

Where Magdalen Failed.

(By Clara Malibouid, in the A.V.A. Magazine.)

(Concluded.)

Some two hours later Magdalen took a fearful farewell of Mother Veronic, and went slowly home through the lamp-lit streets. She was very sad, but her heart was less heavy. Some of the hopelessness of life had passed away, and she told herself that she would try to follow Mother Veronic's advice in everything. Coming to a church, and seeing that the door was open for Benediction, she stole in, and, throwing herself on her knees before the Blessed Sacrament, prayed fervently for grace and strength.

Comforted and consoled, the girl went home; and as the ball door was opened, Beatrice and Cicely, looking white and fragile in their black frocks, came half shyly, half nervously, to meet her. She drew them toward her, kissing them gently but kindly. The little faces brightened; and taking courage, the children caught her hands and squeezed them lovingly within their own.

"Magdalen," said Trixy, "we've been longing for you to come in."

"Yes," Cicely cried. "For there are flowers—oh, such lovely flowers—for you in the dining-room. Come and see." And the now excited little girls pulled her along up the hall.

On the dining-room table lay a large bouquet of exquisite roses, lilies of the valley, and forget-me-nots. It was addressed to Miss Magdalen Malibouid, but there was neither note or label to say from whom it had come. The girl buried her face in the flowers, and a sob escaped her. Some one was kind; some one thought of her, and perhaps (her heart thrilled quickly) loved her, in spite of everything. For a moment she stood silently, gazing at the sweet blossoms, hot tears running down her cheeks. Then, hastily drying her eyes, she turned and smiled at the children.

"Come," she said, and holding the string that bound the flowers together. "We'll divide these and put them in different places." A low on the table here we'll all enjoy. These choice roses Beatrice will carry up to mamma, and then we'll each have a little bunch for our rooms."

"I'll give mine to our Lady," cried Cicely. "My dear statute—the last thing dada gave me!"

"You brought it with you?" Magdalen said, surprised. "I thought you had forgotten it!"

"It's my greatest treasure. It reminds me to pray—for us all. I'll keep it all my life. I often say 'Hail Mary' for our dada, and for you, Magdalen, for you loved him, and endured more than any of us when he died. I ask Our Lady to comfort and keep you."

"She has done so, my darling!" (Magdalen caught the child to her breast.) "I've been cross and selfish with you; but today with God's grace and Our Lady's help, I'm going to change, and we'll all work hard to be good and happy together."

"O Magdalen! (the children looked at her with clasped hands and shining eyes), we missed you! It was the loveliness we missed most, and the thought that—that you did not like us."

"You'll be lonely no more, Cicely; and you'll soon see that I like you and my little Beatrice very much."

"And we may be with you sometimes, Magdalen?"

"Always; we'll do everything together, and you must learn to love me."

"We do love you," they exclaimed, clinging to her skirts. "And we'll just love to be with you."

For the little ones, it was indeed a delightful change to be constantly with their sister, to whom they had always looked up with admiration and love. To Magdalen their society was at first a trial. Their noise, lively chatter, and their quarrels were very hard to bear. But she prayed for patience, tried bravely to surmount all difficulties, and train herself to be sweet-tempered and unselfish.

The following winter Mrs. Malibouid died. She had never completely recovered from the shock of her husband's failure and sudden death. The loss of everything she prized most preyed upon her mind. She fretted and pined. At last, catching a severe cold, which settled on her lungs, she passed away; and, just a year after her husband's death, was buried by his side. Magdalen nursed her through her trying illness, and she died blessing her, and begging her to take care of her little orphan children.

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh of the nose in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the blood, and causes the dryness and about the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Rosa Reynolds, West Des Moines, Ia.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures catarrh—It soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

Knowing all that Magdalen had to suffer, and the noble manner in which she bore her cross, Mother Veronic prayed for her fervently and constantly. For a time, however, her prayers remained unanswered. Things grew worse in the little household, and Magdalen had sadly determined to put her sisters in a cheap school and take a situation as nursery governess, either at home or abroad, when help came to her from a most unexpected quarter.

One afternoon Mother Veronic, on leaving the chapel, was told that her nephew, Robert Railstone, wished to see her in the parlor. She did not keep him waiting. He was a favorite of hers, and just at that moment she happened to be free.

Robert greeted her affectionately, and then, in a few brief words, told her the object of his visit that day. A friend of his, one who in early days had been like his brother, had died in India, leaving him sole guardian of his motherless child, a girl of six. She was too young to go to school; and he, being a bachelor, could not give her a suitable home. She was to arrive in a few days, and he knew not what to do with her.

"She is quite an heiress," he concluded, "and could pay a handsome sum yearly to the person to whom you confide her. But the thing is what that is to be. I'd like to find some kind, responsible person, not too old, not too young, with children—for she must have companions,—who would bring her up a good Catholic and give her a real home. You, dear aunt, know so many capable people. Is there any one to whom you could advise me to send my little ward, Lena Stewart?"

"Yes," answered his aunt, promptly. "Send her to Magdalen Malibouid."

"You surely don't mean that!" he laughed. "A young woman worldly to her very finger-tips! Oh, no, not Miss Malibouid, pray!"

"Robert, Magdalen is changed. She has had troubles trying and hard to a girl beautiful and accustomed to adulation, luxury, and wealth. God has tried her severely. But she has borne all nobly. She is a model of goodness and sweetness. I will urge you to do anything for the child that you do not entirely approve of, but if you send her to Magdalen she will be well looked after."

"If I thought that—"

"Go and see Magdalen; look round her home; talk to the little sisters she loves and tends so carefully, and makes so happy, in spite of her poverty. Then, I feel sure, you will agree with me in thinking that you have found a safe place in which to put your ward."

"I would Miss Malibouid not take my rivings as intended?"

"Oh, certainly not. You are my nephew. She knew you in days gone by. When you meet her, you will know exactly what to say and how to say it. Magdalen is easy to talk to, and so sensible. She has a heart of gold, and is charming in every way."

"My dear aunt, that is a eulogy! I used to think all that and more of Magdalen Malibouid. But—"

"I know—I know! And the poor child, carried away by the vanities and the pleasures of the world, did not come up to or fall below your expectations. But she would realize the highest of them now, I assure you. You will find her quite a different person."

After a while the young man took his leave, without again recurring to the subject of a home for his ward. The next day however, he went straight to Magdalen's little home. The door was opened by the girl herself, who with a slight start of surprise, held out her hand and invited him to come in.

"I trust you will forgive me for intruding upon you, that?" he said, thinking how fair and lovely she looked in her simple black dress. "But Mother Veronic told me I might come."

"Any friend of our dear Mother is most welcome," Magdalen answered simply. "And you and I are not absolute strangers (her color rising a little), after all."

"No, far from that, but still—"

"I know—I know! And the poor child, carried away by the vanities and the pleasures of the world, did not come up to or fall below your expectations. But she would realize the highest of them now, I assure you. You will find her quite a different person."

After her stepmother's funeral, Magdalen and her sisters moved into a smaller house. Their income was altogether inadequate to their wants. If they were to live even in the simplest way, means must be found by which that income could be increased. Long and sadly Magdalen pondered over her difficulties. What could she do? She was willing—more than willing—to work, but at what? That was a question that puzzled and tormented her morning, noon and night.

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With pleasure, if it is possible. "It will not be difficult, I think," he remarked quietly. And then in a few words he told her of the arrival of his ward from India, and his anxiety to find a home for her. Would she be willing to receive and take care of the child.

"Very gladly," Mr. Railstone said. Magdalen cried, her heart full of joy and gratitude. "I will be a mother to her, the children will be as her sisters. And Oh I can not tell you what a boon the sun you mention will be to me!"

"It was Mother Veronic's idea," "Then God bless you both! You are, indeed, friends to be sorely missed. (With a little sob in her voice) "If the child is healthy, Mr. Railstone, she should have a better home. The house is—"

"The house matters little. That can be arranged later on. The womanly love and sympathy, a refined and Catholic home I wish for Lena. I have found that,—that is, if you will really grant my request, and allow me to place her with you."

"She will be welcome as sunshine," Magdalen said, half-laughing half-crying. "And if she is not happy here it will not be my fault."

"Thank you! You have greatly eased my mind. I am convinced the poor little Anglo-Indian will be very happy indeed."

Two years passed, and Lena Stewart who on her arrival in England had been white-faced and fragile, was now sturdy and robust. She was a warm-hearted little creature, and expanded like a flower before the sun, in the atmosphere of love and tender affection in which she found herself.

On Lena's eighth birthday, Robert Railstone, his motor-car laden with parcels, drove down to the pretty cottage, a few miles from town in which some time before, he had established his ward and her friends.

"Present—for me? How lovely!" cried Lena rapturously. "O my uncle Robert, how good you are! And she went to look for Beatrice and Cicely, to show them her treasures."

"Oh, what a dear, happy little child!" laughed Magdalen. "She is bliss!" he said. "I envy her intensely. She is always with you. I have waited and prayed and hoped that I might have the same good fortune myself. Will you not take care of me?"

With a blush and a smile from her frank eyes, Magdalen laid her hand on his.

"Yes Robert, I will try to take care of you, too."

Tree-Felling Machine.

A machine for felling trees has been invented in Berlin. The principle of the invention is that by pulling a ordinary steel wire rapidly backwards and forwards around the tree to be felled sufficient heat is developed by the friction to burn a smooth groove through the stem of the tree. The American General-General in Berlin says that the invention by means of an ordinary steel wire about a yard in length, which is provided with a single banded grip at each end, which he pulls rapidly backwards and forwards around a chair or table leg; the wire thus burning a groove into the wood. In actual tree cutting a smooth, tinselly-drawn steel wire, having a diameter of .039 to .118in, and a length of about twice the diameter of the tree is placed around the stem where the cut is to be made, and is fastened at each end by means of easily manipulated clasps to the two ends of a long steel cable or hawser leading to the rapidly transportable electric power machine. In the case of the harder wood varieties a wire with side projections is substituted for ordinary smooth wire, and in some cases a cable or two more wires is used. Each of the two ends of the power cable or hawser passes, at the machine end, through eyes in each end of a double-armed lever, from where they are brought together and passed through the hollow shaft in the oak.

My hat is certainly a poem, a lady remarked complacently, as she took her seat at the theatre.

Ugh, grunted her husband—I'll bet to the man who sits behind you it will look like an immense epic!

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Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

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Ugh, grunted her husband—I'll bet to the man who sits behind you it will look like an immense epic!

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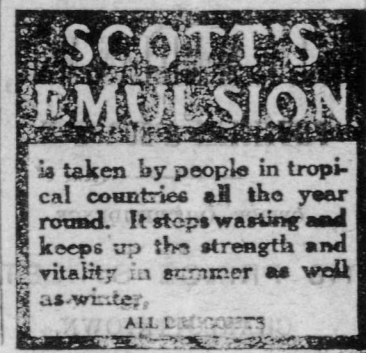
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