until he found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dropped out at Tie Slding by an overwatchful brakeman, it was with a sense of relief that he felt that Dicky had been more successful than himself. He was not thus to lose sight of Dicky, however. When the freight train passed on, Dicky scrambled up from the concept have and issued.

sight of Dicky, however. When the freight train passed on, Dicky scrambled up from the opposite bank and joined him. They had no remark to make. Once in a while a sort of grunt from Dick Burns showed that he was not altogether pleased with the part of God's world—God's world as man has made it—in which they found themselves.

Tie Siding looked its reputation of being one of the worst little towns in Wyoming. It nestled on the side of the forlorn mountain pass, as lonely a collection of board shanties as one would care to see. Still, it had its attractions for those banished by the law and hunted by the authorities. Perhaps the most int re ting fact in connection with Tie Siding was that it lay less than half a mile to the west of Dale Creek restle.

I; was likely that Derry Garratt had never heard of such a place before he was so quietly dropped oil the front end of the bilind baggage the day previous to what is still known to railroad men as the 'big storm.' Picturesque in its surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the still known to railroad men as the 'big storm.' Picturesque in its surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the still known to railroad men as the 'big storm.' Picturesque in its surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the store of the biling the proposed of the surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and the surroundings the sort of grant mand.

"You'll come out all right." There was a note of defiance in his voice.

"No," said Father Maurice, gravely.

"i

surroundings, the trestle was set in the

it was late in autumn, and there was a chill in the air once the sun went down.

"You didn't hurry yourself any," said Dick, when he saw him. "Considering we've got to make our 'getaway' at 5:30 |
Special car or not," he added, grinning, "we can't keep it waiting."

Derry Garratt said nothing. He did not care much about Dicky Burns; but he had been in decided hard luck when he met him the week before, and the honor of the road kept him tied to him until he found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dependent of the road kept him tied to him the found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dependent of the road kept him tied to him the found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dependent of the road kept him tied to him the found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dependent of the road kept him tied to him the found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dependent of the road kept him tied to him the found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dependent of the road kept him tied to him the found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dependent of the road kept him tied to him the found a legitimate excuse for passing on alone. So when, that night, he was quietly dependent of the road kept him tied to him t

"I? Shake hands with you? I—I couldn't, Father."
"Your mother would like it, Derry."

Hesitatingly, painfully, Derry ex-"Your mother had you, my mother had me," he said.

He may be holding onto you in just that fashion, Derry."

with a fury almost indescribable. Dale Creek had become a swollen, roaring, maddened torrent during the short afternoon and the risen waters were afternoon and the risen waters were tearing at the trestle abutments and beating with tremendous force against the under-framing. The glimmer of a lantern shot into the dark room, and there-was the sound of voices. Just as poor Derry bent his head for absolution, a man's value reached them.

a man's voice reached them.
"You can't do it," he said. "The
trestle won't stand for an hour. There's a regular hurricane smashing at her You can't get your freight through to

night."
It was the car which Derry had been waiting for to take him away from Tie Siding. Derry and Father Maurice Siding. Derry and Father Maurice with one impulse, went outside. The car, eastbound, loomed up before them, not a wheel moving. A little group of men stood near it. The track-walker looked up as Father Maurice walked close to him, and nodded. Everyone knew Father Maurice.

"Glad to see you, Father," he said briefly. "There's nasty work ahead. All the wires in the mountain division.

God."

Dick shivered slightly.

"Don't put it that way. You can't touch people in heaven."

"Not most people. But a mother—a good mother—is different. Her children's shame is hers in heaven or out of it."

The last words were spoken in a low voice, full of reverent homage and wonder, but full also of a great wistfulness and a tender yearning.

"Yes, my lad, Father Kramer is a martyr. Did you notice how [white he is, and how thin, and how hard it is for him to walk? That's from the fever and from the tortures. And on his neck,

children's shame is hers in heaven or out of it."

Dick turned aside.

"It's mighty hard to lead a decent life when everyone's against a fellow," he said.

"I know it is. But if a fellow gets a chance?"

"Who'd give me a chance?"

"I happen to know of one—a chap who's made himself decent for his dead mother's sake. Will you take it?"
Dick hesitated. He was softened, ashamed, and—something more. He extended his hand.

"I'll take it," he said briefly. "I won't say I'll do more than try."

"You try—your mother will do the rest," said Father Maurice.

THE FULFILLMENT

is, and how thin, and how hard it is for him to walk? That's from the fever to him to walk? That's from the fever to him to walk? That's from the fever the wast ortured, almost killed by de wounds my boy, and his back and chest; they're all cut and swollen and they hurt him, now yet, so long after. Ah, he's a great man, a brave man, he's a giant, and to think that I—I—" He stopped short. I saw him turn his head away and the umbrella trembled in his hand, so that it swerved to one side and let the rain fall on my shoulder.

"I'll take it," he said briefly. "I' wanted to be a missionary, too, oh! how I dreamed about it when I was a boy, and I can't help dreaming of it now. Father Kramer's coming home, brought it all back to me in full force. You know George Kramer and I went to him to walk? That's from the fever the land of the him to walk? That's from the fever the land of the said you see that purple scar? That's where he was tortured, almost killed by deven he was tortured, almost killed

London, in the latter part of the second decade of the nineteenth century, might be read by our people with so much advantage as to-day. Even some of our very ablest statesmen seem to be squinting towards socialism. They do not seem to recognize the fact, a fact that cannot be denied, that if you scratch a socialist you are sure to find an atheist.

ou are sure to find an atheist.

Like the poet, the orator seems often Like the poet, the orator seems often to possess prophetic genius. It is true that the teachings of Tom Paine in his "Age of Reason," were more or less rampant in England at the time of the delivery of the address from which the following extract is taken, but the language seems to apply rather to the present day and to the land of America, where outside indeed of the Catholice. where, outside, indeed, of the Catholic Church, all respect for holy things, and especially for the Sacred Scriptures, ms to be on a rapid decline. not be amiss, therefore, to pause read Phillips on

THE DISGRACE OF BIGOTRY

M"How miserable a thing is bigotry, when every friend puts it to blush and every triumph but rebukes its weakness! knew Father Maurice.

"Glad to see you, Father," he said briely. "There is nasty work ahead. All the wires in the mountain division are down and the Overland is due here in an hour. And there's no time to go round and stop her."

"The priest's face paled.

"But, man, someone must go!"

"Whoever goes will have to cross the trestle, Father."

The refight conductor stooped and picked up the red lantern, swinging to over his arm.

"The going to try," he said. "The trestle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The rest wind of man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow.

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a do free pitch to work for septement to ward Father Maurice.

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a beat that he was twice as old as I, we were fast friends and he had often given me his confidence. To-day he seemed not to notice me. Now his eyes left the window and trooped over the series of the window. I stepped over to peer out of the window, I stepped over to peer out of the window, too; to see what he saw.

The rest wind of my life."

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle'l hold the weight of a man, anyhow."

The restle's hat the mountain division are down and thorst, poised his hammer in mid-air. His eyes looked up from the big sole of the little window in front of him, the window in the shop for some time. I often visited (him at his work, for despite the fact that he was twice as old as I, we were fast friends and he had often given me his confidence. To-day he seemed not to notice me. Now his eyes left the window and turned back to the shoe on his knee, and he looked dreamily out of the window and to very hear exhaling and every very se

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DERRY GARRATT. HERO

by Gues Keen, in The Ave Mare

My Dearest Keen, in The Ave Mare

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My Dearest Keen, in The Ave Mare

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Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit wrapped in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent and decisive—a will, despoting in the solitude of the solitud

-a will, despotic in its dictates-an energy that distanced expedition, and a energy that distanced expedition, and a censcience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

With no friend but his sword, and no

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the above of the ideal. ne knett at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not promulgate, in the hope of a dynasty, he upneld the crescent for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic, and with a parieidal ingratitude, on the ruins of both of the theorems.

on the ruins of both of the throne an the tribune, he reared the throne of his A professed Catholic, he imprisoned

fortune played the clown to his

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