TWO

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

> BY ANNA T. SADLIEB BOOK II CHAPTER XVIII

PINXTER MORN Manhattan was at its gavest. The

trees, dressed in their most exquisite costumes of feathery green, tossed their branches merrily, exhaling the fresh odor of new verdure; the gar-dens were ablaze with the midsummer glory of flowers—roses of every hue, nasturtiums, pinks, peonies, Sweet William and mignonette filled all the beds or strayed over the paths; flowering shrubs, late lingering lilac and syringa perfumed all the air ; wistaria, clematis and rambler roses made festive all the trel lises. The people of the town rival-led the flowers in their bright-hued garments. Faces were radiant, as if the gloom and darkness of the late troublous times had passed; there was the laughter of happy children mingling with the songs of the birds. For it was Pinxter day, to

which the elders, only less eagerly than the little folk, had been looking forward for weeks. Picnics were arranged on every hand, by boat, by carriage, or, for the less favored ones of fortune, on foot. The per-egrinations of these latter extended

no farther than some spot by the river in the Wolfert's Valley, or in the comparatively rural quietude of familiar streets, to see the Pinxter Greenwich Village. Some there were who drove in heavy family coaches up along the Hudson, through Westchester or to the the domain of the patroons in the very heart of the State. Young Vrow Laurens, who was

form part of a large gathering of friends consisting chiefly of the Van Cortlandts and Laurens' relatives and connections, was going to spend the day at the country house of Nicholas Bayard. She came over quite early in the forenoon to throw her arms around the neck of Evelyn de Lacey, who, having returned from her exile with a full pardon, had once more taken up her abode in the It seemed as though sought by that embrace to give her friend a share in her own exuberant vitality and in the wholesome cheerfulness of the moment. Evelyn had naturally declined to be a guest any of the larger picnics, since the death of her father was as yet too recent.

How fine you are looking Polly ! Evelyn, surveying her friend with sincere admiration and noting the various details of her costume worn for the first time on that occasion. It consisted of a gown of en and mauve, showing glimpses of a petticoat of purple velvet, and a wide bonnet trimmed with green and mauve ribbons. Green stockings and fine morocco shoes gave a last uch to her finery, and emphasized her resemblance to a bird of bright plumage, with black, shining feet. Polly, nothing loath, displayed all these new clothes which she had specially got for the holiday, then linked her arm in that of her friend, and began to walk with her up and down those garden paths, where together they had strolled in the care. free days now past. From time to time the warm-hearted young woman squeezed Evelyn's arm, cry

ing : Oh, but it is splendid to have you here once more! It makes Pinxter day the more joyful!" Manhattan.

For Evelyn it was painful, too, though she did not obtrude such reflections on Polly's joyous mood. From childhood upwards, she had gone forth, usually with the Van Cortlandts and nearly always accom festival of Nature in one or other of

mansion in order. Polly related knew had been all the time consum many humorous incidents of the en. residence there of the sur posed visitors, and of the manner in which each had made her escape. But never again, I opine," said Evelyn, "will she procure such serv.

stant, burst into tears, remembering that last occasion upon which they For every young lady of quality in the town had been trained from her youth to proficiency in all household arts, and could have given her indolhad met. The young man was at first somewhat disturbed by those tears, which seemed to him so unlike Evelyn ; but, catching her murmured words of explanation and trying to adopt a matter of fact tone, he said : ent Ladyship many valuable hints in domestic management. As for the Governor himself, Polly could only hold up her hands in horror, and de-clare that he was a scandal to the

"Your father, whom I too learned to love and revere scarcely less than town, having even been discovered by the Watch clad in women's dress and decidedly under the influence of yourself, is far happier than we could have made him by our best en-deavors. And to please him we must liquor. The Watch were bent on taking him to the Guard House, but be happy. Come, Evelyn, where shall we spend our Pinxter day ?" Where but in wandering through discovered at length to their horror that it was the Governor. This somehow tickled Evelyn's sense of the dear streets of old Manhatta said Evelyn, bravely rallying. humor, and Polly declared that it was good to hear her laugh again gardens are all in bloom, and then we shall go take high tea at 5 o'clock with something of her old merriwith Madam Van Cortlandt, as I have

ment. When Polly, with another embrace of her friend, finally took her departure, she said as she paused

wistfully at the gate : "But you will be left alone, Evelyn dearest, alone on Pinxter day

to each other for countless years. The tears sprang to the girl's eyes Nor did Evelyn ask a single question. as the thought of her father recurred, Captain Ferrers, indeed, threw into his words, his tone, his manner and with a swift pang of remembrance. But, hurriedly forcing them back, she declared :

most loving heart could desire. He praised the beautiful picture which ' It's enough hanniness to be back Evelyn had made, with the mass of in Manhattan amongst you all, and where my dear father seems a living owers in her arms, when he had memory. Later I will take Elsa and go for a walk through the dear, caught that first glimpse of her after weary interval of their separa-. He told her how the low tones tion. of her voice had haunted him through the tedious term of his imgrowing everywhere and feel that I have a part in the festival. Do not prisonment, and that he had often fear but that it will be a happy one." wakened from sleep with that voice n his ears. There was plenty of Was it the spirit of prophecy that in his ears. comes to poetic natures which made such talk to fill all their wanderings her feel, as she made the prediction. through the dearly loved streets of that upon that day of rejoicing some Manhattan, where, as Evelyn had joy was to shine out from the clouds said, the gardens were all in bloom. Before leaving the cottage, like two of grief and desolation that had long enshrouded her? She leaned upon children, they had helped Elsa pre-pare a basket, which was to be taken the gate to watch the departure of her friend, and then turned her eyes to Golden Hill, where they intended upwards, through the green of the tree tops to the blue firmamentabove. to have a picnic. Elsa was to await them there, and she had the assist-

It almost seemed to her that her ance of Jumbo, whc, having a holiday father was near at hand, and that, as had presently appeared to console himself in the society of Evelyn's of old, he was urging her to the joy of spirit and to delight in all that aid, to whom he was formally pertains to youth. trothed, for his disappointment when For it was not destined that she old Madam had refused to order out should spend that day in the society the family coach and accompany the of Elsa, who, with her mother, was picnic party to the palisades. more installed at the cottage. Meantime the two who had been so happily united, and who felt as if Both those devoted domestics were more solicitous than ever for the young girl's physical and material well being, contributing no little by their warm-hearted devotion to re-move the sting of loneliness. The

they could never weary of each other's company, took their way through the Smit's Valley down by Water Gate and by the Maid's Path to stroll by the stream which mind of Evelyn that morning was flowed through the heart of town. Thence their steps led busy with many thoughts, amongst them the recollection of Delancey's Orchard, past the Lispen. Egbert Ferrers. The memory of him and of the part he had played in ard salt meadows and finally down Crab Apple Street, towards the Rutthe drama of her late years was very gers Farm. By the noon hour they reached Golden Hill, which as yet the drama of her late years was very precious to her, and yet she was somewhat perplexed by his late course of action. For she had heard some time before, shortly after her scarcely showed the promise of all the yellow grain which gave the spot its name. And there they found return to New York in the good ship. that the black people had prepared, in a most delightful nook under the Mermaid," that he had been released from prison by Lord Cornbury, and

waving shadow of a locust tree, the had even been offered an important position in the Governor's Houseempting meal which they were to enjoy together. Thence they had a hold. Although Evelyn's trust in view of the lower streets of the town, him had never wavered, it was both and out over the East River, the surunaccountable and saddening that face of which caught the golden glithe should allo v so long a period of time to elapse before seeking her. ter of the sun here and there, broke into little ripples and wavelets, She pondered over the pros and cons. chasing each other like children at play as if in accordance with the and wondered if he had not been in formed of her return, or if urgent spirit of jollity that from cock-crow ousiness had called him away from the morning had roused the

whole town to laughter and merry-But, even on that radiant morning, making. That Pinxter day was a happy one for Evelyn after all she the mystery preyed upon her spirits, for day had passed after day with no word of Captain Ferrers. The one happiness was its fitting accompaniinquiry that she had ever permitted herself to make, was of Madam Van ment, since that festival merely signified mid-June, when the Pinxter flower was in bloom and the hearts

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

The

promised to do. She is alone

It

was a proof of their absolute

trust and confidence in each other

that they talked as though they had

met but yesterday, and had belonged

I own to a feeling of pity ing her. "My dearest," Captain Ferrers said, him," said Evelyn gravely. "Not pity which is akin to love, have strained every nerve to be with you on your Pinxter day, which must be all joy and no sadness." do trust,

do trust," jested Captain Ferrers, with some faint trace of uneasiness. "No, it might well be akin to an-Evelyn, looking at him for an in other feeling," answered Evelyn, smiling, "but there, he has gone out of our lives, and all our sky is cloud. less and serene."

Captain Ferrers had kept to the last the gravest matter of which he wished to discuss with Evelyn here under the blue arch of heaven. He wanted to ask her to name a speedy

wanted to ask her to hand a speedy day for their marriage. "But why in such haste to get into new bonds," laughed Evelyn, "when it is but six weeks at most of the old ones?" that you have cast off the old ones? There was a touch of malice in the

tone and in that reference to the length of time which had elapsed since his release. Then she added more seriously But, in truth, there are grave

matters, which must be touched upon before such a day can be named Of those matters I will presently

speak," said Egbert, "since in the consideration of them I have spent these six weeks past. But, seeing the great vicissitudes of life, I warn you that I will not permit the realization of our happiness to be delayed every glance of his eyes, all that the any longer. Evelyn waited to hear more, he

head slightly bent in an attitude of attention, so that the curves of her neck showed delicate and slender in

her perfect grace or movement. Her eves, darkened in color by emotion and always with the hint of sadness in their depth, wandered from the honest and manly face of her lover out over the sunlit surface of the water. She was apparently composed. though, as was natural, was beating as she listened to the ardent plea of that man whom, as she had no mind to disguise from she had no mind to disguise from himself or any other, she loved most devotedly. "On the day is approximately and a group of men were

On the day," continued Captain Ferrers, "that Lord Cornbury gave the order for my release, it was my Elsa was to await impulse to come with all speed to you, as I heard you h ad been restored to your home and friends. But, as you say, there were grave matters to be considered first, and so I made the sacrifice."

Evelyn still listened quietly. That sympathetic quietude of hers was one of her greatest charms. " I made haste without delay," said

the lover, "to the Colony of Mary. land, where I sought out Father Harvey that he might pour upon my head the waters of Baptism, condi-tionally, since I could not be certain that my mother might not have had the lovers encountered Greatbatch. me baptized in her own faith. There was but little delay for instruction the and reading, since our good Jesuit had already given me books, and I led to had devoted my long leisure in the prison to study. However, my dear-est Evelyn, he made me into a fullfledged Christian, administering Bap tism, Penance and the Holy Eucharist making me thus a soldier in a new army without prejudice to the old. And now, my love, he is waiting, as he told me, with a happy twinkle in his eye, to admit me to another Sacrament, in which, however, I shall need a partner He bade that part-ner to make no delay, and so I hastened here on this joyful Pinxter day to ask that, as this token of your love, you consent to our immediate marriage.

Evelyn could not speak for that first moment. Her joy was too deep for words at these tidings, which were beyond her highest expectations. It touched her to the heart to think that this noble and honorable man, happy one for Evelyn after all she had gone through. And, in truth, give herself without reserve, had been so mindful of his promise, as well as so fully convinced of the truths of the faith as to have allowed not a day of his freedom to pass without seek-ing Father Harvey. "Oh, Egbert," she cried at last,

talk of converting these colonies into letter of a war correspondent, who Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 3818 a Royal Province, where no priest says that one day recently a big auto-mobile, traveling swiftly through one Evelyn then gave an unreserved of the French villages, struck and onsent that the wedding should be killed a little pig belonging to a poor

consent that the wedding should be at Father Harvey's convenience. French woman, who felt its loss keenly. The very next week, how-ever, she received a letter, telling "This very day, my love," said Egbert Ferrers, "we shall arrange forther details with her who has her that General Pershing was very sorry for the damage he had done her, and begged that she accept the been your earthly providence, Madam Van Cortlandt'

So it was agreed, and the waning enclosed check, equivalent to about twenty dollars, in reparation of the hours of that beautiful day found the lovers at the familiar house of the Van Cortlandts, where the bride-elect great leader in this great War a ma had passed some of her happiest hours, and where Madam Van Cortmust not necessarily be hard hearted. And who is so solicitous of the in landt took each of the young people terests of strangers may be counted in her arms with murmured prayers on to care well for his own immeand blessings. Evelyn felt her heart diate inferiors.-Catholic Transcrip and blessings. Evelyn feit her heart full of emotion as when the great clock struck 5, simultaneously with the sounding of the gong, she sat down as of old at the table over which THE FACE ON THE

Madam Van Cortlandt presided. There were the cold fowl and the home cured ham, the cream and the Lord Hydethorpe had said-and berries, the rich and varied cakes and said more than once—to Father Clement, that on conscientious grounds he regretted he could not other sweetmeats, and there was the warm welcome that breathed upon the lovers as a benediction. accept the good priest's offer to pur-chase for him a strip of land in the

After supper, it being still light, the three sat out upon the stoepe dis. cussing their plans, with the radiance of that memorable Pinxter day fading manor of Hydethorpe for building upon it a proposed Catholic church. "Every Christian is a fellow of into twilight about them. Captain Forrers told their hostess of his mine," he wrote to the good priest, "but whilst I have the greatest hopes, of the promise Evelyn had admiration and respect for all the given and of the suggestion of Father good work that is done in variou Harvey, who some days later was to

be in New Jersey. "And we shall see to it that you lent communion, yet I must crave your pardon if on pure grounds of conscience I find I must decline to are there," said Madam Van Cort-landt, addressing Evelyn. "I will landt, addressing Evelyn. accede to your request. Pray let this be final." And having penned make all the necessary arrangements this be final." And having penned these lines and sent the letter to the and, the marriage ceremony once performed, none will ask further questions. As for Lord Cornbury, he priest of the new mission which had only just been erected by the Cathocares little what religion we profess. nor if we even return to heathendom, lic Bishop of the diocese, the poble

man went out into the grounds of provided we trouble him not. As Captain Ferrers escorted Evelyn Hydethorpe Hall for a stroll and a quiet read. He had quite made up his mind that he could not do itsell that bit of waste land to a Catho lic priest. gathered about the great elm. The market women in their flat bottomed in a corner of the beautiful grounds, he went inside the tiny summerboats with quaint headdresses were going homeward to the Breuklyn or house, sat down in a cosy chair, and Jersey shore, rowing vigorously the started to read-though he was very sleepy. The sun was shining while. It was still another of those familiar scenes which Evelyn de Lacey held dear, for she had not yet sleepy. The brilliantly. recovered from the wonder and de-light of being amongst her own and foot sore, was resting at full length on the sidepath of a dusty people and in the town she loved. The tears gathered in her eyes, moreov at the associations which rose in her rearing green branches of a tall elm shaded him from the heat of the exmind in connection with that place where, as she was well aware, more

posed sun, and the scene all round than one scene in the drama of the was a picture of quiet repose broken last years had been planned out only by the twittering of the birds and the murmuring of the brooklet A short distance from the tavern lurching along towards his favorite that ran alongside the path. The man was resting on his elbow with his head in his hand, and his eyes haunt, and now feeling comparatively easy in his mird, since the restric were open. tions against smugglers had been Presently, he bowed his head and much relaxed. His face was a deeper crimson than ever, and his closed his eyes—not in sleep, but as one does in fervent prayer or deep thought. Then he slowly opened

figure seemed to have gathered weight. He stopped as though he them as though his mind was follow had seen a ghost when confronted ing some train of thought that was stretching away into the next world, with Evelvn. He pulled off his hat with a clumsy gesture, and pulled a mental operation over which he his forelock, with something terrified eemed to have no control. and imploring in his look. His knees gaze was riveted on a stone lying fairly quaked under him. Never in close to his elbow—a flat stone with a smooth surface. He had called the memory of living man had the smuggler appeared so moved. himself back from the other world of

I ax your pardon," he said, addreams, and was again alive to his dressing Evelyn, " for all that's come surroundings. and gone The eyes of the tramp plainly dis-The girl's eves were fixed gravely erned upon the face of the stone

upon him for a moment. She had grown pale as death and her lips the configurations of a human-like head beginning to wiggle and dance trembled. It was not by my will, but by an itself into form and shape-first the chin and mouth, then the staring eyes, then the full contour of the accident as I might say, that Tom Greatbatch did that deed. And one face-this being followed by a deof the dirtiest villains unhanged led tailed and finished design of me into that enterprise because I fect head that seemed to be animated dared not say him nay."

" I forgive you," Evelyn said at last, with life. and as though these simple words were all that her lips could frame, "and I pray God to forgive you like wise, now and hereafter." The man was not one bit per-turbed by the strangeness of this apparition on the stone. On the contrary, he became quaintly curi-The man was not one bit

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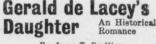
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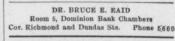
Having arrived at his favorite spot

A tramp, travel-stained and tired

yellow country road, and was half

buried in the green grass. The up







ness which had seemed to spring forth anew in young Vrow Laurens and to cause her momentarily to for. get all that had been dark, dreary or unpleasant. Even the gloomy and fanatical figure of Henricus Laurens appeared to have been temporarily eliminated, and she was back once more in her girlhood's days with Evelyn in the garden.

subjects, the two talked of the latest of Manhattan till the affairs of her late husband's estate had been adjusted and her own considerable lia- to whose nature disloyalty would be bilities settled. Peevish and discon-tented, shorn of the state which she abhorrent. I would as soon suspect my own had affected to despise and probably had never really valued, the great lady complained of being thus de-tained in those colonies, which at the heat had seemed little batter tained in those colonies, which at eyes wander over the blue vault of the best had seemed little better heaven, cloudless save for a tiny fleck the best flat seemed little better than a place of exile. Polly told of the accentricities of Lady Cornbury, who, impecunious and grasping made rounds of visits, seeing at covery dwelling something which she covered and for which she freely out the the togrammer and the day to Madam Van Corthandt, who had remained at the togram of the togram of the togram vance of the togram of the togram vance of the togram of the togram vance of the togram of the togram of the togram vance of the togram of the togra asked, so that the townspeople got into the habit of concealing valuable objects when her arrival was expected. She further informed Evelyn of the storm of indignation which had been excited when Her Ladyship had employed as domestic servants sev-eral prominent young ladies of the

her rarest haunts. But not by one word would she dampen that joyous-lady had answered with some con-every garden. lady had answered with some con-straint, for the matter had been vexing her own mind, that she undertoo of graver matters besides that stood the young officer had left the colony immediately after his release pleasant jesting talk that was mingled on Egbert Ferrers' part with loving speeches and on Evelyn's with from prison. It was possible, she added, that the Governor had made smiles of pure happiness. They spoke of the political state of the that a condition of his pardon, but she did not know.

country, which had settled down to apparent calm after all those mad excesses of factional hatred. Eve-Evelyn resolved that, on Pinxter day, she would allow no shadow of

Carefully avoiding all unpleasant disquiet concerning that absent lover abjects, the two talked of the latest to cloud the glory of the sunshine. had been thrown into prison, tried gossip of the town, of betrothals and She told herself, with a proud uplift and sentenced to be executed in the gossip of the town, of oerrornals and marriages in that circle wherein Evelyn had been so popular, of how Lady Bellomont, by a ruling which some thought arbitrary, had been prevented from leaving the shores ensure constancy, but because of the innate truth and fidelity of the man, one by one. Captain Nanfan, one of the most deadly persecutors of Catholics had been arrested when seeking to leave the colony, for alleged de-ficits in the public accounts, as well

" I would as soon suspect my own as for arbitrary acts when in power. On his release from prison by order of the Home Government, steps were taken to rearrest him till he took refuge on a man of war in the haror white here and there. She seized in her arms a mass of flowers which she had cut from various bushes to carry over later in the day to Madam Van Cortlandt, who had remained et

employed as domestic servants sev-eral prominent young ladies of the colony, including one of Polly's sisters, whom she had invited to visit her. Being too poor to pay for servants, she had adopted that ex-pedient to keep the gubernatorial

of the roses, dyed with love's own

very garden. But the reunited lovers talked greater than I had ever believed it possible again to enjoy!"

Egbert Ferrers stretched out his hand, and took that of Evelyn as it lay idly in the lap of her black dress

'And you will consent ?" he inquired eagerly. "When I owe you my life and

liberty," cried Evelyn, impetuously, "they are yours to command." "Your fancied debt to me must

not enter into the matter," cried Egbert Ferrers, decidedly. "I ask you now to give me your love, as though the incidents to which you hand tightly, and they moved on for refer had never happened."

Evelyn laughed her pleasant, musi cal laugh, but her voice was full of emotion as she answered :

"Believe me, dear, that I had learned to love you long before you rescued the witch at Salem, or saved me from those other horrors though you cannot object to my loving you desolution." the more on account of those happenings

Egbert Ferrers was satisfied, and even jubilant, with that admission. But Evelyn presently asked more soberly how it would be possible for them to be united by a Catholic priest, never end.

The girl's words had a still more onounced effect upon the smuggler. He gulped and swallowed hard, strugwhat seemed to him like a red spot gling with his emotion, and he winked several times for the tears that were appeared in the middle of the forehead of the phantom head. Com-pelled by a force, the character and origin of which he could not clearly threatening to fall and disgrace him. He tried to speak, but, after more than one ineffectual effort, he turned away with a parting salute of his forelock. divine, he bent his head down still further and reverently kissed this red mark. In a confused sort of way

'The old infernal ruffian," said he thought he recognized the face Captain Ferrers, "who should long ago have been hanged." and knew what the red spot meant.

"He gave my father a sweeter grave than life," said Evelyn, "and after his fashion he is repentant." Eghent Former a sweeter in a state of blank amazement, the face on the stone faded away into nothing, and the stone assumed its ordin ary and usual appearance. The tramp passed his fingers over it to assure himself that he was not dreama few moments in silence. Then he cried, impulsively : "Each moment I see some new

ing, and he was quite satisfied that it just felt like any other slab of stone, but with this difference; it trait to make me love you more dear-ly still, if that were possible." was very, very smooth-indeed to the touch it was like velvet.

Your love, Egbert," returned elyn, "has been the supreme gift Evelyn, " has been the supreme gift of God to me in my sorrow and f God to me in my sorrow and lesolation." In parting at the gateway they

over-wrought nervous system ? He were silent for the very lack of words to express their feeling to each other. For their love was part of the great knew that he was not only physi-cally overcome with pain and disease, but that he was also carrying a mental burden which was making solemn mystery of life which had en folded them in a uffion that should

In her arms a mass of flowers with the field at the flow of the same charges to much the same charges to the to charge the peril of this life.
CHAPTER XIX
A FLEPOGE REMEMBERD
As Evelyn stood thus, with the same stail conding at all bose fair works and turing, was studdenly felt an arm steal about her, and turing, was studdenly folt an arm steal about her, and turing, was studdenly confronted with the world who could appease that heart-hunger which as the service to the beart by the surpassing charms
Dim, sailed destitute to England the successful rival to the surple to the successful rival to the surple to the successful rival to the course than the scenes to be stricken to the surple to the successful rival to the surple to the surple to the successful rival to the surple to t

ous, and thrust his reclining head forward a little to scrutinize the object more closely, and as he did so,

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