

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER LI.

The operation on young McElvain had proved entirely successful; even the surgeon, to whose reputation it must largely add, was gratified beyond his greatest hope, and there was joy to everybody concerned. Herriek felt as if he trod upon air when he found on his admission to the young man that his surmise, wild as he himself had deemed it in its first conception, had proved quite correct. John McElvain had been one of the ill-fated sailors of the North Melton; one of four who with the Captain had taken to the small boat when it was evident the vessel was going to pieces—but the boat was of no more use in the gale than a cockle-shell, and all five were speedily in the waves. He remembered being able to cling to the boat even after it had turned bottom upward, and being swept along, he knew not where, till suddenly he remembered nothing more.

"But there were five sailors," said Herriek.

"Yes," the other man, Tom Merritt, would not come with us—he would not leave the vessel."

"Tom Merritt," Herriek was rapidly thinking, "might be Tom Minton—why not?" But there was no opportunity for saying more, for the physician in attendance forbade further conversation, and the young fellow himself closed his eyes with a sigh of relief.

Herriek hastened to acquaint Mrs. McElvain, going this time not to Mrs. McElvain's kitchen, but to Mrs. McElvain's own humble home, and the next day he escorted her again to the hospital. He withdrew while the affecting meeting between mother and son took place, giving sufficient time for Mrs. McElvain to tell, as he was sure she would do, of kindness to both; and that she had done so in no stinted measure was evident from the manner in which the young fellow tried to rise in his bed when Herriek entered, and to extend his hands so that he might grasp Herriek's. But Herriek disclaimed so much gratitude, and affected to have ample reward in the present condition of the young man.

"And John tells me," said Mrs. McElvain through her happy tears, "that the sailor who wouldn't leave the vessel, wouldn't leave it because he thought it might drive on the shore of Miss Rachel's home—Miss Rachel—that's Miss Burman's Charge—this sailor knew Miss Rachel, and he gave my John a message for her in case he himself should be lost, and my John be saved."

Herriek's countenance glowed with his immense and unexpected satisfaction.

"This is wonderful," he said, "and I am glad to have contributed even my small part in enabling Miss Burman's Charge to hear the message sent to her by this sailor who was drowned—Merritt, Tom Merritt, I think you said his name was?" addressing himself directly to young McElvain, who nodded.

This Merritt is the man who was rescued on that night," went on Herriek, "rescued only to die in Miss Burman's carriage-house—hanged, I believe, in Miss Rachel's arms."

"Perhaps, then, he told her what he told me to tell her," said McElvain.

Herriek shook his head.

"I heard from those who were present from the time of his rescue till he died, that all he said was to pronounce the name of Rachel."

"Poor fellow!" said McElvain, and for a moment a mist gathered in his eyes that he was obliged to brush away; "how he loved her."

Herriek was most anxious to have the young man to himself for a quarter of an hour; he could do nothing in the presence of his mother toward forcing or worming from him the message which was entrusted to him for Rachel; the message which might force the last link in the chain that Herriek was making for Miss Burman. So he was glad enough when the limit of time for the visit had expired, and he escorted Mrs. McElvain back to Rentonville, impressing upon her during the journey to say nothing of what her son had told her relating to Miss Burman's Charge; not even to Sarah nor to Hardman must she breathe a word. As Herriek added:

"When your son is entirely recovered, and when he can demand in his own proper person to deliver this solemn message entrusted to him by the dead, then will be the time to say anything about it; now will be only to make Miss Burman, who is a very strange woman, as you know, very angry; probably even to make her utterly refuse to permit this message to be delivered, or even to believe in it, and to upset Miss Burman's Charge without doing any good."

To all of which simple Mrs. McElvain agreed; promising to keep absolute silence on all that her son had said—her gratitude to Herriek made it easy for her to promise that.

The very next day found Herriek alone at young McElvain's bedside. With exquisite cunning he got to the subject of the message for Rachel; but there he found himself confronted by a sturdy honesty that was more than a match for his foxiness; the young fellow fixed his big, candid blue eyes on Herriek's face and answered simply:

"The message given to me by Tom Merritt I shall tell to no one except the one it is intended for; if I cannot tell it to her it shall never pass my lips."

"That is right," said Herriek candidly, "I honor you for such a principle, Mr. McElvain"—inwardly he was cursing him. "And the reason I have pressed you rather closely," he added, "is because of my interest in this poor young girl. The woman who has her in charge is a tyrant in her treatment of her, and she will never suffer you to deliver this message. Besides, there are rumors about in Rentonville—all sorts of stories regarding this same Miss Rachel that something in this message of yours might check. No one knows who she is; and Miss Burman's conduct constantly gives color to

the worst surmises—do you understand what I mean?"

The candid eyes had not for an instant turned from Herriek's face, and now they seemed to be seeking to go through Herriek down into Herriek's soul, as the young fellow answered:

"Yes, I think I understand what you mean; but I can do only as I have said; if my message cannot be delivered to the one it is intended for, then it must die with me."

Herriek had not thought to find such firmness; the boyish-looking common-place face did not seem to have any such element of strength, and he would not give up yet.

"I think you mistake," he said softly. "I do not mean that you should give me the message intended for Miss Burman's Charge. I mean alone that a hint dropped as to the identity of Mr. Merritt, or Minton, as perhaps the name really is—a hint that will explain the strange fact of a common sailor dying in Miss Rachel's arms, will do wonders toward making a respectable reputation for Miss Burman's Charge."

McElvain forced himself to a sitting posture.

"Mr. Herriek," he said, tremblingly, the tremor coming not so much from physical weakness as from violently distressed feeling; "my answer is now what it was before; I shall not deliver my message to any one save the one it is intended for. I am grateful to you for all you have done for my mother and me, but if the price of your charity must be the telling of my message to any one save the one it is intended for, then you must go unpaid."

He fell back and closed his eyes.

CHAPTER LII.

An unusually mild spell of fine weather in mid-January, following closely upon three heavy, successive snowstorms, brought with it a most unpleasant thaw. For four miles out from Rentonville the roads were impassable, while within the town even the best driveways were nearly submerged in mud, and all the air was humid with moisture. People went about sweltering after any exertion as they might do in summer, and there were rumors started from reports in the daily papers of the city, of an epidemic of disease among the poor, not alone in the adjacent city, but among the families of some squatters on the road leading from Rentonville out to the island; so that those who did not fear to subject their horses to the strain of pulling against the odds of mud and slush combined, were thought to run a little risk in taking their accustomed drive.

Herriek was one of those who laughed at the rumors, and have little fear for his horses; he took his daily drive thither. There was something in that outing which soothed him; it gave him space and solitude for his perturbed thoughts, and once that he arrived on the island he felt not unlike a king entering upon his own domain.

All the life, and excitement and money-getting of the summer season, were due entirely to him. To be sure it was low life, and an excitement that stirred up the lowest passions of human nature, but it was immensely money-getting, and of prodigious influence and power; then why should he care though respectable people shunned that part of the island as they would the abode of pestilence, and the youth of the great adjacent city were warned against it. He longed for the coming summer when the gay life there was to have fuller opportunity; if only by the coming summer he could have on Miss Burman's property facilities under way for the same kind of life. Thus far, with regard to Miss Burman, things were the same. Young McElvain was still in the hospital, his message from "Tom" undelivered, and Miss Burman and her Charge apparently invisible, for neither had been seen driving for some days. Sarah had said it was because her mistress was not very well.

On the island on one of the days of the thaw, Herriek was suddenly met by old Rhett—the old man was evidently waiting for him, waiting at Herriek's well-known headquarters; for he shambled forward the moment Herriek's horse came in sight, and he hardly waited for Herriek himself to dismount, before he accosted him. He was more shabbily dressed than ever, and his face looked as if the skin was so tightly drawn over every bone that it would take very little to make it crack. His deep-set eyes had a wild, menacing stare, and Herriek shrank involuntarily when the dirty, bony fingers fastened themselves on his arm.

"I want to see you, Mr. Herriek; I heard something about them last bonds you issued."

Leaguers were in abundance to wait upon the Supervisor; two took his horse and wagon; a third opened the door obsequiously for him, bowing even to shabby old Rhett, since it was evident the latter enjoyed the favor of the Chief, while a fourth asked if Mr. Herriek would like to go to the private room which was always kept in readiness for him. Herriek signified that he would, and thither he was conducted, followed by Rhett.

"About those bonds, Mr. Rhett," he began the moment the door was tightly shut upon the two, "what was it you wanted to know?"

"I didn't want to know anything, Mr. Herriek; I wanted to tell you something. Sol Russell of the Reform Club, says you've over-issued bonds—that the last ones given out on the road improvements are worthless; they won't pay 1 per cent. on the dollar, and that you know it; and I want back my money."

Herriek was still standing and affecting to maintain the easy, confident air he had assumed from the first; but it yielded in spite of him before the stare of the deep, menacing eyes set in the ghastly drawn face, and he paled and shrank involuntarily as Rhett with every word that he spoke came nearer to him.

"How did Russell get his information?" he asked, forcing a smile to his lips and pretending to treat Rhett's information with an air of great amusement.

"I don't know, but I want my money back, Mr. Herriek; I want the ten thousand dollars I gave to you to invest."

"How soon, old man?" and Herriek affected an air of great jealousy. "It is too bad Russell has scared you so; for the truth about the bonds is, that before spring they will pay over 4 per cent. on the dollar, but since he has frightened you, and you want your money, you shall have it; without interest, however. You shall have it to-morrow, or this afternoon, if you choose, not no, not this afternoon; it is too late to draw it from the bank; to-morrow, come to my store, and accompany me to the bank, where I shall give it you in gold, as you gave it to me."

Rhett was somewhat staggered by this unexpectedly prompt assurance of the return of his money, and somewhat shaken in the fears that Russell's statement had engendered. Over 4 per cent. on the dollar, was a glittering allurements to his miserly soul, and he hesitated about accompanying Herriek to the bank.

"Four per cent.?" he repeated staring into Herriek's eyes.

"Yes, 4 per cent. and possibly 5," said the Supervisor, those bonds now pay in a couple of months from now, despite Mr. Russell's discrediting statement. He is not fully aware, perhaps, that the street which is to be cut between Miss Burman's property and that of the Onotomah Club, taking a slice from each, will be quite under way by the opening of spring. I understand that both she and the members of the Club will contest the opening in the courts, but, Mr. Rhett, I, we, our party, I mean, the political party which I represent, and of which, as the head of the Board of Supervisors, I may be presumed to represent some influence, have friends in the courts—friends who are pledged to see us through—t us, as you will understand, there is little doubt that the last bonds issued on the street improvements will pay."

He stamped short and watched Rhett; that miserly man was in a most unpleasant quandary; Herriek's manner while making his statements seemed so convincing, and 4 per cent. was an argument that meant a tower of strength.

"Mr. Herriek," he said, "I think I'll leave my money with you; I guess your word is as good as Sol Russell's."

Herriek laughed.

"Remember, Rhett, I'm not asking you to take my word, and I'd just as lief you'd draw your money out now—ten thousand dollars is not much of a matter to me one way or the other; so, perhaps, on the whole, you'd better come to my store to-morrow and go with me to the bank."

"No, Mr. Herriek; if it's just the same to you I'll let my money stand," and he backed toward the door, as if anxious to get out before the Supervisor could again object. But he only nodded and smiled; soiled till Rhett had quite shambled out, and the door had entirely closed upon him. Then he let the smile suddenly disappear, and while he sank into a chair and dropped his head on his hands, his elongated face seemed to become more lengthened, and the pallor of his countenance more gray.

"How did Russell get his information?" he asked himself. The speaker of his had said that the rumor of had been made after the meeting of a very secret council of the Supervisors; not one of whom, save Herriek himself, knew that was a fraudulent issue; however, he was safe yet; his political power was still at its zenith, and it would be till the spring elections, when the Reform Club might effect his defeat. As things looked now, it was not likely, for, as he had told Rhett, in the very highest places of the court itself his political party had friends. And should Miss Burman be compelled to part with her property, his emolument from turning it into such a place as he had made of one end of the island would be ample enough to cancel every indebtedness that might eventually lead to disgrace.

But how to get her to sell; everything so far had been her friend. Such was he in his secret, canny ways had caused to be circulated about her Charge—rumors that broadly hinted at the disreputable parentage of that Charge, and at some hidden necessity that compelled Miss Burman to adopt her. Paragraphs in the paper which he controlled not infrequently teemed with indirect, but suggestive hints that fanned the flame of Rentonville gossip about Rachel, as often as that flame seemed to be expiring; indeed, it was Herriek's purpose never to let the fire quite die, but so craftily did he keep it alive, that while many of Rentonville's most reputable residents felt that it was his work, not one of them could have proved it. All the same, Rachel suffered in the estimation of those who felt so far had been her friend. Such persistent warfare as Herriek carried on was sure to have its effect—an effect that drew fresh cause from Miss Burman's own uncompromising attitude. Happily, however, Rachel was ignorant of the gossip of which she was the center. Sarah knew it, but with a praiseworthy desire of sparing Miss Rachel's feelings, she never even hinted at it in Miss Rachel's presence. Of course, she opened her mind to Jim, and he listened and denied, which denial Sarah entirely concurred in; and he advised—advised that Sarah should not let the matter trouble her at all, to which advice she promised to give obedience, till the next morning reached her, when she was again as excited and troubled as before.

CHAPTER LIII.

Miss Burman's indisposition increased; from the headache which confined her to her room, and refused to yield to her usual remedies, it became on the third day something that made her stagger from her bed in fright and pull the bell violently for Sarah.

"Tell Jim," she said through the closed door, "to telegraph for Dr. Burney."

"May I never be burned nor drowned alive!" Sarah said, when she delivered the message, "but she's pretty sick

when she telegraphs for Dr. Burney."

Hardman looked grave, but he made no response other than to hasten to the telegraph office.

It was four hours from the sending of the message until Dr. Burney arrived; and during that time Miss Burman had admitted no one to her apartment. Sarah, bearing refreshment, had knocked, only to be told that her mistress needed nothing; and Rachel, anxious and uneasy, had knocked, begging to be allowed to do something, but the same answer was given—to go away, that Miss Burman wanted to be quiet till the physician should arrive.

When he arrived, after having seen Miss Burman, he left her room to seek Miss Burman's Charge. He looked very grave; and he did not speak at first when Rachel met him; instead, he looked her all over, as if making some mental calculation about her.

"Is Miss Burman very ill?" she asked.

By that time she seemed to have made up his mind, and to have made it up to the effect that Rachel could bear the very worst he had to state.

"Yes," he said, "Miss Burman is very ill; she has smallpox in its worst form."

Rachel started; then the tears came into her eyes.

"She will have to be isolated," continued the doctor, "special nurses gotten for her—in fact this house will have to be quarantined, and you, my dear young lady, will have to leave it, and leave it immediately. Fortunately as I obtained from Miss Burman, you have not been in her room since she was first taken sick; in fact, I believe you have not even seen her."

"I leave her," repeated Rachel; "on no account, I shall remain and nurse her; my place is by her bedside."

Dr. Burney was aghast. That young, fragile-looking girl to be willing to expose herself? The thought appalled him; but there was no combating her resolution, and while he protested, declaring that Miss Burman herself wished her immediate departure to Mrs. Tonsell, there to remain till all danger of contagion had passed, Rachel broke from him and ran to Miss Burman's room. Directly to Miss Burman's bedside she went, throwing herself on her knees, and catching in her own hot elaps the fevered hands that were clutching the bedclothes.

"You will not send me from you?" she cried, hardly seeing through her tears the swollen disfigured face upon the bed; "my place is here with you—to nurse you."

"Yes, since you wish it, stay," that was all the parched tongue could utter, but Dr. Burney just then entering the room heard the words, and as Rachel by her own act had come into such close contact with the sufferer, he could do nothing else than let her remain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIS MAGIC KEY.

The Way one Man Opened the Door to Prosperity.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

We were sitting in the office of the iron works.

"Yes," said the ironmaster, "first honesty, and then pluck—those are the things needed. Speaking of pluck—" He stopped to answer the summons of the telephone, said "Yes," and "No," by turns for five minutes and then resumed:

"Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word."

We settled ourselves in our chairs.

"I was sitting here in this very chair," the ironmaster began, "one day about seven years ago, or maybe eight. Time goes so fast, I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door."

"Come in!" I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and gray eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they didn't know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like—have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!"

"Well, this young man came to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good."

"Good morning, sir!" he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. "I want work. Can you give me any?"

"I shook my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time."

"No, sir," I said, "We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you." I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out without more words; but he stood still. "I must have work," he said. "I would try to give satisfaction, sir, and tell you I must have it!"

He spoke as if I had the work in my coat pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me at any cost; yet perfectly respectful, you understand, with nothing I could take hold of and get angry about.

"My good sir," I said, putting the paper down, "there is no vacancy in the place. If you will give me your name and your references I will make a note of them, and someday when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you to-day."

"The young man shook his head. 'That won't do!' he said. 'Think again, sir. Surely in this great place, there must be something a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, to-day! It is absolutely necessary!'"

"It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and

shut the door after him; but I looked at him again and didn't say it.

"I saw that he was telling the truth and that he must have work. It wasn't that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of whining or sniveling about him. If there had been, out he would have gone in pretty quick time. But there was a look in his eyes—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate, and had some reason for being so."

"What kind of work do you want?" I said, putting down the paper again.

"Any kind."

"You mean that?"

"I do. Anything that will put bread in the mouths of—" he choked a little and stopped. Then, "I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed in the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!"

"Come with me out of the works. My story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made."

"The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and had a gang at work clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what not—looked like the end of the world, and the wrong end at that."

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians—it was too dirty work for a Yankee to touch, and the Irish were shy of it. They were lithe, dark, monkey-looking fellows, working away, and chattering in their unearthly gibberish. I glanced from that to my gentleman, with his clear white skin, and hands which showed that, whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports."

"Here is a job!" I said. "The only one I know of. How do you like it?"

"Well enough," he said, as cool as possible.

"You'll get \$1.50 a day," I told him. "You'll get your death, too, probably. When will you go to work?"

"In an hour," he said. Well, off he went, and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pluck, and down he went into that hole as if it was an evening party, sir."

"Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging round watching the men, or the boss would have been making trouble, but my new hand stayed on my mind somehow, and I strolled round by the creek two or three times in the afternoon, making some errand, you understand, in that direction."

"That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good workers, none better, as a rule—but his pick went in and out three times for their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk, if he had wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work in his life before."

"The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or any one else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as if there were nothing else in the world."

"That's pluck!" I said to myself. "If he doesn't die he'll do!"

"For all that, I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night, he was shabby and pretty tired-looking; but he said never a word; just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me, and went off."

"The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the creek till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work."

"When I got there, I saw the Italians lying round on the ground or squatting on the fences, eating their black bread and sausage, and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman in the flannel shirt."

"Oh! said I to myself. 'One day was enough for him, was it? And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to the swing of a pick, the way it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I tried to come away, and lo! there he was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crunched up with a great hunch of bread in one hand and a book in the other."

"I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir!"

"My shadow falling on the book startled him, and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked as astonished as I felt, for he smiled, and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. *Buon giorno, signore!*' 'Are you a schoolmaster?' I asked, 'and working down in that hole?'"

"No," he said, quietly. "I am a book-keeper. It is a great advantage for a book-keeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, it has never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now is my chance. I got this grammar for fifteen cents," he added, turning it over with a smile—the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone—and I am getting on pretty well."

"Why in the name of everything foolish didn't you apply for a position as book-keeper?" I asked, "instead of this kind of thing?"

"Nobody will take a book-keeper without references. I shouldn't think much of a firm that did, I suppose," he said, flushing a little. "My references were in my wallet that was stolen, and it will be a week and more before I get new ones as my native town is off the main lines, and letters take a good while to get there. I've always been fond of open air and exercise," he added with a quizzical look at the hole, where he had

been digging, "and now I am getting lots of it."

"Back stiff?" I suggested.

"So, so! I'll manage, though—often been worse after a day's rowing—and this is just as good bread as any other," and he took a bite out of his hunch, and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough, and wanted to be back at his grammar."

"I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shaky again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out, but his pluck kept him up and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—if something hadn't turned up."

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened and in came Green, from the boiler works over the way. 'Morning,' he said. 'Do you know of a book-keeper? Our pool fellow, who's been sick for so long, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'"

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me."

"Will you take a man on trial?"

"What kind of man?" asked Green.

"Well, I hardly know," said I. "I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've only known him four days. I can't swear for his power of work," and I told the man's story."

"Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mud, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life."

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon, I've been misinformed to-day—and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article, and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Going? Well, good morning! Good luck to you in your new venture, and let your watchword be—'Pluck!'"

CARDINAL GIBBONS' SALARY.

The Baltimore Sun recently reproduced portions of an outspoken essay from a Protestant source on the reasons why the Church is losing its hold on the masses. Considerable feeling has been aroused by some statement made by the writer and a public discussion has been precipitated. Though the original article was written solely from a Protestant standpoint the Rev. John T. Whelan, pastor of the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, Baltimore, has been induced to give an expression of his views. The following passage is of universal interest:

"As to the charges of ambition and avarice being the ruling vices of the clergy, that, too, does not hold good in the Catholic Church."

"In many Protestant denominations, I understand, if a congregation is not pleased with the ministrations of a man or with his teaching he is invited to take his departure. In the Catholic Church a priest is assigned to his position by the Bishop. The question of salary has no place in the appointment. Salaries of \$2,000, \$3,000, \$4,000 or \$5,000 are not uncommon among the Protestant clergy. I wonder how many people are aware that the salary of the head of the Primate of the United States—Cardinal Gibbons—is exactly \$1,000 a year?"

"Thousands of the Catholics in our own city—not to speak of those elsewhere—are under the care of Redemptionist, Passionist, Benedictine or Jesuit. The members of those Orders receive no salary at all for their services."

IN THE TWILIGHT.

KATHARINE JENKINS IN CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL.

"Yes, grandma, I am happy. Yet I can scarcely wait for my wedding day. The old lady drew the bright young face close to her breast."

"You understand, don't you, grandma?"

"Yes, dear."

"Your life has been one long, happy day, hasn't it, grandma? Why, then, should I fear?"

Tears gathered in the faded eyes, though a smile wreathed the tender lips of the grandmother.

"Life is made up of joy and sorrow, little girl. We must each bear our own cross, each struggle bravely up Calvary's steep hill, but, dear, beyond the mists of time there is light."