CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED

"Yes, honey. When she left here she lived with huh aunt in Georgetown. Mistah Dallas went to huh, shortly aftahwards, an' offahed huh his han' in marriage. Chlos tole me all about it. But Miss Virginia 'fused' im, an' when he taunted huh rith havin' no home, she tole him that she'd want a home more an' need it more than she did that day a-foh she'd marry 'im. Then she began to work foh the Rebel soljurs, she an' the res' of the ladies of Georgetown, sewin' toh 'em an' sendin' 'em money, an' medicine foh the sick ones. So the Union folks 'cided to send those ladies to prison n' make 'em sew foh the Yankee soljurs. But I s'picion Mistah Dallas had a han' in that work, foh a foh any one heard of the arres being out foh the ladies, he went to Miss Vir-ginia an' tole huh that she an' the othah ladies mus' go to prison. An' Miss Virginia asked him how it happens that he know of this a foh dy else. An' she tole him that she knew why, 'cause he's the in-stigatah of the cruel deed. Then he says to huh that if she'll marry him, he'll keep huh and the res' of the ladies out of prison, an' that she can still work all she wants to foh the Rebels. But she tells him, jus' as proud as she always wuz, my poor dablin': 'No, Mistah Dallas, you an ganlin': 'No, Mistah Dallas, you an'
your base creatures may sen' me to
prison, yes, kill me, an' I assure you
I'd rathah such a fate than to be
your wife!' Chloe tole me that he
got awful white in the face, but
Mistah Dallas nevah let any one
know what he's thinkin'; so he jus'
say to huh, with that smile of his:
'This is the secon' time. Miss Castle. This is the secon' time, Miss Castle on, I've asked you to be my wife I'll ask you once more, an' when I do you'll give your consent.' But she an' the res' of the ladies wuz spirited away, an' we don't know where they are. An' when Mis' Love was a dyin we sen' to Mistab Dallas an' ask him, foh God's sake, to tell us where Miss Virginia is, foh Mis' Love wuz callin foh huh, day an night. But he don't give us any satisfaction. When Tom came he went to Mistah Dallas an' ask where is Miss Virginia; an' he tole Tom that he don't know why we folks go to him foh Miss Castle ton's address, that he ain't runnin the government. An' so she wasn't with us at all, an' when she hears oh, my honey! when she hears that

dome a waitin' to welcome hub, home, she'll die! she'll die!" Hal Todd clinched his handsthere were no tears in his eyes now that Howard Dallas would live to re-gret the day he had lifted a hand to ring sorrow into the heart of Vir-

huh darlin' Aunt Love sin't at

ginia Castleton. "Is Chloe with Virginia?" he asked.

after a long pause.
"No, honey, they wouldn't let poor Chloe go. She was mos' crazy for a while. But one day she took the notion she'd go to Willow wild to see Mistah Davidson, an' she nevah come back. But that was neah the time of ouh own trouble an' we nevah thought 'bout Chloe. I don't know what has happened to huh no more than to Miss Virginia. O my child! my child! God's 'flictin' us sore! His han' is laid heavy on us! ain't nothin' lef' me now, nothin', nothin' !"

"Have you troubles, Aunt Charity?" asked Hal, sympathetically, for he felt that there was still another woe lying on the taithful old heart. 'Hal," she said, "my heart's mos'

You remembah what th broke! prophet says when he calls upon the people to pause by the wayside an' see it evah there was a sorrow like unto his sorrow? O my God! look on my sorrow! The children I love are pitted 'gainst each othah; one driven frum home with his fathah's angah hangin' ovah him ; the othah grievin' himself to death 'cause of an' what he's done to the girl that loved him bettah than all on the earth. My mistress lyin' in huh grave, sent there with a broken heart; my mastah an exile from home; an' that chile we all loved e wuz ouh very own, livin' we don't know where, sufferin' we do know what. But this ain't all. Honey, my own girl, my poor Mandy, ran off, an'—oh, my sorrow !—with the wicked son of that wicked woman of ole Mis' Powell's. Run off frum huh mastab, the best mastab ever a girl had! an' is breakin' huh ole mothah's heart because of what she's heard of hub. Chlos tole me that it wuz Mandy's spyin' on Miss Virginia that mandy's spyin' on Miss virginis mass brought on all hub trouble. She's Mistah Dallas' tool, an' ole Mis' Powell's. She does their biddin', helpin' bring the innocent to misery, an' I tremble when I think of what God's punishment will be on my child. But I could bear it all, all," she broke out, "if my dahlin' Mis' Love wuz livin', foh she could comfort me!" and the tears for the dead fort me!" and the tears for the dead how's Breckenridge and the rest of man.

"I see yoh 'ceeded in fin'in Cu'nel the boys?" rose from the bench.

"Charity," he said, pressing his her bowed head, and his voice had lost forever its boyish ring, while his face looked old in the moonlight, "I wish that I could comfort you, but only God can comfort you and me for what we have lost. Poor Charity! It is desolate for you here, but stay at your post. I know you will, for you love us. We'll come home some day to you, Charity. Oh! wait for that day, faithful, loyal, unswerving friend, in hope and

"O Hal," she cried, clinging to his parting hand, "the days are long! They go by in shadows! But God bless you an' keep you, my dahlin' boy, my precious chile! An' if you don't see ole Charity no more on earth, God will bring us together in Heaven again.

He stooped and kissed her, then mounted his horse and turned away. As he passed into the lawn he looked back and saw that she was again kneeling in the white yard, with her long arms lifted supplicatingly toward the moon-lighted sky.

CHAPTER XXII

Though Hal rode fast and far that night, the next day was several hours old before he overtook his regiment, which had moved on quickly and cautiously toward Lexington. When almost within sight of it Morgan halted, and while the company awaited the return of the scouts, he with three of his officers, rode leis urely toward the city. They wore long military coats of blue over their gray uniforms, a disguise that ofte roved useful. met one of the trusty scouts, who brought the expected information that General Ward had left the town some hours before to surprise and capture Morgan and his men, who, the Federal commander supposed, were encamped on the outskirts of Georgetown. A strong guard had been left, however, in Lexington, one division of which was stationed on the road, a little further down.

" How many men ?" asked Colonel Morgan.
"Ten and an officer," returned the

informant. Morgan smiled, and after ordering the scout to keep a close eye on the country, and despatching one of his officers back to camp with instructions to get the men into readiness for an immediate march into Lexing. ton, he, with the other two, continue to ride slowly down the turnpike until he sighted the sentinel leaning wearily on his gun. Morgan put spurs to his horse and galloped oward the soldier who, before he toward the soldier who, below he could recover himself, was promptly placed under arrest and ordered to lead the way to his superior.

"How is this, sir!" cried Morgan, in tones that made that gentleman

quake as, looking up from his writ-ing at the sound of approaching feet, he saw, as he supposed, three Union officers before him and his sentinel a prisoner, "that you have let the enemy escape you? Morgan and his men passed right under your eyes while General Ward was being led twenty miles away by a false report. Is this the way you perform your duty? Officer," turning to one of duty? Officer," turning to one duty? Officer," turning to one and his own men, "arrest this man and his soldiers. Such negligence is

riminal" By whose orders ?" asked the officer, stubbornly, as the com-Union mand was given to him to hand over

his guns.
"Colonel de Courcey," was the prompt reply, whereupon the soldiers obediently stacked their arms and narched up the road before the supposed Union officers, vaguely wonder-what fate would be theirs for their terrible blunder. The turn in the road which disclosed to their surprised eyes a Confederate regiment relieved them of that doubt, to fill them with bitter regret that they had been so neatly captured and the door of the town thereby thrown open to the enemy. A laugh went around as the Confederate soldiers caught sight of their Colonel, and in it, after a moment, the prisoners joined good naturedly. They knew that they were with Moran and that they would receive a treatment, followed by a speedy

An hour later an old gentleman, walking over Broadway where it straggles out into a sparsely settled locality, was startled by strains of music, and stopping the one other chance pedestrian, he exclaimed :

That must be the soldiers coming back with Morgan !"

His companion listened; but quiver ran over his face and he laughed. "The Yankees don't march to the strains of 'Dixie!' " he cried with something like exultation in his voice. "Ten to one it's Morgan himself!

The first speaker looked at him keenly for an instant; then the lasped hands, for each knew that the other secretly hoped such might be the case, though a Union flag flung its folds over the one's place of business, while the other had a paid sub-stitute in the Federal army. His only son, however, was one of Morgan's men. A little later, as the head of the column came into sight, the two gentlemen threw prudence to the

Welcome home, John! welcom home!" cried the younger of the

two.
"You're a curious fellow, John!" said the elder gentleman, with his lisp. "We looked for you this road lisp. three days ago, but you didn't come. We expected you by the Versailles pike to night, and here you are coming in the opposite direction. Where did you leave Ward, John? And

Colonel Morgan smiled, and said:
"We couldn't pass without giving
you a call. It will have to be a brief

one, however."
"I'm thinking that it will, John; I'm thinking that it will!" said the old man. "But we'll try to give you a good time while you are here."

He spoke for his town, and he spoke correctly. As if by magic, when the news spread of Morgan's coming, the "loyal" symbols disappeared, to be replaced in many instances by those of the Confederacy. A gayety sud-

denly took possession of the people and the dauntless Morgan was made to feel that while his mother city might not be wholly convinced that he was right, still she did not forget that, right or wrong, he was her son and as such she would welcome him

His scouts having brought him information later in the day that the Federals, misled by reports of the great number of Morgan's cavalry, who they knew now held Lexington, had fallen back toward Frankfort to await reinforcements, the Colone concluded that the rest he had prom ised to give his men at Georgetown might be taken in Lexington. When this became known, Southern sym-pathizers made hasty preparations for the reception of Morgan and his officers, which was followed by a ball. It was not as brilliant an affair as these returned

Lexington gentlemen remembered on other occasions, for privations and est by the supporters of the Confederacy. The beauty and grace of the women still remained, but these were not heightened, as they used to be, by priceless jewels and costly dresses, for many a belle had seen her elegant econfiscated with her father' household goods, while her jewels had been sacrificed to ward off hunger, or save that beloved father when Your money, or Camp Chase!" was to demand. Yet they were not the less fine ladies, whether their dress was of silk or homespun, and though he hearts of many were overwhelm

by sorrow, no sign of it was permitted to tinge the festivity. Among the gentlemen in whose honor the reception was held were some who shrunk from the sight of this familiar ball room scence as they would not have done from a battlefield; and one of those was Phil Mc-Dowell. As soon as he could he left the splendid old rooms and went alone to the piazza.

As he stood there, lost in bitter reflection, his attention was drawn to a tall woman who was crossing the lawn in the direction of the h At intervals she would pause and glance around as though bewildered; ometimes she seemed to be on the verge of hastily retracing her steps As she drew near he noticed that her dress was black and that a veil of he same color hung over her head and hid her face. She came to the steps, hesitated, looked around nervously, and knowing that she was either a spy or some one in trouble he stepped forward, saying :

What is it you want ?" The woman sprang back with cry; then, as she recognized him, she

said, joyfully :
"Oh, Marse McDowell, I'se so glad to see yuh." She threw back her veil, adding: "Don't yuh 'membah me? I'se Chloe, Miss 'Ginia's woman.

Come over here," he said, draw ing back into the shadow. "Speak low. Do you come from your mis-tress? How is she? Where is

He tried to ask those questions calmly, but he could not conceal the emotions surging over his heart.

"I cyan't talk to yuh, Marse. I

kem to see Cu'nel Mo'gan," she said.
"I mus' see 'im right 'way."
"But he is engaged," said Phil.
"Cyan't he'p it; I mus' see 'im!
Oh, Marse," she cried, "foh God's sake, tek me to him! Ef yoh jus' mowed how fah I'se journayed, how skeered I'se be'n, skeered uv de Yan rees ketchin' me an' stealin' mah lettah, skeered uv de Rebels ketchin' me an' stealin' mah hoss—oh, I wuz

"Who sent you to Colonel Morgan?" asked Phil. "I must know that before I can ask him to see

"Miss 'Ginia's frien,'" said the negress, with quiet dignity. "An' of yoh's huh frien' yoh'll tek me to Cu'nel Molecule dignity."

"Will you get in, Father? I will be glad to take you the rest of the way." Cu'nel Mo'-gan dis minute.'

"I am her friend," said Phil to himself; then, aloud: "Put down your veil and come with me." He led the way through the long, wide hall to the little office in the rear, and leaving her there, went in search of Morgan. The long minutes passed, and as no one came the heart of the waiting Chlos grew sick. She pictured disasters that might befall her, not the least of which was her discovery by some member of the household! then she heard a low, pleasant voice at her elbow, saying:

You wish to see Colonel Morgan ?"
" Yes, Marse," she said, rising. " Ia

"Yes, Marse," she said, rising. "Is yoh him?"
"I am," he answered.
"Marse," she began, in wheedling tones, all the suspicion of the negro character showing itself in her request, "please, suh, bring in Marse McDowell; 'case yoh see, suh, 'e knows me, an'il tell yoh I yain't some provider sony in riggahs "at's

uv dem wickit spy-in' niggahs w'at's causin' folks so much trouble." Her wiliness made Morgan smile, knowing as he did that she only wanted Captain McDowell to con-firm his statement regarding himself. He stepped to the door leading into the library and called the young

Mo'gan, Marse McDowell," she re marked, as Phil entered.

Yes, this is Colonel Morgan," said

he, kindly.

"I had to be mighty keerful, gen'l'm'n," she said, excusingly looking from one to the other. Then she took off her bonnet, and quickly breaking the thread which fastened the lining and material of its crown the lining and material of its crown

on them, he started perceptibly, read hurriedly, re read carefully, and even a third time let his glauce wander down the mystic page. Then he gave the paper to Phil, saying: "Can you read that, Captain Mc-

Dowell ? I can not, sir," graplied he, after

close scrutiny.
"There is only one other be sides myself that can—my teacher— and I thought that we left him at Buena Vista," finished Morgan, musy. "It is old Arabic, modernized soldier's lingo," he went on. "It tells me," repossessing himself of the paper," that before I read this, from Cincinnati to intercept me, an that thus situated, with Ward's force behind me, and this one in front, shall have to use some skill in extri cating myself from my position. It further states," went on Morgan in altered voice, "that where the writer is now stationed, in Newport, a num ber of Kentucky ladies are im-prisoned, for the crime of loving their husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, who are engaged in defending the liberty of our country. Those ladies look to John Morgan for deliverance, and—" his small, beautiful blue eyes flashing with radiance, "they shall not look in vain. My faithful woman," he said, turning to Chloe. " return to your master and tell him that Morgan has not forgotten some things he learned at Buena Vista."

"God bless yoh, Cu'nel Mo'gan," aid the old woman fervently, and

withdraw. Several of the officers were hastily called into the small room, and when Morgan outlined to them his now necessarily changed plan of leaving the Blue Grass country, all admitted that it was the wisest that could be determined upon. Some of the older men, however, did not favor the determination of their Colene to liber. ate the Kentucky ladies whose prison was within calling distance of Cin cinnati. Was it well to endanger the entire command, they asked, for the ake of a few, evan though those few, were ladies?

I shall not endanger the com mand!" replied Morgan. "There are gentlemen with me who for the sake of only one of those fair prisonlone charge a regiment of Federals, and among those champions of hers I have the honor to number myself. Gentlemen, she is the lady who has furnished your leader with the horse that has carried him over many a weary march. Shall he not carry him to her liberation? Is there one among you now who would ounsel me against this intention of mine to deliver Miss Virginia Castleon from her cruel captivity ?"

cried the None, Colonel, none!" allant Duke. "And prosaic as they call our days, we shall prove to the world that if chivalry has elsewhere fied the land, it still lives among, and nates, the movements of Morgan and his men !"

TO BE CONTINUED

BLACK BOY'S LAST RUN

I was driving my car slowly along the country road and enjoying to the utmost the clear, bracing air of early morning, with an exhilarating sense of freedom from worry and labor. This hour, stolen from the hustling, bustling city, and spent amid th peace and quiet content of rural surroundings afforded me a much needed stimulant for the exacting luties of the work a day world.

A man stepped to the side to perway. He was a priest, and I knew by the way he held his right hand, that he was carrying the Blessed Sac-

"Thank you. But it is about two miles farther up the road.' We will be there in a few minu.

tes, and I am just out for the air." Owing to the sacred Presence, there was no attempt at conversation, and in a very short time, I deposited the in a very short time, I deposited the priest outside a rude hut, it was a full half hour before he reappeared. A smile of surprise and appreciation lit up his face as he saw me waiting.

"You are very good, but I am atraid I am imposing on your kindness. I did not know you were still here."

I could not enjoy my ride back knowing you had to walk all the way a little later. My time is my own and an hour will make little difference at the office."
"Ah! I believe I know you.

you not Mr. Williams, head of the Williams Manufacturing Company? Yes, Father." I laughed. is why I don't need to hurry."

fell into pleasant conversation re-garding the scenes along the way. "Do you see that old black horse there in the pasture ?" he asked. That horse must have been

beauty in his day. He looks mighty aged, yet see how shiny his coat is." He receives very good care, and is close to thirty years old, although he has done no work for many years

Perhaps you would like to hear the story of his last run." I willingly assented, and Father Schafer began :

"John Allingham, as well as his fathers before him, had little use for Catholics, and made no attempt to hide the contempt he felt for the Papists' and 'Crossbacks' as he called

although over thirty years of age, never had any previous affair of the heart. Strange as it may seem, Mar-jorie was a good Catholic, and John jorie was a good Camolic, and John made no attempt to change her. He still seemed to hate Catholicism, and all pertaining to it, with the exception of the little lady who soon scame his wife. They were marrie by a priest, grudgingly, no doubt, although at the time, he voiced no open objections, his one great desire being to get possession of Marjorie. But his great happiness was short lived, for after a year of married life, his wife died after giving birth to a little daughter, another Marjorie just like herself. The man was heart-broken, and for a long time, it seemed that he would follow his wife to the grave; then, the little one began to exert a wonderful influence over him, and all the love he held for the mother was lavished upon her babe. The old nurse, a devoted Catholic, who had attended Mrs. Allingham, took charge of the child, and without ever calling the father's attention to the matter the little exert a wonderful influence over him,

tion to the matter, the little one was baptized and reared in the faith of her mother. She was eight years old, when he first learned of it. 'Daddy, dear," she said one morn ing, climbing up to his knee, and winding her little arms around his

without me this year? The man laughed heartily at the innocent question. "No, indeed Pet. Were you thinking of making

neck," do you think you could do

I want to go to the conven chool, where mother went."

The man's face darkened. "Wh has been putting that nonsense into your head?" he asked.

No one, Daddy dear. But I found her prayer book and rosary, and I made old Martha teach me how to say them."
"Old Martha! Well I'll attend to

Old Martha was ordered to leave despite the tears and protests of the

" If Martha leaves me Daddy dear. I know I'll die," she wailed, seemed as though she really would. She stopped eating, grew listless and pale, until the father, in dismay, called in a prominent doctor from the

The doctor shook his head gravely "The child seems all right, physically, although it is evident that she is going into a decline. I know of a similar case where a child lost her mother and mourned for her loss until she grew very ill, but Marjorie does not remember her mother." Marjorie was but a baby when

my wife died. Do you think a change of climate would help?"
"I cannot promise." The doctor reached out and gathered the child into his arms.

Now, little one, if Daddy would promise to give to you anything you ish, what would you ask for ?" A great light shone in the child's eyes. All of her apathy seemed to vanish, and she clapped her hands in

glee.
"Oh! oh! I just want Martha. Only ol' Martha!"
"Old Martha?" asked the doctor,

looking at the man.
"That is the nurse Marjorie has had since she was born. She has grown feeble and childish and began to implant into the child's impres sionable mind things that were un wise. I sent her away."

"Mr. Allingham," said the doctor rising, "your child needs no medicine A change of climate might do more narm than good. Bring back old Martha if you wish to see the child

But John Allingham was stubborn Instead of Mar automobile, and took the child for daily rides around the country. But even that failed to arouse her inter est or curiosity.

"I'd rather have Black Boy ride me about, Daddy," she sighed, he reminds me so much of Martha. He's getting old, like her, too. Will you be sending him away, soon? The man's heart melted, and as he held his baby in tight embrace, he promised she should have both Martha and Black Boy, as long as they should live. That very as they should live. That ver day Martha, came back, and Marjori was quick to regain her health and strength, but she was careful never again to mention her mother's selig-tion. Martha did the best she ion. Martha did the best she could with the aid of a little cate chiem, and prayerfully awaited an opportunity for the child to re-ceive better instruction. This chance came, about a year later, when Mr. Allingham was called to England, on the death of a relation, and while there decided to tour the continent. During this period Martha and her young charge visited a relation of Marjorie's mother, and she was placed with the Sisters, to enjoy the only year of real Catholic training she ever received. It was during this time that she was confirmed and

received her first Holy Communion Marjorie grew to be a beautiful, lovable maiden. When she was seventsen, her father took sick with a fatal though lingering illness, and the girl redoubled her prayers for the conversion of her parent, but it seemed nothing could banish the prejudice he held for the Catholic religion. His daughter, with desperate earnestness, pleaded with him to see the priest, but he remained unmoved. The man had been confined to his bed over a year, and was fast approaching "the end, when a little book, 'The life of St. Rita, the Won-Worker,' fell into Marjorie's hands. Greatly interested, she and old Martha prayed with renewed fer-yor, begging that saint to intercede them in derision, until pretty Marjorie Santon with her mother moved
into the neighborhood. It was love
at first sight with the man, who,

the balance of her life to missionary

Marjorie was shocked to note the change in her father's face. Surely death was hovering very close! Falling upon her knees, she buried her face in his pillow. "Daddy, dear, I face in his pillow. "Daddy, dear, I could stand to give you up if I knew you were going to God and mother, but I can't, oh! I just can't let you

go away as you are."
"Marjorie, darling, I have been thinking that the religion that makes such women as you and your dear mother is a better one than I have ever known. Marjorie, I want to go to your mother. I, too, want to be a Catholic like her."

It was so good Marjorie could hardly believe her ears, but she dropped to her knees and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God and St. Rita for the wonderful change in her

"I'm going to send for the priest

at once, daddy, dear. Oh! you've made me so glad. So happy!" Marjorie could not wait for the priest to come and make her father's onversion assured. She raced down to the garage, only to learn that the car was being repaired and would not be done for several days. She dared not delay, so calling Martha, she told

her :
"I'll have to saddle Black Boy and
"Watch go for the priest for father. Watch him closely while I am gone, and pray, pray that I may not be too

'Twas a wonderful race that Black Boy and the girl ran that day! The old horse glanced in surprise at his mistress, at the first touch of the whip; then, seeming to understand that matters of great importance were at stake, he answered gladly. and over the road they dashed, mile after mile, till they had covered the distance to the nearest city, and stopped at the parsonage door. the end is soon told. John Alling ham died that afternoon, soon after being baptized and receiving the Sacraments, and the old horse was a great hero.

After the death of old Martha lmost a year later, Marjorie gave all of her worldly possessions to charity and entered the convent, but before going she placed Black Boy in the care of a faithful servant, with a sufficient amount of money to keep the old horse in comfort the rest of his days.

As we drew up to the priest's modest little home, Father Schafer alighted and held out his hand.

Thank you very much, Mr. Wil liams. I enjoyed the ride immensely and it has saved me a full hour's

time." "Father," I answered earnestly, "the pleasure has been all mine, for Mr. Allingham and my father had mutual interest in many business deals, and his daughter, known in the deals, and his daughter, k religious world as Sister Mary Agnes, little daughters are being educated. So you see, dear Father, I shall soon take great pleasure. take great pleasure in retelling the story of 'Black Boy's Last Run?" —Intermountain Catholic.

HIS WISH

It was harvest time, and according to custom the good men of the parish were preparing to give their yearly tithes to good Pere Lacroix, who had been the parish priest at St. Roch for years. The gay seigneur Sieur Laroche ode from his good domain upon the hores of the broad St. Lawrence, past his fields where the week before the waving grain had been the envy of all his poorer neighbors, a look great satisfaction upon his face.

A good year!" he said to himself. Almost as good as if I could have nade the weather to suit myself. I have a goodly tithe to bear to His Reverence, and so, too, have all the inhabitants upon the country side."
His horse shied at something in

the path as he cantered onward toward the rectory, and Sieur looked up startled from his reverie. A strange figure stood in the path, the figure of a man clad in long blue robes, fair hair curling upon his shoulders, a handsome face with blue eyes of strange and searching glance Who art thou?" demanded the

Sieur, surprised at such a stranger n parts where all men knew each ae other as their fathers before them had done. Peace be with thee," answered

the stranger, leaving the question unanswered. "Whither goest thou?" "I am going to the rectory to bring my tithe to Pere Lacroix," replied the Sieur Laroche, without hesitation. There was something so commanding, albeit so gentle, about the stranger's mien that he felt he needs must answer. The harvest has been good?

said the stranger.

"Good—yes—behold the size of my bundle-I must needs ride to carry it," said the Sieur. "In fact, it has been almost as fine weather as if I had made it myself.

"And you would have made better weather for the harvest then?"

The stranger's voice was keen, his glance seemed to pierce through the fair face of the beautiful world. siegneur's heart. I—oh, undoubtedly, had I had the

making of the weather, you would be surprised at the harvest." "Yes?" The stranger gave a strange little smile. "I grant the wish. After this the weather shall

be according to your desire." And he passed quickly out of sight.

The following year at the time for the tithing, the Sieur Laroche went slowly toward the rectory, nor was what follows, as a matter of course, when our fellows rode at them in before in his manner, but a deep description.

pression. He carried only a small bundle tied up in a handkerchies, and walked as if a weary.

Where is your fine-stepping nag?' asked a quiet voice, and the Sieur Larouche looked up with a start. There was his friend of the year be-

fore, looking at him quietly.

The seigneur doffed his cap, and

replied:
"I have sold my horse. I no longer could keep him."
"Yet he seemed like a fine horse and much attached to his master,"

Yes." was the reply. tinued the stranger, with a searching glance. "Are you not generous with the good pastor this year? I hope success has not hardened your heart."

"Success!" the man laughed bitterly. "Success and I are no longer friends. The harvest is the poorest in years. Everything has gone wrong. When I wished for rain, or heat or sun or wind, it came, but always it seemed at the wrong time. The rain rained too bard; the sun burned up the crops; the wind blew them away. The drought dried up the seeds in the fallow: the rains washed them out before they had time to take root. There was nothing to feed the stock and times are so hard that I had to sell my horse to support my family. The neighbors declare that I am a wizard because I get whatever weather I wish for, and this miserable mouchoir full of grain is all I have to bear His Reverence, my only friend. The good washed them out before they had erence, my only friend. The gran's eyes were filled with tears.

But you had just the weather you wished for." There was a hint o

reproof in the gentle voice.
"Yes—but no longer do I desire to wish for weather," replied the Sieur. You are willing hereafter to allow the Bon Dieu to manage His own weather?" asked the stranger.
"Good." Then I withdraw the gift I gave. Hereafter trust in God and next year the tithes shall fill a whole leigh. For the God Who made the world knows best what is needed by

His children."

In an instant the stranger was gone, and the Sieur was left wondering. Still more did he wonder at the strange happening when the next year his barns were filled to overflowing, and the tithe he bore to His Reverence fairly filled the sledge, and he was forced to buy back his

and he was forced to be, horse to draw it to the rectory. Sure-And he said to his children, y, the God Who made the world knows what is best for His children." -Mary F. Nixon Roulet, in the Mag-

WHAT SOME FAMOUS FOLKS HAVE SAID OF WAR

Jean Jacques-War is the foulest dend that ever vomited forth from the mouth of hell.
Thomas Jefferson—I abhor war,

and view it as the greatest scourge Benjamin Franklin-There never

was a good war or a bad peace.
William Lloyd Garrison—My country is the world; my countrymen are

Napoleon Bonaparte-The more I study the world, the more I am con-vinced of the inability of force to create anything durable.
Paul on Mars Hill—God hath made

of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. Andrew Carnegie-We have abolished slavery from civilized countries -the owning of man by man. The next great step that the world can take is to abolish war—the killing of

George Washington-My first wish is to see the whole world at peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving which should most contribute to the happiness of mankind.

Abraham Lincoln—With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive. . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all

nations. Emanuel Kant—The method by which States prosecute their rights cannot under present conditions be a process of law, since no court exists having jurisdiction over them, but only war. But, through war even it it result in victory, the question of right is decided.

William Ellery Channing—The doctrine that violence, oppression, inhumanly is an essential element of society is so revolting that, did I believe it, I would say, let society perish, let man and his works be swept away and the earth be abandoned to the brutes. Better that the globe should be tenanted by brutes than by brutalized men.

Robert E. Les-But what a cruel thing is war, to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joy and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love Charles Dickens-There will be the

full complement of backs broken in two, of arms twisted wholly off, of men impaled upon their bayonets, of legs smashed up like bits of frewood, of heads sliced open like apples, of other heads crunched into soft jelly by the iron hoofs of horses, of faces trampled out of all likeness to any-thing human. This is what skulks behind "a splendid charge." This is