

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER VI
ROSCROFTE

There were a few pleasant scenes touched by the early sunbeams of this April day from the cheery breakfast room of Roscroft Manor. The wide, deep windows, with their rich draperies, showed the roses vines clambering around sill and cornice in tender leaf, and framed as fair a vista of shaded lawn and shining river as could be found on the Maryland shore.

Within the dark, paneled walls, rich with trophies of sport and chase, the glitter of silver and glass on quaint old carved buffets, the rare and delicate china carefully guarded in the diamond-pined cupboards, the great silver punchbowl that had brimmed with "wassail" before the luckless Stuarts lost England's crown—all told of wealth and taste, meliorated by the golden glories of a stately past.

That past seemed epitomized in the proud bearing of the tall, white-haired master of the house, who was seated at the head of his breakfast-table. Though close to three score and ten, Judge Randall still held his own in hunt and field with men twenty years his junior, and the dark eyes beneath his snowy brows could flash at will with all the fire of his youth. There was no weakening in the strong, stern outlines of jaw and chin—only, about the chiseled lips that had been one of the beauties of his early manhood, were tracings penciled by grief—pain—remorse? Who could tell?

His daughter-in-law sat opposite him, presiding in the place of the wife who had died thirty years before. His son Gilbert, a pleasant ruddy-faced man of five and forty, was at his right, while aureoled by the morning sunbeams that played around her was Mildred, the granddaughter of the house, a beautiful, dark-eyed girl in her early twenties. Life had given of its best to Mildred Randall. Her father was a lawyer of fine standing in Baltimore, her mother had been a belle in that city of fair women and was an heiress in her own right. They had their own home, where Mildred had made a brilliant debut several years before, and had reigned in gracious sovereignty ever since, save during the pleasant months that were given either to foreign travel or Roscroft, that had always been a second home. But Nature's darling, fortune's favorite that she was, years of simple convent training had made Mildred Randall a sweet, strong, light-hearted girl, all unspoiled.

"Strange!" said the Judge, as his breakfast over, he glanced at the letters Scip, the old family butler, always laid beside his plate. "Strange that we have heard nothing yet. It has been three weeks since I wrote. . . it was a mistake to write at all. I should have gone for the child—for Nellie's child—gone myself to bring her home. I thought it might seem easier for her to come to us at her own time, in her own way, kinder not to break in on her old ties, her old life, too suddenly. She had money for me, her journey, her father wrote I can't understand her silence. My letter would have been returned if she had not received it."

"Couldn't you telegraph to the post-office for information?" suggested Mr. Gilbert Randall.

"I did, sir, I did. They told me that all mail for that address had been forwarded to Leeport, Tennessee, according to order. Leeport is a little factory town where—where possibly the poor child went to find employment. Employment! Good God, my daughter's child! If I don't hear within twenty-four hours, I go to find her, and find her where she is on the face of the earth."

And the Judge, who had risen as he spoke, turned abruptly from the table and left the room.

"The old gentleman is pretty well stirred up," said Gilbert Randall.

"No one has heard him mention poor Elinor's name since her death until this last month."

"Which was a downright shame, as I've always thought—and said when Grandy was not around to hear," said Mildred. "Poor dear Aunt Nellie! I can just remember her as one remembers a baby dream. A lovely little golden-haired thing that used to pet me and play with me and cry over me. I couldn't tell why. I suppose after that music teacher had begun to strike the tender chords of her soft little heart."

"Soft little heart indeed!" sighed Mrs. Randall, who had the placid calm of the woman who has never known storm or stress or strain. "And you might add a soft little head as well! If she had only waited until she was fairly out—but to run off before she was seventeen."

"I've been blamed for it, I know," continued the good lady plaintively, "but I was little more than a girl myself, I am sure, and with Nellie Randall's prospects, I never dreamed she would think of her music teacher! Rather a good-looking young man, I must confess, but most uninteresting. No money, no family, no position—and your grandfather was so proud of his only girl! Of course, it would all have been forgiven if she had lived—but she died within the year, and then there were only the two men—husband and father—to reckon with each other, and both were proud and sore and bitter. Kent refused to give up the child entirely, as the Judge demanded, and the Judge said some hard things that

Kent could not forget or forgive, and so the break came that was never healed."

"Oh well, let bygones be bygones, my dear," said her husband, easily. "We will do all we can to make it up to poor Nellie's girl. We won't mind if she cuts us out root and branch, will we, Milly?" turning to his daughter.

"Not a bit," was the frank answer. "With you and mama behind me, I have more than my share of the good things of life, and I want to see this poor little thing come in for all that is hers, all that has been denied her ever since she was born. But I'm dying with curiosity to see her, Dad. I am wondering, with a deep, dark wonder, what she is like."

"A Randall that isn't a Randall; that has never known Randall ties or traditions, a Randall that, instead of being landlocked in safe harbor, has been buffeted about by storm and wind—a poor, pitiful little—"

"My dear Mildred," interposed her mother, quickly, "I hope you will remember your grandfather's plainly expressed wish—there is to be no reference whatever to the unhappy past. All associations with it are to be broken imperatively and forever. It is the only way in which your cousin can take her proper place in her family, in society, in the world where the daughter of Elinor Randall rightly belongs. You will remember this I hope, my dear?"

"I will, mama, of course. I'll let the dead past bury its dead. Only . . . there's no edict against watching the transmigration—and, good gracious, there's a telegraph boy now coming up the path!" and the bright eyed speakers sprang to the window.

"Had we not better stop him Dad? He may have bad news—and Grandy is too old for a sudden shock."

Without waiting for her father's slower movements Mildred darted out on the porch. But she was too late. Her grandfather, standing on the wide sweep of the stately colonnade, had already seen the messenger and caught the despatch nervously from the boy's hand.

"My God!" burst from his trembling lips, as he glanced over the bit of yellow paper.

"Grandy! Father! Oh, Judge, what is it?" cried the various members of the family, hurriedly gathering around the old man, who stood white and shaken amidst them.

"There has been an accident," he said at last, slowly, "and the child—Elinor's child—read Gilbert, and he held out the telegram. And the son read aloud to the startled listeners:

"Bixby Junction, April 2nd. Hon. Roger Randall, Roscroft, Co., Md. Young woman supposed to be fatally injured in wreck last evening has letter on her person addressed to Elinor Randall Kent, signed by grandfather Roger B. Randall, Roscroft, Md. Identify, if possible, before death, as patient is unconscious."

"J. L. VANCE, M. D., Attending Physician."

There was a moment of awestruck silence, then Gilbert Randall spoke.

"Leave it all to me, father. I will take the next train and see to everything."

"No, no," said the Judge, rousing. "I must go—go myself. It is the last, the least I can do now for—"

"Elinor's child. Great heavens, what an end what an end to the cruel, tragic story of her pitiful young life! I must go at once."

"Father, no, no," said the younger man. "It will be too much for you. Let me go in your place."

"I tell you, no!" was the sharp, irritated answer. "You can come with me, if you wish."

"Take me, Grandy," said Mildred, eagerly. "It may be a terrible place, where there are no women to nurse or help."

"Ay, it is, it is. I know the place," answered the Judge. "A rocky gorge in the mountains; a wild, lonely place. You come with us, Milly, too, only be quick, girl, be quick. We must take the next train. Tell Matt to get out the rooms. We will catch the express at Belton if we are quick."

And with the master's imperative command thrilling the startled household, all were ready for departure in half an hour. There was not a moment to lose, as the hurried travelers realized, for it was fully a day's journey to the scene of the accident, and the morning paper which followed the telegram was bristling with horrible headlines, giving details of the disaster that chilled the reader's blood.

Fuller and grislier details met them as they journeyed on, and it was pitiful to see how despite his stern mastery of himself, the lines deepened about Judge Randall's compressed lips, and over his usually fresh-colored face there crept the ashen line of age. Gilbert watched his father with anxious eyes, while to Mildred, hitherto "landlocked," as she had merrily described herself, from all rough winds and waves of life—this was her first touch of the storm, her first breath of those wide open wastes where the tempests rage and grief and pain and Death stalk unrelent.

It was sunset when they reached Bixby's Station. The usually quiet little mountain hamlet was astir with ghastly life. Wagons lined the one street, a large hospital tent was stretched on a bit of level ground, the little meeting house was a morgue where rows of stiff, stark figures awaited identification. Men stood around the humble doorways, talking in low tones, and now and then a sharp cry, piercing the quiet, would tell of some sudden agony of recognition, or agony of despair, while the ragged, yawning gap of the broken

bridge, the torn rail swinging over the chasm, the huge heap of wreckage below, where engine and cars lay piled in an inert, impotent mass, like some fierce monster crushed in a death leap—gave *motif* to the scene. Through all the horror came the laughing voice of the waters, that full-fled from a thousand mountain sources, swept in a joyous flood over ruin, wreckage, death, singing as they went.

But only dimly, as one catches the shadowy background of a picture, did our travelers note any details of this sunset scene. Stepping forward to a group of men gathered in front of the little station, Judge Randall asked for Dr. Vance, and in a few moments that gentleman, grave, clear eyed, and scarcely thirty, presented himself in a busy surgeon's deshabille.

"Judge Randall?" he said. "I am very glad you have come. I telegraphed you on a venture, as I have been obliged to do in most cases."

"Is—she alive still?" asked the Judge with an effort.

"Yes—or she was when I saw her an hour ago," answered the doctor. "And there have been gleams of consciousness, the nurse tells me. But you can see and judge for yourself. We have done the best we could for the women," he continued, as he led the way to a little cottage that stood somewhat back from the steep village street, "but even the best here is rude enough."

He pushed open the cottage door as he spoke, and showed a low, white-washed room, where a narrow cot stood near the one wide open window. As they entered the Red Cross nurse, was just drawing a sheet pitifully over the still, stark occupant.

"Dead?" asked the doctor, briefly.

"Dead!" echoed the Judge, in a hoarse whisper. "Then—then we are too late?"

"No, no," the doctor laid a kind hand on the old man's arm. "This is another, an older woman. Miss Flynn," and the speaker turned to the nurse, "these are relatives looking for the young woman—ticket number 204, I think."

"Yes," was the business-like answer. "In the next room, please."

And chilled with the horrors around them the travelers crossed the farther threshold, and stood in a narrow slant roofed room, little more than a shed, where the last faint glow of the sunset fell upon another cot.

A girl lay upon it—a girl with the pallor of death on her thin young face; her long, fringed eyelids closed, the bandage around her temples pressing back an aureole of red gold hair. A girl so unlike the vision cherished in Judge Randall's heart of hearts that for a moment he stood shocked, almost repelled.

Then suddenly the gray eyes opened in a piteous look of terror.

"I dare not," she murmured, with a shudder. "I dare not go—"

"Where, my poor child, where?" asked the Judge, soothingly.

"To him, to Roscroft, to her people," was the panting, frightened answer. "Her proud, rich people! I must turn back—I dare not go face them. I dare not go!"

"Oh, my poor child, my poor Elinor's neglected child!" Judge Randall's voice shook with a sudden storm of emotion rare to him—pity, tenderness, sorrow, above all, remorse swept over his proud soul in a passionate flood. This was his work, his work—the frail, wasted form, the worn, worn young face, the toil-roughened hands, the broken spirit shrinking in fear from her own—to this his harsh, stern pride had brought his daughter's child. And his proud nature stirred to its deepest depths, Roger Randall's heart went out to the pale stranger.

"Save her, doctor," he whispered, hoarsely. "It is my dead daughter's child, indeed. I had sent for her. She was coming to me—when—when this happened. Save her at any cost."

"Oh, Dad, it is just too pitiful," murmured Mildred, as an hour later, she joined her father, who was smoking out by the cottage gate. Mildred's bright eyes were dim, her young voice low and tremulous, her dainty French handkerchief had been reduced almost to nothingness by surreptitious tears.

"She is gone, eh?" said Mr. Randall, who had found the day's experience quite beyond the reach of his usual good-humored philosophy.

"Oh, no," answered Mildred quickly. "I don't think she is going, either, Dad. The doctor says there is a change for the better to-night. She is partly conscious, though too weak to show it. And, oh, such a poor, pitiful little creature as she is! She looks as if she never had enough to eat or wear. And her trunk, Dad! It seems the baggage car was not hurt much, and they got hold of her trunk by the check she had in her pocket. They are trying to identify people by their checks and trunks. I opened hers to see if I could get the nurse some clothes, and oh such poor little clothes! When I think of my Paris gowns and all I spent on them—"

and the little French handkerchief was called into requisition again. "And there was a little tin box," continued Mildred brokenly, "with papers. Aunt Nellie's wedding certificate and that of the child's baptism and letters. I showed them to Grandy, and—and they nearly did him up. He came mighty close to sobbing outright."

"I don't wonder," answered Mr. Randall, putting away grimly. "It's the devil of a business altogether."

"Oh, don't, Dad, don't say bad words to-night, when we're all just hanging on the verge of things, and ought to be praying for that poor little creature's life and soul. I wonder if she is a Catholic? There's not a sign of it about her, though there is a little worn prayer-book of poor Aunt Nellie's in the trunk. Dad, it isn't right to take vows, but if that girl lives I'm going to make things up to her, if . . . if I have to cut over all my own gowns."

"I wouldn't worry about that," said her father. "She will have everything she wants if she pulls through this. And as for you, pet, with your mother and me backing you, as you said, you can afford to step out and give this little new-comer all the chance she wants. Well, sir," the speaker threw away his cigar, and turned to meet his father, who came hurriedly from the house. "How are things going on?"

"Better," was the cheerful answer. "Very much better, my boy. The doctor feared concussion, he said, but that fear has passed. She is rallying finely to-night, but we must get her away from here at once. I am going to telegraph for a special car."

The doctor says he will be relieved from duty to-morrow morning, and I have engaged his services for the journey. We will take on a private nurse at N—, None of these here can be spared. We will get her home by to-morrow night—and then—then, my boy, nurse her back to life and to bloom, life and bloom that will make her forget—forget and forgive the past."

"I will go with you," said his son.

"The woman here tells me she can give Milly accommodations for the night, but you and I will have to look out for ourselves as best we can. I'd like to find comfortable quarters for you, father."

"Don't think about it," was the hurried answer. "Comfort doesn't count to-night my boy—nothing counts but the life, the safety of that poor child—Elinor's child. You saw her Gilbert? Such a pale, frail little starveling, and afraid to come to us, lest we cast her out! Good God, how that pitiful moan hurt, Gilbert, how it hurt, coming from the lips of Elinor's child!"

"Oh, well, don't take it too much to heart, sir, was the cheering answer. "Naturally the poor little girl would feel shy and strange, and I suppose she was thinking of her meeting with us when she got hurt. We will make it up to her, as you say, make up to her for all that has been lacking in the past."

"Ay, we will," said the Judge in a deep, trembling tone. "Did you see her, Gilbert? Half-grown, half-fled, the worn hands, the sharp young face! And I—I put the blight on her. I denied her light, and life, and bloom! I thrust her from me into death and darkness, my own flesh and blood, my Elinor's child. Picturize your Milly looking like that."

"I really can't," answered his son, frankly.

"No, you can't. To one we have given bloom, to the other blight, Gilbert. But we will make it up to her—and with a solemn oath the speaker asserted his words. "It is in the power of man, and that poor child is spared to me, I will make up to her all she has lost."

TO BE CONTINUED

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

One of the oldest churches in France, it was located in a quaint and quiet quarter among stately, time worn mansions and venerable public buildings, which were jostled here and there by nineteenth century shops. It had stood, forgotten and undisturbed, while the monarchy tottered and fell and was followed by the horrors of the Terror, the tyranny of Napoleon, the well meant mistake of the recalled Bourbon; short lived prosperity under Louis Philippe, by the gilded insecurity of the second empire, and finally by the irreligious fury of the republic. Into its dusky, serene silence had been carried the details of each phase of each turbulent period. There, in fast diminishing numbers, generations had knelt in joy and sorrow, in thanksgiving and doubt and temptation; there, in time of peace and in time of war, men had prayed for church and Fatherland; there had sinners become saints and saints more holy. Before heaven the air was fragrant with the incense of the prayers of years.

To this church, dear to her by reason of many tender associations, an old woman came day after day in the first years of the present century, years calamitous, indeed, to Catholic France. Close to Our Lady's altar she always took her station and often remained there for two or three hours, saying her beads over and over again with a fervor that knew no weariness. She was a small woman, fragile, sweet faced, always simply dressed in black. She came and went on foot unless the weather was very bad, when she used an old carriage, drawn by two fat old horses and driven by an old man in livery older than himself. She seemed to know no one among the parishioners. Only twice did any one speak to her, even casually. When the Count de Man went there to hear Mass one Sunday and chanced to meet her in the vestibule, as the last worshippers were departing, he bowed, low, and giving her his arm led her to her carriage; on another day she was in the church, as usual, when the Archbishop of Paris went to see a new and very beautiful altar which had just been erected, and recognizing

her, he stopped and talked for some minutes with a courtesy that seemed three parts reverence.

One rainy, windy April day, when she was about to leave the church, she found that her carriage had not yet come, and stepped back into the shelter of the portico to wait for it. Close beside her stood two women, like her detained by the shower. She glanced casually at them, not knowing that she had ever seen either of them before, though they spent almost as many hours as she did in the church and had countless times watched her, and almost as often discussed her, vainly trying to decide who she was, or at least whether she belonged to the lesser nobility as Mademoiselle Duval argued, or was the wife of an artisan, as her friend was convinced.

"She's a saint, at any rate," they always agreed, by way of ending amicably their fruitless arguments. Both were certain of that and they regarded her with due awe as well as intense curiosity. This afternoon, however, they did not notice her, so intent were they on their conversation.

"It was Monsieur Rene de Depassant who framed the bill, my husband says, and but for his—his fiendish eloquence even the Masons would have hesitated to pass one so tyrannical and so iniquitous!" Mademoiselle Duval was saying. No one had ever accused her of undue mildness when speaking her mind on any subject. She had been a school teacher in her youth, and at thirty had married a merchant who was growing rich.

"And they do say that he was raised a Catholic; that at one time he even thought of studying for the priesthood! Poor, misguided man!" Mademoiselle Duval exclaimed, carefully adjusting the lace cuffs on her jacket, and in her meanness deeming that she had been almost ferocious.

"Of course he should be a Catholic! All the De Depassants are. Didn't you know that? But certainly there is not another man in wicked France to day who does so much harm to God's cause!" Mademoiselle Duval rejoined, in her excited talking louder than she realized.

The old woman had of course, heard every word they said, and at this point she moved nearer to them. Her delicate face was white and she trembled a little. Touching Mademoiselle Duval's arm to attract her attention and Mademoiselle Duval's, she spoke to them and her voice was low, her manner simple, as is that only of a gentle woman born and bred. Suddenly the fine features worn by the other women seemed tawdry; their big words pretensions; their petty affectations in bad taste, though all she said was:

"Excuse me for interrupting you—but do think of him as kindly as you can. He is not bad as he is. He is always kind to his mother."

Not waiting for any reply she passed swiftly down the steps and walked away in the rain, unconscious of the fact that she had neither umbrella nor overshoes. The women stared after her, non-plussed. Strange to say, it was Mademoiselle Duval who first found her tongue.

"I wish we had not said so much about him! She must know him! Perhaps—perhaps she is his mother!" she gasped.

"Nonsense! You are ridiculously romantic, Adele! She may know the family. Possibly she's one of their upper servants—a housekeeper, no doubt. Housekeepers are usually ladylike, and unobtrusive, and dressed in black. Why, Monsieur Eugene de Depassant, the father of Monsieur Rene, owned half of La Vendee—more or less. His widow is worth millions!"

Though for the moment they were satisfied and whenever they were together during the ensuing weeks and months they discussed it further, but necessarily without reaching any definite conclusion; and they observed the old woman more closely than before and with keener curiosity. Her last action furnished them with the theme of conversation for days or weeks.

One afternoon they met her in the vestibule, as they were entering the church and she was leaving it, after having spent two hours in prayer and meditation. She bowed slightly but pleasantly, and emboldened by her recognition, they stopped her, as they were longing to do. Mademoiselle Duval acted as spokesman, though somehow she felt embarrassed and it was in a jerky way she explained:

"I know that you are interested in Monsieur de Depassant. You spoke about him to us one day, if you remember, and—and I have just seen a paper. It seems that there was intense excitement in the senate during the morning session. There was a bill before the house the aim of which was to complete the laicization of the primary schools. It was fathered by Monsieur Martin and his colleagues. Monsieur de Depassant, who, contrary to his habit and to every one's surprise, has been very quiet of late, vehemently attacked the bill. He was never so eloquent, the Siecle says. He insisted that irreligion is ruining France. He solemnly declared that he would give his life if thereby he could undo the part he has played in forcing through iniquitous legislation. He seemed to carry all before him—even the anti-clericals applauded! But the bill passed, and with-out amendment. Matters have gone too far, I suppose, for one man to be able to stem the tide."

"But—but he did oppose it!" the old lady said, exulting. "I thought he surely would. This is October,

you know. I am grateful to you for telling me this," and, turning, she re-entered the church, forgetting evidently that she had been about to leave it. She did not go to her accustomed place, a prie-dieu near Our Lady's altar; instead, she knelt on the altar step at her Mother's very feet.

Presently a man came and for a few moments knelt near her. Her eyes were closed and she did not see him. He looked neither to right nor to the left, but gazed into the Blessed Virgin's sweet face, fidgetting nervously; then rose from his knees and, forgetting to genuflect, almost ran from the church. As he turned away from the altar something slipped through his fingers and fell, jingling, to the tiled floor. The old woman heard the sound and glanced down to see what had fallen. It was a rosary, she discovered, and picked it up with loving care. She looked at it, and looked, and looked, her face more happy and more peaceful every instant. At last she compared it to the one owned about her wrist, knowing in advance that they were alike. Both were dark colored and plain but for the small crucifixes of silver, exquisitely carved.

She turned again to the statue, the two rosaries clasped in her folded hands. Her weariness was forgotten. She had knelt motionless while half an hour passed on wings, when a man came into the silent, dusky, almost deserted church and knelt beside her. She looked at him—just one glance. He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. Soon his frame was shaken by sobs; and nothing is so pitiable as the deep grief of a strong man. Then she laid a tender hand on his shoulder. "Dear Rene," she whispered, "both your mothers are proud of you to-day, so, so proud!"—The Rosary Magazine.

THE VIRTUE OF BIGOTRY

Why this outcry against the efforts of the Catholic Church to convert America? To the observing and impartial mind, the only reasonable answer seems to be, that it is because the Catholic Church is too successful in her efforts to please the fancy of those whose chief stock in trade is to proclaim from the hostesspots the glorious doctrine of religious toleration. In other words, the social intolerance which the Church suffers at the hands of those whose proudest boast is their spirit of dogmatic liberalism, has its beginning in the honesty and sincerity of the Catholic claims, and in the fidelity of the Church in striving to extend that unity of faith for which Christ prayed and lived and died. Are there not, therefore, at least grounds for the suspicion that this tolerance, carried on in the sacred name of toleration, is in reality but a subtle disguise, behind which the discerning eye may detect the familiar features of the religious fanatics? Does not bigotry of the Catholic kind stand forth in contrast as a genuine virtue? Should the Church be condemned for practicing that kind of intolerance which Christ Himself made mandatory when He said: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; they also must I bring, and there shall be but one fold and one shepherd."

Despite all efforts to show how beautiful and restricted the Catholic notion of intolerance really is, our point of view continues to be misinterpreted and misunderstood. Under the guise of earnest patriotism, the so-called "liberals" in religion are continually raising their voices in warning against the great "Roman peril" that threatened to gain domination over the liberties of the American people. They regale themselves and their willing readers with startling accounts of instances in the early centuries of the Pope's actual interference in political affairs, and strive to stir men on to action by greswome prophecies of what liberty of conscience might expect, should the Church make good her intention to convert America to the Catholic faith. To attempt a refutation of such a temerarious accusation would be to dignify the absurd, or to execute a corpse. The merest tyro in the field of history knows that, while the popes did interfere in things political, making and unmaking kings, they never claimed to exercise this power as a divine prerogative, but merely as a natural right vested in them voluntarily by the people who could both give that right and take it away. To ally the honest fears of those sincere Christians outside our fold, in whose minds misrepresentations concerning the threatened encroachment of the "Roman machine" may have created a fear which perhaps stands between them and honest investigation, we can do no better than to quote the words of one who has anticipated us by voicing a sentiment to which the most bigoted Catholic can subscribe, Rev. J. P. McKay, C. M.:

"If, by an impossible supposition, the Pope should man army and fleet to storm our coast, now you know what Catholics here would do? You would have two millions in the American army ready to die to resist the Pope's invasion; you would have thirteen million Catholics in their homes praying for their sons, brothers and fathers in the field; you would have forty five thousand Catholic nuns on their knees before the tabernacles, beseeching the God of armies to strike the guns from the hands of the Roman emissaries; you would have seventeen thousand priests in the first ranks of the army fighting, till they died, for the Constitution of the United States. We

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but you must pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and said, "But I never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machine for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. Now, I know what my "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. You know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges or break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you, if it saves you a cent a week, send me 50 cents a month free trial. I'll take the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes. And then it saves you 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwomen's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you a cent a week, send me 50 cents a month free trial. I'll take the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me generally—B. H. Morris, Manager, Nineteen Hundred Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

THE ROBINSON CABINET MANUFACTURING CO., 279 SANDWICH ST., WATKINSVILLE, ONT. L-11

MADE BY ONE ROBINSON SALESMAN. You—yourself—can positively make \$50 and expend every week. I know you are a hard working, energetic, ambitious fellow, anxious to make money, who are willing to work with me. You are not, but you want to get on, to advance, to sell and appoint local agents for the biggest, most successful, and best selling product of the ROBINSON FOLDING BATH TUB. This is an absolutely new invention, and sells every where in the country. Nothing else like it. Gives every home a modern, hot water bath, and is the best thing in the world. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Packed in small roll, handy to handle. Best selling and positively unbreakable. Absolutely guaranteed for 5 years. Write for full particulars, and you will receive a copy of our new book, "How to make money out of homes have no bathrooms. Immediate profits for you." This book costs 200 a month. Here's proof—real proof. Douglas, Man., got 15 orders in 2 days; Moore, Ont., 120 profit first month; McCutcheon, Sask., says can sell 15 in less than 3 days. Hundreds like that. Pleasant, permanent, profitable work.

This is no idle talk. Make me prove it. Write a week, and let me write you a long letter. No decision. No experience needed. No capital. Your credit is good if you are honest. But you must be ambitious, you must want to make money. That's all. Write your name and address, and we will pay you sixty dollars every week.

C. A. RUSSELL, General Manager, The Robinson Cabinet Manufacturing Co., 279 Sandwich St., Watkville, Ont. L-11

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