AFTER THE WATERMELON

Don't you think you could straighten out that watermelon affair with Tom's wife, Constance? There's no use talking; I'm in a hole. I need to consult with him, but he avoids me everywhere. He's even been going in on another train ever since it happened."

Mrs. Irwin's blue eyes had a stricken look as she gazed at her husband across the toy-laden floor. He stood deliberately smoothing out his thirty-five-cent necktle before putting it on; he would never spend more than thirty-five cents for a necktle, although she longed to see him in the luxurious dollar kind that Tom wore. Talbot was a stalwart young man, with nice brown eyes, which now smiled suddenly down at her through their anxiety, in recognition of her comradeship.

through their anxiety, in recognition of her comradeship.
"I'we tried my best to apologize for it," she asserted, dejectedly. "I wrote her a note at once, saying how sorry I was. Of course it was the kind of thing you couldn't really explain. And then, when I called, she was out, just as she was before. You know how some recople are; they never give you credit for calling if they don't see you. And I sent Matilda over with the roses, and wrote her a special invitation to the tea, and telephoned besides, asking her to receive with me; but she sent an excuse. It seems as if the more I did the more unresponsive she became."

Constance paused, and then, as her usband kept silent, went on remorse-

fully : "Of course I know that watermelor was just the climax. I ought to have gone to see her the moment she came here as a bride—after our being so intimate with Tom, and his bringing her to see us before they rook the house. I always meant to, but what with Billy's group and your sister's visit and the croup and your sister's visit and the plaster falling down, it did seem as if 1 had all I could contend with. I couldn't believe that six weeks had passed."

"Yes, I know all that," said Mr. Irwin

gravely.
"It was nice of her to send that unfortunate watermelon, although I'm sure I wish she hadn't—such a time as it has made! But she's the rigidly correct, conventional kind that simply can't

make allowances for anything."

Constance looked again at her
husband's worried face and bent brows. "Dear, it's a shame," she declared.
"She shall not keep Tom from you!
I'll make it all right." Constance had a happy faith in her own powers of pleasing. "I'll take my courage in both hands and go to see her this very

day."

The truth was, as she felt with a twinge, that if Talbot lost his friend it would be, despite all excuses, her fault, and is would hurt Talbot financially if Tom should hold aloof from him now. She knew that many wives nim now. She knew that many wives are answerable, openly or secretly, for the success or the failure or of the career of their husbands; she had always thought of herself as being in the helpful category.

The matter was difficult of adjustment all the more because it were

ment—all the more because it was apparently so trivial. After that first long-delayed exchange of calls. Constance had made no hospitable effort to follow up the acquaintance, although she had planned to do so every day; and the fact that she lived so near had made the omission seem pointed. She had got into the habit of sending the youthful Billy or Matilda to say that she was coming over soon. Then the affair happened. Constance was ill for affair happened. Constance was in for a couple of days, and Talbot told Tom of the fact. The next afternoon a neat maid brought over a plate on which were two slices of ripe, fancifully cut watermelon—it was very early in the season for watermelon, — with Mrs. Bradford's compliments and the hope that Mrs. Irwin would find them refresh-

Constance sent down her thanks by was bungling; she plunged further in; The fruit was charmingly arranged on The fruit was charmingly arranged on orepe paper of pink, green and white, to match the watermelon; the high, threefold frill at the edge was tied in by narrow pink and green ribbon.

As it happened, Constance disliked watermelon, and Minna forgot to give the fruit to Mr. Irwin for his dinner, as

she had been told to do. When Constance, several days afterward, we languidly downstairs, she found that had been left uneaten on a high shelf in the hot butler's pantry, and was in any-thing but an appetizing condition. She ordered Minna to throw it away at

once. "All?" Minns inquired stolidly, and Constance had replied, 'Yes, all of

A few hours later, happening to go idly to the window, she saw two ladies stop to stare curiously at what seemed so be an unusual display on the curb. As they went on, her own gaze also be-came fixed. The ash-can, placed there came fixed. The ash-can, placed there for the coming garbage man, was topped with a high crown of pink and green and white crepe paper, in the centre of which rested the withered watermelon; long loops of the encircling ribbon whipped in the breeze.

whipped in the breeze.

Mrs. Bradford, of course, was one of the women who had seen it. With gossipy Mrs. Slater's help, news of the incident went all over the town, with fantastic additions and humorous descriptions of the donor's expression as she regarded her gifts. It was laughed at in the trains, where gossip interests both men and women. No number of apologies, then or afterward, no matter how politely they might be received, could overcome the impression made by the patent fact that the gift had not been wanted, and had been carelessly regarded. The incident capped the climax of all that had gone before.

This afternoon Constance, as This afternoon Constance, as safe walked along in the flickering shade of the river street, with its houses on one side and its border of willows on the other, felt very glad that she had made water mind to estrangement other, felt very glad that she had made up her mind to end the estrangement that day. She had prepared for the visit as if for a rite; she had put on her new blue - and - white Dutch - necked, elbow-sleeved summer silt, with the white straw hat and the big blue velvet bow to match. She felt very clean and atylish and good—capable of sweetly winning over any number of Mrs. Brad-ford's, no matter how chill and elegant they might be.

"No, Togo, you musn't come with me," she said, reprovingly, to the Scotch terrier that was bolting along beside her, "Togo! Go home, sir!"

Strangers did not appreciate Togo—a hairy, beady-eyed mass of indiscreet activity, who had a snobbish, wholly unconcealed dislike of any one that was poorly dressed, and a wicked delight in frightening the old or the timid.

"Going ont calling this afternoon?"

poorly dressed, and a wicked delight in frightening the old or the timid.

"Going ont calling this afternoon?" said a voice near her.

O Mrs. Morris!" Constance turned to see a pleasant-faced, older woman overtaking her. "How are you? Yes, I'm going to Mrs. Bradford's—again. Really, I've been so remiss about her, her husband and mine were always such friends—I blame myself for not knowing her better."

Mrs. Morris nodded sagaciously; she knew all about the watermelon.

"Well, she's a difficult person to know," she renarked. "Oh, yes, she's polite enough when you meet her, but there's a sort of stiffness about her—you never get any further. I offered to run in and see her any time, but she never took me up at all! Of course she comes from Boston! These people you have to work over so to get at them, I don't think it's worth the trouble half the time—nine cases out of ten there's n thing in them when you do get at them! I like people who meet you half-way myself, and don't leave you to do all the work."

"She's very handsome," said Constance, generously, as the two walked along together. "I believe she's very fond of music—and art."

Mrs. Morris's eyes grew thoughtful. "Your husband isn't looking very well lately, I think. You ought to make him take a rest. Men worry so over business! Well, good-by!"

takely, I think. You ought to make him take a rest. Men worry so over business! Well, good-by!"
"Good-by!" said Constance, with a twinge at the last words. A few steps took her to her own destination.

Mrs. Bradford was a tall, straight roung words a say an older bride.

Mrs. Bradford was a tall, straight young woman—she was an older bride than Constance had been—with dark, beautifully arranged hair above a square forehead, large dark eyes and a square chin. As the maid was out, she answered the bell herself, in a stiff white skirt and a mannish shirtwaist, that somehow made Constance feel her own attire foolish; and as she ushered the guest into the small parlor, she managed to invest her action with a certain

guest into the small parior, she managed to invest her action with a certain elegance and state.

The parlor opened into the dining-roun. Both rooms were furn shed in mahogany, but there were two wider chairs with brilliantly new certonne chairs with brilliantly new cretonne cushions; large glass candelabra gleamed from among the handsome ornaments on the mantle-piece, over which hung an exquisite, darkly-framed photograph of Titian's "Assumption," a proof of Mrs. Bradford's appreciation of art; the score of Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" stood open on the upright piano—evidence of her taste in music. On the lace centerpiece of the diningtable stood a tall rock crystal vase, with a stalk of cool white lilies; another table stood a tall rock crystal vase, with a stalk of cool white lilies; another rock crystal vase, also filled with lilies stood on the little mahogany stand by the window, which reached to the floor, and had the shadows of the bending trees outside waving across it. Everything spoke of peace, immaculate order and wedding presents. Mrs. Bradford herself had a chill perfection. After the first greetings there came a pause, and Constance's heart sank. She looked at the handsome, impassive features of her hostess sitting opposite. With her ringed hands folded, she gave the impression of being clad in quite impervious social armour.

"I'm so glad I've found you in! I have been wanting so much lately to see you."

see you."
"You're very kind," said Mrs Brad-

ford courteously.

"Of course your husband and mine being so intimate,"—an inexplicable flicker touched the corner of Mrs. Bradford's lips,—" he has always been at our house so much—" Constance felt that she

we have always been so fond of him—
we wanted to know you just as well."
"Don't you think friendship has to
be a matter of growth?" saked Mrs.
Bradford, dispassionately.
"Yes, oh, yes! But sometimes—some
people are easier to get acquainted
with than others—but what I wanted to
say was—I want to say how sowy I have

with than others—but what I wanted to say was—I want to say how sorry I have always been that—that things were in such an unfortunate state at home when you came here that I really didn't have a minute to do anything I wanted to—and I had always thought I'd see so much of you when you came. And its been so unfortunate since—I've never known how to explain—"

She stopped. Although her hostess looked unresponsive, no one could say that she was in the least rude. Constance could not help admiring, while she resented, the perfection of that polite calm.

"I can never tell you how I felt about that watermelon-how terribly sorry

A faint flush rose to Mrs. Bradford's smooth cheek. "Indeed, you have told me—pray don't mention it. Is that your dog out there? Shall I let him in?"

in ?"

"Oh, please don't!" cried Constance, in alarm. "How very annoying! I told him to go home. If we pay no attention to him he may run off again."

Mrs. Bradford, who had half risen, saak back into her seat. There was a pause for a moment, filled with the barking of Togo and his clawing at the screen door. Constance was beginning to feel the hopelessness of her mission, she experienced suddenly that sick, dread falling of the heart that comes when we face the irreparable effect of our own neglect.

our own neglect. our own neglect.

Her charm of manner, her real desire to please, that had always served her so well until now, were powerless in the case of this frigid, unresponsive woman.

"Those roses that you sent me last week were exquisite," said Mrs. Bradford, "I'm sure I haven't thanked you half enough for them. At my own home"—that flicker passed over her face again—"we had a beautiful old rose-garden—I've missed it so much here."

"Weare very fond of our roses," said Constance, lamely, "not that we have so very many, I—your husband helped us set them out when we came here." She flushed scarlet; she had said the wrong thing again.

"And I regretted so much not being able to accept the invitation to receive at your tea," continued the hostess, but it was my husband's birthday, and we

but it was my husband's birthday, and we took a little trip out of town. I heard from Mrs. Morris that it was very pretty, and that Mrs. Stanhope sang beautifully.

"I know you are fond of music," said Constance, with another attempt at warmth. Her eye indicated the open score on the plano. "Do you practice a great deal?"

"Why, of late years, I really didn't

Why, of late years, I really didn't

a great deal?"

"Why, of late years, I really didn't get the chance to practise much at home, there was so much going on, but since I've been here I often practise half the day, just for myself, you know—my husband doesn't care for music. Please don't worry about your dog; I don't mind him in the least."

"He's on that side plazza. I'm afraid he'll push in the screen of your diningroom window," said Constance, misorable. "Togo!" Togo!" Go home if think I'd better go now myself and take him back with me. He gets so excited,"

"Indeed, you musn't go without having some tes," said Mrs. Bradford. "Please excuse me for just a moment. No, it's no trouble, I assure you!" she answered Constance's expostulation. "I always have it for myself. I'll close the window in there, and then you won't worry about your dog."

Through the closed window Constance could see the lesping frenzied Togo, with his black, beady eyes shining through a whirl of shaggy hair. She rose and waved at him imperiously, and for the moment he sank down, sullen, prostrate and pauting. Sesting herself again, she looked round the room once more.

It became eloquent in its silence and

herself again, she looked round the room once more.

It became eloquent in its silence and order—all the pretty bridal things could not conceal the homesickness that lurked among them, and that Mrs. Bradford had shown unconsciously in her eyes and voice. To practise half the day because you had so much time! Constance contrasted her own happily crowded hours with the pathetic bride, uprooted from all the dear familiar things and people and duties, and obliged to spend the long, empty days just waiting for the sole person in the town to whom she meant anything.

Constance wished that she had really "got at" Mrs. Bradford at once, for her own sake, as well as for Talbot's, and at the prettily set silver tray, realized

the prettily set silver tray, realized with a fresh pang that the opportunity had gone.

"What a lovely little old-fashioned

silver teapot!"
"That belonged to one of my greatgreat-grandmothers—it remained on her shelf for a long, long time after the Boston Tea-Party," said Mrs. Bradford,

settine the tray down on a little manog any table and taking her seat beside it"I'm very proud of it."
"And what perfectly beautiful teacups!" Constance gazed with undisguised admiration at the gold-rimmed guised admiration at the gold-rimmed egg-shell china, of exquisite shape, overlaid with pink and blue flowers. "They belonged to my great-grand-mother," said Mrs. Bradford. "I have mother," said Mrs. Bradford. "I have four for my share." "Four! How did they ever last so

long?"
"Oh, we never break anything in our family!" declared Mrs. Bradford. "Of course we always wash such things-

heirlooms—ourselves."
"Even then—" said Constance, expressively. She had only one desire—to drink her tea and go, for every minute was becoming a torture, although she could not but appreciate was preferable courtery in bringing Mrs. Bradford's courtesy in bringing out the best cups, even if, like all her courtesy, it seemed to set her farther away. She sought once more to show

away. She sought once more to show her pursuasive warmth. "I wish you and T— your husband would come to dinner with us to-morrow night, or any other night this

stiffen in spite of the composure of her manner. "But Mr. Bradford is so busy just now,—we go away on his vacation on the twenty-fifth,—and he gets home so late, that I think I had better not

make any engagement for him at present."

"I'm sorry," murmured Constance, for the tone of the refusal precluded any insistence. She dashed into a new subject, "The twenty-fifth! It doesn't seem possible that the summer is going so fast! Have you seen the new fall hats in town—already? The colors are so brilliant; there's a green—it hits you in the face! And there's a deep pink,

they call it watermelon pink—"
Constance stopped short; the color flushed her face again. Would that flushed her face agaic. Would that watermelon never rest? She made an watermeion never rest? She made an unconscious movement. The cup in her right hand tipped slightly; she put out her other hand to steady it. The cup shot from its saucer, toppled over, and spilling its contents in her lap, fell to the floor, and smasked into a dozen

"Oh! Oh!" cried Constance, in horror while she mechancally guarded the pool of tea in her silken lap so that it should not overflow on the bright cushion or on

not overflow on the bright cushion or on the rug, as she sought to rise.
"Sit still!" commanded her hostess, briefly. She slipped to her knees by her visitor, and tried to scoop up the fuld with a teaspoon and transfer it to the saucer, while Togo, unheeded, barked madly by the closed window.
"You"!! cat it all over your white "You'll get it all over your white rees!" moaned Constance.

dress!" moaned Constance.
"No, I won't—and it doesn't matter if I do," said Mrs. Bradford, quickly.
"Your pretty, pretty slik! It's too bad." "Your pretty, pretty slik! It's too bad."

'Oh," cried Constance, is anguish,
"that's nothing—nothing!" She moved
her head from side to side. "Your cup—
your cup! What can I say? What can
I do? I'll have it reproduced in some
way, if it's possible, but even then it
won't be the same! To think that I—"

"Now don't let that worry you in the
least, "commanded Mrs. Bradford. There
was a color in her pale cheeks: the

least, commanded hirs. Fraction was a color in her pale cheeks; the benevolent, almost caressing emphasis with which she spoke seemed to reveal a slight dimple in one of them. "The idea of talking about having it reproduced!" she went on, with increasing lightness, as she still tried to dip up the liquid. "Why, what is it? Oaly a cup! Cups break every day. And I have three of them left." She took a swift glance at her visitor's trembling

lip. "I am really glad this one is broken, for now I can use the saucer for olives, or almonds, as I've always wanted to do. Please don't bother about it."

about it."
"It's very, very good of you!" said
Constance, utterly spent and jarred
with the force of her emotions. While
still thinking what she could do to make up for this terrible catastrophie, she mechanically les Mrs. Bradford use a napkin wrung out in hot water from the teapot to get out the stain from her

gown. "There," said Mrs. Bradford. "I don't "There," said Mrs. Bradford. "I don't believe it will show any spot at all." She was still kneeling on the floor, but now she was deftly sweeping up the bits of china with the hearth-brush. "I was just thinking"—the words came with an effert—"it really isn't good for my husband to work so hard as he does. If you are still kind enough to want us for dinner some night this week, I'm sure we can arrange it, if you still wish us to."

"Oh, yes, yes!" declared Conatance.

sure we can arrange it, if you still wish us to."

"Oh, yes, yes!" declared Conatance.

"We shall be delighted to have you — if only I hadn't—" Her eyes rested on the saucer that had been bereft of its cup. "I wish Togo wouldn't bark so! Be still Togo! He thinks something is lisppening to me—that's why he is going on so. Go home!" Her voice rose shrill and commanding. For a moment Togo dropped into a shaggy hall on the veranda. "Talbot will be so pleased to have you to-morrow. You're so kind to say you'll come after—My goodness! What's that?"

A tremendous crash, mixed with the

What's that?"

A tremendous crash, mixed with the shivering of glass, smote their ears. In one supreme effort to leap through the barrier that separated him from his mistresss, Togo had broken through the window pane and knocked down the screen. This had sent the light-stand and the crystal vase sprawling—a mass of broken glass, rills of water and scattered flowers. The frightened Togo was but a vanishing tail in the distance.
"My goodness!" repeated Constance.

"My goodness!" repeated Constance. Hereyes ought those of Mrs. Bradford. "Oh, it's nothing," began the other, with her indestructible courtesy, which

"Oh, it's nothing." began the other, with her indestructible courtesy, which seemed, however to cover some deep emotion; and then, all at once, sinking into a heap on the floor, she broke into peal after peal of hysterical laughter. "Oh, it's so funny! Oh, it's so funny!" In another instant Constance's ringing voice had joined hers. They rocked backward and forward, shuddering with convulsive gasps; they tried to speak, and c u'd not; every glance they took at the wreckage in the other room set them off in a fresh outburst.

"You poor thing!" said Mrs. Bradford, at last, struggling to her feet. She put laughed like this since I came here. I'd forgotten that I could!"

forgotten that I could!"
"You're a dear!" said Constance,
warmingly. Her voice shook, but this
time not with laughter. "When I

think—"
"No, don't think," said the other quickly. "I really understood all the time. It was Tom who minded most—for me—about that absurd watermelon, for me—about that absurd watermelon, and everything, only I was disappointed —after all Tom had told me about you. I didn't want to be just polite; I longed to have you like me, the way you did him. I've been so homesick daytimes! Let's begin from now."

"Then we went to work and cleaned up the other room together," said Constance.

Constance.
She was reciting the day's perform She was reciting the day's periorm ance to a deeply interested Tallot, with Billy and Matilda hanging to her in breathless interest; her own hand was tucked into her husband's.

"She and Tom are coming over tonight after dinner; she says he has some

night after dinner; she says he as some things he wants to talk over with you. And, Talbot,"—her tone was firm in view of success, even if it was not her success—"I want you to take this money —I don't care what you say!—and buy week that might be more convenient for you."

"Thank you very much," said Mrs.
Bradford. Constance could see her

Tom bought one yesterday. She is the dearess thing—just that delignated was Boston people are when you really get to know them!" — Mary Stewart Cut-ting in the Youth's Companion.

BRIDGET'S PICTURE

'Twas an old and faded picture, Poorly painted at the best, Of our Lord, the Holy Infant, In His Mother's arms at rest.

Mrs. Deemster came in and shut the door with a snap. Her mouth, alas ! set in hard lines; there was a frown upon her brow.
"Well, mother," cried Stella, turning

round upon the piano stool, " has the new slavey come ? o not speak so, Stella. 'Slavey "Pray,

"Sorry," said Stella shortly. "But what's wrong? You look as black as

"Yes, mater," chimed in a boy of fifteen, yawning lazily, "you do seem

"And no wonder." Mrs. Deemster flung herself into a chair. "After keep-ing me waiting for a fortnight, that

woman sends me—"
" A nigger or a—"
" Neither," sharply. "Far worse

Stella swung back to the piano, with

Stella swung back to the plant, with a laugh of derision.

"A rough diamond from Ireland, I bet. Fancy" — bringing her hands down noisly upon the notes—" a Papisher in our house! I pity her."

"Pity her!" cried Mrs. Deemster.
"Pity me. I think of all she may do!"
"I hope she'll cook decently," quoth Raymond. "If she does, I don't care whether she's Turk, Jew or atheist. She doesn't hite. I suppose?"

whether sne's Turk, yew of attention She doesn't bite, I suppose?"

"How do I know, Ray?" his mother snapped out. "I could believe anything and everything of a _____"

"Is she a Cataolic?" asked Stella.

"The worst—a real one—a Roman Catholic. The others are simply Pro-testants under a new-tangled name. I don't care for them. But still—"
"I hold more with the old sort," Raymond exclaimed. "I've known some jolly good Roman Catholics, and clever

ones, too."
"There you are!" Mrs. Deemster's
"The creature has contaminated you already. The very

"Send her away," laughed Stella. She's dangerous. And I don't mind leng without a servant one bit. Mrs.

Bone is a first-rate char, and its nice dining out sometimes."
"Nonsense, child! I can't go on living in that extravagant way. Well, Raymond, have you seen her?"
Raymond had just bounded back, after a voyage of discovery to the kitchen.
"Yes, mater, and she's working like a good one. She's as neat as can be, and

good one. She's as neat as can be, and the place is shining. She smiled at me from a chair on which she was standing banging a picture on the wall—a Popish picture. Ah, I thought you'd jump at that. Will you send her away? I would if I"—his eyes twinkling—"were you. She's too clean and too tidy and too—"

"Raymond, stop! I can't afford to lose a good servant." Mrs. Deemster sprang to her feet. "Bridget must stay for the present. The picture, of course, must go." And she hurried out of the

Nothing more was said about Bridget

Nothing more was said about Bridget or her picture for some time. Stella was away at a music lesson; Raymond had gone back to school, and when they returned in the evening their minds were full of other things.

The supper that night was unusually nice. The table was well laid. There was an air of comfort and order everywhere. The new girl was proving hereself something of a treasure.

"If only she weren't a—but I'll try to forget it," thought Mrs. Deemster as she sat alone in the parlor when the young people had gone to bed.

the young people had gone to bed. "She won't get anything to encourage her here, and before long she'll give it up."
Bridget came quietly into the room.

She was not handsome, but her eyes had a peaceful light; her face was sweet and youthful looking; her skin was very fair.
"If you please, ma'am," she said in a full, clear voice, "what Mass would you wish me to go to-morrow morning?"
"Mass?" Mrs. Deemster grew red.

"You can't go to Mass!"
"But I must,—please. It is Sunday, I

am bound to go."
"But I tell you you can't go. I have tea at seven; we breakfast at eight-thirty, and the early dinner must be cooked by 1 o'clock. Have you taken that picture off the wall in the

"Yes, ma'am. I've hung it over my

'It's a faded old thing." "That may be. It belonged to my grandmother, who had it from her mother. And I love the dear holy faces, even though they are faded."
"How silly to worship images like

"Excuse me, ma'am." Bridget spoke gently, but firmly. "I see a photograph of Mr. Deemster there. Do you worthat !"

of Mr. Deemster there. Do you worship it?"
"Of course not, foolish girl. I keep it there to remind me of my dear husband."
"And I keep my picture to remind me of Our Lord and His dear Mother as I work or pray. And now ma'ampiease don't be put out—but to-morrow morning I'll bring you your tea at a quarter to seven, go to Mass and be back to cook the breakfast in time for sight-thirty."

back to cook the breakisse in time for eight-thirty."
"Well, really—you—take a great deal upon yourself," stammered Mrs. Deemster. "Are you the mistress or am 1?"

am I?"
"Oh, ma'am, you are mistress over the house and everything of your own, but I am mistress of my soul, and I shall not save it or do God's will if I do not go to Mass."
"God never said you were to go to

Mass."
"Through His Church He did, ma'am
"Through His Church He did, ma'am Our Lord gave the keys to St. Peter, and told him to teach all nations, and that they were to obey Him and keep whatever commandments He gave them.
One of these commandments is to hear
Mass on Sundays and Holy days,

Ferry Catholic is bound—"
"Enough! Don't preach any more.
Bring me my tea at twenty minutes to seven, and go to Mass if you please."
"Thank you, ma'am," Bridget smiled and bowed, and went quietly away to

her kitchen.

"She's a promising servant—a thing hard to get in these days," thought Mrs. Deemster. "I can't afford to let her go. So, in spite of this going to Mass, I'll keep her for the present anyway."

Bridget's first battle with her mistress was not her last, by any means. But, firmly decided in everything that concerned her religion, she always came off victorious. It there was no fish—not even an egg for her dinner on Friday or even an egg for her dinner on Friday or days of abstinence—she contented her self with bread, making no remark and self with bread, master for regularly to Mass, to confession and Holy Communion. Her evenings out she went to Benediction. Her heart was full of love for the Blessed Sacrament. And Bridget worked hard. The Deemself of the Bread Sacrament and Bridget worked hard. And Bridget worked hard. The Deem-sters were exacting, and she was their only servant. But all she did was done with a good intention. Her life was full of sunshine, for she did everything

full of sunshine, for she did everything for God.

One evening, when Bridget had been with Mrs. Deemster some ten months, she met Raymond coming out of her room. She liked the boy and was always glad to hear his cheery voice about the house or in the kitchen. But she resented his impertinence in going to her room, and, flushing, said hotly:

"How dare you, Master Raymond?

"Please don't be angry, Bridget," he answered gently. "I just peeped into look at your picture. I'm sorry you had to take it out of the kitchen, for, although it's faded, it's very sweet."

Bridget smiled radiantly, her wrath

entirely appeared.
"So it is. One look at it master Ray-

"So it is. One look at it master Raymond, makes me happy for the day. But the mistress doesn't like it, so I keep it out of sight,"

"I know. The master's just a stiffnecked Protestant. I wish we—but there, I'll say no more." And he ran off, whistling a merry tune.

The next night, Raymond was hot and forward. Greetly alarmed, his mother

feverish. Greatly alarmed, his mother made him go to bed early and sent for a doctor. The following day he was very ill and for three long weeks his life hung in the balance. There were many

ups and downs. Nature struggled against the fever. He was one day better, another worse, and when their hopes were high there would come a serious relapse. Mrs. Deemster nursed the boy. She could not afford a trained nurse, and felt hopeless from the first. Her son would die. His doom was sealed. And when Bridget told her to pray; that God was good and would surely help and comfort her, give Raymond back his health and strength even if she begged Him to do so whilst saying "Tny will be done," she turned a deaf ear and went on in her own wild way, refusing to pray on in her own wild way, refusing to pray and telling the girl to cease worrying

and telling the girl to cease worrying her with her nonsense.

But, strong in her faith in God's goodness, Bridget prayed fervently.

Left alone with the boy whilst the mother took her needed rest, she spent the time upon her knees, beggling the Sacred Heart of Jesus to bring this boy back to life, imploring Our Lady to help and pray for him.

"Thy will be done, dear Lord," she would murmur. "But, if it is possible, save Raymond, and with Thy grace convert and make him a Catholic."

vert and make him a Catholic

And then one night, to her intense joy, the lad opened his eyes and looked joy, the lad opened his eyes and looked at her. Softly sobbing, Bridget bent over him and gave him a drink. The cylsis was past. He was white and weak but completely conscious. She knew now that he was out of danger. Her heart throbbed gladly, and she gave thanks to God, blessing and praising Him from the bottom of her heart. For a moment she stood motionless by the bedside, her hands clasped, her soul absorbed in sweet thanksgiving. Then she turned, thinking she would carry the good news to her heart-broken mistress. But as she stepped away, Raymond, in an almost inaudible voice whispered her name, and she bent to ask him what he name, and she bent to ask him what he

"The picture—the one you love." he "The picture—the one you love," ne said, his words coming forth with difficulty. "I've seen it in my dreams—not faded, but bright and beautiful. The Holy Infant holds out His arms to me, His Motter smiled and seemed to wish me to come near. Bring it, Bridget. Put it—there—where I can see it—all day—long."

day-long."
"But your mother? She will be angry. She-"
"Not now-since I am ill-and weak, she will give me—anything. Quick watch over—and keep me—safe." His

gain." In a very few moments Bridget was placing it where the boy could see it without even raising his head, she fell

upon her knees, saying:
"Jesus and Mary, bless and save this
boy. Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on him."

"The dear faces," Raymond murmured softly. "To look at them makes me happy—give me a—peace—I never felt before. Jesus and His Mother—watch over—and keep me—safe." His eyes closed, he turned his head upon the pillow and fell asleep.

Still and motionless, lest she should disturb him. Bridget remained upon her

Still and motionless, lest she should disturb him, Bridget remained upon her knees, her eyes fixed upon the picture she loved so well.

After a while the door was pushed softly open, and Mrs. Deemster entered the room on tip-toe, carrying a little shaded lamp, which she placed on a table at some distance from the bed.

"You can go, Bridget. I will stay," she said in a whisper. "Is there any change?"

bange?"
"Yes, oh, ma'am"—Bridget could scarcely speak for emotion—"he is out of danger! See? He has been conscious—and now sleeps like—a baby."

The mother gazed auxiously into the lad's face, then, with a deep sob, she sank on a chair and covered her eyes

with her hands.
"This—is wonderful. The doctor,"

she muttered, "gave but little hope."

"God is good," said Bridget gently.

"Let us thank Him for His mercy."

Mrs. Deemster started and looked round, and as she did so she caught sight of the picture at the foot of the ned. In suppressed anger, and grasping the arms of the chair, she stood up.
"Take away that thing!" she hissed from between her teeth. "I forbade you to keep it in the kitchen, and you

you to keep it in the kitchen, and you audaciously bring it here. Take it

and slowly she put out her hand. As she touched the picture Raymond moved uneasily, and as she lifted it away he uttered a cry:

"Leave it Bridget," he moaned. "Oh. leave it. The Holy Infant and His dear Mother. If they go—I die—and I am not ready. Leave them near me—I implore." I implore."
"He wanders, my poor boy!" Mrs

Deemster cried, wringing her hands.
"Oh, why did you deceive me, Bridget?
The fever has not left him yet. But
put back the picture; his sick fancies
must be humored. Put it back there,

must be humored. Put it back there, yes. That's where it was."

Joyfully the girl obeyed and soon the picture hung where it had been before. The light from Mrs. Deemster's lamp fell full upon the holy faces, and to Bridget's faith and loving fancy they seemed to glow with life and color, The picture was beautiful. No one could say it was old or faded; none. "Legn, dear Lord, let my cry wake "Jesus, dear Lord, let my cry wake Thy nercy," murmured Bridget. "Let the light from Thy countenance shine

on Raymond and give him peace."

She glanced at the sick boy as the words left her heart, and the radiance of his face told her that her prayer had been answered. In another instant, with a deep sigh of content, Raymond fell saleep.

Ten years later a young priest, with

Ten years taker a years an expression of peaceful happiness in his fine face, stood waiting one afternoon in Mrs. Deemster's parlor.

"It seems only the other day," he smiled, "that the mater was so indigsmiled, "that the mater was so indig-nant at a Catholic servant being sent to her, and yet how much has hap-The door opened and Mrs. Deemster

"Father Raymond! My dear son!"

She carried his hands to her lips and kissed them reverently, then clasped him in her arms. "You have seen Stella?"

"I have seen Stella. She's as happy as queen.

"Yes, and I'll be there to see, dear

"I expected you would. Thank God. we are all Catholics now, mater!"
"Thank God indeed. Your example and Stella's led me into the true

Church."
"And Bridget by her goodness and

piety showed us the way we should go. Under God, mater, we owe everthing to

ridget."
"Yes; that I will not deny."
"Where is she mater? I must "Where is she, mater? "She's in the kitchen. I'll call her

in."

"No. I'll go to her and look once more upon that blessed picture."

"As you will, dear," she answered, smiling. "She will be more than glad to see you."

"Of that I am quite sure, mater," he

cried gaily, and in a moment he was Magazine.

A FRENCH STUDY OF THE CULTURKAMPF

HOW BISMARCK FAILED TO CON-QUER THE CHURCH

By Max Turmann, Corresponding Member of L'Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques" CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

In our former paper we set forth in their main religious aspects the group of laws to which the Catholic elergy could not honestly yield obedience and could not honestly yield obedience and still remain within the bounds of ortho-doxy. Their attitude naturally had the support of the Pope, who desirons though he was of peace, declared that he could not sanction the submission of clergy or laity to legislation which ran counter to laity to legislation which ran counter to the doctrines and rights of the Church. His words were echoed by the German Bishops, each in his own diocese, who set themselves neither arrogantly nor timidly to organize resistance to the in-sufferable claims of the Government. It is this defence of theirs which we shall now describe from the materials abundantly supplied in the second of M. Goran's volumes.

Goyau's volumes.

The German Catholics in this opposi-The German Catholics in this opposi-tion showed no less calmness than un-daunted energy; it surprised the Pro-testants and enraged the Governments to see the strength of the bond which in the Church unites the faithful through their Bishops and clergy with the Supreme Pontiff. The first step in the campaign was occasioned by that parti-cular "May Law" which forbade all newly-appointed ecclesiastics to exernewly-appointed ecclesiastics to exercise their functions without express authorization from the lay President of the province, who was more often than not a Protestant. In a few months an immense number of rectors and curates, who in obedience to their Bishops, had paid no heed to this enactment, were seized, judged and condemned to several months' imprisonment, their sole crime being their administration of the sacraments at their floors without premission. nents to their flocks without permissio

ments to their nocks without permission of the Prussian Government!

The prisons were crowded with priests; in that of Coblentz a special quarter was organized for this class of criminal. There the celebration of Mass was at first forbidden; neverthe-Mass was at first forbidden; nevertheless, in course of time, whilst the eyes of the Catholic goalers were conveniently closed, they ventured between 5 and 7 in the morning, to turn their cells into chapels. This clandestine worship filled their souls with enthusiasm, recalling literally enough the days of the Catacombs. All access to the prisoners was rigorously cut off; no members of their abandoned flocks could break the barriers. But sometimes in the afternoon in a square which all Coblentz knew, would collect discreetly certain knots of persons with gaze directed toof persons with gaze directed to-wards a particular window of the prison at which from time to time would appear an ecclesiastical figure. These, of course, were parish-ioners who, without troubling the public ace, inspired their p peace, inspired their pastors by the eloquent perseverance of their far-off regards with courage and confidence. Not infrequently these orphaned chil-dren provided for the sustenance of their Fathers. During six months' deaudaciously bring it here. Take it away at once!"

Bridget stole across the room. It grieved her to obey the woman's orders, but she dare not refuse to do so. Sadiy and slowly she put out her hand. As she touched the picture Raymond moved uneasily, and as she litted it away he uttered a cry:

"Leave it Bridget," he moaned. "Ohleave it. The Holy Infant and His dear Mother. If they go—I die—and I am not ready. Leave them near me—

Thus the bond between parishioners and priests remained firm and unbroken And on their side the priests sacrificed everything—their freedom, their health their goods—to carry on their sacred functions amidst their people, Hardly were they released, after enduring several months' incarceration "for the several months incarceration "for the crime of Mass," when they committed anew the "orime" of confession, of extreme unction, or of Communion, which exposed them to an imprisonment of six months or twice as much, or it might be,

for two years.

The Prussian State counted on getting The Prussian State counted on getting the upper hand of these valiant Churchmen who thus maintained the enthusiasm of their flocks, by forbidding them to dwell in their parish-districts, but they returned secretly to the posts assigned them by their Bishops, and engaged in endless games of hide-and-gaged in endless games of hide-andsigned them by their Bishops, and engaged in endless games of hide-and-seek with the police officials, who had often to blush for their misadventures and sometimes for their wretched trade itself. In defiance of prohibition and prison, the priest hid himself in some friendly household, which at nightfall would show cautious signs of life. The criminal hour of midnight was generally chosen for confession, Communion, and marriage, and married couples forbore to wear rings, so as the better to and marriage, and married couples for-bore to wear rings, so as the better to conceal from the thoughtiess the fact that there was someone in the village who could bless the sacrament. Once a father was noticed taking a still-open coffin, which contained his child, and making his way quietly, bathed in tears, to the hiding-place of the priest, so as to get the last blessing on the remains. In the case of the sick and dying, the pastor crept to their bedises, risking pastor crept to their bedises, risking seizure in flagrante delicto by the police.