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**CARDOME**

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINGOS  
CHAPTER XVIII.

When she entered her room, Virginia stood for a full minute, her hands clasped over her breast, her face white and quivering. The night was cold and wild. She shrank from the tempest of indignation and the dangers that might be encountered, if she carried into effect the resolution she had made.

The company of Confederate soldiers must not be met and overwhelmed by the enemy at the junction of the Frankfort and White Sulphur 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:

"I 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 never condone. But oh, my father! I need your knightly heart in this hour."

As she stood thus, her woman entered, 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 Marsa Powell, an' yoh see here some moh uv de debil's knowin' av dem wooden han's. Yes, I know dis an' Marsa Dallas, but Marsa Dallas an' dat ole lady's spawned from de sam pon'. Dey's bot got a grege agin' poh' Marsa Powell's son. I know I know, honey chile, but yoh's too young yet to understand such wickedness," and she buried her face in her apron, muttering, "Mah poh' chile! Mah poh' chile!"

Then she lifted her head, and said: "Doan yuh run 'gainst 'em honey. Nobody evar's head eny luck at did! Jus' mambah poh' Marsa Dupont. 'Ef he'd kep' eiah uv de workin' uv de wooden han's he wouldn't be what he is to day like that!"

"Do not talk like that!" commanded Virginia. "Consin Dupont was a man that was all. Why should Mr. Dallas make himself second in Mrs. Powell's quarrel?"

"He's not secun' in Mrs. Powell's quah' but furs' in his own," said the shrewd negress. "He hates Marsa Clay Powell, a little bit worse'n he hates Marsa McDowell, an' all a' cause, honey-chile, dem gentlemens' yoh bes' friende. The words came like a revelation to Virginia Castleton, and in the moment's 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 driv bitin' dogs after yuh!" said Chloe.

Virginia did not hear her, but stood looking into the fire, a frown on her 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 Vindicative 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."

"My God! Miss 'Ginia, is yuh losin' yuh mind? Yuh ride to Frankfort on a night lak dis! Yuh, Miss 'Ginia Castleton! Go scally-waggin' 'cross de country, jus' to save de necks uv some poh' white sojers!"

"Chloe," said Virginia, "perhaps your Mr. Marsa Clay's son is one of those 'poor white soldiers.' Will you not come with me to-night and help save her son and his comrades from death?"

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

"Oh, the Judge will forgive me," she said.

"No, Miss 'Ginia," she warned. "Ise willin' ter go wit yuh. 'Twon't be said Chloe 'lowed her chile to run into dangah alone, nor dat she forgot Mis' Mary Clay; but doan yuh tink de Judge'll forgibe yuh. Member he doan forgibe Marsa Hal, an' Marsa Hal is his'n a' Miss 'Ginia'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 innocent men, friends among them, to fall into a trap set by an enemy, because of fear?"

"Yoh father was nevah afear'd uv anything, honey," replied the slave.

"Neither is his daughter!" cried Virginia.

"Yes, ready to go wit yuh, honey-chile!" she said, and turned to get the riding habit. Virginia went to Mrs. Todd's room, but that poor lady was asleep. The Judge, too, had retired. On her way back she encountered Aunt Charity, who was putting out the lights in the hall. 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 rising of the moon was brightening the east. Darkness was their surest friend. They ran to the stables, and

with her own hands Virginia bridled and saddled the surprised Vindicative, while Chloe made ready the Judge's black riding mare. The cold had now penetrated their warm clothing. They 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 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't you put out the light and look the door? See, there is a light in my room! It is moving around. Now it is gone! Oh merciful Heavens, if we are discovered!"

The two spirited horses needed nothing more than the quick touch of the reins along their satiny necks to send them into a gallop, and in ten minutes the stretch of white road lying between the riders and the castle's gate precluded all fear of being overtaken.

"We are safe, I believe," said Virginia, drawing in Vindicative from his mad gallop. "Chloe," she said, "who was in my room?"

"Ise jus' hurtin' my head tryin' to tink," 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 cyahhan yuh silvah candlestick. Honey, I believe it was Mis' Mary Clay, an' yoh mothah."

Virginia smiled to herself, but said nothing. The moon was now up and the whiteness 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 Ise skeert. I swah I've heard footsteps atfah us, an' w'en I tuh'n my head, dey yain't nuffin' on de road but de moonlight an' de snow. I've feelin', Miss 'Ginia, we's goin' to meet a sperit. I wish to God we was past Willow-wild. Dey say 'ole Marsa Powell's ha't is seen dah every night, 'cause he cyant' rest in 'is grave, as he mahyed his son's sweet-hearts."

"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 mahyed 'im an' willin'. An' why? 'Cause she wanted to venge herself on pob yown Marsa Waltham. An' she s'ceded, ah, mah honey, she s'ceded! An' killed poh' Mis' Mary! I went wit yuh muttah to see huf w'en huf leetle baby Clay was bohn, an' she jus' took hole ob yoh mam' an' says, 'Oh, Chloe, Ise de happiest woman on yearth!' An' I say to huf, 'Bress yuh heart! yuh 'serbs to be, for atfah my own mistus, yuh's de bes' woman on yearth!' an' den, honey, we went home, an' de nex' ting we huf'd, Mis' Mary was dead. An' den Marsa—Oh, hehens! Miss 'Ginia, luk comin' down de road! It's de ha'nt, foh we's at Willow-wild gate!"

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

"I cyant', Miss 'Ginia. De mah won't move. She knows it's a ghost!"

Virginia felt no fear of ghosts, but a thousand thoughts rushed through her mind as she saw the approaching figure, who, noting their sudden stop, had spurred his horse into a 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. Chloe, Chloe, come on!" she cried, in agonized tones. But before Chloe could regain her scattered senses, the man was beside them.

"Miss Castleton!" he exclaimed, and Chloe, seeing the face of the man, uttered a cry of horror, and screamed:

"My Lawd! It's him!"

"My Lawd! What has happened that I meet you here at this hour? What can I do for you?"

"Nothing has happened, Mr. Davidson," replied Virginia. "And all that you can do for me is to permit us to pass," for he had laid his hand on her horse's rein. Chloe was sitting upright in her saddle, in frozen astonishment. The eyes of the man now travelled to her and he caught a gleam of recognition.

"Marsa," she was beginning, but he cut across her words by saying slowly and distinctly, and threateningly: "Davidson is my name."

"Marsa Davidson," she said, and she repeated the name slowly, "Miss 'Ginia an' me's sein' to Mis' Mary's room. De Linkum men's waitin' to ketch 'im at de head of de Frankfort pike."

He leaned across Vindicative's neck and looked into Virginia's face, as he asked: "Is this true?" and she, knowing he was Clay Powell's friend, answered:

"If Mr. Powell is leading the Confederate company from Frankfort, I have just come from Frankfort, where I left him making ready to start."

"Then no time must be lost!" cried Virginia, in agonized tones, now that her worst fears were realized; and hastily she related what she had learned from the Union soldier, but refrained from all mention of Howard Dallas' name.

"This is some more of her work!" said Mr. Davidson, as to himself. The low words were caught by the quick negress, who added: "Dat's so, Marsa—Davidson, but she gets a mighty heep uv 'istance from Marsa

see, Judge, dam poh' wite trash, w't's nevah ben ust to hosses, dey didn't know dat dey oughter rub de bits a-foh dey put 'em in de hosses' mout's. I thought foh su'n wuz goin' to be tromped to dat. W'en de hosses got quieted down, we stahed."

"And what time was that?" asked the Judge.

"Danno, Judge; seemed to me it oughter be neah on to daylight. But I heard dat sojor w't wuz 'yah tallin' de Cap'n dey had plenty uv time to ketch de Rebs."

"Which way did they take coming back?" asked the Judge.

"Doan yoh ast me, 'e judge,'" exclaimed the boy. "We come 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 stah out in de lead, I tote 'em de only way w't I know'd uv wuz de way we come'd, 'less'n dey wanted to go back ovah de bridge; an' I tote 'em I wuz goin' to cross it 'septin' dey all went ovah fast. Dey said I'd have to go 'cross fast, 'cause it didn't match de a nigga'd did get killed. Dat med me so mad dat I jus' 'fused to take 'em any way. So dey stahed, furs' one way, den another. I kep' uv wif dem 'cause I wanted to git ob hoss from dat sojor. W'en at las' we got to de Frankfort Pike, it wuz long atfah sunrise."

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

"And then?"

"An' den we wait'd an' wait'd an' wait'd, an' de time de men wuz gettin' maddah an' cussin'—"

"Don't mind what the man said, what did they do?" broke in the Judge.

"Dat's all, Judge. Jus' waitin' 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 unreasonable.

"No, sah, dey's gone Souf. Yoh see, atfah dey wait'd moh'n a hour, de fellahs went down de hill an' stahed a fah to get de breakfast. It took a mighty long time, foh de snow wuz deep an' dry wood skeerde. Las' dey got de coffee biled, an' es dey wuz all crowdin' round de fire, eah'n dah grub, I seed ole Mis' Powell's blue gummad nigga'd comin' down de hill. 'Thout nothin' me, nur eny uv de res', 'e went straight uv to de Cap'n an' handed 'im a lettah. W'en de Cap'n read it, he swah savagah 'en eny uv de men, ez I hears. An' I thought, frum de way 'e looked at me, 'e wuz a-goin' to have me shot. Den 'e tared a piece frum de bottom uv de lettah, an' called me, an' said, like 'e wuz so mad 'e jus' couldn't talk: 'Yah, yoh ugly black nigga'd, take dis lettah to yoh ole Marsah, an' tell 'im, ef it wuzn't foh de fac' dat I'm undah odahs not to stroy any property in dis part uv Kentucky, I'd go ovah an' burn 'is house to de groun', an' sen 'im 'is fambly ont uv dis State so quick dey wouldn't know w't happened to dem! Den he tol me, to git, an' I tote 'im I wouldn't go tell I got de hose dat he giv dat sojor man uv his'n. An' I got huf!" finished Job, complacent.

The Judge was too surprised at the message sent him by the Captain to speak immediately; but recovering himself, he said: "Give me the letter, Job."

TO BE CONTINUED

led Agnes to confide in her 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 I might, my dearest, but such a case as ours is one of the rarest miracles. Most people have to learn to bear and forbear, but Arthur and I are from the beginning."

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

It was just as wonderful to Agnes and Arthur to find that they both liked carnations better than roses as it was to find that they both preferred roast beef to steak and cooked to the same degree, or that neither could endure pink, nor onions. That they enjoyed Beethoven more than Wagner, Tennyson than Browning, was no more nor less a rapturous proof of fitness than that they agreed in liking the suburbs better than the city for their new home, were unanimous in wanting colored servants, thought blue Agnes's proper color, thought that no husband and wife should ever have separate pleasures, felt that it was their duty to sacrifice their own preferences and go out into the world and entertain within limits, to allow others to see what a perfect marriage might be and do for them. They were beautifully serious to their intention to live up to their high vocation, to illustrate the sacrament that is most apt to be regarded flippantly. It was enough for them to be together, but they knew that they would be called upon to live as a sort of Object Lesson, and were prepared to sacrifice themselves to a degree to that requirement.

How beautiful it was, Agnes thought, to see how Arthur leaned on her while protecting her, how eagerly he served her, how empty were his old pleasures unless she shared them, how glad he was in telling her that he loved her by deeds, service, eyes, and lips. And she thought little twenty-year-old Agnes, fresh 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 be lived by them in a world whose clock hands perpetually pointed to the same hour in the sunshine of love.

Now, there were her father and mother—Agnes had not had any other married people to study at close range. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley were happily married, of course; they did not quarrel, they were comfortable, prosaically happy. Agnes thought, devoted to the children. But the child never understanding the effect of years of married intimacy had rather wondered pityingly that her father and mother took their mutual affection for granted in a settled way, satisfied to go on sharing their joys and sorrows with little outward effect of remembering love's more ardent young day. It was all good and safe, but—well, dull and deficient. Agnes did not like to formulate her opinion. She contented herself with dwelling on the home to which she was going, in which love would burn on the altar forever, if the priest had just kindled the flame, and all should feel its holy glow and inhale its incense.

So Arthur and Agnes were married and after two months' wedding-trip, which served to emphasize their identity in taste and feeling, returned to begin their home life in the pretty house which had been Arthur's wedding gift from his father.

It was a charming home exteriorly, individual without being eccentric among its well kept conventional suburban neighbors. Inside Agnes's taste and her father's generous furnishing, supplemented by her wedding gifts, made it as pretty a home as any young—or old—housewife might desire. The bride was blissfully happy, superintending her housekeeping, which was as absorbing a task as it should be to any one happily and newly married, anxious lest she fail to her wifely qualities. There was no danger of Agnes' failing! Life moved for a quarter of a year in a daily renewal of the clinging regret of parting when Arthur left the house to take the 8.27 train for the city, and the bliss of his return on the 4.30 to find Agnes lovely and glad, waiting for him on their rug and white furnished piazza.

They carried out their intention to take part in the life around them; they joined the country Club and did their part in the parish work, but their best evenings were spent together, alone, and that proved that their happiness was real.

No one could have said when, and no one but Agnes herself could have said why, it was that her joy began to flag, as if love had folded his wings and taken to flight. It was not in his look that he had gone away, mind, but only that he no longer flew; life did not move with the same rushing glory of upward flight. Arthur was not conscious of this—at first—but Agnes felt it instantly, felt it, indeed, before it was so and thereby made it true, perhaps. For thus a foreboding often brings its own fulfillment.

After a time, however, Arthur, too, dimly perceived that something was, if not positively, wrong, at least not right. He caught Agnes watching him with a new, wistful look in her eyes, a look that belokened pain and was not far from tears. At first he thought he saw the look, or else to draw her to his knee, asking her why she looked like one of the middle Mrs. Bluebeards—not the final one, but one that knew she would never get off whole? And Agnes dimpled and laughed under his question and

then he grasped the fact that she was absurd enough to doubt his love 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 believe 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 retrace. After a time he fell asleep. It was true that he was utterly worn out by a hard contest in court that morning in which he had won a case by such clever work that older lawyers pressed around to congratulate him at his close. He had been looking forward to telling Agnes about 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 stilled. 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 wept, her black face gray and horrified.

"She surely dead!" the man muttered. 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 eyes. Over and over in his numb 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 gone away to die thinking that he no longer loved her as he had loved her!

By and by someone bent over him and his face was wet. He wrenched his eyes from that horrible carved cornice and looked up into the bending face.

For several minutes he looked, staring as the pleading eyes dropped a rain of tears on him and a voice far off cried: "Arthur, Arthur, oh, 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 picked me up—was dead, I mean, but I am here. Forgive me, oh, 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! Oh, Arthur, forgive me, for I was a child. Now I am a woman. You grew up before I did, my dearest husband."

Arthur did not half hear Agnes' passionate appeal. He reached out a hand and carefully touched her sleeve. Then he brushed her wet cheeks. His warmth convinced and 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 truly that I should have died with you."

They held each other in silence that thanked God eloquently for continuing their life together. And Agnes saw the years that stretched ahead, 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 beginnings.—Marion Ames Teggart, in Benziger's.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

ITS EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE DISCUSSED BY SCHOLARLY EDITOR OF AMERICA

Stimulating 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 unpleasant 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 redeeming man and bringing him into the enjoyment of the fullness 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 persistent in pleading the cause of Catholic papers; the former is not dismissed so easily. Our papers are a manifestation of life, the life of the Church. They have been brought into existence not for money or other sordid 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 cause; they reflect the soul of the Church; they present and illustrate her doctrine; they glorify her mission; they promote her works; they

THE HARD FIRST YEAR

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

When Arthur Temple wooed Agnes Ridley all the conditions and interested 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 opportunity to be valiant for the beloved's sake.

The aunt had no voice in the matter and her opposition consisted in finding the young people too young, but Agnes protesting that Agnes should marry her husband's nephew, who was, of course, not related to Agnes.

Arthur was indignant at the suggested sacrifice. "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment," he quoted scornfully. The aunt was right; Arthur was decidedly young, young enough to be secretly proud that he was able to voice his faith by a Shakespearean sonnet.

But the great miracle that impressed 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 substance that melted into de original oneness 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 not too sacred, too miraculous to discuss with any one else—only Agnes did talk it to her mother, her sister, her most intimate friend. Her sister refused to be impressed.

"Well, I suppose Arthur had to like and dislike something; it could as easily be the same things you like and dislike," she said with the look of enthusiasm that proved, as Agnes told her, "that she had never loved." But her intimate friend was as sympathetic as heart could desire; she marvelled with "aha" and "aha"