BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XVIII

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The next day Senor Roderigo Martinez removed his unwelcome presence from the white house and took lodging at a newly established hotel in the town. His first step was to ascertain the residence of Teresa; his second, to pay her a visit. His carefully matured plans had been most unexpectedly and completely disrupted by this new passion which had taken possession of him; and he knew that after all his years of planning, meditating, scheming, he would forfeit the revenge and power within his reach for the happiness that this woman's love would bring him. His idea of womanhood was neither good nor high, but there was something in the fierce, impassioned nature that responded with ennobling influence to this girl's sympathetic, imaginative mind. He was a man who could never fall more than onof under the control of a woman; but when such a man thus succumbs, he under the control of a woman; but when such a man thus succumbs, he is as clay in a potter's hand, and according to her treatment of him will be his future. It is useless to talk to him of will or resistance, use-less to point out that he is ruining himself, and perhaps others with him, for the wheel obeys the guiding hand and gives the cup its shape not less unquestioningly than his heart yields to the influence that makes or yields to the influence that makes or mars its destiny. But the first charm his cultured mind and not unmagnetic personality had upon Teress was destroyed by his uncurbed, demonstrative admiration. However, believing him to be the friend of George Martins, she had received him on several occasions; and then, as much alarmed, as insulted, by his words, she had refused to see him. This awoke all the savage in This awoke all the savage in "Tell her that I will see her! If not here, in her home, then else-where," was the message he sent her by Martha, when she brought him Teresa's excuse for not coming down

to the parlor.

The closing of the college for the summer necessitated Teresa's visit-ing her pupils at their homes. The number of her scholars kept her employed during the day, and often when the child lived on the outskirts of the town, the evening was advanced when her weary steps brought her to Mrs. Halpin's door. On several occasions Senor Martinez as he was known in the town, had as he was known in the town, had purposely encountered her upon such walks and escorted her home; so on receiving his message by the servant, she knew that he would make good his word, and that she would be powerless to prevent the intrusion of his presence on her society. For several days atterwards he haunted her way, but fortune favored her in sending her a companion or giving her a chance for escape. With the cunning and patience of an Indian. cunning and patience of an Indian, he waited, and was at length rewarded by encountering her alone on an unfrequented street, as evening was creeping on. She bowed in return to his respectful salutation, and was passing on, when he strode to her side.

Miss Martinez, " he said, laying his hand firmly on her arm, "I wish

his hand firmly on her arm, "I wish to speak with you."
"And I refuse to hold any conversation with you, sir!" she answered hanghtily, endeavoring to free herself from his grasp; but his fingers closed the tighter on her arm. "How dare you thus detain me against my will?" she cried, anger making her tones to tramble. tones to tremble.

"And see you in a passionate voice. "And see you I must with your permission or with-out it. Do not scream!" he warned. "It is better for you to listen to me quietly, for listen to me you shall!
If not here to night, then elsewhere
some other night. Perchance I shall not then be in the mood I should be in when I address a lady.'

He is mad !" thought Teresa, and as she knew that the best way to treat with such a lunatic is to humor him, she said :

If you have anything of importance to communicate, Senor Mar-tinez, I am willing to listen to you. But not here. So permit me to go home. I do not wish to be seen standing here alone with you at this

He laughed at her enswer, and as this expression of mirth broke upon her ear, she started. The laugh was like George Martins'.

"I know something of women's manœuvres," he said. "I prefer to speak to you now that you are with me. As for our being seen, have no fear. No one will pass this way for fully half an hour. I have learned the time of the coming and going of the people in this neighborhood. You think me mad?" he went on.
I am mad, mad with love for you, though you are Preston Martine' affianced wife! Or is it true? He was always a liar!"
"Is what true?" she asked, as h

paused, adding, in a voice that he no longer dared to disobey, "Remove your hand from my arm !

"That you are betrothed to his other—to Preston Martins?" That is a matter about which you have no right to inquire," she re-plied coolly, for now that she was re-leased from the grasp of his hand, she felt her courage returning. He looked upon her pale, half-defiant face, and then held his arms toward

"I love you,—love you as he, that even-pulsed weakling, could never love! The sight of you, the mere thought of you, makes me mad. And he! he can meet you like a—"

"Gentleman, not a-" but she paused abruptly.

"Like a what?" There was that in his eyes which angered her more than his passion. It made har throw prudence to the wind, made her forget that she was alone in a lonely place with this half mad, powerful creature; and she flung back her defiance with the word,

"Barbarian!"

"Barbarian!"
A blow from her would have amused him; that word frenzied him. He baught her hands and crushed them together between his, as he hissed:
"Who told you? Who taught you

that name—that name for me?"
"Yourself!" she cried. "You
need no man to tell who and what

"You shall know who I am—who you are—before I leave you this evening!" He did not speak loud, but the words seemed hurled against her ears like thunderbolts. She tried to weemen her hands from his green. to wrench her hands from his grasp but he only held them the harder, as he laughed that familiar laugh.

"You love him, don't you?" he asked, still in that low voice. "You love him so well that you feel yourself disgraced because you have to listen to me to-night, to feel my touch on your hands? Perhaps you love him well enough to save him from disgrace, dishonor, poverty and shame? I hate George Martins and shame? I hate George Martins and George Martins' son with the hatred of a thousand devils. I swear before the gods Christian and pagen, that I could crush their bodies into atoms and sink their souls into the nether-most hell, and laugh, laugh! I hate them so, I have lived for no I hate them so, I have lived for no other purpose but to be revenged upon them. I would not love a woman because I feared if I were married to her, and her influence were good, my resolution might be weakened. I feared to have children to call me father, to thrust their clinging hands into mine, press their baby towns against my breast, lest it might ing hands into mine, press their bady forms against my breast, lest it might waken my pity. Idenied myself these, the dearest of human joys, to keep my heart for Hate. I made myself the wanderer of the world that I might retain my hardness, hold my hand ready and strong-nerved to strike them down when the hour arrival. I have done this and now arrived. I have done this and now that hour has come! In a little while, as soon as I will it, I shall pour out the full measure of my hatred upon them. And yet—fool that I am!—yes, fool to be thus thrust aside from my purpose to which my dying mother's voice even in this moment is urging mel—yet I will arrived. I have done this and now dying mother's voice even in this moment is urging me!—yet I will forego this, leave them to the enjoyment of their stolen wealth and ill-gotten honors, if you will be my wife. Come with me, Teresa! come with me, you strange, beautiful creature, with the Spaniard's name and Spanial's name and Spanial's and the view that the statement ways to be in the statement ways.

with the spaniard's name and spaniard's face to mock your Irish-Virginian blood! come with me to that sun-bright land of which I have told you! You shall never miss in its luxury and wealth and beauty, the few pleasures of your present life.
You shall never miss in my deep devotion and love the poor affection of my—rival! "And," he added, "you can save him!" The wild words had surged over her, like some fearful dream. She could not speak. She could scarcely think, but remained passive, even unconscious of the pain given by the flerce clasp of his hands. He mistook her quietude for acquiescence her passivity for yielding, and he was

"Preston Martins will wipe out

drawing her toward him, when her

He had her hands again. He had her hands again.
"Madam," and the low voice
seemed to frenzy her, "listen to me!
Listen, sweet, to my secret! If Proston Martins knew what I know, and
that I was giving you an opportunity to save him from it, he
would believe that the surest test of your love for him would be the sacrifice of it. If Presthe sacrince of it. If Preston Martins stood here with us two, knowing all, he would kneel at your feet and beg you to save him, instead of hurling himself against me for daring to love his affianced wife and tell her so! I know your white

man's love too well!"
"Coward!" she cried, through his low, mocking laugh. "Co she repeated, when it ceased.

"Your tongue has not over swee words for me, my pale beauty! Per-haps I can find a sweeter message on your scarlet lips! What? you re tuse? But I am not to be refused Do you hate me like that!"

He had his arms about her; there was no escaping by her own poor woman's strength; so she lifted her voice and an agonizing shrick for help tore through the twilight silence. It was answered. Running feet sounded on the stony street She felt the arms about her relax their clasp, and she darted forward scarcely heeding in which direction Then, she heard a scuffling noise and Then, she heard a scuffling noise and turned to see two men in conflict. A long blade gleamed an instant in the faint light. In the next, it was thrust:into one of the swaying figures and the taller of the men sank to the pavement with a groan. As the light fell upon the remaining figure, she saw that her deliverer had been slain. saw that her deliverer had been stain.
Roderigo Martinez turned his head,
and seeing her standing far away like
a spirit between him and the fading
gleam in the west, he took off his
hat, and waving it toward her across
the prostrate figure, cried:

Adios, Teresita ! Adios !" and the shadow of a clump of trees near-by. Then from where the wounded

man lay, she heard another voice

The next moment, she had crossed ne space, which lay between her and hat figure, and was kneeling with t. John Worthington's head upon

Oh! he has killed you! he has killed you!" she cried out in rilled you !" she cried out in anguish.
"No! no o;" then he moaned, "O my little Teresa!" and his head fell heavily from her arms to the ground.
"He is dead!" she said very quietly. "Dead! and I loved him so!" And smitten by her loss, she fell forward, and lay on his breast like the dead.

A few minutes later, a negro, sent

A few minutes later, a negro, sent A few minutes later, a negro, sent into the town by his master, stumbled over the bodies of the man and woman, and ran home, howling inthe terror of his discovery. The master, and other servants, armed with lanterns, hastened to the spot and as the light fell upon the face of the man, they recognized the guest for whom supper was even then waiting

ing.
"My God!" St. John Worthington! "My God!" St. John Worthington!", oried the master, and as he raised the woman's head, he gasped out, "And Miss Martinez! Run, Sambo, run for the doctor!" he called out to one of the negroes, and then bade the others to carry the seemingly dead man and woman to the house. A few drops of brandy revived Mr. Worthington, and when he unclosed his eyes and met the white face of his friend bent over him, remember. his friend bent over him, remember-ing what had occurred, he tried to spring from the bed, as he cried, "Where is she, Boyle?" How is

where is she, Boyle?" How is she?"
"She is here," replied Mr. Boyle, gravely. "But she has not revived from her swoon."
"Is—is there any danger?" the words coming from between blue

"We do not know until the doctor

arrives. He ought to be here now!"
he finished impatiently. As he spoke
he heard the physician's buggy stop
at the door. "I thought you'd never
come, Doctor!" he exclaimed as the physician entered the room. "Worthington's been cut in the side, dangerously, I think, and Miss Martinez is lying in the next room, like

"Go to her first, Doctor," pleaded Mr. Worthington.
"No one can need me more than

you do," replied the Doctor, hastily divesting himself of his cost. He withdrew the bandages which the skillful hands of the negro women had bound over the red mouthed wound, and at sight of it, a set look came into his face. When it was dressed and his patient had suc cumbed to the influence of an opiate, the doctor crossed the room where Teresa lay. As he went, he said, in

a low voice to Mr. Boyle:

"Half inch/deeper, Boyle, and the
Democrats would not have St. John
Worthington for their leader. God
held back that assassin's hand, believe me.

Teresa lay like the beautiful dead So close was the resemblance be tween her swoon and the everlasting sleep that the doctor paused for moment, thinking his skill was no required here. He went forward, and while he strove to break the death-like trance, the weeping mis-tress of the house told him that only tress of the house told him that only once had the girl unclosed her eyes. She appeared to have been fully conscious of all that had occurred, for she said, "Tell Preston Martins—" but before she could finish the sentence, voice or will had failed her, and silence had re-sealed her lips. The doctor spent futile hours by her bed, and then he said to Mrs. Boyle, "Has she any friends? If so, they outraged womanly soul leaped up.
It made her strong enough to fling off
his hands, and as she leaped aside, "Has she any friends? If so, they should be notified, for her condition is dangerous." Remembering her unfinished message for Preston Martins, Mrs. Boyle sent his mother a note, acquainting her with the acci-dent that had befallen her young friend, and in a short space of time Mrs. Martins was by Teresa's side.

When news was received of the attempted assassination of St. John Worthington, the life of the town seemed suddenly to cease. Men looked at each other too stricken to speak, too appalled by the horror of the deed to give voice to their therether. thoughts. Then, someone cried "Behold the work of our enemies Knowing that they could not defeat us by an honest election, they assassinate our candidate, cut him down in the prime of his usefulness, the the prime of his usertiness, the flower of his manhood!" The town took up the cry of the assassination of St. John Worthington by a tool of the Whig party. It spread through the country, penetrated the furthest parts of the State, and, being carried beyond its borders, shocked the entire nation. The press, partisan and independent, hurled the thunder-bolts of denunciation against the party that would stoop to such foul deeds, and appeared to take pride in asserting that by this act Kentucky was set back into the barbarism from which she had been so gloriously de-livered by Daniel Boone and his gallant followers.

When St. John Worthington was visited by the proper authorities, he stated to them that on emerging from the main street to the secluded from the main street to the secluded one upon which his friend lived, he had heard a cry for help. He ran forward and saw a woman strug-gling with a man. On hearing his step, the man had released the woman, whom he recognized, or thought he recognized, as Miss Martinez. Although unarmed, he had made an

did not say that her agonized confession "And I loved him so!" had
followed him into that black unconsciousness and hung over it like a
star, lighting his way back to life.
Neither did he say that as he had
lain at his enemy's feet, the lips that
had hitherto unclosed only to vent a
fearful oath, had spoken softly, fondly,
"Adios, Teresital Adios!" For now
what touched her, must henceforth
touch him, and though he knew that
the man who had attempted his life
was the stranger who bore her name,
he held his peace, until she should give he held his peace, until she should give him permission to speak. That it was feared, she would never do. "Tell Preston Martins—" and thenin-sensibility had rung down the curtain and the other words were lost.
"What had she to tell Preston
Martine?" mused St. John Worthing. ton through those long hours, and Preston Martins, sitting in the griefshrouded white house, repeated the query, in all the bitterness of his

eart.
There was no hope in the doctor There was no hope in the doctor's voice as he answered his questions about Teresa's condition, and his mother's eyes dwelt sorrowfully on him as she went down to him every morning after her long night's vigil, for she had taken the place her son's love for the beautiful girl had given to her, and assisted by her own server that the place her the reconstruction. ant, Aunt Dilsey, gave to her the care and devotion she would have given to her own daughter. Every mornfor Teresa, and often a messenge came to him with tidings of her con came to him with tidings of her con-dition. "All the hours of the first day she had lain in that comatose state but early on the second day, a rise of the pulse, a coloring of the alabaster face made the doctor heave a deep sigh, while his figure seemed to droop dejectedly. Mrs. Martins, from her place at the foot of the bed, saw these signs of fear and waited with those signs of fear and waited with tense nerves until this arbiter of life sense herves until this arbiter of life should speak. Presently he looked toward her, saying, "My fears are realized. It is developing into brain fever. Mrs. Martins, there is no hone."

pleaded, the first break any man had ever heard coming into her voice.
"You must save her!" He looked from the woman's face to the young girl; then drew himself up like a racer preparing for the last test of nis endurance and speed, and said :
'If human skill and care can save this girl's life, I shall obey you, madam. But God, you believe with me, has counted out our days." She bowed her head, and while the tears ran over her tender face, she said:
"While you work, Doctor, I shall
pray." Then began the struggle between disease and the life held in that delicate frame. It lasted for long days and longer nights. There were hours when the Doctor lifted his face, gray with deepair; but the sight of the bent head of the praying woman forced back hope into his heart and he returned to his post.

Throughout the State the turmoil increased. St. John Worthington's life, it was believed, hung by a thread. The wound made slight progress toward healing and each day men woke fearing the first words to greet their ears would tell them that during the darkness and weariness of the night the soul had slipped from its frail mooring and they trembled when they thought of the result of such intelligence. If partisan hatred had been intensified by the story of the assassination, it was fanned to fury's heat by the following circum stances. The Governor, who was a Whig, and elected to office on the strength of his New Court principles, had, though repeatedly called upon to do so, refused to offer the usua reward for the apprehension of the criminal. Hints were scattered broadcast by the Whigs that the attempted killing of the Democratic candidate was a part of a clever plot, laid, with his connivance, by his friends, in order to awaken stronger antagonism toward the New Courters, antagonism toward the New Coursers, by appealing to the Kentuckian's love of fair play; and they even went so far as openly to accuse some of the foremost men of the party as the perpetrators of the bloody deed. Patience is a virtue that all men do not possess, and when Lawyer Benson heard that upon him, St. John Worth ington's best friend, was fastened the ington's best friend, was fastened the heinous sin, he deliberately took down his gun. Others, on both sides, followed his example and the people waited in breathless expectation for the next move on this checker board of human events. "We shall have civil strife! It cannot be avoided." wise man not clear. avoided," wise men, men not given to sensationalism, said, and, though they preached peace, they were con-vinced that peace could not long be maintained. Oblivious to all this, for the doctor insisted that the knowl-edge of the trouble and suspicion should be kept from him, St. John Worthington fought his fight, now gaining, now losing; while in the room across the hall, the lips that could have revealed the truth and averted the threatened warfare were set like the lips of the dead, or only opened to whisper of the little events that had made up her happy days at

In the midst of this confusion o from the main street to the secluded one upon which his friend lived, he had heard a cry for help. He ran forward and saw a woman struggling with a man. On hearing his step, the man had released the woman, whom he recognized, or thought he recognized, as Miss Martinez. Although unarmed, he had made an effort to catch the man. Before he could pinion his arms, however, the stranger had drawn his knife. He remembered Miss Martinez' returning to him before he fainted. But he

alone could criminate him. It was only when he thought of Teresa that his calm failed him. He saw her dead, not less his victim than her mother was, and his soul recoiled be-fore the horror of the deed. Until he had known and loved her daugh-ter, he had ceased to recall with any deep remorse his murder of Mrs. Martins; but now her white, accusing face rose often before him, and he wondered if it were the destiny of daughter as well as mother to perish by his hand. well as mother to perish by his hand. In such moments, he would turn flercely upon the phantom and angrily demand why she had not refused to go with him that evening; or why, going, she had not taken her child with her, instead of leaving her thus to break up his life, destroy his hopes, and turn him a wreck upon the waves of time. Where should he go? What should he do? If she died through him then what mattered through him, then what mattered revenge? Her death would only se revenge? Her death would only se-cure George Martins in the property he hoped to wrest from him for its rightful owner. He might reveal what he knew, he might disgrace his father, ruin his political career; but he had not touched Preston Martins, whom he now hated even more fiercely than his father. Preston Martins would inherit all that wealth and his position would not be materially altered in the community, which would not be disposed to visit the father's sin upon an innocent and upright child. He would pass through a pleasant life, would gain honors and win other love, and all this he, the despised, disconned, other con had accorned for him in killing son, had secured for him in killing Teresa Martinez and his own hear with her. It was a bitter reflection and he would feel the edge of his sharp knife, and wish that Preston Martins and not St. John Worthing suffering at such times was terrible. His heart was slowly breaking under its weight of crushed love, ruined hopes.

ton, had met its good point that fate-ful night. When his love for the girl ruled, he was like a maniac. His weight of crushed love, ruined hopes, and bleak, unrelenting remores. Why had he not been prudent and long waiting with Love as he had been with Hate. He had said to Hate, "We can wait!" They had waited for nearly fifteen years and he had let Love hurl him to his ruin in less than fifteen days. If she recovered, she would be as surely lost to him as if she were dead. Preston Martins' mother was sitting by her bed for her son, and that son would, he knew, speedily claim his right, to hold, in ckness and in health, the first place by her side forever more. Living or dead, she was irrevocably lost to him, unless — unless she loved Preston Martins well enough to spare him the shame of his father's exposure by marrying him, her mother's slayer. This he knew she could not do, for love, like all other things, had its limit of endurance and sacrifice. Death alone would prevent her from being the wife of Preston Martinsher death, or the death of her love and in either event, he knew that he would be again a murderer. Several persons had been arrested for the attempted assassination, but Senor Martinez felt that he had no

cause to fear that suspicion would be directed toward himself. He contin-ued to act the character he had assumed, that of a Cuban gentleman visiting the State for pleasure and the profit observation gives to the thoughtful. He was not supposed to be conversant with, nor interested in, the political difference which was then convulsing the commonwealth although he was found to be a will ing listener to any conversation on the matter, a circumstance that was When the arrows of suspicion are does not find the real culprit. Nor was Senor Martinez' case an exception. Mrs. Halpin's concern abou Teresa was naturally deep, and daily her servant Martha was sent to Mr Boyle's to make inquiry about the girl. On one of these occasions, she encountered Aunt Dilsey, who, fresh from the sick room, was drinking a cup of tea on the vine-covered back porch. The women were not un-known to each other, for Martha was a chore girl at Mrs. Halpin's estab-lishment, at the time Dilsey and her husband had arrived in Lexington Dilsey's heart was oppressed that morning, for the fever was at its height, and there was not a chance in a hundred for the girl who so strangely resembled her lost Amy. She told this to Martha, who heard it between sobs.

"She's jus' de bes' young lady I eveh seed!" said Martha, wiping her eyes on her blue cotton apron. "Jus' ez on her blue cotton apron. "Jus' ez good ez good kin be! She's allus so cheerful like, wif a smile foh eva'-body, w'ite an cullohed. Least a-ways, she ust to be, but lately she ain't ab'n so peart. Seems lak she might a-had a s'picion uv dis trouble's comin'.

"Yes, chile, we get to know somehow, 'head uv time," commented
Aunt Dilsey. "I'se not likely to fohgit
dat. I 'membah w'en we wuz comin'
frum Fearginny to keep house foh
mah young mist'ess, I had a feelin'
dat somet'in wuz goin' to happen.
An I sed to Zach: 'Zach, shore ez
yoh's bohn, somet'ing goin' to happen!' An' he sez back 'W'at eveh
meks yoh t'ink dat, Dilsey?' An' I
jus' tell 'im I doan know, but Is
sutin' dah's ebil goin' to 'fall us. But,
chile. I tought dat we might be sot "Yes, chile, we get to know some chile, I tought dat we might be sot on by Injuns. I nevah, nevah, s'picioned w'at did happen! Mah po'r chile!" and she bowed her head in her hands, for the faithful heart had never ceased to mourn for the cruel taking off of her loved mis-

tress.
"Yes, dat wuz fearful trouble, shore 'nough!" said sympathetic

Martha. "I nevah got ovah dat skeer Martina. "I nevan got ovan das skeer uv de Injuns, an w'en I heard dat Marse Worvinung wuz knivad, I jus' clah, I t'ought we wuz back in dem ole times an' dat de Injins wuz a-comin'. But I wondah how Miss Creacy happen along dah at dat time? I know'd she wuz skeert to be out late uv nights, sence dat strangah's be'n comin' to see huh."

"W'at strangah?" school Dilsey, putting down her cup, for she knew that her young master loved this

W'y dat man w'at luke lak a mul atto, but I guess he can't be 'cause he's puttin' up at de hotel, an' dey doan let nobody stay dah, 'ceptin' dey's w'ite. Mebbe yoh's seed him?' Dilsey's face had changed, hardened her gossip thought.

TO BE CONTINUED

OUT OF THE STORM

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Mis Not very long ago a zealous priest was speaking of the varied and won-derful ways of the Lord in bringing about unlooked for conversions to the Catholic Faith: conversions that the Catholic Faith: conversions that seemed nothing short of miraculous, especially when the early prejudices and teachings of generations seemed to stand in the way like stone fortnesses or iron-barred gates. He began to tell of his own experiences, and the following was so striking as well as true, that I shall give his account in his own words.

"Before I same here to take this

"Before I came here to take this parish," he said, "I was pastor in a small place in a certain part of Wisconsin. I had a neat little church, an average good congregation, and was hoping to be able soon to have a school built for the children, who assembled only on Sundays, when I heard their Catechism lesson, and gave them instructions on the sacra-ments. We had confirmation about every two or three years, and it was a good fifteen miles, journey to the city to get the bishop. Then I had to put him up for the night, and have his Mass, First Communion and con-firmation: next morning. The good bishop was always glad to come to my little parish, and it was a great day for the people. On the occasion of which I am going to speak, I had prepared a goodly class of boys and girls and some adults, and had begun to think it was time to call on the bishop and have him fix a date for

confirmation. "My horse was sick, so I wrote to friend in the city—a banker—asking him (since he often offered his automobile) if he could come out on certain day and take me in to see Lordship. I received an immediate answer, and on the day designated, the 'machine' was at the door. Whad a delightful drive, for it was a afternoon in late summer, and the atmospheric conditions were perfect. The scenery, as we passed hill and forest, and stream, with an occasional formhouse peeping out, was charm-ing. There was no railroad, then, for miles, the trunk-lines being as yet free from branches to small towns.

"We enjoyed the ride thoroughly. I found the good bishop at ho made an appointment with him, and my friend promised his automobile to convey him to our church and back again. It was a little late when we started home, and we had gone about ten miles when the sky grew as black as ink, thunder rolled, and rain came down like the deluge. We stopped right in the middle of the highway, and let it pour down on the machine. It was a straight, rather rough road, and there was no way of getting to shelter. We made light of it for a while, but soon we were the tor a wine, and saw to our dismay that the storm was a hurricane—a cyclone, if you will. Great branches of trees were torn off and were hurled on us. Leaves were whipped off the forest, and swept down the road. The gale tore at our curtains, which we had tried to fasten closely, between the flashes of lightning. I suggested leaving the machine and seeking some shelter. But my friend and seeking some shelter. said it was better to stay in the open -for we heard the trees, struck by lightning, crash to the ground about us; and the incessant thunder kept us from hearing our own voices, un-less we shouted in each other's ears.

"We were there fully an hour, but it seemed double that time. I confess I became apprehensive lest we would not be able to get home at all, when suddenly the wind slackened, the claps of thunder became more distant, and the lightning less vivid The storm had spent itself—but still the rain poured down. The machine was sinking in the mud, up to the running board, and right ahead a great tree had fallen across the road, rendering our progress impossible.

"When we discovered this we were dismayed. What was to be done My friend, who was younger and more of an optimist than I was, drew his coat collar about his ears, and advised me to do the same. We both plunged into the woods not far away, with little hope of finding anything, or anybody, to help us out of our dilemma, for we could neither advance nor go back, and the rain was still pouring down.

"' Pretty wet proposition, isn't it?' said my friend, mockingly.

"'Well, it's the worst experience I have ever had,' I said, between the gust of wind that swept the falling leaves into my face.
"'Where are we going?' he said in

answer.
"'Indeed I don't know,' I replied.

"'But just then, both at once, we saw a light gleaming ahead of us.
"'Bravo!' he cried. 'There's a light! Now we have hope!'

"And, very much en "And, very much encouraged, we both redoubled our speed, and soon found ourselves before a comfortable farm house standing back from the road, with light streaming from the windows. We hastened to the door, which, in response to our repeated knocks, was opened by a slender young girl with a most prepossessing face—who drew back when she saw standing without, two men with caps pulled down on their faces, and seats dripping with rain.

pulled down on their faces, and seats dripping with rain.
"'Come here, father!" she cried.
"Instantly a sturdy farmer, his comfortable looking wife, and two boys about twenty or twenty two, loomed up from the interior of the house and blocked up the doorway. I tried to be courteous, standing in the rain. 'Wee have been caught in the storm, and our automobile is sunk in the mud on the road,' said I. Besides, a tree has fallen across the way, and we are not able to remove it. You see, we are soaking wet. Will you kindly give us shelter until the storm passes? Then if you are good enough to help us to raise the machine and remove the tree, we will pay you as generously as we

can.'
"' Come right in !' said the farmer heartily. 'You are welcome, strangers. You have got into hard lines, sure. Martha put on two extra plates. Take off your wet coats, and come in to the fire. We are just sitting down to a late dinner. Come right in Rachael (to the young girl), take their wet coats and hang them before

the fire.'
"Extremely grateful for this most "Extremely grateful for this most unexpected greeting, we stepped inside the hospitable doors, and found ourselves in a large comfortable kitchen, where a blazing fire, and the good odor of a most appetizing meal greeted us. My friend was divested of his wet coat, and cap, and gloves by the farmer himself, who brought him right in. I gave my cap and coat to the young girl, Rachael, who smilingly took them, and urged me to go to the fire. My friend was talking to the farmer, the wife was bustling around, the boys stood and stared, around, the boys stood and stared, while I was left somewhat in the

shadow. I ran my hand through my disordered hair, arranged my Roman collar which had been covered by my coat, and looked down at my wet shoes, which were in a sorry condi-tion. When I looked up it was be-cause an ominous silence had fallen on the air. I turned round to see the farmer, his face growing red and stormy, looking full at my Roman

'Are you a Romish Parson?' he rather shouted, than said, to me.
"'I am a Catholic priest, if that is what you mean,' I said, pleasantly.

What of it?'
"'What of it?' he echoed. 'Don't you know we are solid, hard shelled Baptists? No infernal Papist has ever darkened our door before! Do you think I'll have a Popish priest at

my table?'
"And he thumped his fist on the

table till the dishes rang.
"I determined I would be pleasant. "I determined I would be pleasant.
'Well, now, Sir,' I said, 'It is too
bad we were caught in that rain—too
bad our machine stuck in the mud.
Why, I was just thanking Providence for this unexpected hospitality, and silently invoking blessings on this fine household. Is there any reason why I should be so displeasing to you? I have never done you any

"'Root, branch, and fibre, my family and I hate Papists! It's born in us, and in my ancestors! I never was so near to a Popish priest in my life, and no Papist parson will ever sit down in my house at the same table

friend looked at me quite troubled. I saw that the poor man was struggling with the traditions of hospitality and the bigotry of a false religion.
"'Well,' I said, 'there is nothing for

us to do but go out into the storm. May we stay in the barn till daylight? I give you my word we are peaceable men,' I said, smiling, and I moved towards the door.

"'Oh, dad!' said the young girl,

what are you thinking about 'Hold on, father,' said the eldest y. 'Yon wouldn't let the dogs out boy. 'Yon woulds a night like this.'

"My friend now spoke.
"'Sir, he said, my name is Mr. X—.
am a banker in the town of D—. This reverend gentleman is a friend of mine. If I don't mistake, I have seen you in the bank. Are you not Amos Wilton, and don't you remember seeing me before? Do I, or does my friend look like a man to deserve such language ?'

"The farmer, on hearing these names, showed his discomfiture at once. With a muttered apology, he pointed out places at the table, and called to his wife to serve the dinner.

Nothing more was said. I determined not to lose my good nature,
and when we began the meal I started
to talk on the topics of the day, addressing myself to the boys, to the girl, and at last, in the most pleasant nanner, to Amos himself.

manner, to Amos himself.

"Finally, under the influence of the good dinner, the warmth, and light he thawed, and although apparently ashamed of himself, joined in the conversation which my friend and I kept going. At the end of the meal he rose up like a man, and apologized awkwardly.

"'See here, strangers, you mustn't mind a man in a temper. I own I had no right to talk as I did. I hope had no right to talk as I did. I hope you won't bear me any ill will. It's in the blood of the Wiltons to be down on the Catholics, and I sin't an

"Turning to my friend, he con-tinued: 'Yes, Sir, I have money in