

# The True and The False

Ellen O'Leary. After the early storms, a deep calm had settled upon the lives of Ellen and her little family. They still lived at the rock-bound cottage on Silver Creek, and were supported by the produce of the fractional farm. Ellen O'Leary was a very bad manager, or rather no manager at all. She knew little, because she cared little, about farming. Here was the lifelong listlessness of a long-lost hope. So that the day after on and her children did not suffer, she did not care. She never took the trouble to inform herself of anything connected with the interests of the farm. If she could tell a field of wheat from a patch of potatoes, it was the extent of her agricultural knowledge. She certainly could not tell a field of wheat from a field of rye.

But for the invaluable presence and services of Big Len, the farm, and everything upon it, would probably have gone to the auctioneer's hammer. But Big Len was a flectioner's hammer. And, assisted by his strapping son, Little Len, faithfully worked the farm—such as it was, with a fractional field here, there and everywhere, broken up among rocks, wherever in some little glen or hollow the deposit from the mountains had made a patch of arable soil.

Old Abishag was the cook, house-keeper, spinner and knitter to the little establishment. And she, too, frequently added by the works of her hands, a half-dozen pairs of coarse yarn socks, to be exchanged at the village shop for "two pounds of sugar, a pound of coffee and a quarter of a pound of tea," or else for "a pair of number seven girl's shoes, and a pair of number ten boy's."

Ellen's only epistolary correspondence was with Mrs. Hunter, with whom she exchanged a letter every month, and from whom she continually heard the most satisfactory accounts of Honoria—satisfactory, except in one respect—that Honoria seemed to have forgotten that she had ever had any other parents than Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Hunter had legally and regularly adopted her. And she was known only as Miss Hunter, the only daughter and heiress of the great Daniel Hunter. And she was the beauty, the pride, and the boast of all the singing and dancing schools, and all the juvenile balls and parties, and "always Queen of the May." But in consenting thus to Honoria's premature entrance into vanities, rivalries and selfishness of a juvenile fashionable world, Mrs. Hunter wrote that she had "against her better judgment, and that now, having seen the effect of these amusements upon the mind and manners of Honoria to be anything but desirable, she should put a stop to it."

Ellen had no neighbors—in fact, that rugged mountainous district was very sparsely settled, and the roads were so intolerably bad as to amount to a positive embargo upon social intercourse. The tax-gatherer, Mr. Ipsy, was her only visitor, and he came but once a year.

Ellen's children, nurtured under the severe but salutary discipline of poverty, seclusion and self-denial, were good and intelligent, as they were beautiful.

Her son, Falcon O'Leary, was a fine, manly boy of thirteen years of age. He was tall and slender for his years, yet of firm, elastic frame, with nerves and sinews well strung for strength, agility and grace. He inherited the gypsy skin, black hair, and eagle eye of Noah, his and agile spring were in perfect union. It was his delight to rise in the morning before the sun, and with his light fowling-piece to range the mountains, and return with a well-filled bag of game before the family were ready to sit down to breakfast. Or at noon to sit under the broad, spreading elm, or upon some projecting point of rock, receiving before the sun, and with his light fowling-piece to range the mountains, and return with a well-filled bag of game before the family were ready to sit down to breakfast. Or at noon to sit under the broad, spreading elm, or upon some projecting point of rock, receiving before the sun, and with his light fowling-piece to range the mountains, and return with a well-filled bag of game before the family were ready to sit down to breakfast.

But Maud, "sweet Maud," sweeter now at ten than ever before—how shall I paint for you her exquisite loveliness? The child of Daniel Hunter and Augusta Percival—the child of genius and love, beauty and goodness, united and blended in perfect harmony—what shall she be but divinely beautiful?

ful! But it was the heavenly beauty of the soul within that gave the wondrous charm to Maud's lovely face. She was not a child of quick impulses or strong passions. Her affections were quiet, profound and eternal. In self-reliance she seemed rather diffident, and in self-defense timid; but in the case of an service of her friends, her resolution amounted to a total forgetfulness or disregard of consequences, and her courage would have seemed rashness but for her passionate, deliberate manner of proceeding.

The little family was startled out of its quietude by the visit of Mr. Ipsy, who announced that Daniel Hunter was retiring from public life and coming to settle permanently at Howlet Hall; also that he was going to build a church and school at the Summit.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"Will you rest now? Will you rest? Will you let this overworked, toll-worn brain repose a little while?" murmured Augusta, softly passing her fingers over the great politician's corrugated brow.

It was the first evening after their arrival at Howlet Hall, and they occupied their favorite, wainscoted sitting-room. The furniture of this apartment had been purposely left unchanged, and the room preserved its old-fashioned, sober, slumberous air. It was cool, spring weather, and a fine wood fire was burning in the fireplace. Daniel Hunter sat before it in a large, stuffed, leather chair that might have belonged to the eighteenth century. Augusta entered, and came softly behind his chair, and was stooping over him until her ringlets lay upon his cheek, as with sweet, grave tenderness she smoothed his brow, and murmured:

"Will you rest now?" He smiled gravely, put his hand behind his head, and drew her around to a seat by his side and toyed with her ringlets, but in a thoughtful, abstracted manner; his mind was far away. The lady sighed and wondered what "question" had followed him to his hermitage to cheat him of his rest. Both are changed in these six years. Augusta's pale cheek is paler than ever, and her countenance has a calmer and profounder beauty. But the change that has passed over Daniel Hunter speaks of the fierce strife of political factions. His face is thinner and darker than before, and his great, ponderous forehead is—or seems—greater against her forehead by reason of the growing baldness of the upper portion, for his raven hair is falling off, and here and there a silver thread shines amid its darkness. Yet the countenance, if sadder, graver and sterner, is also more majestic than ever before.

The lady sat by his side, with her hand clasped in his, watching the noble thoughtfulness of that noble countenance, and then she inquired, softly:

"Now, what is it—the French question, the Sub-Treasury bill—what is it that has pursued you even to this place, and will not let you rest?"

He paused in his thoughts, and looked at her in the most perplexed, amused way, and then said:

"Why, you are mixing up past questions with present questions in the most unaccountable manner, my love—bills that are dead and buried, and bills that are scarcely born. It was the French question that occupied me then. I confess I cannot at present see any way through the difficulty."

"You know that nothing can be done in this matter before the next meeting of Congress; then why harass your mind with it? A problem that has racked the powers of Congress and the Cabinet for three months is not likely to find its solution in the present exhausted state of your mind. Do not labor with it. Rest—rest—recover, and then in some healthful, hopeful, strong moment, the answer will come to you like a sudden inspiration." As she said this she was passing her fingers lightly through his hair, and her eyes unconsciously fixed upon the silvery threads. He saw, or felt her look, and he smiled and said:

"No matter how long it takes, it is not gray, it is no matter. You are my beautiful portion, Augusta, and your beauty I have indeed wished to see preserved."

She sought his eyes, and her own eyes filled with tears. Again he smiled. But Augusta raised the lock and pressed it to her lips instead, murmuring:

"Not for the world, I would not remove one of them for the world. I love those few grey hairs, Daniel, they are eloquent of age."

"Heaven be pitiful, Daniel Hunter, so I will. But when you have heard—listen, then. It is not two weeks since I was called to the deathbed of a man of the highest social position, who confessed, in the presence of myself and the Mayor of A—, that he was guilty of the murder of Burke, and the he was dying of remorse. He had killed Burke to avenge an insult offered to his sister; he had escaped and gone abroad instantly after the deed and, after remaining in France several years, had only recently returned to find out that an indictment had been executed for his crime. His deposition was taken down, and he died in ten minutes after signing it."

Daniel Hunter was not a man to start or ejaculate. He heard this terrible announcement, and lifted up his head, and his strong, massive face seemed turned to marble—and:

"God be merciful to human error!" he exclaimed; "for if the convict had been my own son, I would have done as I did."

of your life's greatness—they are sacred! and again she bowed her face and pressed the lock to her lips.

"I shall see them come with more philosophy than heretofore, dear," he answered, smiling.

Ellen received an invitation from Mrs. Hunter and prepared to make her a visit. She went by the shortest route, the bridge and therefore took neither of the children with her, but only Little Len, mounted on a plough horse, as her attendant. Ellen employed herself during the whole ride in trying to steady and strengthen her nerves for the interview which she had to face. The curiosity of the latter, and lead to embarrassing inquiries. A brisk ride of two hours brought her to Howlet Hall, where she was received most affectionately by Mrs. Hunter, who took her at once into the sitting-room, where Miss Honoria, in her morning-dress of white muslin, sat at the piano practicing her Italian music.

The young lady arose with her usual dignity to receive a new visitor. Ellen looked at her, a dainty, delicate, dignified little lady, and a strange pang shot through her heart.

"Honoria, this is Mrs. O'Leary, a dear friend of ours," said Mrs. Hunter. And before the little belle could make her formal courtesy, Ellen clasped her in her arms and burst into tears. Mrs. Hunter sat down, calmly waiting the issue. But Miss Honoria withdrew herself with an offended air, and resumed her seat. Mrs. Hunter instantly arose again, took Ellen's hand and, pressing it affectionately, led her to a seat upon the sofa. Ellen recovered herself and was the first to speak, albeit in a broken, faltering voice.

"You must please to excuse me, Miss Honoria. I knew your father well and loved him. I love Mrs. Hunter also—and when I saw you, I—"

"Tray, do not mention it, madam. You are very good, and I am very much interested, I am sure," said Miss Honoria, haughtily, as she adjusted her slightly disordered dress.

Ellen was cut to the heart. Poor Ellen did not recollect that at Honoria's age she herself was just such an innocent, unaffected piece of coquetry and conceit. Hunter set before it in a large, stuffed, leather chair that might have belonged to the eighteenth century. Augusta entered, and came softly behind his chair, and was stooping over him until her ringlets lay upon his cheek, as with sweet, grave tenderness she smoothed his brow, and murmured:

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The family were preparing to receive a newly married pair—Mr. and Mrs. Lovel. And one lovely afternoon in April the bride and groom arrived, and there were kisses, and congratulations, and inquiries, and gentle allusions, and both about the same height, Mr. Lovel having the advantage of only an inch or so in this respect; though in every other respect of moral, mental and Christian worth, Mr. Lovel was greatly the superior of his pretty, glib, frivolous wife—else had not Daniel Hunter called him to the pastoral care of his new church.

On Thursday before Easter Bishop S— arrived at the Hall to solemnize the rights of dedication, and great cordiality with the utmost respect and cordiality. But the countenance of the venerable prelate was overcast, gloomy and forbidding. Kind and gentle in his manners, he sought to throw off the shadow from his brow and spirits, but in vain; and after dinner he requested an interview with Mr. Hunter. His host conducted him into the library and they sat down on opposite sides of a small writing-table, the bishop with an ominous sigh and groan, Daniel Hunter in quiet expectancy.

"Does your memory serve you to recall the last occasion upon which we met, Mr. Hunter?" inquired Bishop S—.

Daniel Hunter reflected a moment, and then answered:

"Certainly, sir. It was upon the occasion of your calling, in company with several other gentlemen, at the Executive Chamber in A—, with a petition for the revivification of William O'Leary, convicted of the murder of Burke."

"Yes, sir, and Mr. Hunter, it is eleven years to-night since you refused to grant our petition for the revivification of that man."

"To what end, reverend sir, is that painful event recalled?"

"To the end, Mr. Hunter, I fear, that you may regret your refusal more than you ever regretted any act of your life."

"Be good enough to explain yourself, Bishop S—."

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illness was pronounced to be a congestive fever, threatening the brain. And all the family vied with each other in devoted, though profoundly quiet attentions to the gentle little patient. Ellen, seated by her bedside, day and night, scarcely allowing herself an hour's needful rest in the twenty-four. Old Abishag forgot to swear, and prayed instead. And Falconer learned a lighter step and softer tone when he entered her sick room.

And Maud, in her fevered dreams, babbled sweetly of a beautiful lady, that led her by the hand through green and shady woods and lawns, and who gave her cold, sparkling water from fresh fountains when she was thirsty, and sat down and took her upon her lap, and laid her tired head upon her soft bosom when she was exhausted. And sometimes this lady was her mother, sometimes her sister, Mrs. Hunter, whose portrait hung above the mantelpiece at Howlet Hall.

As Ellen watched, alone, beside her, in the darkness of the night, and saw her stretch her feeble arms and her countenance irradiate with joy, to welcome the vision of the sweet lady—so real seemed this vision to the sick child, that Ellen covered in awe, and crossed herself, and uttered the Ave Maria, for she thought it was an apparition of the blessed Madonna.

And Falconer, when he heard the child babbling in the daytime of the lovely lady's smiles and tones—understood her visions; but somehow, even to him, they were invested with a sacred mystery that awed him into silence.

At last the crisis of Maud's illness passed. The fever waned, and with it faded the bright vision of the lady. And Maud's thoughts returned to healthful, ordinary objects.

Mr. Bill Ipsy came over to see the little convalescent, and brought her some oranges and some fine apples, and sat down by her bed and told her of the beautiful new church and the new Sunday school that was to be opened the same day. He himself was to be the superintendent, he said; and Mrs. Daniel Hunter and Mrs. Lovel, the pretty wife of the young minister, and one or two other ladies of the county, were to be the teachers of the classes.

In the course of the next week, Mr. Ipsy called at the cottage to know if the children were not to be allowed to go to Sunday school. The children were very anxious to display their musical powers, joined to Mr. Ipsy's arguments, and Ellen's secret inclination to oblige Mrs. Hunter, prevailed over her scruples, and she consented, saying to herself (though she afterward confessed it as a sin, for she was a Catholic), that either another church or school in the neighborhood—that the Protestant Church was better than none at all, and that the sect which had produced Mrs. Hunter could not be so very far wrong.

So the next Sunday, very early in the morning, Falconer and Maud got ready, ate a slight, hasty breakfast, and set out together to walk to the Summit. By the footpath the distance was short. It was a lovely morning, and Mr. Ipsy and Maud had a delightful walk. They reached the Summit and entered the church. The sexton conducted them upstairs into the spacious gallery, in which the Sunday school was kept. Here, sitting at the front of the gallery, were about a half dozen of teachers, each with some eight or twelve pupils collected around her. Among the teachers were Mrs. Daniel Hunter and Mrs. Lovel.

Mrs. Hunter had a large-sized square pew beside the great organ. There were about a dozen little girls around her. The black lace veil was thrown back, and the lady's beautiful face was unshaded, save by the drooping black ringlets.

Mr. Ipsy, as superintendent, stood before a large desk in the corner, doing something with pen and ink, and lightly kicking his neat boot toes together, and winking his eyes at the children, and every little while sticking the pen behind his ear, and flying off at a tangent to hand a book to some pupil, or to speak a word to some teacher.

Our girl and boy were evidently rather late. The morning prayers were over, and the exercises of the school commenced. So Mr. Ipsy told them when Falconer walked up to his desk, made his bow, and presented his little sister.

Nevertheless, Mr. Ipsy took a New Testament out of his pocket, and opened it and handed it to Maud, and told her to read for him, that he might test her abilities, and know in what class to place her.

(To be continued.)

## SURE AND SAFE.

Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine for the most delicate ailments of little ones, and the safest. We do not ask you to take our word for this—we give you the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. It is equally good for the new born babe, the well grown child. It is a certain cure for all the minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. Andre Tremblay, Sayabec, Quebec, says: "I have proved the value of Baby's Own Tablets as a cure for several of the troubles that afflict young children, including skin disease, indigestion and teething troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## A Deal in Bananas.

T. A. Daly, in Canoe Standard. No like da skeeny olda man. Dat com' to dees penanuta stan' to de mak' buy da banana. He mak' me seek! Eef evra customer ees so. Or make treeca an' talka so. Like beem, you bat my life, I no Gat reacha queeca.

Wal, deesa man he com' an' say: "How moecha for banana dees you want? An' so I tell beem right away. "Dees two for fi." "Oh, my, my, my, be gettin' deaf. Or you ees talka like da 'let!' He say to me, an' look as eef He gon' cry.

"Dees two for fi," I say agen. He shake dees head at me an' den He tal me: "Mak' eef fi for ten. And tak' da moecher. I guess weell do." "All right, I eef. I guess weell do." Den "Fi" for ten ees wan for two." eef say, "here ees two cent for you. I tak' an."

He tak' da beeges' wan of all! He tak' what you theenka dat for gall! He ees so meana man, so small. He eef say, "here ees two cent for you. I tak' an."

## The Church Abroad.

### IN THE MISSION FIELD.

The hop-picking season in England is over, and the special church mission to the fields has returned.

The Students' Missionary League of Georgia is to have its second annual conference at Macon early next month.

The Women's Baptist Home Mission Society has 2,236 auxiliaries in States of which 2,469 are for adults, the headquarters being in Chicago.

The immense missionary exhibition being planned for next June in London by the London Missionary Society will be opened by King Edward.

The greatest difficulty of missionaries in China is to find the teachers that are so much needed, over 1,000 schools being now without instructors of the right sort.

The Episcopal Sisters of the Church, who have their center at the Missionary Training Home at Upton Park, London, are to occupy a building that has been a public inn.

Uganda is likely to be the mission field for all Africa, as there are 67,000 members of the Church of England there, and they are supplying workers for the rest of the continent.

The East London church fund, in which the Bishop of London is especially interested, is trying to raise \$50,000 before the end of the year to keep up its mission work.

The Union Presbyterian Church of Denver believes that the best mission work is done by having the edifice open at all times and providing some entertainment that will draw people to the church.

The American Board of Commissioners for foreign missions has just been notified of a legacy of \$100,000 from the estate of the late D. Willis James, the amount to be paid in three annual installments.

About \$90,000 is needed to put the Wesleyan East End Mission of London on its feet, the buildings now in process of erection threatening to be a crushing burden, despite the fact that they are urgently required.

The New England branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church received for its work last year \$46,576, besides a bequest of \$37,700 for the erection of school buildings in the foreign field.

"The tabernacles" as many of the mission stations in England constructed of corrugated iron are called, are hereafter to be practically a thing of the past, as small buildings of cement covered with terra cotta are to take their place.

The British Church Missionary Society has just sent out two parties, about 175 in all, part going to Africa, Palestine, Northern and Western India, the rest to Turkish Arabia, Persia, Southern India, Punjab, China, Mauritius and Japan.

J. Y. Rattenbury has assumed charge of the West London mission founded 20 years ago by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in what is called the wickedest section of the metropolis, and the man who superintends it can be no weakling.

## GENERAL CHURCH NOTES.

In less than five years nearly \$225,000 has been spent on churches in Canada, N. Y., a town of but a few thousand people.

It has been decided that the next Eucharistic Congress shall be held in Westminster Cathedral in England some time during the coming year.

The rebuilding of the Campanile of St. Mark at Venice is progressing rapidly, but will probably require another two years for completion.

The average attendance in the Sunday schools of Massachusetts has dropped in a year from 177,467 to 169,031, the decrease being laid to the shifting population.

Trinity Church, Halifax, has purchased the chapel which has been used by the Government garrison, it having been decided not to make any further appointment to the chapel.

The Ladies' Humane Society of the First Universalist Church of Providence, R. I., which has just started on its seventy-sixth year of work, has laid out during its existence nearly \$31,000.

Because of certain alterations in the musical part of the service made by Rev. J. G. Adderley at St. Saviour's Church, near Birmingham, England, the whole choir has gone on strike.

With \$155,000 already expended for the preservation of Winchester Cathedral in England, it is found that at least \$175,000 more will be needed, and until this is secured the work has been stopped.

Catholics in China now number about 2,250,000, as compared with less than 500,000 in 1880. In India China they have increased in that time from 300,000 to 1,000,000, and in Japan 50,000 have been added to the four that there were 25 years ago.

Rev. Davis Brook, of the new United Methodist Church of England, has been selected as president of the National Council of Evangelistic Free Churches in succession to Rev. John Watson, better known as Ian MacLaren, who died shortly after being elected to the position.

Cruelty to Animals in Hawaii. Afterward I was taken to Kawaihae, where I saw cattle loaded in a most cruel manner. It was a little after six o'clock when I landed on the beach among a lot of cowboys and half-naked natives. The cattle were corralled under the trees, and when one was ready to be taken aboard a rope was tied about its horns. A cowboy on horseback then rode into the surf, dragging the frightened steer into the water. The rope was tossed

to a half-naked native who was swimming, and he in turn carried it to the men waiting in a small boat. These men pulled the animal, which must now swim or drown, to the boat and tied him by the horns to its side. After eight steers had been tied up in this manner the engine on the steamer was set to work and the boat pulled alongside by means of a rope. The cattle were then hoisted on board by the use of a belly-band. The method of handling these dumb animals is brutal, and while the men seem to use as much care as possible in moving them about, their piteous howling caused by fear made as pathetic a scene as I have ever witnessed. Thousands are shipped every year, and it seems that some more humane method of putting them aboard might be adopted.

The Japanese sailor on these ships is said to be the best for keeping the ship clean, while the native excels in handling the boats, especially in rough water. The Hawaiian is a born swimmer, and the boys will follow these vessels for several hundred yards as they are leaving Honolulu, swimming alongside and diving for coals thrown overboard by the travelers. The passage on these boats is always rough and on the Hawaiian is a born swimmer, and the boys will follow these vessels for several hundred yards as they are leaving Honolulu, swimming alongside and diving for coals thrown overboard by the travelers.

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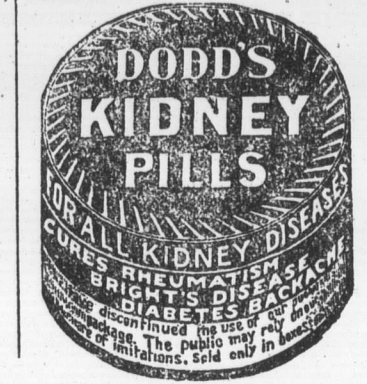
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A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby