

Healthy Baby When Born In Three Months Humor Spread Over His Forehead

Such Itching, Burning Torture—How It Ended.

When a child is cured of the itching torture and burning inflammation of eczema or salt rheum, it is no wonder that words fall to express the joy of the grateful parents, and that they gladly tell in as strong terms as possible the plain story of suffering relieved and health restored.

"Dear Sirs:—Our boy Harvey will remember the good Hood's Sarsaparilla did him as long as he lives. He was a healthy baby when he was born, but before he was three months old a breaking out appeared on both sides of his face.

Physicians did him little good and said but for his strong constitution he could not have lived through his dreadful suffering. The humor spread over his forehead, into his eyes, and came out on his hands. It was indeed pitiful to witness the poor child's sufferings.

"Very much—only to study you in that costume. And Miss Tyrconnel will be worth seeing also. What a Spanish look she has!

"Why did not you and Miss Marriott bring her to my studio?" he asked, in a tone of inquiry.

"I heard of you in several ateliers, but I was not thought worthy of a visit."

"Well, you know," was the quiet reply, "we were showing her pictures and not bric-a-brac. If it had been the latter we should certainly have gone to you."

"How outrageous and insulting!" he said, but he could not forbear laughing.

"And you are mistaken, too. I have a few pictures on hand. One I have been painting at with tolerable steadiness lately, and I should like you to see it. Will you not come some afternoon, bring Miss Tyrconnel, and take tea with me?"

"I have no objection if Mrs. Severn and Grace have none. You can arrange the matter with them."

"And Miss Tyrconnel—will you arrange it with her?"

"I will endeavor to do so. Yes, Giacomo (as a servant entered and announced the waiting carriage.)

"She turned, and taking up a pearl rosary from a table near by, slipped it on her wrist."

"That gives the last picturesque touch to your appearance," said Erle, who was watching her admiringly.

"I suppose you are taking that to be blessed for some Catholic friend."

"Perhaps so," she answered, as she moved toward the door. Then she paused abruptly. "No," she added: "I am taking it to be blessed for myself. I don't know why I should hesitate to say so."

"I am sure I don't," he rejoined, candidly. "I have an immense admiration and respect for the Santo Padre myself. If I could, I would give him back his temporal power tomorrow, if only to save what remains of the picturesque and the venerable in Rome. Art owes an immense debt to the Vatican, and I for one never fail to pay it in the homage of my gratitude and respect. Present those sentiments for me to His Holiness."

"He said the last words laughingly as they reached the carriage waiting at the foot of the stairs, and saw just the picture he had expected in Kathleen's face draped, Spanish like head."

"What is it you are sending to the Holy Father, Mr. Erle?" she asked, smiling.

"My respectful gratitude for the appreciation and patronage which his predecessors have always extended to art, and for having ordained such a charming costume for ladies who attend his court," answered the young man, with a glance which pointed the words. "I have been asking Miss

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID. Author of "Armine," "Philip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE FEET OF THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

It was with a sense of tremulous expectation which surprised herself that Cecil waited, the next day, for the arrival of the Tyrconnels to go to the Vatican. She had spoken truly in saying that she shrank from seeing the Holy Father for fear he might not fulfill the exalted idea which her imagination had formed of his office and of himself; yet she was conscious also of a strong attraction drawing her toward him. It was as if some great need of her nature was awake and hoping to find a response in "those fatherly hands whence blessings flow."

"By Jove," he said, "you must really let me paint you in that dress! I never saw anything so becoming. But why—oh, I know, of course! You are going to the Vatican."

"Yes," answered Cecil, smiling, "with Mrs. and Miss Tyrconnel. Should you like to go?"

"Very much—only to study you in that costume. And Miss Tyrconnel will be worth seeing also. What a Spanish look she has!

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Lorimer to let me paint her in it, and I should like to extend the request to yourself.

"We will allow you to do so when His Holiness appoints you court painter," said Cecil, as she entered the carriage. "Here I am," she added, as they drove away, "but not, I assure you, without much inward trepidation. It is a pity to have to realize an imagination. If I did not realize so clearly what the Pope is, I should not feel so much awe of him."

"A very convincing proof that you are not a Catholic," said Kathleen. "We have no such awe—although we know what he is—because above all and over all he is to us the Holy Father."

"And he is so fatherly in manner," observed Mrs. Tyrconnel, "that no one can feel any uncomfortable awe after seeing him."

Cecil had her own opinion on this point, but she did not express it; and after a quick drive across the city they passed over the Ponte San Angelo, entered the Leonine City, and drove through its narrow medieval streets, passed the great piazza of St. Peter's with its flashing fountains, and drew up in one of the courts of the Vatican, where an open doorway was occupied by the Swiss Guards.

The ladies, descending from their carriage, passed up a magnificent staircase to an antechamber, where they were received by servants of the papal household in crimson liveries, and ushered into a large and lofty salon, in which a group of about twenty persons were already assembled.

Most of these were ladies, several of whom were acquaintances of Mrs. and Miss Tyrconnel. There was a murmur of conversation going on among the different groups, but in subdued tones that were almost lost in the vast space of the room. Mrs. Tyrconnel shivered a little as they sat down, and looked apprehensively at her daughter.

"It is very cold," she said. "I am afraid of this for you, Kathleen. I wish that I had not consented to your coming. I know how it would be; these immense rooms are cold always."

"I do not really think I shall take cold," replied Kathleen. "It is chilly, but I am warmly clad, and we may not have long to wait."

Mrs. Tyrconnel shook her head. "One always has to wait," she said. "The event amply justified this prediction. For two hours they waited; and as Cecil saw Kathleen growing whiter and whiter from cold and weariness, she began to share the apprehension of her mother. Yet the girl would not consent to go away and lose her audience. "What!" she said when this was proposed to her, "give up the blessing of the Holy Father because I may have a chill when I go home! Non possumus. I am as firm on that point as the Vatican itself."

A courteous chamberlain came in once and explained the cause of delay. Before receiving them the Holy Father had to give an audience to an ambassador, and then to some great foreign prelates. "How tired he will be before it comes to our turn!" said one of the ladies sympathetically.

But presently, after prolonged and weary waiting, their turn came. The great doors were thrown open, and they were directed to pass into one of the beautiful Raphael loggias. What a picture met the eye as they did so! Through the great windows sunlight was striking on the glorious frescoes, giving an effect of light and color beyond description; and at the head of the gallery, surrounded by prelates and by the Noble Guard, stood a tall, slender figure clad in ivory white—Leo, Vicar of Christ and Father of Christendom.

It was with a strange feeling that Cecil looked at this figure. She forgot all that she had ever said of her fear that the ideal she had formed of one so august would not be realized in seeing its realization before her eyes. In deed she confessed to herself that she had never imagined a presence in which majesty and sweetness could be blended as they were blended here, with the highest spirituality of type and aspect. The body seemed no more than a frail, transparent shell for the soul which looked through it—that wonderful soul with its consuming ardor, its fervent piety, its far-reaching aims, and its intellectual power which is known to the whole world now, and has commanded the respect of even the worst enemies of the Papacy and of the Church. "It is impossible that any man could fulfill the ideal suggested by the claims the Roman Pontiff makes," she had declared. Yet now she saw in this august presence all those claims embodied. The Vicar of Christ stood before her clothed with a dignity beyond the dignity of kings, a tranquil and unapproachable majesty which nothing could mar or disturb; the Head of the Universal Church looked out from his prison place with eyes so piercing and so clear—deeper under a massive brow—that not one of the needs of the world, of its difficulties or its sufferings, escaped his glance; while the Father of the Faithful—the descendant of him to whom was given the command, "Feed My sheep"—welcomed his children with a sweetness so penetrating, a gentleness so touching, and an interest so personal, that the sense of awe was lost in affection.

All of this Cecil was able to say to herself later, when, the audience over, she could define the impression which had been made upon her; but when she approached the benignant figure, when she caught the glance of the dark eyes and the smile of the gentle lips, she could only sink upon her knees, and touch her lips, with the first

thrill of real homage that she had ever felt, to the delicate hand—in tint like a piece of ivory carving—which was held out to her.

"The rest was a dream to her. She knelt like one in a trance, absorbed in a rush of feeling which overwhelmed her, thinking of nothing save that here was the visible representative of God upon earth; to this hand which she had touched was committed the power of the awful keys; and through the lips that murmured a few words of kindest greeting, the Holy Ghost speaks to the Church of God.

"Have you no request to make to the Holy Father?" asked a purple-robed monsignor, bending toward her. The words roused her a little. She threw back her head, and suddenly the inmost need of her soul found expression.

"O Holy Father," she said, "give me faith! I wish to believe—I do believe—but something holds me back. Loose the spell—make me your child."

Had she been able to observe, she would have seen that the monsignor, and all of those near enough to hear what she said, looked surprised and a little startled at this unconventional outbreak. But she saw only, heeded only, the face of the Holy Father, which was full of interest, of sympathy, and of kindness, as it looked down upon her.

"My child," he said, in a voice of exquisite modulation, "faith is a gift of God. Have you asked it of Him?"

"Holy Father, yes—but it comes and goes—it does not stay with me."

"It will stay when you receive it in holy baptism. What you need is to act. So long as you are without the Church these temptations will assail you. Once within her shelter you will find peace. Go seek that shelter, and take my blessing with you."

It was as if an oracle had spoken, or indeed—in for the comparison is poor—as if she had knelt at the feet of the Lord rather than of His Vicar, and said, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" She was answered, and she bent her head for the fatherly blessing with a rush of grateful tears.

CHAPTER XX.

"IF HE IS WISE HE WILL COME."

"And so it was the Holy Father, and not my dear old Abbé, who converted you at last!" said Kathleen to Miss Lorimer a few days after the audience which would always be so memorable to the latter.

"You forget that it was the Abbé who sent me to the Holy Father," replied Cecil. "But it is hardly possible to say that he converted me—he only told me what to do. In fact, no one converted me. That has been a process which has been going on for months, and which has been due to many influences. My stay in Paris did much for me, although Madame de Vérac is of the world worldly to an extreme degree. But the first awakening impulse came before Paris. Looking back, I can see that now."

"Sometimes those things go very far back—lie unheeded, as it were, for years," said Kathleen. "I have known people who traced their conversion to some impression received in their childhood."

"Mine is much more recent," answered Cecil. She hesitated a moment, then added quickly: "It may interest you to know that it dates from a few words of your brother's. It was the night of the accident to the ship at sea. I had never thought of death, of God, of anything spiritual, except in the most vague and indifferent manner. Some words that he said when the shock came—and they were very simple words—made me realize a different way of looking at these things. It was like an awakening. Afterward he let fall more than one remark which made me think. He seemed to have a standard by which to try things different from that of other men I had known. When I learned that he was a Catholic I said to myself that I would find out more of what Catholics believed. And the end of the finding out is—I am a Catholic myself. That, I think, must always be the end."

There was a look of exalted pleasure on Kathleen's face. "And so Gerald helped you!" she said. "How glad I am, and how glad he will be to hear it! Some of the chances of life—which, no doubt, we should not call chances—are wonderful, are they not?" She leaned back on the cushions of the couch where she was lying—she had been ill ever since the day at the Vatican—and seemed to meditate for a moment. Then she added: "I wish Gerald could come here. I think it would do him good."

"I am sure it would do you good," observed Cecil. "I think you are fretting about him more than you allow any one to suppose."

"I hope I am not fretting," the girl answered; "but I know he is in great trouble, and he has no one to help him. Not that he needs any one," she added quickly, "farther than we all need sympathy and approval."

"Only the strongest souls can work without those things," said Cecil thoughtfully. "It must be a sign of strength when the necessity to do so is laid upon any one."

Kathleen sighed a little, but then smiled with the radiance of a sudden recollection. "And so it was Gerald who set you on your journey!" she said. "I am so glad! But when will it end?—when are you to be received into the Church?"

"As soon as the Abbé Ravoux thinks I am sufficiently instructed. He found me very ignorant of many things—of almost everything, I may say. And he makes instruction so delightful—

there is something so wonderfully beautiful in the harmony, the coherency of every part, the luminous splendor of the Church as he shows it—that I am not impatient for this time of probation to end, except indeed that I may return to the Holy Father, as he bade me."

"There is One greater than the Holy Father, who is awaiting you at the end," said Kathleen softly. "But it is natural, I suppose, that you should not realize that yet."

Cecil flushed a little. "I think that I realize it," she answered; "but you are right to remind me."

"One question more, if you will not regard me as impertinent," said Kathleen. "What do your friends think of your course?"

Miss Lorimer unconsciously lifted her head with one of her old gestures of haughtiness. "I have not asked them what they think," she replied. "I have simply announced what I am about to do. But I know"—and a look of amusement came into her eyes—"what my sister and brother-in-law at home will think. They have all ways expected me to do something foolish and visionary—they will say now that I have done it."

"You are the last person in the world I would expect to do anything foolish or visionary," said Kathleen, with surprise. "Why should they imagine it of you?"

"Ah, why? That question involves a great deal. Perhaps because they know me best, perhaps because they know me least, as is often the case with people who are nearest to one. At all events, they certainly believe me capable of it."

They both laughed, and then Cecil rose from her seat by the side of the couch. "I must go now," she said. "My hour with the Abbé is at hand, and after that I have one or two social engagements. By the by, Lionel Erle is tormenting me as to when you are coming with us to his studio. I hope that you will soon be well enough to gratify him."

"I hope so, too," was the languid reply; "but this cold has taken such a deep hold upon me that I cannot tell. Give my love to the Abbé, and ask him to come and see me."

When the Abbé came he was quite startled by the girl's palor and weakness. "Why, this will never do," he said, "as a result of a visit to the Vatican! I am shocked at you. Has the Holy Father's blessing no more effect?"

"Every effect spiritually," answered Kathleen, smiling. "His cold palace has also a strong bodily effect. But I do not mind the illness, I am so glad that I went. If I had not gone Miss Lorimer might not have gone either, and the result with her is all that is to be desired."

"Yes," answered the Abbé; "I should say that she was very impressionable if I did not perceive that her visit to the Vatican was only the culmination of a long series of impressions and convictions. She has a very striking character. I believe that she is intended to do some great work in the world."

"She sometimes speaks as if that was her hope. I have often wondered what is in her mind, but I did not like to ask."

"I do not think she knows herself, as yet. My own impression is that she possesses great wealth, which she wishes to employ wisely. She has never told me this, but I judge so from some remarks that she has let fall."

"I should not be surprised if your conjecture is correct," said Miss Tyrconnel, after a moment's pause. "I have heard her speak more than once of the great responsibility of wealth, and of the difficulty of finding a worthy use for it; but she said nothing of herself in connection with the subject."

The Abbé nodded. "She would not be likely to mention herself in the matter," he said. "There is something very unusual about her; she is very reticent, although so frank and direct. Altogether an interesting person."

"Gerald found her so," observed Miss Tyrconnel musingly. "He spoke of her to me, but I am sure now that he must have thought much more than he said."

The priest smiled. "Do not weave a romance before you are certain of your material," he answered, "though I grant that Miss Lorimer is fitted to be the heroine of one."

Miss Lorimer's friends, meanwhile, were more concerned than they ventured to express to her, by the resolution she had communicated to them of becoming a Catholic. Mrs. Severn uttered her concern to Craven.

"Of course," she remarked, "it is no business of mine to renege with Miss Lorimer, but I really think that some one ought to hold her back. She is being carried away by a fit of enthusiasm which she will certainly regret."

"I am afraid that I cannot altogether agree with you," replied that gentleman. "Miss Lorimer has a deceptive character. Enthusiasm does not carry her away nearly so much as appearances would seem to indicate. I have seen her tested sufficiently to be sure of that. This step which she is about to take is the result, I think, of long feeling, if not of long thought. When I saw her in France last summer I could tell that the tide was setting that way with her. And I do not need the assurances of her relatives at home to believe that, her mind once made up, she has an indomitable will. No one could hold her back."

"It is a great pity," said the woman of the world.

"Why a great pity?" the man of the world asked, smiling. "If there is anything in religion at all—you will pardon me the if—the great Roman

Church possesses such unquestioned superiority over all other forms of it that I cannot conceive hesitation between them. It offers a logical reason for being, which satisfies the mind; a devotion which satisfies the heart; and a majesty of history, a splendor and poetry of ritual, which satisfy the taste. Honestly, I do not wonder at Miss Lorimer's step at all.

Mrs. Severn opened her eyes a little. "One might think you on the brink of such a step yourself," she said. "But do you know what an important person she is?"

"I know that she has a good deal of money, if that is what you mean. And the fact renders her relatives uneasy concerning her. They do not know what she will do with it, but I would be willing to wager that in the end she will apply it to some noble purpose."

"I am afraid that her ideas are very visionary and Quixotic."

"Probably they are, but that is better than never to have any visions at all; for out of the visions may come realities of which the world is much in need. Miss Lorimer has not acted rashly on her visions; she has had humility enough to wait for guidance."

"She has found it now," said Mrs. Severn, with faint sarcasm.

"Yes," answered Craven, "I think she has; and I for one am honestly glad of it."

He expressed much the same sentiments a little later to Miss Marriott, who also declared her surprise, if not concern, at Cecil's resolution.

"It is so unlike her!" she said. "Of all people whom I have ever known, Cecil Lorimer is the most proudly self-sustained. Her own will has been the guide and rule of her conduct always. That she should surrender it now, and submit to be told what she is to believe and what she is to do!—that is wonderful. After this I shall never think that I know any one."

"It is difficult to know any one so well that he or she cannot surprise us," said Craven. "But I do not think Miss Lorimer's self-will was of the vulgar kind which cannot endure any surrender. If I understand her at all, she followed her will because it was the best standard she had, but she was not averse to submit to a better authority if she found it; and she believes that she has found it now."

"Yes, she believes it," said Grace; "but will the belief last? She is borne away now on a tide of admiration for all that she sees around her here; but when the issue comes—as it will come sooner or later—between her own will and the authority to which she has submitted, I believe she will follow her own will."

"And I do not," said Craven. "I believe that she will be thorough in whatever she undertakes."

It was at this moment that the door opened quickly, and into the room where they were sitting Miss Lorimer entered. She looked pale and agitated as she advanced with an open note in her hand.

"Grace," she said, "here is very bad news from Miss Tyrconnel. Her mother writes me that she is very ill—dangerously ill, I fear. I am going at once to see if I can be of any use. Oh! how do you do, Mr. Craven? I beg pardon for overlooking you, but I am very much concerned by this intelligence."

"So am I," said Grace; "and she is such a frail creature that one must fear the worst. Shall I come with you?"

"No," I think not. There may be no need of me, but at least I must go and see for myself what the danger is. Mrs. Severn is not in. Tell her when she returns where I have gone. If they let me, I may remain. Good-by."

She went out as hastily as she had entered, and when Craven returned after accompanying her to the waiting carriage, he found Miss Marriott sitting so absorbed in reverie that she started when he entered.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said, sitting down and looking at her, smiling.

She smiled in return, her pretty brown eyes shining in the bright light as it was growing dusky in the great salon.

"I was thinking," she said, "that the accidents of life have sometimes a singular air of having been planned for us. It was such a mere accident our meeting Miss Tyrconnel, and Cecil has taken such a fancy to her."

"Yes?" said Craven, as he paused. He knew that there was something else to come.

"I hope she is not really very ill," pursued Miss Marriott; "but if she is, I suppose they will send for her brother."

"Oh!" said Craven. It was a prolonged and significant sound. "I never heard of the brother before." "Tell me about him."

Grace laughed. "There really is not much to tell," she replied. "We met him on the steamer coming over. He was very interesting, a fine type of gentleman—intellectual, cultivated, reserved about himself, and with an air of unaffected melancholy which always touches women, you know."

"And he knew also, very likely."

"No! Do I not tell you it was unaffected? Since meeting his sister we have learned the cause. He had inherited an Irish estate, and was going back to it—"

"Cause enough in that for melancholy, I grant. Probably he was afraid of being shot."

"He was afraid," continued Grace, with an air which reproved this interruption, "of the responsibility that lay

before him, at of giving aid old regime, as it was one of estates. The Tyrconnels' with his po agent, and them had, of steadily wors years. Gerald had left hon strances were not look on at the suffering vent. His ut the estate from was entailed, when we met to enter into difficulties b very great, bered so that his command opposed his n absolutely qu subject: the poverty-stric to be convinc Altogether, t anything but parted from l from his siste it like a her "

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