

ASTRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

(By Ann C. Minogue in Donahoe's Magazine)

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

"I will help you, father," she said. He stopped and she went to him. "I must accept that help, Rosamund," he said, helplessly. "The life of an innocent boy demands it; and—" "And the debt laid upon me by the dead must be paid," she said. "Even so!" he answered, drawing her white face to his kiss. She let her head rest on his shoulder for a moment, then left the office. Dr. Bennet Morgan was riding home, the evening of the day that the jury for the trial of Harry Brayfield had been drawn. His selection was not of his seeking, but, having been chosen, he made no protest. He was a man of good family and some fortune. Without retiring from the practice of his profession, he had interested himself in political affairs, and was now a candidate for the Democratic nomination of State Senator, from his district. Further on in the sky of his future shone the faint star of a hope of a higher office in the commonwealth; and his mind's eye was on it, as he rode slowly homeward that summer evening. At a place where the lane crept down into a grove of beeches, his horse gave a start. Reining him in, Dr. Morgan peered through the twilight, and discerned, a few paces ahead, a woman, on horseback, waiting under a wide-armed tree. His heart felt a swift contraction of pain. On one occasion she had met him there, a rare October afternoon. He saw again the sunlight pouring down on her pale face, the slender figure in the blue riding-habit; again he heard her voice. "Rosamund!" he exclaimed. "Yes, it is I," said the waiting horse-woman, faintly. "Why—why are you here at this hour?" he asked, blindly. "To see you," she said. His mind groped feebly over her answer. To see him, after the parting which she had said was final! "Rosamund, you are in trouble?" He knew nothing else could send her here. He saw her bow her head, in the dim light; then, leaning forward, she said, her lustrous eyes meeting his in the dark: "Bennet, Harry Brayfield is innocent! He did not kill Mark Davidson—" "Rosamund!" cried the young man, lifting a pleading hand. Unheeding his appeal, she continued: "You must listen to me!" "Then, I must withdraw from the jury—" "No! no! Bennet," she pleaded, "If ever you loved me—" "Hush, Rosamund, for God's sake!" he cried. His words silenced her. When next she spoke, her voice was calm. "I have gone over the evidence carefully. I have heard the worst that can be brought forward; yet nothing has convinced me of his guilt. Bennet, you must show the jury that Harry Brayfield did not kill that man. I know that he is innocent; if not—she stopped abruptly, for before her swept the picture of that death-bed in the mountain home. "Through fire and water." She bowed her face before his eyes: "If not—O Bennet! I still must have come to you to-night to say, if ever you loved me, set Harry Brayfield free!" "I have loved you well and long, Rosamund, I love you still!" But when he rode onward, his head was sunken on his breast. During the trial Dr. Morgan sat with his eyes fixed steadfastly on the young prisoner. Though Mr. Hughes made a powerful argument there was little doubt in the minds of the public as to the verdict. They anticipated a speedy announcement, but the hours wore away, and still that closed door stood between the prisoner and his fate. When the evening was far advanced, the jurymen haggard and pale of face, appeared. In reply to the demand of the judge, the foreman stated that the jury had failed to convict on evidence so entirely circumstantial, and remanded the case to the judgment of the court. There followed an electric pause. For a moment, the judge's face wore a dark expression; but, smothering the feelings of the man, he rose to the dignity of the office. "If twelve men can find no evidence of guilt in the case, one cannot undertake to both discover that guilt and pronounce its punishment. The prisoner at the bar is dismissed!" In dead silence the words were received, and while the boy and his friends and counsel retired, the audience continued to sit in silent astonishment. Someone whispered "fraud and Republican gold," and an electric current seemed to dart through the assembly. They hurried

Apurehard Soap SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

from the courtroom, angry, excited crowds, denouncing judge and jury, and prophesying that the State would be hurled forward to destruction by that verdict. The printed and spoken utterances against their rectitude stung one of the jurors into revealing the secret source of their failure to return a verdict of guilt. Others reluctantly confirmed his statement, and when the public learned that the conviction of eleven men as to the guilt of the prisoner had been defied, and finally overthrown, by one, though that one was known and honored in the community, its indignation poured over him in a lava stream. Populace and the press openly denounced him as a traitor to the sacred cause of justice bought by Republican gold, to betray the trust confided in him. Old friends avoided him, his very kindred turned away; but, hiding what suffering this brought, Dr. Morgan pursued his daily avocation, calmly and silently. He had foreseen this attitude of men toward him when they should learn what he had done. He knew that his career was ruined, but he did not regret his course. She had said that the boy was innocent; she was always right; he had forced the law to sanction her opinion. On another evening, as the sun was going down behind the hill, he saw her waiting for him under the beech tree. He rode forward quickly to meet her, but the sight of her face brought anguish to his heart. "Rosamund!" he cried. "What is the matter?" "I have been ill since that day," she said. "If it were not so, I should have come before this to thank you." He tried to interrupt her, but she passed over his words unheedingly. "To thank you and to tell you all." She drew away the ribbon from her throat, as if it were choking her; then began, in an unfamiliar voice: "Two men loved my mother. Once she loved and married. The other—you know him!—made himself an exile from his native place, for her sake. There were several children. I was the youngest. When I was about fourteen, my father was accused of forging a note for several thousand dollars. He was convicted, and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. He was innocent, but only I believed in his innocence. Even my mother doubted, and it killed her. I did all in my child's power to save him; failing, I helped him to escape from jail. My action made me amenable to punishment by the law, but through the legal efforts of my mother's old lover I was not prosecuted. My people, feeling that I had brought double disgrace on them, disowned me; then this man took me to his home and legally adopted me as his daughter. Now you know," her voice went gaspingly over the words, "why I refused to marry you. I did not want—the cruel world—something to tell you—that your wife—was a forger's daughter." He bent his head and kissed the white hand that clutched the horn of the saddle, murmuring, "O Rosamund! to doubt my love!" "Ten years ago, on Christmas Eve, a sick, old man knocked at the door of Harry Brayfield's home. His mother took the stranger in. For eight days she nursed him as if he were her own flesh and blood. When he died, she buried him with respect and reverence, in her family graveyard. Before he died, he gave her a locket, and told her that if ever a child of hers needed a friend to find the person whose picture it contained, and bid that person to repay his debt of gratitude to her, by befriending her loved one. I was the person whose portrait was in the locket, that dying stranger was my father, and the hour of payment came when Harry Brayfield stood in the dock, charged with murder. He said to that woman that I would pay that debt—through fire and water—and I did! I did!" she finished, her voice broken by sobs, while the tears ran down her white cheeks. "For I—I—have destroyed your future! And that future was all that remained to me, in life. Oh! I loved you so well, I would not marry you—because—because they hold my father guilty, and I was afraid it might injure your career. And I let you go out of my life—let you go thinking that it was Mr. Hughes who opposed you, for I couldn't tell you,—and now—and now—"

"Rosamund!" he cried, "You love me!" and the twilight fell about them like a veil, and in the deep heart of the silence and the night, they found that the meaning of their lesson of pain was great joy. Years later, the arrest and trial of a noted mountain outlaw developed the fact, that he, because of a private wrong, was the murderer of Mark Davidson.

Household Notes

LITTLE THINGS SAVED. — A writer in an exchange says:—It is no small merit in the mistress of a house to have everything ready for use at a moment's notice. This may be easily effected by the exercise of a little forethought, and by keeping all things in their proper places. Don't waste pieces of string as they come in with grocery and other packages. Take the trouble (which is really not so very great) to disentangle them without cutting, and roll them up neatly or wind them on a card, keeping the different sorts and textures on different winders. Also fold up sheets of brown paper and reserve them in a dry place till wanted; and keep all clean paper bags, which are often found so handy for putting things in. Have a bag or basket for the string, and hang it up, always in the same place. If housekeepers will only make a point of following these simple rules, they will thus keep a supply on hand, which will cost them literally nothing, and often save much irritation and perplexity.

FURS.—A little sawdust moistened with benzine, as an excellent method of cleaning furs will be found most useful at this season of the year. Rub this thoroughly into the fur, a little at a time, shaking out the sawdust as it gets dirty. When the fur looks clean, rub it with dry sawdust. Hang on a line in the air till the fur looks dry and natural once more. Shake thoroughly till no sawdust remains. Do not use the benzine near a fire or light.

GLASS KITCHEN UTENSILS.—A young graduate of Harvard believes he has learned how to make all kinds of kitchen utensils out of glass, and if he is not mistaken the world in a very short time will be cooking its meals in vessels made of pure silica. Imagine glass pots, skillets, kettles, baking pans, frying pans and stew pans! Why, there will be an eternal end to scouring and polishing. There will be no corrosion, no rusting, no cracking of agate ware, no burning of holes in the bottom. Nothing is so easy to wash as glass. The rice will never stick, the hominy will never scorch, the bread will never burn, the—but what's the use of going into details? The Harvard man referred to is now keeping a bachelor establishment. He does his own cooking. Every utensil is made of glass. He has glass spoons, glass forks, glass toasters, glass pans, glass trays, glass pots, glass meat boards, glass rolling pins, glass ovens, glass skillets, glass frying pans, glass stew pans, glass pudding dishes, glass case-roles of every shape and size, glass tea kettles, glass coffee pots, glass boilers, etc. It is impossible to enumerate the glass vessels he has in his kitchen. Some of the vessels are opaque, but most are clear. They do not seem to be affected by quick changes of temperature. He will fill a pot with hot water, and after letting it stand for ten minutes, will empty it and pour in cold water without breaking it. There could be no better test.

NOT CONSISTENT.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secretary, J. Kuhala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCull, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording-Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

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NOTES. NEW YEAR'S GREETING. Happy New Year! The phrase is on every lip, is certainly in every heart, is a perfunctory way of use of it this week. "Happy New Year" of our readers, we do not share the same feeling and same when we extend the same ship and use the same our most intimate 1903 goes out with a phrase of joys and sorrows, fears, of pleasures and pains, of successes and disappointments, of our last issue for the closing; when next the "New Year" comes to its end, be under the heading.

There are mournful flash through the minutes that throbs in the end of the year. And it cannot be well as like the parting with intimate companion; 1903 goes out with a phrase of joys and sorrows, fears, of pleasures and pains, of successes and disappointments, of our last issue for the closing; when next the "New Year" comes to its end, be under the heading.

Then comes the shawl over the vacant chair, that beheld the dawn are closed forever, and the advent of 1904, like voices beloved, that all sleep in the These are the more things that come naturally of the old year.

In life, however, G has distributed with tears and the smiles, have the winters and the clouded skies and the gentle zephyr. Some of each one of us down and lights; and sary to us, and all tfection and happiness, difficulties, losses, and but to purify us and better for the enjoyment of the happiness, and delights of the lot of the deservin.

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