

RESCUED SHORT.

entenced to imprisonment.

HIS GUILT.

by Witnesses Had Killed Assassin Had Saved Him -

wards to Aide.

Trial of Bresci, and killed King at 9

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IN SPITE OF HIS BIRTH.

They were obliged to procure another, as the yacht's boat was not large enough to accommodate them all, and Ned's boat bounded with new hope, as seizing an oar, he helped to propel the light craft toward the vessel, where his friend Hunting was awaiting him, and where he believed the stolen treasure would soon be rescued and restored to his employers.

They reached the yacht a little before midnight, and without encountering any other boat on their way; and as they stepped upon the iron stairway leading to the deck, Mr. Hunting leaned over the railing above, and called out in a low, anxious tone:

"Heatherton, is everything all right?"

"All right," Ned answered, cheerily, and in less than two minutes the five newcomers were all standing upon the deck.

The chief soon made his arrangements for the night. He stationed his three men in various portions of the deck, and the others were to remain there until the chief should give the word; then he, with Ned and Mr. Hunting, remained upon the deck to await the return of the first mate and his companions.

It was between three and four in the morning when they came.

Everything was quiet on board the yacht, and the men had a suspicion of the fate awaiting them.

"Ship ahoy!" the mate called out, as the boat shot alongside the iron stairway.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the subdued response that answered this greeting from above, whereupon the men ran lightly up the steps, to be immediately confronted by the powerful policeman, Ned's father, Hunting.

"Not a word, my men," said the chief, as he leveled a revolver at them; "you are my prisoners. Behave yourselves and no harsh words shall you make any disturbance and into iron you will go quicker than you will relish."

"What is the meaning of this invasion of the mate's command, in a voice that was far from steady."

"It means that you, with all the rest of the crew, are under arrest."

"What for?"

"That is a question that will have to be answered later."

"Where is the captain?"

"In his state-room, subject to the same restrictions as yourself. Five men are to look out for their own safety, without burdening themselves with a woman. While, too, with Ned also on board, the lovers would be liable to discover the presence of each other, and make them no end of trouble."

But Bill was obstinate. He said they could drop Ned at the first port they sighted, and he need never suspect that the girl was on board.

Could protest that such a proceeding would be very unwise, if not dangerous; that they would have to do, to look out for their own safety, without burdening themselves with a woman. While, too, with Ned also on board, the lovers would be liable to discover the presence of each other, and make them no end of trouble."

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chography, but looked as if it had been traced with difficulty and with trembling hand.

"Turning back to the beginning of the note, she read with a pale and startled face, the following: 'My dear Gertrude, I will doubtless wonder at receiving a note from me, written in a strange hand; but I am ill and not able to write myself. I am also in deep trouble, as, of course, you already know, and am at present confined to my state-room on board a vessel, in which I shall sail to-morrow, Saturday, for a foreign country, and thus forever sever every tie which binds me to my native land. There is much that I would like to say to you regarding what has recently occurred, and I feel that I cannot go without seeing you once more, for it is probable that we shall never meet again. Will you come to me, Gertrude, for a final farewell? It is a bold request, but I do not care; you, and for the sake of the past, I entreat you not to fail me in this my hour of despair. I must also ask you to observe the utmost secrecy, if you accept my request for my personal safety depends upon it. A carriage will be waiting for you at the corner, near your residence, at eight o'clock this evening, and a guide will go with it to attend you. If your heart has not become so hardened against me that you have no desire to see me again.

"Oh I pray you do not deny me this last boon, but rather let me go to become an alien and an outcast, for all time. As you approach the carriage speak the word 'Eagle' and the guide will know that you are the girl in the letter." Ever, but hopelessly yours, Edward Heatherton.

Gertrude was in tears before she had half finished this torturing epistle. The note, which she had just read, seemed to her that she could not bear the fresh sorrow, for, in spite of all her loyalty to her lover, and her repeated assertions of her faith in him, she was now compelled to believe that he had fallen, and that he was, indeed, lost to her forever. She could not part from him, and she was left the country, they would surely be "married for all time."

"Oh, I cannot have it so," she wailed, a tempest of agony, of utter desolation and tears raining over her soul. "He seemed so lately noble and true, I never would have believed, but for this, that he could be guilty of such a crime. How can I give him up? What shall I do? How can I let him go away into exile and never see him again? My whole life is ruined. I have loved him with my whole heart, and to him—or at least to what I believed him—I must be true until I die."

She walked the floor in restless restlessness, tears raining over her face, great heart-broken sobs bursting from her quivering lips, while she tried to decide whether she would go to him or not.

"Be a fellow," she murmured, referring again to the letter. "In a moment of temptation he has fallen, and now he is reaping the fruits of his bitter act. I could believe it, even now, with this terrible evidence before me. Who can have written this note for him?" she went on, as she started up, and looked at the note, never questioning the truth of the epistle, since it had that familiar signature at the end. "Can it be some accomplice, and another country with their booty? I am afraid so! Shall I go to him? May I not, at least, go and appeal to him to restore what he has taken? I will pray his return, but never to yield to temptation again!"

Her heart said "yes," her judgment told her "no"—that it would be a very unwise thing to do, that it would be far better, if they must part forever, to avoid a harrowing and probably a useless interview.

"And yet, he was ill; he begged for the boon of one last word!"—a "final farewell."

Could she be hard enough to refuse it?—could she allow him to feel that she condemned him and was utterly indifferent to his fate?—could she not suffer keenly since he had not been able to write himself, and could hardly trace his signature in a legible manner?

"Oh, if Mr. Page was only here!" the dear tried girl sighed. "I would confide in her and ask her advice; but she will not be back until long after eight, and thus I am left to set upon my own responsibility. Ned says to him," she continued, musingly. "I suppose he would tell me, if he were here, that it would be very unwise to go to him, that I should not do so. Was ever any one placed in such a trying position before?"

She threw herself upon a lounge, exhausted from the conflict within her, and trembling with nervous excitement, and utterly unable to think her way out of the perplexing situation.

She shrank from going out alone, even to meet for the last time the man she so dearly loved, and from trusting herself to a strange guide. All the finer instincts of her womanly nature revolted against the arrangement.

And yet she knew if she refused this last appeal—if she allowed Ned to go forever out of her life without a word of kindly farewell, without earnestly entreating him to restore the money, which she was forced to believe he had taken, and strive to live honorably in the future, she would always regret and never cease to reproach herself for having neglected the opportunity.

For his heart-broken mother's sake also she felt as if she were bound to do this. Finally after hours of mental struggle, she resolved to brave everything, and grant him the boon he had craved.

Still, as the hour grew near, she resolved to make more and more of the matter, wishing most fervently that Mrs. Page was at home to go with her, as a protector, for she believed that she would attend her in this hour of trial, and that she would not approve of what she contemplated.

Once she resolved that she would take one of the servants; then she reasoned that it would be a great risk—it might result in Ned's arrest, trial and conviction, followed by long years of imprisonment, and she would

HEROIC FATHER BROSNA.

Work of a Devoted Priest Among Fire Victims.

CONSOLATION FOR THE DYING.

One of the most impressive and pathetic sights of the dreadful catastrophe at Holoken, N. Y., where so many persons perished by fire, was the heroic action of Rev. John Brosnan, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

Father Brosnan was walking along the Battery when he heard of the fire.

Suddenly he saw the fire boat New Yorker coming into her pier. On her decks were dark forms. In an instant he recognized that they were, the men, burned or crushed, or half drowned—the evidence of a great disaster.

Sending to the Mission for the holy oils and "stigmatic," Father Brosnan administered absolution to all on board.

"Are there others?" he asked of a fireman.

"Father, there is worse, if you have the nerve to face them. There are men burning to death before our eyes on the steamer, but the sight is too awful to bear. You better not go, Father."

"My good man," said Father Brosnan, "if men are suffering and dying there is the place for Christ's mercy to go, and the consolation of His religion. How can I get there?"

"I will take you, Father," said Captain Roberts, of the tugboat Mutual. The priest stepped on board, and the big tug steamed over to Communipaw, where the doomed vessel was slowly settling to the bottom.

She swung in under the grey shell as close as Captain Roberts dared to go. The priest, standing in the bow of the tug, steadily, impressively—a figure who inspired awe in his simple vestments—held up a crucifix before him.

As the tug rounded to under the stern of the setting vessel, he saw the men in front of him, and he looked a look of agony such as the old masters were wont to paint on the pictures they marked "Ecce Homo."

It was the face of a young man, but he looked like a man of seventy. The bloodshot eyes had little life or interest left in them. For three hours the man had been in agony—three hours—an eternity!

The good priest's eyes filled with tears. Horrors are not his forte, and standing in the presence of one, it was not so much the horror as the pathetic that struck him, though he was hardly sensible to the former. He looked beyond this ghastly spectacle of a human being, and beyond all hope of saving, with coolness and freshness he reached, and saw a soul struggling to be free.

He stood on tiptoe and tried to reach the crucifix to the lips of the dying man. But the distance was too great. He uttered the sacred words of peace and benediction.

The dying man opened his eyes. They lit up with the light of understanding. He could not talk, but he understood the blessing, and with the understanding it seemed as if his face softened and changed and lost its horrible, repellant look.

The priest passed on. From one port hole to another it went, pausing long enough for the priest to carry consolation to those within.

The last port hole was empty. At the next to the last were the face and arms of a man of about twenty-seven. The rising water had reached his chin. He was too weak to raise it. He spoke English, and when the priest began to pray for him he cried weakly:

"God bless you, Father! I saw what you were doing, and feared you would not reach me. Christ forgive me!"

As the tug's bow rose on a swell the priest reached in and touched the crucifix to the man's black lips. He kissed it, then uttered a low sigh. The rising water rose. Now the brine reached his lips. He weakly tried to raise his head above the waves, but lacked the strength, and sank out of sight.

Witnessed his last prayer answered, the young man had died with faith in his soul.

It was 3 a.m. before Father Brosnan found there was no further call for his ministrations.

In speaking of the affair, Father Brosnan said: "I did not stop to inquire whether or not the sufferers were of my religious faith. I administered extreme unction to thirty persons before they were carried to the hospitals."

"It seems to me as though I had brought consolation to some of them. Death they knew was certain. There was no way of escape. Many of whom I saw did not seem to be frenzied."

They spent their last moments in praying with me.

"Man and splendid were the deeds of heroism during this awful scene. I think God that it was given to me to carry consolation to some of the dying. These are the terrible emergencies that produce real heroes."

Father Brosnan is a native of Ireland. He was educated in France and in Rome, and recently came to New York to labor in the mission—Catholic Transcript.

DORSET HUMOR.

When Hanging Was a Popular Entertainment.

A widow, in a somewhat prominent position in life had inscribed upon his late wife's tomb, "The light of mine eyes is gone from me." Taking notice of himself a second wife with remarkable insight, a Dorset yokel scrawled as his comment upon the text set forth upon the tablet, "But he soon struck another match."

A kind-hearted, but really man who had had small beginnings built up a large fortune, used to allow the public to freely traverse two of his estates. He had put up a notice asking for good conduct from his visitors, and stating that "the two estates is the property of S-and-S, Esq." Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is" and wrote over it "was."

The owner of the property, seeing this alteration, turned to a friend who was with him, and in all innocence asked, "Which is right?" His companion gently suggested that it might be expedient if the word "was" was substituted.

Mr. Francis Fane, who first sat for Dorchester in 1700, was desperately fond of practical joking, and was traveling one day through London inside the coach, the heavily-laden pocket in the coat-tail of the Dorchester barber, who was outside, hung down temptingly near the open window. Mr. Fane could not resist the opportunity of sifting the barber's pocket and extracting its contents, which proved to be a large packet of bank notes, which had been entrusted to the barber to deliver safely in London. When the barber discovered his loss his dismay was great, and after he had been reduced to a state of desperation, Mr. Fane produced the packet and proposed to give the barber a dinner at the White Horse Cellar in London. The dinner took place on the afternoon fixed for the barber's return to Dorchester, and the barber, being waxing mellow, pled with good liquor, Mr. Fane assisted him into the night coach for Dorchester in Oxfordshire, where the bewildered barber, in the early hours of the morning found his horse had his pole over his local landmark, the town pump, hard by which was his shop.

Times were rougher in those days than now. Hangings were then looked forward to as a pleasant break in the dullness of life. Said an old Dorset shepherd, pointing to where the gibbet stood on the wild downs near Cranbourne, "A hang was a pretty sight when I was a boy, for the sheriff and javelin men came a horseback, and they all stopped for refreshment at the inn near by, as they passed a long way, they had a drink." And did the man who was going to be hanged have anything? "Lord, yes, sir, as much strong beer as he liked, and we all drank his health, and then they hanged him, and buried him by the gibbet."

The gay wit of Lord Alington needs no blush. When County Councils were established in Dorset, Lord Alington took for a division in Dorset as a County Councillor, and had for an opponent a country parson from the neighborhood. The parson, carrying away in the forecastle of the contest, told his words be constituents, in somewhat rhetorical language, that he "was prepared to die for them." In spite of this generous offer, when the contest was over, it was found that Lord Alington had been returned by a thumping majority. In his address that evening to the electors, thanking them for his election, he said that they had shown, he said that he had no intention whatever of dying for his constituents, he meant to live for them, and he thought that they had shown, he thought that they had shown, that "a live lord was better than a dead parson."

Chinese Learning.

There is much to be learned after the world captures China. Many scientists believe that the nucleus of great events is imbedded amid the mysteries of that great region of country, which may not be so belittled as is generally supposed. The preservation of grapes to make use of one illustration of Chinese industry, is one of the many things that is hardly known in that country. Millions have been spent in civilized countries in futile attempts to preserve this fruit. The Chinese have known the secret for many centuries, and millions more have been vainly used in the effort to drag them from the recipe.

CHAFING AND ITCHING SKIN

Exasperated by Summer Heat, Become Intolerable—Relief is Prompt and Cure Certain When Dr. Chase's Ointment is Used.

To many fleshy people summer is the time of much misery from chafing and skin irritation. Some complain particularly of sore feet, caused by perspiration while walking. Others suffer from itching skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, rash, or hives.

Persons who have tried Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching or irritated skin are advised to recommend it to their friends, because it is the only preparation which affords instant relief and speedily brings about a thorough cure.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Chase's Ointment has come to be considered the standard preparation for itching skin diseases, and has by far the largest sale of any similar remedy.

Try it when the feet are chafed and sore while walking. Try it when the skin is chafed, inflamed, and irritated. Try it for pimples, black-eyes, eczema, salt rheum, and every form of itching skin disease. It cannot fail you.

Dr. Chase's Ointment has never yet been known to fail to cure those who use it. It is only recently guaranteed to cure piles of every form. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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