from Rome are to the effect that the Holy Father is enjoying better health than he has for several months.

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The Dark Spot in Our Government.

Without the slightest exaggeration we may assert that, with very few exceptions, the city governments of the United States are the worst in Christendom—the most expensive, the most inefficient and the most corrupt.

Among our greater municipalities we naturally look first at New York and Philadelphia. Both are admirably situated; each stands on rising ground with water on both sides; each is happy in position, in climate, in all the advantages to be desired by a great metropolis. In each what is done by individuals is generally well and sometimes splendidly done, and in each what is done by the corporate authorities in matters the most essential to a proper city government is either wretchedly done or left utterly undone.

Everywhere are wretched wharves, foul docks, inadequate streets and inefficient systems of sewerage, paving and lighting. Pavements which were fairly good at the beginning have been taken up and replaced with utter carelessness, and have been prematurely worn out or ruined. Obstacles of all sorts are allowed; tangled networks of wires frequently exist in such masses overhead as to prevent access to buildings in case of fire and almost to cut off the rays of the sun. Here and there corporations or private persons have been allowed to use the streets in such a manner as to ruin them for the general public. In wet weather many of the most important thoroughfares are covered with reeking mud; in dry weather this mud, reduced to an impalpable dust containing the germs of almost every disease, is blown into the houses and into the nostrils of the citizens. — Andrew D. White in Forum.

Electricity in Mining.

E. F. Browne, speaking of electricity in mining, says that miners were quickly alive to the advantages offered by the telephone. Most mines are, to a certain extent, in difficult positions on precipitous mountains. The telephone enabled the manager to be in close communication with his mine at all hours, both night and day. When difficult ground or heavy flows of water were encountered, arrangements could be made to control the situation at once, without the loss of hours in communicating the necessity. The electric bell and annunciator now tell the story of what is wanted and what is going on below in deep shafts or inclines. The touch of the button tells the top men and engineers if ore waste, tools or men are coming up, and what level they are coming from.

Another signal tells if timber, wedges, tools or the foreman are required below. Formerly, when a bell rope from 500 to 1,000 feet in length was used, it was so heavily counterweighted or held by such a counter spring that it took an able-bodied man with a six foot run to sound the gong above. Wants were only known by tickets attached to the bucket or slip, or after the toilsome climbing of messengers to the surface. Now the tool "nippers" and the "powder monkey" are the only traveling men in the ground below. The remainder of the shift stays at the level until relieved. When the fact that the human voice cannot be heard over 100 feet under ground is considered, the advantages of electric communication for mining purposes become manifest.

ANDREW J. NICKEL.

Cured of a Kidney Disease and Catarrh

by Dr. C. M. Freeman.

108 Franklin St.

A few years ago, when Andrew J. Nickel, of 26 Hanover street, came from Germany to America, he was the very picture of physical manhood. No work, however severe, seemed too hard for him to perform. A change soon came. The most delicate and repeated colds soon developed catarrh in its worst form and affected every organ. He describes his case in the following words: "I began by having headache, pains in the chest. I was continually hawking and raising thick yellowish matter from my throat and lungs. I could not keep anything on my stomach. The smell of food made me sick and I felt like vomiting after every meal. I was in constant pain and misery. I could work only a day or two at a time. Myophanes said I could not live, and no doctors could cure me. My kidneys now became diseased, and then the bladder; the desire to relieve them constant and could not be satisfied. I had lost much flesh and felt hardly able to crawl around. Several doctors tried, but failed to relieve me. Several of my friends had been treated and cured by Dr. Freeman and I decided to try him as a last resort. On October 12th I consulted the doctor at his institute, 108 Franklin street. I knew he had been long established there, and made a specialty of chronic diseases, and had published testimonials from hundreds of grateful patients who gave their exact names and addresses. His price was so very low. I began treatment at once. I began to feel better immediately, and now I am happy to say I am well, and I feel that I owe my life to Dr. Freeman. I live at 26 Hanover street, and would be pleased to have those interested call and see for themselves what the doctor has done for me."

ANDREW J. NICKEL.

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