THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC ORRONICLE.

The Typewriter.

"Miss Lowe, I don't think you are attending, are you?" It was the first time in more than

a year that he had found occasion such a complaint, and even then her wandering thoughts were not more than half arrested by the reprimand.

'I beg your pardon! The fact is. old Uncle Joseph is gone at last." Not having the remotest idea who Not having the remotest fact who her Uncle Joseph might be, and ra-ther impatient of his intrusion, dead or alive, into that particular office, Mr. Dalwood was not inclined to waste too much sympathy. "I'm sorry," he murmured vague-ly. "But about this letter. Will you be good enough to "-and he reliter-

ly. "But about this letter. Will you be good enough to"-and he reiter-ated his instructions before closing the glazed pigeon-hole that separat-ed his sanctum from the small office where the typist and her machine waited upon his instructions. Be-yond her again was the outer office, fronting the street and containing the only other clerk-a married man with at least five good and hungry reasons for being sober and industri-ous. ly be

ous. The letter was quickly done, and The letter was quickly done, and as no other business followed imme-diately, Miss Lowe was able to put both elbaws restfully on the table and stare out into a sort of back was gravelled and ornamented in the centre by a melancholy little foun-tain, which played perpetually and always by itself. In the basin of this fountain various gold fish took their pleasure sadly, being found more often than not comatose and swollen on their shingly beds and evidently requiring medical aid. Be-ing a business house, nobody cared much about them, so they languish-ed and died of obscure piscatorial diseases. Perhaps Hester Lowe un-knowingly hastened their ends by the bestowal of injudicious dainties as she passed to and fro, but in reality the dejected little fountain appealed more to her sympathies, being albusiness followed imme more to her sympathies, being al-most the only thing to look at out of the window. To-day, however, she could think of nothing properly but could think of nothing properly but the legacy, which had been most un-willingly ceded to her by Uncle Jos-eph, whose grief at being unable to take it away with him had embitter-ed his last years. Five thousand pounds sounded unc-tuous spoken, looking fat and well liking on paper, yet the fortunate legate could contemplate it without being unduly dazzled. True, it lifted

legatee could contemplate it without being unduly dazzled. True, it lifted off for good and all the fear of a penniless old age, which had often oppressed her, but in other ways, as she knew, there might be disadvan-tages connected with it. Money was a direct incentive to idleness, and the remembrance of desultory years spent without aim or purpose was bitter to her still. Money might mean a return to the old sloth and self-indulgence, neither of which had a grain of real happiness in them. To lose now the self-respect which the earning of her own bread had To lose now the self-respect which the earning of her own bread had caused to grow and thrive would be a loss without any possible compen-eration. Of course, to be caged in that little glass den—which had been once a conservatory—for so much of each day was both dull and fatigu-ing, but it made the after-hours of rest and recreation so unspeakably rest and recreation so unspeakably delicious that tea, after office duties were over in the cosiness of her own room was a dissipation in itself. The delight of leaving school area. were over in the cosiness of her own room was a dissipation in itself. The delight of leaving school can on-ly be purchased by having been in it; of that she felt assured, and stayed thinking it out until long past her official time to go.

past her official time to go. "Suppose I give up this drudgery and retire on this fortune of mine, what shall I become? Why, nothing but a loafer and vagabond, as much as any of those who gather round a public house on a Sunday morning." So she decided to alter little or no-thing of the circumstances of her life, except in a few small matters. which showed that in spite of a cer-tain largeness of mind she had dis-tinctly feminine notions on many things. thing

stead of what it was. If asked con-cerning her, he would have admitted her diligence and accuracy and per-haps added that she was a well-conducted young woman. But this last would have been quite an after-thought, and of that part of her which had pitted and consoled even the lonely little fountain he hadn't the remotest concection. She came. the lonely little fountain he hadn't the remotest conception. She came, she did her work, she went and that was all. Now, it is proverbial that even kingly dignity is not exempt from the respectful observation of a cat, and as she had a heart singu-llarly at leisure from itself and only the fountain and her employer to study in the intervals of business it was only natural that the human in-terest should easily win.

terest should easily win.

It would have been an utter sur-prise to Francis Dalwood to learn how well this apparent automatom prise to Francis Dalwood to learn how well this apparent automaton understood him and sympathized with the troubles and perplexities of his professional life. It did not take her long to learn from his very foot-step in the adjacent room whether things were going ill or well with him, and when he paced monotonous-ly up and down, perhaps through half a morning, she knew nerfectly well that the official receiver had made another heavy call upon the unfortunate shareholder of a broken bank. This disastrous bit of proper-ty had been left him by his father in all possible good faith, but it was none the less a mil-stone round his neck, which had to be dragged with every step he took. To be rebellious under this heavy yoke was only na-tural, and yet such things before now have been known to be the re-sistance that moulds a man's char. now have been known to be the re sistance that moulds a man's char

acter into strength. If Hester had been a woman vainer and smaller mind, his total ignoring of her might easily have checked the sympathy that was growing warmer every week and be-ginning to take practical share in her thoughts, but being by nature both kindly and generous, she ac-cepted the position with a quaint re-signation that saw the humorous side of it. Besides, how pleasant it was to have the power of giving and vainer and smaller mind. his total was to have the power of giving and still remain anonymous both in and out of Dulverton! She had proved this again and again since her ac-cession to fortune, yet no one dream-ed of taxing her with the quiet help that seemed to come when most needed. Even the collecting church-wardens had not been able to trace that half-sovereign which appeared every Sunday in the bag to its right-ful source. So it happened that, rightly or wrongly, month after month, she out of Dulverton! She had proved

wrongly, month after month, identified herself more and more and more identified herself more and more with the perplexities of her employ-er. Such a foolish preoccupation showed a want of worldly wisdom and the mere fact that every tone o his voice betrayed accurately to her the fluctuations of desponding cour-age and energy indicated that her outch perceptions might have been quick perceptions might have been better employed attending to her

better employed attending to her own interests instead of his. The time came when instead of pa-cing restlessly up and down he would sit despondingly with bowed head. She could just see the blurred out-lines through the frosted glass of the pigeon-hole, and then in her anx-iety for him, the tapping of the typewriter would cease. "It's pulling him under; of that I am certain, and this business will go

g ate them seemed as natural as the init. He wanted the money; she did not, and that settled it. As the out come of her determination and through the agency of those whom she had well nigh sworn to secrecy. be found one morning on his table a letter containing twenty halves of crisp bank notes, and the notes were for £100 apiece. It was a munifi-cent gift, costing her asy very lit using the money for herself, nd if only she had bestowed it on her clerk with the five hungry chain terest to all batical fowl, which had been tough and flavorless for at least three Sun-days—and, coming in damp and dis-pirited, had changed the official serge for some soft, womanly gar-ment, which here and there rippled into frills and fluffmess. The face, too, was different, being both pale and wistful; for she was standing. not undismayed, at this crossroad of her life, quite uncertain which way to go. Not for a moment could he reconcile the woman with the one he had come to see. She was so different and her sur-roundings aided and abetted the il-lusion, having absolutely mothing in common with the little glass den, "T called to remind you about the testimonial. You ought to have it before leaving Dulverton" "Oh, a reference? Thanks. But I doubt if it is needed." He sat down and drew pen and ink, which were close at hand, to-ward him. "You will find it is much needed. tle, as she had already decided against using the money for herself, and if only she had bestowed it on the clerk with the five hungry chil-dren it might have meant compound interest to all concerned. Francis Dalwood, hardly daring to believe his own eyes, read the busi-nesslike note that accompanied this apparently heaven-sent denouement of all his difficulties. It contained nothing but an official assurance that the other halves would follow promptly on the announced receipt that the other halves would follow promptly on the announced receipt of the first; that they were a free gift from some grateful client and that he desired to make known his gratitude but not his name. This was all, and cudgel his brains as he might Mr. Dalwood could not think of any client who owed and paid gra-titude on such a magnificent scale. He was a long, long time over his correspondence that morning, and titude on such a magnificent scale. He was a long, long time over his correspondence that morning, and Hester, who knew perfectly the con-tents of one of his letters, felt ner-vously self-conscious. With noise-less touches she played tunes on the keys of the typewriter and began to feel really desperate before the glaz-ed shutter was pulled back. She looked up quickly, searchingly, to see the result of her handiwork, but the professional mask showed noth-ing through, not even a sparkle of new hope in the eyes. It was her first disappointment in the transact-on and many more were to follow. Yet, surely he stood a little more upright, as though a weight had fall-en from his shoulders. In dictating to her his voice sounded precisely as usual, but as she was a little slow that morning he looked half-absently out of the window. "What has that fountain got hold of this morning?" ward him. 'You will find it is much needed "You will find it is much needed. May I ask if you have anything in view?" He was writing as he spoke. "No-nothing in vew." He frowned a little and went scratching on." "Miss H. Lowe — what does H. stand for? It is better with the full name." I aw itself was a distinct mental re-freshment to her. Yes. Francis Dalwood was a law-best stouches she played tunes on the less touches she played tunes on the set souches she played tunes on the less touches she played tunes on the set souches she played tunes on the less touches she played tunes on the set souches she played tunes on the stout of the set and sould only and of the souches souched played the states of the set of the stouches souched played the set of the window. "Mat has that found in the set set souches set with the strained scrutiny of her own; for to have been identified just then in the played piecon-hole might have 'Hester.'' "Hester." So he didn't even know as much as that about her, and the scraping pen set her teeth on edge. "There." he said, handing it to her: "will that do? If not, I will add her: "will that do? If not, I will add anything you please." She read the few formal words bearing, witness to her worth and diligence, while he glanced round the room, marvelling what a woman could do with £60 a year. "It will do excellently." she said. "Thank you." "I doubt if it is quite enough, now I come to think of it. Give it back, I will add a little more."

with that absurdly frivolous little ball would only have been one de-gree better than being found guilty of the bank notes. "it's - it's a ball, in't it?" she inquired, looking painfully short-sighted. "Dear met how very odd!" But she saw then, with great sa-tisfaction, that he had forgotten her and the dictation and was looking at that little ball without seeing it, with a most un-businessike smile. He was do-ing nothing but just remembering the two thousand and all it could do for him. With a smile on her face that reflected his, she punctuates blandly with a tull stop, and sat waiting his pleasure. When he suddenly returned to business she was, as usual, auto-matically grave. "'I' must remind you that in the

matically grave. "Where are you, please?" "'I must remind you that in the matter of '"-she said, "and then there is a full stop!" He frowned impatiently at his sup-

matter of "-she said, "and then there is a full stop!" He frowned impatiently at his stu-pidity and hers. "A full stop in the middle of a sentence? Miss Lowe, what are you thinking about?" Between them they put the matter right, and then the shutter was drawn to again. Only in that one action alone did he appear to recog-nize that he was dealing with a wo-man and not a machine, for he al-ways shut her out gently. using no haste and making little sound. A rough, curt flinging to of that shut-ter would have jarred her again and gain.

again. For a little while things went much been recently built, on the outskirts of the quiet little town, and the rumor sprang up that, of course, he was going to get married. The clerk and Hester Lowe were busily plied with questioned but the one knew nothing definitely and the other, full of vague disquietude, never encour-aged gossip concerning her employer. Just six weeks after that unaccount-able windfall, which had so smooth-ed the path before him, he gave her notice to leave. The dismissal was not unkindly done, but simply as **T** matter of necessary business.

not unkindly done, but simply as a matter of necessary business. "I am making changes here," he told her, "which will oblige me to keep two regular clerks, who will reside in this house when I have left

Like a snow shower his words seemed to cover all her thoughts with a curious blankness, so that only here and there could peep forth tiny blade of humor.

'Am I not, then, a regular clerk?'

"Am I not, then, a regular clerk?" "You are, certainly, but not pre-cisely in the way I mean. I shall be most happy to give you all possible help in the way of references." I doubt if she even thanked him. Somehow she had thought confident-ly of sitting and working in that glass case, with every day and hour brig htened by seeing her money turned to good and useful account, by hearing no more restless pacings by hearing no more restless pacings by hearing no more restress pacings to and fro, by seeing his face grow brighter with every prosperous year. These were stupid, idle fancies for any business woman to have and their result proved them folly. He certainly missed her the morn-

He certainly missed her the morn ing after her final departure, when in pursuance of old custom, he threw open the pigeon-hole and found noth ing but orderly blankness; still i was only as a man might miss the heaven in his coole but deding hold darns in his socks by finding holes there instead. In gazing at the iidle there instead. In gazing at the iidle typewriter it struck him that Miss Lowe had foolishly gone without those generously worded testimoni-als which he was so willing to give, and, knowing quite by chance that she was still in Dulverton, he deter-mined to call and put this little matter right, because she had cer-tainly done her duty in that state. of life to which poverty had called her.

But her grasp tightened on the sheet of paper. 'You have said quite enough. like that word 'faithful.' It really

"You have said quite enough. I like that word "aithful." It really expresses everything." He glanced up into the soft, seri-ous face above him, and fully realiz-ed that this was the first time he had really seen her, and the thought struck him that a man hurt and in pain would find comfort in such a face bending over and soothing him. At parting they shook hands. "Do you know," he said, "I fed now that I haven't been half nice enough to you. It must have been terribly dull work for you." "Not at all. You never bullied me -I should have hated that -- and you paid me punctually. What more was necessary?" She didn't mean to be bitter, yet he went away distinctly remorseful. After he was gone she laughed quiet-ly and then wiped her eyes. "It's really very comical when one looks at it," she said. "And if ever a person turned herself out of a si-tuation by her own act and deed. I am that person. It's really very comical!"

comical! And she wiped her eyes again.

п.

It was two years before Hester owe came back to Dulverton, just Lowe came back to bulverton, just to please herself with a sight of the place she liked so well. Why it drew her on she hardly knew, still it would certainly be pleasant to find out how much of thriving prosperity her mo-ney had brought to the man who had needed it more than she. Through the two years she had fol-lowed his carger in imagination, en-Through the two years she had fol-lowed his career in imagination, en-dowing him first with that rumored wife and then, in process of time, with an heir to the property. It was tastle building on a most unselfish scale, without the least fear of struc-tural weakness, for in all her thoughts of him he was invariably happy and successful. Now, Dulverton being on a branch line, she had to change at the junction.

which was then crowded with peopl returning from some local races. The majority were somewhat noisy and rough, so Hester stood quietly on one side, an interested and amused looker-on. When the branch train drew up there was something of a scuffle for places, and in the confu-sion she found herself hustles into a first-class carriage without any le-gal right to be there, for she was traveling third. The compartment was soon full of moisy men, who were obviously of the bookmaking fraternity, and whose comments on returning from some local races were obviously of the bookmaking fraternity, and whose comments on the day's doings were sufficiently loud and hilarious to make her wish she had chosen a quieter day for her journey. The train was just on the move when some one got in, but Hester never even turned away from Are window until the salutation ad-dressed to this late comer sturn her dressed to this late comer stung he

her window until the salutation ad-dressed to this late comer stung her into attention. "Halloo, Dalwood! You cut it ra-ther too fine, my dear fellow!" Before turning her head she had time to resent the unpleasant fami-liarity of address. Surely Mr. Dal-wood — who had carried himself proudly in past days—would reprove such impertinent freedom, and she almost waited to hear his cur repu-diation before looking at him. But it never came, and as her startled eyes surveved him she began to un-derstand why; for the man looked not much above these his associ-ates, save that he had once been a gentleman. Without being actually tipsy, his face was flushed with drinking and the flush looked deep, as if it had been there some time. His clear eyes had become fluskering and uncertain, and his clothes, though good, were slovenly and ill cared for. His manner was the mani-per of a man going fast downhill —

ing the experience of you fellers. Fortunate gambling requires, I find, a. liberal education and broad views of neighborly duty." That he despised them no less than himself was evident, but they chose to ignore his contempt, perhaps on account of their liberal education. "You'll finish the evening with us. at any rate; it's not worth parting company now after such a jolly day."

day." He may have had his own day." He may have had his own ideas concerning the jolly day, but he as-sented carelessly enough, as though his time was an idle and useless commodity. In her distress at this fatal self-surrender she faced him again, quite unconscious of the shock and despair in her look. This time, in spile of the rather dim light, he recognized her, and even the flush of wine faded and grew less, for her face in its distress was as some clear mirror, showing him what he had become. The half-made attempt to raise his hat was doliberately ar-rested, and she saw that a gentle-maly instinct made him refuse to identify her ever so remotely with the company he was in. For the rest of the short journey he remained at-solutely silent, nor even glanced at her again. At Dulverton Station they all got out, some of the gentle-men being unsteady on their legs, and it was more particularly these who suggested an immediate visit to the station hotel for refreshment who suggested an immediate visit to the station hotel for refreshment to the station hotel for refreshment after the fatigues of the journey. Now, Hester was not a particularly brave or strong-minded woman, but when she saw the most unsteady gen-tleman of all familiarly seize Francis Dalwood's arm for greater security and to make sure of his companion-ship, she acted as few women would have found courage to act. Quite re-hardless of appearances, she went dehardless of appearances, she went d liberately up to Mr. Dalwood, wh was the very centre of this unpleas-ant group, and addressed them with-out hesitation.

"Mr. Dalwood, I believe we are go-ing the same way. May I walk with you, as it is growing so dark?"

ing the same way. May I waik with you, as it is growing so dark?" He looked at the pale face, so earnest and set, and laughed a little --gently at the notion of his way and hers being the same-but when the man at his side laughed, too. after quite another fashion, Dalwood shook him off as he might have shaken off somethng vile. 'I am entirely at your service, MissLowe.'' And without another word or look at those others, he moved away by her side. They walked silently, toge-ther, for Hester was quite unequal to conversational platitudes just then, while he was wondering what strange whim had brought her back there in time to see the completion of his ruin-she who had once said that to be faithful meant eyerything. He had often thought of that wist-oully goekee accevent since he had her He had often thought of that wist fully spoken answer since he had be come unfaithful to himself. As they come unfaithful to himself. As they passed the house he had taken two years ago, she saw bills flauning in the windows announcing a sale and also that it was to let, and turned mutely upon him as though afraid to ask what it meant. "Things have altered, Miss Lowe, sizes vin were here—and not, as you

"Things have altered, Miss Lowe, since you were here—and not, as you perceive, for the better. You are going to the same lodgings?" He took her assent for granted, and as they went up the quiet, orderly street, with shops already shutter-ed, she thought it looked as though a funeral had just passed through. At the door of the quiet little house she paused to thank him and bid him good-bye, but, as though he felt a certain strength and comfort in that trembling hand of hers. he felt a certain strength and comfort in that trembling hand of hers. he asked permission to come inside. "You will find every one open-mouth-ed and eloquent concerning my mis-deeds, but I have a fancy to tell you the tale myself. May 1?" The land-lady's effusive welcome was cut short by the sight of. Mr. Dalwood, and the two were soon left alone to-gether in the room that she had made so pretty and homelike in the old o pretty and homelike in the

thought my fortune was made. Like a fool I launched out into most un-wise expenditure and made changes, all for the worse. Not only were they unwise, but useless, too, for on a nearer inspection of the beauties of Dulverton Miss Setton decided, for good and all, that no affection of mine could compensate her for hav-ing to live in such a place. This dis-appointment—for I can honestly say it was a most bitter one and totally unexpected — completely paralyzed what little energy I had, and the un-hill work, which had always draz-ged, seemed no longer worth the trouble of doing. I let myself kb — and the business, too—and these those mean — what you have seen this evening. I am lower even than and the business, too-and these lapses mean — what you have seen this evening. I am lower even than, those men, having known better things. No one can despise me more heartily than I despise myself. I think it is the only bit of honest feeling left in me." "It was strange about that mo-ney," she said fearfully. "Did you never even suspect from whom it came?"

came?

Never, really; but in my fancing "Never, really; but in my fanciful movements, when things troubled me more than they do now, I have thought the gift was evilly meant and sent as a curse instead of a blessing, for nothing ever prospered with me after. You will laugh at me perhaps when I tell you that even in the drudgery of scraping together chough for that rapacious bank, and even while hating it I felt that it was making a man of me-that it even while hating it I felt that it was making a man of me-that it was literally grinding me, little by little, into greater strength and doggedness-I can think of no better word-and when the money came it was like removing the strong grip of a firm hand from a runaway horse. Another year or two perhaps of such discipline might have made me what I never shall be now-a decent credit to my profession and not a dis-grace."

grace 'Stop! stop! You do not know

"Stop! stop! You do not know what you are saying!" Perhaps he had never heard such a cry of pain. It matched the misery on her face and startled him com-pletely out of himself. "Miss Lowe, I am a fool to have distressed you so. It is as if I had been accusing you instead of myself, which is a poor reward for your kad

which is a poor reward for your kind and efficient service. I have often-She stopped him, unable to beau it. "Give me ten minutes, only ter minutes of silence, and then—I have The les

minutes of silence, and then—I have something to tell you." With an attempt to hide her utter wretchedness from him she lowered the lamp, which was shining: ull o., her face, while he, lost in wonder, looked at her in silence. "Miss Lowe, you are worrying yourself about nothing, so let us-have done with it."

yourself about nothing, so let us-have done with it." Turning slowly she faced klm. "That money." she said, miserably. "was mine. I sent it to you." "At first he thought her hysterical and speaking without sense. "You, Miss Lowe! Impossible! And only earning £60 a year!" "Can you not remember my men-tioning the death of an uncle? He left me money, which then I had no

left me money, which then I had no real use for, and knowing so well that you were hard driven at the that you were hard driven at the dime and greatly harassed for want of it, I sent you the sum you speak of, hoping it would bring you noth-ing but prosperity and good fortune. Of course, I never meant you to know this, but now I dare not keep silonce".

silence." Incredible as it seemed, he was somehow forced to believe it and his

eves slowly sank before hers." "If this be so, and I cannot doubt your word, I ought to be most grateful, but knowing the ill use I grateful, but knowing the ill use 1 have made of your kindness I am conscious only of humiliation—great humiliation—that makes me even lower than I thought." The fatal indifference was at last pierced through, but to see him so humbled was only one decree lass

numbled was only one degree less painful. She went closer and laid a painful.

gentle hand upon him. "But in a little while you will stand upright. I am sure that you will, because I claim your promise of returning the money. Oh, not for myself! Never think that for one myself! Never think that for on moment. But it must be earned to nuy back the old honor and probiby the old self-respect. Let us begin a once-vou in your old room and I the glass den where I was always \$ happy." Her touch and voice were both Her touch and voice were both wistfully eloquent—even a harder aa-ture than his might have been mov-ed by them to great regret. "The time is gone by for a naw beginning, Hester, and my work has passed into other hands. My clieats have seened all her me." have nearly all left me." (Continued on Page Seven.)

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Saturday, June 1, 1901

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to market town, an little stands, sat d customers. One of stock of fruits and v

stock of fruits and v the whole of which ated by himself: the supply of fish, which lived in a fishing v town, had caught. The market hours and each little mer-pleasure his stores ing, and they rattle which they had rece with great satisfact The last melon

last melon stand when a gentl and placing his han and placing his han "What a fine, large you sell this, my la "It is the last one and though it looks unsound," said the over

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"So it is," said "But," he added, " nesslike to point on your story to custo "It is better than sir," said the boy, 1 "You are right, m ways remember that you will find favor man also. I shall little stand in futur fresh?" he continued

tleman went away. "Harry, what a fo show the gentleman that melon. Now y home or throw it a the wiser is he abor ther caught yesterda for the same price J ones. He never wo at the melon until 1 "Ben, I would not

Ben, I would not

one, either, for twice earned this morning. be better off in the gained a customer an

tleman went away

little stand in futur-fresh?" he continued steps to the other la "Yes, sir, fresh th caught them myself, and a purchase being

"On the strength of this I'll order Some good boots. In future each boot on every foot shall cost at least ten shillings, and I'll get a pair of real sealskin gloves for next winter and I'll have a fowl every Sunday for dinner."

pair of real scalskin gloves for next winter and 1'll have a fowl every Sunday for dinner." Having made the typewriter a passive confidant of these demoraliz-ing extravagances, she covered it up and fared forth gayly into the whirl-ing dissipations of Dulverton High street. Just as she was passing a shop she caught sight of a little ball —an absurd little ball of rubber and shining with scarlet paint. Twogence secured her this treasure, which she presented surreptitiously the next moring to the dejected little foun-tain. To all appearances the gift was acceptable, and the sight of that gaudy little ball bounding and whirling under the austere nose of Jaw itself was a distinct mental re-freshment to her. Yes. Francis Dalwood was a law-

2 Ø 屬 Ask the girl who has tested it. Ask any one who has used Surprise Soap if it is not, a pure hard soap the most satisfactory soap and most economical.

Those who try Surprise always continue to use it. SURPRISE is a pute hard So

There are hundreds of our re-who are strong believers in the the "True Witness" advocates are doing little to aid its ch tion. Their co-operation in the

so pretty and homelike in the old days. There was nothing particularly pretty about it now, but as she si-lently made the tea and gave him some, he thought again and with more knowledge that a man burt and in pain would like such a face as hers about him. It did not even strike him as odd that he should confide unreservedly in her, so strongly did her pity and grief break down the barriers between them.

strike him as odd that he should condide unreservedly in her, so strongly did her ply and grief break war. The barriers between them. This a short story and I fear, a hopelessly common one, yet a little difficult to tell. If I weary you by how often I have wearied myself by thinking—and regretting—but to no good purpose. I may as well state frakly that from the very first I hated this place and the work I had to do, but had sense enough then to hoke this from my clients and others, who knew me only as a plod din deciving them I could never de-cive myself, and such a sameness of war who have me only as a plod the do, but had sense enough then to hoke this from my clients and others, who knew me only as a plod din deciving them I could never de-cive myself, and such a sameness of war almost intolerable. Still, I did money to marry the sister of a great chum of mine in the student days: he was much richer than I, but our mutual love of pleasure and money to marry the sister of a great chum of anine in the student days: he was much richer than I. but our mutual love of pleasure and money instead of gaining it by hist money instead of gaining it by hist money instead of gaining it by hist money instead of gaining it by head above water, and I had given you hope of ever attaining my and money that bank. Only with the tailure of that bank. Only with hist money instead of gaining it by head above water, and I had given you gil to it two thousand pounds, and to his day I am utterly in the money differs of her own in discussion of the order receil speak of was nothing less than the anony-mous gift of two thousand pounds, and to his day I am utterly in the invadinest to pay it back if ealled up-ous gift of two thousand pounds, and to his day I am utterly in the invadinest to pay it back if alled up-me A vain promise this—as empty and her is and at the time, with the sudden ceasing of anxiety. I

And so it proved, And so it proved, the gentleman bough fruit and vegetables never invested anoth stand of his neighbo sen passed; the gentl could always get a g Harry, continually p and sometimes talkee minutes about his fu prospects. OHUROH BELLS. CHURCH BELLS Chimes and Peals, Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get our prim MoSHANE BELL FOUNDRY Baitimore, Md. MENEELY BELL COMPANY ospects. To become a mere ry's great ambition, TROY. N.Y., and 177 BRGADWAY, NEW YORK CIty.

ry's great ambition, winter came on the g ing a trustworthy be warehouse, decided place to Harry. Stee he advanced in the c employer, until, through various graat ships, he became at ored and respected p firm.—Young Catholi

merc

A CHILD'S CONT former French bishoj Rome after having a nity of Cardinal, once of children who were their First Commun-ing incident :

ing incident : I knew a child, nin who had grown in w grace under the cyses deeply religious motif that was his baptism nothing from this go. read in his countem

