TWO

Copyright CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

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BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XVIII.

When she entered her room, Vir-ginia stood for a full minute, her hands clasped over her breast, her face white and quivering. The night was cold and wild. She shrak from templing its inderes and the tempting its inclemency and the dangers that might be encountered. is she carried into effect the resolu tion she had made. That company of Confederate sol

diers must not be met and over-whelmed by the enemy at the junc-tion of the Frankfort and White Sul-phur roads! She walked across the floor and back, twice; then she went to where her father's portrait hung, and gazing on it, said, half aloud : believe that what I intend doing

is right. I believe that not to make an attempt to save those men from death would be something that you could could never condone. But oh, my father ! I need your knightly heart

in this hour !" As she stood thus, her woman en tered, and as Virginia turned and caught the expression on the dusky face, it was as if her father had answered her by sending to her this

loyal servant. "Honey," said the negress, when Virginia had told what she had learned from the soldier, "lak ez not it's Marse Powell, an' yoh see here some moh uv de debbil's workin' uv dem woodem han's. Yes, I know dis am Marse Dallas, but Marse Dallas an' dat ole lady's spawned from de sam pon'. Dey's boi got a gredge again' po'h Mis' Mary Clay's son. I know ! I know, honey chile, but yoh's too young yst to onderstand such wicketness;" and she buried her face in her apron, muttering, "Mah po'h chile ! Mah po'h chile !" Then she lifted her head, and said "Doan yuh run 'gainst 'em honey Nobody evah's hed eny luck 'at did Jus' 'membah po'h Marse Dupont. 'Ef he'd a kep' clah uv de workin' uv den han's he wouldn't a be de wo

"Do not talk like that !" commanded Virginia. "Cousin Dupont was a rash man, that was all. Why should Mr. Dallas make himself second in Mrs. Powell's quarrels ?" "He's not secon' in Miss Powell's

qua'hl, but furs' in his own," said the shrewd negress. "He hates the shrewd negress. "He hates Marse Clay Powell, a little bit worse'n he hates Marse McDowell, an' all a' cause, honey chile, dem gentlemen's yoh bes' friends." The words came like a revelation to Virginia Castleton, and in the moment' silence that followed were explained many things that had hitherto been mysteries.

If I thought that true, Chloe. she cried, angrily, "I should never again permit that man, Mr. Dallas, to sit in the same room with me ! 'Now, doan yuh do nothin' rash Doan draw bitin' dogs after yuh"

said Chlos. Virginia did not hear her, but stood

looking into the fire, a frown on her Then she came back to the brow. Then she came back to the present, and gazing at her nurse, said : "Chloe, those Confederate soldiers

must not be trapped." "How's yoh 'goin' to help it ?" she

questioned. I am going to get Vindictive and

ride by the Willow-wild road to Frankfort. I'll meet them on their way, and warn them of their danger. And I want you to come with me.' God ! Miss 'Ginia, is yuh losin' yuh mind ? Yuh ride to Frank.

Chloe, Chloe, come on !" she cried, in agonized tones. But before Chloe didn't care. He was going to join "Marse Hal" and could afford to take a scolding. fort on a night lak dis ! Yuh, Miss Ginia Castleton | Go lly wag ould re 'cross de country, jus' to save de necks uy some po'h white sojurs !" man was beside them. "Where have you spent your day ?" "Miss Castleton !" he exclaimed and Chloe, seeing the face of the man demanded the Judge, sternly, as the "Chloe," said Virginia, "perhaps your Mis' Mary Clay's son is one of those 'poor white soldiers.' Will you boy stood before him. Job scratched uttered a cry of horror, and his head, and said : creamed : 'Twahn't mah fault, Jedge, dat de 'My Lawd ! It's him!" not come with me to night and help soju: man travelled so slow. Yoh tole me not to lebe 'im tell I brung 'im to de Fran'foht pike, an' I didn't." "Miss Castleton, what has happened save her son and his comrades from that I meet you here at this hour?

and distinctly, and threateningly :

"Marse David son," and she re-

peated the name slowly, "Miss 'Ginia an' me's gein' to save Mis' Mary's

De Linkum men's waitin

ketch 'im at de head of de Frankfoht

"Davidson is my name."

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pike."

answered :

What can I do for you ?"

with her own hands Virginia bridled and saddled the surprised Vindictive, while Chlos made ready the Judge's while Chlos made ready the out had black riding mare. The cold had now penetrated their warm clothing. were trembling in every limb and dread was knocking at their hearts, but Virginia would not turn back, and the faithful slave would have gone with her to death just as cheerfully as she rode out with her into the night. As they were passing rein, said:

through the white gateway Virginia turned her head to look back at the house they were thus leaving, and started to see a light shining in her window. "Chloe," she whispered, "didn'tyou put out the light and lock the door i See, there is a light in my room! It

is moving around. Now it is gone! Oh merciful Heavens, if we are dis-The two spirited horses needed nothing more than the quick touch of the rein along their satiny necks

to send them into a gallop, and in ten minutes the stretch of white road they parted, lying between the riders and Car-dome's gate precluded all fear of

"We are safe, I believe," said Virginia, drawing in Vindictive from his mad gallop. "Chloe," she said,

who was in my room ?" "I'se jus' hurtin' my head tryin' to t'ink," returned the negress. "I've de key in my pocket. I put out de light. Yet sho' as yoh's bohn, I saw a figgah pass afore de window cyahan "I've yoh silvah candlestick. Honey, I be-lieve it was Mis' Mary Clay, uh yoh

Virginia smiled to herself, but said nothing. The moon was now up and the weirdness of a snow-clad, moonlighted world was about them. The negress' teeth began to chatter. "Chloe," said Virginia, solicitously,

"you are very cold, aren't you ?" "Not so cole, honey chile, as I'se skeert. I swah I've heerd footsteps

aftah us, sh' w'en I tuhn my head, dey yain't nuffin' on de road but de moonlight an' de snow. I've a feelin,' Miss 'Ginia, we's goin' to meet a sperit. I wish to God we wus past Willow wild. Dey say 'ole Marse Powell's ha'nt is seen dah every night, 'cawse he cyan't rest in 'is grave as he mahyed his son's sweetheart

"Well, didn't she marry him and willingly?" asked Virginia, glad to divert Chloe's thoughts from her physical and mental discomfort. Yes, honey chile, she mabyed 'im

An' why? 'Cause she an' willin.' wanted to 'venge hersels on pob young Marse Waltah. An' she s'ceded, ah, mah honey, she s'ceded ! An' killed po'h Mis' Mary! I went wif yuh muthah to see huh w'en huh leetle baby Clay was bohn, an' she jus' took hole ob my han' an' says, Oh, Chloe, I'se de happiest woman on yearth!' An' I ses to huh, 'Bress yuh heart! yuh 'serbs to be, for aftah my own mistus, juh's de bes' woman on yearth! an' den, honey, we went home, an' de nex' t'ing we huhd, Mie' Mary wus dead. An' den Marse-Oh, ebens ! Miss 'Ginis, luk comin' down de road! It's de ha'nt, foh we's a

"Come on," said Virginia, for Chloe's horse, mistaking her rider's cry of fear for a command to stop, had obeyed.

"I cyan't, Miss 'Ginia. De mah von't move. She knows it's a ghost!" Virginia felt no fear of ghosts, but thousand thoughts rushed through her mind as she saw the approaching figure, who, noting their sudden had spurred his horse into a stop,

gallop.

For the love of God," cried Virginia to her half dead woman, "whip up the mare and let us ride rapidly past him. He may be some one we know

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Howard Dallas !" "Ah !" exclaimed Mr. Davidson, look ing from the black woman to Virginia's face, which showed like a lily under the crimson hood. Then he leaned toward her and, laying his gloved hand tenderly on the one which held the impatient Vindictive's

"Go back, my dear Miss Castleton to Cardome. You have accomplished well and valiantly your hard work I shall return to Frankfort, and the Yankee soldiers will ride hard and fast who catch Powell and his men to night." Then he moved his horse so that he could meet the eyes of

Chlos, and said, more to her than Virginia: "Should this ever be disovered, you will have made Clay Powell's enemies your enemies Remember, they are as sly as foxes. and as unfeeling as tigers. They never forget and never forgive. I am your friend from this night on. Callon me when you are in trouble." Then he bade them good night and

CHAPTER XIX.

The Judge waited long hours for the return of Job, while down in the "quarters" Ben and his wife wept and denounced the soldier alternate-

"Dah yain't no use uv you tryin" to comfo't me," cried the old man to Aunt Charity, who sat with the distracted parents in their neat little cabin. "Dem blue-coats done runned off wid mah boy, an' I won't nevah see 'im eny moh. Mah po'h, po'h Job! an' 'e'll hev te go to de wah an' mebby get shot by

Hal's sojurs. An' dat'll jus' break his heart, sut'nly !" Early in the afternoon, however, Job returned, leading the horse the Union soldier had ridden the night

previous. 'Dat imp'dint blue-coat!" he said tried to steal out

to the hostler, "tried to steal ouh hoss by sayin' de Jedge 'tended 'im ez a present. An' I jus' up an' tole 'im, a toh all de sojurs, he wus de lowest down w'ite man dat I evah seed; dah warn't 'nuthah gen'im'n in de country 'ud a done foh 'im w'at me 'n Miss 'Ginia an' de Jedge hed, an' den to wanter run off wif one uv ouh bes' horses! I tole 'im 'e wus walkin' w'en 'e come to Cardome an jus' could walk to Tennessee ; but 'e

wahn't a-goin' to take ouh hoss an have huh shot er skeert to def. No,

How much of this Job really said will ever remain an uncertain page of history; but that he carried his point and brought home the horse was indisputable. Virginia met him point and as he was on his way to the library

where sat the waiting master. "I done it, Miss 'Ginia, dough I 'mos' freezed to def!" he said, his eyes seeming to bulge cut of his head with joy. "It wuz twelve a fob we reached dem Linkum men, an' den one fellah, wat wuz up a waitin toh us, came pu'ty nigh a-shootin' Den we all stahted back," and he showed his white teeth in a grin. "an' we didn't git to de Fran'foht pike tell aftah sunrise. I tell yoh, Miss 'Ginia, dah yain't no maddah lot uv men on yarth dan dem blue-Oh !" rolling his big eyes

until only the whites were visible "de way dey did cuss ! Aun' Cha'ty 'ud a died, ef she'd be'n dah. Now, w'en's I goin' to Marse Hal?" he finished. Soon, you good boy," said Vir-

vinia, little dreaming how she would alfil her promise. Mandy was dusting the library,

and as Job entered she threw up her hands, palms outward, and made a grimace, expressive of the wrath he had incurred by his delay. But Job

see, Jedge, dem po'h w'ite trach w'at's nevah be'n ust to hosses, dey further. When she shyly breathed a further. When she shyly breathed a hope that her engagement, if ever she were engaged, might lead her into an equally perfect union, Agnes said : "Indeed, I wish it might, you said : "Indeed, I wish it might, you ways neven bein ust to hosses, dey didn't know dat dey oughter rub de bits a foh dey put 'em in de hosses' moufs. I thought foh sut'n we wuz goin' to be tromped to def. W'en de hosses got quieted down, we stabted." dearest, but such a case as ours is one of the rarest miracles. Most people have to learn to bear and for-bear, but Arthur and I are from the "And what time was that ?" asked

the Judge, "Danno, Jedge ; seemed to me it beginning. oughter be neah on to daylight. But oughter be neah on to daylight. But I heerd dat sojur w'at wuz hyah tellin' de Cap'n dey had plenty uv time to ketch de 'Rebs.'" "Which way did they take coming back ?" asked the Judge. "Doan yoh axt me, Jedge!" ex-claimed the boy. "We comed back

'most every way, 'peared to me. Yoh didn't tell me how I wuz to come back, so w'en dey wanted me to staht out in de lead, I tole 'em de only way w'at I know'd uv wuz de way we comed, 'less'n dey wanted to go back ovah de bridge : an' I tole em I wuzn't goin' to cross it 'ceptin dey all went ovah fust. Dey said I'd have to go 'cross fust, 'cause it didn't mattah ef a niggah did get killed. Dat med me so mad dat I jus' 'fused to take 'em enyway. So dey stahted, fas' one way, den anothah. I kep' up wit dem 'cause I wanted to git oub hoss from dat sojur. W'en at las' we got to de Frankfoht Pike, it wuz long attab sunrise."

The Judge's eyebrows met in an angry frown, as he asked :

"And then ?" "Au' den we waited an' wälted an waited ; an' all de time de men wur gettin' maddah an' cussin'--"

"Don't mind what the men said. What did they do ?" broke in the udge. "Dat's all, Jedge. Jus' waiten an

cussed," replied Job. "Are they waiting there yet?" asked the Judge, who now began to think that the Ohio soldiers were

quite capable of doing anything uneasonable. "No, sah, dey's gone Souf. Yoh see, aftah we'd waited moh'n a hour. de fellahs went down de hill an stahted a flah to get de breaktas' It took a mighty long time, foh de snow wuz deep an' dry wood skeerce. Las' dey got de coffee biled, an' es dey wuz all crowdin' 'roun' de flab eatin' dah grub, I seed ole Mis Powell's blue gummed niggab Powell's blue gummed scomin' down de hill. noticin' me, nur eny uv de ras'. ' went straight up to de Cap'n handed 'im a lettah. W'en de Cap'i

read it, he swah savagah 'en eny uy de men, ez I heers. An' I thought, frum de way 'e looked at me, 'e wuz goin to have me shot. Den ' teared a piece frum de bottom uv de lettab, an' called me, an' said, like 'e wuz so mad 'e jus' couldn't talk :

'Hyah, yoh ugly black niggah, take dis lettah to yoh ole Massah, an' tell im, ef it wuzn't foh de fac' dat I'm undah odahs not to 'stroy eny property in dis part uv Kentucky, I'd go ovah an' burn 'is house to de groun', an' sen' im' an' 'is fambly out uv dis State so quick dey wouldn't now w'at happened to dem !' Den he tol, me to git, an' I tole 'im l wouldn't go tell I got de hoss dat w give dat sojar man uv his'n. An' got huh!" finished Job, complacent The Judge was too surprised at

the message sent him by the Cap-tain to speak immediately : but re-covering himself, he said : "Give me the letter, Job.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE HARD FIRST YEAR

YOUNG LOVE'S MISUNDERSTANDING LEADS TO THE MORE PERFECT UNDERSTANDING OF LOVE IN

that led Agnes to confide in her his treatment ; for her trouble, what-further. When she shyly breathed a ever it was, improved chiefly under ever it was, improved chiefly under the treatment. As time went on, if Arthur, coming home tired, read his paper or a book in silence and not aloud, as had been his custom, and chanced to meet Agnes's eyes, they wore this melancholy look increasing ly, and often tears were on their ashes. He grew tired of asking and never

And her friend agreed with a sigh to this dictum of Agnes's new ex-perienced authority.

It was just as wonderful to Agnes and Arthur to find that they both liked carnations better than rotes as it was to find that they both preferred roast beef to steak and cooked to the sense, let it alone, thinking, with his masculine lack of uncommon sense that where nothing was wrong th symptoms of something being wrong same degree, or that neither could would pass off if he ignored endure pink, nor onions. That they Which, naturally, increased his girl-wife's burden, that burden being nothing less than a growing convicenjoyed Beethoven more than Wag ner, Tennyson than Browning, was no more nor less a rapturous proof of fitness than that they agreed in tion that Arthur no longer loved her as he formerly did ! For it seemed liking the suburbs better than the to the poor child that his lover like city for their new home, were unani manner mous in wanting colored servants thought blue Agnes's proper color demonstrative, proving to her mind that there was less to demonstrate, and the hurt this inflicted made her thought that no husband and wife should ever have separate pleasures, withdraw into herself till even Arthur, sure of her, man like, satisfelt that it was their daty to sacrific their own preferences and go out fied thus to be sure without constant. into the world and entertain within ly talking about it, even he was amazed limits, to allow others to see what a to feel the chill in the atmosphere. erfect marriage might be and do for It was manifestly unfair, he thought, but he stifled the desire to them. They were beautifully seri-ous to their intention to live up to their high vocation, to illustrate the complain of Agnes to himself. After he had been told that "she wasn't ill," that "nothing was wrong at her sacrament that is most apt to be re-garded flippantly. It was enough for mother's," that "the housekeeping was not too much for her and the them to be together, but they knew that they would be called upon to servants were good in every way," that "nothing had happened," that live as a sort of Object Lesson, and were prepared to sacrifice themselves "she needed no more money and certainly no more clothes," he gave to a degree to that requirement.

How beautiful it was, Agnes it up and gave up cross examining Whereupon she voluntarily told him thought, to see how Arthur leaned on her while protecting her, how eager ly he served her, how empty were cause he did not love her as he had his old pleasures unless she them, how tireless he was in telling her that he loved her by deeds, service, eyes, and lips. And she thought little twenty year old Agnes, fresh much ! Is it because I protest less from her convent school, that all this could never sink to an everyday level, was a condition peculiar to this one pair of lovers, and that life would folk ? be lived by them in a world whose clock hands perpetually pointed to high noon in the sunshine of love. of joy that they were settled

security, that the years could take Now, there were her father and nothing from them, said it thankful mother-Agnes had not had any ly, rating the present higher than to study at other married people the past, but she heard him with sinking heart. She had opened her lips to remind him that they had close range. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley were happily married, of course ; they promised each other never to settle did not quarrel, they were comfort-ably, prosaically happy, Agnes ably, prosaically happy, Agnes thought, devoted to their children. down, to live forever on the heights. but she was too hurt to speak and in silence deepened her own wound But the child not understanding the effect of years of married intimacy Arthur misunderstood and thought and trust, wondered pityingly that that his answer had silenced her father and mother took their doubt, not her tongue. Thus they mutual affection for granted in a went forward with danger looming settled way, satisfied to go on sharing around them, for after this Agnes's their joys and corrows with little tears flowed less, but her heart ble inwardly. She went on making heroutward effect of remembering love's more ardent young day. It was salf more and more miserable, and as more ardent young day. It was an good and safe, but-well, dull and deficient. Agnes did not like to formulate her opinion. She con-tented herself with dwelling on the home to which she was going, in which love would burn on the altar Arthur perceived it he took refuge in the dignified forbearance of a good man who feels himself wronged, but can do no more towards justice on ither hand. One day Agnes came into the liforever, as if the priest had just kinbrary where her husband sat reading

dled the flame, and all should feel its holy glow and inhale its incense. So Arthur and Agnes were married nd after two months' wedding-trip, which served to emphasize thei dentity in taste and feeling, returned to begin their home life in the pretty touse which had been Arthur's wed ding gift from his father.

heir happiness was real.

go," she said childishly. "Why, yes, go, by all means," he It was a charming house exterior ly, individual without being eccentric said cheerfully. "Honestly, I'm dreadfully tired, Agnes. We had a mong its well kept conventional suburban neighbors. Inside Agnes's taste and her father's generous farmighty hard forenoon in court and I was glad enough to get out early to rest. But you go, honey. I'd rather ginnings.-Marion Ames Taggart, in you would. And if I can screw my Benziger's. nishing, supplemented by her wedding gifts, made it as pretty a home youn courage u ments and bring you home. Home is too comfortable, little woman ! You make it such a good resting might desire. The bride was bliss fully happy, superintending her housekeeping, which was as absorb-ing a task as it should be to any one place that I'm getting more and more happily and newly married, anxious averse to society." lest she fail to fulfil her husband's He meant to coax the gloom from her eyes, but she turned from him high ideal of her wifely qualities. But there was no danger of Agnes failing ! Life moved for a quarter of unsmiling. "We agreed not to have separate a year in a daily renewal of the cling pleasures. Once you would not have let me go alone, " she muring regret of parting when Arthur left the house to take the 8.27 train mured. for the city, and the bliss of his re-turn on the 4 30 to find Agnes lovely He sprang to his feet and forced

alon

been able to grasp the fact that she was absurd enough to doubt his love for her until he had seen her turn for her until he had seen her turn from him and go away with a light laugh, disdaining to reply to what her action showed she did not be-lieve was true. For he knew that when Agnes hid her thoughts with a laugh and silence she had travelled far over a road which is hard to re-trace. After a time he fell asleep. being told what was the matter, and, It was true that he was utterly worn being assured that nothing was wrong, and having worried over it "nonsensically," as he told himself by such clever work that older wrong, and having worrisd over it "nonsensically," as he told himself with just and masculine common

lawyers pressed around to congratu-late him at its close. He had been looking forward to telling Agnerabout it that night.

When he awakened it was nearly dinner time. He heard a man's voice in the hall and a frightened cry from the maid instantly stiffed Then silence

He went swiftly and quietly to the library door. He saw a strange man standing by the hall seat on which the maid had dropped, her black face was cooling, he was less gray and borrified.

"She surely dead !" the man mut-tered. Arthur crossed the hall and seized the man's arm. Who is dead ?" he demanded.

"Mrs. Temple was being brought home in a motor car that turned turtle and — " The messenger stopped short as Arthur groaned.

The stranger led him back into the library and laid him on the couch, while the maid rushed for brandy. But Arthur could not take it. With teeth tight locked he lay staring at the ceiling with unseeing Over and over in his num eyes. brain went the strange words : Agnes, my lamb is slain ! Agnes, my lamb is slain !"

He had called her his lamb, playing on her name. And now she was dead ? Agnes dead ! And she had vith a burst of tears that it was "be gone away to die thinking that he "Oh, Agnes, you'll have to be called no longer loved her as he had loved goose instead of a lamb !' Arthur her !

By and by someone bent over him aughed at her. "Not love you as and his face was wet. He wrenched Why, little wife, don't you see that we have passed beyond the lover his eyes from that horrible carved cornice and looked up into the bendstage, and are settling down into the ing face.

For sevaral minutes he looked. hum drum certainty of old married staring as the pleading eyes dropped He said this with an inward glow a rain of tears on him and a voice far off cried : "Arthur, Arthur, oh, into my dearest, don't you know me ?

> "Agnes," he said softly, with difficulty. "am I dead too ?'

"Oh, my beloved, no one is dead. I am not dead—I am not hurt. They thought I was when they nicked me up-was dead, I mean, but I am here. Forgive me, ob, forgive me for all my cruel, stupid, dreadful misunderstanding of you! I have lived through agony of compunction since I left you. Suppose I had died and left you as I did! Ob, Arthur, forgive me, for I was a child. Now I am woman. You grew up before I did ny dearest husband."

Arthur did not half hear Agnes cassionate appeal. He reached out a hand and carefully touched her sleeve. Then he brushed her wet Its warmth convinced and cheek. restored him. He sat up, the blood rushing to his face as he snatched her to him.

"Forgive you, Agnes! Oh what is a boy's love to a man's love for his wife ?" he cried. "We're one so "We're one so truly that I should have died vou.

They held each other in silence that thanked God eloquently for continuing their life together. And Agnes saw the years that stretched shead, years of union that each passing twelvemonth intensified, saw at last that her father and mother's profound peace lay deeper than the undisciplined romance of love's be-

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death ?'

Yes ! Yes ! Miss 'Ginia, course I'll go," cried the woman. "But de Judge'll nevah fohgive me, nur yoh, nevah ! nevah !"

Oh, the Judge will forgive me, she said. "No, Miss 'Ginia," she warned

"I'se willin' ter go wif yah. 'T'won't be said Chloe 'lowed her chile to run into dangah alone, nor dat she forget Mis' Mary Clay; but doan yuh t'ink de Judge'll fobgive yuh. 'Member he doan fobgive Marse Hal, an' Marse a gleam of recognition. Hal is his'n an' Mis' Love's chile."

A fear shook her heart as she heard the words-and yet those men, of whom Clay Powell or Phil was one, coming down to death ! She glanced toward her father's picture and the eyes seemed to smile on her. "Chloe," she said, "you knew my

father-would he have allowed inno cent men, friends among them, to fall into a trap set by an enemy, because of fear ?"

Yoh father was nevah afeared uv anything, honey," replied the slave. "Neither is his daughter !" cried

Virginia.

I'se ready to go wif yoh, honey. chile !" she said, and turned to get the riding habit. Virginia went to Mrs. Todd's room, but that poor lady start." was asleep. The Judge, too, had re-tired. On her way back she encountered Aunt Charity, who was putting out the lights in the ball. In a little while the entire house was wrapped in darkness and sleep. With her hand clasping the waiting woman's, Virginia stole down the backstairs which opened on to the southern veranda. The light announcing the veranda. The light announcing the rising of the moon was brightening t. Darkness was their sures friend. They ran to the stables, and

"Nothing has happened, Mr. David-"Do you expect me to believe that son," replied Virginia. "And all that t took you from seven o'clock last you can do for me is to permit us to night until two to-day to guide that

pass," for he had laid his hand on gentleman from here to his men and her horse's rein. Chloe was sitting back again ?" upright in her saddle, in frozen astonishment. The eyes of the man "Dat sut'nly am de truf, Jedge." now travelled to her and he caught

"How did it happen ?" asked the adge, in dismay. "Which road did Judge, in dismay. you take ?" "De lowah 'n," replied the negro Marse," she was beginning, but he cut across her words by saying slowly instantly.

"Why did you do that ?" asked the udge. "You know I gave you ex-Judge. plicit directions about the road."

"An' I followed 'em," said the hoy, "tell we comed to de bridge. Yoh know, Jedge, dat bridge is feahfully unstiddy, an' w'en it give a leetle an' began to creak a whole lot, day

He leaned across Vindictive's neck sojur man's got skaert, an'axt me if it wus safe. It yain't, yoh know, Jedge, an' w'en I tole 'im so, well, sah. dañ sojur man, 'e jus' turned and looked into Virginia's face, as he asked : "Is this true?" and she mowing he was Clay Powell's friend, back. So dah wahn'r nuffin lef' foh "If Mr. Powell is leading the Con me to do but come all de way bask, an' take de lowah road. Den w'en

federate company from Frankfort, it we got to de camp, we med dem othah sojurs rize out uv dah sleep, an' "It is Mr. Powell," said Davidson. my ! but dey wuz mad. They sw

"I have just come from Frankfort, where I left him making ready to feahful and said dey wisht to God all de niggabs wuz in hell an' de politicians "Then no time must be lost !" oried wif dem : an' dat ef dey wuz home ag'in, ur could git away, de Union Virginia, in agonized tones, now that her worst fears were realized; and hastily she related what she had learned from the Union soldier, but might go to de debbil a toh dey'd 'list ag'in. An' de hosses, dey jus' cyahed on worser'n de men. Dey refrained from all mention of kicked an' bit, 'cause they wuz cold : Howard Dallas' name. an' de hosses med de men maddah, an

When Arthur Temple woosd Agnes Ridley all the conditions and interest ed persons were so favorable to their marriage that they had to make the

most of the unkindly attitude of Agnes's aunt, for lovers enjoy martyrdom and hug to their souls opportun-ity to be valiant for the beloved's sake. The sunt had no voice in the

matter and her opposition consisted in finding the young people too young, besides preferring that Agnes should marry her husband's nephew, who was, of course, not related to Agnes.

Arthur was indignant at the sug gested sacrilege. "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit im pediment," he quoted scornfully The aunt was right ; Arthur was de cidedly young, young enough to be secretly proud that he was able to voice his faith by a Shakespearean sonnet.

But the great miracle that impres ed Arthur and Agnes to trembling blissful awe was that theirs would be truly a marriage of true minds. Daily they discovered that heaven had indeed ordained their union, for it had made their two souls from one ubstance that melted into its origin. al singleness when they met. There seemed not to be a taste that they did not share; it was marvellous There never had been such a case Nobody would believe it, if it were own fulfilment. not too sacred, too miraculous to dis-cuss with any one else—only Agnes ahed

did talk it to her mother, her sister, her most intimate friend. Her mother smiled tenderly, with a touch of whimsical pity born of experience Her sister refused to be impressed. "Well, I suppose Arthur had to like and dislike something ; it could as and dislike easily be the same things you like and dislike," she said with the lack

"This is some more of her work!" dey cussed an swoh et each othan, said Mr. Davidson, as to himself. The low words were caught by the quick negress, who added: "Dat's so, Marse—Davidson! but she gets a mighty heep uv 'sistance from Marse

her toward him as he took a hand to and glad, waiting for him on their rug and willow furnished piazza. button her glove.

How about the tea this afternoon

at the club ; are you going, Arthur ?

Agnes asked. "No, I think not, dear." he said.

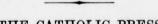
laying down his open book to smile

at her loveliness arrayed for tea. Her face fell, "I should like to

"Little girl, don't take that tone They carried out their intention to please," he said gently. "I really am worn out and don't feel up to going take part in the life around them ; they joined the country Club and But that's no reason why you should lose the fun. Isn't it fine that the did their part in the parish work, but their best evenings were spent to selfishness of lovers is replaced by the larger love of marriage? I've gether, alone, and that proved that found out that we can't have separ-No one could have said when, and

ate pleasures, for when your happy no one but Agnes herself could have I am, perfectly satisfied to know said why, it was that her joy began to flag, as if love had folded his wings you're off giving and receiving pleasures and to wait here to be told and taken to walking. It was not in the least that he had gone away, about it-that is, once in a while. I shouldn't want to have you get into mind, but only that he no longer flew; life did not move with the the habit of being a semi-detached wife, of course. Marriage is much same rushing glory of upward flight. less wearing than courtship. Mis-tress Temple, I'm appreciative of its Arthur was not conscious of this-not at first-but Agnes felt it instant-ly, felt it, indeed, before it was so and security and bigger, deeper love." Agnes would not respond to his half jesting, half serious tons. She turned away to hide the look that thereby made it true, perhaps. For thus a foreboding often brings its she knew crept into her eyes, a bitter After a time, however, Arthur, too

hurt, a scoffing look. dimly perceived that something was "Then good-by," she said lightly is not pesitively, wrong, at least not right. He caught Agnes watching and went away repeating under her him with a new, wistful look in her eyes, a look that betokened pain and breath : "Security ! Bigger love ! Deeper love !' Indifference that's eyes, a look that betokened pain whe was not far from tears. At first he invariably jumped up to kiss her when he saw the look, or else to draw her to his knee, asking her after it is captured ?"



THE CATHOLIC PRESS

ITS EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE DISCUSSED BY SCHOLARLY EDITOR OF AMERICA

ting paper by Rev. Richard H. Tierney at Catholic Press Convention

Most subjects have at least two aspects : this one is no exception to the general rule, for it may refer either to the influence the press really exercises, or to the influence it should exercise, apart from any consideration of its actual power. The latter phase of the question appears the more important of the two. You will bear with me then, for a few minutes whilst I engage in the un-pleasant task of dogmatizing on this problem.

What power should our press bring to bear upon the people? The self same that the Church exercises. The mission of the press is the mission of the Church : the former is but an instrument of the latter in the great work of redeem. ing man and bringing him into the enjoyment of the fulness of life, according to God's design. This, I think, will become clear both from the origin of the press and the stress which the Church lays upon it. Of the latter, suffice it to say that the three last Popes have been insistent and eloquent in pleading the cause of Catholic papers ; the former is not dismissed so easily. Our papers are a manifestation of life, the life of

way repeating under her the Church. They have been "Security! Bigger love! brought into existence not for money or other sordid motives, but solely to what it means! Oh, can it be true that men are hunters, savage at heart, and do not care for the game products of venal souls : rather they of other sordia motives, but solely to promote the end, which the Church has in view. They are not forced products of venal souls : rather they

are spontaneous productions of spirits, filled with zeal for a great