

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED

The stars were shining and a faint gleam in the east told of the rising moon when again he looked with conscious eyes on the group around him. He turned to Hal, and said in a voice that struggled to make itself heard:

"Hal, listen to my dying wishes. Doubtless my property has been consigned, but if anything should be left I desire that it shall be used for the benefit of the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers."

His eyes rested for a moment on Clay Powell, who was standing at the foot of the bed, his arms folded, his head bent sadly.

"My friend, Phil whispered 'dearer than you dream'! Aloud, he said: 'Clay, those silver riding spurs of mine—for the sake of our friendship, keep them when—I am gone.'"

For the first time in the knowledge of those standing there, Clay Powell gave outward expression of the feeling that was wracking his soul. He stepped to the side of the rude bed, and bending over it, wrung the hand lying on the rough soldierly blanket.

"Phil!" he said brokenly, "Phil!" but his voice failed him completely and he turned away. Phil closed his eyes and set his teeth to keep back all which, in that moment, surged up from his great, loyal heart. When the moment was passed, he again turned to Hal and said:

"I give you my sword, Hal. It kept your father's company in Mexico. And, a quiver ran along his voice. 'She'll miss me! But poor horses! It's all over, you will take her back to Cardome.' He drew a deep breath, and added: 'Draw nearer, Hal. I have one more legacy to make. Among my belongings you will find a small portfolio. It contains some of the work of the Herald's poet. Give this to Virginia. Tell her that as the writer of those poems was wholly her friend in life, he is so in death. Tell her, he went on in a strong, clear voice, lifting his eyes from the young face bending over him to the summer sky, now radiant with the splendor of the full moon, that if this fact closing life of mine has been at all good, and because of this I shall find beyond the great change I shall soon experience a world of larger love, perfected existence, I owe it to her—all, all to her.'"

He closed his eyes and soon his mind began to wander, and his waiting friends were given glimpses of the past. Once he looked up and asked:

"Is it daybreak, Hal?" "Not yet," replied his friend. "I think," Phil said, his eyes on the sad, boyish face, "I think I shall reach Cardome by daybreak."

"God grant it," said Hal, softly, thinking of the other dear Home, the great longed-for resting-place of human souls. Toward morning his words of battles and wild rides ceased and he was again at Cardome. Sometimes speaking as a brother would to Thomas; then, after a silence of a few minutes, he said:

"I must leave soon, for the way is long and the hour is late. Won't you sing for us, Virginia, before we part?" He smiled, and an expression of joy came into his face, and with a stab of pain Hal remembered the last time Phil had visited Cardome, a few days before Morgan had started with the "Lexington Rifles" to join the Confederate force at Green River. Long he lay quiet, hearing again in memory the old songs she had sung that evening. Then a quiver ran over his daying face, followed by the radiance of a smile, and Hal knew Virginia had come to the beautiful hymn she had, at Phil's request, then sung.

"Sing the last verse once more, Virginia," Phil said, gently; and as memory repeated her invitation to him to join with her, the dying soldier lifted his voice, and with his half-closed eyes fixed dreamily on the pearl tinted sky, murmured out over the wondrous hush that waited the dawn:

"While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee!"

A holy silence followed. The smile froze on the singer's face. The beautiful soul of Phil McDowell had reached its "Casa Domus!"

A few days later Job reached Ludlow, where Virginia now lived. When her eyes fell on the boy, leaning by Ladybird, it did not need Hal's letter to tell her that Phil McDowell was dead. But when she learned how he had died, her sorrow was somewhat soothed. Why should she mourn for him who welcomed his release? How gladly, in after hours, she gleaned from the poems he had left her.

"If I had only known!" she cried to her heart, as she now comprehended the meaning that was hidden under those musically strung words. "If I had only known, oh, my friend!" As she sat on the porch that fronted the long, low house, thinking on that lost friend, Chloe came wearily across the lawn, and resting herself on the steps, exclaimed:

"Laws! but I've tish'd! It's a pow'ful long walk to Covington." Then she turned her face toward her mistress and asked: "Who'd y'ink I seen in town honey? Dat

young lady w'at wuz a-shayin' at ole Mis' Powell's?" "Mis' Sears?" said Virginia.

"Yes, honey. An' she's in a heap uv trouble, sure. She followed me into de stob an' ask me if I wazn't Mis' Castleton's woman, an' w'en I told huh I wuz, she said she's very glad to see me. An' she tole me she's in de great 'fliction. An, I ax't huh if she ain't wif ole Mis' Powell, and she shook huh head an' de tears come into huh big eyes. Den she tole me how Mis' Powell tumbled huh away, an' all 'cause one evenin' she wuz standin, at de Park gate, an' a po'r Rebel sojor came along, an' he stopped an' talked to huh an' tell huh he's in such straits an' fear he'll git ketch'd. Laws, honey, 'cried Chloe, interrupting herself, 'but don't I know 'at dat is to be mos' skeared to de lass'n a Yankee'll pounce 'pon yoh! De young lady she tole de sojor to wait an' she'll fix 'im up. An' so she sen' de blue gum niggah— he allus wuz a wicket man!—to Georgetown an' tell him to buy a suit of clothes an' bring them to huh. He did, an' she give 'em to de sojor, an' he c'ared out an' got south to his regiment. But de blue gum, he tole his mammy an' she tole Mis' Powell, an' she gits awful mad, an' say Mis' Castleton goin' to ruin huh sure, an' dat she mus' leave de Park right away. An' po'r Mis' Castleton, she comes to Covington. But she ain't got no friends an' she's in pow'ful misery."

"Poor girl!" cried Virginia, instantly forgetting her former dislike of Clariess on hearing of her distress. "Did you get her address?" "She give it to me 'thout axin' foh it," remarked Chloe. "But she said she can't stay der only two moh days, 'cause she can't pay de lan' lady."

"I must go to her immediately," cried Virginia, but Chloe, the wary, expostulated:

"Don't yoh do dat, mah honey! 'Membah she done wrong to Mars' Tom an' Miss Bessie. An' 'membah how Mars' Davison tole yoh not to let anybody know where yoh is tell he comes back. Dem wuz his words to yoh, honey-chile, an' Mars' is a wise man. He knows many doin's w'at yoh nevah dreams of. Oh, do his biddin', honey chile!"

"For shame, Chloe!" cried Virginia. "Won't you have me leave this poor girl alone in her terrible need? When I was in sore distress did not God always raise up a friend for me? He is watching over that other child of His, too, and cherishes her as tenderly. What if she did something we must condemn? Is there one of us who can look over her or her life and say, 'I have done no wrong? For all we know, she may have acted innocently. But that is not the question. It is a woman in need, and I must go to her.'"

Virginia lost no time in finding Clariess, and gave her the assurance that some provision would instantly be made against the misfortune that had so unexpectedly overwhelmed her. The promise was fulfilled in an unlooked-for manner. The governess employed in the family of which Virginia had been a member since her escape from the Newport prison, having decided to return to her home in New York, left the position open to Clariess, who immediately accepted it. In the story Clariess had given there was one grain of truth—she had met the Confederate soldier; but as he was the deserter in Morgan's command, the assistance she rendered him was not such as would injure her in the eyes of Mrs. Powell. On the contrary, it tended to draw to her that astute lady's attention. She recalled her early impression of Clariess's utter lack of conscience, and wondered if she might not have made a mistake in depending for assistance on Howard Dallas entirely. After all, it was only a desire to avenge himself on Virginia Castleton that had made him Clay Powell's enemy, while Clariess would be actuated by a wish to aid the relative upon whom she depended, and the hope to put out of her way a strong menace to her future enjoyment of the Powell acres. So while Dallas and young Menefee were speeding to Lexington with the news of Morgan's defenceless position, Mrs. Powell indignantly unfolded her plans and was rewarded by Clariess's promise to lend her what assistance lay in her power. The after results, the complete failure of the Federals to capture Morgan, and Howard Dallas's discomfort under the cool treatment given him by General Ward, were not reassuring. When, however, the news of the release of the Newport prisoners was received, which was accomplished, as the guards declared, through the treachery of the man Dallas had strongly recommended to them, the Unionists began to look upon him as a secret foe, while honest men of all beliefs began to avoid him. Even young Menefee, forswear his society, and to his sister's intense relief, joined their father's regiment, as a member of which he afterward redeemed his mispent youth by giving his life in defence of his cause.

One by one the liberated ladies had returned to their homes. Howard Dallas waited for Virginia. The days passed, the seasons changed; still she did not come, and the fear that he had been completely foiled began to creep into his heart. It was then Clariess said to him and to her cousin: "I will find her!" A month after leaving the Park, she had fulfilled her promise.

CHAPTER XXV

The days wore on. Again the news came that Morgan had started on another raid, and this time all the available Federal forces were gathered together to conquer this dauntless leader of dauntless men. This could not be done in Kentucky, and again he eluded, harassed, and was victorious over the foe. The success of his brilliantly conceived and executed projects emboldened him to penetrate further into the enemy's stronghold, and in July he made his dash across the country into Ohio. It was a bold deed, and only a man cast in heroic mold would have attempted it, and it would have been carried to a successful conclusion if chance had not aided the enemy; for it was not due to knowledge or foresight that Judah and Hobson, with a force several thousand strong, were advancing from different directions to shut in Morgan and his nineteen hundred men. But he is not conquered who yields to superior numbers, and his captors could claim no glory, though General Burbridge had the honor of receiving the surrender of General Morgan and the sad remnant of his command.

Afterward, when all had been completed, and Morgan, with a soldier's calm, had accepted from General Shackelford the sentence of imprisonment for himself and men, he said:

"One favor, General? Permit me to send back my horse to Kentucky." "With pleasure, General Morgan," replied he, and wrote an order that the rider and horse should be allowed to pass un molested. When Job was summoned and the commission was delivered to him, his mind instantly conceived the bold project of using this as a means to save his young master; but as he had all the negro's regard for his own personal safety, he said, saluting in proper military fashion:

"Gen'l, please, sub, write 'hosses.' Yoh see, sub, I've got ter tek Mars' Hal's hoss, too, an' some uv dem Yank—'scuse me, sub, I meant to say some of yoh gen'lmen might be a-wantin' to tek one uv 'em from me, seazin' ez h'ow de writin' only sez boss? Bof uv dem hosses, sub, wuz rized at Cardome, an' I can't 'ford to 'low 'em to go to de Yank—'scuse me, sub, o'thah gen'lmen."

"What do you think of that for coolness?" asked General Shackelford of one of his officers, adding: "It is too remarkable to be passed un-noticed;" and taking another piece of paper he wrote an order that this man and his horses should be passed without let or hindrance to the Gulf of Mexico. "Now," he concluded, "that will permit you to take all the horses you can catch."

"Thank you, sub! but I nevah tek only w'at 'longs to ouh fambly, sub! and giving General Morgan a look of farewell, he led Victivictive away. Straight to Hal he hurried.

"Come 'long, Mars' Hal!" he cried, joyfully. "De Yankee man's writ yoh an' me a pass to go home. It sez de ridah an' hosses is to go sez free, an' 'course dey'll know dat a gen'lman got ter tek his swivan wif 'im. Day yain't nobody gwan to 'spute dis writin'."

"That is true," said Hal, as he read the order; and he turned his eyes toward the not far distant place where Clay Powell stood beside his black horse. Hal took his pencil and scribbled these words on a leaf from his notebook: "General Morgan has secured this pass, ostensibly for Job and Victivictive, but it is intended for you. It will take you South where you can help secure our release. Leave at once.—Hal."

Then he said to Job: "Take the pass and this note to Colonel Powell. Don't lose a moment. Nothing will happen to any of us, if you get Colonel Powell to Kentucky." Job was not satisfied, but he had learned soldierly obedience, and went to do his master's bidding. He reached Colonel Powell unseen, as he thought, by one of the enemy, but scarcely had the papers been read when a Federal officer advanced, saying:

"You are my prisoner! Give up those papers!" "One of these papers is for you to read," replied Colonel Powell, who, never doubting the truth of what Hal had written, had resolved to obey his chief's command if he could; "the other is for my eyes only, and I deny that you have the authority or right to force it from me!" "You are my prisoner," reiterated the officer. "Your general has surrendered. I repeat, I must see those papers—or a soldier must do his duty."

Job, who had never taken his eyes from the Federal officer, now said, with a laugh:

"'Souse me, cap'n, but I thought I'd seen yoh somers! Yoh 'membah de night yoh got los' in de snow at Cardome an' Mis' 'Ginia kep' yoh from freezin' till one av de men cum? Dat ole man wuz my pap, an' 'e giv' yoh de las' drap uv gin in his bottle, he did, foh su'tin! I 'e mighty glad to see yoh ag'in, cap'n!"

A flush overspread the bronzed face of the soldier, and the wily Job continued:

"I seed yoh yain't 'o'get w'at Mis' 'Ginia done foh yoh—"

"I have not forgotten her kindness," said the soldier, who was evidently struggling with deep feeling. "Neither have I forgotten how I was deceived; and I think you are the very boy who, by taking me around that road, gave the enemy time to make his escape?"

"Cap'n, yoh's 'o'gettin' sure, now! I started de 'zaci way de Judge tole me, an' when we got to de bridge an' yoh 'oided not to cross it, dah wahn't 'nothin' else lef' fer me to do but tek yoh by de mud road. An' it wuz mighty lucky yoh did't tempt to cross de bridge, for it went down atahwads, yes, sub! He did not think it necessary, or wise, to add

that it had been destroyed by the Confederates. "Cap'n," he continued, in his wheedling tones, while Powell looked on in surprise, "Miss 'Ginia nevah thought w'en she found yoh in de snow dat yoh wuz her enemy, dat yoh wuz tryin' to kill her frien'. She juz worked dah tell she wuz 'most froze hussel; an' she'd a stayed dah tell bof uv yoh wuz dead afore she'd a-lef' yoh by yohself. Cap'n, Mis' 'Ginia yain't got no frien's now, but dis gen'l'm'n an' Mars' Hal. Mars' Hal's ovah dah, an' de Yankee is a gwan to ketch him, sub, an' dis'll be all de frien' Mis' 'Ginia'll have den."

The Federal officer lifted his glance from the ground and for a full moment looked into the eyes of Clay Powell; then said, in measured tones:

"Permit me, sir, to see your passport." Powell placed the General's order in the outstretched hand. The Federal officer returned it quickly, saying: "All right, sir!" but added, Should you see Miss Castleton, tell her the Federal soldier has not forgotten. Tell her, also, that in an Ohio home there is a baby girl to whom a grateful mother gave the name 'Virginia.'"

A day later Clay Powell reached the Kentucky shore, and, after sending Job to Willow wild, turned his horse's head toward the house where Virginia dwelt. It was late when he reached it. Behind the steep, wooded hills the sun was setting, and its crimson light beautified the sullen face of the river and softened into fairness the cliffs rising harsh and yellow on the Ohio side. The yard, that went down to the water's edge, lay in the shadow cast by the line of low trees circling it on the west, and there in the gathering gloom, under a tall, lone sycamore, stood Virginia. One hand rested against the white bole of the tree, the other held the book she had been reading. In her garb of mourning, with the shadow and the silence enfolding her, she gazed on his vision of one forever apart from all life and its joys, as some unkind hand had set the sycamore solitary in the centre of the green yard.

He dismounted, and his tread, as he approached, roused her from her sad thoughts. The faintest pink came into her cheeks as she saw him, and laid her hand in his, saying:

"I am glad to see you!" but added instantly, the color leaving her face, "Oh, do you, too, come with sad tidings?"

"Alas, yes!" he said. "Our command has surrendered, and General Morgan and his men are prisoners. By strategy he secured my escape, and I am hurrying to the South to see what can be done to effect their liberation. Hal is well, but a captive. He will go with the General, and I fear their place of incarceration will be Columbus."

"No, no!" she cried. "The North will not send her prisoners of war to the penitentiary with the criminals of Ohio!"

"I fear so," he returned. "It may be because necessity leaves no other course; it may be because our enemies wish to make more bitter our humiliation. I will not judge them. Time will do that, and rightly. Every action will be sifted by the relentless future, and men in other ages will judge according to our merits."

As he paused a sad silence fell, for the stable-boy was leading Ladybird across the yard.

"He died as the brave ought to die," then said Clay Powell softly, for he knew that she, like himself, was thinking of Phil; "with the echo of victory in his ears and words of love and trust on his lips. Ah! Miss Castleton, his voice taking a higher note, 'never did I behold a passing like his. It seems that we, standing there, could almost hear the gates of pearl swing open, while with trump and symbol and song of gladness, angels and archangels were marshalling out to welcome our captain to their band immortal. And there flashed on my mind the words that he of Patmos heard: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no more; nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away.' Yet, his voice lost our friend. We know we shall not look upon him like again."

"True," she said, "but turning her eyes toward the unlighted peaks across the river, 'the separation will not be for long.'"

The words struck an unaccountable chill into his soul. With her eyes turned from him, his glance dwelt on her in long scrutiny, and what ravages he noted made the healthy color fade from his face; for he thought that thinness eloquent of disease, that paleness the herald of death.

"May I ask about yourself?" he said, and his voice had much solicitude; "you are well?"

"Yes," she replied; adding, "You think I am changed? I have had much pain to bear and I have a terrible capacity for suffering. Sometimes I wish I had not promised Mr. Davidson to remain here until I should see him again. Do you know where he is?"

"No," he answered. "I am going from here to Willow-wild, with the hope of finding him there. I sent Job on ahead, with your horse and Hal's, and he then proceeded to tell her of the circumstance that had made possible his escape and the after encounter with the Federal officer."

Virginia had forgotten Clariess, who was sitting on the porch steps, and who could thus overhear every word of their conversation. As she listened she made her plan. It was a desperate game to play, but the stakes were worth the risks. In another hour the train would leave Covington for Lexington, which town it would reach at 12 o'clock at night. There she could take a carriage and by fast driving arrive at the Park before daybreak. She rose quietly, and going to her room, took her hat and purse. On her way down she met one of her little pupils and said: "Tell mamma that I have gone over to see poor Mrs. Daniels. The doctor thinks she is worse. If they need me I will not come back tonight."

"Good by, Miss Sears," said the child, lifting her face for a kiss, "I'll be a good girl till you come back."

The walk to Covington was long and lonely, but Clariess thought neither of its dangers nor her fatigue. Before dawn she saw once more the tall oaks of the Park, and again was in the second parlor waiting for Mrs. Powell to come down. Clariess knew her cousin thoroughly; knew that while she might be, and was, merciless in demanding reparation for wrong done her, she was generous in rewarding any service; so the girl did not gamble with her present power, but said, quietly, when Mrs. Powell appeared:

"I have done what I set myself to do for you. Morgan's Cavalry have been taken and sent to prison, all except Clay Powell. He comes to Willow-wild to day, in the hope of meeting Mr. Davidson. Yesterday evening he called on Virginia, and, unknown to them, I overheard the plans. He has ridden all night, but so have I. His route was more direct, but my steed was swifter, and unless that black horse of his has wings instead of feet, I win in the race. You know the road he must take to reach Willow-wild. Send for the Georgetown guards, and they can capture him before he reaches Mr. Davidson's, for you know that man."

"Mr. Davidson is not at Willow-wild," said Mrs. Powell. "Howard has had the place watched in the hope of securing him, for by aiding the prisoners to escape from Newport he is guilty of treason. But he never came back."

"Job, Hal's boy, is there," went on Clariess. "Mr. Powell sent him ahead. He will go direct to Virginia, if he should know of Mr. Powell's arrest. He will find some means of communicating with Mr. Davidson, and, Cousin Angie, that man is a wizard! Let the guards intercept Mr. Powell, and Job will naturally think that he has gone direct south. We can keep the arrest quiet for a while, at least, and—well, events may shape themselves to your purpose."

Mrs. Powell looked at the young girl with an expression half fear, wholly joy.

"You have spoken sensibly as you have acted well," she said, "and now listen, Clariess: if I never forget a wrong nor forgive it, I always remember and reward a service. From this day forward, you are as my daughter, heir to all that I have, and as soon as this unsettled state of affairs is over, and know of what I am possessed, I shall formerly adopt you; now, and she turned from the girl and looked toward the east, where, miles away, a lonely old man was sleeping in an humble cottage, "the last cup, the one I have been brewing for you these long years, you must soon drain. Then you will see all that these wooden hands could do!"

And Clariess turned with affrighted soul from the aspect that human countenance presented, thus lighted with the triumph of vindictiveness and hate. A mirror met her eyes, and for one terrible moment, it seemed to her that her own young, dusky face wore the horror of the one from which she shrank.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CARVING

"Wish you weren't such an old pagan," sighed Paul Lane, as he strayed around the combination library and studio of his friend, Philip Pison.

"I am not actually a pagan, you know. I really lack the essentials," laughingly declared the young artist.

"No use protesting," interrupted Paul. "This profusion of your incriminating handiwork indicts you."

Paul waved his hand accusingly around the room. Assuredly the objects included in his sweeping gesture seemed to support his statement. They were carvings, sculptures in wood, clay, and marble. Though the artist was but beginning his career, there was variety; but the subjects rather than wicked young satyrs, queer little woody figures, presumably dryads, eerie, light-footed, fanciful wild things. Not definitely, perhaps, might they be classed as pagan. They had a wholesome, lovable, half-human quality. They were not unlike some of the fancies which the early Gothic builders wrought in stone—reminders of creatures met in quaint medieval legends; strange, half-guileless, half-knowing wood folk, figuring in primitive stories and perhaps of those gentle creatures who heard and loved a St. Francis, a St. Anthony, and could never again be entirely like their fellow beasts and birds.

However, Paul was not well-versed in such lore, nor would his serious young mind have been hospitable to such fanciful ideas. To his casual observation, these exuberant fancies of his friend's deft hands and

fancy recalled the fabulous folk of pre-Christian times—and toward such he was now in no mood to be amiable.

"I don't mind your having an active fancy, but you're so behind the times! Isn't there anything in this big life of today to inspire your eyes and hand?"

"Yes, but I don't like realism; the Man with the Hoe and such things depress me. But why quarrel? My graven images are technical exercises, plays of fancy, not idols. I do know more about the art game than you, old man, though I can't hit the right terms to discuss systems of ethics with you. Come let's have a pipe and hear if any plans have ripened over night." And they seated themselves before the old-fashioned fireplace.

Both young men were obviously idealists, men of dreams. Strength and significance of purpose were clearly stamped upon the features of each, different as these were in contour. Paul's face was finely chiselled and somewhat austere, Philip's features were more rounded. Philosopher, poet, priest?—these might have been the speculations as to Paul's future vocation. About his comrade there had likely been less choice of alternatives. Artist, even a superficial observer might have prophesied correctly. It was not necessary to discover Philip had handed in his studio.

Though knit by many bonds they were as different in temperament as in appearance. Their respective attitudes toward things spiritual was somewhat indicated by Paul's jocular-serious regret that his friend was "such an old pagan"—a formula for Philip's exuberant youth. Paul was far graver. They had gone through college together in a happy boyhood friendship and their loyalty had strengthened with time and association. This evening their college work was over, so there was to begin a parting of the ways. Philip was to go to Italy to work at his art. And now Paul, whose plans had not developed to his own satisfaction until to day, was about to disclose his prospects.

"I've decided to study theology and if possible to enter the priesthood." The tone of the statement indicated that the speaker expected to create surprise. But Philip was not startled. "Old pagan" though he might be, Philip had always discerned a fine spiritual quality in Paul. Though this quality was one which Philip himself possessed in a lesser degree, he gloried in it, in his "great St. Paul" as he sometimes called his comrade.

Yet, it not surprised, he was somewhat grieved by Paul's announcement. It meant separation—perhaps for life. Therefore, he felt called upon to enter an objection: "I say, old fellow, are you sure? Is it settled? I thought you were going to pull off some big philosophical stunt—some thesis to knock Bergson into a cocked hat!"

"Maybe I shall," laughingly answered Paul. "The seminary offers a good chance even for that."

"But you won't have time! You'll have to dig so in theology and all that, won't you?"

"Yes, but it will not blur my philosophical vision—it really ought to clear it."

"Hang it, I wish you wouldn't," groaned Philip, "but I know there is no use arguing—it's in you! I've known it all along."

"You have always been most decent," murmured Paul, shyly giving a boyish tribute which Philip received with equal coyness.

"It just goes against the grain to lose you, that's all."

Paul smiled with the serenity of one whose measurement of human loss and gain was already different from the standards of other youths. "But you can't lose me," he protested.

"However sanctified you're going to be, you're not ready for miraculous appearances and all that mystical stuff yet. You'll be just as good as lost yonder in that town of my French ancestors. And I thought you were coming to prowl in the Vatican this winter while I'm working in Rome."

"Maybe I'll visit you before you leave Italy."

"Yes, a pretty pair we would be! You a re-collected seminarian and a gay Bohemian—Lord knows what I'll become without your influence! No use talking, we're parted forever."

"Nonsense! I'll soon be hunting you down with a commission for some church of mine."

But for all the loyal avowals, the next years did lead the young men far apart. They wrote to each other periodically, but each was so intense a worker that the letters became less and less frequent. Meantime, each was striding ahead. Philip was taking the prizes in his classes and bidding fair to be one of the best artists of his epoch. And far away in the famous old university, Paul was winning laurels of another type—for his rare spiritual nature and intellectual achievements. But he was too absorbed in study and discipline to note what others thought of him, and his ardent heart and mind burned for the accomplishment of his allotted probation, that he might go forth as an accepted laborer in his Master's vineyard. At last, strong, eager, and well-equipped, he was ready to go forth—once more Melchisedech for the service perpetual. His plans were made. With the approval of his spiritual adviser, he intended to go back to America, the particular vineyard which especially called to him. Though its railroads were now hung from ocean to ocean, from the Gulf to the Canadian North,

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"I had trouble with my Kidneys and Bladder so I got a sample of Gin Pills and followed directions. I felt better after the first dose and I kept taking them for a month. One day, Mr. Simpson, of this town, told me about the trouble he had with his kidneys, and I recommended him to try GIN PILLS, and gave him one to take. The next day, he brought some for himself, and both he and his wife have derived great benefit from them." HERBERT H. BAUER.

Gin Pills are 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 at all druggists. Sample sent free if requested.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto.

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