

"Tell me, friend, what is your name?" said Trien to her protector. "Sus Caers."

"Sus Caers! Ah, well, how wonderful! A fortnight ago we sold your father a calf—a pretty mottled calf. I have still some of the money in my pocket."

"Ay! and what is my father about? Is he well?"

"Quite well—a man like a tree. I remember now he told us that you also were in the army. Do you know our John?"

"What is his second name?"

"Braems."

"O Heavens! as if I didn't know John Braems! We were in the same company, and we were great cronies till he took weak eyes."

Deeply affected, the maiden now seized him with both hands, and said, with a deep breath:

"Ah, friend! how grateful am I to my heavenly Father that He brought me into this tavern. You will show me where I can find John, will you not? The young men from our quarter are all good-hearted fellows."

"Certainly. I shall take you to the hospital. You know, I suppose, that he is blind?"

"Alas, yes," sighed Trien; "but it is the hand of God, and cannot be helped now. Many are the tears we have shed over the thought of his calamity."

The soldiers had seen with a kind of envy the sudden intimacy and mutual confidence which had sprung up between the Kempener and the young maid. The fencing-master, above all, slid backwards and forwards on his stool, and made all kinds of demonstrations. In the meantime, he had gradually come quite close to the girl again and even chuckled her under the chin in a familiar way.

The Fleming started up and threatened him; but Trien, whose countenance burned with indignation, stood up, and with the flat of her hand struck the fencing-master in the face with such right goodwill, that he did not know whether his head was off or on.

As soon as he had recovered from his confusion, the tavern became a fearful scene of battle. He seized a jug, and would have broken the girl's head with it, had not the young Kempener, who was stronger, seized him by the throat and wrenched it out of his hand. The other soldiers sprang forward to separate the combatants, calling out that the sabre alone, and not the fist, could decide a soldier's quarrel. Trien, in the greatest anxiety and trembling with fear, is compelled to listen to a multitude of coarse and violent words, while the soldiers struggling with one another tumble about the room and the hostess is screaming out that she will fetch the watch. Suddenly a sound of drums is heard proceeding from the barracks:

"Soup! soup!" cried those who took no part in the contest, and leaving the others, hastened out.

The fencing-master still poured forth threats, but at last went out, saying something to the Kempener as he passed by.

"Be it so, braggart!" replied the challenged youth, with a laugh of mockery.

"Ah, Sus, what anxiety have I suffered!" sighed Trien. "Is it all settled now?"

"Settled! I must this evening fight a duel with that sword-eater."

"O Heavens! and all on my account!" cried the maiden, pale and trembling.

"Do not annoy yourself about that, child; it is only a matter for laughter. It will end in our going to drink together. That is the way the Walloon takes of getting a little gin if he can get it into the bargain. Such things happen twice a week with that fellow, and it is known by everybody. Come quickly, and I shall take you to the hospital where John Braems is."

Trien paid her beer and left the tavern with the soldier. He took her through several streets, talking all the way, and then left her saying, while he pointed with his finger:

"Do you see the soldier yonder, sitting on a bench before the door of that large building? That building is the Infirmary. You must speak to the soldier and he will let you in if it is possible to gain admission. A safe return home to you, and many greetings to my father, if you chance to see him."

"A thousand thanks, my friend," replied Trien, as she left him and proceeded on her way to the hospital.

So soon as the maiden found herself alone, a feeling of despondency took possession of her, and she could scarcely muster courage to speak to the soldier on the bench. As she came nearer, however, a joyful smile lighted up her face, for she thought she recognized him. And, in fact, when yet some paces from him, she called him by his name, for it was Crofter Tisje's son, Kobe, who had been made a corporal, as John had written, and who now sat here in that capacity.

So soon as he saw Trien, he sprang joyfully up, and hastened to her with pleasure and surprise.

"What! Trien dear, is this you? Heavens! how glad I am to see you here! How goes everything in our village? Has my mother recovered? How is Verbaet's daughter Loken? Do they know yonder that I am corporal now? And what did Loken say when she heard it?"

"All is well," replied Trien. "Your mother was at church last Sunday; she got rid of the fever, and one can scarcely see that she has been ill. I myself told Loken, in passing, that you had been promoted."

"Well, and did she not smile with pleasure?"

"No, she blushed up to her very hair; but she was so delighted that she could not say a word; I could see that in her eyes."

Kobe, the corporal, slowly hung his head, and looked to the ground—the expression of his features were suddenly altered: he, too, felt his face redden, and his heart beat fast. His native village, with its heath and fields; the modest glance of his beloved; his mother's affectionate smile; the Sabbath enjoyment, after a long week of toil; the songs under the linden-trees; the prattle of the tame magpies; the barking of the house-dog; the rustling of the fir-wood;—all came before his eyes fresh and living, all sounded in his ears with irresistible sweetness, and he was lost in the enchanting contemplation of the life for which he longed.

"What have I said then, Kobe, that vexes you?" asked Trien gently.

"Ah, Trien dear, I do not know. There came before my eyes all at once our village, and so clearly, that I saw the very sun shining on the church-tower. My father was busy raking the stubble out of the field; my mother stood beside him, and I heard them speaking about me. I had quite forgotten myself—but now it is over."

"Come, Kobe," said Trien, "lead me to John as quickly as you can—he will be so glad to see me."

"You know, then, his misfortune?"

"Alas! yes; I come to talk with him, and comfort him, poor fellow! Do not let me stand here any longer, but lead me to him at once."

"Trien dear, how sorry I am for you!" sighed Kobe, truly grieved.

"And why?" cried Trien. "Ah, Kobe, you make me anxious. Has anything happened?"

"Unfortunate Trien!" he replied. "No one is admitted to the blind and diseased; it is forbidden under a severe penalty."

The poor girl uttered a painful shriek, and covering her eyes with her apron, she wept and bewailed her bad fortune.

"Alas! alas! four days have I walked and suffered, and after all cannot see him. From this place I do not go alive; of that you may be certain."

"Trien, you must not make such a noise in the street," said Kobe; "otherwise people will collect round you to gape and stare. Be quiet, if you can."

The maiden dried her tears, with a mingled expression of courage and despair, and exclaimed:

"If I have to break into this house as a thief, I will see him, and speak with him—let them prevent me if they can."

"Listen, Trien dear," said the corporal gently; "I may perhaps lose my place by it, but I will help you, for all that. Keep quiet, and act as if you knew nothing. The sergeant is just going with the report to the governor; the doctor has been there already; and the director is unwell, and will not come into the sick-ward. When the sergeant is gone, I will bring you quietly into the blind-room. But, Trien, if I am put in the lock-up, and lose my rank, then remember to tell Loken and mother that it was owing to friendship and pity, and not from any misconduct."

"Be sure of that, Kobe," replied the girl, with moist eyes; "I will be grateful to you all my life long; let me only do what I wish now, and Loken shall write you a letter when I get home again."

"Ah, she can't write, Trien," sighed the corporal.

"But I can," she rejoined; "and I will do it for her; and I will set down such delightful things that you will actually leap with joy."

"Do you see, Trien, I do not stand here as sentinel; I am Plan-ton, and am forbidden to speak with any one. Come, sit down on that bench, and take no notice of anything, till the sergeant has passed out. I shall say that you are my sister, otherwise he will thwart our plans. Let us talk a bit, meanwhile, of our friends at home. Is Ned, the brewer's son, married yet to farmer Dierik's dairy-maid? Is the filly, which we sold to the landlord at the 'Crown,' grown a fine horse?"

They sat down on the bench, purposely at some distance from each other, and began to chat about the absent.

To be continued.

(Fulda) that during the winter they had no regular services because Mr. Kreitzenbeck's house, where services had been held, was too small for this purpose in winter. However, services were held about 8 miles south in Gottfried Schaeffer's store. Now that summer is here and the number of settlers has still further increased, they have obtained permission from Prior Alfred to erect a church on the N. E. 1/4 of S. 32, T. 38, R. 23. They have begun with the erection of a log church 20x40 with shingle roof. The trustees are Peter Schneider, Carl Jurgens and John Stolz.

In a correspondence from St. Anna dated June 20, we read that Mr. Stolz lost his barn by fire.—Mr. Dauk is busy completing the erection of his store.

ADDENDA:

(A Lost Horse and what came of it.)

When services were over at Assumption church June 26, Father Chrysostom drove back to Lindenberg's. Whilst some of the parishioners attended to his horse he took his breakfast, or dinner, or whatever you wish to call it. Some time after the meal, perhaps between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, he went to the stable to see if his horse had been well looked after, but there was no horse there. Nothing but a short piece of rope dangled from a pole to show that a horse had been tied there. It seems the horse had been badly annoyed by the mosquitoes, tore itself loose and took "French leave." No one had seen it. The Rev. Father having intended to stay over night anyway at Dead Moose Lake, it caused him no inconvenience for the present. Next morning he united in Holy Wedlock at 9 A. M. Peter W. Poss and Katie Weiers, both from the other side of the lake. Henry and Anna Weiers were the witnesses. For Tuesday morning Father Chrysostom had promised to be at Mrs. Pfefferle's whom the condition of the road and failing eye-sight did not permit to go to church. How to get there was now the question. Wisser's were so kind as to lend him one of their horses. He was told that the horse had one bad trait—it was inclined to lie down in crossing a slough, if the water happened to be very deep. The trail did cross such a slough, and when he was in the middle of the slough the water ran into the buggy and the horse began to show signs that it intended to live up to its reputation. By means of verbal and muscular persuasion Father Chrysostom induced the horse to change its mind and pull through to the other end. On arriving at Pfefferle's he read Holy Mass in the house, gave Mrs. Pfefferle holy Communion and then started homeward. Having "lots" of time, he preferred to drive around a few miles rather than risk a ducking in the slough. In the afternoon Leo Wisser brought up an old "plug" from the Monastery called "Buckskin." A nice little pony, as slow as molasses in January; but it was better than no horse, and brought him home an hour before supper time.

It took nearly a week before anything was heard of the lost horse. After leaving the stable it somehow got headed towards the railroad construction camp; then seemed to remember the fine feeds it used to get at Joe Meyer's, where the Monastery's freighters used to put up for the night going or coming from Rosthern, and headed for his place. One morning Joe found the white mare outside his pasture fence. Having put it in the pasture he sent word to the Monastery that he thought one of their horses was at his place. So on the third of July after services and dinner at Schaeffer's, Father Chrysostom drove out to Joe Meyer's place, taking Mr. G. Schaeffer along

who wanted to see that part of the Colony. The new road-bed of the C. N. R. proved a good driveway and the trip to St. Bruno's was made in record time. When they came there, Joe was not at home, but as the horse was undoubtedly the horse they were looking for, they took him along, or rather made the horse take them along. For after having given him a good feed of oats, and having tacked a notice in a conspicuous place telling Joe what had become of the horse, they hitched the white mare to the buggy and let the other horse trot behind. On the way back they stopped at Schmidt's, the only building in what is now Bruno. The writer does not remember if any of Billy Schmidt's store goods had already arrived. Here Father Chrysostom was told that there now was quite a large number of settlers in this part of the Colony, and that they were all very anxious to have Holy Mass read in their midst. On his return to the Monastery, the Rev. Father laid the matter before Prior Alfred, the spiritual head of the Colony, who decided that a regular mission station should be started and appointed Father Chrysostom to hold services there every Monday following the Sunday when he would have services at St. Bernard's (Schaeffer's). That's how a lost horse led to the establishment of a mission or parish.

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