

her features, and with joyful pride and a cheerful heart, she rejoined:

"And I in the meantime should forsake you? Go to merry-makings with other young men, while you sat all week long in your house, at the corner of the hearth, forsaken and alone, mourning and thinking of me? John, how could you even imagine such a thing? Were it not you, I should certainly be very angry. Do you think, then, that I have no heart, and would let you pine and waste away alone with nobody to care for you? No, no; you loved me dearly when you still had your two fine black eyes; and I will still love you when you have lost them, poor fellow! Speak to me no more, of other young men—it vexes me; for it sounds as if you cared no more about me; and the very thought of that makes the tears roll over my cheeks."

John pressed the maiden's hand with mute and wondering gratitude; and, after a pause, said with a sigh:

"Trien, you are an angel upon earth. I feel that you alone can make me forget what God has taken from me; but it cannot, cannot be."

"Yes," she replied; "I understand you now: you would say that I should enter the order of St. Anna and be an old maid for life. It shall not be so. I mean to make a happy marriage, and that before the winter corn is sown, I tell you."

"Marry!" murmured the soldier, secretly disquieted; oh, Trien, now is my heart at rest, God grant that your husband love you as you deserve. You will be married, then? With whom? Is it a friend in our village?"

"John, have you lost your senses?" cried the girl, with such emphasis that it re-echoed in the fir-wood behind. "I say that I shall marry, and you ask whom. Why, you!"

"Heavens! Me!—a poor blind man!"

"Yes, you; him who would give six eyes to dare to love me."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, Trien, for your inexpressible goodness. May God bless you for a love so great; but—"

Trien laid her hand on his mouth and arrested the but, saying at the same time:

"Silence; you spoke so earnestly just then, that my heart leapt in my breast when I heard you. Say no more; let me speak now. If Trien had become blind through some misfortune, would you have driven the poor forlorn sheep from you? And if she still continued to love you in her affliction, would you have given her a deathblow by looking after other girls? Answer me."

"I may not answer."

"You must, John; and answer directly, too."

"Ah, well, Trien, I would have done as you do now: but it cannot be, dearest: what would people say of me?"

"It shall be," said the maiden with decision. "Promise it here, on my right hand, that God may see it, and that it may be ratified in heaven, till the priest shall unite us in the church."

When the soldier heard this, he covered his face with both hands, and let his head sink slowly on the maiden's breast, overpowered and speechless with emotion.

"People!" exclaimed Trien with animation. "He who does right need not be ashamed of himself before any man. And when I go to church with you, and take your hand before the altar, then shall I hold my head proudly, and think that God alone knows what is good and what is bad. And when I have once done it, I shall soon show what one can accomplish where there is a stout heart and strong arms. You shall want for nothing, John dear, Trien will take care of that; and she will remain with you, and comfort and cheer-

you till death separates us. And so shall we live with our mothers and grandfather and Pawken in peace and happiness as we used to do. Is it not delightful to think of all this?"

With tears in his eyes, the blind soldier kissed her hands. He still murmured a few words of unwillingness to accept her affectionate sacrifice; but she spoke in an imperative tone:

"John, we cannot sit here any longer; we must go. It will be dark before we reach the farmhouse where I slept four days ago. Rise and push on a little further with a cheerful heart. No more of this; what is said is said. Let us talk now of other things."

She took the knapsack on her back, gave John the end of the staff as before, and both trudged on over the heath in silence, but with joyful hearts.

To be continued.

### The Girl in Black.

The rich man frowned.

"You understand of course that you have no legal claim. No lawyer would think for a minute."

His caller interrupted him. She was a young girl dressed in black. Her sensitive face needed only plumpness and color to make it pretty. Ever without either he recognized its charm.

"Yes, I understand. Father owed you money and he gave you that oil stock in payment. He didn't know how much it was worth, even then, and now it is worth a great deal more isn't it?"

She was so childishly simple in putting the question he almost caught himself smiling. He sternly repressed the inclination.

"The value was appreciated," he acknowledged, and waited.

"Mother and I have very little," said the girl. "Of course, we want you to have all father borrowed, and the interest. But to get so much for so little hardly seems fair, does it, when you are so rich?"

This time he let himself laugh. And the girl looked at him, flushing.

"My dear young woman," he said, "let me suggest that I wouldn't be rich long if every time I made a profitable transaction I was obliged to return to the other party all my profits. Business is not a form of charity. It is conducted on the principle of each for himself."

The girl reflected.

"Then there's no use my staying any longer," she said and stood up. The eyes that met his showed no hostility, but a grave wonder, and somehow that made him more uncomfortable than if he had seen hate in their gray depths.

He stood frowning when she left the room. Unbusinesslike! It was preposterous that when he had made a handsome thing out of a deal with an impractical old scholar, his daughter should appear and ask him to make restitution like a criminal. She seemed to think that the fact that he was rich and they were poor made a difference.

"Silly sentiment," he growled. "And if the shoe was on the other foot, she'd sing a different tune. That sort of people are as ready to feather their own nests as anyone else, if given the chance."

But the wonder in the girl's eyes stayed with him. He went for his overcoat, gesturing away the servant who would have helped him. He would take a little walk. The doctor was always telling him to leave his car alone and do more walking. Today he had a feeling that his nerves need the bracing air.

Three blocks from home he came upon a scene of disaster. At the intersection of the streets lay an overturned wagon, belonging to a vegetable vendor, as was proved

by the turnips and carrots and parsnips and potatoes that had been scattered in all directions. The horse responsible for the mishap had been extricated from the broken shafts, and stood at a distance, his head drooping. The driver, a thin, middle-aged man wore the blank expression of one temporarily stunned by misfortune.

The usual crowd had gathered. Some were asking how it happened. Others were offering advice.

The rich man would have passed on, but at that minute a girl slipped out of the crowd, a slender girl in a black dress.

"Can't you get some boxes or baskets out of the wagon?" she asked, addressing the owner. "Then we can help you to pick up all these vegetables. You'll help, won't you?" she asked turning to a boy who had laughed.

The boy stared.

"Sure," he said after a moment. "I'll help."

As a matter of fact, nearly all helped. The men went over to the wagon and presently with a great deal of straining it was righted. The others in the crowd, following the girl's lead, had been picking up the scattered vegetables. Barring the tomatoes, which were decidedly the worse for wear, they had come through with little damage. And in the case of the wagon, too, the injury was less than might have been expected.

The boy who had laughed brought over the horse and helped to harness. Some of the men lifted the boxes of vegetables into the wagon. A woman went up to the vendor with a friendly smile.

"I live at 3220 on the next street," she said, "Stop to-morrow, please. I like the looks of your vegetables."

A man in the crowd, his handsome overcoat streaked with dust where it had come in contact with the wheels spoke up:

"I'll take a bunch of this celery along. It's as good as ever, as far as I can see."

He dropped a coin into the vendor's hand and went his way.

The girl in black was stealing off unnoticed when she was stopped by the very man with whom she had just concluded an unsatisfactory interview.

"I see you're consistent," he said.

"You think of somebody besides Number One. Suppose you walk back to the house with me. I'd like to talk over that matter we were just discussing. Perhaps, after all, you were right."

### Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 21 of St. Peters Bote

Rosthern reports that Joseph Kopp left for the Colony where he will make his home near St. Peter's Monastery. — Mr. and Mrs. Peter Neys, who were in charge of the "Rosthern House" have given up the business and moved on their homestead at St. Benedict. Besides farming they will also run a store. — Owing to his illness Father Meinrad was unable to hold services last Sunday. Father Peter of the Monastery held the services in his stead.

— Peter Diedrichs writes from Leofeld on July 7th that a Local Improvement District has been organized, including Townships 39 and 40, Range 25; and Townships 39 and 40, Range 26. Frank Kohle is Chairman and Peter Diedrichs is Sec.-Treas. The other officials are Arnoldy and Theodore Holzum.

### ADDENDA:

On Monday, July 18, at 10 a.m. Holy Mass was read for the first time in the Store of Wm. Smith (Bruno Sask.), the only building there at the time. Father Chrysostom announced that in future

he would hold services every second Monday.

—On Monday, July 25th, at 10 a. m. Father Chrysostom held services for the first time in the log church at St. Joseph (Fulda) which had just been completed. The Rev. Father was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Manning.

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