lood,"—so young, so pretty, so inno-ent. And she—she is the thief! Poor little Katie Mackay taken up at

last! There is no hope of escape. The misfortune which of all others she

has always dreaded has overtaken her

Good bye to sweet liberty—good bye to the madly happy hours of her guilty

little existence! She is a prisoner, caught in the very act of stealing, and the punishment, she knows, will be no

slight one.

As may be surmissed, the gentleman who has kindly restored to Auld Rob

his quarter of lamb, is no other than the detective already mentioned—the

same who, lighting his cigar under the

lamp-post, had seemed to Katie so harmless, and so inattentive to her

proceedings. It is he, however, who has done the deed; it is he who now

holds her fast, who is going to take her away to the cold, dark lock-up cell, to

turn the key upon her, and to leave her alone to her own melancholy re

night, and day, and night again, tha

will have to elapse before she can be brought before the magistrates. From the moment he lays hands upon her she knows that resistance will be useless; she therefore makes

no attempt to escape, but submits quietly to her fate. She cries very

bitterly, however—cries, in fact, as if her heart were breaking, and elicits

the compassion of many passers by as she walks along by the detective's side to the station house. Of Jeanie she hears no more until Monday morning,

when she catches sight of her friendly countenance in the Court during her

own examination before the magis

Katie has spent the greater part of

two nights and a day in the most de jected frame of mind that can possibly

e conceived; but now that she finds

herself in the open Court, in presence

of judge, police inspectors, and, above all, in sight of many eager faces who

are watching, she knows, to see how

she will comport herself, her natural stock of impudence returns to her.

She is determined to put a good fac

upon the matter-to show that she has

ome "spunk" in her, and not to allow

the magistrate to have the satisfaction

of thinking she cares about punish

tends to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge preferred against her, she

replies at once, with stolid impudence

"Indeed," said the magistrate coldly; "then I am afraid we must

take care you do not get the chance.

one of the detectives. Two or three

deal of talking goes on in an under

tone, which Katie cannot hear dis-

tinctly, but she catches her mother's name coupled with that of Mrs. Kerr,

and rightly surmises that her relations

with the latter are not likely to in-

cline the magistrate to leniency in her

Katie becomes indescribably rest-

assumed air of indifference, nodding

and making signs to her friends

The magistrate continues to eve her

attentively, until, having obtained all

"Twenty days' imprisonment, with

serious admonition to the young thief: and then the magistrates inquiries if

anyone knows what religion her

No one knows, it seems : Katie her

So the magistrate, as a matter

course, gives orders that she shall be

sent to the Protestant reformatory

and Katie is about to be removed to

make room for the next prisoner, but

she suddenly flashes forth in a manner

that takes everyone present by sur-

prise.
"I's nae a Protestan'. How daur ye

"Are you a Roman Catholic, then?"

asks the magistrate. "What do you

"Maybe mair nor ye wud think," answers Katie impudently. "Ony

way, I'm nae Protestant; ye can just

send me to a Roman Catholic reforma-

Here two or three witnesses, ac-

quaintances of Katie's mother, came

tardily forward to declare that the

child speaks truly about her parents'

religion; so the magistrate, who is get-

ing impatient, reverses his order.

Katie, duly registered as a Roman

Catholic, receives her sentence over

Catholic reformatory."
"You are a bad, ignorant girl, I

fear," says the magistrate sternly.
"Go now; I advise you to amend your

life, or you will come to the gallows

out her tongue at the magistrate as she

is marched out of the Court back to one

some of these days."

"Five years' detention in a

nor oucht belanging to me!

know about religion, eh?"

Nor me mither, nor feyther,

among the crowd.

parents professed.

self is silent.

say't?

got the chance I wud do it agen!

"Ay, ay, I did do it! and gin I's

of voice and manner,

dections through the long, dr

cent.

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER III. -CONTINUED. "I dinna think on't, lassie; maybe ane o' they days I'll tak' mysel' up an' be guid, but it's owre sune yet." "I dinna wish to win intil hell at

"Ye needna gang, lassie!" ex-claims Agnes, suddenly standing still and placing her hands on the shoulders of her young companion, while some honest tears dim her pretty dark eyes. "Ye didna need to gang, and I wish we maunna hae to reproach oursel' wie misleadin' ye, ye puir innocen bairn! I's awfu' bad mysel', Katie but I ken whaur ye cud get larning a aboot God, an' maybe save yer soul, but they'll be for no lettin' ye come nigh-han' on us nae mair; an' I'll no gang to deceive ye, ye maun gie up a

yer fun, gin ye gang yonder."
"Och! no," says Katie, shrinking
with terror as a vision of school discipline rises before her; "I dinna care Agnes; maybe, gin we min' oorsel's God'll no see us!"

Agnes shakes her head, and walks on again; the one flash of good im-pulse is being stifled within her as she

replies,
"There's nae hidin' frae God, ye
"There's nae hidin' frae He sees ken, Katie. He kens a', an' He sees a', an' He's aye speerin' doon upon us, an' aye a-writin' in His big buik; ye canna deceive Him, an' He wull sit in judgmen' owre us some o' they days. Tak' my advice, noo, dinna bother r heid nae mair aboot Him."
'What way did ye sing the prayers

Agnes? what like are they?"
"Och! dinna bother," says Agnes,
who is getting rather tired of the conversation. "I kent the words, ye ken, we aye sang them in the schuil; gin ye gang to the schuil, ye'll sune larn them, lassie; maybe the magistrates wull be sendin' ye yonder yet. Is yon no Jeanie? Awa' ye gang! I's no comin' hame for a wee bit.

Saying which, Agnes disengages her arm from Katie's grasp and turns off in another direction.

Saturday evening in Mrs. Kerr's dwelling is the busiest, noisiest even-ing in the week. On the Saturday following the Sabbath referred t above, she finds her hands particularly full of occupation. A dishonest speculation in Liverpool has achieved great success during the last week, which has brought in a large amou

of profit to Mrs. Kerr.

The principal parties concerned in the theft have eluded police vigilance in Liverpool, and have removed them selves to Glasgow. There is to be a general rendezvous

at Mrs. Kerr's house, who provides a grand "cooky-shine" for the entertainment of her most "respectable

Towards nightfall Mrs. Kerr finds that the numbers of the company have increased beyond her expectations, so that she is obliged to send out for more provisions. Now, upon no occasion in her life has Mrs. Kerr been better able to afford to pay for what she buys. The supper is not at her expense, sh will be paid well for it; her dishonesty is more than usually inexcusable. "Jeanie," she says with a signifi-

cant wink to her youngest danghter, cant wink to her youngest dangles, throwing, as she speaks, a five-shilling throwing, as she speaks, a five-shilling bit on the table, "tak" you eroon piece, an haste ye, lassie, I maun hae piece, an haste ye, las anither leg o' pork.' Katie, who is present, looks up sud

denly, and makes a sign which Jeanie seems to understand, for she takes up the crown, balancing it on her finger as she replies,
"A' richt, mither, maybe mutton o

beef wull be a' ane wie pork ; we maun aye bring what we can get, ye ken." "Ye ken yerself lassie," responds Mrs. Kerr briefly, and the girls know what they have to do, and lay their plans accordingly. If they are clever enough to furnish Mrs. Kerr with twice as much meat as the crown will buy, and yet to spend no money, why half the crown will be their own as a reward for successful thieving. Mrs. Kerr will have bought her meat cheaply, and the girls will have the large sum of one-and-three pence each to spend as they please. Jeanie will lay it out on whiskey. Katie cannot quite take to whiskey yet, but she will probably buy it for somebody else.

What has come over little Katie, by the way, this evening? She has done what she is about to do now scores of times. She has never seemed the least afraid; but to-night she is spiritless and dejected, and her hands are posi-tively trembling.

"What ails ye, lassie?" asked Jeanie, as they leave the house together to seek their opportunity. "Ye are that miserable.

"I dinna ken what's this that's cam owre me," says Katie, gloomily, "I dinna feel myself' at a'."

"Ye're niver feart, lassie? gay pale, I niver seed' ye sae put aboot

'Aweel, Jeanie, I didna say I war feart; but d'ye ken I cudna get a wink

o' sleep a' nicht for thinkin' "Thinkin', lassie; what aboot?"
"Ye ken! I telt ye, Jaanie—aboot

about us to the police. Jeanie bursts out laughing, and hind quarter o' laamb?" laughs so immoderately that Katie turns upon her wrathfully.

"Go on noo, ye big fule that ye in a tone of horror.
e," she says, angrily. "Is quite "As sure as I'm s are," she says, angrily.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

nigh hand the schuil. Ye can thank versel' I's sae ignoran', ye can so.

"Och, ye fule, responds Jeanie, half amused, half irritated. "Ye's gotten nae cause to be affrontit, but ye'd gar ony cuddy laugh to hear ye; did ony-body iver hear the like? Is it the A'michty ye's meanin'?"
"I dinna kin noucht aboot the

A'michty," says Katie discontentedly.
"I telt ye, Jeanie; it's Him that bides
oop in Heeven, that has the big buik,
that Agnes tells me about, yon Sab-

"Ay, ay! it's a' ane," laughs Jeanie. "They call Him the A'michty!—aweel, then, lassie, dinna fash yersel' nae mair aboot Him, He never lets on to naebody, He never lets folk get a sicht o' Him at a', an' disna folk get a sicht o' Him at a, an disna concern Him hissel' aboot oor affairs that muckle. Ye can tak' my word for it, it wull no be till we dee that we'll get seein' Him."
"Aweel, "replies Katie, a little re-assured, "I'm no sayin' but it may be so. Wull we try auld Rob Macleod the right it's lang syne we gied him a

nicht, it's lang syne we gied him a visit.

The butcher's shop selected by Katie stands at the corner of a street which turns off into an alley, long, dark and narrow, thus affording a favorable outlet of escape. The front part of the shop looks into a more frequented locality, and on Saturday evenings it is generally pretty full of customers, who keep the old man, Robert Macleod (Auld Rob. as he is called in the neigh-Auld Rob, as he is called in the neigh borhood), with his son, his only assist ant, very busily occupied.

Jeanie and Katie do not look like

thieves. They are neatly clad in the ordinary dress worn by girls of their class in Glasgow. They are walking very unobtrusively down the street, and more than one person turns to take a second glance at the pretty, fairhaired, blue eyed child, who is entirely

naired, blue-eyed child, who is entirely engrossed, it would seem, by the conversation of her elder companion, to whose arm she clings. And yet they have been watched, ever since they left Mrs. Kerr's dwelling. Two detectives in plain clothes have been hanging about that reighbached. been hanging about that neighborhood all day, and when Katie and Jeanie off upon their errand they are followed by one of the officers, who, feeling positive that the girls are up to mischief, means to keep them well in

His suspicions are strengthened before long, for as Auld Rob's shop is very much crowded, the girls have decided to wait a little, until there are fewer people about. Accordingly they take a round of several streets, come back again, take another round, and return once more.

This time it would appear from their movements that they are satisfied the right moment has come. Katie drops leanie's arm and crosses the street alone, while Jeanie walks slowly into the alley, and hides herself behind a half-open door, leading into a dark court beyond. Katie, meanwhile, walks quickly for a few yards up the pavement, then stands still again, and glances furtively round her.

It is getting late, there are few people about—no one very near the shop. She only sees one gentleman, shop. She only sees one gentleman, with his back to her, lighting his cigar under a lamp post; he is on the opposite side of the street : he is very unlikely to notice her.

She walks back past the butcher's shop, looks in as she passes with an demure, shy glance, then innocent,

has just retreated into an inner portion of the establishment; he has gone to fetch the shutters, and when he returns, and the peppery female has been contented, or discontented, as the case may be, Auld Rob intends to close the premises until Monday morn-

A sharp altercation is going on be-twixt Auld Rob and his customer, respecting the weight and quality of a certain piece of beef.

"Hoo daur ye tell sic a dounricht falsehood, Mistress Donaghue? ken fine I aye telt ye yon was no the prime part o' the beef.—Eh, what's this ye're wantin' lassie?" this last remark addressed to Katie, who stands humbly, with her little basket over her arm, looking very like the nursery picture of ''. Red Riding Hood'' without her cloak.

"Please, sir, wull I get twa pen-north o' bones?" she asks, in the pretiest voice possible. "Bide a wee bit, dearie; Anerew 'll

be here the noo to sarve ye," says the old man, hurriedly. "Anerew! An-

"Comin', feyther," is the reply from within; and Katie fears that Andrew's speedy appearance may put an end t to her designs. Luck favors her s far, however. Andrew does not come for some five minutes longer, and Auld Rob, thinking he has done his duty by his small customer, turns the whole o his attention to the red-faced, pepper female, who is waxing more wrathfu every minute.

By the time Andrew steps upon the scene the dispute regarding the meat has, however, been settled, and when, in reply to Andrew's question— "What was ye wanting, feyther?' Auld Rob looks round him, he per

ceives that the "lassie" is gone.

He does not trouble his head much Him that kens a an' sees a', it's aye about her until Andrew utters an ex ane o' these days He wull be snibelin' clamation of dismay.

"Eh, feyther, whaur hae ye put the "Ye dinna mean to tell me it's no ir

its place, div ye?" asked the old man, "As sure as I'm standing here I do. affrontit at you; tak' yer fun o'yer feyther! I cud tak' my oath it war sel' that got me persuadit niver to gang here whan I gaed oot to bring in their

shutters!

of the cells, there to wait till the prison-Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

well.

But that is her last bit of "show-off."

agitation; but before he has time to say another word a gentleman steps into the shop with the missing hind-quarter of lamb in one hand, while with the other he grasps tightly by the collar a small, weeping child, the same who looked, a few minutes ago, so like the picture of a hoodless "Red Riding Head" so young so pretty, so inno-With it ends the first portion of little Katie's life. From the moment when, entering the

gloomy van, she catches a farewell glimpse of familiar faces who have thronged around the Court house doors, that they may bid her "cheer up" and keep up a "guid heart," she has stepped out of the old into an entirely new phase of existence. The first act in the drama of that

existence is already a thing of the past; Katie will not return to her Glasgow friends as she is now leaving them. For five long years a veil drops over the life of Katie Mackay. We shall find her again presently—not an irresponsible, untaught, uncared-for little heathen, but still Katie-Katie Mackay all over, with her wild, passionate, daring nature—with her dangerous beauty—with her warm, loving heart—and, remembering her early training, who will be otherwise then merciful?

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Bracing of Tipton.

Marie Louise Sandrock in Donahoe's Magazine for June. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Aren't you? Aren't you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Jim Tipton?"

At each repetition her voice grew more tearful, and when she had finally succeeded in half dragging, half sup porting her husband into the kitchen porting her husband into the kitchen, Mrs. Tipton threw her apron over her head and wailed aloud. Tipton sat on the chair on which she had thrown him, looking at her with drunken stolidity. Her loud sobbing appealed to his maudlin sensibilities. He pulled his hat lower over his face and wept sympathetically. At the sound of his crying, Mrs. Tipton's wailing gradually assumed a diminuendo quality she withdrew her apron from her head and surveyed her husband from head to foot in a glance largely compounded of surprise, disgust and the indifference begotten by many years of unsatisfactory conjugal life.
"A body's life ain't worth living,"

she began, in a weak, tremulous tone 'Saturday comes and you're off again the very moment your pay goes your pocket. And the grocer ain't paid, and the butcher ain't paid, and they'll give us no more on trust. There's no flour in the house, nor no coal, and half of your children, Jim Tipton, have no shoes to their feet. Poor little creatures! They've all gone hungry to bed.

Tipton wiped his eyes with his knuckles, solemnly shook his head from side to side, and remarked in the thick, slow gravity that liquor fumes en-gender, "There's such a blamed lo gender, of them."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Jim Tipton'?" Heaven knows what God Heavenknows what God sent those twelve lovely angels to you for. You don't deserve to be the father Has this girl any parents?" he asks of of the little treasures."
"Don't cry, Kate! They're all right. policemen step forward, and a good

You're all right. I'm all right. Next Saturday I'll bring you every cent, every darned cent."
"What have you got now?" de manded his wife, making a motion as

if to search his pockets. He waved her off with unsteady dignity.
"Don't you touch my pockets

Kate! It hurts a fellow's feelin's when his wife searches his pockets. ll give you all I've got," magnani-After laboriously going through one

pocket after another, he brought out four pennies, which he presented her, y one, with a vast deal of tipsy dignity. "There," he solemnly averred.

"that's every penny, every darned one I've got.

the information he requires, he has made up his mind how to dispose of "Four cents out of a whole week's wages! five years in the Reformatory," is the sentence which closes a kind but very Indignation quenched the tears in

Mrs. Tipton's weak blue eyes. A flush came into her cheek. For a moment the tired, faded, squalid-looking woman was animated by a spark of spirit that gave back to her, for one fleeting instant, a little of the dash and beauty of her youth-those distant days of early girlhood when handsome Jim Tipton had captured her innocent fancy. The result had been a runaway match between the girl of sixteen and the lad of eighteen, followed by twenty years of married life in which such scenes as this were of very frequent

occurrence.

His wife's indignant glance had somewhat the effect of a dash of cold water on the drunkard's face. His voice was less thick and unsteady as he said: "I'm not much of a fellow. Kate. There never was such an un lucky poor devil. But you're a good wife, Kate. And Mary's a good sister. Don't know what we'd ever have done without Mary.'

"I guess you'd better get to bed be

fore she comes in. Tipton rose heavily, straightened himself on his legs, and, with his wife' help, advanced slowly and cautiously to the door. As she opened the door, the street door opened and they stood face to face in the entry with Mary Tipton. She was a small, slight woman f forty or over, with red hair, unattractive features, and nothing what ever about her face of the attractive good looks that even yet distinguished her brother, who was a year or two her innior.

She looked silently at him for a mo "Maybe I'll hae a chance o'meetin ment. Then she spoke, quietly and wi'ye yonder, sir, wha kens?" remarks incisively: Satie with farewell insolence putting

"You've been at it again, have you? I knew you would, for all your promises last time. Don't talk to me,

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in

She passed into the kitchen and sa down in the chair he had lately occu-pied. She looked about her in a tired, dispirited fashion as she listened to her brother's bumping progress up the stairs. She sighed heavily, and, getting up, began to look about the room. The fire was out, and, as she soon discovered, there was neither wood nor oal to start it again. The larder was equally bare. Late as it was, she re-sumed her hat and coat which she had thrown off on entering, opened her purse and anxiously counted the conents. Down the stairs came the patter of little feet. Half a dozen of the chil-dren who had been eagerly waiting for her coming, clustered around her

"Aunt Mary, we're so hungry!" hey cried. "We can't go asleep, they cried. we're so hungry !"
"Wait, dears," she answered gently,

amarvellously tender look transforming the plainness of her face. "I'm going off to get something. Run up to bed, like good children! I'll be back in a You go and put on your clothes. jiffy. You go and put on your clothes, Minnie, and help me cook supper when I come back.

Aunt Mary's word was law, so the children quietly dispersed while Minnie, the eldest, dressed and re-turned to the kitchen to have everything ready for her aunt. In half an hour the latter returned, laden down with a basket of meat and groceries A boy came with her, wheeling a cart filled with coal and wood. In a few minutes the fire was crackling, the kettle was boiling and the grateful odor of frying steak and potatoes filled

There was a resolute look mingled with the kindliness of Mary Tipton's face as she presided over the supper table. But everybody was too hungry to notice her unusual expression. The children and her sister-in-law ate and were comforted and went to bed, dimly grateful for Aunt Mary's existence.

When Mary Tipton came down the next morning, her brother, sober, but red faced, his wife, slatternly as ever. and an indefinite number of more or ess dirty children were seated around the untidy breakfast table. Mary had her hat and coat on, and the resolute expression was still lingering on her

"Won't you have some breakfast be fore going to church, Mary?" asked her sister-in-law. "No, thank you, Kate. I'll have

something down town. I won't be back after church. In fact, I have decided to board down town after this. It will be more convenient for me, and more desirable for many reasons. She nervously pulled at her glove.

One of the children caught her eye in a wondering, frightened look. lip twitched and she hesitated for a moment. She knew she was going to be cruel to the children, and the knowledge wrenched her heart-strings. She looked from her brother to her sisterin-law, and her small gray eyes dark-ened and her mouth became resolute again.

"I've been thinking things over, Jim, lately, and I've come to the conclusion that you're pretty nearly old enough to take care of yourself and your own. God knows I've always been glad to do what I can for the children and for Kate, too—yes, and for you, because you were a little curly-headed child when our mother died, and she bade me be good to you always. And she said to me—do you remember, Jim?- I thank our dear Lord, child, an end to her suspense and spend the that you will always have your brother

to take care of you!"

She stopped, with a little laugh that was more a sob. Jim's head sank down on the coffee-stained tablecloth. "For God's sake, Mary, don't remind me of that!" he groaned.

"I don't mean to be unkind to you, Jim," she answered in a softened tone. 'But thirty years have gone since our nother's death, and I know, with God's help, I have kept my promise with her You have had other ties and other cares. In any case, I would have been too proud to be anything but a self-supporting woman. And I have worked hard and honestly all these years. Now I am beginning to grow old and I have nothing saved. The money that I might have had to go into business with has gone-you know how. But that does not matter much. God will help me when the rainy days But who is to help you when you have never helped yoursef?

A groan from Tipton and a sob from Mrs. Tipton were the only answer the earnest voice received.

"It is not as if you were a fool, Jim, or a bad man, except for the drink You'd have been a master-builder now instead of a poor carpenter if you had stuck to your trade and let whiskey and the boys alone. I don't want to preach, but as long as you have me at your back, you'll never get on your own feet. Well, I am going to board down town. I shall not give you any address, and I warn you there will be no use in trying to find me. It is best that we each go our own ways for a while. mean it. Before God, I swear to you, Jim Tipton, I'll never help you again until youlet whiskey alone! And now, good by, and God bless you all!" She hurried from the room, but re

turned to the door to say, in her usual quiet tone: "I'll send for my things o-morrow, Kate, and I'll order the shoes for the children. The door closed softly. In a mo-

ment her steps sounded outside on the walk. The children, dimly compre-hending that Aunt Mary was angry and was never going to live with them again, broke into a series of dismal howls.

His weak face seemed suddenly to have Tipton househould. But most wonder-

"You lassie," begins Auld Rob, with agitation; but before he has time to well. van shall be ready to start for the Bride- please! You'd better put him to bed, kate."

JULY 15. 1898.

Mrs. Tipton poured herself another cup of coffee, and, slowly sipping it, said to her husband, "Do you think

she's going to be married, Jim?"

About 8 o'clock the next Saturday evening Mary Tipton finished her work for the week, put the sewing-room neatly in order and started for It was a cold, wet night, bu her boarding house was fortunately near at hand, and in a few moments she let herself into the house and stood in the stuffy, ill-furnished room that was now her home. She lit her stu-dent lamp and glanced about her. As she pulled off her wet outer garments she indulged in her favorite habit of

"It's not much of a room, to be sure, but there are plenty of worse places, and, after all, I'm not in it very much. I'm so cold and so tired, I really think need a cup of tea.

"How miserable I have been all the week over the poor children, and how wicked it makes me feel to have left But I did it for the best, God them! knows. And suppose they should be starving to-night, while I sit here drinking tea like a princess? If I could only stay with them—if I could only keep them all with me!" A moment's pause and then, "Poor Jim!

Then she shook her head determinedly, dashed the tears from her eyes, and, opening her purse, counted over her week's earnings. Dividing the money in two very unequal portions, she took the larger share and wrapping it carefully in a paper, locked it away in a drawer.
"That's for them, poor dears, when

they need it," she said, and she smiled and looked happier.

One Sunday, nearly a year later, when she was feeling very lonely, she observed that she had some new neigh-bors at the dinner table. They were a middle aged gentleman, Mr. Gilmore, and his son, Eddie, a boy of eight or ten. A crutch lay beside the child's chair. He was a pale and fragile-looking little lad who cherished for his father the worshipping love that tall, strong men, who are kind and gentle

in their ways, inspire in feeble chil-

Children discern their friends as unerringly as a Newfoundland does, so Eddie and Miss Tipton speedily became great chums. The motherless child grew to watch for her coming The motherless every Saturday night as eagerly as he waited for his father every evening. Soon the friendship of the child and the woman became a friendship of three, and the man, too, began to dis cover in Miss Tipton the lovable qualities that Eddie's innocent heart had divined. The party of three enjoyed many pleasant little excursions to gether, in which Mary readily con-sented to join when Mr. Gilmore's invitation took the form of an entreaty for Eddie's sake.

Mary began to love the gentle, delicate child with an affection almost tenderer. though not warmer, than that she felt for poor Jim's children. She had not forgotten her brother and his children, though almost a year had gone by since she had seen or heard of them. she longed to go to them, but she had so far resisted the temptation and contented herself with praying and hoping and steadily adding to the little hoard in her bureau drawer. At last, one Sunday, she suddenly resolved to put his family.

At dinner, Mr. Gilmore said : "Will you join us this afternoon, Miss Tip-ton? Eddie has been anxious to see the Art Gallery and I am sure that your society will make it more interesting for him than being all alone with his stupid old father. "Do come, Miss Tipton! And tell

compliments when he calls himself names," said Eddie. Miss Tipton returned the child's smile and replied to his father: "Thank you very much, Mr. Gilmore. I should be pleased to accompany you, but I have another engagement for the

papa that we know he's just fishing for

"I am very sorry. Can't it be broken? broken? Won't you let Eddie per-suade you? Would there be any use in my trying to induce you to comejust to please me? And I have some thing important to say to you-som thing very near to my heart-can't

you come?

His handsome gray head bent toward her. He looked eagerly at her. The clatter of knives and forks covered his low, earnest tones. She smiled and shook her head as she rose from the table. Her eyes, as they met his, were very friendly and kind.

"If it were possible, I should be easily persuaded," she said.
Putting on her things, she set out immediately for her brother's house. She stood on the steps for a moment be fore she could rouse her courage to the turning of the knob. She noticed, with surprise, that the outside of the place looked trimmer than she had ever seen it before Within, there seemed the same trans-

formation. She opened the sitting-room door and stood for a moment, silent and unobserved, watching the group within. The room had been freshly painted and papered, the carpet was new, everything had an air of cleanness and neatness. The children were running about, noisy as ever, but tidier and healthier-looking than she had ever seen them. Her sister-in-law sat by the fire with

the youngest child in her lap, and they, too, were marked by the wonderful transformation that had come over the

ful of all was the difference sh-ceived in the Jim Tipton of to healthy and active-looking, fr shaved and well-dressed, who sating and reading 'the papers, an Jim Tipton, sodden, shabby and

JULY 15, 1898.

able, of a year before.

The children rushed upon
There was a shout of "Aunt!
Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary!" an ten minutes Mary was smother hugs. Jim and Kate were e hugs. Jim and Kate were e glad to see her. Her brother put his arms aroun

and his eyes were full of tear kissed her.
"God bless you, Mary!"

"You made a man of me at last. you never braced me up as m when you threw me off. After a minute Kate said : " wouldn't mind me asking the qu

Mary, I'd like to know-are you In reply to this question, blushed so vividly and becoming her complexion for the moment beautiful as Kate Tipton's in t of her youthful loveliness.

DUE TO NON-CATHOL

We live in an age of apost energy and zeal. Although is now extinguished among nations, yet the time is simile days of St. Paul. Material pradvances with rapid strides, a lectual strength increases dail rich become richer, and t poorer as the times advance. Paul went forth into just suc ot society, so are we called to mass of people who either religion at all or who at best a fragment of the truth. There is the same class of

are always inquiring for s new, like the men of Athens. same class of men who God in the world, but are g self-indulgence. There is class of men and women who natural law written on their The particular movemeroduced this state of mind

ious matters are worth consi Three hundred and fifty

THE GREAT DELUGE OF All and rebellion against the flooded the western world; in threatening billows to the the Vatican. It demanded throw of the Church or else tion to the State. Like thur clear sky came the answer-Council of Trent and its crees of reformation. The still come back to us in the of the Church, and will un

Calmly, then, the Chur her way with renewed life strengthening the faith of bers, instructing them oughly than for many gen fore in the reasonableness sity of Catholic truth. Those who left the old s

in a very short time wer among themselves on the doctrines of faith. Before had passed they were SPLIT INTO A HUNDRE

each making war on the protest was their life. principles of contradic opposition, they could of fighting.

To-day this revolt has out. It has had its da torrent which sweeps do tain side in the spring,

up by the summer sun u

moisture is left, so call faith in a higher power men, of ruin and desola Round about us to-day of people hungry for the Their hearts are deeply they have no sense of the and with mere natura are not satisfied. They tion from God; they l

They must be brough the truth, the beauty and the divine authori lic religion. There is i people a deep-seated, judice against us; it is down its walls. To t others who are non-C

Here, then, is the the day in the religi down calmly and fold t PERISHING BY HUNDRE

for the want of the Cat time has passed when content merely to hol teach it to the favored faithful. No longer axe, the gibbet, or rope; no longer do mountain fastnes the earth to practice longer reigns bigotry men's minds that the

us.
The day of aggress fare is again at hand come for action ; the and we are called up forth from our strong to unbelievers the fa There has yet be

eampaign. It is for selves to the task, fo claim with St. John we are of God." This is the prov

conversion of the work laid down by It has been the WORK OF CATHOLIC and it must be the