TWO

# SO AS BY FIRE

## BY JEAN CONNOR CHAPTER V

## BROKEN BONDS

The old woman laid her knotty hands on Barbara's shoulder. It was the first approach, in all their sighteen years together, to a womanly caress

"An' ye will do well, girl, ye will well. What is before ye, Weasel, work at the wheel or loom, do well. where every beggar beside ye could Bout and jeer at your father's child ? What is before ye but hard work and ard living, or maybe harder mating with one that would not scorn to wive with Barbara Graeme? And now-now! In Roger Randall's home ye'll have your pick of the proudest in the lend " with one the land.

"You have seen him—you knew him, grandmother ?" asked Barbara, eagerly. "When ? How ? Oh, tell me all about it-all, all !" "No," answered the other, and she

spoke now with the usual harsh tone and look. "I'll tell ye nothing, girl save that once Roger Randall stood between me and my spring sunshine It was little to him, and he has forgotten it all this many a year, but for me, girl, for me, it was the one glint in fifty years of darkness, and I glint in fifty years of darkness, and I never forgot, I never forgot. But this is naught to ye, girl—naught to ye only—Remember what I tell ye— the Randail pride is high and hard as a mountain rock. It will not break or soften, strike it as ye may. "And listen to me, Weasel, for there is no time to loss. Ye must be off, or they may send hare looking

off, or they may send here looking for the girl, and that will end all for s. You must be off to-morrow morn ing, at break of day. You'll take her trunk and clothes and papers-they are all there to prove your claim. The wedding-lines, and the baptism cer-tificate of Elinor Randall Kent, and the letters-all as she told you. The money is nigh gone for the doctor and the coffin and the grave, but I've a bit of my own that I was sav. ing for my burying-\$50-that will pay your way. And ye will wear her olothes clothes, and put money and letter safe in your breast, for you must not Randall's letter out of your hold night or day, the letter bidding you come to his home as his daughter's child. Hold to that letter, girl, as to your life."

Oh, grandmother, grandmother !" again the wave of fear, of doubt, swept over the girl's young heart as the rainbow castle of her dream took stern, strong outline at the old woman's words. "It is all so mad, so desperate, so daring—" "Eh, and why shouldn't ye dare?

Why shouldn't ye dare?" was the fierce rejoinder. "What have ye fierce rejoinder. "What have ye here to lose, girl? And it's all the world can give ye that ye gain." "I know, I know," answered Bar

bara, drawing a long, quivering breath. "And-and Elinor-she would have given it to me if she could. She would have left me her Her dead lips seemed to tell place. me to go, grandmother ; to go and be happy. And I will, I will dare it all, to live her life, the beautiful life she has left to me. I will be all-all that she would have been, grandmother.

"Eh, if ye can, girl," answered the Eh, if ye can, girl," answered the eld woman, drily, and the words came back grimly prophetic in the after time. "If ye can. But there'll be none to tell the differ. Ye can be your own wise, sharp self, and all will be right and well. Only remember when ye cross Roger Randall's doorstone that the past is dead to ye-dead as the girl that lies under

hood were stirring in her heart. For there had been a brief, bright time-that comes to every healthy human life before mind and heart are conscious of shadow or stint — a are conscious of singlew of still. In a time when the gloomy vistas of the pines had stretched golden arcades to Barbara's dancing feet, when the ruined barn was a fairy palace filled with treasure trove, when perched on the topmost branches of the old yew tree she sang to the listening 1188 He slipped his arm about her waist. birds. A brief, bright time from which

and was just bending for an l A brief, bright time from which she had soon wakened, to think and feel and harden in self-protection, even as the laughing "burn" hardened at the touch of the frost. lover's kiss when he was dazed by a swift blow on the cheek and Barbara sprang to her feet, Rip fluttering away from her arms with a croak of But the ripping music, hushed so There - take him! Take him long ago, was echoing in her hear to night, and there was a softened back, Daffy Mille! I don't want you or anything you can bring me! You did talk like — like you had some sense the other day, but to night—to look on the young face that gave it a new charm to the honest lover that

a new charm to the honest lover that came swinging up the weed-grown road and paused in some doubt as to his welcome at the gate. Barbara started up with a little cry of surprise, for Rip fluttered from Daffy's hold, and with a satis-fied croak settled on his old porch on the action nort night-" the young voice trembled with some vague pain, some yearn ing for strong help and guidance which she could not put into words "I find your a bigger fool than I thought. You can go home and take Rip with you. And I don't want ever to see your face again." I've brought him back, " said

Lord I" muttered the bewildered Daffy. "Fritzie Wonn came within an ace of as big a thrashing as he Daffy, as the girl vanished into the ever got in his life when I saw him with that crow, Wessel. But his old dad swore that he had bought him fair and square." "He did, he did," said Barbara, sloomy old hall behind her and slammed the door. "Now who would ever think she'd a taken it like that? Weasel !" he called bac Weasel ! Come back, won't eagerly,

eagerly. "I wanted some flowers." "So they told me," said Daffy. "If you had let me take a hand, as I you, Weasel ?" But Rip's indignant croak was the

the rotten post.

only answer, and wondering at the curious ways of womankind, Daffy wanted to, you would have had the flowers—but its all right. I've brought the bird back. He is yours took his darkened way home. But "Mr. Dafton Mills " had not been cutting his own way through a rough world for six and twenty again, Weasel. Fritzie did not want o give him up but I made it a sort of paying proposition, and so he sold out at an advance." "You mean you *bought* him back years without learning some variable lessons in courage and persever

ance. He had had worse knocks than that light blow from his lady's for me, Daffy ? Well, rather, " said Daffy, with

hand, and never gone down yet. In the clear sunlight of the following the smile that showed his white teeth. "You don't suppose I stole day, and in the prosaic atmosphere diffused by general merchandise, Daffy realized that the heights of teeth. fon don't suppose ?" "Bought Rip back? Oh that was good of you, Daffy," said Barbara, as she took the fluttering Rip into her

poetry were slippery travelling for untrained feet. untrained feet. "I guess I did talk like a durn fool last night. Some girls might have swallowed all that stuff about moon arms. "I've missed him so much." "I sort of thought you would,"

said Daffy. "Not that I can see any swallowed all that stuff about moon and stars, but Wessel ain't that sort. It just made her dead sick, and if I hadn't been a born ijiot I might hev seen. Poor little girl! she did look so lonesome and sad a setting there in the shadow of thet cussed old pertikler company in a crow. you'd like a dog now, Weasel, a real first class dog, I've got a collie that's worth talking about and caring for. I turned down a bid of \$20 for him yesterday, but if you'd like house a hugging that durned black him he is yours to morrow to have crow, that I wuz ready to make my self nine different kinds of a fool i

"Oh, thank you, Daffy, no, no! I don't want a dog," and there was a little quiver in Barbara's voice at the please her. And I'll try it agin," re solved Daffy stoutly. "I'll take an other tack and try it agin. She can't do no more this time than draw a thought of all the change in her wants the morrow would bring. "But I do thank you for Rip, Daffy. gun." And the picture of that pale, deso I was afraid they might hurt him to make him talk, and there is no use ate young face upturned to the gap

in the pines lingered so distractingly with Daffy all next day that his keen in a bird talking." "Not a bit," said Daffy, decidedly. business wits quite forsook him. He measured vinegar for molasses, for "There is a darned sight too much talking done now, without setting crows at it. Sort of lonesome here to night, ain't it ? It always is after got the advance in butter, took in plugged coids, and was, as he himself confessed, generally dumbheaded. Starlight found him back at the a funeral. Do you mind having me

keep ye company a bit?" "No, indeed," said Barbara, the softness of her mood deepened by Rip's return. "Sit down and keep me Road House, prepared to follow any track that his perplexing ladylove might take. "No more book talk or poetry

ompany, Daffy. " And Daffy sat down on the porch resolved Daffy. " I'll jest hold my tongue until I see how she leads, and beside Barbara, quite dazed by the sudden rainbow that seemed span I'll foliow suit and make no fool plays to night, you kin bet on it. Hallo, you're there, are you, old chap?" as Rip croaked a friendly greeting from the gate post. "Some-how, I never could get over the feel-how, I never could get over the feelning Love's rather stormy way. was "striking" it right at last ! And perhaps he would have struck it right indeed-perhaps Barbara, with ost. the half forgotten sweetness of child-ish memories wakened in her heart ing that there was bad luck in a croak ing crow, and he certainly did me up last night. And there ain't nobody with Rip close in her arms, and Blinor's guiding star trembling last night. And there sin't nobody through the darkness, perhaps this waiting to meet me by moonlight to night, it's very plain," added Daffy, with a forced laugh, as he strode up to the deserted porch and knocked at Barbara might have be night by the simple truth and earnestness of Deffy's honest love, and her story would never have been the door. There was a slow, shuffling step But Daffy had tried the simple truth when he blurted out his love within, a rusty bolt creaked, and the old grandmother looked out at the visitor. "Oh, it's you?" she said, sourly. "Ef you've come looking

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

concluded Daffy, lapsing into the one school boy poem whose swing had lingered in his busy mind. There was no asswer. Barbara sat motionless, her wan little face sup-ported by her hand, her eyes fixed on the white star doming through the nachine until midnight. But in spite of cogs and levers a pale, sad young face flitted through his dreams, and Weasel's sudden fight was the first thought in his mind next morning as he opened the store for the early mail and daily papers which wers flung in his door the white star gleaming through the gap in the pines. The sadness of the uplifted face, the silence of the sharp and the latest news still damp from tongue, poor Daffy misconstrued. He had "struck it" with Weasel at

the press before the morning rush of

He had just settled himself com ortably for his luxurious half hour, when startling head lines confronted

ANOTHER RAILROAD HORROR SHOCKING DISASTER ON THE B. & P. Bastern Express plunges into Bix. y's Creek. Two hundred dead and bur hundred injured, many fatally. Daffy read on for a moment with only the usual shock at such an ap-palling loss of life then suddenly an icy fear struck through his heart. He sprang for the time table upon his desk—" 6.40," the old woman had said. Weasel had left yesterday morning at 6 40. The figures in the time-table danced before his eyes as ae scanned them and computed with mick, practiced skill. Great heavens it was her train then — there was no other that stopped within two hours at Graystone Station. Her train and

He staggered back against the counter sick with fear and horror as he read the terrible details.

Six passenger cars plunged into the swollen stream. Scores swept o death as they strove to escape in the raging waters. Piers of the bridge loosened by spring flood. Wrecking trains sent hurriedly forward. All houses in the neighbor nood converted temporarily into acepitals. As the accident occurred inst at nightfall it is impossible to give further details, or more than approximate the number of dead and injured.

Jake," cried Daffy sharply to the assistant, who was already busy ar-ranging a tempting display of collar buttons and scarf pins in a glittering showcase. "You'll have to leave all that durn tomfoolery and attend bus-You'll have to leave all iness to day. I'm off." "Off where ?" exclaimed Jake,

turning staring eyes on his employer at this unprecedented announcement.

To Bixby's Creek, wherever that may be," answered Daffy, as he made a hurrisd toilet behind the counter. "There's been another-" the speaker broke into strong language—" smash up on the B. & P., and that poor little Weasel Grasme was aboard. Grand-mother told me she sent her to her mother's folks yesterday morning. Five hundred miles away in a mix-up like that, with no one to look out for her-I'm off to see after her, dead or alive !"

#### TO BE CONTINUED

#### A PAIR OF BROWN BEADS

That Mark Gaylord steadfastly declined to become a Catholic was a constant source of grief and disappointment to his devout wife. A grief owever, that never found expres sion ; a disappointment that never clouded the happiness of an ideal home life. "Do not try to force him," advised

title the old priest to whom she had con fided her secret sorrow. "Nothing would be gained and much might be You want him to become a Catholic, not through sentiment, not through a desire for your approva nor yet through fear of your reproach, but through a knowledge and conviction of the Truth. Pray, my daugh-ter, pray, and let your life give evidence of the faith that is in you. On the teachings of the Church give sug gestions for information if such would be welcomed. Otherwise be silent. Redouble your prayers and leave the rest to God. Thus had begun the bitter soul struggle in which, after six long years, Helen Gaylord was forced to acknowledge defeat. But she clung even yet to the faint hope that some time the victory would be won, though she might not be there to witness the ance all. final triumphant. There was little to encourage her, however, in her husband's present attitude. While he did not openly scoff at her religion — he was too much a gentleman to do that — he still seemed to hold it lightly. He had, as a matter of course, consented to Margaret's baptism, and he was glad that she had been taught to say her prayers. That was a necessary part of a child's training; and that she would kneel at her mother's knee while she lisped the syllables was quite the conventional and withal the picturesque thing to do. The group pleased his artistic sense. Mrs. Gaylord, however had for other reasons, chosen the library as the place of Margaret's evening prayers. It was there that she and Margaret's father read or discussed affairs for an hour or so after dinner, and it had seemed best that the little daughter's invocations be made in the father's presence. But later, when the pray-ers had lengthened a bit, Mark Gaylord had been plainly bored and a

had been painfully observed. In-stead, he was honestly glad that, in the natural order of things as it seemed to him, now that Margaret was five years old, the practice was to be discontinued without any de-cree from him. He was not sure how much longer he could have com-plecently horns it. placently borne it. He had winced guiltily that night

at the childish treble, "God bless daddy." And to overcome his em barrassment, he had no sily straight ened out the evening paper, crinkled and crushed repeatedly while the little girl had prayed. H s restless ness was not loss upon the anxious wife who recognizing the inexpedi-ency of continuing the present course, had so worded her acceptance of de-feast as to make the change appear rather as a part of a pre-conceived plan than the blind impulse born of the necessity of the moment. And it was quite in keeping with his obduracy in matters of religion that he failed to see the price being paid by his wife to purchase his comfort. Along other lines of thought he was a man of keen perceptions and was not naturally selfish.

The decision brought an unex pected sorrow into Margaret's life This visit to the library was such a precious thing It was something to which she looked forward each day Kneeling at mother's chair, she could touch daddy's by just reaching out her hand. Of course, this she never did, since her hands were clasped to gether, but then the sense of his near ness was just as strong as if she had thus tested it. And now this was to be taken from her, and it was because she was growing older. Traly in-creasing age had its advantages and it brought great deprivation. Instinctively, she knew that it was improbable her father would come to the nursery, dearly as he loved her. But would her mother stay away teo? Was that desertion also a penalty, of being old enough ?" Would only being old enough ?" Would only Hannah hear her recite her prayers Well, it was a comfort anyhow to know that the Infant Jesus and His

Mother would listen to her there. And she might as well have it all settled now, and then she would have to morrow to get used to the impend ing loneliness. "Mother," she timidly asked, as

with her hand held fast in Hannah's

she turned at the door ; " Mother shall I say my prayers to-morrow night, before the statue of the little Infant Jesus or before our Blessed Mother ? And-and-won't you ever come up to hear if I say them

Mark Gaylord shifted his position. was about to speak, then pressed his lips closer together. He had not forseen, this. It had somehow seemed all right for his wife to adhere to her beliefs and pious prec tises, and even to prav if she so choose to the Blessed Virgin, since this had been part of her life before he had entered it and could not b

dissociated from her personality. But that his child's mind should be filled with this same doctrine was not wholly desirable and was most assuredly unnecessary. It is true that he had promised that she should be brought up a Catholic, and it had never occurred to him to disregard or retract in the slighest degree that

promise. But he disliked to be re-minded se forcibly of its fulfilment self to-And, particularly, did he object to the hitle "Our Blessed Mother." It an-noyed thim, although he could not have told why. He felt unacquainted with her. She had been unknown, or at least unrecognized, in the church he had attended as a boy. That the tenets accepted by that church failed to hold his allegiance in manhood, awakened as yet no doubt as to the wisdom of its rejections. In fact, he was not interested in that church nor in any other. He disavowed belief or disbelief in any or in all. They nurse moved her, so it didn't disturb were "all good enough," "one was as good as another," and from his her for me to take them." And she extended the chaplet to the grief. point of view they were one and all stricken man. unnecessary, since there could be but one true religion. And as he had What thoughts coursed through his mind! What remembrances pound neither the inclination nor the time ed at his brain! And yet it was not he thought, to investigate the claims remorse for his obstinacy that stood out most prominently in that medley of each, it was simpler to discounten. of thronging memories. It was the significant fact that the religion But in spite of his supposed neutrality he still retained his inherited which had erected an impalpable prejudice against devotion to the Blessed Virgin and belief in her in barrier between him and Helen near. ly a year ago was again advancing its tercessory powers. And it was this dormant scepticism that now asserted claims in this very room that Margaret was making profession of her mother's faith, and, as credentials of itself when his little daughter inquired about her prayers to the "Blessed Mother." It was with an her mission, was offering him her mother's beads! effort that he restrained himself. Mrs. Gaylord's throat tightened in a dread that held more of despair The silent woman upstairs never spoken more eloquently than her resary new spoke for her. It seemed a part of herself. He knew than fear, but with a quick encourage ing smile that, in some inexplicabl how much she valued the unattrac. way, seemed to include her husband tive brown beads. They had been blessed by the Pope and had touched in its sympathy, she hastily reassured

was lessened by the feeling that he was thus placed still further outside an intimate bond of affection that held close those dearest to him. Her distress at the not altogether unex-pected turn of affairs was somewhat lleviated by the hope that this new disquietude, unvoiced as yet, would lead to a discussion of the subject. and discussion to understanding. But that would do some days later, she thought. It would be indiscreet to roach it while the atmosphere wa

surcharged with antagonism. And shus, with an all too palpable effort to ignore the specter of estrangement that for the first time stalked between them, they talked of many things but not of that which was uppermost in

the minds of both. The days passed on and the months but the proscribed subject remained as such. Things seemed to have fallen naturally into their old grooves again, save that Margaret now kissed her father "good night" immediately after dinner and that her mother came into the library later than had been her custom under the earlier ar-rangement. The delay was not com-

mented upon. The old comradeship was restored, the mutual confidences exchanged, the familiar and happy relationship again theirs. If the dangerous subject of religion was not mentioned, the omission seemed but the natural result of a multitude of more pressing topics. There seemed no link missing in the chain

of their happiness. And then, without warning, came the crisis in their home life. Helen Gaylord was taken suddenly and seriously ill and the physicians pronounced her case hopeless. The news was conveyed as gently as pos-sible to the distracted husband, but he shock of such a calamity crushed him. He sent for specialists, only to have his worse fears confirmed. Her heart, they said, was too weak to stand the strain of the fever that threatened her and it could be matter only of days until the end

All that day at her bedside Mark Gay lord sat speechless—save for the low cry: "Helen! Helen! Helen! Don't eave met" But his pleating did not reach the

dulled hearing of the stricken woman

nor did the warm pressure of his hands on the pallid fingers clasping the worn beads meet with any response. And when at dusk the nurse told him that he must go but that she would call him if there was any change, he walked unsteadily from the room and made his way to the library-the room that seemed to belong in so peculiar a manner to them both. It was here that they had come o understand the heights and depths of each other's character, it was here that the happiest hours of their life had been spent. He sat down heavily and buried his face in his hands

A light touch on his arm startled

him. It was Margaret. "What are you doing here!" he dully inquired. "Where is Hannah?" She is helping Miss Kellogg take are of mother.

It was plainly his duty to have put the child to bed long ago. Helen would not have wanted her to stay Wake until this time. You ought to be in bed, child, at

this hour. Can you get ready your-

"Yes, daddy, I don't need any help for that, but I need you to help me with my prayers. Mother is asleep, I guess, and Miss Kellogg said I musta't waken her. So I just kissed her 'good-night' and came away. But the can't say the prayers with me to night, and neither can Hannah until it d be awful late, and so I thought that you would take Mother's place to night. Will you daddy? I knew that you'd have to have beads in your OCTOBER 10. 1914

enable him to keep her. He wound them about his fingers. A tired droop in the little figure that had been standing at his chain recalled him from his reverie. But although he still held the beads he

although he still held the beact he had utterly forgotten her errand. "Poor Margaret. You are very tired. Let me carry you upstairs." "No, daddy. I haven't said my prayers yet. You say them too, on mother's beads."

"Nut to night, dear. Some other time will do quite as well. Perhaps to morrow night Hanna can—" "But to night's beads can't be said

to morrow night, daddy dear. We must recite them to night. We can offer them for mother to get well. If we waited until to morrow to ask

it, there would be a long time wasted. If we don't ask and ask for what we If we don't ask and ask for what we want, God may think we don't care much for it, so we must keep on ask-ing, you see. And then if we pray te Our Blessed Mother"—he didn't wince this time—"she will ask for us, and He never refuses anything he sole. You was her too dedd" he asks. You ask her too, daddy."

"She wouldn't hear me, Margaret She doesn't know me. And," with a newly acquired sense of humility as he looked at his wife's beads. "I don't know how these are used."

don't know how these are used." "Oh, that's easy, else I wouldn't know how," responded the eager little missionary. And she taught him when to say the Our Father and when the Hail Mary. She had to teach him the latter. He knew the Lord's Prayer. In fact his Prayer was longer than that actually given to the disciples by Our Lord himself, the disciples by Our Lord himself, and when under Margaret's instruc-tion, he dropped the unnecessary and unauthorized appendage, he got along fairly well. The Hail Mary was new to him. Perhaps that was the rea-son he paid more attention to its recitation, although his progress through the first decade was a sum-bling out hesiting one. He had rebling and hesitating one. He had re luctanely granted Margaret's request that he say the beads with her, and his desire now to meet her expectations was sufficient incentive essay the second and to concentrate his mind on the words. It was easier after that and he found that he was

repeating, with an earnestness that surprised himself: Holy Mary, Mother of God pray

for us sinners, now and at the

of our death. Amen." "Now, and at the hour of our death." "That would be at all time," he reflected. 'Is it possible, that she, the Mother of God, does really pray for us? Does she, because we as intercede with her Son for us? It seems incredible. Yet, what proof I that she does not? And there must, of course, be many proofs that has already done so, for therwise so many thousands would not believe in her power. I wish I could believe. 'Pray for us now, when we need it so much, 'and at the hour of our death.'

when we need it still more! "It she does hear and heed there prayers, then, perhaps, as Margaret says, and as Helen unquestionably se-lieves, Mary will intercede for us in the obtaining of other favors. Perhaps that is what the 'Pray for us now, really means." The five decades were completed and Mark Gaylord, in a calmer frame of mind, carried his little daughter to her room, and when she was safely in bed and had

kissed him "good night" she said: "Mother will be so glad I didn't have to miss any of my prayers to-night, and she'll be gladder to know that it was you that said them with me. Maybe when she gets well we can say them all together. That's what they do in Marian's home. Her daddy says the first half, and her mother and the children say the second part. Do you think-'

"Never mind about that now," he

"Dead as the girl that lies under the yew." The old speaker's harsh cracked tone seemed to sound the knell of Barbara Graeme's young life. Long afterward the scene came told life. Long afterward the scene came back to her, the shadowy room with its grisly memories, the heavy furni-ture, dimly outlined against the moldering wall, the ghostly glimmer of the tall mirror, the old woman eated there in the gathering dark ness, battling with grim, savage strength against the doom of her race, grappling with Fate for the last of her blood and name, reckless of the cost of victory, blind to the thorny path of falsehood into which the was forcing the young, faltering

Dead as the girl that lies unde the yew-tree !" Fatal words that were to echo pitilessly down the coming years, for Barbara Graeme's young life in all its bold, fearless freedom, its untaught truth ended to night; ended in this dark room where the fragrance of the spring flowers she had placed on Elinor's dead breast still lingered, like a faint, sweet pleading whisper that had no power to warn or save. Then closing and locking the parlor doors, the old grandmother went back to her kitchen, while Barbara took her seat on the porch, where the white star looked down through the pines, and the breeze that came from the hollow bore the chilling odor of up turned earth. There was no Rip to flutter to her

knee and with hoarse caw break the stillness. Yet there was a restful tenderness in the silence to night, and the dark shadow of the pines seemed a shelter like that of encir-cling arms, that held her as her dead mother had so often held her in her shildish dreams.

Gloomy and descrate as it was, the Road House had been home to Barbara for eighteen years, and winged for daring flight as she was, the old nest seemed strangely safe and warm to night. To morrow she would hate it again, she knew, but to night a thousand memeries of early child.

tale over the scap boxes less than a week ago. He felt this was an occa-sion that demanded higher art, and

he proceeded to rise to it accordingly. 'It's a beautiful night, isn't it, easel? So sort of dreamy and— Weasel ? and-starry?

'Yes," answered Barbara briefly. "Yes," answered Barbara briefly. "There is something—something great in stars," continued Daffy, con-scious that he was somewhere near the proper level. "They are so high the proper level. "They are so high and so bright, and they sort of fill

your deepest soul with joy and won-der. If we could just sit here al ways-side by side like this, looking at them stars, Weasel-and listening -listening-----" "To the tree-toads," assisted Bar-

bara, mockingly; but Daffy was not to be turned from his triumphant she is gone."

course. Yes, to the tree toads, and the breeze-the breeze that sight so soft-ly as it lifts the golden tresses from your brow, Weasel."

"But I haven't golden tresses they are red," said Barbara, curtly. "They are golden to me," sighed Daffy, "gold as the goldest sunshine, and your eyes are brighter than any liamonds ever taken from the deep ast caverns of the earth, and your

cheeks - them lily white cheeksthere ain't no rose in the world that can come anywhere near them. You are sun and flower and star to me altogether, and here in the solemn silent watches of the night I swear that I love you as woman was never loved before. If you'll be mine, Weasel, life will be an everlasting and eternal dream of bliss. If you'll

be mine, my heart will beat true to you forever-

"Till the sun grows cold. And the stars are old And the leaves of the Judgment Book

unfold."

for Weasel she ain't here." "Not here?" echoed Daffy, pre-pared for a rebuff. "I'm sorry to hear it. Hope you are well, Mrs.

Fraeme. Pretty night, isn't it ? I'll step round again some other time and hope to find her home." Well, you won't," was the grim

answer. "She's gone-to stay ez long ez her mother's folks will keep her. They writ for her-and sent her the money to come to them. And her father-you know where he is, I suppose-give orders last Tuesday she was to go where she could hold her head up with anybody—which is more than she can ever do here. So

"Where, when?" gasped Daffy, feeling in his heart there was both truth and wisdom in this gruff statement.

"Ef it will do you any good t know, she took the 6.40 train for Baltimore this morning. But where she's going from there, I won't say. Her folks don't want no trailing or gabbling from here. So ye can give it out, if ye please, that Weasel Graeme has cut loose from this here ridge forever."

And the grim old chatelaine of the Road House shut the door sharply, and put an end to further discourse. "Well, I swan !" muttered the be-rildered Daffy. "That's a lick I wildered Daffy. "That's a lick I wasn't looking for, sure. Though it's a move in the right line for Weas. el, certain. Gone to her mother's folks, ch? Well, wherever they are, those same 'mother's folks ' are go-ing to find that there's one 'trailer' in Graystone Ridge they can't keep off Weasel's track without a shotgun."

And Daffy, finding Love's flowery and he would have been both sur-pathway temporarily blocked, went prised and grieved to learn that his back to work over the stone grinding increasing irritation each evening

plainly relieved when his wife had caenally remarked to Margaret's nurse, one night : "I think Hannah, that Margaret is old enough now to have her evening devotions in her own room. After

to-night you need not bring her here." Not even Margaret's father detected

the note of sorrow that sounded through the quietly given decision

Margaret : "We did not intend, dear, that you should go up with Hannah alone, I shall be with you just the same as before, and we'll pray together." Then with a new, unexpected cour

age that surprised herself, she added: "Now that you know the Our Father and Hail Mary so well, it is time that you used your little pearl rosary, and it will be better, perhaps, that we should begin this devotion feverish hands. in your room to morrow night, where you have the statues of both the In-fant Jesus and His Blessed Mother.

Good night, dear." The speaker felt that the figure in the chair had grown suddenly tense and had then relaxed as the door

closed on Margaret and her nurse. She asked him, almost immediately, concerning the progress of a business

arrangement he had been trying to secure, and he met her on that ground t compromise. His satisfaction at the discontinu-

that you'd have to have beads in your answered tenderly. "Wait," and hands too, so I took Mother's for you. his voice trembled, "wait until They had fallen from her hands when mother gets well."

"We'll have to ask the Blessed Virgin again to morrow, won't we? Oh, just a minute." as her father Oh, just a minute. as her laster was leaving the reom. "Don't you think," and she sat up in bed, her hands clasped in bewilderment at the suddenness of the idea, "don't you think if we said the beads again in the morning, instead of waiting until to-morrow night, it would help

more?' "Perhaps it would," came the humble response. "We'll do that." He paused at his wife's door The nurse shook her head. There was no change. He went slowly downstairs and back to the library. He again became aware of the beads that he carried. He had meant to replace them in the loved fingers

where they rightfully belonged. would wait a while before inquiring of the nurse again and at that time he could return them. In the mean-time he might as well see if he remembered the method of using them, since he was to say them again with the shrine of Lourdes-privileges he had once ridiculed, but which now Margaret in the morning. He re-cited the Our Father and the Hail assumed priceless values. They had meant so much to her, and now, for Mary. Yes, he knew them. He re-peated the Hail Mary. It seemed to fascinate him. Then he remembered the first time he took the beads in his trembling hands. The larger that, among other things Margaret had told him, was the strange fact ones had been carved and the rough surface was worn to a lighter color, mute evidence of the countless times had told him, was the strange lace that prayers said on these beads would benefit her mother, as the indulgences belonged to the owner. He decided to say the beads again that had slipped through the now

Nothing had ever before seemed from the beginning, reading Apostles' Creed and the medita quite so precious to him as this string of beads. It was strange, too, and the meditation on the mysteries, from a prayer book hat at this time her religion, should as before. Margaret had kneit. A sudden impulse made him follow her stand out as her most characteristic possession. Before it had seemed a subservient thing, having no possible her example.

qualities of heart and mind. He was beginning to have a clearer idea of the relative value of things, spirit-ual and temporal. And so personal a possession had these beads been that the wild idea came to him The unusual attitude seemed to His satisfaction at the discontinu-that the wild idea came to him intended, but not because of any very ance of the prayers in the library that they might in some mysterious strong faith in their efficiency, to