## THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

Thursday, October 5th, 1905

ANGELS



"It's unchristian," den, shaking her head. 'Unchristian!" said the locksmith.

"Why, what the devil"-

quence of this profanity would be the er with the best sitting-room on the first: but no visible judgment occurring, she heaved a deep sigh, and begged her husband, in a tone of resignation, to go ca, and by all means to blaspheme as much as possible, because he knew she liked it.

The locksmith did for a moment seem disposed to gratify her, but he gave a great gulp, and mildly rejoined .-

"I was going to say, what on earth do vou call it unchristian for Which would be most unchristian, Martha-to sit quietly down and let our houses be sacked by a foreign army, or to turn out like men and sort of Christian, if I crept into a which has, indeed, no meaning in it, corner of my own chimney and looked on while a parcel of whiskered journey he goes, as I believe"savages bore off Dolly-or you?'

When he said "or you," Mrs. Varden, despite herself, relaxed into a smile. There was something complimentary in the idea. "In such a state of things as that, indeed"-she simpered.

"As that!" repeated the locksmith. "Well, that would be the state of things directly. Even Miggs would Some black tambourine-player, with a great turban on, would be bearing her off, and, unless the tambourine-player was proof against kicking and scratching, it's my belief he'd have the worst of it. Ha, ha, ha! I'd forgive the tambourine-I wouldn't have him interplayer. fered with on any account, poor fel-And here the locksmith laughlow. ed gain so heartily, that tears came into his eyes-much to Mrs. Varden's indignation, who thought the capture of so sound a Protestant and estimable a private character as Miggs by a Pagan negro, a circumstance too shocking and awful for contemplation.

The picture Gabriel had drawn, indeed, threatened serious consequences and would indubitably have led to them, but luckily at that moment a light footstep crossed the threshold, and Dolly, running in, threw her arms round her old father's neck and hugged him tight.

"Here she is at last!" cried Ga-"And how well you look, briel. Doll, and how late you are, my darling!

How well she looked? Well? Why, if he had exhausted every laudatory if he had exhausted every laudatory auditory auditory such a comforting effect on the finite minute and exhausted every laudatory is would be a married sister of hers, then re-and where was there ever such a plump, roguish, comely, bright-eyed, plump, roguish, comely, bright-eyed, build accompany her to the clerk-tion of a married sister of hers, then re-sident at Golden Lion Court, num-ber twenty-seven, second bell-handle on the right hand door-post, that, should accompany her to the Clerk-should accompany her to the Clerkworld, as Dolly! What was the Dolly of five years ago to the Dolly of that day! How many coachmakers, raved of the Inquisition ever since; view from the first, and entertaining the adjacent taverns until dark. Then sors of other useful arts, had deserted their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, and, most of all, their cousins, for the love of her! How many unknown gentlemen-supposed to be of mighty fortunes, if not titles--had waited round the corner after dark, and tempted Miggs the incorruptible, with golden guineas, to deliver offers of marriage folded up in love-letters! How many disconsolate fathers and substantial tradesmen had waited on the locksmith for the same purpose, with dismal tales of how their sons had fost their appetites, and taken to shut themselves up in dark bedrooms, and wandering in desolate suburbs with pale faces, and all because of Dolly Varden's loveliness and cruelty! How many young men, in all previous times of unprecedented steadiness, had turned suddenly wild and wicked for the same reason, and, in an ecstasy of unrequited love, taken to wrench off doorknockers, and invert the boxes of rheumatic watchmen! How had she recruited the king's service, both by sea and land, through rendering desperate his loving subjects between of the ages of eighteen and twenty-five! How many young ladies had publicly professed with tears in their eyes, that for their tastes she was much too short, too tall, too bold, too cold, too stout, too thin, too fair, too dark-to everything but handsome! How many old ladies, taking counsel together, had thanked Heaven their daughters were not like her. and had hoped she might come to no harm, and had thought she would come to no good, and had wondered what people saw in her, and had arrived at the conclusion that she was "going off" in her looks, or had never come on in them, and that she was a thorough imposition and a popular mistake! And yet here was this same Dolly Varden, so whimsical and hard to please that she was Dolly Varden still, all smiles and dimples, and pleasant looks, and caring no more for the fifty or sixty young fellows UD. who at that very moment were breaking their hearts to marry her, than if so many oysters had been crossed in love and opened afterwards. Dolly hugged her father as has been already stated, and having hugged her mother also, accompanied both into the little paslor where the cloth was already laid for dinner, and where Miss Miggs-a trifle more rigid and bony than of yore-received her with a sort of hysterical gasp, intended for a smile. Into the hands of that young virgin, she de livered her bonnet and wglking dress (all of a dreadful, artful, and designing kind), and then said with a laugh which rivalled the locksmith's music, 'How glad I always am to be at home again! "And how glad we always are Doll," said her father, putting back the dark hair from her sparkling "to have you at home. Give eves. me a kiss.

cried Mrs. Var- know already," replied his daughter. am sure you do, though." "Ay?" cried the locksmith. "What is that?"

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'You needn't cry, Miggs,"

Mrs. Varden loc "ed at the ceiling | "Come, come," said Dolly, "you as in expectation that the conse- know very well. I want you to tell me why Mr. Heredale-oh, how gruff immediate descent of the four-pest he is again to be sure!-has been bedstead on the second floor, togeth- away from home for some days past, niece why or wherefore."

I'll swear," returned the locksmith. | rights, and therefore she was willing | "but I do at any rate. Do tell me. think, she added, that she could long Why is he so secret, and what is this survive the separations, but, as she Gabriel, turning sharply to her. ghost story which nobody is to tell was hated and looked upon unpleas- | "Why, if here ain't Miss Dolly," Miss Emma, and which seems to be ant, perhaps her dying as soon as said the handmaid, stooping down to raixed up with his going away? Now possible would be the best endings look into her face, "a-giving way to I see you know by your coloring so. for all parties. With this affecting floods of tears. Oh, mim! of, sir, has to do with it, I know no more | teals, and sobbed abundantly. than you, my dear," returned the locksmith, "except that it's some his wife in a solemn voice, laying palpitation of her heart, "that you drive 'em off? Shouldn't I be a nice toolish fear of little Solomon's - down her knife and fork. I suppose. As to Mr. Haredale's joined the locksmith, "but I try to

"Yes," said Dolly. no business of yours or mine, depend sugar. upon that; and here's dinner, which is Lest the reader should be at any

much more to the purpose. against this summary dismissal of pered apart that, happening to be the subject, notwithstanding the ap- listening, as her custom sometimes Gabriel. pearance of dinner, but at the men- was, when Gabriel and his wife con- Edward's name was never to be tion of Blue Beard Mrs. Varden in- versed together, she had heard the mentioned, and I have not spoken of terposed, protesting she could not locksmith's joke relative to the fore- him, have 1?' ly by, and hear her child recommend- ine, and bursting with the spiteful she had no patience with him, and ed to peruse the adventures of a Turk | feelings which the taunt awoke in her | hounced off after the other two. The and Mussulman-far less of a fabul- fair breast, exploded in the manner unfortunate locksmith wound his sash ous Turk, which she considered that we have witnessed. Matters having about him, girded on his sword, put potenta e to be. She held that in arrived at a crisis, the locksmith, as on his cap, and walked out such stirring and tremendous times usual, and for the sake of peace and as those in which they lived, it would quietness, gave in. be much more to the purpose if Dolly "What are you crying for, girl?" "but I shall get into fewer scrapes became a regular subscriber to the he said. "What's the matter with at that work than at this. Every Thunderer, where she would have you? What are you talking about man came into the world for somean opportunity of reading Lord hatred for? I don't hate you; I don't thing; my department seems to be not be yours/at all. Have Gordon's speeches word for word, hate anybody. Dry your eyes and to make every woman cry without "But half an hour ago" which would be a greater comfort and make yourself agreeable, in Heaven's meaning it. It's rather hard!" solace to her, than a hundred and name, and let us all be happy while But he forgot it before he reached fifty Blue Beards ever could impart. we can." She appealed in support of this proposition to Miss Miggs then in waiting, who said that indeed the peace cient apology on the part of the of mind she had derived from the per- enemy, and confession of having been rain. usal of that paper generally, but es- in the wrong, did dry their eyes and pecially of one article of the very take it in good part. Miss Miggs last week as ever was, entitled observed that she bore no malice, no "Great Britain drenched in gore," ex- not to her greatest foe, whom she ceeded all belief; the same composi- rather loved the more indeed, the tion, she added, had also wrought such a comforting effect on the mind Mrs. Varden approved of this meek

## fifty at least in personal repute and "A runaway and a vagabond!" said Mrs. Varden. Miss Miggs expressed her concursaid Mrs. Varden, herself in tears; "you rence as before. needn't be ashamed of it, though 'A runaway, my dear, but not a vagabond," returned the locksmith in

your poor mistress is on the same a gentle tone. Miggs howled at this remark, in a well, did Joe-always-and was a peculiarly dismal way, and said she handsome, manly fellow. Don't call knowed that master hated her. That him a vagabond, Martha it was a dreadful thing to live in Mrs. Varden coughed-and so did families and have dislikes, and not Miggs. give satisfactions. That to make di-"He tried hard to gain your good

visions was a thing she could not opinion, Martha, I can tell you, abear to think of, either could her said the locksmith smiling, and strokfeelings let her do it. That if it ing his chin. "Ah!' that he did. was master's wishes as she and him It seems but vesterday that he folshould part, it was best they should lowed me out to the Maypole door part, and she howed he might be the one night, and begged me not to say happier for it, and always wishes him how like a boy they used him- say well, and that he might find some- here, at home, he meant, though at and why he is travelling about (we body as would meet his dispositions. the time, I recollect, I didn't underknow he is travelling, because of his It would be a hard trial, she said, stand. 'And how's Miss Dolly, sir?' letters) without telling his own to part with such a missis, but she says Joe," pursued the locksmith, "Miss Emma doesn't want to know, conscience told her she was in the Joe!" "Ah! Poor "Well, I declare," cried Miggs.

"I don't know that," said Dolly; even to go that lengths. She d'd not "Oh! Goodness gracious me! "What's the matter now?" "What the story means, or is, or conclusion, Miss Miggs shed more Really it's give me such a turn,

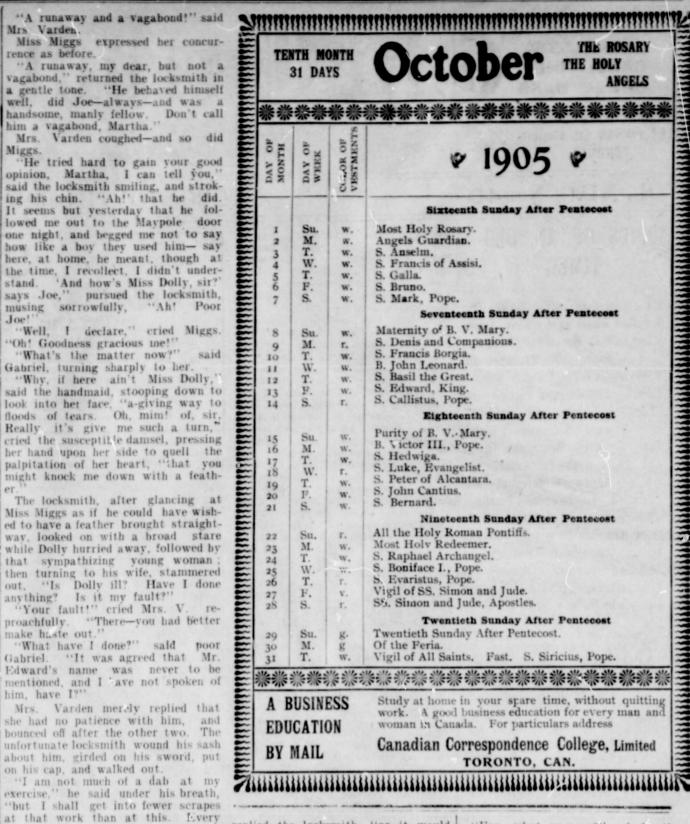
"Why, not very well, my dear," re- er.

keep my temper." "Don't let there he words on my ed to have a feather brought straight-

"As I believe," resumed the lock- account, mim," sobbed Miggs. "It's way, looked on with a broad stare smith, pinching her cheek, "on busi- much the best that we should part. while Dolly hurried away, followed by ness, Doll. What it may be, is quite I wouldn't stay-oh, gracious me! - that sympathizing young woman another matter. Read Blue Beard, and make dissensions, not for a an- then turning to his wife, stammered and don't be too curious, pet; it's nual gold mine, and found in tea and out, anything? Is it my fault?"

loss to discover the cause of Miss proachfully. Dolly might have remonstrated Miggs' deep emotion, it may be whis- make haste out. find at in her conscience to sit tame- ign black who played the tambour- Mrs. Varden merely replied that exercise.

The allied powers deeming it good generalship to consider this a suffimade a brilliant sight that day; greater persecution she susfained. beating of drums and the streaming of flags; and performed a vast numbewitching, captivating, being in a delicate state of health, g little puss in all the being in a delicate state of health, and in fact expecting an addition to and in fact, expecting an addition to very night. This was an extraordinher family, she had been seized with fits directly after its perusal, and raved of the Inquisition ever since: """ where from the first and entertaining "Chelsea Bun-house, and regaled in and Heaven's pleasure." to the great improvement of her hus- a secret misgiving that the locksmith band and friends. Miss Miggs went (who was bold when Dolly was in on to say that she would recommend all those whose hearts were harden-ed to hear Lord George themselves. and returned amidst the shouting of ind them out, than you can fathom. It is not a mere whim; it is not from whence they came. ed to hear Lord George themselves, order that she might have him at a disadvantage. The manoeuvre sucmade a wry face, and with the warnhis nose, then of his legs, and lastly ing he had just had, fresh in his of his figure generally, which she mind, did not dare to say one word. The difference ended, therefore, in Miggs being presented with a gown dows with their bayonets, and rendered it imperative on the commandby Mrs. Varden and half a crown Mrs. Varden having cut in, looked by Dolly, as if she had eminently ing officer to deliver them over to a strong guard, with whom they fought at intervals as they came at a box on the mantel-shelf, painted distinguished herself in the paths of V dwelling-house, with a yellow roof; according to custom expressed her having at top a real chimney, hope that Varden would take a lesdown which voluntary subscribers son from what had passed and coach was waiting near his door, and dropped their silver, gold, or pence, learn more generous conduct for the as he passed it, Mr. Haredale looked into the parlor, and on the door the time to come, and the dinner being his name counterfeit presentment of a brass now cold and nobody's appetite very sed. eves, sir," said the locksmi' 'Protestant Association'';-and look- they went on with it, as Mrs. Varping up to him. "I wish you had a source of poignant misery to think As there was to be a grand parade walked in though, rather than waitthat Varden never had, of all his of the Royal East London Volunteers ed here. substance, dropped anything into that that afternoon, the locksmith did no temple, save once in secret-as she more work; but sat down confortab- Mr. Haredale answered; "besides, afterwards discovered-two fragments by with his pipe in his mouth, and desired to be as private as I could. tobacco-pipe, which she hoped his arm round his pretty daughter's looking round at his house. "Gone account. That Dolly, she was griev- from time to time, and exhibiting with Simon Tappertit to that preed to say, was no less backward in from the crown of his head to the cious Branch, no doubt.' her contributions, better loving, as it sole of his foot, one smiling surface Mr. Haredale invited him to come seemed, to purchase ribbons and such of good-humor. And to be sure, when into the coach, and, if he were not gauds, than to encourage the great it was time to dress him in his re- anxious to go home, to ride with cause, then in such heavy tribula- gimentals, and Dolly, hanging about him a little way that they might tion; and that she did entreat her him in all kinds of graceful winning have some talk together. (her father she much feared could ways, helped to button and buckle cheerfully complied, and the coachnot be moved) not to despise, but and brush him up and get him into man mounting his box drove off.



not be yours/at all. Have you just locksmith.

'But half an hour ago.

the end of the street, and went on with a shining face, nodding to the friendly greetings like mild spring The Royal East London Volunteers less.

"Why, where are they?" he returned impatiently. "Where can they be? Above ground?'

triangles, and what not, to the "Good knows," rejoined the locksmith, "many that I knew above it ber of complex evolutions, in all of five years ago, have their beds under which Sergeant Varden bore a the grass now. And the world is conspicuous share. Having display- a wide place. It's a hopeless at-

replied the locksmith, "or it would "For what purpose?" asked the

"To pass the night there," he replied; "and not to-night alone, but Bringing no news of Barnaby, or many nights. This is a secret which his mother?" said the locksmith, du- I trust to you in case of any unexbiously. "Ah! you needn't shake your head, sir. It was a wild-goose come, unless in case of strong neceschase. I feared that, from the first. sity, to me; from dusk to broad day, You exhausted all reasonable means I shall be there. Emma, your daughof discovery when they went away. ter, and the rest, suppose me out of To begin after so long a time has London, as I have been until within passed is hopeless, sir-quite hope- this hour. Do not undeceive them I know I may confide it to you, and rely upon your questioning me no more at this time.

With that, as if to change the theme, he led the astounded locksmith back to the night of the Maypole highwayman, to the robbery of Edward Chester, to the reappearance ng display- a wide place. It's a hopeless at-to the ut- tempt, sir, believe me. We must and all the strange circumstances which afterwards occurred. He even asked him carelessly about the man's height, his face, his figure, whether he was like any one he had ever seen -like Hugh, for instance, or any man he had known at any time-and put many questions of that sort, which the locksmith, considering them as mere devices to engage his attention. and prevent his expressing the astonishment he felt, answered pretty much at random.

**Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost** Vigil of All Saints. Fast. S. Siricius, Pope.

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If there had been anybody of the male kind there to see her do it but there was not-it was a mercy.

"I don't like your being at the Warren," said the locksmith, "I calnot bear to have you out of my sight. And what is the news over yonder,

What news there is, I think you

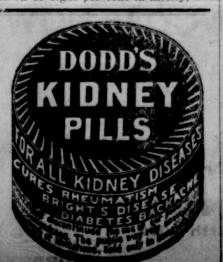
whom she commended first, in respect of his steady Protestantism, then of ceeded so well that Gabriel only his oratory, then of his eyes, then of looked upon as fit for any statue, prince, or angel, to which sentiment Mrs. Varden fully subscribed.

in imitation of a very red-brick morality and goodness. Mrs. plate, whereon was legibly inscribed much improved by what h ing at it, said, that it was to her den said, "like Christians." would not be put down to his last waist, looking lovingly on Mrs. V. imitate, the bright example of Miss one of the tightest coats that ever "Varden," said Mr. Haredale, af-Miggs, who flung her wages, as it was made by mortal tailor, he was ter a minute's pause, "you will be were, into the very countenance of the proudest father in all England. amazed to hear what errand I am on; the Pope, and bruised his features

with her quarter's money.

on by degrees-"but it's made up to dear. me in other ways; it's well made Dolly didn't ask why not, or say a

This was quite true, though not perhaps in the sense that Miggs in-As she never failed to keep tended. view, it drew forth so many gifts of of dress, that upon the whole the in so tight. red-brick house was perhaps the best turning her interest, at the rate of lower still. seven or eight per cent in money, and



"What a handy jade it is!" said the it will seem a very strange one. "Oh, mim," said Miggs, "don't re- stood by with folded hands- rather one, sir, and has a meaning in it," lude to that. I had no intentions, proud of her husband too - while mim., that nobody should know. Such Miggs held his cap and sword at sacrifices as I can make, are quite arm's length, as if mistrusting that a widder's mite. It's all I have," the latter might run some one cried Miggs with a great burst of through the body of its own accord; tears-for with her they never came "but never marry a soldier, Doll, my

word, indeed, but stooped her head

down very low to tie his sash. "I never wear this dress." said honest Gabriel, "but I think of poor her self-denial full in Mrs. Varden's Joe Willet. I loved Joe; he was always a favorite of mine. Poor Joe! caps and gowns and other articles -Dear heart, my girl, don't tie me

Dolly laughed-not like herself at investment for her small capital she all-the strangest little laugh that could possibly have hit upon; re- could be-and held her head down

"Poor Joe!" resumed the locksmith, muttering to himself, "I always wish he had come to me. might have made it up between them if he had. Ah! old John made a great mistake in his way of acting by that lad-a great mistake. Haye you nearly tied that scarf, my dear?" What an ill-made sash it was! There it was, loose again and trailing on the ground. Dolly was obliged to kneel down, and recommence at the beginning.

"Never mind young Willet, Var-den," said his wife, frowning, "you might find some one more deserving to talk about, I think." Miss Miggs gave a great sniff to the

same effect. "Nay, Martha," cried the lock-smith, "don't let us bear too hard upon him. If the lad is dead indeed, we'll deal kindly by his memory."

ed their military prowess leave the discovery of this mystery, "Varden, my good fellow," said r. Haredale, "I have a deeper Mr. at sound of drum they fell in again,

CHAPTER XLII.

formed into lines, squares, circles,

along-it was nine o'clock when the

locksmith reached home. A hackney-

from the window and called him by

"The sight of you is good for sore

"There is nobody at home, I find,

"Humph'" muttered the locksmith,

and returned amidst the shouting of meaning in my present anxiety to the casual revival of my old wishes The homeward march being someand desires; but an earnest, solemn what tardy,-owing to the un-soldier-My thoughts and dreams purpose. like behavior of certain corporals, all tend to it and fix it in my mind. who being gentlemen of sedentary I have no rest by day or night, I pursuits in private life and excithave no peace or quiet, I am hauntable out of doors, broke several win-

ed His voice was so altered from its usual tones, and his manner bespoke so much emotion, that Gabriel, in his wonder, could only sit and look towards him in the darkness, and gloomy smile, "you can." fancy the expression of his face.

'Do not ask me," continued Mr. Haredale, "to explain myself. were to do so, you would think me narrow pavement in silence. the victim of some hideous fancy. It they reached the door, Mr. Haredale is enough that this is so, and that softly opened it with a key he had I cannot-no, I cannot-lie quietly in about him, and closing it when Varbed, without doing what will den entered, they were left in thormy seem to you incomprehensible.'

Since when, sir," said the locksmith after a pause, "has this un- ground-floor room. Here Mr. Hareeasy feeling been upon you?'

Mr. Havedale hesitated for some moments, and then replied: the night of the storm. In short, when the flame was full upon him, since the last nineteenth of March." As though he feared that Varden time how haggard, pale, and changed might express surprise, or reason he looked; how worn and thin he with him, he hastily went on,-

You will think, I know, I labor under some delusion. Perhaps I do. said so strangely as they rode along. But it is not a morbid one; it is a It was not an unnatural impulse in wholesome action of the mind, rea- Gabriel, after what he had heard, to soning on actual occurrences. know the furniture remains in Mrs. eyes. It was perfectly collected and Rudge's house, and that it has been shut up, by my orders, since she went felt as hamed of his momentary susaway, save once a week or so, when picion, and drooped his own when an old neighbor visits it to scare Mr. Haredale looked towards him, as locksmith to Mrs. Varden, who "I have no doubt it's a reasonable away the rats. I am on my way if he feared they would betray his there now.



Gabriel

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At length they arrived at the corner of the street in which the house stood, where Mr. Haredale, alighting, dismissed the coach. "If you desire to see me safely lodged." he said. turning to the locksmith with a

Gabriel, to whom all former mar-I Mr. Vels had been housed him along the If I with this, followed him along the vels' had been nothing in comparison ough darkness.

They groped their way into the dale struck a light, and kindled a pocket taper he had brought with "Since him for the purpose. It was then, that the locksmith saw for the first

was; how perfectly his whole appearance coincided with all that he had You note curiously the expression of his rational;-so much so, indeed, that he thoughts.

> "Will you walk through the house?" said Mr. Haredale, with a glance towards the window, the crazy shutters of which were closed and fastened. "Speak low.

There was a kind of awe about the place, which would have rendered it difficult to speak in any other manner. Gabriel whispered "Yes," and followed him upstairs.

Everything was just as they had seen it last. There was a sense of closeness from the exclusion of fresh air, and a gloom and heaviness around as though long imprisonment had made the very silence sad The homely hangings of the beds and windows had begun to droop; the dust lay thick upon their dwindling folds and damps had made their way through ceiling, wall, and floor. The boards creaked beneath their tread, as if resenting the unaccustomed intrusion; nimble spiders, paralyzed by the taper's glare, checked the motion of their hundred legs upon the wall, or dropped like lifeless things upon the ground; the death-watch ticked, and the scampering feet of rats and mice rattled behind the wainscot.

(To be Continued.)

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