

sobbing again, "but the sight of him unnerved me."

"And how do I know but that you will be unnerved again when they summon you to the witness-stand?"

"No! the worst has passed—I have gone through the most severe ordeal—you need not fear for me now."

She spoke calmly, and looked up at him with an expression of firmness in her face which he had never seen before. He seemed satisfied, and, rising, he said quietly:

"There is but one thing I wish to do before I leave—to see my mother. You must manage that for me, Margaret; arrange to have no one in the way."

"You had better not," she replied; "how will you account to her for your sudden return? and if you should be seen by any of the servants, it might cause sad consequences."

"It will be your business to provide for my not being seen," he answered somewhat imperiously, "and my mother asks so few questions, it will be sufficient to tell her I was delayed. But, Margaret, I must see her—I shall have more heart for the future knowing that I have looked into her face—since the dead—than to think I must meet on my return her pure eyes for the first time since I have become the guilty wretch that I am."

She attempted no further remonstrance, but rose at once to obey him. The invalid was awake when Margaret descended to her. She was wondering in her uncomplaining way at the absence of her niece.

The girl had taken the precaution to send the attendant from the room on some pretext which would detain her long, and then stooping to her aunt she said softly:

"Hubert's departure was delayed, and he desires to see you once more before he goes."

"Dear boy?" the invalid murmured, and so far from seeking to know the cause of his delay, she made no other remark, but turned her eyes to a picture which hung directly opposite.

Unable to bow her head, or to clasp her hands in the attitude of prayer, she had caused to be hung just before her a painting of the thorn-crowned head of Christ. It was only the head, but it was life-size, and so vivid in coloring and expression that the very blood-drops on the forehead looked as if each moment they would trickle down on the cheeks, and the eyes as if they implored compassion from every beholder.

The invalid's eyes were wont to turn upon this picture with so absorbed a look as to convey the impression to those who had seen her thus, that her clear vision beheld something which was invisible to ordinary observers.

"Will Hubert see me now?" she asked when the mental prayer which accompanied her gaze was ended.

"Yes, I shall go and tell him that you are ready."

She hastened to the servants' hall to assure herself that each of the domestics was safely at his or her labor, and would not be likely to come up stairs for some time, and then hurrying to the room where Hubert impatiently awaited her, she preceded him to his mother's apartment.

The velvet-covered stairs returned no sound of their careful steps, but to Margaret's excited mind it seemed as if their descent was frightfully audible; often she paused to look about, or below, lest some prying eye might be fastened on them, but the spacious halls contained no person beside themselves, and the only sound was that of laughter which floated indistinctly up from the servants' hall.

Both entered the sick room in the same stealthy manner, and Margaret softly turned the key in the lock, while Hubert went forward to his mother's chair, kneeling beside it, and resting his face on her hands lest she might read his guilt in his countenance.

Even then she did not inquire the cause of his return, only murmured as she had done before:

"Dear boy!"

It was not till Margaret knelt on the other side of the invalid chair that Hubert could summon sufficient courage to lift his face and look into his mother's eyes. He met there only the most tender expression. Evidently she read nothing of his crime, and he breathed freer.

"I thank you, my God," she said, "that I have again the privilege of blessing this, the only child Thou hast left me. Make him accomplish Thy will; put more suffering upon me if it so pleaseth Thee, but preserve his innocence."

Hubert's face sank suddenly in her lap again, while successive chills ran through his form; but his mother was indifferent to everything save the picture on which she was looking. Margaret Calvert grew white to the lips and lowered her face lest its pallor might betray her; but in a few moments the young man recovered himself, and, rising, he said hurriedly:

"My time is limited, mother; I must go now."

She could not lift her face to respond to the passionate kisses he gave her, but he bent low so that her quivering mouth might touch his, and Margaret raised the poor helpless hands and placed them upon his drooped head. She turned her gaze to the picture while she said in a voice which brought the tears to the eyes of her niece.

"God bless you, my darling boy, and God protect you!"

He turned to leave the room, Margaret preceding him; she unlocked the door as noiselessly as she had locked it, and she looked cautiously into every room and hall ere she beck-

oned him to ascend to his own apartment.

Then she summoned his mother's attendant, and she returned herself to the invalid fearing lest any stray word might escape from her relative to her interview with her son, but her fear, as she had felt it would be, was groundless; the sick woman had never during her illness referred to events after their occurrence; nor did she break her rule in this case—her son's name did not once pass her lips even to her niece.

When the evening was far advanced, Hubert Burnot left his home. Margaret's adroit management had rendered his departure secure from observation, so that not even a stray neighbor seemed to be looking when he quickly descended the marble stoop and hurried up the street. The servants of the house supposed him to be hundreds of miles away, and little dreamed as they sat costily chatting, of their broken-hearted young mistress above stairs.

She wrung her hands, and walked the floor of her room, and tried to pray; but the words froze upon her lips, for in the giving of that oath to Hubert, she had gone against every dictate of her own sensitive and scrupulous conscience.

That conscience, tender and over-exacting as it had been from her childhood, would have urged her, nay, would have sternly insisted, that it was her duty to denounce the murderer, dear though he was to her; and because she could not do this cruel duty, because every impulse of her being rose in desperate resistance to such a mandate, she felt, that to approach the sacraments again would be a farce—that even to pray would be idle, for had she not chosen to serve a creature instead of her God?

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW TO BUY A HOME.

"I tell you, my dear, it is utterly impossible! Save \$300 a year out of my salary? You don't understand it," said Charles Converse to his young wife.

"Perhaps I do not," replied Mrs. Converse, "but my opinion is very decided."

"Women don't understand these things. You think my salary of \$800 a year a fortune."

"No such thing, Charles."

"But \$300, let me tell you, won't buy all the world."

"I had no idea that it would; yet, if you only had the habit of saving what you spend for things that you can get along without, you would be able to build a house in a few years."

"Build a house?"

"Yes, build a house, Charles."

"Well that's a good one."

The young man laughed heartily at the idea—too chimerical, too absurd to be harbored for a moment.

"How much do you suppose it cost us to live last year?"

"Why, \$800, of course. It took all my salary—there is none of it left."

The young wife smiled mischievously as she took from her work-table drawer a small account-book.

"You did not know that I kept account of all these things, did you?"

"No; but how much is it?" And Charles was a little disturbed by the cool way in which his wife proceeded to argue the question.

"Four hundred and ninety-two dollars," answered Mrs. Converse.

"Oh, but, my dear, you have not got half of it down."

"Yes, I have—everything."

"My tailor's bill was \$65."

"I have it here."

"Hats, boots, and—"

year, but they are hardly worth the mention."

"Ah! there's the mischief. That is where the money goes, you may depend upon it."

"Nonsense! You women don't understand these things."

"Of course, we don't!"

"Well, your figures show you don't—where has the \$300 gone to, then?"

"I don't know, Charley. I haven't the least idea. I am sure that I have got down all the items that came within my knowledge. I am positive that you have brought home no article of any description that has not been entered upon the book—I mean the articles of food and clothing, and things for the house."

"But just look at it a moment. You don't mean to say that I spent \$300 over and above our necessary expenses?" said Charles, a little warily.

"I don't mean to say anything about it, for I don't know anything about it."

"Now I think of it, there's my life insurance, have you got that down?"

"I have not."

"There is forty of the three hundred."

"But it leaves \$260 unaccounted for."

"It would take a great while to collect money enough to build a house, even if the whole of this sum were saved."

"Not a great while, Charles. You know my father has promised to give you the land when you have the means to build a house upon it."

"It will be a long while," laughed the husband.

"Five or six years, perhaps, if you are prudent. Hasn't the president of your bank promised you \$1,000 a year?"

"Yes."

"Then you can certainly save \$400 a year."

"There is a thousand things we want when my salary is raised."

"I suppose we can."

"Just look here, Charles."

Mrs. Converse took from her pocket a circular issued by the "People's Savings Bank," in which the accumulation of several small sums deposited weekly and quarterly, were arranged in a table.

"Fifty dollars deposited every quarter will net in five years, \$1,141.25!" continued she, reading from the circular.

"Bah!" added Mr. Converse.

"That sum would build a very comfortable house; and when your salary is \$1,000 a year you can save more than \$50.00 a quarter."

"A 5 per cent. institution, isn't it?" asked the young man.

But he was much impressed by the reasoning of his wife, and in the course of the evening he carefully read the circular of the "People's Savings Bank."

Certainly he had every inducement for being saving and economical. He had lived very cheaply in a small house belonging to his father-in-law, for which he paid a merely nominal rent.

His wife's father was a wealthy farmer, or rather he had been a farmer, before his domain was invaded by the march of improvement, and his pastures and mowing lots laid out into house lots. As it was, he still, from the force of habit, improved a few acres, kept a couple of cows, a "henery," and a half dozen pigs.

Charles Converse found this proximity to the "old folks at home," rather satisfactory, in a pecuniary as well as a social point of view, for his larder was partly stocked from the farm; and, of course, no account was ever made of half a pig, a barrel of apples or potatoes, or a pair of chickens. Milk and eggs were so much better and fresher from "pa's", that of course the young couple never desired to obtain them from any other source.

They lived cheaply and lived in clover besides. Charles never liked to talk about financial matters with "pa" because the worthy old gentleman used to tell him how he lived on \$150 a year after he was married—thought he had a fat salary, and supposed, of course, he saved \$100 a year out of his income—and always wound up by saying that he would give him a lot—might take his pick of all he owned—whenever he got ready to build.

All these things rather worked upon Charles Converse. He hadn't saved a dollar, and what was more, there was no present prospect that he would do so. The promised advance in salary was already appropriated to sundry luxuries. The idea of taking Mary to the opera, or a pleasant trip to Niagara, and other amabilities, had taken possession of him.

Against the latter he resolutely set his face—though, in consideration of the fact that his salary would be \$1,000 a year, after the next pay day, he had a week before made up his mind to have them.

Among other things his cigar case was empty, and he stepped into Seamy's in Congress street, to have it replenished. Cigars were a great luxury—in fact, a necessity to him, in his own opinion.

The proprietor of the establishment placed a box of the fragrant rolls upon the counter.

"Something new," said he.

Charles took up a handful and smelt them.

"Best cigars in the market," continued the vender.

"Tip-top," replied Charles, inhaling the grateful odor. "How do you sell them?"

"Four cents apiece."

Six of them were transferred to the case, a quarter thrown down, and, as it was not magnanimous to pick up a copper's change, he left the store. But then, a little fellow inside seemed to say:

"Charley, you can't afford to smoke such cigars as these. They will hardly last you two days. If you must smoke, buy a cheaper cigar than that. You will not be able to build your house in ten years at this rate."

He did not pay much attention to the monitorial voice, however, and as he passed along he drank a sherry cobbler himself and paid for three friends, whom he could not help asking to drink with him, at Barton's.

At Vinton's a Charlotte Russe was disposed of, and so on to the end of the chapter. And these were his daily habits. It was only a sixpence or a quarter a time, and these were so ridiculously small that they never caused him a thought. The idea that they absorbed any considerable portion of his salary never occurred to him. He had always gratified his appetite or inclination in these matters, as they had come to be regarded as necessities.

Still Charles Converse had turned over a new leaf. He refrained from purchasing a great many articles which he had intended to get when he received his quarter's salary, and as he seated himself in the cars, he congratulated himself on the firmness with which he had carried out the resolution of the previous evening.

"You are late, Charles," said Mary, when he reached his sunny little cottage.

"I have been paying my quarter bills," replied he, with a smile.

"Here they are, my sweet accountant."

He threw the bills upon the table, and while she was examining them, he threw his bank-book in her face.

"What!" exclaimed she, in astonishment, as she saw the book. "Fifty dollars!"

"Yes, my dear, female influence—of a wife," and the husband playfully kissed her. "I am convicted of sin, and converted, too, which is better still. I am resolved to be prudent, economical, saving, even parsimonious."

"I am glad to hear it."

"And the house will be built in just five years, according to the programme of the Saving's Bank."

As he spoke, he took from his pockets three of the city evening papers.

"Not quite cured, Charles," said Mary with a smile.

"What do you mean?"

"Journal, Transcript, and Traveler, 2 cents each," laughed Mary.

"You are determined the publishers shall live."

"Why, Mary, you wouldn't have me live without a newspaper, would you? That would be a depth of barbarism to which I would never descend," replied Charles, with a look of astonishment, at the interesting mentor.

"Certainly not! but is not one paper a day enough?"

"That is but a trifle."

"The rain falls in drops, but washes the whole earth. Four cents a day, for a year, amounts to about \$12."

Charles scratched his head. It was a most astounding revelation to him.

"I don't want you to do without that," said his wife.

"Sherry cobbler, ice creams, and oysters, over a \$100 by thunder!" continued he turning to his figures again.

"Indeed!"

"I begin to see where the \$200 have gone to," said he.

And sherry cobbler are worse than useless. I had no idea you drank, Charles."

"Say no more, Mary. I am done."

And he was done. The idea of "saving up" something took complete possession of him—not so far as to make him niggardly—but far enough to make him abandon the 4 cent cigars, three evening papers, Vinton's comedies, and especially sherry cobbler.

On the next quarter day \$100 was added to his deposit at the Saving's Bank, and as his habits improved afterwards, and his salary still further increased, much greater sums were added.

In four years the house was built, new furniture bought and paid for, and Charles is considered one of the most thrifty young men in the town—all of which propitious events, we honestly believe, had their origin in the beneficent influence of the Saving's Bank whose circular had opened his eyes, and stimulated him to carry out his resolution.

A Catholic Charity Recommended to Protestants.

To recommend a Catholic charity to the benevolence of Protestant readers is not in all cases a hopeful proceeding. Nevertheless, I feel sure that there are, among the readers of *Truth*, many of all creeds and denominations who would, if they knew the facts, be only too eager to give some help to the work carried on at St. John's Leper Asylum Mandalay. Father Wehinger, the head of this institution, is now in England on a mission, the object of which is to interest the British Government and public in his work. From his annual report, which is before me, it is clear (1) that leprosy, in all its most terrible forms, is nowhere more prevalent than in Upper Burma; (2) that work of value, not only ending but also curing the lepers, is done at this Asylum; (3) that the work is sadly hampered and restricted for want of funds. These facts, it is known, ought to be enough to ensure the success of Father Wehinger's mission.—London *Truth*.

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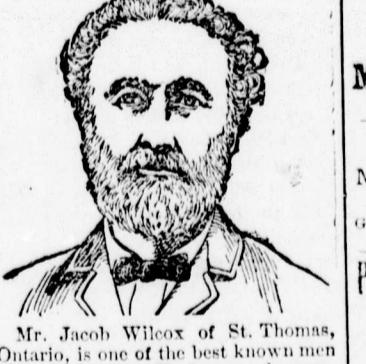
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