PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

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CHAPTER XI-CONTINUED

When I had gained the retirement of my own apartment I slammed and locked the door, and, throwing myself on my bed, gave way to a torrent of tears-tears of anger and mortifi cation, tears of wounded pride and assion-but very, very bitter tears all the same. How blind I had been not to have

recognized my position from the first—not to have seen that Maurice was an unwilling instrument in grandfather's hands. I had taken everything for granted, lived on at Gallow as if it were as much my best. I can show you his letters home as ever ! I loved the old place He speaks of you most kindly," returned Mr. French quite volubly dearly. My stunned, shrivelled family affections had been repressed or put aside by grandfather, and I had invested them largely in stones and

riage or Maurice Beresford. All in good time ! All in good time !' he mortar, trees and grass. I regarded Gallow and its surroundings with a firm, faithful, and concluded, with mild facetiousness. foolish regard. But it belonged to "And do you suppose for an instant that I mean to marry him?" I asked, Maurice, every stone, every acre — nay, the very dress I wore, the meal I had fled from, were provided and jumping to my feet, my face aflame I had fied from, were provided and paid for by him, and I had accepted all benefits without the smallest with passion, "You treat me to much as a foolish child, Mr. French I have lived far too long in ignorance of my true position. I am a pauper as Miss Fluker very truly said—a beggar; but now that I know all, a misgivings, and as my undoubted right.

Oh, miserable, shameless girl ! a girl of seventeen, with the common-sense, and worldly wisdom, and happy-go-lucky confidence in her surroundings of a child of twelve—I had never realized that I was one day to become Mrs. Beres-ford of Gallow. I put the idea of being engaged to Maurice in an outof the way corner of my brain, and rarely brought it forth - it would never come to anything, I felt certain; it was preposterous, impractic-able, and incredible. At last the veil had been torn

Beresford !

angrily.

and looking at me helplessly.

Nora," he expostulated mildly.

nent found words.

chair.

his choice.

from my eyes ; now I beheld my true position with the most appalling distinctness ; now I could easily under stand grandfather's anxiety to save, to hoard money—it was for me. Now I readily interpreted the cause of Maurice's pale, averted face, that dim autumn evening just three years ago—I was the cause of that

My mind was in a perfect chao yourself," I rejoined warmly. as after a while I roused myself, and sat on the edge of my bed with my head buried in my hands ; but even so, and in the dark, hot flashes raced up to the very roots of my hair, as I thought of grandfather's bargain.

"Hates you ! detests you ! forced his pleasure in silence. to marry his pauper cousin, to save his mother from starvation"-these sentences kept ringing in my ears till my brain felt downright giddy. There was no sleep for me that night-actually none for me, who might have gained a medal among the Seven Sleepers. My heart bear so fast, and in such a wearisome little pat, pat, pat that it gave me no rest; and my mind, generally so empty and so bare, was thronged with visions of the past and future. I watched the night darken in, the stars appear and fade-I counted the hours struck by the cracked old clock in the hall. I longed feverishly for daybreak and with the first streaks of common occurrence," he went on, " and if there is a little reluctance to of dawn was alert and afoot. I dressed myself and stole down the them at first it soon passes off, and all turns out happily in the end." "There will be no end to our stairs, rousing Snap from his snores on the mat at grandfather's door; and, noiselessly leaving the house, I paced the garden, the avenue, the wet paths through the fields for three mortal hours, till it was time to set off to Kilcool. I knew that Mr. French was an early riser, and that I was sure of a tête-a-tête with marry him.

him by calling before breakfast. I found Honor on her knees wash ing out the Rectory hall a and told her that I wished to see her master at once. Though well accustomed to my vagaries, this early something quite new visit was Moreover, Honor was a little, wee bit cross, like many people when the day is young. Oh, of course it's at wance! 'Tis always immadiately, or at wance with you. Whatever has come to you You must just wait, Miss now? Nora, and let the master ate his breakfast in peace," she said, queru

"Who told you all this ?" he asked reddening visibly, and much confused. evidently "Miss Fluker, last night, in the presence of the Misses Curry !"

"Dear, dear, dear !" he exclaimed fretfully, pushing his egg away as if it were an importunate petitioner. "Then it is true, Mr. French ?"] asked, brusquely, looking him straight in the face. "You are a clergyman, and of course you would not deceive me." Ye-es, it's true in a way," he re-

plied, reluctantly. "Your grand-father managed it, in fact, arranged But Maurice far happier with them, and you will be relieved from a load of responsithe whole business. But Maurice oility," opening, as I imagined, a Beresford if not averse to the match now. He is quite reconciled to the

idea; 'he sees that it is all for the if any exist. You have surprised me "Make your mind perfectly easy, Nora," he went on soothingly, "you Your independence must be me. curbed. are much too young to think of mar-Miss Fluker means by your ungovernable temper. When you come to live here under my own roof I hope you will learn how to retain yourself, and endeavor to become as amiable, as Christian, and as sweet-tempered as your kind, good governess.'

> CHAPTER XII GOOD-BY, GALLOW! " A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate Of mighty monarchs."-Thomson

beggar too proud to marry Maurice "Nora, you are talking like a play-actress. Have you taken leave of your senses ?" demanded Mr. French who had hitherto looked on me as have not !" I exclaimed forcibly; " and I tell'you distinctly. Mr. French that I would rather die—yes die— than marry my cousin Maurice—now" violent, ill-tempered young woman an abominable act of forwardness, (as much as to say, "make a note of that"), "and you may tell him so," that "), " and you may ten in. e., I added recklessly. "God bless my soul!" ejaculated pected from a girl so completely lost

Mr. French, leaning back in his chair After a moment's silent survey of his intractable ward he plucked up a little courage, and his blank amaze governess. She pursued me You need not be so violent morning till night. I worked If you had been bargained away my self. or rather she worked me into as I have been you would be violent

Sit down, sit down and calm your self, and we will talk it all over quietly," he said, waving me toward I condescended to be seated once

more; and with my hat in my lap and eyes fixed on his face, awaited It was very ill advised and indiscreet to have mentioned the sub-ject to you at all," he began, in the extraordinary zeal. Here was a case in which duty and inclination, for ame monotonous tone with which he

commenced his sermons. "Not at all," I interrupted ; "I am glad I know-it was a kindness to ell me, though not intended as such. " Did you really think that Maurice Beresford wished to marry you of his own free will?" he pursued slowly, and gazing into my face with search ing scrutiny. "Of course I did!" I answered highway.

with weary, exhausted footsteps, not having tasted a morsel for nearly twenty hours; but a large hunch of brown bread, and a cup of milk, surreptitiously procured from big Mary, had renewed my flagging energies I met Miss Fluker face to face in the hall : a sudden elevation of her nose. very good reason that there will be no beginning. I shall write and tell meanor, had been the only notice she vouchsafed me, although both

Maurice of my discovery, and that I would sooner be torn in pieces than she and I knew that I richly deserved "I forbid you to do anything of the appearance at the breakfast table, She nevertheless stayed her tongue.

wife would test his powers in that always mine, and that a line of any line shortly. Do you mean to keep me with you against my will ?" I asked with blazing eyes.

"Certainly I do! A girl in her teens has no business to have a will. I will keep you under my own eye till Maurice Beresford comes to relieve me of my charge. I distin thy forbid you to think of breaking off your engagement. Understand me, Nora I am only acting for your good." And will you not allow me to g to my father's relations? I shall be

"I will not hear of it!" he an-swered irritably. "Your father's relations have nothing to say to you, very much, Nora-painfully surprised I can now understand what

I gained nothing by my visit to Kilcool, save that I fell "full fathom live " in the opinion of Mr. French armless, wild, impetuous child Now. I seemed to him an audacious Miss Fluker stigmatized my visit as and just what she would have "ex

to all sense of truth, propriety and good feeling. I cull these flowers of speech from many others, all of the same hue, and all showered on me with a lib-eral hand by my extremely irate with more than Corsican vengeance, and my life was becoming unbearable. She worried me, and bullied me from

such a nervous state that her very step overhead or on the stairs made me tremble ; while her sudden en trance into a room caused me to start violently. Supported by Mr. French, as by

a strong buttress, she was more com pletely my mistress than ever. She had carte blanche from my guardian to keep me in order, and to curb my spirit-a task she undertook with

once, walked hand in hand. I endured in silence, submitting myself to my pastors and masters with-had they but known how to read the signs of the times-omin ous obedience : I knew that the long est lane has a turning, and that my lane was approaching the public

The morning of my interview with Mr. French I had returned home

a first-rate scolding for my non-

time to their agents in Liverpool would be sufficient to procure me a passage and an outfit. This arrangement fitted in admirably with my velvet sofa, and two arm-chairs in-flamed her imagination. "How well flamed her imagination. present dilemma. I wrote to her, accepting her invitation, and telling the latter would look in the rectory drawing-room-that is, if they went her that I was now determined to leave Gallow, and leave it without cheap." No sooner had the car disappeared delay, for reasons I would explain when we met. I sent her a most infrom view than I hastened upstairs, and arrayed myself in my serge,

coherent, rambling communication lucid on one point only, viz., that was going to make my home with her, to take her name, and to be her adopted daughter, and that I was venturing this step entirely on my own responsibility.

The third effusion was a short them, as I was going away. A scene of intense dismay, lamentation, and note to the shipping agents, inclos-ing my aunt's last letter, informing expostulation was the result. them that I purposed proceeding to India about the last week in Septheir questions and remonstrances l turned a deaf ear ; but I impressed tember. I fixed on this date as upon them, with great persistence, the patent fact, " that I was very un-happy at Gallow—that I could no knew that Mr. French and Fluker intended going about that time to a large auction at the other longer look upon it as my home, for reasons well known to Mr. French end of the county. They were to be the guests of a brother clergyman and Mr. Beresford-and that after and would be absent, oh, joy ! for at least two days. When I had finished had gone they were most welcome to hear these reasons from the rector's my correspondence a great load seemed to be lifted from my mind. own two lips.

I closed my desk, washed my inky fingers, and, putting on my hat-for edge ?" I was a young woman who did noth-ing by halves—I carried the letters down to the village, and posted them with my own hands. Then I sat own, so to speak, to await events. Morning after morning I emptied

forget them, or Gallow-I would the letter-bag with an eager hand send them presents that would keep me in their mind ;" and here, seeing but at last it came, the looked-for missive from Liverpool. I knew its blue envelope the instant I saw it, that they were somewhat subdued by my authoritative manner, I comand putting it in my pocket, I sallied nenced to load them with souvenirs forth to read it alone. It was short. from the two heaps in front of me. concise, and very much to the point, Dress was their weakness, their and it simply notified me that my passage had been secured in the passion ; and my generous distribupassage had ion of many a coveted article com-Corunna sailing from Liverpool to pletely overpowered them, and the Bombay on the 29th, of Septemberlelicious anticipation of their own in three weeks' time. My heart beat very fast at the thought, as I read appearance in chapel next Sunday. and the subsequent sensation among over my news that lovely autumn their immediate friends, and the morning, perched on my favorite several "boys " of their acquaintance, stile. I began to make small prepar quite took the sharp edge off their ations for departure. I drew all the remainder of my "sheep money" (eleven pounds ten shillings) out of mazement and their grief. Between each period of my address had plied them with presents-boots the Post-office Savings Bank. Grandfather gave me a lamb every to one, a jacket to another, till their arms could literally contain no more. year, which I kept and sold when i Big Mary, with one of my late ill-conditioned hats on her head, a blue

was fat ; hence my savings. I grad-ually and tearfully took leave of all my haunts, as the time for leaving came round. The day before the about her shoulders, presented a most comic appearance, although the auction was a busy one with me. Latterly I had been so silent and discreet that I was left very much red cheeks. Little Mary, also, looked to myself, and I made good use of my leisure ; I packed my meager wardrobe—a goodly supply of under-

linen made by my own fing-ers, my mother's miniature, a few favorite books, my old habit and whip. My worldly be-longings were not difficult of trans-cortation. Then I took a science. portation. Then I took a solemn arewell of Patsey and Sweetlips. went to their cottages after tea and told them I was going away, but I loudly disputed the great could not tell them where: and that I would write to them, and send them presents. Sweetlips was both amazed and displeased. He vowed 'he would go straight and tell on me unless I gave up the name of the people to whom I was going, and told him all about it." On this point he

precious half-hour already, I must no longer delay. I persuaded them was inexorable. Having sworn him to Masonic to carry down my portmanteau, while I related my prospects, him my aunt's letter, and secrecy, showed I followed with my bonnet box, as suring them impressively at every appeased his fears. The last of the old family, and

going away! Well, 'tis no place for the likes of you now. But, Miss them money, and that they would be behaving very unkindly if they even Nora darlin', it's a terrible thing for wished me to remain at Gallow. I a young slip of a girl like you to be then took a hurried leave of both, going out in the world in this way— across the says too! It's drowned and, stepping into the twig, was con-

save the sick man ; and the Lord mine, anyway. You may not conthoughts were naturally running on her probable purchases—a pair of plated side dishes, a new marcon shall raise him up; and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him."

This is sufficient proof that Extreme Unction is a sacrament instituted by Christ, because it is an outward sign of the interior spiritual grace which is promised. This gen-eral precept also proves that the

apostles were accustomed to admin-ister this sacred rite ; and all Christians previous to the sixteenth cen-tury, whether in communion with ulster, and best hat; all my old be longings, in the shape of dresses, petticoats, hats, and boots, I had the Catholic Church or not have conheaped into two substantial piles in stantly and everywhere held Extreme the middle of my room. Calling up big and little Mary, I made a short Unction to be a sacrament instituted by Our Lord. Even the learned Protestant Leib-

but vigorously worded speech, telling them that I wished to take leave of nitz candidly admits " there is not room for much discussion regarding the unction of the sick. It is supported by the words of Scripture, the To interpretation of the Church, in which pious and Catholic men safely con-fide. Nor do I see what any one can find reprehensible in that practice which the Church accepts."

THE RETURN

The lilacs bloomed in the door Was I going without his knowlyard when Stanley Davis went to say good by to Mary Lewes. It had rained that morning, and the soft spring air. edge ?" "Yes, certainly I was," I almly replied to their simultaneous now warm and soft and sunny seemed bathed in the clean, sweet outcry : " and that if they attempted to interfere with me they were no perfume of the flowers. One speci true friends of mine. I was going to ally fine bush leaned over the porch a very happy home ; but wherever I rail as in welcome, and when Mary answered the door a spray might be, far or near, I would never of lilac, tucked in her bright hair t

please the baby, nodded down to the little head cradled in the "divine hollow" of her neck. Stanley who thought Mary like a flower herself, felt his heart leap at

sight of her blue eyes, her pink cheeks, her rosy lips, and the frame of wavy gold that set off her white throat and forehead. And for smiles such as that which crowned her beauty, kingdoms have been lost and won.

Mary, charmed by the beckoning sunshine, would have sat on the porch but Stanley mutely waved her into the dim, cool parlor.

"Put down the youngster, Mary,' he said, when they were seated, "and talk to me a little. I've something to say, and I can't stop long. sent for me, and I'm going West tonight."

The pink cheeks paled a little : but bead necklace round her throat, and an old opera cloak of my mother's the red lips smiled on bravely. can't put the baby down," the girl answered softly. He's teething and fretful; the only way I can keep him quiet is to hold him. But I can talk tears were rolling down her broad just as well with him in my arms, quite too funny in my well-known Stanley, and I want to hear all about scarlet dressing gown and a large your trip. wreath of forget.me.nots-the latter 'It isn't going to be a trip, Mary,'

presented to me by Miss Fluker in a the boy's voice was low and a trifle unsteady. "Grew says that the noment of spasmodic generosity unsteady. "Grew says that the chance he offers will be permanent Both the Marys knew of old that I had a very robust will of my own, f I want to work hard, and I-I'll and that in many a struggle with either I had invariably carried my have to stay out there for some year at least. That's why I want to talk point, and had my own way, from the time of my tenderest years, when I to you, Mary. You know how I love you, Marry me and go with me, or, anyway, tell me when I can come bed question, till the other day, when back to get you as my wife.' had taken a meat pie out of the oven (in despite of them both) and carried

The blue eyes reflected Paradise briefly: but the little head was shaken in denial. "I can't Stanley," it off, piping hot, to the old woman at the lodge. But time was money, more than and her tone, in turn, trembled. "How can I leave home now? money, to me now; I had wasted a Sheila's only five, and Billy eleven and then there's the baby. You You know how they and father need me. What would they do if I went away

just now ?" Someone else could take care of step that I was acting for the best that I would write to them, and send them," the lad demurred, even while his heart recognized the truth of her plea. Why should our happiness be sacrificed for your brothers and sisters?

how help

sider yourself engaged to me; but I shall be engaged to you, always. I'm your promised husband, sweet-

heart, no matter where I am nor how long we have to wait.

Again the wide eyes reflected Par adise over the firm lips that for duty's sake refused it. "No, dear," and Mary's voice was hardly more than a whisper, "I can't have it so. It wouldn't be fair to you. I can't think of marriage until the children no longer need me," with a brave if tremendous smile, "and you may have met any number of more charm ing ladies before that time. No, Stanley, just because I love you so, I'm going to insist that you're free." A moment of tense silence, the warm air playing sweetly about them; then the boy leaned to the girl with

a look that could not be denied. "Kiss me just once, Mary !" he whispered, and with sudden passion she pressed a fervent caress on the lips that met hers so hungrily. The baby's head interfered somewhat ; but the lad's arms inclosed the girlish figure, baby and all, in an em-brace that almost crushed it. Then Mary drew herself away quietly, hushed the stirring, fretting infant; and slipped her cold little right hand, roughened by household cares, into

his own. Good-by, Stanley !" she murmured "Good-by, good luck, and God bless you! Write me as often as you

"You'll be faithful, Mary? You'll "You'll be faithful, Mary? You'll wait for me until you're ready to marry me?" he swiftly responded. won't marry any other fellow You because he can come and live here with the children and your father ? You won't stop loving me because 'm not here '

He was halfway down the steps now, and the girl's smile followed him like a benediction. "I sha'n't forget, and I shall be always faithful, Stanley," she assured him. "It's for your own sake that I leave you free."

"But you don't leave me free!" was his impulsive protestation. "I'm not free, Mary, and you know it! My heart's all yours, and always shall be! Haven't I told you that I'm engaged to you whether you're engaged to me or not? I'm your promised husband, even if you're not my promised wife !'

Her smile was still more like a benediction; but she made no reply other than to wave her hand as he passed down the walk between the wonderful lilacs. Tears stood in her eyes as she watched him; but the smile never wavered. When the lavender glories guarding the gate had swept into place behind him she turned, suddenly sobbing, and went within.

The boy turned too on the instant, and dashed noiselessly back for a final glimpse of his vanishing sweet-heart. The door stood open, and he carried away a final memory of her slender figure mounting the shadowy staircase, swaying a little with the weight of the sleeping baby. Some slight sound caused her to look back as she reached the top, and over her shoulder she gave him a last smile, half glad, half wistful, wholly sweet and tender. Then she disappeared, still smiling, into the darkness of the upper hall.

So he often recalled her in the days that followed ; but never, somehow could he complete the picture with the desired vision of her swift return.

The Western chance proved good and so absorbing that Davis, work-ing almost night and day, speedily was transformed from a lighthearted boy to a prematurely serious seeker after the success that is reckoned in dol-"There isn't anyone else," Mary "There isn't anyone else," Mary interrupted. "You how how few rel." lars. He toiled at first to justify then in the hope of acquiring enough

I can't and won't!" was my polite announcement, "I have something most particular that I must speak about this very minute." "Well, here then, I suppose

will just have to go in," said Honor peevishly, wiping down her wet arms as she rose from her knee i. "I wish ng," you were married "-her favorite anathema-" that I do !" she added, ly. as, flinging open the dining-room door, she ushered me into the presence of my guardian. He was seated at the breakfast-table in a roomy arm-chair; an open treatise of some kind, propped up against the milk-jug, was dividing his attention with his frugal meal. He paused in the act of decapitating his second egg as I walked into the room, thus an-"Miss Nora says she will nounced : There's no withstanding see ye. her!

He was unfeignedly surprised at my visit, and more surprised still when he learned my errand! I had rehearsed what I wished to say over and over again, as I paced the avenue and walked down to Kilcool : so that I was at no loss for words when I drew a chair to the table, and leaning both my elbows on it to steady my self, asked him to tell me, as he would Deb in a like case, " if it was true that I was a pauper, entirely dependent on Maurice Beresford, and that he had been *forced* to promise me a home and to marry me, in order to save his mother from want?" These questions mightily confound-

ed my good guardian.

sort," exclaimed Mr. French, half rising in his chair. "I shall do it all the same." I an-swered firmly. "I am seventeen. ous evening. I passed up to the now deserted and I know my own mind; why, my battered, ink-stained school-room, and, dragging out my old mahogany grandmother was married at my age I am no longer a child-I am grown

lesk (that might almost claim to be up," I added, impressively. Dear, dear, dear ! I don't know piece of furniture) I sat down to write three letters. "Strike while the iron is hot,"

what I am to do with you, Nora. You really must obey me; what will Miss Fluker say when she hears all 'Delays are dangerous," and "Who this ?" regarding me with visible unhesitates is lost." were all mottoes very much to my taste ; so, selecting easiness.

"I don't care two straws what Miss sheet of pea-green foreign paper Fluker says," I observed defiantly. "She shook me, and called me all without a moment's hesitation commenced to write a fiery, not to

say furious, letter to my kinds of names last evening, and she Maurice. It mattered not that I shall certainly apologise to me for took the most audacious liberties her rudeness before I ever speak to with Lindley Murray as I warmed to

promptly, "and I often wondered at

These family arrangements are

arrangement, as you call it, for the

her again." "Well, well, well! the world seems my work-if I conveyed my meaning to be turned upside down this morn quite plainly and thoroughly I did said Mr. French, leaning back not care a fig. I told him that" in his chair and surveying me blankhad discovered the bargain my grand-"You want to break off your enfather had made on my behalf, and that I declined my share in it, with gagement, you demand an apology from your governess-what next? many thanks"-here I was endeavor-

ing to be sarcastic. Thinking that this was hardly sufficiently forcible, I added "that I would rather drown "I am going to leave Gallow," I answered promptly: "that will be myself in the pond in the garden, the next thing.'

"Where are you going to, if I may rather die twice over, than marry presume to inquire ?'

him under any circumstances; that I had hitherto been living on his Jut into the world to seek my charity, but that I now begged to refortune. "She is mad !" he muttered, "stark

lieve him of his incumbrance, as l was about to leave Gallow forever staring mad : But there has never and that as long as he lived h been insanity in the family," might be very certain that he would added, reflectively, and gazing at me never again see or hear of Nora with a most critical eve. I am not a bit mad now, but I O'Neill.

The last peroration struck me a would go out of my senses if I staved being superb, and particularly fine and high-sounding; and I now reat.Gallow. I shall go and live with some of my father's people." membered that I read it over more Eh ?'

I repeated what I had said. After you are one-and-twenty you

small complacency. Take the letter all in all, it was rather a startling nay go to Jericho if you like," said communication for a young man to receive. I should like to have been my guardian, angrily; "but until then you are my ward, and you will stay under my roof. I have given an intelligent fly on the wall when my promise to your grandfather and Maurice was deep in its perusal.

your cousin, and I My next letter was to my aunt, from whom I had heard some time mean to keep it," concluded, with more firmness previously, repeating her invitation, than I believed he possessed. It was a good thing to exercise it, for his and telling me that their home was

ou'll be, and getting your throat enough, if not too much, the previ cut among all thim black nagurs esides," he observed impressively.

"No fear, Sweetlips : lots of people my departure. go to India and come home safe and ound.'

"Ay," suddenly brightening up "True fer yez! Sure, now I think of it, Mr. Maurice is out there! You're going out to the same with a knowing look for country. which I could have beaten him. "and you'll make the match from your uncle's house, where, no doubt, he'll be calling" (as if India was a village), 'and you'll come home, the two of Cousin you together, and keep up Gallow in the rale old style." "Never!" I almost shrieked. "Mr.

Maurice may keep up what style he likes, but not with me.

"See now, don't be talkin' non sense ; who else would it be with ? Sure, aren't ye going *afther* him?" returned Sweetlips, resolutely. There was not the smallest use in returned arguing with him. I knew from years of experience, so I at once bid him farewell. He went so far as to kiss my hand and bless me. Poor Sweet-

lips, I always knew his bark was vorse than his bite. But who would have believed that we would have parted in tears?

"Never fear, Miss Nora, but that I'll keep all straight, and have everything in elegant order agin you and Mr. Maurice come home," were his last words, cheerfully shouted

after me, as I ran down the little pathway from his door.

At daybreak next morning Miss Fluker left Gallow on the rectory jaunting-car. I was down in time to see her start, warmly wrapped up by than once, and dwelt on it with no Mr. French's own attentive hands, and with the hood of her waterproof

> never dreamed that my clothes were packed; the twig, driven by Dan,

awaiting me in the yard; and that soon the seas would roll between Nora O'Neill and Gallow. Her Lord. And the prayer of faith shall your promise, I'm going to give you

veyed away from the home of my an we have scarcely a woman cestors, leaving the Marys standing on the steps dissolved in tears and atives among them. You know less a man is with little children, es utterly stunned by the suddenness of pecially when he's got to work all day and can't even be home every even-Dan was, to a certain extent, in my

ing. And mother gave the baby to confidence. He was now gardener me when she was dying. I do love and man-of-all-work at the rectory you, Stanley — perhaps you'll know how much—but it wouldn't mean and had lent me the twig, and promised to drive me to the station happiness to run away from my clear I told him I was leaving Gallow for duty to marry you. And-and I love good, and that if he wished to know you too much to ask you to wait un. the reason, he could ask Mr. French til I am free.' I was going to my father's people, an

'Oh, look here, Mary," the speak neither he nor any one need be the er's eager youth strong in every word, least uneasy about me. I gave him 'that's talking nonsense. If you love a pound as a parting gift, but I was deaf as an adder to his respectful exme, of course, you'll let me go away engaged to you. We may not be able postulations. His was the last fam-iliar face I looked on for many and to marry now : but later - Your father," with hopeful recollection of many a day. I often recalled him, as he stood on the platform, whip in certain whispered rumors, will marry again, pretty sure, and then the children won't be in your charge one hand and hat in the other, as slowly steamed out of Rossmore any more, Let me—" "That's looking rather far ahead. station, and I made my first venture out into the great big world, alone

Stanley," her smile a little sad, " and even if father did marry again, it by no means follows that my respon-sibilities would be ended. Some women," the smile growing sadder, might not care to take charge of the children, and, anyway, I'd have to love and trust anyone pretty much

before I'd be willing to turn over Sheila and Billy and the baby to her, cven if she wished it. No, Stanley." as he showed signs of argumentative rebellion, "we mustn't think of geting married or engaged at present. We'll-we'll just be good friends." The boy talked on ; but the quiet

firmness that underlay Mary's tenderness of nature won in the end-as both knew that it must. At last they St. rose, still talking, and walked to the front door. The lilac scented breeze was wafted in like a wave of purest affection, and Stanley's eyes grew longingly dim as it stirred the little ringlets about Mary's ears and temples. Just inside the door he detained her to utter a last beseeching

money to send for Mary, children, shiftless father, and all to share the nome he dreamed of building; then pecause the passion for work claimed him, body and soul. He never forgot Mary, but the

thought of her, at first ceasing, ever present, gradu-ally asserted itself only on Sundays or the rare evenings "off " that he was too tired to spend otherwise than in dreaming. His weekly letters be came fortnightly, monthly, occasional sporadic, lost tone and color, though never fervor nor warm reiteration of his love and allegiance. The girl, busier, more home devoted than ever, yet, womanlike, easily able to serve two masters, noticed the change, and smiled sadly, sorrowful prescience-having warned her of this all but certain danger. Womanlike, again, however, she loved, but did not judge him even when the severing silence fell.

For Davis, his starved nature suddenly rebelling against the deadly grind and monotony unrewarded save by growing reputation as a gold gatherer, one night accepted the kindly invitation of an associate's wife, and in her house met a glowing flame of a woman who almost liter ally consumed him with the fierce passion that both mistook for something higher. Within a month he found himself her husband-and the victim of a mistake pitiful and far ceaching, in its consequences.

The feminine flame, self cheated in the quiet temperament her ardent imagination had endowed with far different qualities, speedily found the situation untenable, and Davis was glad enough to secure a separation. But where the woman's wild zest for living carried her safely through the trying experience, the man was left permanently disabled. He could eat and sleep and work and even think on matters of business; but the sentimental, the spiritual, side of his nature lay stunned and stricken. Some unsuspected but mighty nerve

Extreme Unction is the sacrament Anointing, because it is ordinarily

but St. Mark says that when the

twelve were sent out, two and two, they " anointed with oil many that they were sick and healed them." James directs, by general precept that this sacrament be administered to the sick ; he mentions the minister over her head. She little knew what and the manner of administering it, a long farewell it was to be, as she and he indicates the graces it was waved her umbrella in adieu. She instituted to convey. He says: "Is

any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church,

to seek my fortune.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LAST SACRAMENT

which holy oil is used. The gospels do not tell us when Christ instituted this holy sacrament

for the sick when in danger of death. It is called Extreme Unction, Last the last sacred rite administered in