THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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2

AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "M BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC. " MAY

CHAPTER XIV.

PAGAN GRIEF-ONCE MORE AT HOME-A SENSATION.

Early next morning, just as Fabian was preparing to go to the villa for the Fahiar purpose of arranging a pretty device he had thought of for Claudia's welcome home, a servant appeared, and announced that a person was waiting in the vestibule—who said his business was urgent—and requested to see him. Fabian had been expecting ever since he awoke that morning, to get some intelligence from the agent whom he had commissioned to ascertain when Evaristus was incarceated, and if pos-sible, to save him; he was not sursible, to save him; he was not sur-prised, therefore, to see the lawyer himself, whom he received with grave courtesy, while his countenance ex-pressed a questioning anxiety, of which he was scarcely conscious. After both were seated at a table of

places of memory. Fabian plunged his head in a vessel carved citrean wood, upon which lay scattered implements of writing, and of cold, perfumed water, and, throwing himself upon a couch, took up a volume, which proved to be his favorite " Eneid," and sought to regain his unanswered letters, with one or two volumes of favorite authors, the lawyer without any preliminaries, entered at once on the business which had brought usual tranquillity in its noble and poetic conceptions; then, when conhim. He related briefly that he had lost no time in entering upon a careful soarch for Evaristus. What made it so difficult, was the great number of per-sons that had been arrested at the restored, he wrapped his toga about him, descended to the street, where him, descended to the street, where his chariot still awaited him, quickly mounted, and drove to the villa on the same time, and a certain secrecy which had been thrown around his arrest, on account of the popular sentiment in his was passing through the ordeal just described, Nemesius had left Rome to favor. The lawyer stated that he did not succeed in discovering to which of the prisons he had been conveyed until make his daily visit to the camp of his legion, and, without an object—only that it was a delicious day, and he after midnight, when he at once directed his efforts, by application to once after the proper officials, to procure access to him. This involved a delay of several hours; and when at last, near day-dawn the speaker found his way to the prison and showed the order for his admission, he was informed that he was too late Evaristus had been executed. The bes thing they could do, after receiving a secret bribe, was to direct him to the place where the offender had paid the forfeit of his life.

of mingled sweetness filled the air with 'Here," added the lawyer, "I was subtle incense. not too late. It is true he was past re There was a solitary old beggar, clothed in tatters, sitting on the lowest step of the portico, as if to rest and gain breath before resuming his jour-ney. Nemesius thought he had never beheld so miserable an object; perhaps his end. They first bound him on the wheel of torture, but before setting it his end. in motion they tore out his tongue with with red-hot pincers—" "Enough!" interrupted Fabian,

"Enough!" interrupted Fabian, raising his hand from the table on which it rested, and dropping it again. The mendicant's cheeks were hollow and pallid; his large black eyes, sunk while a sick faintness nearly suspended the action of his heart. "I secured his body," began the

wandering; while his hands were so palsied that the staff he clasped other, "supposing-" "That is well. It is what I would desired, all else having

have most desired, all else hav failed," Fabian quickly responded. "What disposition shall we mak portico, a young slave appeared, with a small loaf of bread and some scraps of we make of meat, which he hastily thrust into the it ?"

"Deposit it in my family tomb on the Appian Way," said Fabian, opening a cabinet, and taking therefrom a bronze key, which he gave him. "This will beggar's hand, quickly covering them with his tattered cloak, whispered a few words, and was turning to go back into the house by the way he came out it." when he

" Thy request shall be faithfully atwhen he was seized, philohed, and dragged away by three men, who had followed him, and laid in wait to capture him as he returned. At the same moment two others laid violent hands tended to; but shall the remains b I can have it done secretly, cinerated? if such be thy wish." "No," said Fabian, remembering to

"No," said Fabian, remembering to have heard, among other things, that the Christians did not burn the bodies of their dead, and inurn their ashes for on the beggar, who piteously pleaded for mercy. the brutes that, the brutes that, the man being too old and feeble to offer resistance, such burial. "No: there is a new coffin of Assian stone there. I bought it when rough force was not necessary. is his offence ?" he asked. I was at Assosa in Troas, two years ago, intending it for my own interment. The stone has peculiar properties, from which one does not shrink as from

foreign wars, and was ignorant of many things of civic polity, which excited his wonder when his observation was directed to them. He pitied the aged beggar, and would—for the love of his blind child—have given him refuge and ennort but had been prevented by an " And is this the only reward Rome could find for thee, my Evaristus-to drag out thy eloquent tongue and shatter the silver trumpet that sounded her fame! Gods! are ye gods, to look down indifferently upon a crime like this ?" support, but had been prevented by an arbitary law. Then he remembered Grief was new to Fabian; he

and apothegms of the philosophies he had studied that could give strength or solace to the troubled mind, or tran-

quillity to the fevered brain; so, pagan that he was, he relied, upon the re-sources of his own noble nature to live

out his life as best he could, while h

buried his sorrow deep in the sacred

cious that his composure was entirely

About the same hour in which Fabian

wished to prolong his ride-he took the

Urban road along the Viminal. As he

sun shone brightly on its grim tower

ivy creeping over its dark walls; birds careered above it. glad under the

blue sky and golden light; and odors

There was a solitary old beggar,

was seized, pinioned, and

Nemesius drew rein, and reminded

and touched with emerald sheen th

day reigned in its neighborhood.

Aventine.

arbitary law. Then he remember that, in the past, filial devotion flattered himself that the philosophy he had adopted held him above the disbeen more than once rewarded and im-mortalized by the Romans : that it was cordant passions of life; but found, to virtue which ranked high in their his shame, that, like snow-crusted vol-canic fires, they only waited the oppor-tunity to burst into flames. He felt ethics; and yet before his very eyes that day the virtue had been construed into a crime, to be followed by death instead of freedom and award. Truly, he thought, there must be more twobeaten by his own weakness, and thought a more lofty fortitude would have made his grief worthier of its have made his grief worthier of its object. He also realized for the first faced gods than Janus for such inconsistencies to rule, and the old sage Lentulus was right in declaring that time how utterly futile and wasted is all conflict with the decress of Fate. He had nothing that reached higher than his head to look to for confort or the nobler qualities of the Roman charac-ter had fallen to decay. help; there was nothing in the theories

The house of Hippolytus seemed destined, all at once, to become the scene of extraordinary excitement; for towards noon another prisoner, guarded by soldiers, and attended by a jeering crowd, was conducted to its gloomy dungeons—the same one Nemesius saw only yesterday, borne along by a furious mob, and consigned to the Mamertine -the Christian Deacon, Laurence his dark eyes radiant now as then with ineffable joy, his beautiful face tinted by the warm suns of his native Spain, neither pallid nor affrighted, but glow-ing with the divine light from within. It was to procure this transfer that It was to produce this transfer that Valerian had commanded the presence of Hippolytus, believing that, if placed in his power, the latter could, by means fair as well as foul, wrest from Laurence the secret as to where the treasures of the Christian Church were concealed it having been reported that he held charge of them. He was to be offered life, freedom, and honors, if he com-plied, and made the slightest sign of homage to the gods; if not, death by untold torments awaited him. Hippoly-tus, and the prefect who was instrunental in his arrest, were to share in the spoils, if success attended their approached the house of Hippolytus, he could but contrast its present quiet with the uproar and strife that yester-day reigned in its neighborhood. The efforts.

Unresisting, the Christian Deacon vas urged on with brutal force, down steep, dripping stairways, along dark, steep, dripping starways, along dark, narrow corridors, until the iron-plated door of the lowest dungeon, where the refractory slaves were confined, was reached; the grim turnkey opened it, and he was thrust in among the furious, owling crowd, which in its impotent rage was ready to expend its violence on any new object that presented it

By the momentary glare of a torch as he entered—for, except a faint glim-mer from a grating in the corridor out-side, daylight was excluded—Laurence because he saw this one singly, without others around to divide his attention. saw a youth supporting on his breast and upholding in his strong arms an aged and apparently dying man. denly the torch was extinguished ; the great door clanged to ; the heavy bolts far back in his head, were dim and were shot into their sockets ; confused yells of despair and frightful imprecacarcely supported him. Suddenly, from a door under the tions arose within in a wild roar. what cared soldiers or guards ? It was

what cared solaters or guards : It was all a thing of too common occurrence to disturb them in the least ; they had obeyed orders, and it was for those who had broken the laws to suffer, not for them, who" meant to eat when hun gry, rest when tired and drink and be ry when their work was done.

"Here let Thy servant reap some sheaves for Thee, O Christ !" was the prayer that ascended from the soul of the Deacon Laurence, as, moved with divine charity for the benighted creatures around him he sank on his knee upon the flinty rocks to implore for them spiritual light, and mercy which

they could not hope from man. It required faith as divinely strong as What that of Laurence to ask in hope th conversion of those ignorant, degraded,

grief to reach the hearts so dear to her "This is our Queen returned to her kingdom, my cousin the Princess," said Fabian, with his irresistible smile, to the Princess Vivia; " and, if it please thee, she will take the lead toa casual observer was not apparent, but which her father and Zilla noticed with silent but exquisite pain. This

Let us have no ceremony whatever, Fabian ; it would mar all my enjoy-ment of the unrivalled loveliness ment of the unrivalled loveliness spread out around me, and which I now being blind, which sub involution and betrayed in many ways, now by a sud-den skrinking back when in motion, as from an impending blow, at another time impulsively stretching forth her hand, palm outward, as if to prevent see for the first time. No wonder the child's heart grew homesick ! And it is as beautiful as the rest to see her on that mouse of a donkey, the like of which I never beheld," answered the Princess, beaming with smiles. contact with some impediment that would hurt her; and again in the timid-

The little procession started, Claudia's hand in her father's as he ity of her steps, which hampered the freedom of movement that had formerly Claudia's hand in her father's as he walked beside Grillo, when Fabian, given such attractive grace to her mo who was in advance, waved a branch of prange flowers over his head, at which signal a sudden shower of rose-leaves fluttered down upon them as if out of the sky; and at the same moment a choral peasant-song of welcome floated out from the tree-tops, filling the air with wild, sweet melody, which alter-nated with the clear tenor of the chorave, that may an interlike in teno signal a sudden shower of rose-leave The day she came to us my mother ras ill. The cook had departed sudwas ill. The cook had departed sud-denly, without notice as cooks some choragus, that was so flute-like in tone as to be distinctly heard from end to times will ; the chambermaid had develpped a painful felon on the first finger of her right hand; and I, a young. in-experienced girl of seventeen, just from school, was launched for the first end of the avenue.

On every over-reaching bough of the on every over-reaching bough of the old chestnuts was perched one or more of the young slaves of the villa, in whose Southern hearts the love of music was an inherent gift, and a passion for anything spectacular as natural as the breath they drew. Each one was provided with pannier of rose-leaves and, having been drilled by Fabian, they performed their allotted parts wihh the most enthusiastic spontoneity Wishing to make Claudia's welcome home one that she could most enjoy, he he had devised this, which she could both feel and hear. "Oh, Fabian !" she exclaimed, as

the fragrant snow of rose leaves fell over her face and hands, "what is it fluttering down so lightly upon me? heard it was good to be young when on And those voices, and that one voice like a flute in the air !"

"There are in the air, my pretty one -some strange birds that I snared, which not only sing, but scatter rose-leaves to welcome thee back," he answered, laughing. "Birds! Oh ! Fabian, do birds sing

But we'll have you up before long, verses ?' "Mine do," he replied ; "and they shall sing for their little lady whenever

she wishes." "Oh ! my father ! how sweet it is to here !" she said to Nemesius, in soft, tremulous tones; then she laughed, and stretched out her hand to Fabian, which he bent over and kissed. quickly at my mother as if to say, "If she not delightful?" and she answered "Thou art always so good to me, Fa-bian ; and I love thee !"

my thought with a smiling glance of "But what can you do ?" she in-" Listen, Fabian !" exclaimed Nenesius, as the sweet tenor of the quired. Where have you lived ?" "At home in Ireland I could do all horagus soared high up into the air like a lark ; " it sounds like the voice we heard in the ilex grove yesterthere was to be done in the house, ma'am." she answered. "But here I das.

don't know the ways. They are very strange. But I can learn, ma'am, and "It does. I detect the same chord the same tone. It is a rare voice. I heard him singing at his work the other day, and this little scena suggeste self. He is in some way related to Symphronius, as beautiful as a young never been at service in America "Yes, ma'am, I mean that. It would be very wrong and foolish for me to ppolo ; and his occupation is to keep gardens trained the carnations in the up and free from weeds.

on the cars told if I acknowl-edged the truth it would prevent me "I knew they were not birds, Fa getting a place. I think myself it would be far worse to say I could do the things I know nothing about, and bian !" laughed Claudia, who had list ened with interest to the conversation. he laughed " I meant their voices." back, never at a loss.

ing on myself. She had two of the prettiest dimples It was indeed the same voice they had so mysteriously heard in the gar in her rosy cheeks that were ever seen. They appealed to me irresistibly and den. The boy was an orphaned great nephew of Symphronius, and a Chris-tian. His father, a pagan, had been a ooked from one to the other with that keeper in one of the prisons; but one day, on witnessing a certain martyrdom, he, suddenly enlightened by the grace lovely smile half pouting her beautiful lips, the innocent grey eyes under the longest lashes I ever saw, were scarcely of God, declared himself a Christian, to be withstood. and suffered. His wife followed his example later, and, like him, exulting-

When I handed her the letter she thought how wonderfully beautiful she turned it over several times in a puz zled way; then said, with an embar-rassed smile. And so the old idyllic life at the villa on the Aventine was resumed, in all its material aspects the same, the only change being in the blind girl herself—a change which to " Maybe you would read it for me,

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR KATHLEEN.

time on the sea of a housekeeper's ex-periences. And, ob, what a troubled, stormy sea it was! Therefore my heart

bounded with hope when I led the pretty

sponse to an advertisement in the morn-ing paper, to my mother's room. grey-eyed Irish girl, who came in re

ing paper, to my mother's room. "You look very young, my dear," said my mother in her sweet, kindly voice, as I lifted the blind a few inches

that she might see the face of our pro-spective handmaiden.

And sure I am young, ma'am," sh

on your back this beautiful spring day.

'm not slow." "You do not mean that you have

pretend otherwise : though some women

en I came to do them be tell-

mother also. As the stranger

Miss Florence, please ? I don't know writing at all." I was surprised, as she seemed fond

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of reading. "How is that, Kathleen," I asked, was her ever-present consciousness of being blind, which she involuntarily " when you are such a great reader ?" " I am very fond of reading, ma'am," she rejoined ; " but I can hardly make

out writing at all. After my make death I never went to school." "I am so sorry!" I said. "Butafter "But after this we will have a writing lesson every

evening, when the work is done." "Oh, that will be just what I'd like !" she replied with radiant countenance. I opened the letter; it read as tollows :

Dear Miss Blaine-This is to let you know that your stepmother is dead, and has left it upon you as her dying re-quest that I am to be your husband. Times were bad, and my lending her money leaves her and you my debtors to the amount of one hundred pounds, The same I will remit if you promise to come home and marry me. It can not be that you will allow the good y who raised you as her own to languish in Purgatory for a debt you can repay. By this time I should judge you were tired of the hard work in America, which I learn from Martin Clancy you have been doing. Kindly let me know if you receive this, and I will send passage money; forgiving the past, and always, Your faithful friend, PETER BREEN.

Kathleen sat gazing into space with a troubled look in her grey eyes, her lips tightly shut, one foot nervously tapping the floor. At last she spo Tell me, Miss Florence, would that debt he mentions be on me at all, think you? Would there be any obligation? God knows I wouldn't like to be the means of keeping the woman one hour replied, as one surprised that her state of youth should have been detrimental the cause in hand. "But I always in suffering, though she was but a poo mother to me.

heard it was good to be young when one is strong, and I'll be growing older every day. Praise be to God that brought me under a Catholic roof this morning ! And I hope you'll let me try, ma'am, and see what I can do for you. It's sorry I am that you're lying any more heat this heantiful spring day. " No, not the slightest obligation." I answered promptly. "Of course I do not know the particulars, but unless

you made a promise, Kathleen-"A promise is it! To that To that man?" she exclaimed. 'Twas on account of she exclaimed. Twas on account or him mostly that I ran away to America." "Tell me all about it, Kathleen," I said. "I will, Miss. Sure, why should

ope, ma'am." There was not the slightest hint of I have any secret from yourself or the mistress? I'd have told it long ago, if I thought there was any need for it. And I'm afraid he'll pursue me, now There was not the signlest filt of forwardness in this speech, though to the reader it may seem familiar as fall-ing from the lips of a "greenhorn" not two days "landed." It was simply the delicious innocence of youth and inex-perience. We both felt it. I looked

that he knows where I am." "But he can not take you, Kathleen, if you do not want to go with him. 'I'd go to my grave first, Miss prence, " she replied. Florence,

At this moment my mother entered the kitchen, and the letter was read once more. I think I should have called her if she had not appeared, know-ing well that Kathleen's story could not fail to be interesting, and knowing also that I could never have repeated it in her own simple and delightful

nanner. "Ma'am," she began, "I'd not think of bothering you and Miss Flor-ence with my little affairs if it were ont kind of forced on me by what's hap pened. I was downtown one day and I net a boy from my own place, and it's he that has told where I am. He asked if he could come to see me, and I told him I did'nt care for any company, but I was foolish enough at the sa to tell him where I lived. stepmother that's the cause of it all father was an old man when he married her; and after he died nothing would do her but that I marry another old man and join the two farms." "Why didn't she marry him herelf ?'

"They were cousins, Miss," Kathleen eplied. "And if they wern't I don't believe they would have had each other, replied. th that She put sheep and wouldn't me herding the allow me to go to school; though he had always a boy tending them before, and my father left her comfortable. But she couldn't make me marry Peter, though she made my life so miserable that I ran away from her at last. I placed myself under the special protec-tion of the Blessed Virgin, trusting that she would take care of me : and I say her Rosary every day. And that's all the story. Did I do wrong, think you ?' She was speedily assured that she had not done wrong, and that was the end of the episode. No word was ever end of the episode. No word was ever sent to Peter, and for two years longer we rejoiced in our little Kathleen. But one spring day, while we were having some repairs made, a handsome young carpenter made her acquaint-ance, and not long after Kathleen ance, and not long after Kathleen blushingly asked permission to receive him as a visitor. The inevitable end soon came to pass. Felix was appar-ently all that could be desired, and reluctantly we gave our treasure into his keeping. They returned to Pennsyl-vania, whence he had come, and we had several cheerful letters from had several cheerul letters from Kathleen. The oil fever was at its height at the time, and she wrote that he was making splendid wages putting up machinery for the operators. Misfortune continued to follow us. Our little house with all its contents

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as my duties did direction of their seen any of there who attended the

mother as a very girls lovely, and About 9 o'cl were in our little

when some one k

"I beg your sweet voice as I told me you we would let me kn like to go in I can. The lady had while sh room thought I had I a face, nor one kindness. But she had my mot

claiming : claiming : Oh, Mrs. but I had al

stranger. "It is Kath You remember " And you, t cried. " Ah,

fortune," she

We talked 1 who, we hope hetter land. husband's de whom we mus In the mid voice, followi · Mother,

We have bee "Is it you, "Come in, o call Frank an and bring the A black cu

doorway to extraordinar peared. 'I knew t

in the world delighted to ward when w In a few m her brothers "Here, cl leen, gather

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are you here-pened that you Why did you fo She drew us

tion of carpen lands which value. For y

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the name, atthough both consume. (It has been said that the Assian stone, much used by the ancients for sepul-ture, had the property of consuming the body forty days after interment, means of the mean of the second second the flame, although whence it received the name of sarco phagus—flesh-eater.) Evaristus wa my friend, and to give him his last couch is all that is left for me to do, Spare no expense for fire line. couch is all that is left for me to do. Spare no expense for fine linen, spices, or whatever may be needed. There may be danger in carrying out my wishes; should it be so, the fee shall be in proportion to it." "Thy instructions shall be obeyed to the better." answered

myself with his support." "We dare not. He is the slave of the letter," answered the lawyer, fixing a look of keen scrutiny "We dare not. He is the stave of Hippolytus. His son stole the food he gave him, and both will be punished for the crime," replied the leader, in rough, positive tones. Nemesius knew that a Roman master Fabian's face as he turned a moment to lay his hand on the head of his favorite dog-agigantic hound—who had quietly entered and taken his station beside his master, fixing his great eyes, full of held the power of life or death over his slaves, and that no man had the right latent fire, upon the stranger

questioning, threatening expression. "I am satisfied, by what thou hast to come between them and his auth-ority; but beyond this—although ownalready done, that they will. Be quiet Tito! A gentleman's dog should know his friend from a foe," said Fabian, grasping the brute's metal collar, as,

ority; but beyond this—although own-ing several hundred slaves himself—he was not acquainted with the various methods by which their offences were usually punished, having deputed their growing restless, he crouched as for a management to a factor, and given him-self no trouble concerning them. spring. Then Fabian and his visitor separated, the latter impressed with some strange ideas growing out of the interview. "Is it friendship only," he asked him-self, "that induces this noble Roman gentieman, a worshipper of the gods, to " Will not his age and blindness pro will how this age and binness point ne asked. "But where is Hippolytus? I will speak to himself : he knows me." "He has gone to Rome; the Emperor sent for him this morning; and it would give honored burial, among his own ancestors, to a martyred Christian? be of no use if he were here, he is s enraged at the outbreak of yesterday. This old rogue will be starved to death, or cast from the tower of the Esquiline Or has he some secret motive, deepe and more sacred? Has the truth of Christianity, and the example of Evaristus, opened his eyes and touting istus, opened his eyes and touting is the man could not tell; he heart?" The man could not tell; he One of the punishments inflicted on refactory slaves,) whichever Hippolytus decides. He and his thief of a son car had dared ask no questions, for he was comfort each other in the dungeons himself secretly a Christian-one of those who concealed their faith that below. Come ! get along, old wretch We've wasted time enough already." But the miserable old creature wa they might better serve the suffering members of the persecuted Church— and lived in almost hourly expectation of being called upon to shed his blood in testimony of his faith. Was not this a living martyrdom of charity, as paralyzed by terror, hunger, and age combined, that on attempting to move he fell. The man seized him roughly, bore him down into the carvernous, gloony dungeons, where the refactory slaves were manacled, and, throwing a living martyrdom of charity acceptable, if not so glorious, as the acceptable, it not so givenous, as the brief, sharp pangs of the rack, the fiery torture, and the fierce, sudden agony, that as by a single blow changed him upon the rugged floor of rock, they left him to die or recover, as Fat **m**'ght decree. Nemesius t the mortal struggle into an immortal

triumph Left alone, the smothered emotions horse with the spur and galloped away, of Fabian's passionate Southern nature burst through all restraints, and in tones of blended rage and grief he exclaimed, bitterly:

beggar, in quavering tones of weakness, "I have committed no offence. I am starving and blind: and my son, who, like myself, is a slave of Hippolytus, brought me some scraps of food that would have been thrown to the dogs. I lived past my usefulness, and went blind, and then I was turned out to beg my bread. Oh ! sir, pity me !'' Blind ! That had appealed direct to the heart of Nemesius, farther and deeper than all the the heart of Nemesius, farther and deeper than all the rest, which had

touched the sides of his

for the lovely blind daughter of Neme-sitas to go back to her beautiful home on the Aventine. At the moment the chariot, which bore the Princess Vivia, touched his naturally humane simply couched his nathering future instincts; for he thought of his own sightless one, and quickly said : "Release him to me; I will charge Claudia and her faithful Zilla, reached

the great bronze gates of the avenue, the sun was low in the west, the sky suffused with delicate drifts of color the air ; and the summits of the long mountain range, stretching southward,

were crested with a shimmering line of gold. It seemed as if the heavens had garnered their loveliness wherewith to crown the dying day.

Fabian, who had spent a busy day at the villa, was waiting at the entranc of the avenue to receive them, with Grillo, around whose neck hung a huge garland of daisies and scarlet poppies, under which the silver bells of his collar jingled, and which he appreciatively

lar jingled, and which he approximity. tried to nibble at every opportunity. Saluting the Princess with tha sauve, deferential manner in which h was so perfect, Fabian asked her perto transfer Claudia from her side to Grillo's back, to which she gave a kind, ready assent; whereupon he gently lifted her from the chariot, and placed her on the saddle. She was trembling with joy at being once more at home to stay; and to be met by Fabian, and actually seated on Grillo's back, proved such a realization of her dreams, that it made her almost gasp for breath. But this was not all; for, as if to crown her happiness, Nem now joined them, and, having cordially welcomed his guests, he dismounted to embrace and speak low, loving words to his darling, which were for no ear but her very own. Oh ! the happine but her very own. On the happiness of it—to be at home; to have around her the ones she loved best on earth; to feel the caressing touch of their hands, and hear their tender words!

Then came the bitter thought, stinging her with sharp pain, that she could n horse with the spur and galloped away, wondering where lay the fault of the times that could produce results like these. He had spent his life in camps, and in active military service in the silence, not wishing the pain of her times that could produce results like these. He had spent his life in camps, and in active military service in the silence, not wishing the pain of her Vivia gazed admiringly upon her, and ee them for the darkness-the dread-

ly yielded her life for the faith that was in her. The boy, their only child, had been baptized, and was a catechu men at the time of his mother's martyr dom; and, being left entirely helpless and homeless, Symphronius had brought the lad to the villa, and got the gar-dener to set him to work. While tying up the carnations around the statue of Floro the day before, he was repeating to binerif a Christian have matching to himself a Christian hymn, which so to misself a Christian Hydri, when so filled his heart with joy and hope, that, forgetting himself, the single word "Heaven" escaped his lips, reaching the cars of Nemesius and Fabian, as if in answer to the words of the latter. No one at the villa knew that the lad Admetus was a Christian, still less did any one imagine the changes that were passing in the mind of old Symphronius.

While we have been occupied by this little digression the showers of rose-leaves continued to descend, and the choral songs to fill the air, until the little blind daughter of the house and her adoring attendants reached the portico, where Symphronious received them with his grandest air, his manner tempered, however, by the delight that glistened in his eyes, and crinkled his visage with smiles of welcome that would not be suppressed.

would not be suppressed. "I welcome thee, my cousin Prin-cess, to my dear home," said Claudia, folding the hand of the Princess in both her own, and pressing her soft lips upon it. "I think thou wilt like it, the air is so sweet! And when I show thee all the beautiful places, and my doves, I hope thou wilt like it will enough to stay." "I am sure that I shall, my dearest.

I like it now. It is celestial !" said the Princess, kissing her young cousin, who had never before appeared so lovely to her.

Claudia was now within a few months of being ten years old; her birthday would come in October. She was well grown for her age, slender in form, yet grown for her age, slender in form, yet sufficiently well-rounded for a graceful outline; and now, as she stood in a slant of golden light, her pale blue robe falling in soft folds to her feet; her long, shining curls floating over her shoulders; her face irradiated with the hermines of her return, and her mean happiness of her return, and her great pathetic, blind eyes looking blankly

child," obs mother "I fancy you will have to be taught almost everything." "Your fancy isn't far from

right, ma'am." was the instant reply. ' But I'll try my best: and maybe the young lady will teach me a little till you are on your feet again." The domestic situation was explained

to her, my own inexperience, also the temporary disability of the chamber-maid, who had gone home that morning. "I do not know what to do," said my mother, as she finished the recital of our woes.

" Let me stop anyway till yourself are better and you can get one to suit you." was the prompt response. can wash the pots and pans and scrub the floors for the young lady, so that she il not be soiling her hands too much entirely.

Her eyes met mine. Youth spoke to outh.

"Do let her stay, mother !" I pleaded, and the easy victory was won. Afterward we both laughed heartily at the mistake Kathaleen made in the beginning-mistakes that would not have occurred if I myself had not been so inexperienced. But by the time she had been in the house three weeks had been in the house three weeks everything was running smoothly; though our fortunes, already failing, made it necessary that we should do without another servant. Before she

had been with us six months my father died : the large house was rented, and my mother, Kathleen and myself mIved to a smaller one which we owned in the suburbs. I do not know what we should have

done without Kathleen in that dreary time. I had a spell of typhoid fever. After I had recovered my mother fell and broke her arm. Kathleen bore all

and broke her arm. Expliced vote an the burthens—was cook, housekeeper and nurse, all in one. She seemed to grow prettier every day; everything she wore was fresh and becoming, though her attire was of the simplest. She was never out of humor, never tired : work seemed to her but play. She had been with us about a year and a half when we learned the story

of the little romance which had sent her to America. One day a letter came

for her-the first she had received. This did not surprise us, however. had told us she was an orphan with no connection that she knew of but a stepmother, with whom she could not

agree, and so had come to this country.

Our little house with all its contents Our little house with all its contents was burned to the ground, leaving us almost penniless. Then a bank failure completed the ruin. Not only myself, but my poor mother, was obliged to seek employment. So Kathleen passed out of our existence. For a dozen years or more I had been houseleaving in a large hotel. The

rop a dozen years of moto that. The housekeeping in a large hotel. The responsibility was great, but my duties were not arduous, and my mother was with me. She employed her time in mending and marking the linen, and we were happy in each other. One day I was requested to prepare the finest suite of rooms in the house for the family of a famous oil king, whose riches were almost fabulous, and of whose charities

almost fabulous, and of whose charities and those of his wife the papers had long been filled. "By the way, they are of your relig-ion, Miss Donaldson," said mine host. "It was specially asked whether the house was in easy reach of a Catholis church. I wrote them that there way one around the corner." They arrived in the alternoon ; but,

They arrived in the afternoon ; but,