A FATAL RESEMBLANCE. BY CHRISTIAN FABRE. LIX.

Love or some equally powerful infla-ence had so mastered Mrs. Doloran, that Ned hardly recognized in the unusually quiet-mannered, and what was even more unusual, the low-spoken woman, who met her with a succession of embraces, the lond, imperious creature she had left. Even her dress had undergone a marked her with imperious creature she hau her lond, imperious creature she hau her Even her dress had undergone a marked change; its colors and its mode were not in their wonted grotesque contrast to those about her, and she looked decidedly bet-

ter in consequence. As Rahandabed was to pass so speedily As Kab and abed was to pass so speedily into the temporary possession of strang-ers, all of the gnests had gone except the few specially invited to be present at the wedding, and immediately on the con-clusion of the ceremony, and the subse-quent breakfast, everybody would take his or her departure. The day before the wedding, Ordotte and Alan and a private conference, dur-

and Alan and a private conference, dur-ing which the former attempted to trans-fer to his companion the little vial of

Alan declined to take it.

Of what use is it to me?" he said. y happ less nor my love of Ned would t be increased by having it proved that t be increased by having it would not be increased by adapter. I would she is Mr. Edgar's daughter. I would rather she should not know it, for then, rather she should not burden her with perhaps, he will not burden her with property of which she has no need. I am as rich as he is, and I want my wife to be "Still, take it, my dear fellow. You do

"Still, take it, my dear tellow. You do not know what circumstances may arise in which you may wish to have it." And he continued to press it in such a manner that Carnew at length accepted

That same day a letter arrived to Alan

That same day a letter arrived to Alan from young Brekbellew. "I am in wonderful luck," the epistle ran; "my uncle thinks I have done so well in America, that I deserve a lift from ran; "my uncle thinks I have tone one well in America, that I deserve a lift from him, and he has taken a fancy to Mc-Arthur. Together I think they will make a sort of Aladdin's fortune for me. He insists on McArthur dining with him three times a week, and he has a wonder-ful spread for us. My cousin, Harry Brekbellew, and his wife, live with him. He made them come over from Paris, when he heard that Harry had lost nearly all his fortune there, and he has actually compelled the poor fellow to work as a clerk in his counting-house. McArthur and myself sometimes drop in there to see poor Harry perspiring and secretly swearing over his toil. His beautiful wife, whose extravagance in Paris, they see poor Harry perspiring and secrelly twearing over his toil. His beautiful wife, whose extravagance in Paris, they say, was the main cause of the ruin, has a most desolate life, that is, for one of her gay temperament, in my uncle's house. She has no society, my friend and I being the only ones ever invited, has only a meagre allowance, and expresses in her face her dreadful unhappiness. I think my uncle gloats over it all. Mrs. Brek-bellew has not the tact to please the old man, and he retailates by twitting her sarcastically on her present privations. I man, and he retaliates by twitting her sarcastically on her present privations. I tried to talk about you several times, but the topic seems to displease Mrs. Brek-bellew, for she always either turns it, or leaves the room. Harry is pleased enough to talk about you; he told me that you were married to a lady bearing the same maiden name that his wife did, and who resembled her cleasely in appearance. who resembled her closely in appearance "When you were with as on the mountains we thought you were a bachelor like uraselves, but some day McArthur and I shall claim the privilege and pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Carnew.

Answer as speedily as you can. Your friend,

" HENRY BREKBELLEW."

Allan showed that letter to his wife She was so happy that she could afford to pity sincerely the unhappy Mrs. Brek-

only the vagary of a sick man; in his various travels be possibly had obtained the drug, and now in his illness it had occurred to him to test its reputed proper-ties. Such was the impression which she retained when Alan finished speaking, though he had not said more than Mr. Edgar wished to test the power of an In-dian essence by applying it to her. It did not scene to her to wonder why the applibugar whered to test the power of an In-dian essence by applying it to her. It did not occar to her to wonder why the appli-cation should be made more to her than to Alan, or to Mr. Edgar himself, for she ways the subject to for the theoret the

gave the subject no further thought than to assent smilingly her readiness to sub-

ave into unitingly her readiness to sub-mit to the test. And when an hour later, in Mr. Edgar's room, Alan asked her to bare her left wrist for the application, she did so with the same unsuspicious readiness with which she had heard about the essence at the breakfast-table. Had her eyes been lifted from the hand she was ex-tending, to the prematurely aged face watching her from the bed, she must surely have felt that there was some un-usual significance in the proceeding, but they were not lifted, and it was with the very brightest of smiles she watched the tiny vial in her husband's hand. She did wonder a little that here was should be so tremulous, but even that momentbe so tremulous, but even that moment-ary wonder was absorbed in the interest with which she watched the dropping of

with which she watched the dropping of the liquid. Over what a surface that single drop spread ! And what a vivid color it produced! And would it do what she had been told it so wondrously did-form letters on human flesh ? Yes; there they came, two capital E's in garnet color, distinctly visible upon her wrist as they had been printed there. Alan looked at Edgar. He was sitting bolt upright in the bed, his face convulsively working, and his hands clutching the air. "Take her away," he said hoarsely, and the line who she is; then bring her back to me."

As if exhausted from his effort back to me As if exhausted from his enort to speak, he fell back beavily, his head eink-ing among the pillows like one who had lost consciousness. But to Alan, who hung above him in alarm, he motioned

to have Ned taken away. Ronsed at length to the fact that some-thing extraordinary was being enacted, and enddenly and strangely oppressed Ned looked at her husband, piteously

"What is it, Alan? What does it

mean?" He did not answer her, but he put his arm about her to reassure her, and then ringing the handbell just within his reach for the nurse who occupied the ad-joining room, he drew his wife gently out of the apartment, taking her to the lib-rary, where, still holding her to him, he told her the whole story of her birth, and what Ordotta had discovered.

what Ordotte had discovered. "And I am Mr. Edgar's daughter," she said in a dazed way, when Alan had finished. "Yes; you are Mr. Edgar's daughter in this

and ever since we have been in this house he has been struggling desperately house he has been struggling desparately with his conviction of that fact. But he is quite assured now, and he is waiting for you, Ned." She rose from his knee where he had

beld her, and she went in an unsteady way to the door; then she looked back at where her husband still sat, and extend-

ing her arms to him she cried : ¹⁰ O Alan ! my husband ! come with me; I cannot meet my father, knowing him to be such, without you.'

He went to her, and caught her in his "My brave little Ned," he said, Heaven at length has done you just-

Then he accompanied her to the door of Mr. Edgar's room ; further he refused

"Your meeting this time will be too "Your meetin acred for witne

And she was forced to enter alone.

And she was lored to be asleep; the Mr. Edgar seemed to be asleep; the urse whispered that she thought he was Mr. Edgered that she thought he was nurse whispered that she thought he was asleep, and then, in obedience to Mrs. asleep, and then, in control of the she retired, and Mrs. Car-

tray to any one his hopeless love. Being a partner in the firm, he could easily arrange for a fortnight's absence, and he departed for the little mountain home in

THE CATHOLIG RECORD

order to bring Meg to Barrytown. When he arrived in Saugeritee, when he arrived in Saugerice, he was surprised to find a crowd gathered almost in front of the post-office, and still more surprised to learn that the object of the gathering was to witness the cas gathering was to witness the castigation then being vigorously adminitered to some victim. Dyke worked his way to the front of the crowd, and beheld with new astonishment that the subject who writhed beneath the lashing strokes of a stont whip, was his old enemy, Patten. The man who was giving the punishment

stont whip, was his old enemy, Patten. The man who was giving the punishment was the stont, powerfully-built smith of the village, and one of Dutton's numer-ous friends. He was epurred on to his work by the delighted cries of the specta-tors, but more than all by the enthusias-tic applause of old blind Patterson, to whom the strokes of the whip as they fell seemed to convey as much as if he actu-

whom the strokes of the whip as they fell seemed to convey as much as if he actu-ally saw the proceeding. "Don't spare him," urged Patterson, "let his scurvy hide have it for his treat-ment of honest Dutton. Give it to him well. Don't let his body have a sound snot in it."

well. Don't let his body have exceptized, spot in it." By this time, Dutton was recognized, and a cheer went up for him, while the castigation went on with new vigor. Ha tried to raise his voice in behalf of the miscreant, but no one would listen to him, and it was only when the smith's arms were tired of their work that Patten was released. He was more dead than alive, and skulked away like a miserable cur, not knowing where to hide himself, and followed by the hoots of the village boys.

and followed by the hoots of the village boys. "It was I spotted him, Mr. Datton," esid old Patterson in a glow of delight, as he wrung Dyke's hand, " just there above the post office ; he was asking about some parties here, and I knew his voice, and I collared him. I'd have given it to him-self, but Jim, the smith, just then came along, and he rushed and got a cowhide and gave it to the villain. I suppose he thought we didn't know of his doings or that you hadn't friends here to take your part, but he's sensible of his mistake by this time, and I don't think Saugerites will be cursed by his presence again."

this time, and i don't time Statgentee will be cursed by his presence again." And a second time Dyke's hand was shaken heartily, while others preseed about him to assure him of their satisfac-

tion at the punishment of the villain. tion at the punishment of the villain. Meg was like a child preparing for her journey to Barrytown; of course, Anne McCabe had to accompany her, for the old creature was not capable of waiting upon herself, and one afternoon, when Weewald Piece looked its brightest in summer attire, Datton and his two humble companions arrived.

summer attire, button and humble companions arrived. The servants wondered at the welcome which these humble people received. Princely gnesis could not have been the object of more attention, and Mrs. Car-object of more attention, and Mrs. Carobject of more attention, and Mrs. Car-new was seen on numerous occasions to embrace the old woman. Bat it was all made plain when they were informed, as Mr. Edgar insisted upon doing himself, that Mrs. Carnew was his daughter, and that Mr. Datton and Meg Standish were the people with whom she lived when a child. No further explanation was vonchsafed, and remembering the lesson they had received regarding indiscrimin-ate gossip, they were careful to pass but few remarke.

few remarks. Dyke was hardly prepared for the warmth with which Mr. Edgar received him; and he was touched by the almost abject penitence he showed for his former

atject penifede neshowed relation treatment of him. "I did you such a gross wrong, Mr. Dutton," he said, continuing to hold Dyke's hand, "you were the only one of us who believed in her always. Do you remember when I offered to dower her if you married her, how nobly you refused

"Say no more about it, Mr. Edgar," answered Dyke, averting his head a little, and speaking with slight huskines; apon that subject he could not and would not speak. But, though Edgar fe

"A rupture between him and his wife

who so nobly has proved himself are welco worthy of my r gard." The bequest of his wealth, while it was a delight to Mr. and Mrs. Carnew, was an the man

a cengint to MR. and MRS. CARDEW, was an intense surprise, and even a source of some regret to Dyke, for it placed him above the necessity of pursuing any busi-ness. But his active mind soon found outlets for his means in echemes of ben-evolence, and his leisure was employed in the scientific studies which he liked so well. rocker drawn up in front of it.

well. Not even then would he consent to make Weewald Place his home, nor even after Meg's death, which took place quiet-ly and painlessly. He preferred his home among the monntains he said, which home he enlarged and beautified, so that Mr. and Mrs. Carnew could spend while her companion leaned back in the big chair and looked sociably at the smaller woman. s peculiarly feminfne, she said : a part of each summer season with him. McArthur and Brekbellew found so long ?' ed Mrs. Barnard. a pioneer.

McArthur and Brekbellew found so many inducements to remain in England that they did not return for some years, and then Brekbellew showed Carnew a paragraph from a French paper. " Died in one of the hospitals here, of cancer in the face, a Mrs. Brekbellew. Her maiden name was Edna Edgar, and she is said to have been once a great heir-ess, and a woman of extraordinary beautr." part of the State nearly a dozen years, and like it much better than near

beanty." One day, Carnew received a letter from a Catholic priest in New York. It con-tained news that made the last link in the chain of superabundant evidence of Ned's incomerce of Ned's say too much about its lovely climate." inquired Mrs. Barnard, more nnocence.

innocence. The letter ran: "I am desired, dear sir, by a woman named Anne Bunmer, tostate to you some facts the concealment of which has troubled her conscience. These facts re-fer to her assertions of the identity of Mrs. Carnew with a Mrs. Mackay. ation. daughter.

Mrs. Carnew with a Mrs. Mackay. "She desires to tell you that, when con-fronted with Mrs. Carnew, she was per-fectly convinced that lady, though very closely resembling Mrs. Mackay, was not Mrs. Mackay, but that, fearing to lose the remuneration which she hoped to get for her care of Mrs. Mackay's child, she per-sisted in her false charge. Her fear of panion's face. sisted in her false charge. Her fear of detection made her flee from C----, and her conscience afterwards so tormented her, that she has at length requested me to inform you of the truth.

"Respectfally, "Rev. Chas A. HARRINGTON."

and -

her little chair in her excitement.

was Stephen Johnson-

yet I can't seem to think,"

for her handkerchief.

nard ?"

Alan hastened to show the letter t Alan hastened to show the letter to Ned, and both thought with thankful, swelling hearts, how ample and how com-plets was the justice that had been ren-dered for that foul wrong.

There is little more to be told. The Ordottes returned to open again an hospit-able mansion in C.—, but one conducted on less indiscriminate principles than in former days, and it is to be hoped that heroes and our heroine lived for many years in the erjoyment of that happiness which must come at some time from a life of rectitude.

THE END.

A COINCIDENCE.

BY MARY PEABODY SAWYER.

The train from San Felipe was b hind time, and old Mrs. Barnard shiv ered in the chilly wind. She was sit-ting on the high bench that had for its back the front wall of the small station. As the old lady was so little that she might be called "tipy," her feet danged helplessly at an uncomfortable distance from the support of the plat-

"Dear me, I wish once in a while form they'd make seats that short folks could rest in," she said to herself as she shifted from one cramped position to another.

The station was built on a side hill, put his money into an orange orchard, overlooking the lovely Santa Maria valley. The long shadows were be frosts, poor water rights and a finw in ginning to creep over it, and the distant hills were floating in a light haze

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"THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE odations. PADRES."

ome to my a

A full matronly voice thanked the young man, quite covering Mrs. Bar-nard's thin treble. The owner of the "The causes leading to the first missionary excursion into the present territory of the United States are full of romantic interest," said Mr. M. J. Reardon, of Flagstaff, Arizona, in a voice followed Mrs. Barnard into the little apartment, and the two women glanced tentatively at the big stove with a capacious arm chair and a tiny ecture entitled "The Footprints of the Padres," delivered by him, some time Mrs. Barnard seated herself in the ago, before the Newman Club of Los little rocker and chafed her cold hands,

Angeles, Cal. "Cabeza de Vaca and three com anions, survivors of the expedition of Narvaez to the coast of Florida in With that necessity for speech which 1528, wandered on foot through southern swamps and savannas until, foot-"Have you been in California sore and bedraggled, they arrived about April, 1536, at Spanish settle-"Nearly twenty five years," respendments in Mexico. "Indeed, you must have been quite

"The story of this perilous journey has been vividly told by our own Lum-I have lived in the southern mis in that unique style of his, instinct with the smoke of the camp and the breath of the plains. In their aimless Francisco, I go east every year or two on a visit, and I tell my folks they must get sick and tired of hearing me wandering, reports had reached them through the Indians whom they met, of populous cities with many storied praise up California, but I never can houses and of mines of precious metal lying to the north and west of their "What part of the east do you visit?" path in the country now comprising for the Arizona and New Mexico. Relating sake of talking than to receive informthe tales they had heard, the viceroy, Antonio de Mendoza, was stirred with "My home was in New York State, the ambition to acquire this land, with its fabled wealth of Ophir, for his and I spend most of my time there and in Connecticut, where I have a married master, his Catholic Majesty, and the souls of its inhabitants for that "I came from New York state, Coother and greater Master, Christ the lumbia County," said Mrs. Barnard with interest, tipping her chair side ways so that she could see her com. King. Casting about for a suitable agent to make the necessary reconnoissance, Fray Marcos de Nizzr, of the Order of St. Francis the Seraph, "Columbia County was my home offered to undertake the task, and was too, a little town called Ellerslie comptly commissioned by the Viceroy to penetrate the unknown country to "Ellerslie-why I came from Ellers the north, and to report whatever o lie "-and Mrs. Barnard almost upset interest to the cause of religion or of country that might be found. The "We may have known each other priestly envoy was a Savoyard, a nawhen we were children. My father tive of Nice, at that time belonging to the Duchy of Savoy. He had seen service in Peru with Pizzaro, and in "You don't mean to say that you are Beulah Johnson "-and Mrs. Bar-nard hopped out of her chair and to-Nicaragua with Pedro de Alvarado, and was consequently no novice in the ward her neighbor, whose usually dig wild life of a pioneer. He had been a nified face was becoming bright with vice commissary and provincial of his Order, and we are told in the letters of animation. "Yes, I was Beulah Johnson for obedience from his superiors that 'he twenty five years, and then I married was a regular priest, plous, virtuous and devoted, a good theologian, and familiar with the sciences of cosmo-Colton. You look natural, and

You haven't forgotten Bathen graphy and navigation." Plainton, who married James Bar Armed with the commission from Mendoza he started out from San Mig-"Well, well, can it be possible that uel de Culican, in Sinsloa, on March you are Esther. Let's draw our chairs ap close and have a good visit. I 7, 1539, accompanied by Friar Onorato, Estevanico, a Moroccan negro, and a haven't forgotten what a fine cook your mother was, and what lunches number of Indians. Estevanico was me of the survivors of the ill-fated you used to bring in your basket, when we went to the old academy. Narvaez expedition, and had made the overland journey from Florida to Mex-Ginger bread, saucer pies, fruit cake tco with Cabeza de Vaca No doubt he loughnuts and red apples. You wer was selected to accompany De Nizza a dear generous little girl, Esther, and because of his familiarity with the rough life of a ploneer, and for the many a day I would have gone home hungry if it hadn't been for you. Mrs. Colton pressed her companion knowledge of making his way among Indians which he had gained on that remarkable trip. Onorato fell ill when hand warmly and then began a hunt the Bio del Fuerte was reached, and "Those days were my best days, was sent back. The others of the turned Mrs Barnard with a sad smile party pushed forward, crossing the "My husband was a kind man, but somehow he always got the wrong side of a bargain. He bought at the top

Rips Mayo and Yaqui, reaching a place near the present Matapa in Sonora about the middle of April. From price of a boom, and had to sell when this point Estevanico was sent ahead to hings began to look shaky. When he blaze the way. "Marcos de Nizza followed the route everything happened to it. Scale and

Pedro, he branched off near the pres-

indicated by the negro and en-tered the territory of Arizona at the title. But there, I mustn't com-tered the territory of Arizona at plain while I have my health and plenty to eat and drink. I want to

Eate

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and a burro for a Pullman. Who o us would not look upon it with dismay Tet the distance from Los Angeles to each of these points is practically that from Culiacan to Zuni by the rout Fray Marcos de Nizza traveled, ar proximately seven hundred an seventy-five miles. The trip to any o the points named could now be mad in comfort even astride a burro, a compared with the journey accord complished by our hero. W guage of the country ; we would kno what was before us : we would have : fear of attack from man or beast, y of us could be induced to unde take it ? Friar Marcos ventured in a country, the desolation of which no but those who have soon can cencely Mile after mile of dreary, waterle treeless plain, his food such as he con from the natives, his 'res tone', and crafty savages his associat On the deserts he crossed even now th is danger from thrist, from rept and insects, from heat and from dians. This very day we read of ravages of the Yaquis in the land traversed. Only yesterday we wa with bated breath for news of the r savage raid of the cruel Apa through whose very lair Fray Ma passed undaunted. On the ret trip he had the added bur of disappointed hope to carry, and added discomfort of excessive he No sun on the American c bear. nent beats down with more pi ardor than that which scorched a l part of his course, and the refra from the sand-dunes and bare intensifies it immeasurrbly. Sur Nizza performed a heroic feat whi returned to Cultacan after his jou covering over 1,5000 miles, in a line, a distance equal to that from Angeles to the Mississippi rive from New York City to the Col

HIS CONVERSION.

Storp of Bishop Ives, the Former copatian Dignitary.

The Truth is a little magazi voted to giving explanations Catholic Church. It is always esting, even to those in no need explanations, and is evidently lishing a good deal of good. last issue the Truth contained from one signing himself "An lian." We give the letter a answer :

Ashevilie,

My Daar Sir-I have read so man works and among other thave noted that they hold Bish the former Episcopal Bishop o Carolina. as one of their gre verts. Now, sir, I do not wish discourteous, nor do I wish to s thing against Bishop Ives or else. But I have always hear the time Bishop Ives went ove Roman Church his mind had weakened, and that he aftern canted and died in the comm the Episcopal Church. I have recantation spoken of in so which I can not now put my But if these are the facts of th think you will agree, rev. si is villainous in these apol Rome to drag in the name Ives to help them out.

Very truly AN EPIS

Answer. - We agree with o pondent that if these are

the case "it is villainous " i writers to knowingly urge ti Ives as a help to Catholic only "villainous" but a s if our cor 'villainy," wishes to so designate it, fo hundreds and thousands names which could be used fectively to " help out " t Church as the name of Dr. verts to the Catholic Churc ly from Episcopalianism, an ous and of such a high guished a character that any one is not much of or a draw-back. There is markable facts about Rome "-we usually get palianism or Protestantism best men they have-men est and most religious ch embrace Catholic faith in s obstacle and sacrifice, me nothing to gain and every by becoming Catholics, us solely from love of th those who leave the Catho so under the opposite cl The knowledge of this c certain Episcopalian to r get our best men and trash. But to "the f these we are quite sure th pondent will find the the other side, Most of our readers was the Bishop Ives? an He was the Episcopal B Carolina fifty years ag for thirty years, up to entering the Catholic C was held in the high love by the Episcopalia who gave to the Episco North Carolina whateve tendency it possesses which it has never lost. attempted to found the institution of Valle Cru tains of North Caroli which has brought som to his name in certain q the influence of the Or headed by Newman an has brought so many ters into the Catholi which sixty years ago of its inception, Bisi number of others be study and propagatio lief and practice of the

and a tear of commiseration fell upon this letter. "She deserves it all," said Alan, sav-

agely. Mrs. Doloran became Mrs. Ordotte, and Mrs. Doloran became and, Ordote, and she seemed to become her new honor well; she was blushing and radiant as a much more youthful bride might have been, and she leaned upon her bubband's arm with all the grace of one who, having arm with all the grace of one who, having gone through the ceremony a second time, might be supposed to know how to avoid every awkwardness of such an ordeal. When the hour came for her departure, her farewells were characterized by a feeling unusually sincere, and that made her neuhow experience. for her a deeper

her nephew experience for her a deeper throb of affection than he had felt perhaps ever before. And so Rahandabed was left at length

to the care alone of the servants whose task it was to prepare it for the reception of its future temporary owners, and while Mrs. Ordotte was whirled with her hus-band to New York, Mrs. Carnew, with her husband, returned to Weewald Place. There, Alau united with Ned in contributing to Mr. Edgar's happiness; but th buting to Mr. Edgar's happiness; but the poor, blighted gentleman seemed incap-able of responding to their efforts, and he continued to sink until he could no long-er leave his bed. Then Ned constituted herself his chief nurse, and the old man grew to feel that no voice was bo so so thing, no tonch an tander as was hers. Someno touch so tender as was hers. Some-times he caught her hands, and sheld them while he looked into her face with such melancholy wistfulness that she was fain to turn her eyes away. Alan wa sometimes present on those occasions, and he also was fain to turn away from the wistful look: to him it conveyed so plain y the struggle of the father to claim that which he still strangely hesitated to

be convinced was his own. One evening, when Ned had retired for a little, leaving her husband with the invalid, the latter said suddenly and with a much stronger voice than he had used

for some time: "If Ordotte, for some time: "If Ordotte, were here I would have him apply the essence of which he spoke, to Mrs. Carnew."

'He gave the essence into my charge,'

"Did he?" speaking with a sort of joyful animation, and raising himself slightly in the bed. "Then, Alao, you can apply it to-morrow; but do not let her know our object; pretend that it is only to test the power of this wonderful drug — that it forms latters which sneally argue them power of this wonderful drug — that is power of this wonderful drug — that is forms letters which speedily erase them-selves. Can you? Will you do so?" He raised himself still more, and he looked with wild longing into the face

"Yes;" said Alan, feeling that it would

be no difficult lask to keep from Ned the true object of the application. So, the next morning at the breakfast table, Carnew told his wife of Mr. Edgar's were known alone to his own secret soul; desire, and unsuspicious Ned saw in it not a word, not a sign should every be-

Carnew's wish, she retired, and Mirs. Car-new stood looking down at the white still face. It was so white and still, that it made her tremble even more than she had done on her entrance to the room. What if it were death that made it look so, and that he should never wake to tell her with big own ling that he now fully

take his departure. No inducements from Edgar and Carnew, no affectionate entreaty from Ned could alter his ceter-mination. The little mountain home, he said, was the place for Meg, and the ut-most they could win from him was the promise of an annual visit. Edgar felt that he knew the reason of Dyke's re-fasal to make Weewald Place his home, but he also kept Dyke's secret, and while so, and that he should never wake to tell her with his own lips that he now fully believed her to be his daughter. She stooped to him until her breath fanned his face. He stirred, and woke, looking at her in a bewildered and half unconat her in a bewindered and har distinction ecous manner for a few moments; then his memory seemed to return, and his eyes regained their old earnest, wistfal

look. At length, it all came back; what scene of an hour before, his own wild but he also kept Dyke's secret, and while he pitied him for his silent, hidden sufferemotions soothed by the opiate the nurse had administered, and his impatience-

before he had fallen into that slumber-to have Ned made acquainted with the story of her birth. He lifted up his arms to her, and cried huskily :

My daughter. " My father.'

She responded, as she wound her arms about him, and shed upon his breast her appy tears.

LXII.

Now that his doubt was gone, that he how that his doubt was gone, that he possessed in Ned a daughter in whom he constantly discovered new resemblances to her idolized mother, Mr. Edgar seemed to rally. He was able to leave his be for a portion of each day, and he insistent Meg to make upon inviting Dyke and Meg their home in Weewald Place their nome in weewald Flace. Failing that, they must at least promise to spend some weeks with Mr. Edgar; and Ned, when she had written the letter, was ob-liged to read it to her father to assure him that she had made the invitation most urgent; but even then he was not satisfied until he had appended in his

own room, wrote again beneath front: "By all the love you have ever borne me, Dyke, do not refuse this favor ; my

happiness cannot be complete until you and dear old Meg are here to witness it; and dear old meg are here to writess it; so, if you will not make your home with us, at least come to us for a little while. Come and see my father. "Your own Ned."

And Dyke, when he read the letter, port is already busy coupling her name with that of a dashing military officer."

could not refuse her. "Since," he said to himself, "it will gratify her so much, why should we not go for a little while?"

go for a little while ?" And he put her letter away and strove to be happy in the thought of her great happiness; but, despite his efforts there remained the oid pain in his heart; for Ned was so dear, and his nature was so strong and tender, it was still hard to let her be to him only the sister ahe arm.

of rose and violet radi his wish, he read more than Dyke dreamed he did, and he knew now, as he ranches, with their boundaries accented by the lines of blue green encalyp dreamed ne did, and ne knew now, as be felt he had known five years before, that Dutton loved Ned with a lover's love. The fortnight passed, and Dyke would take his departure. No inducements tus, looked as silent as if their owners were in a Rip Van Winkle sleep.

The month was December, and the heavy fall trains had stimulated Mother Nature to dress the barren hillsides in a coat of green fern-like leaves.

Soon the earlier wild flowers would raise their delicate faces to meet the dazzling glory of the California sunshine.

Over this landscape Mrs. Barnard gazed with untouched vision. Another nature might have been lifted to the heights of burning poetry or impassioned prose, but she shivered in the breeze from the Pacific and wished she had put on a heavier cape.

but he also kept Dykes secret, and while he pitied him for his silent, hidden suffer-ing, he admired him for that strength of character which made him so firmly re-ject the sweet temptation of being often in Ned's presence. A year elapsed; a pleasant, peaceful year varied only by letters from Mr. and Mrs. Ordotte, in which was enthusiastic-ally described the pleasure that lady took in her Indian travels; indeed, so much enjoyment did they afford her, that it was possible their stay would be pro-longed another twelve months. Letters had come also from Brekbellew, giving glowing accounts of the regard in which his uncle still continued to hold him and McArthur, and doleful details of his consin's married life. One letter con-tained: " A rupture between him and his wife Still, though her seat was hard and she could not get away from the wind, there was no reason why she should be hungry. Susan, her son's wife, had put some good things in her basket, perhaps to partly atone for a sharp peech the day before. How comforting a hot cup of tea

would taste ! O.ives and guava jelly, marmalade, a mince turnover and ome rich cookies. Yes, Sarah could cook, if she couldn't always control her temper.

A rupture between him and his wife seems imminent, not a little hastened by the penuriousness and severity of his uncle. Young Mrs. Brekbellew has grown daring and defiant, and of late has Before Mrs. Barnard had sampled the basket's contents, she was startled by the appearance of a canopy-top surformed acquaintances not at all to the old gentlemans taste, nor, for that matter, to the taste of her poor, little, brainless husrey, drawn by a span of well-matched black horses. A large woman of about fifty stepped easily on the station plat-form. The driver handed her a leather gentieman's taste, nor, for that matter, to the taste of her poor, little, brainless hus-band. But these acquaintances are en-abling her to see something of the gay life she evidently longs for, and none of the start some fine travelling case, a fur cape and a gold us will be surprised to hear some fine morning that she has actually left her handled umbrella.

Little Mrs. Barnard suddenly lost her appetite and stuffed her clives and turnover into the basket. She was husband." The prediction seemed to have been verified very shortly, for his very next verified very shortly, for his very next letter contained an account of Mrs. Brek-bellew's flight from the house of her uncle, and her temporary shelter with one of her fashionable acquaintances. "And she absolutely refuses to see her husband," the letter continued, "and re-nort is already, here compliant her more partly conscious that she made an absurd figure on the high bench, and she decided to slip around to the other side of the station and ask the agent how

much longer she would be obliged to wait for the train. The young fellow, who was ticket and freight agent, as well as telegraph operator, said that it would be at least twenty one minutes before the San Felipe and Santa Maria train would be Looking over Mrs. Barnard's in. head, but appearing to include her in

new and sudden shering of it was found and when his will was read, it was found that he had bequeathed his forume to Dykard Dutton. "For," the paper ran, "knowing that my beloved daughter is mply secured in the love and fortune of her husband, I would do a late justice to gular treat, talking." Just at that moment the young sta tion agent threw open the outer door.

you ?

know how you are getting on in the world, Beulah," ended Mrs. Barnard, ent site of Benson, crossed the Gila and Salt rivers, and the White mountains, nearly breathless from rapid speaking. "Well, Ester, you know we used to be as poor as poverty. We scrimped and pared and pinched till we came to and probably reached the southern headwaters of the Little Colorado the little end of nothing. There were nine of us children, and after father died, mother decided to take up with Mrs Henry Colton's offer. She was geing to California to live, and took sort of a notion that she wanted me for companion, would treat me like her In the course of time daughter. married her son, and we were prospered in every way. My husband died a few years ago, and it's kept me pretty busy looking after the pro-perty, for we had no children to take any of the care off my shoulders. But how strange that we should meet here ! It proves that all the unlikely things ion't happen in books. You mu come and make me a long visit right away," ended the little old lady with a

river. Here, when within two or three days' travel of the seven cities of Cibola, as his destination was known to him, a terrified Indian met him, and related how Estevanico had reached the first of the cities, and had been murdered by its inhabitants. This news dashed the hopes of the good Friar, and dissipated the splendid visions he had entertained during all his lays of patient plouding. He deterabandon the mined, however, not to enterprise without viewing the city which he had traveled so far to see. His Indian followers, in fear of vanico's assailants, opposed any nearer approach of the Cibolan stronghold, and even threatened to murder the intrepid friar should he attempt it. In his extremity, Fray Marcos retired to a secluded spot, where he gave himself to prayer, and brave smile and tearful eyes. "Now look here, Ester, next week's upon his return to the Indians he sucmy birthday, and you just come along ceeded in inducing a few of them to and spend it with me. We'll make accompany him to an eminence, when

believe that the old days have come from afar he caught a fugitive view of back, and see if we can't have some mince pies and doughnuts that'll taste the object of his desire, the terraced Indian pueblo of Hawiku, in the as good as they used to. I haven't a chick or a child, and Ah Fong takes rhood of the present site of the neighbo Mexico. Buildpueblo of Zuni, New care of the house. You'll come, wont ing a pile of rock in sight of the village, and raising a wooden cross, he 'It's as kind as can be to ask me, took possession of the country for his Catholic Majesty, and gave it the name but-" "Oh, no, the kindness is all on your of the New Kingdom of St. Francis. side. I'm the ionesome one, and I

Then he turned his face homeward, want somebody to entertain me ; that's and footsore but cheerful, retraced the the way to look at it, Ester. These weary miles to Cullacan. people out here-what do they know story of the first European entry into about the singing schools and the huskings, the sleigh rides and the Arizona, - a negro and a few Indians, led by a simple priest on mission in-tended to open the way to the Cross; the words of the Masquilting parties? Nothing at all. And more than this, Ester, if we two old girls are as fond of each other toter, 'Go teach all nations,' spoken by ay as we were more than forty years Galilee's distant sea, the impelling ago, let's end our days together. motive of it all. At first thought it Mrs. Barnard's mild blue eyes shone eems to have been an inconsiderable now. No more travels backward and enterprise ; but upon further consider ferward between San Felipe and Santa ation we find it full of daring, hard-Maria, but a quiet home with Beulah ship and distress. Consider what an undertaking it would be for one of us It was almost too good to be true. "I'll come, and we'll just have a re to strike out across country from Los Angeles to day for Chihushus, Mexico, r Denver, Colorado, or Yellowstone

"Train from San Felipe due in two minutes."-Boston Budget.