CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

"You are acquainted with the young lady?" asked Morgan of Hal. "It is evident that none of the male members of the house are at home. She will be alarmed at the thought of the enemy so near, whom, naturally, she will judge by the specimen she saw; so I wish you to go to her and assure her that she and her property are as safe as if her father's regiment, instead of Morgan's, were encamped at her door." CHAPTER XX -CONTINUED

Hal saluted and went forward.

The girl stood motionless in the yard by her gray horse, watching the approaching officer. As he drew near she slipped her right hand into her pocket, and in the next instant

her pocket, and in the next instant
Hal saw her aiming a pistol at the
horse's small, shapely head.
"Don't shoot him !" cried out [the
young lieutenant, authoritatively.
Then, remembering himself: "Oh, I
beg your pardon! I mean, please
wait a minute. We don't want your
horse. That follows: minute. We don't want your That fellow was a cur! Lucy horse. That fellow was a cur! Lucy, Lucy, don't you know me? It's Hal," and in his confusion the Confederate officer blushed like a girl. She did not stir, however, nor give him greeting, until he had conveyed to her Morgan's message. Then the little weapon was slipped into her pocket, and she extended her hand, girlish gladness at seeing her friend showing on her lovely face.

ing on her lovely face.
"I thought Morgan had sent you for Dan," she said, a ripple of laughter running over her tones, "and so was going to shoot him."

"I never thought you had so much nerve, Lucy," replied Hal, mentally remarking how pretty Lucy Menetee

"I don't know that I ever gave you reason to think me a coward!" she flashed back. "I certainly would be one, if I were to let strangers have my dear old Dan. When did you

"Just arrived," said he, smiling. When do you leave?" she asked. "A soldier seldom can answer that

question," said Hal. 'And don't you know to what pla you are going? Oh! I'm glad I'm not a man, for I'd hate to be a sol-

He would have liked to ask why ranks, but gallantly forbore, and in 'She is just the same," replied the

'Is Miss Mattie well ?" he asked. She was when last we heard from You knew that she was mar-

Why, no !" returned Hal, and the surprise in his voice annoyed the

ried. didn't you ?"

spirited Kentucky maiden.
"And why shouldn's she marry?" she flashed. "Did you think that she was wearing the willow for that contemptible Howard Dallas ? Mattie wouldn't marry him when she found him out, if his plantation were covered with gold instead of blue grass. She never told any one why the engagement was broken, but I know. Maybe some folks thought it was his doing, but it wasn't. I've

seen him down on his knees begging her to pardon him, but—"

At this juncture a red-turbaned negress appeared and, without deigning to the control of the co ing to glance at the young Confeder oldier, said .

"Miss Lucy, yoh aunt says yoh mus' come into de house right

I will directly," replied the girl. right away," persisted the woman. "Won't you come in and see Auntie?" Lucy asked Hal. "She will be so glad. Papa is in Tennessee with his regiment," she went on, "and my brother is in Georgetown. He is rarely with us. We never go nywhere or see anyone now," anywhere or see anyone now," she finished pathetically, leading the way to the house, which in other days was so frequently the scene of gayety and pleasure. A tall, white haired lady, who since the death of Lucy's mother had ruled in her brother; house your form they according to house, rose from her easy-chair by window as her niece spoke their visitor's name. She took the young man's hand in both hers, while she looked on his face with tear-filled

eyes. She led him to the window, in a silence that strangely affected lighthearted Hal Todd. While the tears fell from her eyes she searched his e, and not finding there something that she had expected, she glanced toward the girl, who hastened to ex-plain that their visitor had just arrived from the South with his

regiment. "Ah! you have not been home, then?" she asked, the pitying expression deepening on her face. Hal replied that he had not, and changed from the subject by inquiring for her health. When the lady learned that a regiment of soldiers was encamped lmost at her door, she summoned slave and gave orders that the best the house provided should be sent to them. Hal accepted her invitation to remain for supper, and as he stretched himself on the sofa, while Lucy and her aunt were making their toilet, he half sighed for a speedy cessation of hostilities. "There's plenty of fun and excitement soldiering." he mused, "but a long sight more sase and comfort in civil pur suits." And then he put to himself the old, old question: "Wonder when it's all done with, the thing settled one way or the other will deliver one way or the other, will father for-give me and Virginia and call us

the camp among the trees the men lay on the grass enjoying the rest and holy quiet of the summer night, Hal sat in the old parlor, whispering foolish words to Lucy, or answering the occasional question put to him by her aunt. A clock somewhere struck ten, and reluctantly he arcse.

"Must you go so soon?" asked Lucy; but hardly was the question spoken when a quick step sounded on the veranda. "O God! It's brother!" she whispered. "Come quickly!" and she caught Hal's arm and hurried him toward the dining-room, which was separated from the

and hurried him toward the dining-room, which was separated from the parlor by heavy portieres. "He's had supper, likely, and will go to bed soon; then I'll come and let you out," she said; and as she dropped the curtain her brother opened the

"Very good, if you're trying to kill your horse," she replied sharply, for she saw that he had taken too much " Had to make it, and I've go

another ride before me to night. You'll loan me Dan, won't you? My horse is about done up." "No, I'il not loan you Dan," she declared, "and I think you are read-ier for bed than a ride," flashing on him a look of disgust from her bright

eyes.
"I did not ask for your advice little lady," he said.
"But you did for my horse, and I

gave you the advice gratis, with my refusal."

I am not going to take a refusal, as I do not need your advice," he re-turned. "Dan is fleeter than any of the other horses. We've got to make Lexington to night, and it would take Tam O'Shanter's old Meg herself to outride John Morgan."
"Oh! are you going to ride a race

with John Morgan?" she chimed. Better wait until to morrow, Charles when you will be feeling better. You wouldn't look very well in Colonel Morgan's company to night."

I'll not wait until to morrow, he said. "To morrow I'll come back and will bring Ward and his men with me. We've got Morgan at

Oh, indeed!' she exclaimed. "Do

tell where he is."
"He's camped here in the woods and intends remaining a few days to give his soldiers a rest in the Blue Brass land. But we, Dallas and I, have planned a longer rest for them in the Columbus 'pen'; while those we can't induce to take lodging in Merion's Hotel, we'll give a neat little hed under the Blue Grass they seem to like so well!" and he laughed brutally. "But I want some supper brutally. "before I—"

Yes, of course," she broke in nervously. But tell me all about it first. How did you find out that

Morgan is around here?'
"Why, one of the fellows deserted.
He struck across the country for Georgetown and his way took him past the Park. As luck would have it, Miss Sears—a deuced fine girl she is and 'con my word. Sis I believe is, and 'pon my word, Sis, I believe Dallas is letting his boat drift in her direction!—happened to be on the lawn. She began to talk to him, and when she found out he had left Mor when she found out he had lett Morgan's company she took him into the house, and — well, Mrs. Powell at tended to the rest of the business. She sent for Dallas, and he went to Georgetown to get me to ride over to Lexington with him to give the inforthe 'Reds' have cut off all communi cation between us and Lexington, so the only way to get the message to to trust it to any one, and he said we

must carry it ourselves." "But you are not able to take that long journey," said his sister. "Sup pose some of Morgan's men were to meet you on the way ?"

"Not likely. They're not looking for danger in this vicinity. Any-how, it's worth the risk. The gov-ernment will reward us well for our share in the undertaking, if that rich prize is captured."

Oh, it is the money you are after !" she exclaimed.

"It's what they are all after, honey," he returned, lightly.
"You are the first Menetee who ever adopted patriotism for what it might bring!' she flashed; but he only laughed, and said :

Well, I must get some supper why, what's that ?" for Hal, knowing it was now time to leave, had sud denly thrown up the window, and i struck the upper sill with resound ing noise.
"I'll see!" she cried, darting to

ward, then, pausing, with one hand holding back the portiers, she said to an imaginary servant :

Was that you, Della? Run off and get Mr. Charles a cup of coffee." " No, no, don't mind any coffee," countermanded Mr. Charles. "A countermanded time for."

Hal made his way across the meadow at a repid pace. A candle in Morgan's tent told him that their chief was still up, and to him the young lieutenant hastened. Clay Powell and several other officers were with the leader, for Morgan placed great confidence in his sub-ordinates and frequently called upon them for advice. He listened attentively to the story the young man brought, while a slow smile played around his lips. When Hal ceased, he turned to Powell and asked:

"Ought I to send Captain McDowell and his newspaper force out against these doughty knights, to capture them and put them out of our way by That evening seemed to fly. The supper was over, and while down in translating them to Georgia?"

If in his brief life Hal Todd ever If in his brief life Hal Todd ever made a fervent prayer, it was that Clay Powell would acquiesce in Morgan's proposal. Many another man would have quickly seized the honorable opportunity of disposing of a relentless and unprincipled fee; but Clay Powell was above the ordinary man; he looked not to selfish ends, but to the general good, so he said:

"Since you honor me, sir, by asking for my opinion, I think that it is better to permit him to go to Lexington and bring out the Federal troops. This will be the second time that Mr. Dallas will have led them upon a wild goose chase. They will come to

wild goose chase. They will come to look upon information from him as the villagers did upon the boy's cry when the wolves were really com-

by Jove!" he exclaimed, throwing down his hat, "but I've had a ride! It's just ten, and I made the trip from Georgetown in forty minutes—how's that for travelling, Sia?"

"Very good, if you're trying to him." For another moment the smile been withdrawn, and involuntarily he sighed. An hour later the notes of the bugle brought the eleeping men to their feet. While they were hurriedly breaking camp, Hal rode across the meadow, and, tying his horse to a tree on the lawn, went to the dining room window, by which stood a girlish, white robed figure.

'He's gone," she said in a low voice for her aunt was dozing in her chair in the moonlight.
"Did he take Dan?" asked Hal,

smiling up into the face that looked o fair in the moonlight.
"No, he didn't," she replied.

want Dan killed, I'll do it myself." "Shoot him, as you were going to do this atternoon?" laughed Hal. "Oh, you don't think I would do it?" she questioned. "Yes, I do," he said slowly. "I be-

lieve that, however hard it would be, you would do what you thought was best for whoever or whatever you

"I do love Dan." she said, turning from his too eloquent eyes. "My brother in law gave him to me. And I would rather a thousand times have let that soldier have him this afternoon than that my brother should ride him to Lexington to-night at the bidding of that hateful Howard Dallas! Howard Dallas is trying to ruin my brother, because hopes by it to give my sister pain He will stop at nothing to accomp his revenge. He gave the world the impression that he broke off the ngagement between himself and Mattie. That was false. You re-member that Miss Castleton and Mattie were good friends? One day when she was here we were in the summer house. I was reading for I was not interested in their talk, which was about Mr. Dallas. Mattie was telling Miss Virginia how good and noble he was. I suppose she did like him then, and imagined he was good and noble. Miss Virginia told her not to place too much confidence in him, for she didn't know him well enough. I happened to look up from my book and caught sight of Howard Dallas hidden beaind the vines near the door, listen ing to what they were saying.

"The next time he came, Mattie and I were on the verands. He seemed to be out of humor. After a while he began to accuse my sister of not trusting him, and he said that of not trusting nim, and he said that Virginia had been warning Mattie against him. Mattie made an evasive answer. He asked again if Miss Virginia had not told Mattie not him was trusted to the him him. to place such perfect faith in him. Mattie wanted to know how this had reached him. And then what do you think that base man said: That I had told him! Mattie began to scold me for tattling, but I wasn't going so I said : 'Mr Dallas, you have told my sister a lie! You were listening his eyes turned toward the stable at the door that morning Miss Virginia was here, for I saw you.' His face got red and white by turns. He tried to make out that I was telling an untruth to get out of the scolding. Poor Mattie! She didn't know which to believe. But as brother had seen Mr. Dallas come to the house that morning, and one of the little negroes had held his horse, all the evidence was on my side. He admitted, some days afterward, that what I said was true. He had come up in time to hear Mattie speak his name and had listened, to tease her with the nice things he thought he was going to hear about himself. What he heard instead had made him so angry that he went away without seeing any one. He begged Mattie to forgive him, but she wouldn't. She couldn't, for you know what high notions she holds regarding a man's honor. Oh! I think that admission of his struck down all the love she ever enter-tained for him. He felt very bad, for I know he loved my sister. Why he should begin to pay atten-tions to Miss Virginia so soon puzzled some folks; but I know why: he wanted to get her to intercede for him with Mattie. He always hoped that she would relent. When she began to keep company with Mr. Hinton, I used to feel a little bit sorry for Howard. But he deserved all that he received and more. Now," finished Lucy, "you know why I would sooner shoot Dan than my brother ride to Lexington with that man, and why, although my father is a Union man, I am for the South? I can't possibly be on the same side with Howard Dallas!"

Hal laughed, and said: "How glad am that he didn't come to the

They talked on, foolishly enough, They talked on, foolishly shough, while in the wood below Morgan and his men were mounting and riding away. When some miles lay between them and the young lieutenant, Hal

announced that he must leave.
Lucy sighed, for this meeting with
her playmate and old comrade had
fanned into love's own flame the
sentiment that she had previously
entertained for him.

"But you will come back?" she
said, softly, after a silence more

"May I, Lucy?" he asked, fear an hope in his voice, and he took the white hand that rested on the wide sill.

"Yes," she said, softly, shyly. He clasped the hand to his breast, then whispered :

"Lucy we're leaving to night. It may be long, long years until I come back. Won't you kiss me just once, She laid her red lips on his, and as he folded her in his arms, he whispered :

darling girl, until we meet again!" He mounted his horse and rode scross the meadow; but as he reached the edge of the wood he stopped, appalled on finding that Morgan and his men were gone.

CHAPTER XXI

"Oh, what will Morgan say?" thought Hal, as the truth flashed apon him that the regiment was of on its wild ride to Lexington and he absent from his place by the leader's side. He turned his horse's head toward the lane which led through toward the lane which led through the Menefee plantation to the road beyond, intending to follow rapidly and overtake the command. But the road ran smooth and white through familiar scenes, and unwittingly he slackened his rein and the horse fell from a hard gallop into an easy trot. Hal's newly found love was making glad his heart. He clung to his rich possession with his hearty, boyish enthusiasm, while, with the optimism of his nature, he began to give to his future that perfect peace and happi ness not often permitted mortals to enjoy. The dangers of battle were before and around him, but he would pass them unscathed. Then, when he war was over, he would return and, forgiven by his father, would bring Lucy to Cardome. How his mother would welcome her new daughter, and how lovingly Lucy would fill her new place! He could see her, in imagination, flitting through the wide halls and old rooms a song on her lips, and love light in her eyes. What happy hours there would yet be for her and him at Cardome! what star-lighted nights on the southern veranda, with the soun of music and dancing coming faintly from the white yard where the happy

darkies were congregated !
And then the horse stopped, and Hal, looking up, was conscious of a flerce stab of pain. Before him was Cardome's gateway, and it was closed! Never, to his knowledge, had en to the old house been thus barred. Night and day, summer and winter, Cardome's gate, like its hos pitality, was open to friend and stranger. What could it mean? He leaned forward in his saddle and peered anxiously over the lawn, but no gleam of light came to him from the pile of brick in the distance horse turned its neck and whinnied pathetically. Hal lifted the latch. The gate opened with a creaking noise that fell strangely oud and weird over the hush infold ing the place. He would ride up and take one look at the house he durst not enter. Perhaps he would

catch a glimpse of one of the servants or his mother.

The borse went over the sanded drive in a light canter, and true to the memory of other days turned when he reached the clump of young his master to dismount, then, with below, neighed impatiently. Dead silence reigned in the house, and though the night was far advanced the unbroken quiet fell on Hal's heart as unnatural. There came to him an insane longing to have it broken by a familiar voice, a desire to see a familiar face. There was only one upon whom he could call. Around his father's house he stole, as a thief might have done until he came to a window that looked to the west, on whose wide sill he and Thomas used to rest little elbows while waiting for the splendor of winter sunsets; and the name most frequently on their lips then was spoken now, as he called softly : 'Mother !"

But only the deep, dead silence vas his answer. She was asleep, of course, so more loudly he called gain :

"Mother ! Oh, mother !"

He thought he heard a sound in hat dear, upstairs room, for imaging ion is ever ready to lend itself to desire, and he waited for the window to unclose. But no white hand un-fastened the shutter, and again he called, now louder, stronger, for a fear was beginning to clutch at his

"Oh, mother ! Mother !" Again he listened, longer : holding is breath that he might catch the first light fall of her foot on the floor. But there was only the unbroker stillness when the words died away Then he lifted his voice, the despair of his heart finding vent in his piercing tones, as to that pitilessly closed window he cried once more:

"Mother! Mother! Mother!"

When no answer came, like a mar who has received his death warrant and knows hope of reprieve is Hal turned and with bowed head walked slowly back to the veranda, where his patient horse was standing. the threw the rein over his arm, and moving a few paces toward the rear An' I said, foh my heart jus' seemed

of the house, looked down on the white yard and white cabins of the "quarters." They, too, lay still, lifeless; but as he watched, one of the low doors was opened and a figure emerged. Reaching the white yard, the woman dropped on her knees and lifted supplicating arms toward heaven, while her agonized voice tore the stillness, as she cried, with the prophet of old:

"Have mercy on Thy people, O

the prophet of old:

"Have mercy on Thy people, O
Lord! Have mercy on Thy people!"
And as Hal went toward her,
Charity's words came to him, praying

"Hev mu'cy on Dy chillun, mu'cy an' pity on Dy foolish chillun! Freedom will be thans, but bought ez it is wif so menny precious liaves, in de 'struction uv so menny happy homes, by de teahs an' broken hea'ts av so menny women an' chillun how holy a possession will it be how feahful will be Dy pun shmen uv its misuse! Dey ah a foolish people, but mek 'em wise, O God, in Dy pity! An' w'en dey will not lis'n to de counsels uv dose Doa 'point'st to be dah rulahs, den hev mu'cy on dem, O God! hev mu'cy on Dy fool-

ish people!"
"Aunt Charity!" cried Hal. The
negrees bounded to her feet, and
clasping him to her breast wept over clasping him to her breast wept over him in her joy and sorrow. They went to a bench that stood in the white yard, where, with her pitying eyes on his face, that looked so young and fair in the moonlight, she cried: "My poor boy! My poor boy!" "I'm all right," said he, "and I've

something fine to tell you when I hear about the folks. How's

"He's well, honey," she said. But he yain't home now. He's ovah to Frankfoht!"

So that's the reason!" cried the boy, thinking of the closed window.
"I was around at the house," he explained. "I wanted to see mother. called several times under her window, and I thought it strange that she couldn't hear me The old negress began to sway her fragile body, and as she wrung her hands she cried, through her fast

falling tears :
"Oh! you'll have to call loud, loud my honey, a foh you'll wake your muthah! an' you'll have to wait long long a fah she'll come to you! Oh my honey! my honey! you ain't got no muthah now. She's gone, my dahlin' Mis' Love, where she won't lie awake any more a-waitin' fob yoh ah' Tom ; where she won't shed any more bittah, bittah tears—''

"Charity," cried Hal, "what do you mean? Mother isn't-" but he what do stopped, appalled before the awful word. She took him to her breast as she

used to do in his childhood days, and said, softly :

Yes, my dahlin' boy, you muthah'

"Dead!" His voice, as he repeated the word, tore through the heart of the summer night; the horse started the sleepers in the cabins stirre restlessly; while all around, it seemed there were a thousand voices giving back that dreadful word. He was too stunned by his loss to fully comprehend its significance, to feel any of that poignant sorrow that finds expression in sobs and tears he could only lift himself from the woman's gentle clasp and repeat : "Dead !"

"Yes, my boy," cried the old woman, "Mis' Love's dead. She died three months ago. She was always grievin' in huh heart foh you an' Tom, but she bore up, hopin' foh de but aftah Miss Virginia wa sen' away, she began She nevah said a word, though. She b'lieved your fathah done what was for right foh him to do; but she failed seized hub, she didn't have any strength. I knowed frum de fus there was no savin' of hub, an' on my bent knees I pleaded with the Jedge to sen' foh you an' Tom. Oh!
I did beg foh my poor darlin' to
have huh precious chillun with huh
in huh las' hours on earth; but your fathah-Oh, honey, when he looked on huh dead face, he couldn't ever then believe that she wuz gone, that she could leabe him! An' he jus kep' callin' an' callin' on huh tell we wuz mos' 'stracted. He neval thought she wuz goin' to die. Oh he wouldn't hav' believed an ange if he'd come an' tole him so. An then, my boy, they took your mothal an' laid huh out in the graveyard with huh othah little chillun. I don't cry any more, 'cause, honey, I know she's at res' in Heaven, with the othah chillun. They's be'n so long waitin' foh huh, honey, an' even if it is Heaven, they was loneson foh huh, foh no little chillun evah had a mothah like Mis' Love!"

"Hush, Charity! hush!" cried the boy, and he buried his face in his hands and wept as a man weeps once in his life.

She kept still, save for her sobs and the swaying of her figure, until, after a long time, Hal lifted his head. Then she went on :

"An, honey, your fathah when he come home, foh three long days an' nights he stayed locked up in his office; an' we'en we'd go to 'im an' beg'im to let us bring 'im somethin' to eat, he'd tell us to go 'way, that he don't want nothin'. By 'n by he comes out, but I don't know my old mastah any more! He don't look at me, nor anybody; he jus' walk around the lawn an' through the house, every room; then he goes back to his office an' stay there. But some gen'l'm'n come ovah from Frankfort an' talk a long time with him. Attahwards he calls me an' says to me, 'Charity you mus' take care of Cardome tell I come back.'

to break, 'Oh, my mustah! you're not goin' to leave us too? Ain's nobody goin' to stay with us poor slaves? An' he jus' say those words ovah again: 'Charity, you mus' take care of Cardome tell I come back,' I ask him where he is goin', he says: 'To Frankfort, my country needs my services.' An he went off with the gen'l'm'n, an' I nevah seen him

If anything had been wanting to is anything had been wanting to fill his cup of sorrow to overflowing, it was given to Hal in those graphic words, which portrayed his father's loneliness and self-abnegation; for well he knew whatever sclace there was left the old man now in life was to be found in the home which loved only second to the wife he had lost and the children she had given

him.
"Was Tom at home?" then asked

'Yes, honey," said the old woman "Yes, honey," said the old woman, as if ashamed of the admission.
"He wuz here foh the buryin'. Honey, I don't think your fathah knew where you wuz, else I think he'd have sent foh you, too."
Her loyalty made the young man reach out a hand and clasp the black fingers. He choked down an emotion that seemed to be breaking

emotion that seemed to be breaking his heart, and said :

"Poor Tom! It was as hard for him in that hour as it is for me tonight! But Virginia—she was with mother, of course?"

"No, my dahlin' she wasn't either, Don't blame him foh that, honey, foh poor Miss Virginia can't be

"What ?" cried Hal.

"Yes, honey; she's been put in prison by the Yankees, an' nobody knows where she's at."
"Oh, Charity!" cried the boy, "do you want to break my heart by the misfortunes you have to relate! Virginia in prison!" and he put his hands before his eyes as if to shut out the horror of the thought.

TO BE CONTINUED

AN EXILE OF ERIN

During the first year of her com plete orphanage, Mary Morgan had worked away with a willing heart, and a happy, smiling, open face, in the laundry of the sisters of mercy; and for six months before leaving the convent had been president of the Children of Mary. But, alse, for the poor, unfortunate child. She happened, without any knowledge on the part of the good sisters, to make the acquaintance of an "outsider"-Rose Broughton-a Protestant servant girl who lost no time in showing Mary the manner in which she was 'standing in her own light" by no going over to England, where her good looks would obtain for her s osition in one of the best London couses. At least so Rose imagined.

Working hard from morning to night without a pennyworth of thanks for it!" the girl exclaimed in indignation. "Killing yourself, nothing more nor less, for a pack of idle old women, who stroll around with their arms in their sleeves all day. saying their prayers! Why, a girl like you, Mary, with your face, could get a place as parlor maid in one of the grandest of the London houses. And who knows, maybe we'd hear your getting married to one of the young gentlemen of the family before months would be over your

Evidently the half-penny novelette was Rose's source of information. But this had by no means been the first conversation between the two additional years of experience, had started the emigration argument in anch milder terms : neither was it by any means the last. And now, as poor, simple Mary began to take notice, it gradually dawned on her that her face was certainly different from the other girls in the laundry. Rose had said it was beautiful-fit to adorn the mansion of any nobleman in the land, and Rose had spant practically all her life in the service gentlemen's families in England, where a handsome face often attracts more attention than a virtuous life.

"But sure it might be some time before I'd find a suitable situation.
And where should I be staying in the meantime?" Mary had asked when it had reached the stage of final arrangements.

"Oh, you must not waste too much time looking out for the 'suitable' part of it when you first go over,"
had come the ready advice. "Beggars can't afford to be choosers!
Take the first chance you get, and if that doesn't suit you, well, you must just learn to put up with it until you et something better."

Poor, simple, innocent child Would to Heaven that you, and hun dreds like you, had never seen the light of day, rather than that you hould have lived to disgrace your self, your country and your God, by becoming an outcast and a vegabond in an alien land, where your name your religion, your party and your faith are an abomination to many about you.

It was a wild evening in October and although the benediction had been given over an hour ago, the sanctuary was still heavy with the fragrant incense. At the end of the first bench, near the sacristy door, sat a monk, the sole occupant of the church, reciting his office. Presently a furious rattling at the door of the porch, caused him to pause for a moment, when the strange sound was immediately followed by the noise of something falling heavily on the floor. Then came a loud, piteous howl and a series of painful agonized moans. In a moment the good

priest had set aside his Breviary, and was hastening to see what assist-ance he might render the unfortu-nate animal. It was no beast, but woman, apparently possessed of the devil. The creature was a mere mass of living filth and corruption! The black-ringed bloodshot eyes rolled round in their sockets; the filthy hair was wet and matted, and the harrible contextioned mouth from the horribly contortioned mouth ssued a mass of foam.

For a second time the priest hesi-tated, hardly knowing what to do for

the beast.
"For the love of the Sacred Heart father, help me over there to that confessional," howled the woman, in a voice that might have been clearly heard at a distance of half a mile. The unearthly roar startled the good friar, who at once recognized in it something beyond a merely buman voice. In a moment he had placed the trembling frightened object upon her feet, and was proceeding to assist her down the center aisle. As they neared the tabernacie, the look of preternatural horror which started into the flithy, cut and bruised face was worse than any expression the priest had ever seen before upon the

"Father, if you only knew half the agony I'm in you'd take me at once over to the confessional," she yelled. Together the Father and brother raised her to her feet, and placed her, as she so earnestly begged, at the penitent's side of the confessional What passed between herself and that poor, horrified monk rests with God, but nevertheless, the priest himself affirmed this much; he was free to say, from a subsequent conversation with his penitent outside the confessional, and with her full permission, as a warning to others, that never by the aid of all the imaginative powers he possessed, could he have conjectured to himself a life of greater degradation, crime and sin, than that which this poor crea-

ture had been living.
I wonder has my reader discovered in the perfectly true account of this poor, possessed woman, any resem-blance to Mary Sullivan, the beautiful, open, simple Child of Mary of St. Mary's Laundry in the village outside Dublin ? Whether he has or not

it is the same poor child. I don't think that ever in the whole of my life before did I realize what an awful thing a perfectly dead silence is until I sat that Sunday evening in the great London church listening to the preacher describing

this poor girl's career.
"When I afterwards in conversa tion asked her," said the priest, what had brought about so great a change in her, she answered simply : Twas the Sacred Heart, Father.

I'm never without the badge.' And then she went on to tell me how in the midst of her sin and misery, hunger and want, when she believed she had not many more weeks, perhaps days, to live, a terrible longing had seized her, to kneel for the last time before the tabernacle. She did not mean to ask for forgiveness—she had not the slightest intention whatever of going to confession. As she had lived, so she would die. She would not ask to escape the punishment she had deliberately down upon herself. But for all that he would die more contentedly if she could kneel once more before the

tabernacle door.
"The God of Heaven and Earth in all the awful splendor of His majesty and unutterable senctity, he told herself, was not for her. She had defled Him openly; had de liberately spat into His face, she had cursed Him from the depths and in the bitterness of her soul; she had challenged, insulted, reviled and hated Him, and now she was not craven enough to ask His grace! But about the tabernacle there was something different-something far more natural. Yes, in spite of Him and all His glory, she could kneel bafore that little golden door for the last time on earth, then hand herself over willingly to be cast forever into

eternal darkness. "With the resolve in mind, she had walked in all her filth and misery to a Catholic Church a few streets away. No sconer had she reached he top of the three stone steps, than she felt the pressure of an unseer hand upon her chest, exactly cover-ing the badge of the Sacred Heart which hung round her neck. In another moment she was thrust violentck and staggered to her feet

upon the pavement. "So He refused to allow her to enter did He? She had defied Him before—she would defy Him to the end! Again she mounted the steps, and a second time the impress of an unseen hand thrust her into the street. A third time she made the attempt, and a third time she was

foiled. "Never for one moment dreaming that the unseen hand was that of Satan, she returned to her alley, in a fit of wild, demoniac rage, and resolved that on the morrow, come what might, she would enter a Catholic Church and kneel before the abernacle.

"But alas, with the morrow she returned again conquered! To three different churches had she gone three different times had the unseen hand thrust her angrily away. And yet, with all the dogged perseverance of her race, she would not give in On the fourth evening she had gone to the church in which the monk had been saying his office alone after Benediction. On placing her hand upon the door, waiting for the hand to smite her, but had felt nothing. Then suddenly fearing it would come yet, she had literally thrust herself headlong into the sacred edi-