

YVES' PENANCE.

THEY LIVE FOR ONE.

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER VI. (CONCLUDED.)

"Friend!" Yves burst out passionately. "I have none; I never shall have any more. I am alone. My comrades, like me, they are good fellows; but do I make friends with them? Is there any confidence between us? At the cannon, by the bivouac fire, I keep aloof. Alone—always alone. You will say that is my fault, my choice. Yes, father, because it must be so. I have one thing to do—a task which is laid upon me—and I devote myself to it. But that is not enough for me. There are many sorts of expiation; I must go through them all."

"My poor fellow!" exclaimed the priest gently. Yves then told his own history to the priest, and then, looking into his face, exclaimed: "I begin to think my burden is too heavy for me. Death—death—that is all I long for."

The Abbe Florent clasped him in his arms. "My friend, my brother!" he cried.

"Your friend—your brother—after what I have told you?"

"Yes," continued the chaplain, "you must let me read your inmost soul now. I can heal all its wounds."

He took his head. "You think that is impossible?"

"I am sure it is."

"Tell me, Yves, what do you want? What is in your mind?"

"It is not the present, that I am thinking of."

"And what do you wish to do in the future?"

"To lead a life of silence, solitude, and prayer. To live with good and holy men, who would know my history, and yet let me be with them. To be the lowest of all, the servant of all, and to feel that God has forgiven me. To drink the chalice of humiliation to the very dregs, and to satisfy the justice, the implacable justice of God."

"A merciful justice, Yves; do not forget that."

"Yesterday," he went on, "I was so happy as to save three little children, whom the Sisters of Charity have received; that makes eight lives saved in eight years. The number will soon be made up, please God, and then what shall I do?"

"First go back to your home."

"Go back! I!"

"For a time. First of all, go to your good cure, and tell him that your penance is accomplished; then go to your father's farm."

"Go there and see them again!—all of them!" murmured the soldier.

"Yes, all. Your parents, to get their forgiveness; Aubin—that good Aubin—to make him happy."

"And Armelle!"

"To see her your brother's happy wife."

"True; that is a part of the penance."

"And then—"

"Yes, then—"

"Then you shall leave Saint Aubin, du Cormier, and go to Morbihan. Go to the Abbey of Thymadeuc, and ask to see the Abbot of La Trappe. Tell him everything; speak to him as openly as you have just spoken to me, and ask to be received as a lay brother. You will be able to make a confession of your whole life before them all, and to realize the longing you have just expressed—that of living with holy men acquainted with your sad history."

"You are saving me!" exclaimed Yves.

"I have shown you a safe harbor, but one which is not without its labors and storms. There will be every kind of penance—everything to subject you to the spirit; absolute silence, wearisome watchings, everything to tear the heart and fix it on Heaven; and human wisdom, will, to break the heart by humbling it, happiness at the end. That will be the penance."

"I accept it."

"A different penance when so terminated, the shape, and Yves Florent, when he had in Corbin, who reached

Renne it was night, but Yves was anxious to get on; and as his friends would not leave him, they continued their march across fields and commons. Suddenly, heavy dark masses swept across the sky, then lurid red ones; the air felt heavy and stifling. "It is a fire," said one of the men. They set off running in the direction of the flames, crossing fields, leaping hedges and ditches. As they approached, they could distinguish the burning buildings, the crackling of the flames, and the fall of masses of wood.

The fire had begun in a barn, and the terrified inmates were surprised in their sleep.

"Come on, my lads!" cried Yves, "it is not worse than a fire of a battery. Follow me, heroes of Pekin and the Tchernaya!"

Just as they dashed into the burning house, people were talking of a helpless old man, who slept in a shed adjoining the pigeon-house, which gave admission to the fire through numerous openings, and of some one who had climbed on the roof to get to the old man, and been seen no more. No one knew who he was, but all said he was a gallant fellow, and that no doubt he would lose his life in his generous attempt.

It was a strange and horrible confusion; the lamentations of the poor people whose property was being destroyed, the wailing of children, the sound of axes, the creaking of the bucket-chain, as water was being drawn from the well, mingling with the shouts of the workmen and the vociferations of the crowd.

Yves had climbed up to the pigeon-house, and gone in. On the threshold, close to the staircase, which the flames had all but reached, lay two bodies—two corpses, doubtless—suffocated by the smoke.

Yves lifted up one—the oldest—seized the other by the hand, and so, laden with this double burden, carrying one, dragging the other, he struggled, panting, up the quivering staircase, blinded by the smoke, enveloped in flames, and feeling as though he were drinking draughts of fire. At the top, he sank down with his burden, faintly murmuring "Ten!"

The three men—none could tell whether they were living or dead—were carried, senseless, burnt and blackened, to a place of safety; women threw water on their faces, and tried to revive them.

The Abbe Kerdrec approached the group. The old man remained insensible; the man who had been the first to hasten to his rescue was slowly recovering.

"Aubin, my son!" cried the priest. The young man tried to rise.

"Armelle! Tell Armelle and the children."

"We have sent for her; and the poor old man is beginning to come to at last."

"O, thank God! My head swam, and I made sure of death. How was it? Who saved me?"

"Our comrade," said the two soldiers, who had joined the party. "It is the way with this fellow, wherever he goes."

The Abbe Kerdrec bent over the sous-officier. He had not at first recognized the blackened disfigured face, but at the words of the soldiers a thought flashed into his mind.

"Can it be possible?" he said; and he put back the tangled hair from his forehead, and looked long and earnestly at him. Then he turned to Aubin, and said in a faltering voice: "My son, do you know who it is that has saved your life? It is Yves—your brother."

Aubin jumped up and threw his arms round the fainting soldier. "Yes, my brother! Yes, he lives; his heart beats. And look, father, the cross of honor! Yves—dear Yves—my own brother! I don't you know us, Aubin and M. le Cure? O, to think of our mother's happiness!"

Yves could not take it all in yet; but he felt himself embraced by strong and loving arms; he heard voices that were music in his ears; and he closed his eyes, wondering if it was all a dream—the danger, the pain, and the gladness.

Presently he regained full consciousness. Day was breaking, and he looked around, first at one, and then at another. When he saw the cure, he caught both his hands, exclaiming, "Ten, father, ten!"

"And do you still doubt His forgiveness?"

"I must believe in it."

"Yes, Yves, you must; for here is the proof, and the pledge of pardon. My son, here is the man you have just saved."

Then Yves knew he had saved his brother's life.

It was a moment not to be described. The brothers held each other in a long embrace; weeping, trembling, murmuring broken words of love and tenderness which cannot be written down, but which the heart easily understands. Then Aubin took his brother home; the cure followed with the two soldiers. You may imagine how he drank in their accounts of the heroic actions of their comrade.

Never had the good Abbe Kerdrec thanked God as he did that day.

They were in the sight of the farm now. The men were about their work. Armelle stood at the door with a child in

her arms, and another at her side. She was looking anxiously down the road; the group had just reached the turning. She ran on. Armelle met her, and took her hand: "Armelle, you are the first to welcome our dear brother Yves, who has just saved my life." Then there were the children to be looked at; and after a few minutes they all went towards the farm. Yves trembled at the meeting with his father drew near. The old man came forward. Without hesitating, Armelle went up to him, saying, as she put her arms round his neck: "It is Yves father; he has saved Aubin; we owe him everything." Then all turned away with a feeling of awe, as the father embraced his repentant son. We will not attempt to describe that moment, still less the mother's feelings. The excitement at the farm and in the village may be imagined. Every one was pressed to eat, but no one was hungry, except the two soldiers, who had certainly a good appetite. Poor old Louison limped about, waiting on every one. Old Loic hastened up to see the hero of the village, and one after another followed him, full of pride and delight, till every one had a good look at him; and I should be afraid to say how many times the soldiers had to tell their comrade's history.

It was all positive torture to Yves; but he bore it for his father's sake; and besides, it would be over soon. God had been very good, and the goal was very nearly reached.

The following Sunday, after Vespers, he asked for a private interview with his father, and the old man went with him into the inner room. He opened the Book of the Gospels, and showed his son where, in a few simple words, the story of the fire was told. Then Yves knelt down; he insisted on speaking to his father in that attitude. They talked long and earnestly. More than once Jean Patriarche hid his tears on his son's shoulders; more than once the young man's voice was broken by emotion. Then the peace of God sank into their hearts, and there was a great calm as Jean solemnly blessed Yves.

The next day the father took Yves to the Abbey of La Trappe. The parting with the mother, brother and Armelle was affecting. As Yves left his father's house the last sound he heard was the sobbing of his mother and the tender voice of Armelle trying to comfort her.

[THE END.]

THE PINE RIDGE MISSION.

A More Commodious Structure Than is Generally Understood.

The Indian Mission school at Pine Ridge Agency, erected at the expense of Sister Catherine, Miss Kate Drexel, is a more commodious structure than is generally known. It is practically a home with educational departments, is one of the largest and most important in the Indian country, and has an average attendance of about 150 inmates. Most of the children, have already received a sound training in the rudimentary branches of knowledge, and are rapidly learning the ways of civilization. Although the recent hostile outbreak retarded them considerable as many of them were taken away by their parents and not returned until after the trouble was over. The building is a three story structure the upper windows being dormer. Along the front of the building runs a porch separated in the centre by the main entrance which projects out for several feet and extends above the top of the main building. On this extension is the balcony, and on this a large gilt cross. Leading to the front entrance of the building is three nicely laid out and well kept drives.

This mission is one of the seven which have been established in Dakota, Wyoming, Indiana and the Indian Territory, through the financial aid furnished by Miss Drexel out of her income. It is the largest of all. It is under the direction of Father Jutz, the Jesuit priest. It is called the Mission of the Holy Rosary. It has accommodations for a total of about 200 boys and girls. The children are clothed, fed and housed, as well as educated. They are taught all the common branches of secular education and are given religious instruction. Some of them are taught music. The organ at the services in the mission chapel is played by a little Indian girl. The chapel divides the house in twain and marks the division between the department for girls and the department for boys.

We Are Proud of Our Religion.

One is proud of being a Catholic when one glances back over what has been done, forward to what is about to be attempted. Even from the purely material point of view there is no organization or power on earth to be compared to the Catholic Church, and once one has grasped even in outline the idea of what it actually is, one cannot help saying, "The hand of God is here, for this is a work beyond man's mind to conceive and his power to execute."

HE PAINTED PIUS IX.

Interesting Description of an American Artist's Visit to the Vatican.

Favored With Several Short Sittings—His Holiness Accustomed to Giving Orders, But Willing to Obey the Artist While at Work—His Pleading Talk.

In a recent magazine article the distinguished American artist, George P. Healy, tells of his visit to the Vatican during the life of Pius IX., and describes a sitting with which his Holiness favored him. He says:

"During my stay in Rome I painted from memory a portrait of Pius IX. His Holiness having seen this unfinished work, liked it, and consented to give a few sittings. This was a great favor, which I highly appreciated. So far I had only seen the Pope, with other strangers, at the Vatican receptions, or from afar when he officiated at St. Peter's, before the event of 1870. I was introduced one morning into Pius IX.'s library, a pleasant room, simply enough furnished, full of books, the table covered with papers. The Pope was dressed all in white cloth, with scarlet shoes; the hair was white, the face rather pale, with very bright eyes not incapable of sparkle, for his Holiness knew how to take a joke. He was a pretty good sinner but somewhat restless, and curious also as to what his painter was about.

"On one occasion he arose from his seat to look over my shoulder. When I am earnestly at work, I wish my sitters to help me, and do their duty by remaining in the attitude I have chosen, I exclaimed, perhaps a little abruptly: 'I beg your Holiness to sit down.' The Pope laughed and said: 'I am accustomed to give orders, not to receive them. But you see, Mr. Healy, that I also know how to obey, and submissively went back to his chair. Pius IX. has been dead now many a year. I like to think of the few short sittings he gave me in his cheerful library; I like to remember his quiet, pleasant talk, his rather Italian sounding French, his judgments of men and things.

"One day, speaking of a monk who had left the Church and married, the Holy Father observed, not without malice: 'He has taken his punishment into his own hands.' I like especially to feel as though the hours spent in his presence had cast a glow on my late years, as the glorious setting sun behind St. Peter's throws a gleam over Rome, its domes and gardens. I often think, also, of Pius IX.'s gentle reproach to one of my countrymen who, in his American pride, refused to bend before him: 'My son, an old man's blessing never did harm to anyone.'"

THE VATICAN MUSEUMS.

Why the Pope Has Decided to Charge Admission Fees.

Most decidedly a question of a turn-of-mind nature is just now an absorbing one in Rome. The Holy Father considered it necessary to establish a regular entrance fee to the Vatican museums. No one with the slightest knowledge of the Apostolic palaces can hesitate to approve of this measure. It was an understood thing that no contribution was to be given, but it was left to the discretion of visitors to give the numerous employes whatever sums they pleased. The result was constant feeling at every door and gateway, and proved not only onerous, but often very embarrassing. The Pope's wise decision is, in consequence, a simplification of the matter and ought to be welcomed by all. Unhappily, nothing in the present day can issue from the Vatican without encountering trouble and annoyance. A decision by the Pope must of necessity raise some protests. The storm of opinions in all the Crispi-Romano newspapers is absurd as it is visible. It is asserted that by virtue of the Law of Guarantees, Leo XIII. has no right to take such a step in the Palace of which he is only the administrator, etc. One sapient publication wittily remarks that Crispi will only allow the Holy Father the right to provide servants to see that no cobwebs accumulate and that the floors are kept swept. Seeing the dirty condition of most of the public monuments under the Minister's supervision, we should imagine that such an idea never entered his head.

The Pope's Aid Implored.

The Empress of Austria is sorely distressed over the mixed marriage question, and has given the matter considerable thought. She has finally sent a communication to the Holy Father imploring his aid and counsel in bringing the strife with Hungary to an amicable settlement.

Cardinal Gibbons' Gift.

Cardinal Gibbons has given \$1,000 toward the erection of the college building of the brothers of the Christian school founded by La Salle. The Cardinal has also given to these brothers the only right to hold a fair this year

Shorthand I

"Considering the large numbers I have fitted in ten and twelve weeks, it does not argue much for the intelligence of those who still continue to doubt."

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