A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XXVI - CONTINUED. Ned fancied that she knew why Edna enjoyed it very much; Alan Carnew's

doubt the source of the epjoyment, and her own heart suffered again one of its little pangs that made her almost despise herself. Of such tenor were Miss Edgar's artles

Of such tenor were Miss Edgar's artless communications, and as Ned listened to her, and looked at the bewitching play of features that were well-nigh perfect in their beauty, she did not wonder that Carnew seemed to be caught in the toils. Then Elna was evidently no flort, for, though every gentleman in the house looked and acted as if he would have given his dearest possession for a smile. looked and acted as if he would have given his dearest passession for a smile from her lips, or a favor from her hand, and poor Brekbellew was like a faithful cur in his attentions, she treated all with the same eminently proper lady-like courtesy, but nothing more. On occasions even when remarks were made incourtesy, but nothing more. On occa-sions even when remarks were made in-tended to evoke laughter at Brekbellew's ludicrous devotedness. she, instead of taking part in the mirth, dropped in her graceful way some very pretty pitying expression that won, as she felt it would Alan Carnew's approving and admir-

With that tact and shrewdness that had showed themselves in her very earliest years, she had read Carnew's character, and all her amability to Ned, and all her avoidance of fi rtation, and al and all her avoidance of it ration, and an her areluctance to make sport of poor, sheepish, but wealthy Brekbellew, arose from the fact that she knew such a course of acting would please Alan Carnew. With her overweening, though well-concealed vanity, she yearned to have at her thanks on the sheep scholarly gentleman. feet this handsome scholarly gen even though a secret tie that she dared even though a secret tie that she dared not acknowledge, and could not repudiate, must prevent upon her part any recipro-cation of his tender feelings. There was one person in the house from whom she unaccountably shrank— Mascar Ordotte. Whether it was that his

shrivelled, tawny face, rendered so by hi sorrivened, tawny lace, rendered so by his long sejourn under a fierce Indian sun, repelled her, or the way that he had of looking through her with his little keen black eyes, as if he doubted every word

black eyes, as if he doubted every word she said, or was inwardly sneering at her gracious manuer, made her feel very uncomfortable, certain it was that she avoided him whenever she could.

And our poor Ned! how was she discipling this unbidden and unwished for regard on her part for Alan Carnew? A regard now so strong that she thrilled at the sound of his voice and flushed beneath the glance of his eye; but she was certain that he loved Edna, and knowing that, it became her duty to restrain herthat, it became her duty to restrain her-self by all the stern measures in her power. So she resolved to avoid meeting power. So she resolved to avoid meeting his eyes, and when he spoke, and was not addressing her, to fix her attention determinedly upon something else; a resolution that was not so difficult regarding her looking at him, but which was ex-tremely difficult in the part that referred to his speech. His voice so deep and firm, and so harmoniously changing its tones to suit his topics, thrilled her through and through, and, as it were, de-spite every effort chained her attention

to it.

After a little, Carnew observed how Ned's eyes steadily refused to meet his own; and amused and interested, as well as wondering what could be the cause, he as steadily endeavored to make them turn upon him. But they flashed over him, below him, beside him, everywhere save directly at him, and while Edna's eyes at every opportunity were looking into his with most bewitch-ing earnestness, Ned's were either cast destly down or fixed at some point be-He became piqued at last, not anderstanding sofficient of the feminine heart to know that this extraordinary manner was really a delicate compliment to his nower, and he ing her save when it became absolutely

Ned felt the change most keenly, but Ned felt the change most keenly, but she had too much womanhood to yield to her feelings. Sne went bravely about her duties, thinking that Alaa would marry Edna as soon as Mr. Elgar returned, and then her attachment, which cost her so much pain now, having its object removed—for certainly Mr. Carnew and his bride world not continue to live at moved—for certainty Mr. Carnew and me bride would not continue to live at Rahandabed—would speedily die. Sach was the fature pictured by our heroine for Alan Carnew, while he at the same time held a struggle with himself to maintain toward her the cold demeanor maintain toward her the cold demeanor he had assumed. Her very reserve but increased his regard, and he found him-self frequently wondering whether that Mr. Datton was really her lover; and yet every time he so wondered he called him-self a fool for thinking in the least about anything pertaining to her. November had come again, and Rahand-

abed, with its color-changing and falling leaves, its great trees swaying with half-bare branches in the sighing winds, and its few last and fast-fading blossoms had a melancholy beauty particularly pleasing to Ned. She delighted in taking long, solitary walks, whenever Mrs. Doloran chose to spare her, sometimes extending her excarsions to romantic spots beyond Rahandabed. One of these was an old, Rahandabed. One of these was an old, destered, and half-ruined mill, beneath which a clear stream still wended its way, and within which some lover of the picturesque had placed a rusic seat. A bridge, partly new from recent repairs, led to the mill from one side, though to a climber the mill was easily accessible from the opposite side. The country boys sometimes climbed from that side in through the old, ruined windows, and played their games on the mouldy floor. The rustic seat in the mill was a favorite haunt of Ned's the whole place was so de serted every time she had gone there that seried every time she had gone there that she felt quite sure of the seclusion she desired; then its romantic and half-weird surroundings charmed her, and, added to the pleasant sound of the water going gently over the dam, afforded her keen delight.

On this November afternoon, she took her way to the spot, regretting the lateness of the hour, for darkness set in so speedily on these short autumn days. However, she would have a few minutes to spend in her favorite haunt, and she to spend in her favorite haunt, and should be also hurried on, drawing a gratified breath witen at length she was esconced in her witen at length she was esconced in her what for?" asked Alan in angry amazement.

"What for?" asked Alan in angry amazement.

"To receive my guest, sir," was the at the weird scene before her and listen-ing to the monotonous plashing of the

apace, she still lingered, lost in her re-trospection. Suddenly she heard the sound of indistinct voices from the side of the mill accessible only to climbers, and she started up in some affright. But there was no other sound, only those in-distinct tones floating up, as if the speak-ers stood directly under one of the ruined windows.

windows.
Impelled by that curiosity which is sometimes experienced by the least curious of us, Ned, instead of immediately
departing, as she had arisen to do, waited.
One of the voices was suddenly raised,
and it was pitched in such a key that

every word was borne to Ned.
"No love is deep that will not make every sacrifice; have I not given you proofs enough in all the risks I have run? What would you have? An open acproofs enough in all the risks I have full.
What would you have? An open acknowledgment? It would be my ruin, and the moment that you oblige me to make such, I, rather than endure the anger and obloquy that must follow, shall die by my own hand."

To Ned's horror she recognized Edna's account without waiting to hear

die by my own hand.

To Ned's horror she recognized Edna's voice, and, without waiting to hear further, she rushed from the mill, intending to confront her cousin and let her know what she had heard, and how she had heard it. She did not stop to question the identity of the party, whether male or female, to whom Edna was addressing such strange and shocking words; she only felt that the speech must be due to some imprudence, and that it was her duty to tell that she had heard it. But the noise of her footsteps on the floor of the mill and across the bridge which she was obliged to pass in order to get round to the other side, where were the strange parties, alarmed the latter, and they took to flight, for which they had ample time, Ned requiring two or three minutes to cross the bridge and go up the road far enough to effect a passage to the other side of the mill. road far enough to effect a passage to the other side of the mill. When she arrive

on the spot, it was deserted, and as it was quite dark, with not even a glimmer from a star, it was fruitless to seek to discover what direction the mysterious parties had taken. But Ned called her cousin's name aloud, thinking called her cousin's name aloud, thinking she must be hiding somewhere near, and that she would be assured by the sound of her voice. There was no response; and growing a little timid herself in the now almost perfectly black solitude, she hurriedly retraced her steps, and pursued her way to Rahandabed. What was her astonishment to see in one t was her astonishment to see in or What was her astonishment to see in one of the brilliantly lighted parlors that she passed, Miss Edgar, sitting calm and composed, with not the slightest evidence of having been so recently out of the house; her hair was not even ruffled, as the wind had ruffled Ned's, and she was talking to Brekbellew, who hung over her their with that sweet graciousness that chair, with that sweet graciousness that

chair, with that sweet graciousness that was no more than she bestowed upon every one, but that kept him, poor sheep that he was, in a constant fever of love. Ned could not understand it; in the first place, unless by extraordinary rapid ity, Elna would scarcely have had time to return to the house, and then the quickness of her return must surely pre-clude such absolute composure as she had witnessed. Could it be that she was mistaken; that the voice she would have sworn was Edna's, was only made such by her imagination? She knew not what to think, and lost in a maze of the beautiful her countries in the countries. loubt, she watched her cousin all the evening; but Eina was the same beautiful, brilliant girl, with not the slightest evidence about her of any secret imprud-

And she seemed to be especially court ed that night, as if her charms had grown more attractive, even Carnew leading her again and again to the piano, where her again and again to the plant again to magnificent voice rang out with exquisite force and sweetness.

Mrs. Doloran said, in one of the pauses

between the music:
"That creature seems to have all the gifts under the sun. It is no wonder the men are half-mad about her. I declare she has turned my head; and there's she has turned my head; and there's Alan, who's been holding his heart against every sortie for the last six years, ready now to yield everything to her. The lad's gone, as anybody can see by looking at him.

Ned forgot herself and looked at him, and judging by the expression of his face as he bent to Edna to whisper the name or the song he wanted next, Mrs. Doloran

was quite right.
That eccentric lady continued:
"Matters can be settled very speedily
as Mr. Elgar has written to say that he as Mr. Eigar has written to say that he expected to do; that we may expect him about three weeks from to-day; his letter came this afternoon, and Edna wanted to show it to you, Ned," turning to her companion, "but you were out on one of your walks."

Here was another incident to confound

Here was another incident to confound her conviction that it was Edna's voice she had heard near the mill; surely, if her consin were in the house looking for her in order to show her father's letter, she could not be at the same time in the spot where Ned was so sure she had heard her speak.

XXVII.

Mrs. Doloran was seized with a whim to give Mr. Edgar a gorgeous reception or his arrival, and though his daughter whose cultivated taste shrank from the vulgar display that passed for elegance and brilliancy with the eccentric lady, remonstrased with her, and assured her that her father was a man of very quiet, simple tastes, Mrs. Doloran would have her way. As Mr. Elgar had named the very day of his expected arrival in New York, and had said that he would proceed immediately to Rahandabed, it was not difficult to calculate almost the precultivated taste shrank from the not difficult to calculate almost the pre not difficult to calculate almost the precise hour of his coming. Thus preparations were begun that turned the spacious winter drawing-room into a sort of oure apartment from the quantity and quality and striking color of the velvet hangings with which the walls were dressed, to the total exclusion of the costly pictures that had previously adorned them. Whence she derived her odd and execrable taste no one could conceive, and while everybody laughed secretly, no one save Alan and Edna were bold enough to remonstrate, or to condemn. enough to remonstrate, or to condemn. But she was not to be restrained by either remonstrance or condemnation, and every day found her superintending some-thing more and more grotesque. Her ab-surdity reached its height when she or-dered a handsome dais at the extreme

at the weird scene peters and issenting to the monotonous plashing of the miniature waterfall.

Her thoughts went back to her childhood and to her talks to the trees, and though the darkness began to creep the miniature waterfall.

"Do you propose to put him and yourself on exhibition, then?" spoken with an angry scorn that awed for a second even his indomitable aunt; but it was

only for a second; her will was too strong strong to be put down by anything short of death, or perhaps poverty.

"I propose to do just as I like, sir, with my guest, and with everything else that is mine. Is not that the proper womanly spirit. Mr. Brekbellew?" turning to that room, timid cantleman who. ing to that poor, timid gentleman who, whenever he could not be by Lina's aide, was the constant attendant of Mrs. Doloran.
And Brekbellew answered with becom

ing meekness:

"Yes, ma'am: an eminently proper spirit;" at which Carnew, too augry to speak further, turned on his heel and left the pair.

Of course, Ordotte was constantly appropriate the pair.

pealed to, as the preparations progressed, and actuated by the exceeding amuse-ment the whole affair afforded him, he frequently gave such a suggestion as turned into newer and stranger extravagance Mrs. Doloran's own preconceived

The eccentric lady was quite in her The eccentric lady was quite in her element; her days rose upon work in which she delighted, and which was an effectual bar to those fitful moods of temper that made her a burden to herself, and an annoyance to those about her. Even the servante basked in her good humon not heing in their wonted constant. humor, not being in their wonted constant fear of a sudden and violent contact with the article most convenient to Mrs. Doloran's hand, and Macgilivray said in his

dry way:
"It's the fine speerit me leddy's in just now; but bide aweel, and see how the auld hornie'll make her her ain self Ordotte was bidden to have ready his

most exciting Indian stories, the saying:
"I have no doubt a gentleman of Mr.

"I have no doubt a gentleman of Mr. Edgar's wide travels and cultivated tastes will enjoy the terrible and the mysterious in nature, as you depict it, Mascar, in your dreadful tales."

"I have no doubt of his enjoyment of my Indian stories," Mascar repeated, with an emphasis on the word my, and a significant intonation of the other words, all

with an emphasis on the word my, and a singular intonation of the other words, all of which, however, owing to Mrs. Doloran's preoccupation with her own excited thoughts, were lost upon her.

The preparations extended even to arrangements for illuminating the grounds, and as the season was exceptionally fine Mrs. Doloran's anticipations. tionally fine, Mrs. Doloran's anticipation

were very bright.

Carnew could hardly restrain his anger

and disgust.

"Your father," he said to Edna the afternoon before the expected arrival when they were aking a stroll together, through the grounds, "will think we are

all fools here."
"No," she said in her most bewitching way, "my father will understand the case almost immediately, and while he may be much amused with your good aunt, he will draw the line between her and those who in sheer kindness pander to he whims; all that he does not understand shall make clear to him."
"Thank you," he said, his face slightly

flushing.

Her heart was beating with painful rapidity; what was this concern that he expressed about her father's opinion but a sign of his regard for herself, and, if so, a sign of his regard for herself, and, if so, might she not hope that one day this regard would be all that hers was now for him? Nay; might she not even now be assured that his affections were her own? True, no word had been spoken, but all the little signs by which a susceptible woman judges of the regard she may have inspired, were time again betrayed. And how in her heart she cursed and loathed the secret folly that must prevent loathed the secret folly that must prevent her acceptance of his hand should he

In the midst of her burning thoughts In the midst of her outling at heads, she glanced at him, but he was not looking at her; indeed, he seemed to be in some far distant reflection. Sacretly piqued, she put her hand on his arm.

"Do you know that, glad as I shall be to see my father, I am also a little sorry at his coming."

at his coming."
"Why?" spoken without looking at

Because he will be anxious to return

"Because he will be anxious to return to Weewald Place, and I shall have to accompany him."

Carnew looked at her then; a look which frightened her a little by its intense piercing earnestness, and she hastened to add:

"This place with its andless varieties and

"This place with its endless varieties and its gay company is in such contrast to my lonely life at home. Do you wonder that I dislike to leave it?"

I dislike to leave it?"
She had such a wonderfally child-like, confiding way of putting the question. and she raised such trusting, innocent eyes to his, that he was won, as he had been many a time before, by the spell of her heavy and her artless manner. She her beauty and her artless manner. She saw her advantage, and she pursued it. "And I have learned so many life-

long lessons here."
"What are they?"—he was suddenly

interested.
"One, that true goodness of character triumphs over every ill. I have reference triamphs over every iii. I have reterence now to your aunt's companion, and my dearest friend, Ned Edgar. Knowing, as I am aware you do, that she could have had a home always with us, have you never wondered that she should leave it to become a sort of servant?"

"Yes, at first I did wonder a little, but I am not wont to concern myself about

other people's business."
"Her leaving it was a surprise to me, the more so that she never by a word hinted at the cause; and it was only when my father himself asked me if I when my lather himsen asked me it I knew anything about her secret acquaint-ance with the son of a gardener on our place, a Dick Mackay, and expressed his disapprobation of her conduct, that I began to think his manner to her might have driven her from us. As she was so reticent, I have never had courage to mention the matter to her, but, studying her as I have done since I have been here, and being brought into daily con-tact with her unselfish goodness, I believe that which my father said of her to be false. Some one must have misled him, and I only fear that his manner to her when he meets her here will be as cold as it was during the last days of her stay

in Weewald Place."
She sighed most feelingly, and looked down at the pretty white hand resting ipon his arm.

Tell me another of the lessons you "Tell me another of the lessons you have learned," he said, too much charmed with his companion just then to speculate upon what she had so unnecessarily told of her cousin.
"The other lesson," she spoke with

some hesitation, as if not certain of the propriety of her communication, " is that a woman's heart undisciplined is the

scourge of many."
"You have reference to my aunt," he

said dryly, "but give me your third lesson, if you have learned so many."
"The third," putting both her hands upon his arm, "is that he who judges, but reserves his opinion, who loves, but yields not to his attachment, is wiser in his generation than the fools who make honest speech of all they know, and gushing revelation of all they feel."

She had spoken wildly and more frankly than she had intended to do, impelled by a certain recklessnss arising

pelled by a certain recklessness arising from the fact that her own ardent wish

from the fact that her own ardent wish could never be fulfilled.

And Carnew blushed as hotly as any girl might have done. Had she penetrated his secret attachment to Ned? That attachment to which he struggled so heard not to will and which heaving hard not to yield and which, having heard what he did about the gardener's neard what he did about the gardener's son, even though the story were not true, must now speedily die. Such was the thought that animated him, and made his voice a little tremulous as he asked:

"When translations the less less on?"

Who taught you the last lesson ?"

No more was said until they reached No more was said until they reached the lawn where the whole gay company was assembled to watch the completion of the preparations for illumination. They stood, also, ostensibly to watch, but there was on the part of each a desire to compose hot and unpleasant thoughts. Ned stood near them, pleasantly interested, and Carnew, when he could do so unobserved, studied her face. It attracted him despite himself, though he linked with it the unfavorable story which Edna had despite himself, though he linked with the unfavorable story which Edna had told him, and he thought that Ned's own marked reserve toward him since her return from Albany might be even an evidence of the truth of that story; if her troth was plighted to this gardener's son, she might deem it her duty to be thus ex-cessively modest, and was such the case her modesty was certainly to be commended. But strange thoughts flashed through his mind: what if her visit to Al-bany during all those weeks had anything to do with this Mackay? And did Dykto do with this Mackay? And did Dyk-ard Datton, whom Carnew had long since regarded as Ned's suitor, know all about it, and was he hurt by it? But at this stage of his uncontrolled thoughts, the young man became suddenly ashamed of him-self, and he turned resolutely away to give all his attention to some arrangement colored lights that Mrs. Doloran was insisting was quite wrong. A little commo-tion in the vicinity of Ned drew his attention to her again; the commotion was made by a man in a laborer's dress ap-proaching her with a note which he said was for Miss Ned Edgar. She took it in dumb surprise, but in an instant her keen-est fears were aroused for Dyke; possibly it was some bad tidings from him, and she asked tremblingly, as she looked at the

superscription.
"Miss Ned Elgar," written in an entirely

"Miss Ned E igar," written in an entrery strange hand:

"Who gave you this?"

"A gentleman out on the road; and there's to be no answer," was the reply; and the man, with the best bow he knew how to make, took a burried departure.

It was well that Mrs. Doloran was too much engaged to notice her "companion," or she probably would have insisted on knowing the contents of the note; as it was, everybody in Ned's vicinity was it was, everybody in Ned's vicinity was watching the young girl, and though she did not look at any of them, by a peculia intuiton she felt their critical observation, and she blushed hotly as she opened the note, and in perfect amazement read: "Within an hour the last and greates

sacrifice I can make shall be completed. Can any love demand more?"

That was all; neither date nor signa

ture, and the penmanship was so utterly unfamiliar. She looked up, and in her bewilderment directly across at Carnew and his companion, Edna. Carnew was watching her so intently that his eyes to her heated imagination seemed to be flaming through her, and Edna, slightly eaning forward in her eagerness to wat her cousin, was pale as death.
In an instant Ned's brain was whirl-

ing with excited thought; the words that she had heard at the mill, "No love is deep that will not make every sacrifice, and which she was so sure had been and which she was so sure had been uttered by Eina's voice, came back to her and startled her with their similarity to the expressions in the note. Then Edna's present appearance, her unusual pallor, the evident anxiety with which she watched her cousin, all told that she had some, and perhaps imprudent, secret; but again, the superscription made her hesitate. "Miss Ned Eigar—" surely it was meant for her, for never by any possihesitate. "Miss Ned Eigar—" surely it was meant for her, for never by any possible chance was her cousin addressed as Ned. To end her suspense, she would go immediately to Eina, give her the note, and ask for an interview. But, at that instant everybody's attention was attracted by the sudden and rapid advent of a carriage into the grounds, and the of a carriage into the grounds, and the sulden scream of:
"My father!" from Elna, who had

recognized its solitary occupant, as for an instant he put forth his nead from the carriage window.

Immediate excitementensued, rendered sidioaleas in many analysis.

ridiculous in no small measure by Mrs Doloran's indignant outburst of:

"The man's come to soon; here are the lights not half completed, the dais in the parlor isn't finished, nor the velvet drapery, nor the antiers hung in his room, and I don't beheve Mascar has his stories ready, and I am not in costum and—why didn't he wait?"

Appealing to everybody about her, but looking longest at her nephew, who was secretly delighted at this early arrival; it would probably spare him much mortica-

Edna, with an apparent forgetfulness Edna, with an apparent logarithtess of self which seemed very charming, had broken from the company and dashed after the carriage, in order to meet her father when he alighted, on seeing which Mrs. Doloran commissioned Alan to do the honors of receiving the guest, until evening, when she would present herself in state. 'And we can have the illumination to-

"And we can have the illumination tonight," she said, taking Ordotto's arm, and going on a tour of survey.

The company scattered; some to accompany Alan to the house, others to take their accustomed strolls through the grounds, and Ned, in uncertainty as to what she had better do, sucod twirling the note between her fingers. Carnew said as he passed her:

"Come with us to the house, Miss Edgar; my aunt will not need you for some time, and I am sure you are anxious to meet your old friend, Mr. Edgar."

There was the faintest touch of sarcasm in the last words, but faint as it was, Ned caught it, and wondering why he had used it, she forgot her usual prudence and looked him full in the face. He returned her look carelessly and passed on. She followed, and was in time to see Edna

hanging on her father's arm, with all the delight of an eager and happy-hearted child. There was no pallor no anxiety about her now. She was brilliant and joyous, and proceeded to make the introductions with inimitable grace.

"And Ned, papa," she said, putting her cousin forward the moment she saw her: "here is Nad, our own Ned."

"here is Ned, our own Ned." Ned's heart throbbed with grati-

How Ned's near timosed was a state of this affectionate recognition
But Mr. Edgar only bowed in his stateliest manner, and suffered his fingers to close coldly over hers for an instant, while he asked for her health with the same conventional courtesy that he might have extended to any acquaintance. She an-swered as coldly, and blushing hotly, withdrew to another part of the room, while Carnew, watching the scene with

while Carnew, watching the scene with intense interest, recurred again mentally to all that Eina had told him.

Father and daughter; they were a pretty sight together; she so beautiful and so affectionate, and he so handsome, and so anectionate, and he so nandsome, although strangely careworn, and so exquisitely tender to her. The tears rose in Ned's eyes as she watched them, and feeling that she would suffocate if she remained, she hurried out of doors for one of the solitary strolls that generally com-posed her. Taking a secluded part of the posed her. Taking a secluded part of the grounds, she wandered on, so absorbed in her thoughts as to be quite unconscious of the scenes she passed, until she came suddenly upon a little group of men whom she recognized as farm hands of Rahandabed. They were grouped about something which they seemed to be examining with great earnestness, and as they started on hearing her footsteps, and turned with something like dismay to look at her, a man who had been inside the little circle rose from a crouching posilook at her, a man who had been inside the little circle rose from a crouching posi-tion, and seeing her, came forward. It was Macgilivray, with a more solemn ex-pression than even his grave Scotch face

"Take yoursel' awa,' Miss Edgar; its noo sicht for your eyes; a pair daft lad that's killed himsel' is doon there; he's hot through the heart; wi' a paper pinned to his breast that says it's for love he done it—a dour love that makes a man do the leek o' that."
"Who is he?" asked Ned, white and

rembling. "There's nae telling yet; we don't leek to touch him till the authorities gets here.
I'll gang to the house wi' word now.''
And he left Nad, who also retraced her vay to the house.

THE HOE BELLIGERENT.

BY JOSEPH GORDIAN DALEY.

Some few decades ago there lived in the outskirts of the State of New Jersey a country parish priest by the name of he Rev. John Bernard Duffy. border of the parish, though indeed forming no part of the worthy pastor as the churchman was a native of dis-tant county Cork. Besides this distinction of birthplace, there were other variances which may be usefully noted down. Father Daffy, for example, possessed a rich fund of learning, and the piety of the man was deep and unquestioned. Roxey Acres, on the contrary had no great stock of knowledge to speak of, and godliness was not a property which he could vaunt; inieed, as all the village knew, our poor Roxey was inclined to some notoriety in the opposite direction ; he swore the Lord's name in a way that shocked the righteous, and it was usually his custom to work upon the Lord's Day the same as he worked on the rest. There was really no rest for Roxey.

Father Duffy was a young man when he came across the Atlantic to take his place in the diocese of his affiliation young, but spirited, eager to work, tent to endure, insensible to fatigue and satisfied with scant material recompense. Nature had endowed him with a splendid muscular physique. In those crule days his people stood in need of fighters, and in the simplicity of their hearts, they could thank God that they had a few, Father Duffy himself was a belligerent without peer.

The modest cure to which he was firs assigned by his superiors was a small mill village, locally termed Shawnes, although it was marked by a different name upon the State map. Five miles to the northwest, behind a colossal ridge of pines, which stood out dark and repelling through winter and sum mer alike, lay a hamlet of truck farm ers called Upper Shawnes. In his functions as rector of the environment, Father Duffy had under his pastoral eye not only the mill-village which was respectably populous but also the agricultural hamlet which, as regards p pulation did not aggregate high-Recommendation of the Recommendation of the road to Upper Shawnes. His house was a lone red habitation, and stoodperhaps stands even yet-on the long fertile sweep, just where the turnpike commences to slope toward the pines.

One Sunday morning Father Duffy was driving out to Upper Shawnes the usual 11 o'clock Mass there While journeying along, a sudden tab leau which caught his gaze filled him with unfeigned astonishment—it was no less than the spectacle of a man clad in plebian overalis and hard a work, hoeing potatoes in a wayside field. The man with the hoe was of course none other than Roxey Acres. Alas ! for that solitary figure. to him were art and rhapsodies? The rolling orbs of a puzzling zodiac The conundrums of gibing philosophy What indeed the questions which the soul propounds, only to get therefore

but feeble answering?

Father Duffy possessed a mind which could exercise but scanty toleration when weighing the culpability in a flagrant, unjustified case of servile work on Sunday. The spectacle, there-fore of Roxey at work stimulated within him both wrath and indignation. He reined in his horse at once, tied the animal to a little white birchen trunk and proceeded down into the field to investigate and, if possible to set mat-

"Why, man," he demanded, "What are you doing here?"
"Nuthin'," said Roxey,
ways. nuthin't'speak of."

DECEMBER 22, 1900.

You're hoeing potatoes, aren't you?"

"Oh, yis, jes' a little bit. Don't think they're goin' ter mount ter much this year. Season's back'ard ev'ry place, I'm told."

"Well, whatever they amount to." said the priest, "you are taking too much trouble with them. What's your name?

M' name?—Why—canvassin'?'

" No. "Y' look sort o' like a book agent ; pears so t' me, 't least.'

"What is your name, I asked you?" "My name is Roxey. Roxey Acres is my full name when I go ter pay

"Well, do you know what day it happened to be, Mr Acres?" Oh, days is all the same ter me."

"Sunday is not the same day to anyone. Ter me it is. I don't go to church

-don't cal'ate going. Be you a min-"No ; I am not a minister." "Excuse me-but, darned if you do look like a minister, either. Y' look

ike a man sellin' sumthin'. This rather offended the clergyman's dignity. "I'm selling nothing, sir, nothing at all. I have simply got out of my carriage to remind you that it is

the Lord's Day, Pat up that hoe and leave your work alone until tomorow."

'Let it go? Well, I guess not."

'No? Well, we shall see. Come! No more work here, understand. Come, I repeat, give me that hoe. Give it up, sir! I'm a stronger man, I believe, and I'll have it. There! Now leave that implement idle till to morrow. We have six days, and the Lord has one day. So it is best to leave

to the Lord what belongs to Him." " Well, I swow! If you hain't got a plaguey good cheek ter come preach-in' here. Y' can't stop me, though." Roxey approached to pick up the familiar farming-utensil; but strong arm o' the other held it out at a safe distance from the husbandman's

reach. "These is my premises!" exclaimed Roxey, "an" I order you ter get off

" My dear man, these may be your premises, but this is also the Lord's Day. I shall have no work done here: neither to-day nor any other Sunday. Understand me now." The priest spoke very sharply and there was a forming no part of the western special urist flock, dwelt a prosaic agriculturist spoke very sharply and the flock and special urist spoke very sharply and the flock up named Roxey Acres. The latter was paid to be upon through the rows, hung the hoe upon the fence-post and stepped into the road, where his carriage was waiting.

Now, remember, Mr. Acres," he said. 'I have nothing in the world against you ; -nothing at all. I simply object to your desecration of a sacred day.

"Go on-and mind yer own cussed business "Mr. Acres, [I've only used words

to-day-"All you're good fer, I reckon." "But the next Sunday that I catch you violating the day's sanctity by servile work, my spokesman, remem-ber, will be a good blackthorn -stick." saying, the stalwart clergymen mounted again into his carriage and driving up the hill disappeared with the roadway into the groves of coni-

Upon the following Sunday the pastor of souls, coming out again upon his way to his mission chapel at Upper grin the same identical farmer, Roxey Acres, clad in sky blue jeans and toiling as usual in the midst of the potato rows. Father Daffy's resolution was speedily taken; and from such a re-solve he saw no avenue of honorable retreat. The case demanded immediate and summary remedying; any thing less would be trifling with the dictates of conscience. He tied his orse to a sapling at the roadside and shillelah in hand, advanced intrepidly

"What did I tell you a week ago, my good man?" he demanded, poising aloft his blackthorn crosier. "Go about yer business and shet

Insolence to Father Duffy such as that only aggravated the offence of our poor Roxey. It was to late to think of escape or plead for pardon. Father Duffey had seized him by the shoulder and held him in an inexorable grip. Around the farmer's back and legs rained a drubbing shower of blows not soon to be forgotten. All that was coming to him, Roxey certainly got.
At the end he stood there in bitter At the end he stood they bumiliation, cowed and mortified.

"Now," said Father Duffy, "per-haps you'll behave yourself in future never Sunday comes round. Good. day to you, sir.

This was by no means the termina-tion of the matter, for in the course of the ensuing week, the reverend casti-gator, apprehended by an officer of the law, was duly called upon to give answer to the specific charge of assault and battery. A lawyer from one of the great cities had come down to look after the interests of the case from Roxev's point of view. The defendant

was undefended.
"Very good!" chuckled the lawyer from the city, "our opponent will oon find out that no man's client is

everybody's fool."

Justice Newhall, white with age, sat in his old black armchair to listen to the evidence, and the townspeople, always eager and gossipy, had crowded in to hear and look on. The attorney opened the proceedings with a strong, denunciatory address; the witnesse followed with their account, and the most striking circumstance of all was that the defendant admitted everything from first to last. A stinging

speech was made by the city barrister : and ultimately the judge arose to an-

nounce the verdict of the court.
"The case," he said, "is one which certainly outrages the requirements of common good sense and decency. I am satisfied that the guilt of the party is sufficiently established—on his own Consequently it is my regretful duty to impose such sentence sanction, and the important nature of the case demands. I shall therefore fine the said guilty party, to wit, Roxey Acres. \$7 and costs; or else, in default of payment, I shall oblige him to go to jail for the period of thirty

days."
"May I ask for what reason?" ex claimed the lawyer, darting up with the alacrity of an explosive.

"For what reason? Why, for work ing on the Sabbath, of course, in vicla tion of the law," replied the judge, with a calmness which exasperated the city pleader. But, your Honor, it is not Mr

Acres that we are trying," claimed! "we are not here to try my "No." answered Justice Newhall, with an air of unperturbed serenity, we are trying the case and all that it involves. As a consequence the

said Acres stands convicted of Sabbathbreaking."
"Ah, but what about Mr. Duffy? "Father Duffy behaved, it appear to me, only as a gentleman should. He promised Mr. Acres that if he caught him breaking the Sabbath he would thrash him. He kept his word."

I protest, Your Honor, against "-"See here," said the judge; 'I don't want any more of your city impudence. Your city shysters and sharpers may perhaps have the idea that we people living out here in the country are all fools, and can be browbeaten and talked to as you like. But, mind you, you'll find that you're mightily mistaken. You'll keep quiet in my courtroom at least.'

At this judicial utterance there was an immense outburst from the onlookers and a plaudatory stamping of

feet. "Your Honor, this unwarranted

disturbance is—"
"Don't let it disturb you in the least. They're only applauding me, I believe, and I don't particularly object to it.' The crowd cheered all the more furiously and the attorney shook his head in

The session is hereby adjourned, said Judge Newhall, and gathering up his notes, he nodded a courtesy to the multitude and passed out. The lawyer tried to prevail on his

client to have the case appealed or transferred. But Roxey, surrounded by local acquaintances, was advised to look out and not let himself be fooled any more by the trickery of a pettifog ger from the great town. Roxey was completely bewildered, but eventually he decided not to risk himself to an ap He therefore settled his fine and paid his lawyer. The attorney chagrined and thoroughly disgusted took his departure upon the late after noon train from Upper Shawnes, an Roxey Acres, a sadder, perhaps eve a wiser man, went back to the labor of his farm yard, murmuring dolefull

"The law is a cussed bad thing t meddle with !"-Boston Pilot.

RECENT PROGRESS OF CATHO LICITY IN NORTHERN EUROPE.

The Church never received an divine promise of perpetual possession of this or that land; no single nation was ever, as it were, made over to for all eternity. The soul and essen of Catholic doctrine is the free choi of the individual as to salvation or pe dition. Alone of all religious a philosophical systems, Catholic theolog has through all ages unswerving taught the wonderful lesson of man power and obligation to co-opera with the Deity in the working out his final destiny.

Never was this truth better ille

trated than at the close of the ni teenth century. We see a nation ly the French, which used to glory in name of the Eldest Daughter of Church, bend its neck under tyranny of atheists; we have hea not long ago, that most candid a eloquent daughter of Spain, Em Pardo Bazan, proclaim to the we that the boasted Catholicity of people was-at least among the rul classes-nowadays little else than delusion; that skepticism had 1 been masquerading as orthodoxy universities and legislative assemb and that this was one of the cause the country's present weakness. There is no reason, however,

Catholics to come anywhere near spairing in view of these facts. the first place, the very aggressive of the enemies of the faith in wes and southern Europe has alre frightened many well meaning bu dolent Catholics out of their apa and no one may prophesy what cha for the better the twentieth cen will see wrought. And, more whoever is able to watch the Chur its thousand ramifications, the le and breadth of the world, will n fail to perceive facts that bring co

to his anxious soul.

The days of wholesale conven within brief periods are gone ; ins we see individuals slowly but s plodding along the narrow path, against the heaviest odds and t the most heart rending sacrifices for all that, reaching at last gates through which alone one enter into the promised land.

Probably the most remarks