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FABIOLA.

Or, the Church of the Catacombs.

Written by His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

[Published by special request.]

CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

'Ay, call it what you will, call it my blood-money; the more infamous it is, the more base in you to step in and snatch it from me. It is like a rich man tearing the carrion from the hound's mouth, after he has swollen his feet and rent his skin in hunting it down.'

'I will not seek for further epithets by which to call you, your mind is flattered by some vain fancy,' said Fabiola, with an earnestness not tinged with alarm. 'She felt she was in the presence of a madman, one in whom violent passion, carried off by an unchecked, deeply-moved fancy, was lashing itself up to that intensity of wicked excitement, which constitutes a moral phrenzy, when the very murderer thinks himself a virtuous avenger. 'Fulvius,' she continued, with studied calmness, and looking fully into his eyes, 'I now entreat you to go. If you want money, you shall have it; but go, in heaven's name, before you destroy your reason by your anger.'

'What vain fancy do you mean?' asked Fulvius.

'Why, that I should have ever dreamt about Agnes's wealth or property on such a day, or taken an advantage of her cruel death.'

'And yet it is so, I have it from the emperor's mouth that he has made it over to you. Will you pretend to make me believe, that this most generous and liberal prince ever parted with a penny unsolicited, ay, or unbidden?'

'Of this I know nothing. But I know, that I would rather have died of want than petitioned for a farthing of such property.'

'Then would you make me rather believe, that in this city there is any one so disinterested as, undesired, to have petitioned for you? No, no, Lady Fabiola, all this is so incredible. But what is that?' And he pounced with eagerness on the imperial rescript, which had remained unlooked at, since Corvinus had left it. The sensation to him was like that of Aeneas when he saw Pallas' belt upon the body of Turnus. The fury, which seemed to have been subdued by his subtlety, as he had been reasoning to prove Fabiola guilty, flashed up anew at the sight of this fatal document. He eyed it for a minute, then broke out, gasping his teeth with rage:

'Now, madam, I convict you of baseness, rapacity and unnatural cruelty; far beyond anything you have dared to charge on me! Look at this rescript, beautifully engrossed, with its golden letters and emblazoned margins, and presume to say that it was prepared in the one hour that elapsed between your cousin's death, and the emperor's telling me that he had signed it? Nor do you pretend to know the generous friend who procured you the gift. Bahl! while Agnes was in prison at latest; while you were whining and moaning over her; while you were reproaching me for cruelty and treachery towards her,—me, a stranger and alien to her! you, the gentle lady, the virtuous philosopher, the loving, fondling kinswoman, you, my stern reprover, were coolly plotting to take advantage of my crime to secure her property, and seeking out the elegant scribe, who should guild your covetousness with his pencil, and paint over your treason to your own flesh and blood with his blushing minium (red paint).'

'Cease, madman, cease!' exclaimed Fabiola, endeavouring in vain to master his glaring eye. 'But he went on, in still wilder tone:

'And then, forsooth, when you have thus basely robbed me, you offer me money. You have out-plotted me, and you pity me! You have made me a beggar, and then you offer me alms,—alms out of my own wages, the wages which even Tartarus (the heathen hell) allows its fated victims while on earth!'

Fabiola rose again, but he seized her with a maniac's grips, and this time did not let her go. He went on:

'Now listen to the last words that I will speak, or they may be the last that you will hear. Give back to me that unjustly obtained property; it is not fair that I should have the guilt, and you its reward. Transfer it by your sign manual to me as a free and loving gift, and I will depart. If not, you have signed your own doom. A stern and menacing glance accompanied these words.'

CHAPTER XXXI.

The great thoughts, which this occurrence would naturally have suggested to the noble heart of Fabiola, were suppressed, for a time, by the exigencies of the moment. Her first care was to staunch the flowing blood with whatever was nearest at hand. While she was engaged in this work, there was a general rush of servants towards her apartment. The stupid porter had begun to be uneasy at Fulvius' long stay (the reader has now heard his real name), when he saw him dash out of the door like a maniac, and t'wixt he perceived stains of blood upon his garment. He immediately gave the alarm to the entire household.

Fabiola by a gesture stopped the crowd at the door of her room, and desired only Euphrosyne and her Greek maid to enter. The latter, since the influence of the black slave had been removed, had attached herself most affectionately to Syra, as we must still call her, and had, with great docility, listened to her moral instructions. A slave was instantly despatched for the physician who had always been sent for by Syra in illness, Dionysius, who, as we have already observed, lived in the house of Agnes.

In the meantime, Fabiola had been overjoyed at finding the blood cease to flow so rapidly, and still more at seeing her servant open her eyes upon her, though only for a moment. She would not have exchanged for any wealth the sweet smile which accompanied that look.

In a few minutes, the kind physician arrived. He carefully examined the wound, and pronounced favourably on it for the present. The blow, as aimed, would have gone straight to Fabiola's heart. But her loving servant, in spite of prohibition, had been hovering near her mistress, during the whole day; never intruding, but anxious for any opportunity which might offer, to second those good impressions of grace, which the morning's scenes could not fail to have produced. While in a neighbouring room, she heard violent tones which were too familiar to her ears, and hastened noiselessly round, and within the curtain which covered the door of Fabiola's own apartment. She stood concealed in the dusk, on the very spot where Agnes had, a few months before, consigned her.

She had not been there long, when the last struggle commenced. While the man was pushing her mistress backwards, she followed him close behind, and as he was lifting his arm, passed him, and threw her body over that of his victim. The blow descended, but misdirected, through the shock she gave his arm, and it fell upon her neck, where it inflicted a deep wound, checked, however, by encountering the collar-bone. We need not say what it cost her to make this sacrifice. Not the dread of pain, nor the fear of death could for a moment have deterred her, it was the horror of imprinting on her brother's brow the mark of Cain, the making him doubly a fratricide, which deeply anguished her. But she had offered her life for her mistress. To have fought with the assassin, whose strength and agility she knew, would have been useless, to try to alarm the house before one fatal blow was struck was hopeless, and nothing remained but to accomplish her immolation, by substituting herself for the intended victim. Still she wished to spare her brother the consummation of his crime, and in doing so manifested to Fabiola their relationship and their real names.

In his blind fury he refused her credit, but the words, in their native tongue, which said, 'Remember my scarf which you picked up here,' brought back to his memory so terrible a domestic tale, that had the earth opened a cavern in that moment before his feet, he would have leapt into it, to bury his remorse and shame.

Strange, too, it proved, that he should not have over-allowed Eurotas to get possession of that family relic, but should, ever since he regained it, have kept it apart as a sacred thing, and, when all else was being packed up, should have folded it up and put it in his breast. And now, in the act of drawing out his eastern dagger, he had plucked this out too, and both was found upon the floor.

Dionysius, immediately after dressing the wound, and administering proper restoratives, which brought back consciousness, desired the patient to be left perfectly quiet, to see as few persons as possible, so as to prevent excitement, and to go on with the treatment which he described until midnight. 'I will call, he added, 'very early in the morning, when I must see my patient alone.' He whispered a few words in her ear, which seemed to do her more good than all his medicines; for her countenance brightened into an angelic smile.

Fabiola had her placed in her own bed, and, allotting to her attendants the outward room, she reserved to herself exclusively the privilege, as she deemed it, of nursing the servant, to whom a few months before she could hardly feel grateful for having tended her in fever. She had informed the others how the wound had been inflamed, concealing the relationship between her assailant and her deliverer.

A Clever Woman.

The director of a Chicago bank tells about how his wife overdraw her account at the bank last month. 'I spoke to her about it one evening,' says he, 'and told her she ought to adjust it at once. A day or two afterward I asked her if she had done what I suggested. 'Oh, yes,' she answered. 'I attended to that matter the very next morning after you spoke to me about it. I sent the bank my check for the amount I had overdrawn!'

Did, Though.

Policeman to wheelman, who is riding on the side path—See here, young man, you can't ride there.

'Can't, eh? Well, you just watch me!' And he shot out of sight.—American Wheelman.

The brochures used in Rome during the first and second centuries very often had a martial appearance. They were fashioned after swords, helmets, battle-axes and bows.

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Dedicated to the Members of the Aphonia Club, Toronto.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome T. D. Sullivan!

From the land our fathers trod, strong in faith and love of God, J Where the shamrock gleams at morn, Where each patriot son was born, And the hope of freedom's day, Lights with torch the darkest way, Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!

Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

We have watched your lov'd career; Seal'd it with an exile's tear, Pledg'd our faith to Erin's cause, To her love and life and laws, To each cabin in the vale, Stung by crowbar, rent with wall, Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!

Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where freedom's rays ne'er set, 'Deep in Canadian woods we've met, And with a hearty three times three We'll toast old Ireland's liberty, Till high above each hill and dell Your patriot words will ring and swell; Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!

Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

For though the centuries stretch behind, Maim'd by chains that chafe and bind, We have brought to our bright shore A 'stead mille fealties' at the door, A love that lives thro' every year, Survives the grave's immortal tear, Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!

Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

O the joy to meet you here! Hear your words of hope and cheer, Learn the gains along the line, Fire our souls with patriot wine, List to one who loves the Gael And weaves his life in song and tale; Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!

Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

You bring to us a strength of years, Spent in love and hope and fears, Where O'Connell toil'd and plann'd To break the chains that bound his land, Where strong soul'd and strong Par-nell Led his band of patriots well; Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our glorious land!

Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

'God Save Ireland' was your song, It swept from shore to shore along, It echoed o'er the oxled dead Pillow'd in the deep sea's bed, It link'd our lives with those above Who died for Erin's cause and love; Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our happy land!

Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where grows the maple tree, Type of life and liberty, We'll spread a banquet rich and wide, And toast the brave and good who died, Sing your songs of joy and cheer That link our hope from year to year, Brave in heart and strong in hand, welcome to our joyous land!

Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

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LUCAS COUNTY,)
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FRANK J. CHENEY.

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