## A FATAL RESEMBLANCE. BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XXI.

The cloud that had suddenly overcast The cloud that has suddenly overcast Dyke's prospects regarding hie invention, instead of brightening, became darker, until it barst upon him one morning in the reception of a letter from a person that he did not know, and which, owing to his own frequent change of abode, was some time after date in reaching him. The letter told him that Mr. Patten,

whom he had so trusted and depended upon, had but used that trust and depend, ence for his owngain and the aggrandize-ment of an influential company to whom he had imparted all the secrets of Dyke's ne had imparted all the secrets of Dyke's invention; that a patent had been obtained in their name for what Dyke's long years of patient thought and work had achieved, and that Dyke's very efforts, which he had been so painfully and intermediate mathematical sectors. and determidedly making during the past four months, had actually gone to

"I write you all this," the letter went on to say, "because I know this scound-rel Patten and hate him thoroughly, and I have also heard something of your bed mostling. The has been I have also heard something of your hard-working, honest life. It has been proposed even to dupe you still further by keeping you in ignorance of Patten's treachery, and have you continue to can-vass the country. All this I overheard yesterday; for your sake I am sorry that the revelation came to me so late. I do not know that you can gain any redress, as might and money are hard to be over-come and this company has enough of he, and this company has enough of h to save themselves and to protect even this wretch Patten.'

That was all, save the otterly strange ignature, and Dyke read it over and over like one trying to make out a foreign lan-guage. Recently, he had himself doubted guage. Recently, he had himself doubted Patten, the man's actions and statements being strange and unsatisfactory; but his doubts, wanting proof, had taken no tang-ible form, and he had sought to dismiss them.

Now they all came before him and gave vivid color to this written accusation still, he would not believe it; the conse quences to him, should it be true, were too dreadful. He put the letter into him pocket and ordered a conveyance. By hard driving, he could reach the station, whence he knew Patten was to board the train for New York. It was only the night before he had received a message from him to that effect, and there was nothing in its plausible tenor to indicate an iota of the treachery he had already

His horse was in a foam of perspiration His horse was in a foam of perspiration, though it was a sharp bracing winter day, and Dyke himself was little better from his hot thoughts as he drove into sight of the rude depot, where a few straggling passengers awaited the coming of the down train. Springing from his wagon, and throwing his rein to a longer, he bounded on the platform of the depot, for already the whistle of the approaching train sounded, and the few passengers were stirring themselves in preparation. Among them was a little, nervouae, wiry man; he threw uneasy glances on all he threw uneasy glances on all of him, and fairly started when flushed and perspiration covered Dyke

"You can't go abroad this train, Mr. "You can't go abroad this train, Mr. Patten," said the young man, "nor abroad any train until you settle accounts with

"But I must, Mr. Dutton," pretending not to see in this summary check an thing more than an ordinary detention check any presence as soon as possible in New York."

Your interests may," said Dyke, with a fine, sarcastic emphasis, but my inter-ests demand your presence here." The train puffed into sight, and Mr.

Patten stooped for his valise beside him Patten stooped for his value bestoo hill, but Dyke grasped his shoulder. "Patten," said he, "you are dealing with a desperate man, and if it goes to the length of brute force, by God I shall

use it." It was the first time an oath had ever passed Dyke's lips, but the sense of his bitter wrongs had transformed him. And Patten cowered beneath the angry eyes above him, and trembled under the

brought upon me. Answer me, Patten; have you sold the interest you pledged to me, to this company? Are you their hireling?" He caught Patten by the throat as he spoke, and his eyes had the glare of

frenzy. "Spare me," whined the cowering man, now in mortal fear for his life. "Spare me. Mr. Dutton, and I will tell you all." Dyke relaxed his grip, and listened with what quietness he could assume to the account of a duplicity which not alone had stolen from him the work of a score of years but could be provided. score of years, but cruelly impoverished him and destroyed by one fell blow every him and desired of his future. He had assisted the broken and hesitating state-ment by questions that the deceiver, through fear, was forced to answer, and he knew now the full extent to whi had been duped; and as he looked at the whining, cowering wretch before him, and realized the bitter blight wrought by his treachery, it seemed as if a demon rose within him, and impelled him to crush this author of his rain. Twice he clinched his hands and lifted them as if

clinched his hands and litted them as in about to strike, but each time that re-straint which he had all his life exer-cised over himself came to his aid, and he suffered his hands to drop. "Go," he said at length, when he had mastered his passion sufficiently to speak; "go and complete your infernal treachery. I spare you only because you are too contemptible to suffer at my

gently, very tenderly, but very honestly, without, however, letting her know the are too contemptible to suffer at my handa." poverty of his financial circumstances, and he concluded with : " The blow was very hard at first, Ned, He opened the door, and Patten, glad but, thank God, I am recovering and able to hope that good will come out of even all this wrong; if a man keeps his heart right, it makes little difference after

of the opportunity to escape, darted

forth. Dyke paced the room to quiet himself and to think ; but all his thoughts re-solved themselves into the same stern all what befalls him, for life is so short, and God is overhead to protect and supacts-the loss of the combined savings of "I am so sorry for your disappoint-"I am so sorry for your disappoint-ment and for my own, for, like you, I had been counting the days which must be the source more together in Meg and himself, the ruin of all his future prospects, and the hopelessness of any redress. Still, something must be any redress. Still, something must be done, if nothing more, something to keep Meg from knowing the extent of the blow, and with no very clear thought as to what he should do after he reached pass until we were once more our little home; but my own brave sis-ter " (what control he was obliged to lew York, further than to consult a lawer, he went out to ascertain the time of the next train down.

In New York, the lawyer to whom Dyke applied was one of the first in his profes-sion, and he became singularly interested in the young man's deployable story; but it was a hopeless case, and hesaid so frankly. Not all his skill could avail to take it into court, and if it could, nothing but Dyke's simple word of mouth was to be adduced as evidence against Patten; Dyke had not even a voucher of any kind for the secrets regarding his invention which he had imparted ; nor a paper to show that Pat ten was piedged to his interests. It was simply a case of cruelly misplaced confi dence, and, as such, there was no help for

The your ruined victim. The young man did not answer when the lawyer delivered his opinion; he sat looking straight at the finely cut intell looking straight at the infely cut inten-gent face before him, with an expression that, inured as the lawyer was to harrow-ing looks on the faces of his clients, moved him to the soul. It corroborated so painfully all of the sad facts he had heard. That Dyke's was no common nature he well judged, and prompted by his sympathy, and by the facey which he head taken to the young man he said: had taken to the young man, he said: "Since your circumstances have suf-

fered such a reverse by this wretche remembered so well what he had said to her that morning nearly a year ago in Weewald Place, that if he failed, how business, will you accept a position in a large business house here? The remunration may be somewhat small at first but it will increase with the developmen

Weewald Place, that if he failed, how poor he and Meg would be; he had failed, and consequently he must now be poor; poor, and perhaps even struggling in his poverty to remunerate for Meg's support, despite all that he said about the affec-tion of her other nephews. She flew to her trunk and brought forth her hoardod sayings: they semented to a little out of your business qualities." Dyke hailed the proposition. It would give him work for mind and body, and provide for him that subsistence for which he scarcely knew where to turn now; it might also, after months of close economy, restore to his aunt a portion of her trank and brought form her hoardou savings; they amounted to a little over \$200. How delighted she was to have such a sum, even though she did not know whether it would be of much assistthe savings he had so miserably lost He could possibly let the little farm among the mountains, induce Meg to make a longer stay with her relatives, ance to Dyke. But he should have it im-mediately, and she gathered up the shin-ing pieces and put them into her purse and not yet undeceive her with regard t his expected success. So he accepted the offer, and in a week, having completed Then she wondered how she would get them to him; she was ignorant of the forms offer, and in a week, having completed his few arrangements, he was installed as of sending money, and could only think of giving it in charge of some of the ser-Sale commission house, and his letters to Meg and Ned, without being in the least untruthfui, were so carefully worded that neither dreamed of the bitter and blightvants who occasionally went to the ser-sure shows a series of the series of the series of the shrank from that plan, not being certain of the honesty of the person to whom she might intrust it, and feeling ing change which had come over his pro

so much by day, she dreamed frequently of them by night. In her last letter to Dyke, a letter written in the early part of May, she wrote very joyfully of her ex-pected visit, reminding him that there were scarcely four weeks until the arrival of the time appointed for him to come for her It had been part of Dyke's plan it o obtain a vacation of a few week's, dur-ing which he would take both Ned and Meg home, and enjoy with them a brief season of repose and happines, continu-ing, howaver, to conceal from them his misfortane. But, on the very day that Ned's letter came, he was informed of his promotion to a department of the busithat had something of their old childish cramp still, to his lips before putting them away with the bulky parcel of her other letters.

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them away with the barry plate of her other letters. Then he replied, returning the check, with the assurance that his salary was sefficient for all present wants and that he had been touched to the heart by her loving thoughtfolness. Ned was sorely disappointed; she felt so certain that Dyke needed it, if not for himself, for Meg, and with the letter and check in her hand, she was trying to think how she could get the money to Meg; to send it by check to that good simple sont would it make it necessary for some of the Albany nephews to know about it, and Ned wanted her gift to be secret. She could think of but one plan: to go to Albany herself; it was only to promotion to a department of the busiess which would require his closest personal supervision; the increase in his salary was not large, but the promotion to go to Albany herself; it was only to salary was not large, but the phononous itself was a compliment to the young man's business tact and integrity; and his friend, the lawyer, whose interest in the young fellow continued, strongly counselled him not to refuse. It seemed step on the train, and to be whirled in a few hours to her destination; surely, noth ing extraordinary nor venturesome in that, save the fact that she would travel alone; but she had travelled alone from Barrytown, and now she was even more that the she was even more o be much the better course despite the disappointment it would entail upon Ned and himself, and after a night's deliberaof a woman than at that time. She knew tion he accepted it. Then he decided to write frankly to Then he decided to write frankly to Ned; he could not keep her in ignorance longer without telling untruths, and Dyke's while sonl shrank from such a

Mag's address, Dyke having incidentally mentioned it in one of his letters, and she felt that her native intelligence would gnide her safely. Then, how delighted Meg would be to see her! Her own spirite So he broke his news to her very

Mag would be to see her! Her own spirite rose at the thought, and she went with fleet sieps to return to Mr. Carnew his check, and to get back her money. "So your friend refused to take your gift," he said, slightly smilling, but think-ing that her lover was a better man than he had deemed him to be, and again he measurements of a moment's secret bang was conscious of a moment's secret pang that she had a lover; but, as before, he

was only grave and courteous. Her chief anxiety was acquainting Mrs. Doloran with her intended absence of a week, and her heart sank a little as she imagined that lady refusing to let her go but Ned determined to make her journey at all hazards, and, should her determin ation cost her her present position, she was sanguine enough of another, even hough it might be only that of nursery

governess. Mrs. Doloran, however, was exception exercise, not to pen a warmer term) "you will bear this as you have borne ally reasonable, and even kind, on hear-ing Ned's request. They were alone when the girl told her, the latter being ther things, and perhaps in the course f another year our wish may be grati careful to choose the time, and the n her impulse of generosity, said Neo Jake " (by Jake was meant the hired might take a month, and insisted on preman who had helped Dyke in the care of the farm) " has married, and he and his wife are living in our little home, and senting her then and there with a sum o money which was more than sufficient to defray all the current expenses of her absence. And Ned went to bed that night thankful and happy. But the next morning, when the whole "My heart fails me to tell Aunt Meg

"My heart fails me to tell Aunt Meg what I have told you, and she is so easily satisfied so long as she thinks I am doing well, that I fancy it will be the better course to say simply that I am needed in New York, and cannot spare the time to see her for some months. She is quite house in Albany heing the recipient of company was assembled on the lawn after breakfast, and Mrs. Doloran attacked by a sudden indisposition which, sufficient to confine her to her room, no see her for some months. She is quite happy in Albany, being the recipient of an affection from her nephews there, as fond and lavish as she herself bestows; indeed they have yet enough to make her unusually whim-sical and fretful, began to revert to her promise of a month's absence made to Ned the night before, she regretted ex indeed, they have more than once writte remely having given any such pledge. Who would take Ned's place while the to me that they, having as natural a claim upon her as I have, would like to keep her with them always." latter was gone; who would be the shy, sensitive, obliging, and uncomplaining but that this poor, tried lady's companion With a tender, brotherly remembrance, had been during all those months she could not have it, and impelle Ned, full of delight and expectation, had flown to her own room to read it; now she felt as it her heart would burst No ed hoth by her previsioness, and by the hope of badgering Ned out of her intended jourwith agony. So rudely shattered all her summer hopes; but it was not that thought ney, she said suddenly, when there was a momentary lull in the noisy conversawhich gave her the keenest pain; it was the thought of Dyke's bitter blow. Sh

"You did not tell me last night, Ned,

that there was any real necessity for this journey of yours to Albany. What is it that is taking you there?" Everybody in the company looked up, and looked directly at poor Ned; even Alan Carnew sat with a book before him; Alan Uarnew sat with a book before him; he was the more interested, as this was the first intimation he had of Ned's in-tended journey, and not knowing whether she meant to take her final leave of Rahandabed, he waited anxiously for farther developments. She was sitting slightly in the rear of

Mrs. Doloran, whose ample person partly shaded her, and she answered only loud "I am going to visit an old and very dear friend." enough to be heard by that lady

must have been at the very least a couple of hundred dollars, and she would have poured into Ordotte's hands more of her personal adornments but that he stopped is there, and increasing. All the hos-pitals and charities, and all the schools

which include girls among their pupils -for the Mohammedans do not think her, saying, laughingly : "No doubt the young lady will come to it worth while to instruct girls-are in the hands of the Catholics, and a suf-"No doubt the young lady will come to terms without requiring somany gifts." He was nothing loth to go upon the errand, for he had his own secret reason for wishing Ned not to take her final de-parture from Rahandabed. Did she do so, it might entail upon him some trouble to keep constantly informed of her where-abouts. fering native knows whence alone help will come to him in his time of need. By their works ye shall know them. Is not this the first step by which to recover our lost ground ?

DECEMBER 8, 1900;

young Arabs rescued by him during

the famine of 1867. It is exclusively

an agricultural settlement under ed

clesiastical control, has a population

of two hundred and three inhabitants, a church, a mission house, and an

establishment of Sisters, and it is in a

high state of prosperity. It is most

interesting, and shows what can be

done with Arabs by means of religion.

There is one uncivilized native tribe

which has the custom of tattooing the

forchead with the sign of the cross,

and of observing a holiday, the 25th of December, which is always called

onsecrating his whole life and asking

tals doing glorious work for God. One order is of special interest there,

as its work is centered in Africa-the

Fathers of the Desert," or "White

s white, and they wear white

Their missionary work among the

1886 these dusky-skinned Christians

ferring to be burned alive rather than

to be traitors to their Master. It was

do not feel it in that way. Some

never the great ones." In the meetings of the order, when names are an

nounced of those chosen to go on mis-

ing of hands at each name that is

read, and congratulations given to

those to whom the chance for active

means farewell to all friends left be

hind, and a life of absolute self-sacrifice

and labor for souls under conditions

about as hard as could well be im

mighty force for good among a

The Catholic Church in Tunis is a

Catholic population, principally Italian

under her guidance. There again I

saw something of the work of one un-

assuming priest attached to the cathe-

dral. He was only one of the many-

and French, and there are great num

sions, there is hearty applause,

service has been allotted.

agined.

clap

Yet it

were ready to die for their faith, pre

Even as late as

There is one marked exception to the general rule that no Christians are made from the native Arab tribes. Southwest from Algiers is the village of St. Cyprien des Attaps, founded by Cardinal Lavigerie, and peopled with

to keep constantly internet of not where abouts. Ned's temper, according to its old fashion, was quickly succeeded by peni-tence, and calling to mind the many fav-ors she had received from Mrs. Doloran, and remembering also that the lady, owing to her whimsical mind, was hard-ly responsible for what she said, and that she, on accepting the position, had been warned of the trying nature of its duties, the was full of cansure for herself. So Or: she wasful of ensure for herself. So Or-dotte came upon her crying heartily, and looking almost as lovely in her tears as

she had done in her temper. He delivered his errand in a very pleasant, kindly way, and she was touched anew by these proofs of Mrs. Doloran's

generosity. "Take them back," she said, "and tell "Take them back," she said, "and teil her that it is I who crave forgiveness for having forgotten my place so far as to make that hasty, angry speech. Tell her I am very, very sorry." And the pretty mouth quivered again, and the eyes filled once more, and Ordotte hurried hack with his message, in order to

"The Birthday." Yet they have no tradition of ever having been Christian in the past, though there seems hurried back with his message, in order t every probability that they must have be out of sight of so much beauty in such been, ages ago. touching distress. In the exuberance of her delight, Mrs.

been, ages ago. All over Algeria and Tunisia one sees the untiring faith and work of the Catholic Church—the faithful parish priest, the father of his flock, Diloran would go herself to Ned, and in a little while, during which the company were on the pinnacle of annused expecta-tion, she returned, with one of her ample arms about Ned's waist, and her face exfor no earthly reward, and the religious orders in their schools and hospi

arms about Ned's waist, and her face ex-pressive of the utmost satisfaction. So, Ned's journey to Albauy was amic-ably settled and the next day, promising to return in a week, but being assured the might remain two months, she was driven to the station by Donald Macgilivray.

XXIV.

Fathers," as they are called, founded by Cardinal Lavigerie, their head-The Albany relatives of Meg Standish consisted of a single and a married nephew --children of her only deceased brotherquarters at Carthage. The dress in Africa, either a while hat or a red fez, and live as near-ly like the natives as possible. who lived and worked together. They were carpenters and in sufficiently con fortable circumstances to enable th m to keep their own shop adjoining their own very cosy little dwelling, so that Ned, when arrived at her journey's end, tired, dusty, and hungry, having been too timid to seek refreshment anywhere, found her-self ascending the stoop of a very neat and substantial-looking house. It was even ning and too dark to distinguish well th was eve face of the woman who admitted her, but the voice that responded to her inquiry for Meg was cordial and pleasant.

gist, as the excavation of ancient Carthage was wholly superintended by the hall, and in which a lighted him ; but his greater zeal is the real work of his order. It was inspiring tasteful appearance of the apartment; in a few minutes she recognized Meg's wellto see the enthusiasm of these monks. One with a rare spiritual face said to

me, with deep feeling : " People often commiserate us on the hardships we undergo ; they should not do that ; we and not some cruel deception of her own imagination? But Ned's voice calling to her, and Ned's arms open to enclasp her, time the little things are trying, but assured her; she embraced her darling while tears of joy streamed down her minkled chert

which teals of joy standard down in with the teals of joy with the teals of the teal of teal o miration of her beauty, and their wonder and pleasure at her unaffected manners the won them all, from the brawny, cor dial nephews themselves and the good hearted wife, to the toddling, two-year old child, who took to nestling on the young lady's lap, with the same confid-ence that she showed to her mother and Meg.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Captions Mrs. Doloran was not at all CATHOLICS IN NORTH AFRICA.

## DECEMBER 8, 1900.

## THE HONOR OF SHAUN MALL

Of the terrible periods of starvati that swept over Ireland, beginning the year 1845, the famine of '48 will mbered as the most destructi and devastating. While the suffering in the congested districts of the large cities was widespread, yet, to count balance this, there was in these pla an organized system of relief co ducted along both public and priv lines. It was in the small hamlets among the isolated tenant farmers t the famine wreaked the greatest ha for among those people there were philanthropists to give aid.

The cabin of Shaun Malia was a ated on a barren tract of land, in mountain region, some twenty miles northwest of Cork. There lived with his wife and child for lived with his wife and child for five years that had ensued since death of Capt. Sanderson. This d marked an epoch in Shaun's hith uneventiul life; for the old cap and his ancestors for generations b had been lords of the broad dor the broad market and broad dor that surrounded Sanderson Manor typical country "squire," of period, the captain was a h drinker, and ardent sportsman, a poor business man. His estates heavily encumbered at his that his son despaired of reclai them, and consequently they p

with the passing of the old f Shaun lost his position as gard for the manor house was boarded after the sale and the Sanderson f moved away. Many a time after while tilling the soil of his stony on the mountain side, he sigh the good old days of the easy-captain. It was hard work, the kets were far away, and rent day with certainty whether the crop ] or bad.

It had been a weary enough st since the first famine year to starvation away, but now, wi failure of the potato crop throu blight, the end seemed very For awhile they managed to sul the half-decayed potatoes that th from the ground, but Shaun kn this was aimost as bad as stan and that they must soon be mad the decaying vegetables. Even this source of food was

exhausted when little five mary fell ill. The first day of h ness Shaun sat by her bedside, less, a despairing glare in h and his pale, bearded face h with both mental and physical a Maggie, his wife, with a wisti on her wan face, sought to him, with words of hope as th wore on ; but in the gray dawn, when she thought that sleeping, she stole sofily or cabin. When he followed found her leaning against the ledge, sobbing as if her hes

"Come, Maggie, machree, "sure it'll do ye no good to this way. I was thinkin' u just whin ye wint out, an daylight comes I'll thry it."

Drying her eyes confused lowed him to lead her bac dwelling, while he eagerly

his plan. "A good many years ago "I had a chance to do a f great an' good man-a price is, in the city of Cork. At the told me if I ever needed write to him. Maybe he's me, but it'll do no harrum So, whin the daylig see. So, whin the dayn God knows it'll go against -I'll beg the price uv the postage, an' write to him." "It's a long way to the good eight miles," she said, an' ye're not sthrong.' "Yes," he answered we sat on the side of the be sick child lay tossing unea long way, but it's our We must thry and save he With the first glint of th he made ready to depart, a the child before leaving. lowed him to the door and l on his coat sleeve with a p gesture : gesture : "Are ye sure ye have f Shaun ?" she said. "Y Murray, the ould man, st village two days ago, an', Shaun looked at her cu noticed her hesitation. "I know what ye ma " They found him along terday. But don't sthrong, an' I'll be back the help of God. God stoed at the door, crump apron in her hands, and until he was swallowed t mist of the dawn that co ley and made the landsc blur. A cry from the s her into the cabin. She little sufferer's tangled and moistened her fev water. Then taking h she crooned a soothing child slept. It was night when S dragging his feet after were weighted. He st the bed, and lay on drawn sigh of wearin eyes that he might the ly enjoy the sense of r him. Maggie came cl evident anxiety to he his errand. After av his eyes and spoke : "I sent the letter o I met Squire Bagleyto visit at Sanderson him that I wanted si letter. He gave me bought this for her." He pointed with his little Mary, and Ma

black tribes is crowned with extraordinary success, for their conversions number thousands. my privilege to meet several of these missionaries — one Pere Delatire, famous in the world as an archailo-Yes, Miss, she lives here ; come in and I'll tell her." Ned went into a little room opening from

known step. The fond old creature could hardly cred-it the evidence of her eyes; was it really Ned in the flesh that stood before her,

strong grasp upon his shoulder, and made no further effort to board the train, see ing which, Dyke said, with a quietness that was so stern it was almost as terri-

ble as his anger: "Come with me."

They entered a house which made pretensions of being a hotel, and, amid the bustle occasioned by the departure of the busile occasioned by the departure of the train, they were comparatively unnoticed. Both knew the place, for both had so-journed there, and no one questioned or opposed when Dyke led the way to a pri-vate anariment in the rare of the private apariment in the rear of the bar. There, closing the door, and standing with his back against it, he took from his pocket the accusing letter, and extended

"Read, Patten," he said, and give me one word for answer, yes or no." Patten, in mortal fear, knowing his

puny strength beside this great athletic fellow, read as he was requested to do; then he was silent, overwheimed that his treachery had been so speedily and so

the man's very silence a confirmation of

his worst fears. Patten recovered himself; it was neces-sary to tell some story to be saved from the summary vengeance which threatened in Dyke's eyes, and he said, trying to as-sume a confidence and courage he was far from feeling.

This is not the first time, Mr. Dutton, a man has been vilified by a malicious enemy. The patent this company has obtained, though for an invention similar to your own, will not entrench upon yours

when you get it." "When I get it," repeated Dyke sarcastically. "And," he continued, "how is it you have never said a word about any invention similar to mine being in the market? Wasit because you were in the interest of this company from the first, and that you had made your plan to deceive me

"I want no quibbling, Patten; I want the truth, and I shall have it if I have to force it out of you."

XXII.

ects.

The winter and spring passed, and Ned —who in every trying hour, and some times she had many of them, comforted herself by thinking of the summer where the summer when any she fordly are her all sorts of unpleasant questions. At last she thought of Mr. Carnew; he would know and direct her, and though she hesitated a little to approach him, because of the gravity and reserve which always marked his manners, she felt as-sured he would treat her graciously, and not being a woman, he would be unlikely she should go home, as she fondly re garded the little mountain farm-had be gun to count the days that must elaps until June arrived, the time she had set for her departure. Her remuneration was, as Mrs. Mowbray had said it would be, quite liberal, and even more than that, for Mrs. Doloran had frequent imo concern himself more than was neces sary with her business. So, to Mr. Carnew she applied, finding

him in the library, and astonishing him not a little by her errand, which she stated in a very straightforward and pulses of generosity, in which she made the young girl handsome presents. Ned happened to suit her whimsical disposi-Ned modest manner. "I can give you a check payable to the order of your friend," he replied, "and you can inclose it in a letter." tion, and even to win by her gentle, re

he letter ended.

served demeanor a little of her affection though these facts did not restrain any of her absurd requirements. And Nec had been as saving as the veriest miser "Thank you; that will do," and she pulled out her little purse. He drew up the check on a city bank, payable to Dykard Dutton, thinking with-in himself as he wrots that Dattonen he was silent, overwhelmed that his bachery had been as saving as the veriest miser; hot a cent went for any purpose save the one, that of hoarding in order to be able to pour into Meg's lap all of her little e man's very silence a confirmation of s worst fears. Patten recovered himself; it was neces-try to tell some story to be saved from whom he remembered the instant he heard the name, as the country-looking fellow to whom Ned had introduced him -was Ned's lover, and that he was the love and care that had been bestowed

-was Ned s lover, and that he was worthless and unmanly enough to take this poor girl's earnings, for Ned had told him nothing of the circumstances that might render sufficiently laudable Dyke's comptance of her gift. And he pitied upon herself. Dyke wrote as infrequently as ever,

and his carefully worded letters gave her no intimation of what he was doing. She supposed that his long scjourn in New York was in the interest of his inacceptance of her gift. And he pitied Ned, and at the same time had a sort of contempt for her; contempt that she had vention, and that when she saw him in the summer time, he would give her all the particulars he omitted to write now. So, as the summer came ou apace, and fellow;

check with charming conriesy. "Thank you," she said again in her simple, modest manner, raising her clear, frank eyes for a moment to his, and tak-Rahandabed assumed all its summer glory, inviting the guests, of which the house was wellnigh fail, to constant outing her way gracefully out. He watched her, admiring her in spite of himself, and feeling for an instant something like a secret pang that she had arket. Was it because you were in the terest of this company from the first, ad that you had made your plan to de-ive me?" An Dutton; believe me, I "No, no, Mr. Dutton; believe me, I "No, no door pastimes, Ned seemed to grow as ject in the surroundings of her mountain

themselves, the

satisfied with the reply.

satisfied with the reply. "Going to visit an old and dear friend," she repeated, in her loud unfem-inine voice, "that is all very well to say; it sounds very sweet, and very true, too: he is an old and dear friend—a very dear some repugnance to acquainting a servant with her business. She also shrank from asking Mrs. Dolfriend, no doubt. I dare say he is the same that called on you here, a little while after you came; now be frank, Ned, oran, fearing that lady would in turn ask and tell us all about it : you are going t and tell us all about it; you are going to be married, are you not, and you are going to do it in a very sly, quiet man-ner, coming back to us as if nothing at all had happened; or, perhaps, you are al-ready matried--" World nothing stop this woman's

Would nothing stop this woman's tongue? Ned was bursting with indigna tion ; surely no remuneration could pay for such insults as these ; but Mrs. Doloran was mounted on one of her favorit hobbies, and she was going to ride i until she was tired. "I do not doubt in the least but that

you are married; you are so quiet, and so shy, and so just like what a married to

nan would be, and—" Bat Ned could endure no more; her whole fiery temper was aflame. She rose from her seat forgetful of everything but that she was the butt of most heartless insults.

Herlarge, lustrous eyes sparkling with anger, her checks of the richest crimson, and the firm indignant poise of her grace-fal form as she stood excited universal, though secret, admiration. Alan Car-new's eyes were piercing her through, as she said

" It may belong to wealth to insult the poor, Mrs. Doloran, but it is a base wo-manhood which insults the defenseless of her sex.

Her voice trembled painfully while she spoke, but the firm poise of her person had not once yielded, and when she had finished she walked away with the mien so little character as to love this worthle but he suffered none of his feel ings to appear, and he handed her the of a queen. "By Jove !" said Mascar Ordotte, seat-

ed on the other side of Mrs. Doloran, "I never felt so much like applauding any-body in my life; that girl has the right kind of spirit."

A remark which Alan Carnew echoed

in his secret heart. Mrs. Doloran, with her wonted sudden Mrs. Doloran, with her wonted sudden change of temper, had gone instantane-ously from her peevish and wanton at-tack upon Ned, to fear and dismay lest Ned should leave her altogether. "Go after her, Mascar," she pleaded, "tell her I am sorry for all that I said, that she can have two months to visit her friends in Albany; and here, take her these as peace offerings—" Hurriedly divesting herself of a dia-mond ring, her necklace of brilliants, a lace handkerchief, whose purchase price

The Missionary.

Returning from a stay of many months in foreign lands — Algeria, Tunisia, Italy and France-with a goodly number of kodak snapshots showing something of the surface of the countries that I have visited, the thought often recurs to me. " What have I to recount of the real life of the people which would be of special in terest to the American, stay-at hom Catholic ?" Many times have I wished for a good sized group of de-spondent ones (I wonder if there can be any such among the read ers of The Missionary?) by my side, that they might share with me the cheer and enthusiasm which come to often to the American Catholic traveling in foreign countries

In the first place, we Catholics are at home everywhere, wherever there is the most humble little chapel or the grandest cathedral. I remember well the wistful, half envious expression or the face of an Englishman in the oasie town of Biskra. when he saw me going You have your Church to Mass, "You have your Church everywhere !" So in truth it is. I was in the desert of Sahara, and yet at

It is depressing enough to compare the condition of affairs in these modern days, the contrast between the early centuries when the Christian Church was all powerful in North Africa, and now, when it is a mighty stronghold of Mohammedanism. The Mussulman is there in force, and his fanaticism seems almost incredible in these modern times with the wide spread of enlighten nent. Another depressing feature in the case is, that those Mussulmans who go to France and England for their education on their return become the most fanatical. Yet it is not all dis-couraging. The Church of Christ is there, too; and only this last winter a most imposing monument in memory of Cardinal Lavigerie was put in the chief square of Biskra and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. So, although it is an important Mussulman centre, there stands in bronze the figure of the great Cardinal, holding aloft in triumph the cross of

Christ

for one finds such priests everywhere all over the globe-lives of absolute consecration to our Lord's service such as is rarely found outside the ranks of the Catholic clergy. The face was of the finest Italian type, the very ideal that artists seek for the faces of their saints, for far beyond the mere beauty of feature was an expression of spirit-uality, that unmistakable look of entire consecration to our Lord's service which would have been striking enough to beautify even a common place face. There was always to be found

at his post, ready with words of help for all who approached him, rich or poor, friend or stranger. My experience was always the same, such Chris tian kindness and sympathy offered to me without stint from the clergy every where, no matter in what country found myself. Three vivid pictures remain in my mind of this holy young priest, all within the walls of the Tunis cathedral.

Just outside the sacristy door, one day, I saw him seated while the most wretched looking, old, ragged man knelt at his side, the very picture ef misery, pouring out his tale of woefor woe indeed it was, for he was bowed down with grief. But the old man knew where to go for help in his time of dire need ; the peace and consolation that heaven only gives, offered to him by means of this young priest. Another day I found ny young saint -as he always seemed o me-in the sacristy surrounded by s group of voluble old women, while he patiently listened to all they had to say, and, I am sure, helped them The last picture I have of him is in the midst of a group of little Italian girls, giving them a lesson in catechism, and he seemed truly inspired by the Holy Ghost as he pointed to the great crucifix above their heads, and in his eloquent Italian brought home to those tresh young hearts the mighty mean. J. G. R. ing centered there. Little inroad into Mussulman

Perfectly healthy people have pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and en-riches the blood and makes people healthy. fanaticism does the Christian Church appear to make, but a silent influence

But the next moment he laught a lover. at his odd fancy, and turning to his books again, forgot her for the time.

"I want no quibbling, Patten; I want the truth, and I shall have it if I have to force it out of you." He strode to the now trembling wretch. "For God's sake, Mr. Dutton, you would do no violence; remember that I am unarmed, and much smaller and "Yes," multered Dyke, "unarmed, but armed with the wrong and ruin you have