

Published by permission of P. J. Kennedy & Co. 44 Barclay Street, New York.

HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XV.

INGLEWOOD

During Rosine's visit to Hawthorn-

dean, which we have mentioned in a

previous chapter, a letter was

received by Colonel Hartland from

Mrs. Benton, a letter written from

her husband's severe illness; it

wanted advice in view of the physician's

expressed opinion that Mr. Benton's

constitution could never endure the

labor of farm life in that climate.

To whom could she so readily turn

for counsel as to him who so sacrifi-

ced himself for them in their ex-

tremity. "Bad news?" inquired Mrs. Har-

land, as she heard the exclamation

when the Colonel read the letter, and

discovery of an extensive coal-bed

within its borders. The interest of

his sum, with the annual stipend

from Mr. Hawthorn to his daughter,

enabled them to live in that land of

plenty with comfort. That night before

the Colonel was to return to the east

the conversation between him and his

friend was prolonged far into the

small hours, although Mrs. Benton

from the inner room assured her

husband he would make himself ill

again; the two friends seemed like

lovers loath to part. "I cannot but

hope, Philip," said the Colonel, as

he rose for the third time to say

"good-night," "that the time may

come when you and your family

may live in the east again; it is

too bad to throw them away here."

"East?" replied the other with

home. Mrs. Benton's heart leaped

with thankfulness as she strolled

under the protecting arms of the

broad centennial oaks and familiar

maples, and in their friendly shelter

she rejoiced continually. Marion,

too, was happy, gladdened by her

proximity to Alice Leighton. They

were near neighbors, and that day

was not indeed dark and stormy

that did not bring a meeting between

some members of each family. The

remove brought them near the

physician who had so skillfully

carried Mr. Benton through his

dangerous illness, and whose advice

had brought them to their present

home. A promising, cultivated

gentleman, brought to Athlaca by

his attachment to the Catholic

Church, could not fail to be an

will, deep thought and experience

of life; Dr. Nelson with his calm,

quiet aspirations after right and

truth; Horatio Leighton with his

yearning for position and advance-

ment, and his honest avowal of the

same. Mrs. Benton with her loving

heart, and clear head; Marion with

her father's powerful will unsub-

dued, and with the unconquer-

ed stirrings of her ambitious nature,

acute mind and desire to be always

first; Alice Leighton, with humble,

quiet ways of seeking information

from all; and dear motherly, Mrs.

Leighton, with her large blue sock

of which she was always knitting,

and her kindly interest in all. It

was a pleasant group, now and

then enlivened by the happy face of

good sense would often give the

ing me in downing one of the stub-

bornest cases even I have ever en-

countered." Often in the days that

ensued Miss Dorgan was obliged to

agree with the doctor that this was

indeed a most stubborn case, and

it was all of three weeks before she

had coaxed her patient from the bed

to an invalid chair by the pleasant window,

which looked across an open stretch

of park not unattractive even in a

winter garb. She was a small vivacious

woman, with large dark eyes and

heavy dark hair folded back from

a broad forehead. To Miss Dorgan,

glowing with perfect health, there

was something peculiarly appealing

in this fragile bit of humanity, who

from the first clung to her with the

simplicity of a child, and she pro-

ceeded to mother her with all the

her patient as she seated herself and

picked up her sewing, "but some-

times they do clear the atmosphere

and relieve the mind." "Relieve the

mind." The words were very quietly

spoken by Mrs. Elliot, and she

sighed a little as she turned to

the window, infinite sadness in

her gaze. A high wind was

blowing and there were fitful gusts

of snow. The park looked very

desolate with its gaunt, bare trees

and bleak shrubbery, she thought,

shivering at the sight in her warm

room. "It's like my life," she thought

sadly, "bare, cold, frozen!" But it

came to her with a sense of bitter-

ness that there was hope for the

park. Spring would come burgeon-

ing across the land touching sward

and trees and bush to life and

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS MURPHY & GUNN

FOY, KNOX & MOHAIAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

JOHN H. McLEDDERY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR

WATT & BLACKWELL ARCHITECTS

St. Jerome's College KITCHENER, ONT.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS John Ferguson & Sons

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. ALAMAC

Hennessy "Something More Than A Drug Store"

RAW FURS Best Market Price Paid for Raccoon, Skunk,

Book Bargains 15c. Postpaid

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

in a few days the family were

settled at Inglewood, the name

which Marion had given to their new

home. Mrs. Benton with his strong

powerful

will, deep thought and experience

THE SHADE OF HIS HAND

TO BE CONTINUED

Miss Dorgan allowed herself a mo-

ment of indecision.

"I am so tired, Doctor," she

demurred. "I have just come in