

"Now, my good woman, step forward with your young friend," said the lawyer. "Your name, if you please, and then you will make your mark."

Bid looked steadily at the lawyer for a moment, with her keen old eyes; then turned to the miser.

"Misther Finiston, yer honor," she said, "afore I put my name to that paper, would ye just read it out loud to me, that I may know whether my own little farm isn't in it?"

"Bid!" cried Nan, aghast. For Bid did not own a square inch of land in the world, nor a roof to cover her.

"Nonsense, woman," cried the lawyer. "Mr. Finiston will do no such thing. Your farm! Why, where is your farm? and I can tell you without the papers."

"My own putty little farm down the valley," said cunning Bid. "It's not in it. There's nothing about it," urged the lawyer, and put his hand on the paper, as if to prevent Simon from lifting it up. If he had not done this he might have carried his point; but the miser's temper would not bear even the appearance of control.

"I will read it!" cried Simon. "You must leave this point for me, sir. I will read it if I please, and as often as I like, too." He had got possession of the paper, and held it to the light.

The lawyer saw that he had been too hasty. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but let me entreat you not to attempt it till you have better light. We shall get a candle by and by, or better still, wait till to-morrow. Daylight costs nothing, ha, ha! In the meantime, let us go on with the signatures. Your name, my dear?" to Nan.

But Simon held the paper. He looked at the lawyer's uneasy face, and a cloud of suspicion came into his wary eyes. Bid had done her work, and was too wise to say more; but she edged herself in between the miser and the lawyer, foreseeing that the paper might be snatched from Simon's hand. The attempt was made as the old man stooped to bring the glare of the firelight on the sheet. The agent snatched; but Simon kept the parchment, and slipped out of reach of the lawyer's arm on his knees before the hearth. A shriek told that the keen eyes and wits had mastered its contents in less than a minute. The lawyer suddenly disappeared from the room, and was soon driving along the high road, cursing his own folly, which, in grasping too much, had deprived him of the little advantages which he enjoyed at Tobereevil. He, at least, could never show his face to the miser again.

As for Tibbie, she simply put her arms akimbo, and faced her angry master.

"Hag!" he shrieked, "I'll have you hanged for this!"

"No, you won't," said Tibbie. "It would cost too much money. An' besides, nobody would hurt me for strivin' to get the rights for my poor boy. If ye weren't so ill-hearted I wouldn't have had to take the law into my own hands. Judges an' lawyers could see that quick enough."

"Begone out of the house!" cried the miser, foaming with rage. "Never let me see your face again!"

"I'll go when I'm ready," said Tibbie. "An' that's my thanks for my long service. An' there's Paul Finiston come home pryin' about the country, an' watching to come down on ye. It's little pace ye'll have when he gits next or near you, an' nobody here to purtect ye."

This was Tibbie's last hope, that dread of Paul would cow the old man's anger, and make him loth to be left alone. She had made a great mistake, however, and she quickly found it out.

"Paul Finiston," said the miser, suddenly calm. "And is Paul Finiston in the country?"

"That he is, your honour," said Bid, stepping forward, and dropping a courtesy. "An' as purty-lookin' a gentleman as ye'd meet in a day's walkin'."

"Simon's wrath had subsided strangely, and he looked timorous and eager.

"You know where he is to be found?" he asked, quickly.

"I think I could find him out, yer honour," said Bid.

"Then go to him," said Simon, and give him a message from me. I will have him here, and he shall work for me. He never tried to trick me, nor to worry me, nor to rob me."

He seized the pen beside him and scribbled some words on a scrap of paper. The paper he gave to Bid.

"Send the first person you meet for the police," he said with a scowl at Tibbie. The gossamers who were listening in the hall set a cheer at these words, and set off as volunteers on this mission; then, and only then, did Tibbie lift her voice, and howl as one baffled and undone. She hurried away to hide herself, and the messenger departed, and Simon double locked his door, and barricaded his windows and sat all night long on the watch with his pistols by his side.

(To be Continued.)

For general debility and prostration, Hop Bitters (American Co.'s) will do wonders. Prove it by trial. See.

The *North German Gazette* publishes an unusually complimentary article on the British army, based upon the most recent Blue Book on the subject laid before Parliament. It begins by giving a general account of England's military strength, not forgetting to assign due credit to the auxiliary force. It explains away the high percentage of desertions and comments upon the abundant supply of recruits. Treating of the recent system of retaining as many old soldiers as possible with the colours, it ascribes to this, among other causes, "the cool and unflinching demeanour shown by the English battalions when face to face with the swarming forces of the Mahdi." It describes the tactical order and disciplined fire of the small body of Englishmen at Abu Klea as reflecting the highest credit on them. The article continues:—"A not less honourable success was that of the gallant General Earle at Duka Island, when 800 English soldiers, after five hours' hard fighting, drove 3,000 Arabs out of a strong and obstinately defended position. These are feats such as are by no means rare in England's military annals, and furnish good arguments for the support of the present system of enlistment."

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

THE following brief has recently been issued:—

LEO XIII., POPE.

AD PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.

Jesus Christ, who has given to mankind various commandments for safe conduct in the way of life, never ceased to insist upon the commandment to love our neighbour as ourselves. Being Himself Love, He taught that love is the foundation on which rests the whole law, and the sign whereby may be known from other men the disciples of Christian wisdom. It is not surprising, therefore, that the supreme virtue of love and charity, of which the property is thought for others, and which is the mother and nurse of all the virtues, should have particularly filled the hearts of those who have devoted themselves to attaining the perfection of graces by walking in the steps of the Divine Master.

Among such men shone out with an altogether peculiar radiance at the end of the sixteenth century, Vincent de Paul, that great and immortal model of Christian charity, who by the merit of that virtue acquired for himself an incomparable glory. There is, indeed, no form of human misery that his charity did not succour; there is no kind of toil that he did not grasp with joy for the service and the comfort of his brothers.

And when Vincent left this world to go up into heaven, the source of his good works was not dried up, for it flows ever widely, and in abundance, as by many streams, through the fields of the Church of God.

He, in his high sanctity, strove not only to practise charity himself, but to bring into his own way many men and women, some of them gathered together in the religious life, and some united in pious associations to which he gave his wise directions. It is easy to see what abundant fruits human society receives every day from these works of his. The associations of St. Vincent had not been two centuries in existence when they had been already propagated in almost all parts of the world, gaining everywhere the admiration which is due to them. Everyone knows that the disciples of the Saint are ready to help all the unfortunate. They are at the bedsides of the miserable in hospitals; they are in prisons, they are in schools, they are on the fields of battle, doing their double labour of love—charity to the soul and charity to the body.

Therefore have the Roman Pontiffs, our predecessors, held in honour and watched over with special tenderness the congregations and associations of St. Vincent de Paul, together with many undertakings and labours of charity, which, though not bearing his name, had their origin with him.

We, too, following the example of those who have gone before us, with the desire that all such societies may take a still larger measure of the spirit of their founder and father; and giving ear, moreover, to the particular prayer of our brothers, the bishops of France—we have already declared and constituted St. Vincent de Paul the heavenly patron of all such associations existing in France. And this decree was extended last year to the Sees of Ireland, in answer to the pious wishes of the Irish prelates.

But recently a great number of cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, and Bishops from almost every part of the world, together with general superiors of religious congregations, have besought us to give the same decree effect in all the countries of the Christian world where charities of the same kind are carried on. Having, therefore, taken counsel with the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, we have disposed ourselves to give a favourable reply to these pious requests.

Desiring thus to add to the good of the Universal Church, to increase the glory of God, and to re-kindle in all hearts the zeal of charity, we, in virtue of the Apostolic authority, declare and constitute by these letters St. Vincent de Paul the special patron at the Throne of God of all the associations of charity existing in the Catholic world and deriving from him in any manner whatever; and we desire that to him may be rendered all the honours that are paid to the great Patrons of Heaven.

We order that these letters shall be held as authentic and effectual, and shall have from this time their full and entire force, and that their authority shall be absolute for the present and the future. And this notwithstanding all constitutions or decrees or other Apostolic acts to the contrary. We order, moreover, that manuscript copies of these letters, if furnished with the seal of an ecclesiastical dignitary, may have the same weight as the originals.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's Seal, in the eighth year of our Pontificate.

M. CARD. LEDOCHOWSKI.

The remains of Prince Paul Demidoff, after resting in the chapel of the Villa di Pratolino during several months, lighted day and night by enormous candelabras, were sent from Florence by special train to Siberia, accompanied by the widow and the pope of the family. The Demidoffs are immensely rich. Their ancestor a blacksmith, was presented with an iron mine and a title of nobility by Peter the Great, and bought property in the Ural, on which were discovered extensive mines of copper, silver, and gold. At the same time as the corpse the monument was forwarded for the tomb in Siberia executed by the sculptor Romanelli, at an expense of 40,000f. The road from Pratolino to Florence was adorned with flowers, and the Pullman car destined to receive the coffin was transformed into a richly ornamented chapel. At Nijni-Novgorod the coffin will be transferred to a boat and pass along the rivers Volga and Kama to Perna, where it will be sent by rail to Taigul, in Siberia. There the operative population who work in the late Prince's mines will render the last honours to the deceased.

If your hair is turning gray, don't use the poisonous dyes which burn out its life and produce many diseases of the scalp. Ayer's Hair Vigor is positively harmless, and will restore the natural colour of the hair, stimulate its growth, and bring back its youthful gloss and beauty.