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## PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XVI

THE GORGEOUS EAST

La langue des femmes est leur epec, et elles n the tropic is our language spoke."-

Hour after hour we travelled through a flat, almost treeless country, and about 7 o'clock in the even ing steamed into Mulkaporetermines which represented the end of eu long journey. We had not many fel. low passengers, and were speedily claimed by a stern-looking, grizzled elderly gentleman, and a handsome aged lady (in other words, my aunt and unclei, who gave me a most

affectionate welcome. In a few minutes we had made our way out of the crowd of natives (wh re waiting for the usual supply of fish and ice) to where a large, impos ing booking landen and pair of bays awaited us, and were soon bowling briskly along in the direction of the cantonment. I was not sorry to lean back in my corner of the carriage and rest my aching head, while my aunt and Colonel Keith kept up a rapid exchange of question and an

We drove through streets of mar row bazaars, and then along wide roads, lined on either side with fine wide-spreading trees, then accoss an open plain intersected with tracks, where my aunt pointed out the church, chapel, cemetery, and club, all of which bore a very great similarity to their Eurspean

My first impressions of Mulkapore bright moon light wight, tired and sloopy as I was, were of amaze ment and admiration. The long shady roads and wide, open, green as contrasted very pleasantly with the arid, rocky country through whice we had heen traveling. At eyes, and a tall, well-balanced figure. last we turned in between two white Her genial, gracious manners and gate piers, to one of which was at kind heart made her (although but fixed a board, and the mame, "Coloned little seen in sector.") Neville, Cantonment Magistrate;" and, trotting up a short avenue, drew rein under a large open porch. Three yapping dogs instantly rush out to receive us ere we descended, and submitted me to a rigid investigation, as I followed my aunt into the house. A deep weranda ran all around it, and into this weranda most of the rooms opened. We walked straight into the drawing room, a very lofty room supported by pillars, then into the dining room, where was an oval table, exquisitely arranged with snowy linen, plate, and a profusion of lovely flowers. Two turbaned men-evidently the presiding genii -were putting some last deft touches decorations as we walked through. The next room was mine -large, airy, and empty looking; a small bed, veiled in mosquito-net occupied the center of the apart

Here is your dressing-room, and here is your ayab, Nora," said my aunt, introducing, with a wave of her hand a small, dark woman in a snowy muslin garment, with s heaming countenance, enhanced by nose-ring, who now came forward and made a profound salaam.

"Drugo, this is your young lady." Drugo's young lady was so overwhelmed with sleep and exhaustion that, within half an hour, she was sound asleep under the mosquito-curtains in the little white bed—into which my aunt tucked me with her own hands ; and as I laid my drowsy head on the nillow the one single that it contained was this that, if appearances were to be behad found a very happy lieved, I line nose. In reality, he was the home at last. Refreshed by ten most indulgent of masters, husbands. hours' dreamless sleep, I was alert and dressed and out by 7 o'clock the and uncles, and allowed his "impu-

marked fox terrier was yawning in the sun ; while an impudent, dirty, complacent looking poodle was step-ping expectantly round two swarthy deft handed servants, in snow-wl garments, who were laying out a table, with tea, toast and fruit.

I was not long in adapting myself to my new life, and soon took my place quite naturally as the daughter of the house. My first impressions

proved correct-I had indeed found a very happy home. I told my aunt everything about my life at Gallow her face at once invited confidence and soon she was mistress of all secrets-which were not many-an of the full and true account of "grandfather's bargain." She listen ed to my recital with many interrup ions of amazement, amus ment. and indignation. "He must have been mod." she ex

claimed, "or, rather, quite in his dotage ! I never heard of anything so supremely ludicrous ; a child of fourteen solemnly betrothed, and pro-mised in marriage before the lawyer and the parson 1" And here she laughed se long and so heartily at the mere idea that the tears actually rolled down her cheeks. "The engagement is a dead letter ; you will never hear of it, much less of your cousin, again—with my she added emphatically. consent

I, in my turn became acquainted with some of the back chapters of my aunt's life. She showed me a sacred drawer, in which was locked away some well-worn little shoes, a tattered picture book, and various "You have been sont to us, Nora, as

the daughter of our old age," said as she replaced these relics with misty eyes ; "who car be neare and dearer to me now than my enly brother's child ?'

My ount was a strikingly handome woman, about fifty years of beauty, and had set up as a wit. She prided herself on the sharpness little seen in society) one of the most popular people in Mulkapore. Her sphere was home; she was upvote the them down-1 dogs. Her ear was always lent to tales of want or distress; her ready hand and purse ever open to the needy or afflicted. Were people ill, admirers. Mrs. Neville nursed them .; were the in trouble, Mrs. Newille consoled

Uncle Jim was in one respect the very opposite of his wife ; he was of a roving nature, and never so happy as when his foot rested, not upon its native heather, but in its adopted jungle, shikarring big game. He was an inveterate sportsman and well-known dead shot. I used to tell him that the veranda resembled nothing so much as a furrier's shop. Tiger and bear skins were nailed up in all directions ; and over each doorway one was confronted by a stuffed head either of a bison, a sambur, or a nylghau. His own sanctum was quite a sight Rifles of every pattern, game-bags, and cartridg cases abounded on all sides. His writing table was strewn with powder flasks, capping machines, and bottles of Rangoon oil. The floor was covered with skins, the walls or namented with heads ; and, range on two shelves, in a prominent posi tion, were rows of ferocious, grinning bare tiger-skulls, and a pair of skele ton monkeys (that, for a long time, J was persuaded were the mortal revictoria mains of two native babies). Uncle Jim was a short, wiry, little man with rather an austere expression as befitted a magistrate-an expres ever, with slowly circulating in the sion merely lent to his face by outer ring, and not drawing up in the line of carriages. On one heavy gray mustache and high, aqui-

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

stopped, partook of tes, and related the local "gup." We breakfasted at ten o'clock; from twelve to two re-ceived visitors; at two we had tiffin. After tiffin auntie indulged in forty

winks, and I generally curled myself up in a cozy chair and devoured a novel till five o'clock tea made its appearance. After which we went for our evening drive to the band, to polo, to cricket matches. Dinner at eight o'clock, a game of bezique, a ong or two, and bed.

I had been very kindly received by auntie's friends, and although not yet, strictly speaking, "out," I knew nearly everyone in the station, and pleasant people and pretty faces were by no means the extraordinary rarity Mrs. Roper had led me to suppose. A young married lady whose husband was "away in the district" was alone in a small, poky little bungalow, and very ill with

low, wasting fever. Here was a case for auxtie, of course ! The invalid was gently removed to the shelter of ner own capacious roof, and tended by her with the most assiduous care; for days arntie was hardly ever out of the sick-room, and I was chaperoned by a neighbor, who frequently took me out driving, and fold me the history of every one in Mulkapore to boot. Mrs. Gower carried a bunch of keys that un-

locked numerous dark cupboards, and was on quite a familiar footing with all the tenant skeletons. I did not like Mrs. Gower, and al.

rays felt a strong repugnance to go out when I saw her prancing gray ponies coming to the door ; although was a capital whip. She was a faded, passée looking woman of about forty. I do not think she could ever have been pretty, although she had still very bright eyes, and a very elegant little figure ; but at any rate she had now ceased to pose for a

of her tongue, and indeed it was a most deadly weapon. Truly brave was the man - or woman - who dared to cross swords with her. She maintained a great reputation for snubbing people, and nutting them down-ladies especially. To men she was much more tolerant; and at a ball or a band she was generally surrounded by scores of while far younger and prettier, but less amusing, women

would be sitting solus. No one cared to be in Mrs. Gower's black books, for from that moment their character was gone ! Her tongue was utterly untrammeled by any regard for truth. She was superior to facts, and would invent, and set going, the most malicious and unfounded stories about any one who had the misfortune to displease All this I learned afterward : but ven when I was quite ignorant of Mrs. Gower's peculiarities, I was conscious of a secret antipathy that I could barely conceal under a decent semblance of civility. My aunt—the most credulous person in the world, as far as people's good gualities were concerned—believed no evil of Mrs. Gower ; but in her heart of hearts think she was secretly afraid of her. Mrs. Gower was a power in the place. She had taken a fancy to me, and to have declined her advances would have been a fatal mistake Accordingly, twice a week at least, I was to be seen sitting beside her, taking a drive in her pretty little . We usually went into the country, avoiding polo or the band out once or twice we attended the latter, contenting ourselves, how

been red — it was a very dark auburn, something the color of a copper beech. However, I swallowed e remark in silence. "Look at Mrs. St. Ubes," pursued

ny companion, eagerly: "her real name is Stubbs, you know — and Colonel Mowbray Gore!" hs a very smart stanhope dashed by, in which a dark, solitary-looking man was driving a lady it could not act the driving a lady. I could not catch a glimpse of her face, as she was lean. ing back under the shelter of a large parasol, on which was emblazoned

nuge monogram. A most unscrupulous, dangerous, woman, and an outrageous flirt,' said Mrs. Gower, nodding in the di rection of the retreating 'parasol." She has four or five children at home, and I believe that she scarcely emembers their names or ages. She is a most annatural mother However, some day Nemesis will arrive, heavy-handed, in the shape of couple of pretty, grown-up daughters; and she will have to into the background, and play the part of chaperon whether she will concluded my companion. with a spiteful laugh. The picture she had drawn was

evidently very agreeable to her mental vision, for for some seconds she was silent ; then she went on "Colonel Gore is heir to a baronetcy and five thousand pounds a year, and is consequently a most de sirable parti. All the maids and matrons in the place were on the qui vive when he arrived. But they had not a chance with Mrs. St. Ubes! She appropriated him on the spot, and has kept him exclusively to herself ever since. She rides his horses, drives out with him, dances with him, and has completely established him as l'amie de la maison She declares that Charley (her wretched henpecked husband) is so

fond of him that they are like brothers. A likely tale !" concluded Mrs. Gower, with an increduloussniff. How beautifully the gardens are laid out ! what splendid crotons and roses there are !" I observed by way

f commencing a new topic. "Yes, not bad. I call coming here coming to the Zoo—you see such an extraordinary and rare collection of creatures. There are the Dobsons" (with much animation), "drowned in debt. He is altogether sons" in the hands of the soucars. I hear that they have not even enough their Bazaa ready money to pay their Bazaar bills and the servants' wages, and not one of the shops will give them credit; and yet, look at their turnout and look at the Misses Dobson's dresses! Got out from London-un paid for, of course. I call such people thieves and swindlers !"

It would have been worse than useless to have endeavored to sten this current of universal de-nunciation. I sat by Mrs. Gower, feeling very hot and uncomfortable, as every one who passed was in turn "told off." My chaperon was My chaperon was a very abundant talker ; a listener was all she required. My occasional ex-clamations of horror, doubt, or deprecation merely amused her, and whetted the appetite of her re narks.

"You sweet, unsonhisticated little Paddy, you don't know what a wicked place you have come to ! You had better have. stuck to your native village than have come to such a Gormorrah as Mulkapore. I want to go to the post office, so we must soon be moving off." Then, bowing sweetly to a lady, she said You see that horrid woman. Miss Blank, that we have just walking, as usual, with Dr. Fisher. and looking into each other's faces as if they were lovers. Pah! it's disgusting, it makes me perfectly sick ! occasion two or three young men Come, we'll go away, I can't stand it!" So saying, Mrs. Gower virtuaccosted Mrs. Gower, evidently bent it !" on a chat, and a lounge on the steps drove out of the gardens at the top of their speed. she said ; "you see I am shepherding This was my last drive with Mrs. this young lady," presenting me, with a wave of her whip. "I am Gower. My moral equilibrium was quite shaken, as I descended at my not going to bring her among all you black sheep—ta ta !" she conown door; and when, with flaming cheeks, and much righteous indignacluded, with an easy nod, again mov-ing on. A large landau next boarded tion, I related second hand to auntie some of the interesting little historus, containing a surprisingly stout iettes to which I had just been lady, whose beaming countenance surmounted three chins. She had very sensibly appropriated the whole istening, she was perfectly aghast. "Do not believe one quarter of them, my dear child !" she exlaimed, with great emphasis. Forget everything you have heard as fast as possible. I knew that Mrs. claimed. as fast as possible. Gower was fond of turning people into ridicule, and had a slight tenlency to exaggeration; but this is really too bad, to try to poison your mind against the whole community. No one fit to know-not a lady in th place !" proceeded auntie, wrath-fully. "What a deceitful, treacherous woman ! You shall never drive with her again, Nora. In fact, now that Mrs. Warren is so much better, I shall take a short turn of an evening myself, so no offense will

## FATHER LADDEN'S CURACIES

It was not as a reward of careful study, surely, that Father Robert Ladden had been transferred with such promptness, from the pleasant waters of the seminary to the assist-ant pastorate of St. John Baptist's, for Father Ladden was brilliantly care less just as he was brilliantly good and successful. Most men would, call him lucky. If he gave an extra dollar to a beggar—and he never re-fused anyone—the man was more than likely to turn out to be the Bishon's brother : even in a casual conversation, topics had a way of turning upon subjects with which he was familiar. With alittle information on a subject-and Father Ladden possessed much information on many subjects-and with his own viewswhich were always striking becaus he stated them with the force of a positive nature-he could make his conversation a thing to be enjoyed. He was no scholar. He learned too easily.

His seminary days had with a few exceptions been promising and happy. He was a nature to understand a sympathize with the ways of the saints. Nothing short of the highest mark was good enough for him. He had decided that from the beginning. He fell into sanctity as easily as others fall into sin. He absorbed it He saturated himself with it in the atmosphere of the seminary. He made a success of piety. And in whatever he undertook th fruit of his unique way of doing it was wonderful.

When he came to St. John Baptist's things were running very smoothly. The Sodality of the Immaculate Conception was flourishing, its monthly communicants filling two altar rails, while St. Agnes' sodality promised to be its worthy rival. The younger boys' society, too, St. Raphael's, mar-shalled a full membership to the altar rails, although they did receive

at the 9 o'clock Mass and the fast was fervor-trying. And wonder of wonders, even the young and the married men of St. John's received the sacraments in numbers almost proportion ate with the women. In short, St. John Baptist's parish of Marquette was a discouragingly model one.

Father Ladden had been shown his room by his new pastor. He had hardly changed his coat, when he had decided upon many things. The room assigned to him did not come up to the standard of the room he had een mentally cherishing for the last two years. How different it was from that in which he would picturewell, for instance, the Cure of Ars There was a white bear rug on the polished floor. The white bear rug must go. A heavy brass bed was the central object in the room. Claude Columbiere, he felt certain. would have scorned both the bed and the rug, and slept on the floor. The writing desk was of mahogany. And the picture ? Yes, there was his favorite, Hoffman's "Christ and the Rich Young Man." He had always loved that picture. It seemed to mirror back the picture that his soul had carried of Christ. Father Ladden, too, had been the owner of great wealth, but at the call of the Master he had turned away sorrowing, re

membering his possessions. On the north wall was another picture that he liked, Dolci's Mater Dolorosa to say nothing of elegance," objected Father Ladden. "But it was," the older priest had assured him. "However, it's all gone looked down with sorrowing eyes from beneath her blue mantle. In a corner niche a red light glimmered before a little shrine of the Holy now, though we're within easy walk-ing distance of the Lake Shore Drive. Face. He walked over to it and Do you know, it seems to me that when God wishes to bless a parish knelt down, murmuring a prayer. He often lets the rich move out.' Then he arose and continued his scru-'But surely there was no great intiny. There was no crucifix on the wall, but that he would soon remedy, crease of blessings in this direction? Father Ladden had questioned with for he had a crucifix that his director amused and almost cynical smile. in the seminary had given him. Father Hewitt looked at him. had been blessed by a Pope and the rich mellowness of three centuries 'I thought as you once upon a time. My very soul cried out a caressed its dead Christ. Yes. the crucifix would go up nicely in front of his bed. In the meantime, this place, but I love it now, I have learned that the sins of the poor are on the surface. The rich have their however, the dainty sash curtains must be taken down, and when he satins to cover them. Then Father Ladden had opened got things rightly ordered, monastic his heart to this man. He laid be-fore him the hopes he had cherished, the desires he had cultivated. His simplicity would reign. He was glad to note a statue of the Blessed Virgin, a small one though, on the little escritoire. He opened his traveling life was to be spent among the poor. case and took out another, larger and His prayer was that he might them. He had begged God to direct far more lovely, one that his mother his appointment among them, and he told Father Hewitt that from that had given him. She had found none she liked in Peorio, and so had sent to Chicago for it. Father Ladde hour on, his prayer would be to be placed it reverently on the dressing appointed his assistant. table. He possessed all of the priest' love for the Mother of God. The old priest listened, and as he drank in the song of unconscious virtue he noticed how very young the other priest was. At the end he had He took out his watch. It was 4 o'clock-two hours before dinner placed his hand affectionately on Father Ladden's shoulder. time. He replaced the little time. piece in his pocket and walked to the window. He could not see very "Do you like to eat?" he had ques-tioned smilingly. "I don't mean to excess or anything like that, but do far down the street for the leaves or the trees was very thick. A few autos whizzed by, and he heard the you like to count on three square meals a day? Because there's many a fast here that you'll get no credit laughter of a child. Truly the world was beautiful-beautiful with virtue for. It's involuntary." But the Xavier soul of Father Ladand prayer, and above all, beautifu with God! There was much work before him, and he felt it as only the den would not be discouraged. 'If you can stand it, I can. very young may. He was, of course disappointed in being sent to St. John Mx ntention is fixed. I will pray God that I be appointed here." "Pray rather that the will of God Baptist's parish. To work, to spend one's self among the sick in soul, to be done," advised the older priest. But Father Ladden did not lay great breathe the air that even the factores and the railroads threw back a stress on that. What he aske foul, to feel the pulse of a sinning good and noble and he felt certain it humanity, and command it to arise and walk, to bring Christ to those would be the will of God-God granted him so many things ! who knew Him not-nor knew that they were cheated-to work among And here he was in a room that fell just short of the luxurious, waiting sinners-not the just, but sinners-whom Christ had come on earth to for the dinner bell to ring-he who would not mind missing his meals. call to repentance-that was work There was nothing attractive about He remembered the life of the Cure St. John's parish. The black hand of Ars. The Cure of Ars was his district, the part of the city which favorite from many points of view. citizens with a weakness for truth had named "Little Hell," was what the holy man's Bishop: "I have appointed you to Ars. There is little He could almost hear the words of his soul craved.

He rememb ared the day he had gone down in to the district. It was only a few w seks ago. He had found it uninvitir g enough, this graveyard for a city't sins, with its houses of old red back. old red by ick. Truly, it was all sor-did look ing, and sordidness is only another, name for vice grown old. There were ill-kept children everywhere children with their faces saddened and aged by touch with crime. There was heat and dust in the streets that seemed to take the place of the very air. There was the shouting of little ones, and the angry yells of men, nor was there a happy voice anywhere. Surely the district

had strayed very far ! The little church of St. Bernardine of Sienna came back to his mind as it had first met his eye. It, like the surrounding houses, was of red brick, dull and gloomy looking, but within its walls, he knew, dwelt the One Who made life worth living, and the heart of Father Ladden had felt a joyous throb at the thought, for love knows love. He had leaped up the steps and given the door an undignified pull, only to find it locked, though it was

then early in the afternoon. Sad dened, he had walked slowly away wondering as he went how days and weeks and lives could be lived with out the Blessed Sacrament, when the loss of one visit caused him the disappointment he felt that day. At the end of the church on the Pearl Court side he had noticed the rectory. If was a wooden affair, surmounted by a cross. Wooden steps with a back-ward slant led up to it. He ascended them, pressed his finger on the bell, and waited a few seconds. Receiving no answer he pressed it again. Then he read the sign over it, "Bell don't he read the sign over it, " ring," so he knocked on the window In a few minutes the door opened and he stood face to face with a priest

"I tried to get into the church," he explained, "to make a visit, but it was locked." "Well, well," the older one smiled,

of all the churches in Chicago to select in which to make a visit not saying much for your taste."

Father Ladden looked at him-thi hero. The priest didn't look at all as heroes are supposed to look. Father Ladden himself looked more like one Father Hewitt was tall and stooped and almost bald. His face was lined more from hardship than from age His accent was a beautiful English

one, and with easy courtesy he had invited Father Ladden in.

"You must visit with me a while," he had said, "then I'll bring you into the church, since you will look at it." And Father Ladden had entered a parlor which was almost after his own heart. Almost, not quite, for there was a few old sofa pillows around which smacked of comfort and Father Ladden would have dispensed with them.

And now as the memory of it came back to him, his eye fell upon the white bear rug at his feet. It must go.

Father Hewitt had explained the history of the parish to him. He told him that once, not so many years ago the district had been a fine resident ial neighborhood, but that they, the wealthy, had all moved out. had gone to St. Vincent's and St. John Baptist's and Our Lady of the snow.

"I can't imagine this as ever hav ing been even half way respectable,

Father Egan asked with great grav-

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love of God there. Go and put some there," and how well the little cure had obeyed. Not only Ars, but France the whole world, not only for time but for all times, had been benefitted. So long endures the dream called life ! Father Ladden felt his heart throb with the mystic joy that only the very young spiritually and the very old spiritually may feel. Secretly he had hoped that the

Secretly he had hoped that the Bishop would say to him: "Father Ladden, here is a parish down to-wards town. I know it's not a sine-cure exactly, but it will serve for a few years to take off the new edgesthe daily contact with humanity-not

a silk and satin humanity, mind you, a slik and satin humanity, nind you, just a sinning humanity—a priest's humanity. Now I'm going to send you there. See if you can bring a little love of God down there into distribution disc that poverty and sin-stricken district. It was a nice speech only it was so very different from what His Lordship had actually said. "We have decided that you are to

go to St. John Baptist's. He remembered the pang of disappointment he had felt. True, you won't be overburdened with work, for the parish is not a new one, and as for the spiritual condition of the people — well, you'd find them saints if Father Costello had lived, for he did wonders there.'

Truly, St. John Baptist's was a grave for the soul of a Francis Xavier Father Ladden took out his breviary and read the remainder of Ver pers.

As the Angelus finished ringing, he heard a step in the hall.

"Come in," he answered to a knock on the door, and Father Egan entered.

'Everything comfortable ?" inquired his pastor affably, even graciously, considering that he was the pastor.

"Far too comfortable. Father " ame the answer.

But Father Egan paid no attention othe remark. Instead he announced that a saint had once occupied the oom.

Who? Father Costello ?'

" Yes. "Tell me about him, Father."

Father Ladden had never outgrown his love for stories. "Everybody says he was a saint," he ventured by way of encouragement. "Well, if ever one lived on this:

earth, he was," said the pastor. seemed like another Christ. Everybody loved him. He's dead two. months-two months yesterday." "And his month's mind ? Crowded

suppose ?" Father Egan changed the subject. 'So you don't like the room, ?" You think it's too comfort. eh ?" able, eh ?'

'Well it's not exactly the facsimile of the one used by the Cure of Ars,' Father Ladden answered. He was really sorry that he had protested against its luxury at all, for he thought that he detected an injured one in the voice of his pastor.

Father Egan drew forth a large white handkerchief from the folds of his cassock. "Do you think there's any hopes of the Cure of Ars occupy ing this one?" he questioned. Father Ladden flushed. "I didn't mean that, but it's not the

replica of what one might imagine a

"The what?" questioned Father Egan with great attention. He passed his handkerchief over his ace, but the handkerchief did not mother the tones of his voice. Father Ladden flushed more deep

"That is," he stammered, "it's rather luxurious for a priest, it seems. to me.

next morning. My aunt had gone dent niece," as he called me, to pul f her carriage. "I'm not going to stop to day," about his skins and skeletons, and

out for her drive, my uncle for his ride, leaving strict injunctions that I was not to be called till near breakfast time. So I found myself alone, as I stepped into the deep, shady front veranda, and took my first long and uninterrupted gaze at India. Yet not quite alone; a

squirrel was seated on the edge of the steps, chirping familiarly to a friend who was peeping at me through the lattice work with a pair of glittering black eyes. Beyond the low white wall which bounded our compound was the high-road ; beyond that again, a green undulating plain, a village among trees, and far away, low blue hills fading into the horizon. Our bungalow was large and straggling, embowered in creep. notably with clusters pale pink flowers, which were trailed round the pillars of the veranda) surrounded by several acres of short green grass, a number of lofty trees, and many graceful shrubs of curious ally, the old woman ! and dainty foliage, some covered with white, scarlet, and lilac flowers utterly unknown to me. The sandy avenue was edged at either side by enormous pots of lovely roses trained over bamboo frames. Here I recognized, with great surprise many old friends from Gallow-dark red, pale yellow, " Cloth of Gold,

La France "-in wonderful

luxuriance, drooping their heads

under the heavy morning dew. The air was cool and crisp, the world was

awaking ; various unfamiliar birds

darted hither and thither; number

less odd insects boomed to and fro

A large and joyous riding-party, pass-

ing the gate, evidently mistook me

for auntie, and waved me a merry

salute. A pair of sleepy, cream-colored bullocks were languidly

drawing water from our well, super

intended by a savagely costumed

onstrated with his charges with un-

loudly and bitterly re

youth, who

my heart's content, while he loaded cartridges, or related magisterial experiences. Some of these latter were really amusing. Once upon a time, there was native girl who was very ill; an experienced old woman was called in as doctor. "Nothing," she declared, "could save the patient but one remedy," and that was as follows All the jewels of her friends must be collected—the more valuable the better—and placed in a large chatty of water, and soaked for two hours After this, the water was to be drawn off, and given to the patient

ransack his chamber of horrors to

back seat to herself. Facing her sat two very nice-looking girls, with dark hair and eyes, undoubtedly sisters. Mrs. Gower saluted the party with effusion. From her man-ner I supposed that they were her dearest and most intimate friends, to drink, and she would be cured on the spot! Without delay a quantity but I was speedily undeceived. "Did you ever behold such an old of gold and silver ornaments were porpoise as Mrs. Barry ?" she said. collected and soaked, according to she once more moved on. "These the prescription ; at the end of the half-castes have all a tendency to two hours the water was drawn offthe jewels were gone ! -and, natur-

fat." "But surely Mrs. Barry is not a half-caste?' I was not long in falling into In "Is she not? Much you know dian ways and customs, and it soon about it. Her mother was a Portuseemed quite natural to hear Drugo' guese ayah, as black as my shoe.' monotonous voice, "Half-past five, missy—tea ready;" and it would not Well, at any rate, those two pretty Misses Barry are quite fair." "Fair ! You should see them on a be long before I was cantering down the ride with Uncle Jim. The horse cold morning-they are absolutely I rode was an old gray Arab, hand slate-color !' some as a picture, a well-preserved elderly gentleman, who carried me " It seems to me that every person is called a half-caste out here, Mrs Gower !" I exclaimed indignantly capitally in spite of his years. While we were riding, auntie took a drive "Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Carr, Mr round the shops, or round the can Cooper, you say they have all what you call 'fourteen annas in the tonment—according as her lazy, fat. Pegu ponies, Brandy and Soda, felt sed. When we returned, she rupee.' was generally to be found among her

So they have," she returned decidedly, giving a wicked flick to the off pony. "But, at any rate, you and and caladiums, exhorting on rebuking the Mahlee, or feeding her off pony. are above suspicion ; console yoursquatty Burmese bantams and long egged game fowl. At eight o'clock self with that fact. I am much too we had chotah hazree under a big tree in the compound ; it consisted fair, thank goodness ; and as for you who ever saw a half-caste with red of tea. toast, seed-cake, and fruit, and hair ?

was a kind of public meal, to which availing energy. A handsomely- any passing friends invariably Here I beg more distinctly to state that my hair was not, nor ever had

be given.' Here was the keynote. No one dared to offend, or openly quarrel, with Mrs. Gower. Although gen-erally held in the most profound detestation, she overawed everybody and held them in slavish bondage, by her terrible weapon — her tong TO BE CONTINUED

God's words are always words of love, no matter whether they words of promise or of warning.

for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.

I do believe the common man's work is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony. --Phillips Brooks.

stood; to have his motives, which were of the highest, pigeonholed as ambitious.

Father Ladden was becoming red-ler and he knew it. It was far from pleasant to be deliberately misunder

'Are you going to found an order?"

"No. not exactly." he laughed with a rather nervous, somewhat angry and altogether uncomfortable laugh But I say again that I can't imagine a priest, a true priest, that is, feeling comfortable in an elegant room like this when the money could be given with better advantage to the poor." Now the beauty of this room had long been a source of joy to the innocent, simple old priest. One of his old parishioners had furnished it for him—a loyal parishioner who shared with every man, woman and child in the parish, a devoted love for Father Egan, one who had been with him when the parish of St. John Baptist's was first founded, when there was no warning that the neighborhood would develop into a fashionable district. and when Father Egan never dreamed that he would be pastor over a congregation of wealth. For John Baptist's was wealthy, now almost as wealthy as the neigh-boring parish of Our Lady of the Snow. Morgan had been with Father Egan through it all and it Morgan had been

was he who had furnished the room. Father Egan had occupied it just one night, but the elegance had kept him awake. In the morning he had de cided that the old room was quite good enough for him. The new one he would hand over to his first assistant. And the joy of his curates at its elegance had been a source of pleasure to the old man. Father Martin had been loud in expressing his pleasure in it. Father Costello had not been so loud, but he had ad mired it ever more. He had felt his hand carelessly over the soft, downy bed, and he had stroked his feet ap preciatively over the white fur of the

Speaking much is a sign of vanity,