

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

JANUARY 18, 1902.

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber. CHAPTER XLVII.—CONTINUED.

Within the hour she was in Herrick's store; he was there also; and the clerks staved and craned their necks and even went to the door to look after the strangely contrasted pair. Herrick in most gentlemanly attire, from his well polished, elegantly fitting boots to his carefully brushed silk hat, and Mrs. McElvain in a plain black, stuff dress, very full in the skirt, and correspondingly short, a heavy green plaid shawl, and a black, old-fashioned bonnet coming far over her face and surrounding a kind of widow's cap. Her hands were covered with black cloth gloves; but it was her feet which offended Herrick most. They were big and broad, and the old-fashioned cloth shoes which encased them seemed made on purpose to show their huge proportions. And every time she raised them she put them down with such heavy, fat-footed persistence, that her steps could be heard a block away. However, Herrick felt he would have ample compensation, perhaps in the near future, for all the humiliation he was undergoing now; his errand of charity, as he had termed it, had a very secret, hopeful motive behind it, and if it turned out as it was most improbable to hope that it might do, he could put upon Miss Burram more scorn and contempt than she had ever inflicted upon him. He ground his teeth every time he thought of her message that morning, but his face betrayed none of his feelings, and he bowed to everybody they met on their way to the station, smiling his accustomed large smile and laughing within himself as he saw the stares of surprise given to his companion. His inward chuckle received a kind of startled check, however, when at the station, coming face to face with Russell, the latter saluted Herrick, and then turned to Herrick's companion:

"Mrs. Herrick, I presume; I am glad to see that your husband and I am glad to see that your husband has changed his policy of hiding you from everybody."

Herrick turned white. "This is not my wife! Mr. Russell," he said stiffly, while the luckless Mrs. McElvain looked up from her old-fashioned bonnet and said: "La, young man! I'm not Mrs. Herrick."

"Oh," said Russell, with a pretense of being abashed, "I apologize for my blunder, but it was really owing to the rumors that are circulated about Mrs. Herrick's style of costume—it is said that she prefers to wear old-fashioned, sensible clothes."

The train just then pushing into the station gave Herrick no time to respond, but he cast a sidelong contemptuous glance at Russell which the latter returned with a smile and a wink. The hospital patient Mrs. McElvain's son; the first look which told her that she felt upon him with pathetic recognition; but there was no answering sign from him—he received her embraces, he looked at her crying, and he seemed to wonder, that was all.

CHAPTER XLVIII. To Rachel's surprise, the carriage, on entering the city, seemed immediately to leave it again; to go by one of the numerous exits out to a country road where the desolation of winter appeared to reign as it reigned nowhere else; from the bare trees that loomed up at intervals, bare of leaves and stunted in growth, to the leaden gray of the December atmosphere that hung over all like a foreboding cloud. Rachel wondered, but then, as she said to herself with a kind of philosophical determination to give herself some comfort for the half-reproach of her conscience for such forgetfulness: "What was the use of thinking of it? I couldn't have helped them in any way."

She made up her mind, however, to ask Hardman about all that—of course he would know. But all that he could tell her was that for the last three months Miss Burram, to his knowledge, had not gone near the tenement house—Mr. Burleigh collected the rents—but previous to that the house was in a worse condition than ever, the tenants frequent changes of most of the tenants. Even the Roudays had gone; the only families remaining whom Rachel knew were the Bohemians and the tobacco strippers. Of the flower-girl, whose sister had died, Hardman surmised that she continued to make her home with the Roudays.

CHAPTER XLIX. Young Godding having been absent two days and a night in the city, had no opportunity for hearing the interesting news pertaining to Herrick which his sister had learned through the inevitable Sarah, or for telling of Russell's amusing encounter which he had heard from Russell himself, both meeting on the train from the city, until the second evening after Russell's meeting with Herrick had entered. Then the tea-table he gave the account; Rose could hardly wait for him to finish.

"Why, that was Mrs. McElvain, the woman that goes every day to Miss Burram's to help Sarah."

"Bless my ribs! but this beats anything yet." Rachel's attention was caught by the wraith.

"It is quite fresh, Jim; it must have been put here this morning. Who did it? Some one by Miss Burram's order?" "I don't quite know," he answered in a puzzled tone, "that is, I don't quite understand about it. Miss Burram gave me orders this morning to drive you here, that you might see the grave, and then I was to take you to some of the florists near here, and you were to give any order you chose for the keeping of flowers all the time on the grave, or whatever would be seasonable to put on."

"Dear Miss Burram!" burst from the girl and in the same breath she detailed all that had happened in her interview with that lady on the previous evening.

"Just as I told you, Miss," said Hardman, "and I think you're getting a pot of her regard for you."

"So I am, Jim, and I am going to return it for—Tom's sake, and for her sake too."

"But about that wraith," resumed Hardman, "I am puzzled, because Miss Burram said when she was giving me the orders this morning, 'The grave is very bare, Jim, I have given no orders more than to sod it.'"

"That is strange," said Rachel, looking at him in astonishment. "Who do you think can have done it?" "I can't even guess, but we might inquire at all the places round here, where they supply such things, and perhaps we'll find out."

All their inquiries, however, failed to elicit one iota of information; no one in any of the florists' shops knew anything about the wraith; and as Jim had still an order to execute in the city, the order being, as he told Rachel, to apply to the bureau for teachers to learn if Mr. Gasket had returned from England and could be got to resume his instruction, she rather reluctantly entered the carriage.

Mr. Gasket had not returned from England, nor could the Superintendent of the Bureau tell whether he intended to return, but finding that he had Mr. Gasket's London address, he said he would write to him immediately, with which information Hardman returned to Rachel.

"And now," he continued, "the last of my orders is to drive you to the hotel where you are to have dinner as you used to do."

"To have dinner as she used to do," when she incurred Miss Burram's displeasure by supplying from the hotel fare for the poor of the Essex Street tenement.

When she found herself seated again in the same white and gold private carriage, it seemed to her as if a century had passed since that time. To be sure it was some since, being nearly four years ago. With a mournful vividness everything came back to her—the pinched, pallid faces of the dwellers in the tenement, their squalid surroundings, and the pathetic appeal of the goodly of family friendship. Why into her mind, she could not say, but she could not understand that at all, and less than ever now, in the fact of Miss Burram's kindly change to herself. How glad she was that she had given to the girl the fifteen dollars she had been saving for Tom—Tom, who would never need it now—a gulp came into her throat, but she choked it back, and she went on wondering what had become of them all; Mrs. Rouday and her baby, the Bohemian family and the poor flower-girl; she had such persistent thoughts of them now that she marveled how she could have had so few thoughts of them during the years that had just passed, but then, as she said to herself with a kind of philosophical determination to give herself some comfort for the half-reproach of her conscience for such forgetfulness: "What was the use of thinking of it? I couldn't have helped them in any way."

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"Why, that was Mrs. McElvain, the woman that goes every day to Miss Burram's to help Sarah."

"Great Caesar!" said Will, "but what in the name of all that's sensible was Herrick doing with her?" "I don't know," he answered, "so impatient to communicate all of her own news in the shortest possible time, that her words were running together, her brother said, 'like molasses,' and he had to beg her to take a little more breath. But when she did impart it all, even to the return of Mrs. McElvain in a state of distraction between her joy at recovering her son and her grief at his condition, together with the passive manner with which Miss Burram received the news of her return from Sarah, Will could not refrain from giving a low whistle; and when Rose went on to say that Herrick was going to have the poor fellow removed to a private hospital where, Herrick, would defray the expense of the operation and every other expense attendant upon his stay in the hospital, Will

stared so ludicrously that Rose burst out laughing. "I knew I should startle you," she said. "Great Caesar! but you have."

"William, my son," remonstrated his mother, "I wish you would remember my presence and not use such expressions."

"I beg your pardon, mother, but the providence was so great; it is enough to make anybody say 'Great Caesar'!" "I never heard you give such utter way to slang as you have done since you have had anything to do with that disagreeable woman, Miss Burram, and I never want to hear her name mentioned again, directly or indirectly."

"Your mother is right," spoke up Mr. Godding, Sr. "She voices my feelings exactly, after all that I have undergone through that same Miss Burram. I never wish to hear her name again."

"That was a command which his son and daughter knew would brook no disregard, but the young man, partly in a spirit of mischief, and partly to bring a smile to the crest-fallen face of his sister, said with great apparent earnestness:

"I suppose, sir, that order does not apply to Mr. Notner."

"No, it does not," replied his father, "not doubting for an instant his son's sincerity. Mr. Notner is a gentleman, and a gentleman whose acquaintance is an honor."

"Then why do you not cultivate his acquaintance?" pursued his son, who was well aware that his father had written a most grateful acknowledgment of the favor Notner had done him by his newspaper article, and a most cordial invitation to him to visit the Godding family, and which had been replied to by a note of making very light earnest thanks for the invitation, but no word of acceptance.

"Because," answered Mr. Godding, "I haven't had an opportunity to do so; Mr. Notner does not seem to desire to make acquaintances."

"In which he is strangely like the—um—person we are not to mention. Don't you think so, father? Especially as you made that note to Mr. Notner so strong in its terms of invitation—I wonder how he could resist it?"

"Will," said his father angrily, now understanding the mischievous aim of his son's speech, and goaded also by his acceptance of his offer of family friendship, "I want no more of this, and the order I have given about Miss Burram, I repeat—her name must not be mentioned in your mother's presence, nor in mine."

Will had risen from the table and he was now on the threshold of the door. "But Rose and I may speak to Mr. Notner as hard and fast as we like, may we not?" and without waiting for a reply he shut the door quickly, and darted through the hall, Rose's laugh sounding in his ears as he went.

It was quite true that since the night of the reception, on which occasion it had been decided to cultivate him to any extent it chose, he had resumed his old impenetrability. He performed his duties as a member of the Otonohah Club so far as his presence was required at any of the meetings, and he more than performed it if desired. He was the cost of repairing the havoc made by the storm to the buildings on the grounds of the Club. He retained also an active membership in the Reform Club, which still kept up its work against Herrick's corrupt political party, and he was civil to everybody he met; but he declined all invitations, and as for his old name; his three men-servants never gave out any information, and so far as his own birth, antecedents, or sources of wealth were concerned, he was as great a mystery as Miss Burram was.

Miss Fairfax confided to Rose her uncle's disappointment at not being able to form a closer acquaintance with Notner, for, as Miss Fairfax said: "Uncle is charmed with him, and he says that everybody is who knows him at all."

"You also, I suppose," said Rose mischievously; "you had him, you know, almost entirely to yourself, for a considerable time on the reception, much to Will's regret, didn't you?"

"Miss Fairfax blushed. "Of course I was charmed,—I really couldn't help it,—but not to any alarming extent," blushing more furiously than before.

"There, there!" said Rose, in pity for her friend's embarrassment, "I shall not talk of Mr. Notner, fascinating though he be, but of Miss Burram's Charge. I really love her, Hattie, ever since that night; she seemed to be the sweetest, simplest, dearest child I ever knew."

"Child!" repeated Miss Fairfax, "why, she is nearly as tall as you are, and she must be almost sixteen."

"No; just turned fifteen; she told me so herself; and to think that never since that night have we laid eyes on one another."

"But I have; I have seen her, as I told you, when driving with uncle. I met her with Miss Burram twice, and as I described to you, while Rachel smiled sweetly and cordially enough, you would think Miss Burram was set in ice—she was no more like the woman she was on the night of the reception than a stone image is like a human being."

"Yes, I know," said Rose sadly, "and of course owing to that I have taken your advice and neither called nor written; but sometimes I do think I should like to write to her, under cover of Miss Burram of course, expressing my sorrow for Rachel's illness, and my hope to resume our acquaintance, and etc."

"But I had better do nothing of the kind," mimicked her friend, "you will get nothing for your pains but a cold reply from Miss Burram, and even if you did get a cordial response from that lady, of what avail would it be

with this prohibition of your father not to mention Miss Burram's name? You could not give any invitation to her Charge, and do you know, Rose," lowering her voice, "they are circulating stories again relative to the man whose name you have just mentioned. It is said that, if true, must put Rachel, good and sweet as she is, beyond the pale of respectable society."

"But the stories are not true," answered Rose, passionately, "and even if they were true, I think we, as girls, ought all the more to stand by poor Rachel."

"I agree with you," said Harriet, "but how?"

"By writing to her; I at least shall relieve my conscience by sending her a letter in the care of Miss Burram, expressive of my feelings."

"Very well," said Miss Fairfax, indifferently.

Rose wrote the letter: "MY DEAR MISS BURRAM: Our very brief acquaintance on the night of the Club reception gave me such a desire to know you better, that I am aware of the fact that I have not written to you; but I have not been permitted to do so, my friends disapproved my writing to you. Now, however, I can restrain myself no longer. I must tell you what an affection I have conceived for you, and how much I should like to see you. I have written this letter in Miss Burram's care, so that she may read it first, and from her hands I am sending it to you. I hope a favorable answer."

"Yours very affectionately, Rose Godding."

CHAPTER XLIX. Sarah lost little time in acquainting Rachel with all that had happened to Mrs. McElvain, and Rachel as speedily went to the kitchen to tell that honest, hard-working woman how glad she was that poor young Mrs. McElvain was alive, and at the same time how sorry she felt that she did not know his mother. Her sympathy, attested by the tears which shone in her eyes, made the poor mother burst out crying—indeed, she had done little else since her return from the hospital.

"I know you're sorry, Miss Rachel," she said from behind the apron with which she was wiping her tears, "and I'm going to do my best to come to see you to-morrow, but what is breaking my heart entirely is the fear that John will die without knowing me. Mr. Herrick, God bless him! tells me that it won't be so—that he himself will pay for the best doctors to perform an operation on him, and that he'll be all right. He's going to be moved to another hospital to-morrow, and the day after I'm to see him again, and then, not till after the operation is performed."

"And when will that be?" asked Rachel breathlessly. "Mr. Herrick thinks that in a week, unless that John could be in danger of death, when, of course, I'm to be sent for at once. But oh, that week, Miss Rachel; I'm thinking how will I live through it?"

"Well, just hope for the best, Mrs. McElvain," spoke up Sarah, "sure God has shown His goodness in giving you your son at all—and can't you trust Him for the rest?"

"Sarah is right," said Rachel, "God has been very good to you," and while she spoke something seemed to whisper to her own heart that God had also been very good to her in letting Tom return to her, though it was only to die in her arms, and then, too, he had given her the son who was with him, not like Mrs. McElvain's son, who had no recognition of the one who loved him best. It was the first time she had experienced that feeling, and she repeated touchingly:

"God has been very good."

But she was much disturbed by Mrs. McElvain's account of Herrick's character, and she had been so much disconcerted by the message to Herrick, a message unmistakable in its purport of Miss Burram's feelings for that gentleman. These facts made her kind some round all right, and she went to understand; so great a kindness it seemed to Rachel, that the more she thought about it the more imminently it threatened to demolish her wall of dislike for him. He must be a good man, she said to herself, to do so much for a poor woman like Mrs. McElvain, and then she contrasted his conduct with that humble person with the indifference shown by Miss Burram. Miss Burram, Sarah had told her, had not even once inquired about Mrs. McElvain's son, nor had she said a word more than "ah," when she was made acquainted with all of Herrick's charitable offers. In fact, as the same Sarah had added, "takin' all of Miss Burram's feelings together about the matter, it was surprisin' she didn't discharge Mrs. McElvain on the spot," which Rachel thought, with a kind of horror, would have been dreadfully cruel.

When Rachel laid all her perplexing thoughts before Hardman, he was puzzled how to answer her. Recognizing the Christian spirit which prompted her to do full justice to what seemed to her to be good in Herrick's character, he hesitated to give any check to it by his own doubts or suspicions; and when she plaintively wondered why Miss Burram was so hard to the sorrows of others, he could only fall back upon his old arguments.

"Don't trouble yourself about it, Miss Rachel, think only of your own duties and leave Miss Burram to her ways. Maybe she has reasons for what she does—reasons that will stand with God, if they don't with mortals."

"But isn't God's lawfulness—kindness first and last—kindness to everybody every time you can—isn't that your religion, Jim?"

She spoke so earnestly, fixing at the same time such wistful eyes upon him, that he was more puzzled than ever. He scratched his head and said softly to himself:

"Bless my ribs! But as she continued to look at him, and as she evidently would not be satisfied unless he answered her, he began at length:

"Miss Rachel, to my humble way of thinking, it's just this way; we're all

made on different lines—some of us being built to have the kind of tender heart you've got and more of us to be stern like Miss Burram; but maybe a balance of these stern ways, there's a something else that the God who made all looks at with pleasure; anyway, Miss Rachel, none of us can be the judge of the other; we've only to be accountable for ourselves, and maybe in time Miss Burram may change to others as she's changed to you. Perhaps, you, Miss, may win her to it—you have only to keep on as you're doing."

Rachel shook her head. "My power is not so great as that, Jim; and even yet, though she is so different in her manner to me, there is something about her that seems like a wall I can't get over. Yesterday, I wanted to speak to her about poor Mrs. McElvain, but something seemed to stop the words every time they came to my lips."

"I am glad you didn't speak," said Hardman to Sarah, "she's so sore, according to Rachel's account about Herrick, that to speak of Mrs. McElvain is to drag him before her—don't ever mention either of them, Miss Rachel, if Miss Burram herself doesn't speak of them."

Rachel was silent, during which Hardman hoped her disposition to ask any more theological questions had departed, but she burst out again, quite suddenly:

"Miss Burram hates Herrick because he wants to make her sail her place here, isn't it, Jim?"

"Yes, that's one reason, and I think another reason is," forgetting his caution on the side of Christian charity, of a few minutes before, "that he is a mean, villainous sneak."

"But, even if he is a mean, villainous sneak, and very bad in that particular, mayn't there be, as you said a little while ago, something else in his character that will balance that—that God will look at with pleasure—for instance, his kindness to Mrs. McElvain?"

Hardman was dumbfounded; when he made that speech entirely for Miss Burram's benefit, he had not the slightest idea applying it to Herrick, and such a knock-out now by his own argument, left him powerless. But there was the girl waiting in all earnestness for his answer, and he managed to stammer at length:

"Yes, God's eyes, to be sure, see what mortals cannot; and maybe Herrick's accounts are pretty evenly balanced. To himself he said, when Rachel had gone: 'That beast of a Herrick; it ain't likely that anything he'll do can balance his meanness; and all that he's doing for her; it's for some object of his own; I hope that the object doesn't concern Miss Burram.'"

Miss Burram received Miss Godding's letter to Rachel and she broke the seal at once. Twice she read it before she put it down; then she pondered at length she took it up and surmising that she should find Rachel in the library she went thither.

A violent snow-storm, the first of the season, was raging, the flakes falling so thick and fast that they obscured every view without. A bright fire was glowing in the grate, its light making pleasant shadows about the room, and nestled in a low chair in front of the fire was Rachel reading. The light fell upon her also, giving a bright tint to her hair and a play of color upon her face. That was pleasant to see. Miss Burram watched her for a moment before she called her name. The girl sprang up in answer, smiling and pulling forward a chair which Miss Burram took, drawing as she did so Rachel back to her own seat.

"I have here a letter from Miss Godding," she said, "it is written to you, and it came in my care; I have read it; you read it now."

THE MILLENNIUM AT COFFINVILLE. MARY F. NIXON-ROULET, IN THE MESSENGER.

The priest at Holy Family was feeling "that low in his mind," as his housekeeper expressed it, that he couldn't eat, sleep nor read his breviary in peace. The good woman watched over his Lawes and Penates in the firm and comforting belief that whatever might be the sanctity of his spirit, the temporal welfare of the Rev. Edward Jones would be null and void without her.

She was very much distressed about him. Years ago when she had been left a widow with a little girl to care for, Father Jones had been her pastor, and he had installed her in the position of his housekeeper, educating her daughter out of his slender stipend, until the brown-eyed girl had taken her sweet face to bloom in the garden of the Sacred Heart, in which order she had been educated. Mrs. Hansey stayed on with Father Jones. "He couldn't get along without her," she was sure, and even when he went on a mission, she felt a lot to go also, her Martha-like nature expending itself in faithful service for the servant of God.

Father Jones was a kindly, jovial soul; a man about sixty, with a pleasant face, somewhat reddened and roughened with wind and weather, for he was a "missionary" priest in southwest Missouri means to be at the beck and call of every one from Dan to Beersheba, and Father Jones was no exception to the rule. He had a church at Coffinville, and two missions to look after on alternate Sundays, so the day was to him scarcely the traditional "day of rest," which the early Puritans demanded for their "Sabbath." Every Sunday he said Mass at Coffinville at 6 then rode to Ozark, ten miles away over the worst of Missouri roads, to say another at 12, reaching home again at 12 for Catechism and Benediction, only to start out at 3 o'clock to give Benediction at Sparta. The next Sunday was like unto the first, save that he said Mass at Sparta and gave Benediction at Ozark. During the week he was occupied with parish work and sick calls without number; hurried calls into the mountains "neath the summer's blazing sun, or through the winter's blizzards, when snow whirled over the carriage and the wind blew a requiem for a departed soul. Through all his trials Father Jones' good nature was proverbial, and yet a physiognomist would have declared it a freak of nature. Fat people are accustomed to arrogate to themselves all the good nature in the world, while thin people are supposed to be unamiable. But Father Jones' spare form had not an ounce of superfluous flesh upon it and he was amiability itself, except upon occasions of flagrant dereliction of duty on the part of those under his charge. His face was so thin the cheek bones protruded like an Indian's, and there were those among the Campbellites, which sect abounded in Coffinville, who said they knew that he didn't get enough to eat. It is difficult to be sleek and well fed when you are poor and troubled with that unpleasant guest, a conscience, and you have eyes to see that plenty of people are poorer than you are, and Father Jones' character and his life in Coffinville, filled these conditions admirably. When people complained of "fat times," and that the "scraps was jes' spoiled with the dry drought," the priest gathered his "arch-bishop cassoak" about him with a highly indifferently to his scandalous appearance and Mrs. Hansey's "Sure, on!" it fringed like old Shanghai rooster's legs, all round the bottom. "To this he only answered blandly: "I am surprised that such an elegant woman as you are, Mrs. Hansey, shouldn't know that fringe is all the style now. It said so in the last Catholic Advance."

of thanks buy him a hassock, ever you call it?" Will it wine and the best doctor in County? Will it get him blankets and all the things this saken place doesn't hold for man to live decent with? he'll die if he don't have saved my girl and your boy-brat—" (big, rough Dan choked now he's dyin' up there money fever, an' the doctor ter be havin' good nursin' an' Good Lord! Luxuries in ville!"

And then a strange thing The Rev. Ephraim Jones sue throbbing against his side in pleasant manner an organ had really forgotten the fact many years. He had a hard work and the strain of dealing always with side of life had so incumbered was seldom conscious of its Now, however, he felt it painfully and urging him to which he scarcely felt him. But only incumbered with doctrin-mant, not dead, and it rose face in a great wave, and

"I tell you what I'll do began, "I'll write to the bo him my box."

"Good for you, parson," clapping him on the back with formal table friendliness, while Rev. Ephraim Jones wine great ham-like hand. "But That's the very thing! I'll it?"

"They send me one ever if they won't send two have mine. And this away. None of the men who ap so loudly had even an im the sacrifice meant."

The Rev. Ephraim Jones blessed under his vine and a wife and eleven olive There had been a balor two had succeeded to ma had tucked the little way in the ground with relief; relief that their misery, and pain, t anguish of the parent's heart with its second self.

Eleven children to feed educate and generally a hard tussle of life means of they meted. The Ephraim winter for clothing for the season to the large and sionary box sent by ladies of a rich Eastern ch

Had Mrs. Jones been haps he would have stifled impulse, for she was a who kept her husband order, but the worthy w for a two days' visit to meeting in Greene Cou Jones flourished alone. Lik al green bay tree. Nine ranging from fifteen to s carnival at the parson's youngest children having their mother; so, the cu the mouse was playing

The glow of the ministr heart dimmed; indeed, h heart gave him noest written his board. He to the "bo," the tr troubled missionaries, l its pecuniary difficul the church's rescue of matter into his c write directly to the ch always supplied him.

"Dear ladies of the Church," he began, "pardon the liberty I tal you, but I am now wear—I mean those you vent had so much kindness venture to ask for a box this that I don't want it, I want it worse, but I t elsewhere. There is a going to die unless he w will try to tell you about

Then followed a stir Father Jones' life an good work in Coffinville and his brave rescue of drom. The Rev. Ephr asking his epistle aft "He has given away has; he has saved life Though not one in d better man than I am, ask you to relieve his than give any thought ing to hear from you, I don't think me ungrate kindness to me and a servant in Christ, Eph

"P. S.—Send th Edward Jones, Coffin mention that the Rev. tion of mine, for there are not.

This was the letter bombshell into the m Home Missionary Soci street M. E. Church, stone, exquisite with graced the largest st tant Eastern city.

An anarchistic so have more effectually ladies. All were tal was not an uncommo the tops of their v the president restore to my heart," said M handsome woman. "Min is perfectly beat derive him of his be

"Of course no all the children's e And we can't let the out there, if he is Mrs. Bonham, the millionaire in her times over.

"Christmas is com Catholics have as m brate Christmas with little crippled Miss Mrs. Fitz-Simmons "I always thou hard for Catholics to elect," said brisk l

NO REASONABLE MAN expects to cure a broken cold in a day. But time and experience have shown that the only way to overcome the cold and all its attendant troubles is by using the best medicine. Get HODGINS' CATARRH and have the best medicine MONEY CAN BUY.