By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XLV. Gradually all Rentonville resumed its normal ways; the ravages of the storm had been repaired, and Miss Burrum had ceased somewhat to be the sole momentous topic of conversation. lating on the identity of the man whom anyto Miss Burram had buried, and when you that lady resumed her afternoon drives it was so wofully white and thin — so thin that it made her eyes seem unusually large, and when any color to her cheeks it only came in one little spot and it was so very red that it may come to you. To-morrow I shall made the rest of her face seem whiter

People bowed to Miss Burram more than they had ever done, owing to her brief advent into society on the night of the reception, and she returned the bow with unexceptionable courtesy, but with a coldness that augured ill for any of the hopes founded on the introduction of that fateful night.

Once, on the very last of the Indian ummer days of that November, she met Herrick in a magnificent turnout, his daughters beside him. They glared at Rachel while they sat very erect, and smoothed the folds of their stylish costumes as if to show how entirely superior they felt in every way to Miss Burram's Charge. But Rachel in her crucible of suffering had utterly for-gotten her old feelings for the Herrick twins : nor did a shadow of them re turn to her now. She only looked at the overdressed girls with a kind of pathetic wonder for a moment, and the she turned her eyes away. Herrick bowed to Miss Barram, wearing his large smile at the same time. She returned both with such a look of frigid unrecognition and holding herself so haughtily erect, that the big smile faded instantly from his lips, and he whipped up his horses till their mad gait further on in the driveway nearly

aused a panic.
Miss Burram's Sunday company resumed their visits, Rachel going to the parlor as she had gone in the old times—for it seemed to her a very old time—the time that was before Tom's death, everything had so changed since—and she listened, neither interested nor amused as she used to be, sively and resignedly.

Miss Burram put no restraint upon her now; she was free to see Hardman as often as she chose, to employ the day just as she wished to do; only unknown to Rachel, Miss Burram watched her, taking note of every book that the girl read, and of every visit that she made. Her purpose seemed to be to let the child tire of her own uselessness as it were. She fancied she knew Rachel's disposition sufficiently to feel that Rachel herself, now, that all the serious consequences of h shock had passed, would care for more purposeful way of living. Perhaps she herself would request to re-sume her studies, but the girl, now that her mind had resumed its normal state, was thinking of something very different from what Miss Burram imagined. She was asking herself the old question, "Who am I?" The quesold question, "Who am I?" The question she had expected Tom's coming to answer, and she was wondering what claim she had on Miss Burram's support. If it were only the claim of charity, then why should she not do something to help herself? Her reading had told her of occupations in which every given by the claim of charity, then why should she not do something to help herself? Her reading had told her of occupations in which every given by the claim of charity, then why should be claim of charity, then why should she have been considered in the claim of charity, then why should she not do something to help herself? Her reading had told her of occupations in

ram put her hands on Rachel's shoulders | recognize this young man if he be your | end where lay the outline of the catheand looked down into her face—the face that was still so thin and white—down into Rachel's eyes that were lifted to her own: a long, steady stare, which was returned with one as steady, but full of wonder. Then Miss Burram released her and said quietly, but with an eleased her and said quietly, but with an eleased her and said quietly, but with an anger that made Sarah shrink. "Give him that was still so thin and white-down into Rachel's eyes that were lifted to her own; a long, steady stare, which leased her and said quietly, but with an

The gossips even had given up specu- wishes, Rachel, is return sufficient for anything that I may choose to do for you"—Rachel noted the emphasis on the choose, and felt it to be a delicate way of telling her that Miss Burram with her Charge, people seemed to way of telling her that Miss Burram think more of the ravages illness had no obligation to do anything for made in Rachel's face, than of the my-sterious cause of her illness. The girl's face certainly warranted remark; with this evening. Remember alone that you are my Charge—that must

> For the first time since Rachel had en Miss Burram's Charge, that lady bent and kissed her forehead-a light kiss, but it seemed to thrill eived since the kiss Tom gave her at parting, since the kiss she him at the moment of his last departure.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

The next morning Rachel was surprised when she found she was to go alone to the city with Hardman. "Jim is going to attend to some business for me," Miss Burram said, "and I thought you might like the drive. As you have shed your breakfast you had better get ready immediately, self left the room as if to escape any

Thanks had sprung to Rachel's lips; thanks that came straight from her heart, for she was both touched and grateful; all the more so as, even with her slight penetration of character, she could not help but feel that Miss Burram in her frequent condescensions was doing great violence to her own stern

She gave one of her bright, old-time smiles to Hardman as she stepped with-in the carriage, and Sarah, ubiquitous woman that she was, seeing them from one of the kitchen windows, wondered Mrs. McElvain what on earth the pair were going to the city alone for. They're goin' to the city; I know Jeem the order for the carriage; it can't be that Miss Rachel's got the job of collectin' the rents again, for this is long past the first of the month-but Miss Burram herself hasn't gone on the first of the month like she used to do since that strange man's death; it just beats all; why, she's that nice to Miss Rachel, it's more like as if she was her other. I can't understand it at all, and no more can Jeen, though he's ust like a closed ovster about it-that's

Mrs. McElvain, still nursing her unelieved anxiety about her son, made attempt to answer, nor did Sarah evidently expect her to do so, but Sarah's next exclamation Mrs. McElvain's attention. May I never be burned nor drowned

alive, but here's Mr. Herrick; and he's a-comin' to the kitchen door.

While she spoke Herrick's lank figure or threw its long shadow on the kitchen steps and his well-gloved hand was

pulling the kitchen bell. "Ah. Sarah." it was the same oily

something to help herself? Her read her three rain, bewindered mainer being had told her of occupations in which even girls as young as she carned their livelihood—why could she not do something? Why must she continue to accept Miss Burram's ruddy color to his cheeks and it seemed bounty now that Tom who would have explained all, who would have settled all, was gone? She took counsel with was the first time he had ever been

to that," shaking her head but it might be something I exposel with unpleasant prominence

some bislemene dwelling there. He target thing for me; I ought to show a little grown of the measurement of the street of the st

A Land

that made Sarah shrink. "Give him my compliments and tell him I wish him to depart immediately, and never to pre-sume to set his foot upon my threshold My I never be burned nor drowned

alive said Sarah within herself as she went from the room; before she had closed the door behind her, however, she managed to get the courage to say "But what'll I do about Mrs. Mo Elvain, mem? She's crying so, and it's

a pity of her about her son."
"She can go with this man Herrick, if she wants to, but not from this house; he, Herrick, must leave this house immediately; tell him these are

In her strange excitement she went toward the door where Sarah stood, and Sarah, fearing she knew not what, said, "Yes, mem!" and fled precipitately, banging the door behind her and get ing to the kitchen she hardly knew

Oh, Mr. Herrick, you're to get out of the house this minute; is very mad that you're in it, and I ow what she'll do if you stay any longer-and she gives you her com nents, but you're to get out, and you're never to come again."
"I'm to get out, Sarah, am I?" his

rin to get out, sarah, and I: mis smile seemed to be larger than it ever was, and his tones more oily, "I can not go, nor shall I go, till I have ar-ranged about the errand of charity on which I have come—till I have arranged which I have come—till I have arranged where and how I am to conduct this a tall, raw-boned, black-avised cleric. may be her son. You may tell your very hard and practical in lineament

said Mrs. McElvain could go with you and a large, full mouth, always ready if she wanted to, but not from this to curve in the upward direction where

McElvain as a piece of chattel goods, prohibiting her leaving the house ex-weigh upon his bo

It's very kind of you, Mr. Herrick, offer to take me yourself, for I'm not used at all to the ways of the city: but rections I could make me way meself.

"I don't think you could, without a great deal of trouble," he said blandbut we can settle the matter to everybody's satisfaction by arranging to have you meet me at my store in an

Thank you, sir," replied Mrs. Mc-Elvain. "I can do that without any indrance!" and then Herrick, smiling still, went, to Sarah's great relief. That anxious, excited woman was obliged to sit down and give utterance ner favorite ejaculation twice, before she experienced any relief.

'Did Miss Burram say I could go at ee?" Mrs. McElvain tearfully

replied Sarah. wouldn't be surprised if she'd say you could stay gone—she's so set against Herrick—she that used to go to his store so regular—that I think it made her mad to have you have anything to

Mrs. McElvain plaintively, "If she was she would't want me to stand at any-thing that'd relieve the way I feel about John; and I can't help it if she does tell me to stay away, I must go

Hardman. He was aghast:
"To work; you work, Miss Rachel, why you take my breath away."
"Don't you know, Jim, it may not be work like Sarah does—I don't think knot on the top of her head to her implementation on the top of her head to her implementation of the top of her head to her implementation of the work like Sarah does—I don't think knot on the top of her head to her implementation of the work like Sarah does—I don't think knot on the top of her head to her implementation of the willage, where she electrified her daughter both by her return at that hour in the morning, and by the news he brought in hour in the morning and by the news he brought in hour in the morning and by the news he brought in hour in the morning and by the news he brought in hour in the morning and by the news he was a strain upon in the day he will also he

## TO BE CONTINUED.

gravely, "but it might be something I could do: at least I think I ought to speak to Miss Burram about it—it doesn't seem right to have me taking everything from her when perhaps there is no reason for her to give me anything, and I doing nothing for my-self. What do you think, Aim?"

"I think, Miss. that you'll take her breath as you took mine, if you speak of such a thing to her. The way it looks to me now is, that Miss Burram thinks a heap of you, Miss, whether she's got any claim to or not, and all that you've got to do is to think a heap of her in retuen."

"That's all the more reason, Jim, that I ought not to let her do everything for me; I ought to show a little gratitude."

"Well, if you feel like that, I ain't to read this for you me you fail that way of the preceded here are the proved in the provided was means cloured by the provided was means cloured by the provided was made to the preceded on the preceding century, it was commonly believed, some perholding to the B.— Hospital in the city of N.—; a man who was shipwrecked on the grantiande."

"Well, if you feel like that, I ain't the loude of the preceding about himself everything from the generation when the church could emerge from the alley and the preceding century, it was commonly believed, some perholding in mense wist, and the short speak to speak to find the provided was a means that a support the provided was a mable to tell anything about himself everything from the generation who had gone before. At some nebulous period toward the end of the preceding century, it was commonly believed, some nebulous period toward the end of the preceding century, it was commonly believed, some period toward the end of the preceding century, it was commonly believed, some period toward the end of the preceding century, it was commonly believed, some period toward the end of the preceding century it was commonly believed, some period decay, and ealling upon the working on. The grandfathers did not recollect the period toward the end of the preceding century

A Mar

dral, and residences of wealthy mer-chants soon began to adorn the suburb lying immediately on the border. houses were swept away, streets were widened and the hum of activity was heard on every side. A new life had come into the place. A new parish priest came with it, a zealous and getic pastor, to whom the stunted cir-cumvallation of the cathedral was an eyesore. He at once began a move nt to carry the work to completion, man's life in those days. slow work then, and the magnitude of the cathedral made the task tardy and the expense too great for one genera-tion. The priest grew old and died be fore the fabric, now growing inte thing of beauty, could be considered nearly finished. So the legacy descended to his successor-a retiring and placid gentleman, renowned for piety and learning, but little fitted to go with any such work, because it necessitated a quest for money. But, fortunately, there came to his service, at this crisis, a youthful, active, joyous young urate, known in his order as Father Pacificus. Whatever was wanting in Pacificus. the psychology of Father Noble, the parish priest, to make a successful mendicant for heaven was amply made up the qualifications of Father Pacificus He was a sturdy beggar by nature—an Ulster Celt, with all the push, the steadfastness, and the racy w long to this portion of the human family. In private life his name was the some what unmanageable one of Loughlin McGillicuddy, but his religious cogno-

men completely atoned for this want of The fact that Father Pacifious was an mistress that, Sarah."

"Oh, Mr. Herrick, I wouldn't go near her again and you still in the house against her orders, not if I was to be shot with a million bullets. She laughter leads, Father Pacificus seeme Mr. Herrick actually laughed to be the incarnation of all droller;
Why, Miss Burram seems to hold Mrs. and mischief—a laughing philosopher is weigh upon his boyish spirits; he ept under certain conditions. I trust he has not you so bound, Sarah." living proof of the absurdity that the religion of the Christian is a system of sadness. He was always on the watch for the racy side of things and never a day passed but he had some new illusto take the trouble to come here and tell me, and it's double kind of you to set the table in the presbytery in a roar and so make digestion wait on appetite. Some might mistake this tend-ency for a disqualification for the religious state. But no greater error could be imbibed, For all this arose from the guilelessness of a truly innocent spirit, and there was in ver truth no saintlier man in heart and act than the jolly little Ulster friar who seemed born rather for a court jester than for the Catholic priesthood.

Instinctively Father Noble recognized in this new auxiliary the man of des-tiny. Here he perceived the very in-strument needed for the occasion—a man whom nobody could refuse anything in his power to bestow. An examination of the local position showed that all the well-to-do Catholic popula tion had already given—some far be ond their actual ability—toward the completion of the cathedral. The work was, indeed, too ambitious for the local and it had drained the place dry. But Father Pacificus was a man of ideas He found that the poor had not been called upon, the small traders and the dealers who came to market every Thursday and Saturday had never be appealed to for a contribution. rse, there was a residuum from expected; but he argued, the wageow."

And go she did, to her home first in And go she did, to her home first in arket might fairly be asked to do something for the church which was alyou need to do is to get them regularly and systematically.

Dee in his indifference to what people might think of him, so long as he was able to effect his purposes. If one met with an accident in the street and sur-

knows that he'd get a shillin' where hired man wouldn't get a penny—good luck to him!" rick to him!"

Bont A

The markets, in those days, were

more numerous in the large cities than at present. They were situated in different quarters, for the convenience of the population. Large enclosures for the most rearrant with a common control of the population. prophecies, at length narrowed the field prophecies, at length barrior, a young down to two, Robert Clinton, a young whose father had for the most part, with an open space railway engineer, in the centre for the farmers' carts been a friend to St carts been a friend to Stephen Haves in where the produce was bought at first hand, and a shed running all around when banking firms, like for the convenience of the buyers by which he was a partner, were sh taking risks, was an especial favorit retail or protection from the elements Several of these buildings were de- Hayes, and, indeed, there was much voted to particular purposes, others to be exclusively sold: in another, milk and butter, while again, every kind opinion was still more desirable in a case. A sterling Catholic an young man of principle and high f agricultural produce and even toys tellectual attainments such as affectively and trifles could be picked up in some a pledge of successful profess of the rest.

In the milk and butter market at the Cathedral end of the city, Father Pacificus encountered his only knotty prob-lem. There, in awful majesty seated behind a huge churn, was to be found, week in, week out, Lady Kitty Hayes, the mistress of the market. Each market had its own genius loci or ruling spirit, who kept buyers and sellers in order-whose word or blackthorn was potent to quell all disorder or settle angry disputes between emptor and ver der. Mrs. Hayes, or "Lady Kitty, as she was generally styled, without de-mur from herself was, by general as-sent, the recognized ruler of the milk and butter mart. She was never known to be missing from her post, since the market was first thrown open for public winter and summer; and there she sat until noon when business was practically over for the day, dispensing new milk from an immense main churn and skim milk from a smaller side one, by the quart or pint or bottle, according to requirement. As sie kept the purest article in the market, and never was known to be challenged by the lacteal inspector, she did the best basiness of all the dealers, and was reputed to be immensely wealthy for a person in her position. Whatever doubt might be position. entertained on this score, there was none about her stinginess. On no occasion was she ever known to contribute anything toward a charitable or re igious object or to give an alms to a eggar. But the severity of her moral balanced by her rigid mercantile ethics. She was known as the "best pay" in the market, never deviating one iota from her business engagments, and never being an hour behind the time in the payment of her bills to dairymen and others. Hence, Lady Kitty was a moral power all over the market, and es were respected by inspectors and subordinates in a way that the Queen of Sheba hers If might have en-

Mrs. Hayes' claim to aristocratic distinction were b; no means so empiric as some thought, from the fact that the title "Lady Kitty" seemed to be usually applied in derision. She was, in fact, one of the portionless daughters of a fast living and consequently ruined baronet, named Triston, who had been compelled to liquidate his debts by a long sojourn in the king's marshal so and died there in the attempt. Ther were two other sisters who, from their beauty, had made splendid match but Kitty Triston having neither face nor fortune to boast of, was fain to take the first favorable offer of matrimony she could get. She became the wife of a omfortable diary farmer named Haye out soon proceeded to make him uncomfortable by reason of her shrewish temper and her penurious proclivities Hayes was an easy-going man if left to his own way, but, like many other placid men, he had a strong temper if persistently thwarted. His domestic ife proved too great a strain upon his an auctioneer, sold of his farm and his are supposed to bear bade Mrs. Hayes good-bye, forever. He made his way to California and began farming life there a new. He prospered wonderfully, being a man of skill and energy in his business, and his daughter, Delia Haye, grew up betimes into a woman of surpassing grace

Now what this beief history could have to do with the plan of Father Pacificus for the completion of the cathedral may seem incapible of satisfac-tory explanation. Bit who can tell the destiny of thread that Arachne spins—whether it shall be woven into the raiment of a queen or the clout of parsimony which parsimony refusal to a beggar? The prompted Mrs. Kitty Hayes' contribute a sixpense toward the cathedra proved in its effect to be the un-

better messenger than himself," re- beat about the bush however eleverly, marked one of the women hucksters when it was learned that the green bag was intended for contributions for the cathedral. "Well, Father Pacificus sidered such questions best left to the cathedral." hold out any encouragement, giving it decidedly to be understood that he conparty most immediately concerned, and that his daughter's happiness must be the sole consideration on which the decision as to her future rested. Speculation regarding likely suitors

> career, there was no apparent re why he should fail to make a g pression on the mind of Delia Ha as soon as the reserve and timidity early acquaintance had cheerful but respectful familiar Stephen Hayes, as he saw them conv ing frequently, with the easy vivacity of young minds, with many com-mon intellectual interests and concurrent tastes and aspirations, fel a feeling of satisfaction at the thought that, perhaps, there migh be found the which was beginning to cause him so anxiety, now that his life's shadow beginning to lengthen on the path hind. At such moments there ar one anxious thought to mar the ple ing anticipation to which such in gave rise. Never had he told his dans ter anything about her mother's ex ence or mode of life, nor was De Hayes, on her part, curious on the su ject. She had been little more than babe when the separation came, an after a few days of grieving and watering for "mamma," the child ceased to remember her under the soo whom Stephen Haves had been fortui ate enough to secure for the voyage out. By the time the trio had arrived in the New World the existence of mother had been as completely blotted out of the undeveloped consciousness of the infant as though no bond had ever been between them. As the year sped on the child took her home co tions as though they were all that shou be, never noting the absence of a moththe good nurse, who remained to wat vants, to whom the itable object of idolatry. It became matter of something like remorse, in time, with Stephen Hayes, that he had erved this long dogged silence regard to his wife whom he had I While he had kept himself hind. through secret resources, inform her doings and mode of life, he had taken care that she never could gain tidings of his whereabouts. Truth to tell, the man's conscience often re proached him because he had taken the

any one failing which amounted to a passion it was that of family pride. He did not boast of being a being descended from one of those came over in the Mayflower, nor one the founders of the Maryland colo nor one of the early strains of humanity that, by a fict ceeds to his unmanageable partner and, ceeds to his unmanageable partner and, taking his baby daughter with him, taking his baby daughter with him, taking his baby daughter with him, do not not have a literature of an English Catholic family who have been applied to the control of the contr could trace its ancestry in unbrol line back to Anglo-Saxon times, which, in its ancestral Yorksh home, had preserved its Cath-faith inviolate in all the storms persecution and vicissitude. The f ily was not rich, nor was it noble; it l originally been of the vavasour or younger sons who, generation after a eration, had gone out into the world open the book of fortune with sword brains. But he inherited a full all ance of the family pride, and this the fact which caused a sinking of heart and a gloomy perturbation Stephen Hayes at moments when found Delia in converse with

child away from the woman who had

driven him into exile. It was a cruel thing to do, he reflected, in soberer

moments, even with the hardest mothers. And, indeed, so it prove

heart of the deserted wife and m

for it was the means of souring the

all the more bitterly and making her a

peevish, avaricious and selfish misan-thrope in her later life, unloved by

single soul in all the world and hating

all the world in return.

Now, if Robert Clinton's father had

Stephen Hayes had been much inc in the early years of his volu-exile—a Scotch settler, who proexile—a Scotch settler, who pro wonderfully by reason of his grea ness talents and enterprise. H renowned as an agricultural mac and his firm was the great its kind in the whole wor those days. Born in California, Ogilvie early acquired all the ness in apprehension, the decis character, the push, the exagg adaptability to conditions, so seize every vantage point, which the name of "smartness," gives uliar claim to a peculiar Am life, comformably with Scotch p and practice as well as American His talents found a suitable field pushing of his own and his firm tune in this way. He was a talker, a tolerably pleasant comp notwithstanding an exaggerated ion of his own genius and a corre ing tendency to undervalue the qualities of others. Like many his class, he was disposed to em

JANUARY 11, 1902. too, was the son of a man to

veloping strange freaks of tem fancy, especially at election tim There was a dash and a gaiet young Ogilvie that offset his m foibles of character and imposes superficial observers. Stephen was one of those who found hims able to penetrate this seemingly ous surface. He would hav better pleased to have seen his da better pleased to have seen his di favorably disposed toward the of admiring suit of this other frie for one consideration—the ques religion. Whatever young O religious leanings were, in reali little, the fact that his people strict Presbyterians were penough to sway himself to at 1 outer conformity with the same creed. But the fact that Delia was a most devout and uncompr Catholic only seemed to add add

his opinions or his predilection means of laying wagers—not was a gambler, but only addict

was a gambler, but only addicted national habit, often inveterate a

Catholic only seemed to add ad spice to his romance of love.

Once only did he venture t Stephen Hayes as to his feelin the matter, and the reply he by no means encouraging. It subject on which the old ma leave his daughter entirely free timated, inasmuch as it was pe one that concerned her own Ogilvie had not dared to hint a of his feelings to the girl herse was shrewd enough to perceiv as matters stood, young Clint more in favor than he was. Ye of a sanguine and egotistical ment, he, by no means, desp reversing these conditions. A a tacit rivalry existed between young men, they preserved all ward amenities of good-humored and men of common-sense Robert Clinton this was an ea for he was large-minded and and had all that bonhomic which erous nature and cultivated impart. With Ogilvie it was Repression of his real sentim a task that often tried his p politeness to the straining poin was an effectual check on pulse of envy or passion to refl any exhibition of his real ould be certain to cause s pleasantness as to make his andesirable at the home of Hayes and so shut him out

chance of achieving his desires With the preternatural instin jealous rivalry often seems to some mysterious way, he had at the very obstacle which must give his suit the one hop cess in the end. He knew the of the Clintons in regard t standing. Never had he hear tephen Hayes or his daughter the word wife or mother. He suddenly struck with this circu as by a flash of evil inspiration while pondering over the situ the methods which he ought to in order to make some headway the attainment of his absorbition. Men of his kind ne

don a clue once they believe it

or probable one. Ogilvie's circle of acquaint wide. It included men who velled over part of the know Among others he knew one or had visited the chief towns in pursuit of trade. One of th Morrissey, he met one day a lounging in the smoke-room lounging Grand Hotel. An Irishman pened to be-one of those sh quisitive ones who overlook a stance of note which distings locality from another. Me kind, who visit every place w business is likely to find an never fail to pick up all the l they can hear and all that go up their great delight—a r. This particular specimen of had taken up, amongst other business, an agency for churns, and, relating to Ogily the gusto which imparts so flavor to the successful "dr conversation, his experience market-place of the southern told of his odd adventure

believing that he was bestow a magnificent bargain in the patent churn, when in realit sample of an unworkable in jected in the American mark "Such a character I nev rissey, as he brought his close with a chuckle of del recollection. "And what he had also been a chuckle of del recollection." recollection. "And wha think, but the old skinfling puts up to be one of the Ir racy! Think of her there, hind her churn, selling pen milk every day, from dawn t

titled dame who sold mil "Lady Kitty" Hayes, and way in which he had tricke

having everybody call A freak certainly, I sho replied Ogilvie, amused at vivacious word-picture. "to Ireland I would go out o think, to have a look at suity. Had the old lady no than 'Lady Kitty'?"