

YVES' PENANCE.

TEN LIVES FOR ONE.

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

"You must get her father to consent to her marriage with your brother." "But the money!" "Ask your father for it. Now go to the town, and return with your papers signed. I will go to the farm." The young man did not speak or move for a few minutes; then he burst suddenly into an agony of weeping, and sobbed out: "Aubin!" "You shall see him before you go. I promise that you shall." Yves caught the hand of the priest, kissed it passionately, and was gone in a moment. It had been by a wonderful inspiration of God that the Abbe Kerdrec had laid on Yves Patriarche this work of expiation. He felt that the same energy and force of character and passions which had driven him into such terrible guilt and misery might, properly directed, make him by God's grace a Christian hero. It was a stroke of genius; nay, shall we not rather say a supernatural illumination? It was one of those sublime ideas which so often originate with the humblest priests. The world passes such a one by, with a careless or supercilious glance at the worn face, the feeble hands, the frayed cassock; but God and all great souls know what is in him. "The Abbe Kerdrec did justice to the grand old Breton farmer in feeling sure that the money question would be no difficulty. He said simply: "We must not expect any softening on the part of the straw-cutter yet. We must wait God's time. There was a marriage in contemplation to which his consent had been gained by a promise of four thousand francs. Will you buy Aubin's happiness at that price?" And Patriarche said to Marthe: "You have the key, wife; give the money to M. le Cure." So the matter was settled. Next morning the straw-cutter and his daughter were on their way to the farm. He had dressed himself with unusual care, and tried to assume an air of careless bonhomie, which but ill-disguised the shame which he really felt. He talked and jested with Armelle in a forced, unnatural way; but she, dear child, answered with the utmost sweetness. There was almost as much sadness as joy in her heart, but no bitterness; when God was smoothing the way before her, was it for her to remember the stones and brambles which once were there? At the farm everything was strangely quiet. The servants went about their work silently; Louison had taken off shoes for fear of disturbing her young master. Marthe never left his side; when the fever was highest, her touch soothed him; her whispered blessing, her loving kisses, always brought a smile to his pale lips. The sound of the door opening gently, made her look round. Armelle entered between the priest and her father. "Peace be to this house!" said the cure. Marthe folded Armelle in a silent embrace; Aubin opened his eyes, and said to Daniel: "You will not take her away again?" "No." "And you will give her to me?" "Yes." "God is very good! Thank you, Daniel. My God, I thank Thee!" "And now," said the straw-cutter, "nobody wants me here; so I am off. You will let me know when the time comes for signing," and he left the room abruptly. Nightfall Yves returned. Jean Patriarche begged the Abbe Kerdrec to stay. There was something wonderful in this departure. It was such a terrible secret seemed like a secret in, laid some stood before his farmer looked returned with Yves' First a day," and then died the at last came. Jean's great say a not to ng on sick, asked od his olently. "I said, "go to be forgiven by your brother."

When he came into the sick chamber, Aubin held out his hand. "You are going away?" "I am a soldier." "God bring you back safe! We will pray for you!" Yves felt crushed; he was sinking on his knees at the foot of the bed; but Aubin held out his arms, and clasped him in a long embrace. Then, turning to Armelle, he said: "Good-bye, sister." His preparations were soon made; he tied a few things in a handkerchief; refused with a gesture, a small bag of money which his father offered him; and with one long last look at his mother, he left his home. The last scene of the family tragedy was now over. Very slowly but steadily Aubin recovered his strength. The straw-cutter hung about the farm from time to time, to learn how he was going on. It was a regular day for rejoicing in the village when Aubin appeared for the first time in church. Pere Lolic had undertaken to keep Annette's grave in order; the cure had given him some flower-seeds, and it looked like a little garden. The Calvary had not been forgotten; the Patriarche family had laid fresh bouquets on the steps. At last the wedding-day came. Never was there a happier bridegroom nor a sweeter bride. Daniel refused to be present at the ceremony; but he lingered in the churchyard, and when his daughter came out on her husband's arm, he started as if he had seen Annette; and then turning away with a gesture of despair, he went to drown memory and remorse in wine.

CHAPTER VI. LA TRAPPE.

Yves went straight to Rennes. Six months later, his good conduct obtained for him the permission he applied for to join the army in Italy. He distinguished himself greatly; he was something more than a gallant soldier, he was a hero. He was a model of good conduct too; and in action, wherever there was most danger, there was Yves. But there was this to be noticed about him; his most daring feats had always a touch of generosity about them. He defended rather than attacked. His one object was to save the wounded, to shelter the fallen from insult, to maintain the honor of the French flag. On one occasion a French officer, whose courage bordered on rashness, was surrounded by Austrian soldiers. Yves dashed in, carried him off through a shower of bullets, and got him safe to the ambulance; there he fell with the wounded officer—a bullet had broken his shoulder-blade. After this he was promoted. The first time he was allowed to use his hand, he wrote the word "one" on a sheet of paper, and sent it to the Abbe Kerdrec. Another time he saved two children from drowning at the risk of his life. He shunned all notice after these actions, as though they were crimes; and his superior officers used to say "Yves Patriarche is a regular hero, but there never was such a bear of a fellow after all, there's nothing like a Breton with a few regiments of such men we should conquer half the world." At the end of the campaign Yves was sous-officier. He refused his discharge; danger was his passion, and he volunteered for the Chinese expedition. There too his bravery was the theme of many tongues, and his name was more than once mentioned in the despatches. He had particular y requested the Abbe Kerdrec not to write to him; he was resolved to bear his punishment to the full; the bitter cup should be sweetened by no hand but God's. The chaplain of the regiment had formed a strong attachment to the brusque reserved soldier, whose silent ways he had watched; he was interested in the man who fought like a lion, made no intimacies, and whose only passion appeared to be that of helping and saving others. French, English, Chinese—it was all the same to Yves; one life was as good as another, and there were seven owing still. On the field, in the trenches, any where and everywhere, he fought hand to hand with Death to rob him of his victims. He bore a charmed life; often he escaped all hurt as by a miracle; at others his injuries healed with an ease and rapidity which astonished the surgeon, who would write him a prescription or dress his wound with a smile and a shrug, intended to convey that the man was sure to get round, and no thanks to him. Alas, poor Yves! No wonder that his self-devotion was so absolute; it was his only relief from the anguish of memory. When the time of action was over, the ghosts of the miserable past filled his tent. The pale face of Aubin on the road in the moonlight rose before him the voices of the betrothed lovers again struck his ear as on the day when he heard them behind the Hawthorn hedges—the day on the evening of which he had destroyed their happiness. Once more the scene changed; this time it was the wretched hovel of the straw-cutter and he saw Armelle dressed in mean and ragged clothes, with her besotted father and the degraded women he had put in

her mother's place, yet unassailed by the unfit companionship, as a lily blooming on a dunghill loses nothing of its fragrance and its purity. Oaths, bad language, ill-usage—nothing could really harm her. Her duty remained, and she bent meekly beneath that glorious yoke as only the virtuous and holy do. But the misery she had endured was his doing; he it was who had driven her from the happy home where she was beloved and honored, to be the insulted victim of La Gervaise. It was too much. Had not the Abbe Kerdrec deceived him when he assured him of forgiveness in the name of God? Were not his crimes past all pardon? And as the gibbet-like tree rose before his imagination, he seemed to himself like Judas, when rushing in his hopeless remorse from the assembly of the priests, he came upon the executioner fashioning the cross. And all this misery was aggravated by the respect of his superior officers, by the affection of the chaplain. "What am I," he cried in the bitterness of his soul, "but an assassin and a thief? If they knew the truth, they would scorn and hate me—they would shun me as one stricken with the plague—they would point at me as a monster of wickedness. The General would tear the cross from my button-hole. Praise, respect, affection—it is all stolen. I will wear this hideous mask of hypocrisy no longer. One day the chaplain, the Abbe Florent, found him sitting alone in the tent. He had a book in his hand, but he was not reading; his lips moved as though he were repeating something he had learned by heart. "My friend," said the priest gently. "I do not deserve to have a friend," answered Yves. "Yet you greatly need one." "I do, and I do not." "Explain yourself, Yves." "A friend—a real friend—should be our second self." "Quite true." "And we should have no secrets from him." "Not when it is possible." "It must be possible," said the soldier gloomily. "Not always, Yves. When the wound is scarred—" "And if it is a shameful one?" "No matter, if God has healed it." (To be continued.)

CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.

Table with 4 columns: Location, Clergy, Churches, Chapels and Stations in Great Britain. Rows include England and Wales, Scotland, and Great Britain totals.

Answered by a Protestant Journal. The following was printed in the Protestant journal, "Herald and Presbyter." Our Roman Catholic exchanges are discussing the question: "Can a priest convey absolution by telephone?" More momentous, however, is the question: "Can he convey it at all?" We do not believe that he can. "Who can forgive sin but God only?" It is with considerable pleasure that we find the silly paragraph nicely answered by another Protestant journal, the "Christian Union." The "Herald and Presbyter" has not yet learned the lesson Christ attempted to teach those who first denied that a man can forgive sins. Christ said the Son of man can forgive sins, and afterward He sent His disciples out with the assurance "that whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted." And still Christian ministers quote, as though it were conclusive, the words of the carping Jew, denying that man can forgive sins.

Catholics in Asia and Africa. In China proper a year ago there were 553,000 Catholics, and in Corea and Japan 51,000. But the greatest number of Catholics in Asia is found in the region of Indo-China and the Eastern Archipelago. In this region, which includes Siam, Tonkin and the Philippines, there are nearly 6,500,000 Catholics. Africa, only lately opened to missionary efforts, has three quarters of a million Catholics.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

An Interesting Description of a Visit to His Eminence.

His Residence Without Architectural Adornment and the Interior Plainly Furnished—One's First Impression of the Cardinal Apt to Be Disappointing. One's first impressions of Cardinal Gibbons are apt to prove disappointing. He is undersized, thin featured and pale of face; the fringe of hair that peeps from beneath the red skull cap is iron gray as to color and thin in quantity. He is dressed, when he receives a visitor, as he is always dressed, in a suit of sombre black. The only visible tokens of his priestly rank are a cravat of crimson velvet and the cap of kindred tint. All in all the man from a physical point of view in small, fragile and wonderfully unlike the Cardinal of your imagination. But as he intones the conventional words of greeting with such kindly emphasis, your disappointment fades as the night shades fade before the light of dawn. The Cardinal is a clever conversationalist. He can talk, and talk brightly, on almost any topic. The Cardinal's house stands back to back with the cathedral, and fronts on North Charles street, the fashionable thoroughfare of the city. It is a square-shaped, three-story structure of marble, innocent of any attempt at architectural adornment. A low wall of brick, surrounded by an iron fence, guards the house and the narrow strip of grass land that surrounds it. Four and twenty marble steps lead from the pavement to the door, and a few half-grown elm trees shade the inclosure. To gain an audience with the Cardinal is not a difficult task, says a writer in the Washington "Post." You climb the steps and ring the bell, the plated handle of which is tarnished from over-use. A fresh-faced maid from Kerry answers the summons, and, with a delicious brogue, asks your business. In her hands is a silver tray, and on it you lay your card. When this is done she bids you enter. You find yourself in a broad and gloomily lighted hall. At the further end is a staircase leading to the upper floors; on either side near the entrance is a door. Both stand ajar, and through the crevices you gain a glimpse of goodly-sized and meagerly-furnished rooms. The open floor of the hall is innocent of carpet or rugs. As the maid ascends the stair, and with her your card, you take a look about you and a mental inventory of your surroundings. Two straight-backed oak chairs—suggestive of discomfort—and an antiquated table comprise the furniture. Hung from the walls, in frames of tarnished gilt, are two paintings in oil. The one on the right reveals the face of the Virgin Mary, evidently very old, for the colors are sadly faded. Opposite the familiar features of Pope Leo look down upon you. In the dim, religious light that steals through the narrow transoms above the door the pictures look gray and positively ghost-like. Presently the patter of slipped feet sounds on the stair, and a moment later a slender little man in black is standing before you. He takes you by the hand, and in slow and measured tones tells you how pleased he is at meeting you. Then he guides you out of the shadow of the passage into the sunlit room at the right, which is called the office, and affords an opportunity for closer inspection. A letter from the Cardinal Archbishop to a Group of Young French Catholics. A group of young Catholics of the South of France have recently founded a new Review under the title of "Le XXIeme Siecle," the aim of which is to further the doctrines of Christian Socialism. The last number publishes a letter to the editor from the Cardinal Archbishop, of which the following is a translation: "Dear Sir—I have to thank you for the latest number of "Le XXIeme Siecle," and for your energy in ever-leaping the end of this century. We have been up to now hampered by an excessive individualism, and the next century will show that mankind is greater and more noble than any individual thing. This doctrine which has its foundation upon nature's law and Christianity, is taxed with being Socialistic by thoughtless and rash people, as well as by capitalists and the wealthy. But the future will see the light of reason shed upon the social state of the laboring world. We shall then ascertain what laws are fundamental in a Christian country. It is, therefore, a well-advised endeavor on your part to bring together young and vigorous minds around a center for the study and the spreading of those vital truths. Politicians and political economists of the modern school have had their day. The twentieth century will be the day of the people, and a well-ordered, prosperous, Christian commonwealth."

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