## AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

It was the night of the reception of Onotomah Club—a sultry, murky night, hardly stirred by the wonted breeze from the ocean, and a fog was creeping

Rachel, in her room waiting for fixed on the flash light. It was the only object at all visible in the growing fog, and with her imaginative minshe had come to regard it beacon for Tom. Tom's ship might, in the interval which might pass before he could come to her, be somewhere where the rays of that flash light could reach it, and the sound of the water splashing on the beach—a sound that she had grown to love, as she loved everything connected with the sea because of the relation that the sea to Tom—seemed to her to-night to have a varying sound, like the tones of different voices, and she became so absorbed in listening that she did not hear Sarah's knock, nor, when the knock was not responded to, Sarah's

"I hope I did not keep you waiting, Miss; but I was getting ready to go over to Mrs. Gedding's. The whole family is going to the reception to-night in the new club-house out here, and Mrs. Gedding's cook is going to have a few friends. Mrs. Gedding said she might, and Miss Burram said as long as Mrs. McElvain'd stay here all night, I could go. You see I ain't coming home till it's late. Jeem got an invitation, too, but he's that biased he wouldn't accept it. He said, though that he'd come after me about twelve o'clock, and I take it that it's all along o' the letter you wrote for me, Miss, and that he hasn't answered; but I'm in hopes he'll answer it yet. People as are made on the bias can't be expected

to do things on the straight." Rachel made no reply, but she looking at Sarah with a good deal of curiosity, for that solemn looking woman was certainly arrayed in very bright attire; her dress was of muslin, the pattern, moss rosebuds on a very white ground, and the neck and sleeves adorned with huge frills of white lace. Her scanty hair was twisted into a knot at the extreme top of her head with what at first sight looked like a skewer but which wood thrust through it, closer inspection proved to be a hairpin made of bone, and on her high, narrow forehead rested just three very She had waited purcorkscrew curls. posely that she might show herself thus dressed to Rachel, and when Rachel

observed her only in silence, she asked:
"How do I look, Miss?" "I think you look queer," was the frank answer. "I don't like your dress, and your hair looks funny." "Not like my dress?" repeated Sarah, dismayed. "Why, Jeem said it was a dress to take the sight out of man's eyes. And I got my hair dressed on purpose. And Mrs. McElvain said

wouldn't know me if she met me Rachel smiled, and just then there was borne through the open window the strain of the band performing at the

eption. 'It's begun," said Sarah, solemnly,

"and I'll be going as soon as you're in bed, Miss Rachel." 'I'm not going to bed," was the re-

ply. "I'm not sleepy, and I want to sit here and listen to the music. I'll put the lamp outside the door when I do go to bed, and you can attend to it when you come back." Sarah, glad to be spared any delay, the history of her Charge, what co

hastened away.
What exquisite, soul-stirring strains

nerve, and they set her pulses madly bounding. She wanted to go out, down to the beach, so as to hear more per-fectly, and she started impulsively from ner chair. Then she hesitated. She had never gone out of the house at night, and it was now 9 o'clock, the hour at which she was expected to go to bed. In this case it certainly would be disobedient to go out; her con-science told her that clearly, and yet, as the music grew more ravishing, she felt

she must go. She had not seen Miss Burram since visit of the mad woman three nights the visit of the mad woman three highest before, that lady having taken all her meals since then in her private apart-ments, though she was not sick, Sarah said, and Rachel protested to herself the thought which came, urging her to ask Miss Burram's permission.

She put her head far out of the window to satisfy her longing for the musi but it would not do. Something seemed to be calling her to the beach, and in a kind of impulsive desperation she darted from the room and down to Miss Bur-

That lady opened to Rachel's knock, and the child's courage faltered when and the child's colorage late red when she looked up into the white, set face that met her own. Miss Burram silently waited to know what her

Charge wanted.

The Charge at length managed to say, but in a kind of frightened whisper, for it seemed to her as if Miss Burram's face looked just like the face of the mad woman Rachel had seen distinctly three nights before:

"There is music in the new clubhonse; may I go down to the beach to listen to it?"

An unexpected "yes" was the response, and Rachel found the door

abruptly closed upon her.

She bounded up the stair for a hat and a wrap to throw over her white dress, forgetting her strange awe of Miss Burram in her anticipated pleas ure, and in a few moments she was run-ning along the beach, down to the stone bulwark which marked the limit

of Miss Burram's "riparian rights."
She seated herself on the sand with her chin resting on her knees, and her eyes fixed on the flash light. The dancing had begun; she could hear the tripping feet above her, and the lively strains of the band made her lively strains of the band made her sway her body to and fro in a sort of insolution to lime-keeping. When the music ceased, she fancied she heard music ceased, she fancied she heard she

steps in her vicinity—soft, stealthy steps—and she started up in affright steps—and she starte and looked about her.

Even if it were a bright night a person might easily conceal himself behind one of the trees, but as it was, she could not even see the trees themselves and she crouched down again, her heart beating wildly, and wondering if she ought not to return to the house, but ought not to return to the house, but laughter and merry voices floated to her from the open promenade above, and in a moment she recognized the voice of the young lady who had de-fended her against the Herrick twins. "What a grand old place Miss. Bur-

"What a grand old place Miss Burram's is," said the voice, and it seemed to be directly over Rachel, as if the speaker might be leaning on the railing which supported the lattice work that partially inclosed the sides of the promenade, and looking down where Rachel sat, "and what a magnificent place for social entertainments. I don't wonder that it came to little Rachel Minturn to ask Miss Burram's poor tenants out here."

The wonder is," said a masculine voice, "that the thought did come to her; she must be a remarkable child to exercise such humanity.

"She could hardly have relations with Miss Burram and not be remarkable in some way," said another masculine voice, but evidently much young-

er than the one that had spoken before.
"Has anybody found out whether she is related to Miss Burram?" asked a feminine voice that was not Miss Gedding's.

No, nobody has found out; but good many people suspect, and one who holds the strongest suspicions is Herrick. Yesterday, at the meeting in the town hall for the consideration of reduced taxes, Herrick went out of his way to make a speech about some people ho were of no good to any community, and whose lives would not bear inspec

"Oh. Mr. Fairfax, did Mr. Herrick

say such dreadful things?"
"So it is reported, Miss Gedding, by those who actually heard him, but I happy to say report has it also that Mr. ck received an unexpected rebuff

from Mr. Notner."
"Mr. Notner!" exclaimed a chorus

of voices. "Yes, Mr. Notner; he most unexpectedly was present at that meeting, and actual report has it that Mr. Notner politely, but vigorously denounced Herrick for his mean and covert attack upon people whom he seemed to fear to name, and Mr. Notner actually chal-lenged him to prove the truth of his in-

"What did Herrick say?" was the breathless question.
"Why, he said just as coolly as he

had spoken before, that if other people had observed as closely as he had done and if they were as jealously careful to preserve the high moral tone of Rentonville, especially the young people of Rentonville, that they would feel as he did about the matter and speak as openly; and as for producing proofs of his innuendoes, he would do that when the proper time came.'

The young people of Rentonville !' epeated Miss Gedding scornfully. He meant that for Miss Burram's repeated Charge; poor little creature! How

she has to suffer."

"It is a pity," resumed the voice

that had given so much information, that Miss Burram does not, for the sake of her Charge, give a little of the history of that Charge. In a community like this, and especially with such sneaking inquisitors as Herrick, people will talk, and talk unfavorably."

"I don't agree with you, uncle, Miss Burram's business is nobody's business—and if she chooses not to make public should it be of anybody's-maybe What exquisite, soul-stirring strains they were that floated to Rachel's ears!

They caused her to tingle in every

They caused her to tingle in every Miss Burram's hard-heartedness may be in other ways, she gives a lovely home and excellent care to her Charge."

"Your argument has won, Hattie," was the reply, and the again; but Rachel no longer had the same pleasure in the strains. The conversation she had just heard, saddened and perplexed her. Why should people talk so of Miss Burram, and why should they be so concerned about her Could it be that Miss Burram had taken Could it be that Miss Burram had taken her just because she was poor, rather than as Tom and Mr. Terry had told her, because Miss Burram knew about her? Oh, if Tom were only back; she had so many burning questions to ask him, and then she drew herself up and ent back to the house, forgetting in the many strange, puzzling thoughts that crowded upon her, her former fear

fancied footsteps. The fog seemed to clear as she went. and the stars were beginning to come out; had she looked behind her she have seen in the distance a figure lowly following; it took the same path that Rachel did, and it seemed anxious keep the child in sight, for it kept on till the door of the house shut Rachel from view. Then the figure turned back to the beach, walking rapidly till t came to a very secluded part; there, frantically throwing aside the long, which had completely covdark cloak ered her, Miss Burram paced up down—the stiffening breeze seemed all too light to cool her fever, and once she

The moon had risen in full splendor making every object on and around the bay distinctly visible—a sailing vessel with its white sheets all spread, was scudding before the now rapidly increasing wind, just on the edge of the pay, and it seemed to have an artraction for the solitary woman on the beach. She stopped her walk to watch it, and even when it had disappeared she did not move for a moment; then she turned shortly, and murmured to

"So they went—all of them—all and no one alive knows that. Why do I fear, or care at this late day? And as for remorse—have they not plucked my neart out long since? Pshaw! this is

out. Just as she had turned a corner of the house and was still in the shadow made by a projecting eave, she heard voices from the opposite direction— voices growing more distinct each nt, and which the speedily

moment, and which the speedily recog-nized as those of Hardman and Sarah. Not wishing to be seen by either, Miss Burram wedged herself closely against the wall and waited for them to against the wall and waited to the spass; she felt comparatively secure as the door by which they would enter was on the other side of the house, and was on the other side of the path it would not take them direct by her; but instead of going on, they paused, Sarah saying:
"Wait a moment, Jeem; I'd like to

speak to you. And ain't you been speaking to me ver since we left Mrs. Gedding's?

was Jim's somewhat surprised answer.
"No, Jeem; not in the perticler nanne, I want to speak to you now.' There was no respouse, though Sarah vidently waited for one.

"Jeem," when at length it seemed certain "Jeem" was not going to say anything. "Well, Sarah?"

"You got a letter, once." " And what did you think of that

letter, Jeem?"
"I thought it was an expression of a voman's feelings," auswered Hardman

very solemnly.
"And so it was, Jeem; and the woman that expressed them feelin's then, Jeem, hasn't had no different

eelin's since. Hardman felt cornered; and in his utter uncertainty of how to say what he wanted Sarah to know, he only an-

swered: 'It's very creditable to you, Sarah. Than which no other speech could have emboldened the said Sarah to frankly unbosom herself. To Hardman's dismay she caught his hand in both of her own and began so volubly and rapidly it seemed impossible to stop, or even

to interrupt her.
"Jeem Hardman, I always said you was a man as had a good heart for lone females, only you had to take a bias way of showing it. When you took me out boating I felt it, and to-night when you said you'd bring me home, I was sure of it; and this lone orphan female, Jeem, has always had a good heart for you. In your loneliness, Jeem, I pitied you, and if I could have made a couple of you, Jeem, I'd have done so, especially since you and Miss Rachel's been apart—I've seen her go out of her way so she wouldn't meet you, and I've seen you take another path when you thought she might be coming—and though you she never told me, I know it' your doings, nor Miss Rachel's doings, but Miss Burram's. And I'm willin' to make a couple of you whenever you

Hardman had managed to nerve him

"I'm thankful to you, Sarah, for all you've just said, very thankful, but I'm not in the coupling line." Sarah, neither rebuiled, nor discour-

aged, only replied:
"Very well, Jeem; but you can't tell

when you may be, and always look upon me as a true friend that'll be willin' any moment to serve you in the way l mentioned."

They passed on, and Miss Burram came out of her hiding-place and passed on also.

Sarah was in no mood for repo had too many things to tell Mrs. Mc-Elvain who had kindly remained up, the chief of which was her her conversation

with Hardman.
"I'm satisfied now that I know what he thinks of the letter—sure he put it elegant; now, didn't he, Mrs. Mc-Elvain? 'The expression of a woman's feelin's—wasn't that like book readin'? feelin's-wasn't and now that he knows my feelin's I'll be all his life unwillin' when there's a woman before him showin' him what

'Mrs. McElvain replied: "There's a deal of truth in that, Sarah—sure constant dropping wears way a stone, and they do say there's no man living that can't be won when a oman makes up her mind to do it.

Hardman in his room in the carriagehouse was taking out of the trouser's pocket where for so many months it had ain, Sarah's letter.

"It's answered now," he said to himself, and with a great sigh of relief he tore it up and put it with other debris to be burned.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Rachel's life was a very strange life for a little girl just entered her twelfth year; all the stranger that it was vaca tion and she had not even the variety or interest afforded by school; she was left to herself entirely, except on Sunday evenings when she met the company as usual in the parlor and listened for couple of hours to Burleigh's pompous conversation, or young Toussel's inane talk—his mother seldom said anything except to reply laconically when she was actually addressed. Being deprived of her one great comfort and diversion, Hardman's occasional society, Rachel ound occupation alone in reading

Even out on the beach she was hardly ever without a book. The books that she read were a startling medley, comprising religion, philosophy, political economy, and the discoveries of science; vas never a novel in her collec tion, Miss Burram's library being inpeent of any work of fletion; and much that Rachel read she could not under stand; frequently she had to consult the dictionary for the simple meanings of words, but for all that it was astonishing how much she did comprehend, nd how large and new a world the books opened to her. One, a life of ome seraphic saint, particularly fas cinated her, and almost unconsciously it was exerting an influence upon her wn character; it was softening the bitterness she had felt for Miss Burram since the latter's order regarding Hardman, and it was putting a gentleness into her tones that made Sarah remark more than once to Mrs. McElvain about there seemed to be coming

over Miss Rachel.

so absorbed in her book or books-she frequently had more than one—that she was not even conscious of the shadow made by Miss Burram's form in passing and Miss Burram knew too just wha the books were, that her Charge read, and while she doubted Rachel's compreand while she doubted Rachel's comprehension of them, she smiled grimly as she contemplated their effect. She also had read them in a youth that was but little older than Rachel's.

One afternoon that she came upon the child actually prone upon the beach, her face resting on her hands which were supported by her elbows that in turn were resting upon the open pages of a big book. Miss Burram paused; of a big book. Miss Burram | Rachel as usual did not see her.

"What are you reading?"
The child looked up almost as if she had been startled from a dream, and then seeing who the speaker was, she

sprang to her feet.

Miss Burram saw the title then acros the page, and she knew it was an anwork bearing much upon modern topic of the land question. Her

lip curled a little. Such books are the works of fools," she said. Rachel hesitated a moment, then her

Rachel hesitated a monach, sense of honesty compelled her to answer, but with a surprising gentleness:

"It doesn't seem so—for everything
I have read so far is just like what it ought to be. Didn't God mean that everybody should have a chance to live in the world?"

You do not know what you are talking about," said Miss Burram with unwonted heat, then she added in her customary cold voice:

"I am going for a row; you can come with me; take your books back to the house and join me at the boathouse." Rachel was hardly sure that she had

heard aright; she had never before been invited into Miss Burram's boat, and she went back to the house with her books, like one in a dream. The bay was as placid as a silver lake

and the atmosphere had an unusual clearness. Rachel felt a thrill of delight as she stepped into the handsomely appointed little boat, and reclined in the luxurious seat to which Miss Burram motioned her. It was her first ex perience in a row-boat, and she watched her companion's strong, graceful ply-ing of the oars with a strange fascina-The balmy air, the clear water, the picturesque shore, the swift gliding motion, were a new and most delightful experience to the child; if only Tom were in Miss Burram's place, or even Hardman, and then she looked from the gloved hands wielding the carefully oars, to the face above them -it was et in its wonted hard, cold mold, with

the eyes staring at Rachel; Rachel's eyes dropped immediately.

"Jim Hardman had a boat made for The question was asked so suddenly the little girl did not seem to

hend, and it was repeated.

." was the reply. " And you have never used it?" an inquiring tone.

"Would you like to learn to row so s to use it?"

Rachel's face sparkled.
"I should very much," she answered,
her heart in her mouth with the hope of hearing Miss Burram say that Hard-man might teach her, but the lady coldly proposed herself as the teacher. Rachel proved an apt scholar; she

had much more muscular strength than one would suppose, and by the time ey touched shore again she had surmounted the first awkwardness of handling the oars. That night Sarah took an order to

Hardman to have Miss Rachel's boat brought to where Miss Burram's boat lay, and as Sarah did not know of the performance of the afternoon, she was not able to state the object of the orshe found out

and if she isn't teaching Miss Rachel to row—Miss Rachel is in her own little boat, and Miss Burram's in hers, side by side, and the two of them a-working away at the oars—I made it my business to watch, and that's just what I seen, Jeem, and if you go down to the beach now, maybe you'll see them too if they're not too far out."

Jim nodded, but he made no reply, nd as he showed no disposition to leave his work Sarah slowly returned to But Hardman did go to beach when Sarah had quite gone, and he saw the two boats as she had decribed, only they were too far out in the bay for him to distinguish the occu-But he said to himself as he

Miss Rachel won't be so lonesome now, and maybe it'll come to Miss Burram to love her after a while."

For a week Miss Burram gave rowing sons to her Charge, but she always chose a time in the day when the bay was comparatively free pleasure-boats. Despite her precaution they came one day upon a tiny sail-boat se single occupant was lazily re clining in the stern. Rachel, attracted by the device of a sail in so small a craft, stopped rowing in order to look, letting Miss Burram's boat shoot ahead. Miss Burram instantly recognized in the reclining occupant, Notner.

There was a peculiar smile on his lips, not a smile as if he wished to show his recognition, and would be glad to receive some recognition in return, but one which seemed rather to imply that one which seemed Takes that he was there on purpose—and Miss Burram suspended her rowing, waiting for Rachel to overtake her, and looked at a tooly stars. True him with a cold, steady stare. True, she had overheard on the night of the club reception how he had defended her against Herrick's attack, but to offset hat was his apparent connection with Terry-how else could Terry know of the visit of her Charge to church on Christmas morning, for according to her Charge's account no one save Not-ner had seen her. Then also Sarah's account of the dropping of his whip on ournose, as Sarah said, into Rachel's face. And all Terry's accurate information—whence did it come but from this man, this spy, whom Sarah told her no one knew anything about.

Miss Burram's lip curled and she sat up more haughtily in her boat, but Not-ner's expression never changed; the smile still lingered round his mouth as the wind bore him on, and his eyes rested for an instant on Rachel as he

passed her.
At the end of the week Rachel was told that she might go out in her own boat whenever she chose, but she was told also to keep within certain welldefined and narrow limits; much nardefined and narrow limits; internation of the court of the series of the er of the vacation rowing claimed from her almost as much attention as read-

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

Herrick, to the surprise of a good many people, was becoming a power in Rentonville; rumor had it that he would be the next president of the School Board, and it was a fact that his name began to be prominently associated with every public enterprise in the township. By what arts he worked the township. no one knew, but even those who were most suspicious of him gradually fell

into his toils. His business thrived sufficiently to enable him to purchase a large tract of the barren part of the island five miles distant, and in connection with a couple of capitalists from the city, to transform it into varied places amusement for the city crowd. W Work was already progressing upon it, and by the next summer it was expected to

oe completed. Though ostensibly eager for every Though ostensibly eager for every scheme that was put forth for the public good, Herrick in secret, emulating another more prominent statesman, was quite willing to let "the public be damned;" the only good he really worked for was his own financial gain; and in his heart he deepised every one of in his heart he despised every one of the sober, moral, high-toned, refined society folk of Rentonville. He laughed to himself as he thought of the shock it would give them if they knew what he was contemplating; no less than being able at some time to buy Miss Burram's place and to turn it into a public amus nent resort such as he was building new on the island. Of course, Miss Burram would not sell for money, he knew, but in consideration of other things she might—said other things being the knowledge of a secret or secrets she might want to purchase and he laughed again as he thought of the horror of the whole aristocratic Onotomah Club at finding themselves next door to variety shows and concert hall

His daughters put on more airs than ever, and when they returned to school after vacation and found that their mother's appearance at the reception had not been forgotten, Alida explained it, by saying:
"Ma is very peculiar; she gets all

her ideas from books, and if it wasn't for pa, we'd have to dress just the way she does; you see she thinks that people of brains oughn't to care for "But with your mother," said a

waggish Miss considerably older than Alida, "it didn't seem to be a case of brains, it appeared to be a case of

downright want of modern clothes."

"As if my father wasn't rich enough
to give my mother all the clothes she say it looked as if he wouldn't; and I know I would feel ashamed to come out

dressed the way you and your sister dress, if my mother looked as your mother looked on reception day." "I shall tell my pa everything you said," said Alida hotly, with tears of

angry mortification in her eyes.
"I hope you will; maybe it will make your father do his duty to your mother;" and the speaker moved off, mother; and the speaker moved off, fined to her room for three days after laughing scornfully. Alida did tell her Katherine Pearson's visit, nor had she father, and with many tears she told her

mother also, adding:

"You see what you got for us by Burram.
"When we will be a seen and the se

going there, ma.' Mrs. Herrick shed a few tears too: they were wrung from her by the thought of the position she occupied in her own family-she, a wife and mother, disregarded by her husband and con-temned by her children. But less than ever had she any spirit now to rebuke either, and she only answered in a weary way and with a tightening about her heart that sent the color from her

lips:
"It was the first time, and the last;

rather a lengthy sojourn on the water, for the prescribed limits took in no more than a half-mile from the shore. The narrow bounds kept her, as Miss Burram intended, from meeting any one else on the bay; but one Saturday afternoon that young Gedding with his sister and Miss Fairfax were out boat-ing also, Rose spied Rachel's boat, and looking through her glass, she recognized Miss Burram's Charge. She gave an exclamation of delight. "Will, I must speak to her; row up

to her! I shall only say a word just to tell her how kindly we all feel to her. since Sarah told our Margaret about Miss Burram having taught Charge to row, I have been wishing for "Yes, do," repeated Miss Fairfax in

answer to Will's questioning glance at her, "I am curious to see how Miss Burram's Charge will receive Rose's overtures But Miss Burram's Charge, on discovering that a boat was approaching, rowed as rapidly as she could back to

however, were more rapid and powerful than her own, and she was overtaken. "Won't you please wait a moment Miss Minturn?" pleaded Rose, in such tone of entreaty that Rachel stopped rowing and looked back.
"What a picture her face is,"

the shore; young Gedding's strokes

thought Miss Fairfax. Rachel's cheeks were glowing from the exercise, and her eyes seemed larger and darker than usual

"I only wanted to tell you how

much we all desire to know you; that e are all good warm friends of

and perhaps some day Miss Burram will not object to our becoming acquaint-There was no doubting the sincerity of the speaker, and her fair, frank, pleasant face had a charm that won Rachel; she smiled and inclined her

head a ltttle, at which Rose was em-boldened to add: "This is my friend, Miss Fairfax, she was a schoolmate of yours, you know—she feels just the same as I do

about you, and this is my brother Will—he feels just as we do."

Will took off his sailor cap and bowed his curly head in a manner tha made his two companions laugh—even Rachel smiled more broadly than she had done, but instantly fearing she was not doing right, she said hastily : "Thank you," and resumed her row-

ing to the shore.
"I am happy," said Rose when her brother had turned the boat about.
"And so am I," said Will, gaily, "I am glad you introduced me, Ros

="Miss Burram's Charge is going to be a beauty," said Miss Fairfax, "I don't think I ever saw such expressive To Rachel, that chance meeting was a thrilling experience; her nerves tingled at the very remembrance of the

bright, friendly faces and pleasant tones; it was her first meeting with young people who were interested in her from motives of kindness, and she could not help feeling how much would enjoy such companionship; then came the thought of what Tom would think of them, and as she fastened her boat to the landing place she wondered f she ought to tell Miss Burram about the meeting. She had been guilty of no obedience, not having been told that she must not speak to any one, and she even tried to get away before they could accost her; but for all that was sure the making of any acquaint ance on her own part was against Miss Burram's wishes. tation of the saint whose life she had read with such remarkable felt she ought to tell Miss Burram. The saint had been wont to treat with great frankness, a cross, unreasonable stepmother; to be sure the saint's obect was the conversion of her cre lative, and Rachel had no such object she was hardly aware that Miss Burram needed any conversion, except more feeling for the poor, and of

As to winning Miss Burram's affection, she was not conscious of slightest wish for that; she had been too thoroughly repelled at their first meeting to forget easily the unfavorable impression; and much of Miss Burram's subsequent conduct had only confirmed the feeling. Still, if Miss Burram had taken her because she was poor, as the conversation she had over heard on the night of the Onotomah Cluh reception, suggested, she owed according to the life of the saint, who was grateful in a most saint-like way for the smallest favors, a great deal of gratitude to Miss Burram. Well, she was grateful, she said to herself, she never was guilty of any disobedience exce in the single instance of stealing church on Christmas morning; and what more could she do? She had logic and judgment enough to reason that her scrupulous obedience was owing to no sense of gratitude to her wants," retorted Alida scornfully.

"Yes, I suppose he could, if he would," was the reply, "but some folks"

that her scrupulous obedience was owing to no sense of gratitude to her benefactress, and not so much even to morality, as to her love for Tom, and her desire to be as good as she had

promised him to be.

Then her beloved saint was solicitous about the health of her cross stepmother, and on the alert to render fectionate service even after she had been tauntingly repelled. Rachel had never once asked about Miss Burram's health, though that lady had been conat any time signified her or wish to render any service to Miss

"There's a chance now." whispered her conscience, as she fastened her boat and ascended the steps of the little pier, "a chance to show that you won't keep anything from her, and just because you don't want to tell her you

ought to do so." She went thoughtfully to the house, surprised on reaching it to find it was almost the dinner hour. While she changed her dress and brushed her hair she was holding a hot argument with herself:

"If I tell her," she said aloud, "may-When school began Rachel's time was fully occupied; on Saturdays alone could she have a spin on the water, or rather a lengthy sojourn on the water, or a more hopeful view—" perhaps, just because I do tell her, she'll have more confidence in me-she'll feel sure I won't speak to anybody without letting her know. I guess I'll tell her

And tell Miss Burram she did, at the dinner table during one of the brief ab sences of Sarah from the room. told all simply and frankly, but she did not have the courage to ask if she might accept Miss Gedding's ofer of acquaintanceship, or to express her own desire for the same; nor did Miss Bursell and the same is nor did Miss Bursell and the same is not did Miss Bursell and th ram make a single comment that might have emboldened Rachel to speak; her only comment was, "Ah?" in a tone of polite interest, while she looked as she always looked, hard, cold and in-

Rachel had two consolations: she had not been forbidden to row upon the bay, and she had satisfied her con-When Sarah returned to room her solemn face was expressive of eat wonder mixed with awe.

"There's a young woman, mem, as has come to see you; I think she's one of them creatures as was here in the summer, and made the grounds so dirty. Mrs. McElvain let her in Mrs. McElvain let her in and sale asked to see you, mem. Mrs. McElvain put her into the parlor next here '—indicating by a motion of her hand the room which opened from the diningroom. "Shall I put her in one of the parlor of the the state of the state

parlors on the other side ?' TO BE CONTINUED.

Loss of appetite is an ailment that indicates others, which are worse—Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them all.

# NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

## "KELPING COMPANY." Pointed Observations Inspired by From the Catholic Telegraph.

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The common ambition of young wom-The common ambition of young wom-en in the world is marriage; and it is a very laudable ambition. The ordin-ary prelude to wedlock is courtship. it is of the prevalent method of and 10 is of the prevalent method of courtship in this section of the country that we would speak. Into this matter, as pretty much into all others, has as pretty much into all others, has erept the false notion of what is called American liberty, which has come to mean the widest license. The young girl just beginning her toens imagines that she must have a "fellow," and straightway proceeds, without any consultation whatever with her parents, to sultation whatever attach herself to some Tom, Dick or Harry who strikes her fancy. The two youngsters manage to be together a youngsters manage to be together a great deal of their spare time. They old hands," stroll about in the even ing and begin "keeping company." In the course of a year they attend parties together, and occasionally go parties together, and occasionally go to see some gushing melo-drama. In a few years they go to pienies and balls, and are deeply, very deeply in love. He has been calling upon her at her home, and they have been having the wongoly of the parlor for their billing. home, and they have been having the monoply of the parlor for their billing and cooing. Her parents? Oh! the father never gives such matters a thought; or if he does, he thinks they are outside of his province; they be long to the province of the mother. The mother, as a common rule, entirely neglects her duty in this regard. The idea of chaperoning her daughter dosen't enter her head. She allows things to drift along until often disgrace ings her to a realization of her grave

These remarks are suggested by the ollowing despatch in a daily paper: Illion, N. Y., October 19.—I nas pecial armon in Ave Maria Church the Rev. Father Hill created a sensation by denouncing the prevalent custom of "company keeping" between young men and women. "In no country in men and women. "In no counthe world," he said, "are people given the freedom of each people given the receasing each other's seciety as they are in the United States. It is the dominant evil in this country. "My knowledge of the condition of

affairs is obtained through the con-fessional. From what I have been obliged to hear on this subject for many years I have formed the opinion that more unhappy marriages are the result of this practice of keeping company, and more lives are ruined company,' and more lives are ruined thereby, than from other practice now

### A JUST DEBT TOO OFTEN SLIGHTED.

The newspaper subscription is a debt The newspaper subscription is a deby whose payment many otherwise careful people postpone with the least scruple. Newspaper people, like priests and doctors, are evidently supposed to be the care of a special Providence in the matter of temporal necessition and the least significant properties and the second properties are significant properties. sities, and to be richly apparelled and daintily fed on free passes and compli-

mentary tickets.
"Where so much money is coming in my subscription won't be missed for the present," reasons the procrastinator forgetting that fifty thousand or even twenty thousand of like mind, would seriously cripple even a widely circulated and popular journal. the brains that make the paper, and the hands that print it, the book-keepers, the paper dealers, the coal merchant and the electric light company— not to mention certain private bakers and candlestick makersdemand coin of the realm for their serrices and commodities, and cannot be off with the perquisities of journalism which, by the way, are not so and comprehensive as the uninitiated

The delinquent subscriber is usually The definquent subscriber a data of the most critical of that steadfast visitor to his home, and takes offence, not seldom, at a courteous request to settle arrears of many years. But let him make the case his own. Would he attempt to do business on the basis on which he expects a newspaper to live and flourish!

The newspaper subscription is a all item in the household expenses if it is met every year at the proper time. It is formidable, however, when it is allowed to run for five or ten of fifteen years. But it is a just debt, a conscience, as the debt to

the debt to the grocer or tailor. As the year draws to its close, the newspaper, like any other business, must compare profit and loss. The ag-gregate of subscription arrears is always a formidable figure ; but rather a discouraging one, in view of the fredifficulty of collection. Yet, if these arrears were promptly paid in, how much your favorite journal could do still further to enhance its value and its interest to subscribers !-Boston

### SELF SACRIFICE OF CATHOLIC CLERGY

Praise from without is better that praise from within on the old theory of the beam and the mote. Ordinarily, i is not pleasant to find in another system. the merits which emphasize the defect in your own; especially if it be a mater of religion. Therefore the follow ter of religion. Therefore the following bit of honest praise for the Catholi priesthood from Dr. Grafton, the Pretestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond da, Wis., is the more to be appreciated. In a recent address, he contraste the barren spirituality of Protestar Clergyman with the devetignal life. clergymen with the devotional life olic priests.

Possibly we might get some clue our sins," he said, "if we considered what way other religious bodies exc us. Is there not now a great lack self-sacrifice in our church in be clergy and laity? The Catholic cler give up matrimony; as a rule they a true to their celibate dedication. Ging it up for the love of Christ, it is c way by which they are united to Chr Crucified \* \* \* What does the E<sub>1</sub> copal Church ask her clergy to up? Do men enter her ministry fo purpose of leading a hard life of sac fice? \* \* \* Again: The Roman cle