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AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH LAKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN LAND TOGETHEE WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WES CHAPTER VI-CONTINUED

HOW MR. SNAPPER WENT A WOOING AND WHAT CAME THEREFROM

The servant knocked. Reginald started as from a dream he opened the door. He was calm,

self possessed as usual. "Mr. Snapper, sir, the agent," said

John. "Have you asked him to walk into

the drawing room ?"

"Yes, sir." "Is my father at home?"

Yes. sir."

'Have you announced Mr. Snap per ?'

'I will be down in a few moments. And Reginald turned again into

his sanctum. He calculated with great truth his relations with Snapper. They were anything but satisfactory : the whole family were more or less in Snapper's power ; supposing him to be a ras -and charity demanded little be yond such a supposition : hence the course of proceeding was sufficiently clear—to listen to the agent, and expect what his interest would deter

Reginald found Snapper and old Mr. Moore in the drawing room. Everything around spoke of Ailey's

home : the firescreens, from Regin ald's designs, the ottomans, the hangings, the sofa and chair-covers, the ornaments,-they were all in the luxury of taste, without the gorgeous

Snapper rose at Reginald's entrance. He approached with great warmth, which was a little abated by the young man's habitual reserve.

Old Mr. Moore was as gentle as child. He had never been much of a man of business, but Providence always surrounded him with honest and competent servants, until his son was able to exercise a surveillance over affairs

'Miss Moore is, I hope, quite well? said Snapper. "Quite so," answered Reginald.

"A frightful business this death of Skerin. Murdered, too in the Queen's highway-and in close proximity to a magisterial residence.

'Oh, very awful !" said Old Mr Moore ; "very awful, indeed, Mr Snapper-very awful. And has there been no discovery-no discoverynone whatever ?'

"None of any importance to the ends of justice : but I augur we shall be able to net the assassin, as the saying is ; we know how to pursue a malefactor, Mr. Moore," and looked knowing; he also made ' and he nearest approach to a smile—in fact, he might have even succeeded only for the eyes-the eyes were "the

"We there have lost the last life in our lease," said Reginald ; "but, of course, you remember we have a written promise and engagement of renewal.

'Oh, my dear sir," answered the agent. "I need not say that anything involving or concerning the domesti or other interests of your most re spectable family have always been dear to me. Mr. Moore." Snappe very sententiously-unle with his eves-which, like Parson Salmer's, were very unsteady. "I am agent, as the saying is; I have the nonor to possess the confidence, ref my La Kinmacarra. Make yourself quite, quite easy ; and if there be anything that his lordship can be advised to do, as the saying is. I have the honor you know—you understand, Mr Moore," and the eyes were like any thing on the earth that means mis-

"But. Mr. Snapper." remarked Reginald, who was determined to develop his visitor, "you must re-member you are double my sister's age, of a different religion, and I hardly think your tastes are very similar. "Oh, as for age, so much the bette as you know; no imprudence-all that-no hunting and drinki and so forth-and as for taste. I like all her ways very well—as the saying is. I'll not interfere with her religion-only going among the com mon people, and so on—just a little prudence." 'She would never consent." said Reginald. Oh, you can manage that." said Snapper, laughing. He imagined he was gaining ground. "She'll obey yoı now, and "-he laughed againshe'll obey me—as the saying is-by-and-by. Many a lady would b by.and.by. glad, you know, to take her place, coniinued the ugly little land agen "Well, Mr. Snapper," said Reginald slowly and solemnly, "it can never Never !" said the father. "Eh! never!" echoed Snapper never, ah !--as the saying is--ah ell. And you remember my means? Yes." And my power ?" Certainly. And you think you can afford to refuse me your daughter—and so on." "Afford !" said Reginald. "Ah ! well, don't mind — as the saying is," and the ruffian leered most frightfully. There was a very long pause. By the by, Mr. Moore, senior, and Reginald Moore, I believe the Mr. last life of this property fell two nights ago." "Well ?" answered father and son ogether. I was just thinking—as the saying is—that his lordship might need this mansion," said the villian, with a bitter smile. My house ?" cried the old man. Reginald said not a word. "Oh, you will pardon me-as the saying is," slowly croaked the landagent,--" the lease is out, and the land takes the castle-as the saying is-the tail follows the hide, you know, Mr. Moore, senior.' Bitterly-bitterly he spoke ; and very slowly, too, to make every syllable tell. "I have the signed and sealed promise of a renewal, you.know, Snapper; on the faith of that instrument I built this house." "Ah, if the old gentleman-a very good old gentleman, as the saying is, —if the old gentleman had the power ; but he hadn't—and so on—Mr. Moore, senior : and, besides there is no wit ness to the document. The old man's wrath was rising. I say there is, sir." "He's dead, and no man knows his handwriting," said Snapper, with a chuckle; " and you know, in all fair-ness, you know, his lordship cannot cannot be bound. I am very sorry, assure you, you, but-

I think you had better spare that language, friend," quietly remarked "You may wrong us,for that it is not necessary to mock us. I think this conversation may as well end."

You will be good enough Mr Reginald Moore, just in kindness, to allow me to settle a little business on the part of my noble patron, the Lord of Kinmacarra, and so on. I would not, as the saying is, vex you, or put you in a passion, and so on ; ind it would not be safe, some say—" Reginald reddened to the hair roots

ut remained silent. However," the fellow continued I am on business.'

Well then ?" said the old man. you have been £200, a year back in Snapper drove off, while the beggar man's eye followed him. arrears of the farms." Yes, the abatement !" cried old "God's curse will fall on you," said Shaun a Dherk, "as it fell upon Mr. Moore. "A, sir, Mr. Moore, as to that, the Skerin!' receipt shows that the money remains Snapper arrived in due time at the due-the old gentleman, you see, Mr. place from which he had set out. Everything was wrong—Jude was a "trollope." The man of all-work was Moore, was so provident, and so on ; and the heir, as the saying is, wants

"Have I got your last word, and so on ?" rejoined Snapper. "Leave this house at once !" more emphatically said Reginald. "Data of the set of th

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But-" Leave this house this moment !' on the wretch's arm; "from this moment I shall consider you as a treepasser—leave this house!"

Pale as death, Snapper rose from his chair—took his white kid gloves out of his hat—shook a little—and walked precipitately to the door. A servant held his horse by the head while he entered the gig, and as he

ook the reins, the fellow ground his

teeth, muttering,— "I'll bring down the pride of Moore-field and the Moores—my blow shan't merely stagger them, and so on. The devil will have them, or I'll have their doll, and the green acres, too. Very good, and so forth-to take all them is good-they're Papiste To get all myself would be better-'m a sound Protestant whew !" And in this benevolent frame of

mind, Mr. Snapper, the land agent, went towards home. At a turn in the road, not far from the holy well, a poor man was sitting on the hedge. His hair was long and lank, and dark; his brows were gray.

He leant his chin upon a long staff and looked into the middle of the way. "Dherk!" he said, "Dherk in anim a Veidin Vuire!-Alms, in the name of

the Virgin Mary." "Oh, you, Shaun, eh?" yer'oner. "Yes. Poor Shaun

growin' ould, sir.' Snapper looked into Shaun's face, and Shaun looked as innocent as a child.

"Shaun," he said, "did you hear of the murder?" "Oh, the Lord betune us an' all arm, sure I did! These divils rune the counthry—no gintleman will tay in id."

Snapper again examined those full trong eyes, but they never changed expression. Shaun said Snapper, "walk on by

the gig for a start. Shaun rose up slowly-as one of

"Shaun rose up slowly—as one of his age and infirmities should rise— very slowly, and coughing a great deal. He stood by the gig. "Shaun," said the agent, "did you hear anything about the murderer?" "Och, yer 'onor, what 'ud I hares

Sure, people is always talkin,' you know, sir. "Well, now, what did you hear Shaun-come?"

'Faith, strange things, Mr. Snap-Shaun got a bright half crown.

'Well, now, Shaun?" "Oh, gorry, sir; I wouldn't like to av id.

"Don't be in your own light, Shaun, and so on; who do they say?" Shaun put his finger on his lips

and looked towards Moorefield. "Eh! eh!" cried Snapper. "Iss, faith!" answered the beggan

They had a quarrel about a girl Skerin wronged; and then there an owld grudge an' they owed Sherin

money." "Pshaw! Skerin's life was in their ease, and so on." "So much the betther cover," said

the beggarman, winking; had promise of renewal.' "Right!" said Snapper; and, after use, "Was he out that night?" Dause, "He was," answered Shaun 'an' his arm in a sling—his left arm.'

"Who saw him?" "Mr. James Boran; a decent young

"Daddy Boran's scane.grace son is

"His son, Mr. James," said the cautious mendicant. "Capital, here's another half.

two inches—one inch of which was given to his forehead. His ears were very long, and his nose very short. He had a very thick head be-hind the ears, and thick lips before them. Forde was not considered prepossessing. "Forde," said the land-agent.

"Yis." "You know, as the saving is "Sartinly," said Mr. Forde,

sartinly. "You have a stranger below a your cabin, and so on, you know." "Well?" said Forde. "And he will not, as the saying is

have peace or quietness till he ha seen a particular gentleman in this neighb rhood, you know.' But Mr. Forde did not seem te

know this time. "Young Mr. Moore," continued the devil in man shape, "is very good, and, as the saying is, he's very well known, and this poor man wants to speak to him particularly to speak to him."

"And you know, Forde, as you com down, and so on, you pass by where the murder was committed the other night." Forde shook a little-an excess

feeling, it may have been-but he made no remark. "And you and Mr. Moore stop

there, just at dark-' 'An' God Almight-"

"Forde, here are four half crown "But, sir,-"

"A, Forde, listen. Don't touch the hair of Mr. Moore's head. You'll lose something there—'twill be the dusk of the evening-and you know, as this amiable young gentleman is sus-pected of this murder, it is very natural he should go to see the place and be very much agitated, and all that, and-

"And then?" And then, Forde, we must do justice, you know." Forde's eyes began to fill with light; his features relaxed, and in a

full state of illumination, he said Young Mr. Moore is to be put in iail.' "Justice must be done, you know

as the saying is, Forde." "There 'ill be witnesses to see him comin' back, would 'is heart full, to the spot?"

Witnesses, and so on, are always necessary for the ends of justice, you

ow." "Yis," said Forde, "yis, I undher and," and his brow darkened. "If stand.' that all?" he added.

'You may go now," said Snapper. And Mr. Forde was preparing to de part. He had rolled up the four half

crowns in a "rag," and taken his hat, or what remained of that useful article of costume, in his hands. "Forde," said the land agent.

"Yis, sir." said Forde. "When you are at that nice

gentleman's house, and so forth, you might find a glove going astray, or an old pocket handkerchief, or even pistol

'Murdher an' agers, sir." "Don't go fast. Forde. You might find some little article or another any trifle at all, as the saying is which, being found on the spot, they serve the 'ends of justice,' you know.

I understhand. Anythin' else?" "You may go now, Forde, my good fellow.

Mr. Forde went leisurely enough lown the stairs, and philosophized as he nessed through the hall 'Gam thouth air dhown she an diall fein c ach bolun she an diall fein." which means that he was convinced Mr Snapper was the devil himself only

hat Mr. Snapper "beat the devil. And so Mr. Forde went forth to forward the "ends of justice."

body belonging to you that I know Cornelia said nothing, but she faithfully attended Mass at St. James' Church. She edified many by her sweet, modest countenance, and her regular appearance at the Holy Table. Nearly every evening she found time to make a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament, on her way home from the office and the wonder ful peace, and rare spiritual beauty that prayer left on her features at-tracted Herbert X-, who met her several times on his way home after his law-work. He found means by which to be introduced to her, and having obtained permission to call, by degrees won her from her shy-ness. At last he gained her promise

ness. At last he gained her provides to be his wife. Herbert was not a Catholic, but when Cornelia brought him to an understanding of the rules of the Church, and the promises he must make when a dispensation was to be obtained, he declared he saw the wisdom of it all, and was willing to do all things squarely and honestly to obtain his bride

Months had passed while all these matters were happening, but it must not be supposed all things had run smoothly. From time to time Mrs. Lestrange, assuming a sort of mother-hood over Cornelia, had invited Herbert to dine with them, and, sad to say, her daughter. Maude, had became infatuated with the handsome suitor of Cornelia. It was not long before her mother noticed state of mind, and at first tried to reason with her, pointing out the folly of it. Being a good hearted, though narrow minded woman, she was glad Cornelia would be settled with a good husband, although she said once rather mysteriously that she hoped they would go elsewhere when they were married

At last Maud's unhappiness preyed upon her mother's mind. She saw her daughter grow pale and pensive and although she continued to make efforts to break this unworthy in fatuation, she began to feel resentful towards Cornelia, who was the inno cent cause of it. Neither Herbert nor Cornelia ever noticed how Maude was affected, but once when Cornelia made a sympathetic remark about her pale, suffering face, Maude flew into a passion, and made some unkind, bitter remarks, which deeply hurt the kindly heart of Cornelia. And from that day on, there was a concealed hostility on the part of Maude. Though concealed, her hos-tility was not less painful to Cornelia. It was evidenced in a hun-dred small ways on the poor girl,

who tried in vain to find a cause for it. Before Herbert, Maude assumed a gentle pensiveness that quite puzzled the matter-of-fact, straight forward young man; but always being courteous to ladies, he was the more kindly and gentlemanly towards the deluded Maude, who began to imagine that he might fall in love with her if Cornelia were out of the way She said this to her mother, and it made an impression on the shallow

minded woman. It led to a sequel of events which no one could foresee. The time for Cornelia's marriage drew near, and Maude became bitter Her mother was miserable, also torn with love for her daughter, and with an intense desire to make her happy at all costs. She was sorely tempted to reveal a piece of family history that she happened to possess. but for a long time resisted the un worthy desire. At last she reasoned with herself that it was not only the proper thing to do, but it would be bsolutely criminal if she refused to do it. Herbert should be protected.

No! no !- just a moment and I And if Cornelia were disposed of will be myself, said the tortured girl. Maude would be happy; for she had n led eve her daughter's delusion that Herbert had become doubtful for whom he cared the most This was absolutely without founda Herbert's affections were abtion. sorbed in Cornelia, and all else was courtesy-simple politeness.

The girl flushed, and, then grew soul touched by this resignation so white as death, as she sank back on her chair. She had heard of such entire, although he knew her heart was broken. As the days passed on, Cornelia

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found the situation too much for her to bear. And Mrs. Lestrange found

she had made a great mistake in thinking Herbert would turn to Maude

for comfort. He never looked at her, nor noticed her, as he used to do.

She was nothing in his eyes, and she could not but realize it.

The situation was becoming too tense. At last Cornelia quietly made

was only twenty, and her sorrow was

One afternoon the Mother Superior

fined face, which just then was flushed with feeling, the Mother

"But, my child, you are white; our

Order is for those who have negro blood, or who have negro ancestors.

We work only among the colored race, and give our lives for our sal-

Then Cornelia told the story of her

life, and the good Mother received

her with open arms. She is there-

in that convent-now, Reader, and

half hidden by her religious veil.

She is at peace with her soul and the

world : and God is her exceeding great

But what of Herbert? When the

mail brought him Cornelia's hasty

letter of departure, he went at once

to Mrs. Lestrange to learn her des-

tination, his heart aching with ter-

rible pain. Mrs. Lestrange could not

give him any information, declaring

Cornelia had said only a hasty good.

bye, when a carriage had come for herself and trunk. She seemed an-

noyed about it, and gave no comfort

Lestrange? Why did you not leave the matter to Providence, and let us

take the risks?" he cried, as he

parlor where he once had known such

And then, Mrs. Lestrange over

reached herself. "Because," she said, hotly, "there were other girls without a taint who

stood disconsolately in the

Oh ! why did you tell her. Mrs.

whatever may be her inner thoughts.

said :

vation.

reward.

to Herbert.

appiness.

her chair. She had heard of such things in the South, but never had she dreamed it in her own case. Mrs. Lestrange proceeded to unfold a chapter of family history that ounded only too plausible ; and bits of broken stories Cornelia heard in childhood came back, and corrobor ated the woman's tale. White and cold as death, the girl listened: and when the woman referred her to an old attorney whom she knew had been her mother's friend, she could only point to the door, and cover her

her preparations, and departed to another city, only leaving a note for Herbert, and a hasty good by to Mrs. face with her hands. "Of course," said Mrs. Lestrange, rising, "no harm might come in the Lestrange, without mentioning her destination to either. Some months passed by. Cornelia marriage of the third generation, but t has happened that a colored child has been born in such a case, and in now under control. She felt that the justice to Herbert I thought I would tell you.'

past was like a dream — behind her forever. What must she do with her life? She was well educated, of She left, and closed the door ; Cornelia was alone. Only the great God Who watched through the silent fine address and manners, and the cross had driven her closer and night knew the agony of grief and love and duty that wrestled in the closer to God. At the foot of the altar she once more took a resolve girl's heart. She could not undress. She lay, sobbing, with her face in the and pondered over it day after day until it became a fixed purpose. pillows, until they were wet with her tears. When the rose of dawn came softly in her window, she lifted her of the Negro Sisters of the Convent X- was called to the parlor, and met head. Her resolution was taken. She bathed her swollen face and eyes, there a beautiful, distinguished look. ing girl, who asked admittance into and made ready for early Mass. There, before God's altar, she made he Order. After looking at the re-

her resolve. She would leave no stone unturned to find out if this terrible thing were true. And if it were, she would tell Herbert, and give him up. Then she returned for breakfast s. Lestrange, who served her, and who did not dare to speak, noted only that her face was as white as marble, and that she ate little.

During the day Cornelia found time to visit the old attorney, who did not live in the city. At first he absolutely denied the whole matter. But when he saw that Cornelia was deno trace of pain or unhappiness is to be seen on her sweet, bright face, termined to know the truth, he acknowledged that it was the case, and he told her much of her family history. He bade her be of good cheer. She was a beautiful girl without one trace of this ancestry.

Her soft, brown, waving hair, her clear, pale skin, her white, tapering hands, showed not the smallest in dication of one drop of negro blood. Cornelia said firmly 'Butif it is there, I can never poison a good man's life by a dread that it might show itself." And then she

told her old friend she was engaged to be married. So much the better," he said. It is a rare thing for the third generation to show it. Say nothing, and

thank heaven for your good luck, if ne is worthy of you !" "Because he is worthy of me," said Cornelia, "I must tell him

him. though it kill me-and break the en gagement.'

'Nonsense!" said her friend: "even if you do tell him, if he loves you he will take the risk. I would!" And the old man patted her on the back like a father

worshipped you, and would have you as good a wife. My daughter, Maude, whom you paid such atten-tion to once, would give her life for Cornelia left with a heart of lead in her bosom, but with a firm resolve vou even yet. te tell Herbert her story that very

Slowly Herbert arose. A light night. She did not meet Mrs. Lestrange, but when she went to the broke upon him. He bowed stiffly. "I have never been more than plain little parlor, and saw the fine figure, the noble face, and the adorcivil to your daughter Maude," he said, " and I shall never marry."

ing eyes of Herbert, the room was transfigured. A sense of all she was He left the house. And when Mrs. Lestrange heard the front door close, losing swent over her soul, until she she wrung her hands and inwardly staggered and would have fallen, had cursed her imprudence. All was not Herbert supported her tenderly ver now. Herbert determined he would find to an arm chair. "What is it, dear ?" he said. "Are

chief—these eyes of Snapper. "We are really obliged, Mr. Snapper. but I hope we shall not find it necessary to trouble his lordship."

"But," said Snapper,—and he coughed,—"but," said Snapper,—and looked around the drawing room thinking to himself how happy he e there,—"but, Mr. Moo rould h Mr. Reginald Moore, I suppose-as the saying is—you guess my mos happy business here to day. I am here; you both know the reason why I have given up important trusts, engagements, and so forth, to come engagements, a over to Moorefield.'

There was no reply.

The fact is, Mr. Moore, that I have large means—as the saying is—some thousands of pounds which I have saved and economized like the bee determined to settle in life at the proper time. I am naturally-as the saving is-affectionate and all that : and I think the time is come to settle myself in life."

And again Mr. Snapper looked around the drawing room. "And," concluded Mr. Snapper, "as

I have made up my mind—and so on —to settle in life, I have come to ahem !--- to ask your daughter, Miss Moore, to be my wedded wife, Mr. Moore, and to give her my hand and my means, and so forth.

My daughter !" said the old man. "Ailey !" cried Reginald. " good friend, you are not serious ?" cried Reginald. 'My Serious, gentlemen ; serious as a

man deeply in love-and so on-can My happinessbe.

Ah, well, Mr. Snapper," said Reg-d, "my father, I am sure, will inald. settle the matter briefly." "Oh, it can't be; it can't be, Mr.

Snapper; oh, it can't be." And why not, Mr. Moore? I have

means, you know, and power, and-"

"trollope." The man of all-work was a "robber," and a boy who came to take the horse and gig to the stable

Reginald looked the demon full in was knocked down-a feat which the face, but said not a syllable. "Heaven, man !" exclaimed the man, "does not all the world obtained for Mr. Snapper the benefit old man, of some special, but not very desirknow that we hold under an abate-ment, and that leaving the surplus able, pravers and wishes. But all things have an end: and the bad temper of Mr. Snapper evapor-ated, after he had flung his boots at a male servant, torn his kid gloves, on the face of the receipt is only matter of form ?"

"Wisely so settled as the saying and upset a bottle of Cologne water, in pure contempt of such frippery. is," answered Snapper, " in order to punish delinquents when one likes and spare the deserving."

Come we see now !" cried Reginald.

honestly, no doubt, as the saying is but he did not, and so on, sir. So

you see, sir, we shall be obliged to

us the last thread of the web," he added. "Have you done?"

"I end as I began, that I have

Is that all ?" again asked Reg-

the money.'

hand. You're

some means.

inald.

ness.

call upon you ; and-'

inald.

which proved that Mr. Snapper was sometimes a man above the little-"Just only one word more, as the saying is;" and the vagabond spoke in tones of great humility. "I did not come over in my gig to offend you, and so on-not I, indeed. But ness of employing it, as many others are above employing what will not serve them. Mr. Snapper rang his bell-he did

me to and, that, as you know. not ring in a passion, and therefore Mr. Moore, senior, holds under joint lease in the small farm of Gort-na he was sooner answered. John-John is always the name of a servant man-John appeared. He looked very straight and very mild. "John," said Snapper, just as Coppul, there is a year's rent due." "I have my receipt from your own

"Stay, father," interrupted Reg. mildly. Sir," said John. "Oh, indeed, you paid your rent

"Send up Forde, and I'll thank

"Yes, sir," said John.

John went down stairs, and told Inde there was mischief brewing for ome one, for that beauty was very quiet.

"Now, Snapper, have you done ?" asked Reginald. "You have shown 'Beauty'' was a name which the servants gave Mr. Snapper, in consequence of that gentleman's personal attractions; if intended to flatter him, much power, and, as the saying is, it must have been very sincere, for they never told him that they gave him such an appellation, and of course, therefore, never so addressed

"All," said the devil, smiling. "Then leave this house forthwith," said Reginald, with frightful calm-

GOD'S WAY SURPASSES OUR UNDERSTANDING

A TRUE STORY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Miss In the little boarding-house parlor sat the man and the maid. She was a girl of nineteen; a beautiful, darkeyed, slender, vivacious creature with soft waving brown hair, and a smile full of sweetness. Just now, a tinge rich

rose-red was on her cheek, and her downcast eyes told that she was listening to the "old, old story." He was but a boy of twenty-one, with

eager, earnest, strong face, and an expression of happy possession on the clean-cut lips, and in the lines of In fact, Mr. Snapper said, "D-n Cologne water, and all such stuff," his fine features. They were a betrothed pair, and were happy in their mutual affection. The boy had lately graduated with high honors from one of the noted Colleges. He entered a law-office, and was pro

gressing in his studies. He was not a Catholic, and although his parents were dead, and he had no brothers or sisters, he had the affection and the open purse of a maternal uncle who had seen to his college career, and now made easy his entrance into the Law. The girl was an orphan, a Southerner, reduced in circumstances,

obliged to earn her living as a copy ist, and with but a slender purse b

sides, to aid her progress. She had chosen this quiet boarding-house because the landlady herself was Southerner. She knew the family of this girl in its best days, and having learned of her position, had offered her a pleasant room on reasonable terms. Cornelia was a Catholic—a convert, which the landlady found out to her surprise, when she and her daughter, Maude, who were faith ful attendants at the Episcopal church in the neighborhood, invited Cornelia to go with them Eito Red.

him personally. "Forde" presented himself. He was a man in height about five feet ideas?" said Mrs. Lestrange. 'Why! where did you get papistical "No-

One evening Mrs. Lestrange found Maude weeping hysterically. She had flung herself across her bed, and her whole frame was trembling with her passionate feelings. Mrs. Le-strange soothed her foolish daughter. out said with a bitter emphasis:

"Herbert shall never marry her dear, so be consoled !" Maud begged to know why, but Mrs. Lestrange said no more. She had yielded to the tempter

That night when Cornelia retired to her room, Mrs. Lestrange knocked at the door. Cornelia opened it, and when she saw her visitor, smiling led her to the most comfortable chain in the room. Mrs. Lestrange's face was set in hard lines, and she began without any preface :

"Cornelia, there has been some thing on my mind for a good while. You know I was acquainted with your family in its best days in the outh, and am aware of many things you know nothing about. You are bout to get married to a very good young man, and in justice to him I to tell you something, unleasant though it he.'

> Cornelia paled, but tried to say oravely:

"I know you are my friend, Mrs Lestrange, and you are aware of my deep affection for Herbert, who is, as you say, everything that is good. What in this world can you know that would be unpleasant, and that you should say, ' in justice to him.' Mrs. Lestrange, with the same hard look on her face, said abruptly : "Why this, Cornelia, you should

not marry him. You have colored blood in your veins; your grandmother was a mulatto Cornelia sprang to her feet.

What authority have you to say such a thing? How can you expect me to believe it ?"

smile on her palid face. Herbert, being deeply concerned.

and get a restorative ?"

wished to get some remedy, but Cor-nelia insisted that he should not. And as he sat down near her, in anxious distress, she told him that she had something to say to him. And then she told him—told him how Mrs. Lestrange had come to her; how she had visited the attorney; how he had denied it, and then how at last

you ill? Shall I call Mrs. Lestrange

he had told the truth. And now, Herbert," she said, " I

must release you; we must run no risks. It would be poor love on my part to hold you to your engagement. The young man, whose face had flushed a deep red, and then had grown white as death, had listened

without interrupting. But now, he grew furious. "It is not true! It cannot be true," be cried. "Why there is noth-

ing about you from head to foot, Cornelia, that does not bespeak the cultured woman of a refined race. I do not believe it! I would not be-lieve it! And even if I did it would make no difference. I am quite willing to take you—and all the risks. I will sift the matter out, and leave nothing undone to prove it false !" More was said. But the parting came, and Cornelia, who was firm, and had made her resolve, was the

calmer of the two. The excited and distressed young man first saw Mrs. Lestrange, who only confirmed what she had said. Then he visited the attorney, and found again the sad truth. But he was determined he would not give up Cornelia. He made up his mind that this far back

circumstance would not affect future offspring, and he meant to take the risks, sooner than lose this beautiful. virtuous, devoted girl. His next visit to Cornelia was dis-

tressing. She would not listen to his entreaties. She would take no risks; her duty was plain. Her trust in God, her faith in Him Who had sent this trial (she said) for some

With a strong effort she rallied; and she looked at Herbert with a pitiful of the matter. Herbert went to B-, but found no trace of her.

Cornelia. By chance he learned her

destination from a friend who was a

railroad clerk, and was in the depot

when Cornelia bought her ticket for

Wearied and heart-sick, he went home. His uncle, who had highly approved of his coming marriage, was furious when he found the engagement was broken, and spoke in bit-terterms of the inconstancy of women. Herbert did not tell him the reason and was forced to listen to his uncle's denunciations without doing more than defending Cornelia in a vague

and general way. But he had lost heart for his daily work in the lawoffice, and his uncle determined he should travel a little. Herbert was not much over twenty-one, and his life was vet before him.

> The months passed by-Herbert spent hours in thought. He remem bered the calm, geptle character of

Cornelia, her unselfishness, her de votion to duty, her reverence for her faith, her Catholic faith, which she once declared to him was her most precious possession. "More precious than I am?" he once said, jestingly. And he recalled her answer: "Yes, Herbert, more precious than anything in the world. I would even give you up, if by so doing I could see you a Catholic—a believer in the beautiful Faith of our Fathers.'

He pondered on it all, and began to realize that it was her faith that had strengthened her in her hours of misery and trial. The thought that God required a duty of her was enough to make her give up what she called her most precious possession—except her belief in Him. What could there be in that Faith ? It was surely worth examining. He remembered that she had given him a book on Catholic doctrine, which he had taken out of its wrapper, and for her sake had laid it carefully away. He hunted it up, and began to read it and study it. And then, he went on his trip. He took the precious book along. The day before he sailed he received a letter from Cornelia tell

ing him that she was now a religious wise purpose, was so intense that even his ardor was awed, and his was happy, full of peace and joy, and