



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

LOVE AND MONEY.

A TALE.

It was the first object to which he paid attention in the morning, the last at night. For hours he would hang over it gazing at it fondly, calling it fondly, calling it names of endearment, clasping it to his breast. Shortly he was forgotten, and no one ever called to see him, or ask as to his state, except his former housekeeper.

the train to Dover unmolested, and, arrived there, he had to remain until the morning, when he went on board the packet to Calais. The passage across was not performed in so short a space of time as is usual, owing to the heavy sea and rough weather. Ralph, feeling rather confident as to his safety, now kept walking up and down the deck, hoping that the wind would cool his fevered head. Alice remained below in the cabin, not wishing to annoy Ralph, though she heard his heavy footsteps distinctly, and at each one her heart beat with anxiety. The passengers, with the exception of Ralph and a little gentleman who stood at the stern, were crowded down stairs, not wishing to brave the tempestuous weather.

'We are—that is, perhaps we are. I can't say; for Ralph, my husband, has not acquainted me with the particular place he was going to.' 'But you may feel certain that he meant to go to Paris. All the world goes there for pleasure.'

to the grating at the summons of the bell, and seeing that Doctor Giroi was outside, opened the wicket, and without uttering a word, allowed the trio to pass through the courtyard and enter the house. Up they went four flights of stairs, without meeting any one: indeed, unless they aroused the lady owner from her reveries, it was impossible, for no one else lived there.

saw the unwearied attention of Alice towards him, and he strove to undo the past. With a feeble voice he would speak of his follies, and ask her forgiveness for being the cause of so much misfortune to her.