

THE HEIR OF ROMNEY.

BY CHRISTINE FABER.

III.

Florence Carnarven came home with a more elastic step and a happier look in his ruddy face than he had ever worn before.

Dominick's cottage was on the way to his own humble residence, and as he turned into the fir-bordered path he could hardly restrain himself from shouting in the wilderness of his joy.

The afternoon was on the wane, and Catherine, though seated at her spinning-wheel, was not working, but gazing idly into vacancy, while her father sat near her smoking. Both saw the shadow that darkened the doorway, and while Catherine half rose from her seat, Larry sprang forward and grasped the young man's extended hands.

How hearty, even handsome, he looked with that happy light in his eyes, and the rich color in his cheeks, even fastidious Catherine secretly acknowledged that; and a sharp pain shot through her heart. He was so eager in his own happiness that he did not notice the half shy manner with which she received him; all moment clasping his hands with all the warmth of her father's grasp, and the next suddenly relaxing her hold and hanging back as if to hide the indescribable expression of anguish that came into her face.

"Well, my boy!" asked Dominick impatiently, "how is it? Did you find out the mystery?"

"Not quite; not all; but enough to make me feel that I shall soon know, and that we shall all be rich, Larry. Think of that—think of that, Kate, darling!"

And before Catherine could protest against the action, he had swung her round and imprinted a hasty kiss on her forehead.

"Thank God!" said old Larry reverently, "Sure I always said it was quare how old Maura Donovan came down here with you when you were a baby and reared you ever since; and, bedad, always had the money to do it with too. But she'd never tell; she's deep as the sea, is that same old Maura. But do you tell us now, Florry, how it all come about."

"That's the odd part of it, Larry. I was sworn not to tell a haphorth of what I'd seen or heard till the proper time would come, only to Maura. So you see I can't tell you. But please God, it will all come right, and as I said before, we'll all be rich yet."

Though much astonished, and somewhat awe-stricken, Larry forebore to question further, and Carnarven, having partaken of the refreshment that Catherine had hastily prepared, was soon on his homeward way.

The young girl, since her return from Dublin, had been strangely unlike herself; even her father reluctantly acknowledged that, and he vainly sought to ascertain the cause.

"It can't be that you are uneasy about anything, Kate dear," he said affectionately. "Sure, Florry is home safe and sound, and oughtn't you to be the happiest young woman in the country."

But Catherine turned aside from the fond old eyes looking so anxiously into her own, and gently disengaging herself from the tender clasp upon her arm murmured something about not feeling well, upon which her father went straightway to consult Florence Carnarven about the propriety of getting a doctor to prescribe for Catherine's ailment. But Florence shook his

head, and said he did not quite think it was her health that troubled her. And when he paid his customary visit to the cottage that evening, and on his departure Catherine, according to her wont, accompanied him to the end of the fir path, he asked somewhat sternly:

"In the name of God, Kate, what is the matter with you? If it's any secret trouble that's pressing on you say so at once, and don't be breaking your father's heart and mine the way you're doing."

The unusual sternness of his tone and mien irritated her, and she answered impatiently:

"Thank you, Florry Carnarven, for your kind suspicions. Your true regard for me has shown itself in that speech. I know you for the first time as you are. Good night."

She turned to retrace her way, but he bounded after her and caught her, holding her with a grasp so tight it was vain to struggle to free herself.

"Listen to me," he said, his voice hoarse with emotion; "listen while I say, God forgive you for the cruel words you said just now; for my love for you, Catherine, is so deep that it will never be able to show itself rightly, and one day I may have the means of proving this. I haven't the learning that you have; I can't speak the thoughts of my heart as ready as you can, and perhaps that is the reason you are so cold to me of late. You are thinking of others maybe, who are more like yourself in the way of education. If that is the case, Florry Carnarven will not stand in your way, but he can't cease to love you, Kate, darling; to watch over your interests, and to do you a good turn when he can."

He relinquished his grasp of her, and, standing erect, looked sorrowfully down at her.

The tears of a fruitless penitence that, alas! she often shed lately, sprang to her eyes, but she dashed them aside, and, extending her hand, said with an assumption of cheerfulness:

"How foolish we both have been, and how unjust to each other. Time, Florry, will show you the cause of my seeming to be so troubled. Bear with my unwillful moods if you can, and pity and pray for me, and now, do not ask me to stay longer, for indeed I am not well to night."

She looked up so pleadingly into his face that he had not the heart to say more. He wrung her hand, and, murmuring, "God bless you, Kate, darling!" dashed at once into the highway, and quickly homeward.

A month elapsed, and that part of the country in which the Dominicks lived, was suddenly electrified by the news that Sir Hubert Romney was dead, and his sole son and heir was coming down with a large party of gentlemen on the first of the following month, to take possession of the "castle."

A number of workmen had been sent over from England to effect all necessary repairs in the grim building, and orders had been transmitted to Jimmy Callahan to employ as much help as might be required to furnish up the furniture, and make the place assume as bright an air as possible.

"Perhaps this young gentleman will be different from the rest of them," said Larry Callahan to Larry Dominick, when both were socially hob-nobbing over their pipes. "But I'm greatly afraid not; the bad streak's in them all, from father to son."

"Hut, tut, man! never be troubling yourself ahead, but tell us what they're doing at the 'castle.'"

Thus urged, Callahan launched forth into a glowing description of the improvements already effected, especially in the "big hall," as he termed the apartment that had been used as the banquet hall.

"They're putting up horns on the walls about, and fixing things that look like big carved oaken cups underneath, and they're hanging pictures of animals around. Oh! but they're making wonderful changes; and it's said that at the 'Arms' beyond, they're making preparations to receive the party as they go by. For the present Sir Hubert has sent down word that he and his party will come on horseback from the town beyond."

"Then they will pass here," said Catherine, who had been an interested though silent listener.

"It's likely, Miss Dominick," he answered; and then bethinking himself of the assistance he might give Jimmy in some one of the latter's multifarious duties, he hastily took his leave.

The day on which the young proprietor of Romney Castle was expected to arrive, dawned heavy and dark looking. Dreariness hung over every scene, and the murky sky each moment threatened rain.

The Castle rooms, despite their burnishing and modernizing, had still a gloomy air, so that Larry Callahan, who, in company with his son, was taking a last survey of them, exclaimed:

"It's the air of crime that's about the place, Jimmy; and all the wealth of the Romneys will never banish that."

Carnarven had repaired early that morning to the Dominicks, and, accompanied by the old man and Catherine, had gone to the end of the fir-path, from which place they could have a good view of that part of the highway that the expected party would be obliged to pass. But Catherine becoming tired had returned to the house, Florence having promised to wave his handkerchief when the strangers were in sight. She watched from the door for the signal, and saw

at last the flutter of a red handkerchief. She hurried down the path, and Florence, without turning his eyes from the highway encircled her with his arm to protect her from the chill wind suddenly rising.

The clatter of hoofs was distinctly heard and in a few moments a number of horsemen, splendidly mounted, wound into sight.

As they approached, and as the eyes of the spectators became able to discern the individual forms of the riders, the foremost one, he who rode with haughtier air than the others, and whose dark face expressed such triumph, was recognized by Larry and his companions. Too well, too surely, they knew the knightly proprietor of Romney Castle to be Ralph Deville.

With glance neither to the right nor to the left of him, he spurred his horse onward, and his companions doing likewise, the hoofs of the black chargers sped over the ground until only by the sparks emitted from the flinty soil, could one tell where the feet of the steeds were pressing.

Then the three silent spectators turned to each other: old Dominick with an expression of pain and mortification on his countenance; Florence with an anxious look that he directed at once to Catherine; and Catherine with a white, startled face as if she had beheld some dreadful apparition. Her whole form trembled, her lips quivered, and her hands trying to pull her cloak closer about her, dropped helplessly at her side.

"It's his ingratitude that's gone to her heart, for he might at least have looked this way in token of the kindness we showed him when he was in this part of the country before," said old Larry, blind still to his daughter's affection for the proprietor of Romney Castle, as he assisted Florence in supporting her.

"It is only that I feel chilly," she replied, when at length she recovered her voice, and while the three turned slowly to the house, Larry said somewhat bitterly:

"It is true what they said; he is one of the Romneys."

And he would have continued to give vent to his feelings but that Florence, over Catherine's head, motioned him to repress his observations. Indeed, her faltering form seemed to require their most attentive care.

When they arrived at the house, her conduct became at once strange and inexplicable; one moment laughing with almost her olden merriment, and making some quaint, comic speech to Florence, the next she seemed on the point of bursting into hysterical tears.

Her father knew not to what cause to attribute this wayward humor; but Florence, with a sharp pain in his heart, imagined that he knew, and when he rose to take his leave, he said to Catherine, who had also risen:

"Don't come out with me, now, Kate; you are not well enough."

But the wayward girl would not obey him, and all the way down the path she chatted with so much apparent liveliness, rallying her lover on his gloomy visage with so much of her olden gaiety, that he could not speak to her as he had at first intended to do, but when she had left him he shook his head and murmured to himself:

"I'm bewildered with her queer moods."

Catherine Dominick had entered upon a hard path; beside the wild passion and remorse to which she was in turn a victim, she was obliged constantly to exercise over herself a painful guard lest even some inadvertent exclamation might betray to her father, her wretched condition. With Florence it was not quite such a difficult task to maintain her assumed cheerfulness, but, at her household duties, when her thoughts reverted, as alas! they could not help doing, to the foolish, erring past, it required a mighty effort to refrain from crying aloud in her fruitless agony.

And the whole place was reviving when the gossip in which it had indulged when the present Sir Hubert Romney was down there, known as the "gentleman of the Arms," and wondering how Catherine and her father endured the mortification of being noticed now, when before they had been the objects of such courteous attention. But the proud old man, and his equally proud daughter, evinced to their neighbors neither by word nor sign, the neglect felt so keenly by both.

Larry Callahan in his frequent visits to the Dominicks had much to tell of the "great doings" at the Castle. Sometimes it was a party in the banquet hall "last night," at which the mirth of Sir Hubert and his companions became frantically high; again, it was a hunt about which the whole of that part of the country, as well as old Callahan, were talking, and Catherine listening with breathless interest, longed to ask some question that might elicit a more minute account of Sir Hubert himself; but she always repressed the words almost upon her lips, and turned aside oftentimes with a sob in her throat.

She watched when she could do so without being observed by her father, for a sight of Sir Hubert as he rode along the highway which he frequented, and which she was rewarded by seeing him dash along at his usual breakneck pace. Once he was accompanied by two gentlemen similarly mounted, and Catherine ascribed to that fact the indifference with which he passed her upon the road. But the second time he was quite alone, and at the very first sound of the hoofs of his horse she had started forward so as to be directly in his path; but, save that he swerved aside so that his spirited charger might not ride her down, he did not pay the slightest attention to

her presence; and when he had disappeared from her sight, she fell back into the fir-path, pressing both her hands upon her heart and moaning to herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JUBILEE OF LEO XIII.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Like Pius IX., his illustrious predecessor, Leo XIII. has consecrated two crowning epochs in his life. The first was the anniversary of his priesthood, Jan. 1, 1888, the second that of his episcopal consecration, Feb. 18, 1895.

These two jubilees, the crowning events of his pontificate, have provoked, from the four quarters of the globe, many ever-living testimonies of respect for the august person of the great Pontiff, and much pious devotion to the Apostolic See, the great centre of unity. These manifold manifestations assumed different forms. The first jubilee saw an infinite variety of precious presents, many of which were of great cost, others of artistic merit, but mostly all of inestimable value. The exhibition of these brilliant offerings was a prominent feature of the occasion.

Five years later, his second jubilee, assumed a different aspect. The loving children of Leo XIII., the world over, gave expression to their filial devotion, through a protracted series of pilgrimages. During the pilgrims' stay in Rome the treasury deficit of the Pontiff was replenished. The offerings made were more than sufficient to assure to the Great Ruler a budget capable of supplying the waning vault occasioned by unscrupulous spoliation. The spoliators, who took complacency in their work, were put to shame during the jubilee period of festivities. To what an imposing grandeur was not Rome a proud witness? For eighteen months the ceremonial celebrations in the great Basilica of St. Peter were uninterrupted. The mighty edifice was thronged with hundreds of thousands, to say nothing of the thousands who were unable to gain admission. Well may I here repeat the words of the dying Saviour: "greater love than this no man hath." The audience of the Pope, to each group of pilgrims, was stamped with emotional love. To see the Pope, to receive his benediction, to hear him, was a desire deeply rooted in the heart of every pilgrim. Leo XIII., bearing with astonishing grace the weight of eighty-three full years, stood the strain to which the festivities subjected him, with surprising endurance. Tireless and indefatigable he pleased one and all by his astonishing versatility.

One of the characteristic marks of the Sovereign Pontiff was to transform the public demonstrations of his second jubilee into concrete shape tending to teach to the world the weight of his recognized influence. In this schooling, instead of confining himself to hackneyed expressions, commonplace terms, engendered by force of circumstance, he presents a singular variety and astonishing breadth of thought, characteristic of his great personality. The speeches of Leo XIII. during the jubilee year retrace and express in bold relief the individual physiognomy of the heart and soul of a Pope endowed with a vigorous and powerful mind, and his remarkable language is worthy of the greatest masters.

The history of his pontificate has already registered many happy and portentous results. In many countries the material as well as spiritual interests of the Church were made secure and safeguarded beyond harm's reach. In the course of time history will sing tales of decisive and pregnant initiatives whose fruits will ripen under the healthy breath of time. Future ages will pluck the fruits.

The Holy Father's grasping mind fathomed future problems and foresaw a multiplicity of contingencies. To know and fully appreciate the complex value of Leo's pontificate it is absolutely necessary to strip material events of their exterior garb, to scrutinize and penetrate his inspiring mind that gave birth to such loftiness of views. Leo XIII. has written much. For centuries past, no Pope has wielded the pen with such persistent activity, and with such an abundance of inexhaustible resources, or a power so illuminating. Historians who will write the complex actions of Leo's life will tax, to the full, their power of analysis, if integrity of purpose is their guiding star. Future generations will find in him monuments *De Sacerdoti d'Avoir*.

To judge him by his works, the historian will have to peruse fourteen large volumes of his "Acta." In addition there is a vast treasure of Apostolic Letters, Briefs, Bulls and Encyclicals, touching vital questions bearing on the interest of the action and organization of the Church. In short Leo XIII. has won for himself the respectful approbation of unbiased minds. In all his dealings with the world, his illuminating and inspiring doctrine so moved the thinking world that the learned Pontiff became an idol. From all breasts came sympathy and admiration for the venerable old man of the Vatican. With an undaunted courage, in stormy days as well as in times of peace, he settled, with a dexterous hand, complex problems, spoke his mind in such a way as to gain the admiration of the lovers of progress and indestructible truth; but the enemies of the Pope, to whom truth was unpalatable, were roused to criticize him unjustly. Hostile polemicists and politicians left no stone unturned to disgrace and torture beyond recognition the most natural import of his words and above all strove to stifle the energy of the

magnanimous old man and to corrupt the healthy breath of his acts. Mercenary writers of European courts, discarded the requirements of honor and dignity; and Italy, especially, displayed her iniquitous policy towards the Vatican, but her disguise was not complete. The *Acta Leonis XIII.* ought to be studied by these treacherous detractors, be they Italians, English, Germans or French! This honorable course, pursued by men of principle and imbued with love of equity, was unacceptable to these vile detractors. They displayed remarkable aptness for perversity of judgment and an inaptitude for justice. In spite of a disfiguring press, the writings of the great Pontiff continue to inspire the world. The great danger lies in the difficulty of unearthing reliable writings, so subtle is the pen of the opposing faction.

We have said that it is advisable for all to study the *Acta Leonis XIII.* By a happy concurrence, the speeches delivered by Leo XIII. bearing on the jubilee festivities, constitute precisely a syncretical cycle, reproducing the masterly thoughts that have guided and directed his Pontifical action. A multiplicity of circumstances, and a diversity of hearers inspired the Pope to employ a varied and flexible language, astonishing at first but none the less captivating. Assuredly it can be said that the Pope summarized in eighteen months the work of sixteen years. During these eighteen months he intermittently stood face to face with pilgrims, hailing from the four corners of the globe; and in their presence he renewed his sixteen years' teaching, showing to the full the magnetic influence of his personality, as well as the inspiring character of his thoughts, reflected on social life. He gave a striking proof that the voice of Rome is the mightiest lever with which governments and nations, viewed in their social or moral aspects, can be lifted from the mire in which they wallow.

The first solemn Pontifical act, on the official opening of the jubilee, was a consistorial allocation to his brethren of the Supreme Senate of the Church. The Cardinals are his immediate councillors and collaborators. Many of the deliberations of that august body remain the secret of the members of the Sacred College.

Tradition has it that twice a year, on the vigil of Christmas, the formal opening of the new year for Christian Rome, and on the anniversary of his coronation, the Pope receives the good wishes and congratulations of the Sacred College. Four times during the jubilee festivities Leo XIII. unbosomed himself to his brethren of the Apostolic College in terms of profound emotions, alluding to the lofty and grave thoughts that his anniversary reminded him of. The solemn tone, the dignity of his mastery expressions, deeply affected his chosen advisers. He well understands the weighty nature of his apostolic office, so much so that at times he is overcome with apprehensions. Repeatedly he alludes to the frequent upheavals of modern Europe; to his joys at the striking festivities, lending lustre to the Church; to his anxiety to become the standard bearer of peace to the world; to the disarmament of Europe always on the verge of a gigantic war, to the armaments necessary for the fragile equilibrium of peace, because nations, or at least their ruling spirits, have lost sight of the Absolute Peace Bearer. The zenith of his joy is embodied in his indomitable will to continue, in his declining years, to extend his work for the welfare of the Church of God.

From all quarters of the globe marks of deference and expressions of goodwill were extended to Leo XIII. by crowned heads. Men of the Italian revolution were grieved at heart at the sight of accredited ambassadors paying their respect and homage to the Sovereign Prince Leo XIII. No revolution can destroy his title of Prince: "Behold I am with you all days." The Chancellor of the German Empire addressed him, Sir, in a historical letter written at the time when they were preparing to inaugurate the end of the Kulturkampf.

Recently the Emperor of Russia, after an interruption of diplomatic relations during a period of twenty eight years, through his minister plenipotentiary, emphasized in his letter his title of Sovereign Prince, Bishop of the Catholic Church. These short harangues, couched in diplomatic style may appear hackneyed expressions to superficial readers, but in truth, they are not. Shades of diction, the selection of words, whose suggestive significance catches both intellect and will, oftentimes prove far more reaching and truth-bearing in what they say than in what they say. Italy has strained relations with most European Governments. Diplomatic agencies are habitually at work to soothe the sores and restore healthy intercourse. It is evident that in his occasional discourses of social etiquette Pope Leo XIII. never alludes to pending troubles, but by his style, form, flexibility of thought, and selection of subjects, it is easy to fathom the innermost secrets of his heart. Under the cover of rhetoric his whole soul is laid bare. He wields the language of diplomacy with astuteness, and possesses to a very high degree the delicacies of diplomatic art.

By his courteous manners and reticences Leo XIII. captivates. It is gratifying to hear his flexible language and the striking accents of his speech, as he addresses whether the Emperor of Austria, the President of the French Republic, the king of Belgium or the ruling Queen of Spain. On addressing pilgrims who pay their homage and tribute of their

filial devotion, he ties of language rhetorical figures rather to his chimeric modest is his sight it is obvious deeply impressed character of his Pontiff and Father teaches and exhorts consists in faith ideas are general truths, but he as to bespeak perished mind. His all his thoughts, national, discreet, trating, convincing de nerfs. His convincing truths jugates. The eloquence his expressions and His winning wincating. The is slow but efficacious cards figurative of speech does vehemence of a citement of sentiment mightly power due but to the harm position of his ideated as to give power. A per between the ide between the em the ever living st His style is a radiating war factitious enall an effect all the intense: "Simp His vigorous sty his personality he speaks fluent The language of flows from his li crystal of unus and Fenelon mo ito authors. T three languages Latin. There is he has one of elegant and tr language is not with "quippe qu but every word pulously dispose The doctored French humanis the distorted an man philologist; ant, diffuse, stoc epithets and h abundant displa have no point of graceful and ele XIII. His lang tinguished by th ous limpidity of the severe choic vigor and preci cabulary, hand is concentrated Titus Livius ar tion of Tacitua tered the fi of him what c "La langue s The most del humanists ack superiority. I Augustinian agn richness and de hande a cultivi consernation a mind of a fait times old acad the "Institut," students to stu Pope Leo XIII. paration Au D To each grob obvious proofs and versatility alluded to St. King Edward r; St. Patrick; their apostolic the Slavonians Cyril and Meth of Isidore de S of Toledo; to l love and deep the Holy See. some thirty ye from the attac In addressing personal remin returns home Father is full patriotiam and has a deep res tradition. Th knowledge of social conditio His allocuti "L'Ecole de lists of "Villa the progress of l'oeuvre. His ters of St. Vir tian charity, the Apostlesh the true mean Sacred Heart reveal a new LEO XIII. was by salaried sp at fault. His cized, but we His encyclical found with wor him with be literature and mended ratior when the stud was encourag surnamed a p ful of his pont In his entian light on States and t enemies stan of absolutism. "Libertas" n ness among European mo his uterance



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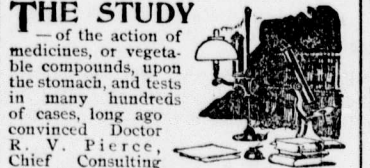
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