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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER V. CITY LIFE

We will now leave our friends on the prairie a while, and return to Rosine Benton, and her life in town. She was, as Sister Agnes had written, a pet in Colonel Hartland's family, especially with the Colonel himself, who placed her at school in the best institution the city afforded, and gave her every opportunity for intellectual and physical culture.

"Pshaw, Ned! Laura Marten! Aleck has better taste." "Speak for yourself, old fellow," retorted the brother; "I think I saw Miss Marten in your office this afternoon. Perhaps it is immaterial to her which bird she captures."

"A bold, imprudent girl, boys!" said Mrs. Hartland. "I hope you will neither of you have any thing to say to her. In your office, Ned? What business has she, or any other young girl, in your office?"

"I should say that was a silly question, if my mother hadn't asked it," replied the Doctor. "But we were speaking of Rosine," he added peremptorily closing up the subject of Miss Marten; "she has fine intellectual powers; thorough, too, in all she undertakes. I like that, for she's too dreadfully plump. I am willing a woman should be decently religious, but these women, righteous overmuch, are dreadful bores. I don't wish to meddle in that matter; it isn't my province; but I trust when she goes into society, this amazing scrupulousness will wear off. This growing intimacy with Laura Marten will help the matter; please not to disturb the friendship, mother. They must be counterparts, according to one definition of the word."

With something between a sigh and a laugh. "You are very lonely," said Rosine with real pity, "you must come and see me. Colonel Hartland wished me to invite any of the girls I liked."

"So you like me, do you?" replied Laura, giving her a quick, hearty caress, "thanks; you sha'n't repent it."

At that moment the gong resounded through the halls, summoning them to recitations. "Don't let me hear you 'Miss Marten' me, you little chickadee," said Laura, as they went into the hall together, "unless it be 'High Betty Marten,' after the manner of Dr. Hartland."

he wears a moustache, also a soldier's coat. The first is bold; the last will be, when his time comes. I see an oldish woman; she stares and frowns at a young girl who is looking in the glass opposite. This girl is dark, very brown, with rosy cheeks, and such eyes! She has pluck and plan, and will defeat—yes, she'll outwit the old woman. The girl is going through the sea—a terrible sea. She is watching a ship—reaching out her arms to it—a man-of-war ship; she has a bright ring on her left hand—but she sinks. O, dreadful!" cried the woman, "she is under the waters; now she rises. O, there is a monster—a shark! He will have her! don't let him!" and she screamed convulsively.

At this instant the wretched looking man drew his hand rapidly over his face, and quiet returned after a short struggle. Rosine could with difficulty restrain her emotions of terror, and even Laura was daunted. She hurriedly slipped a dollar into the man's hand, and was making for the door, when he passed between her and it, saying, "The little Miss will have her's now."

Rosine shuddered, and begged Laura to go. "Don't be chicken hearted," he said; "those great eyes of yours are not for nothing; they'll bring somebody's heart out of their chest."

"O, she's only a child," exclaimed Laura, who began to be essentially frightened by his familiar manner. "Her turn will come by and by," he replied, with a coarse smile; "but it is against our rules to admit even such as spectators."

instanced the United States. If Bolshevism has as yet made no apparent headway in our country it is because of the iron hand of the Catholic and Roman Church, and her strong influence on the working man.—Catholic Columbian.

VALUE RECEIVED

He kept the country store for twenty years. The sign read, "C. P. Johns," but he was "Uncle Charley" to everybody. It was the only store at the village cross-roads, and he prospered in a modest way. After the bad accounts were deducted his profits were small, but he was able to support his family comfortably.

The nephew took the money, three thousand dollars in all, and went to St. Louis to pay off the debts and buy new goods for the fall and winter trade.

The goods came promptly, but the nephew did not return. He was called South, he wrote. One afternoon a few days later, the old man received a letter from the wholesale house expressing surprise that he had not remitted for the past due account, and stating that unless such remittance was received by the tenth they would draw on him for the full amount, the new bill included.

"We are ruined," he said, in a lifeless tone, handing her the letter. "Oh, no, not ruined. You can raise it, can't you?" she asked hopefully.

"No," he replied listlessly. "Surely there will be some way out," she urged.

"There is no way out," he said hopelessly, as he sank in a rocking chair. He looked very old, and his gentle face was blank weariness.

"No, there was no way out," he repeated, in a monotonous tone. "That money was all I could raise; it was every thing I have made in twenty years."

"But surely our neighbors will help us raise it. You have always been good to them," encouraged his wife, trying to cover her own anxiety.

"No," said the old man bitterly, "people never lend you money or go on your note because you have been good to them."

"The next day he made the only effort that seemed to offer any hope. He went to Adams, the money-lender of the community, and offered to mortgage everything.

"No," said Adams, "your stuff isn't worth it. It isn't in my line, anyway. Get some good men who own land on your note, and I can let you have what you need."

The old man went home, a forlorn figure, bent, gray, hopeless, and sat down to wait dully for the end.

"To be bad for Uncle Charley!" said a farmer, digging at the grass beside him with his pocket knife. "Too bad!" and they all shook their heads.

"He's been a great help to this community," said another. "There's never lived a more accommodating man," added a third.

"What can we do?" asked Jones, rather idly. "I don't know exactly what we can do," continued Todd, "but let me tell you what he's done for me. When I came here I didn't have a red cent, and he trusted me for a whole year's living, and never asked me for it, once. I couldn't pay him, but I got ashamed and wouldn't buy any more. Well, the next fall when I look down with the fever there wasn't a thing in the house to go on. I tell you we were in a mighty bad shape, and didn't know what in the world would become of us, until one evening Mr. Johns came over and brought the doctor. Says he, 'Doctor, I have just thought we'd drop in. And while the doctor was fixing me up some medicine, he called my wife to one side and says, 'Mrs. Todd, you send one of the boys down to the store and get what you need, and Jim can pay when he gets well.'"

money. He wouldn't feel right about it you know. It isn't so much the loss of the money; he can make that back in three or four years, but it's just taken all the stuffing out of the old man, and he's lost all heart. If we could fix it some way so he could go on with the store and see some way to pay out, it would be just the boost he needs."

"Say, don't you suppose that Adams would lend him the money," asked one.

"Oh, Adams would loan it to him quick enough, if he can get the security; but how's he going to get it?" asked Willie.

"Well, I never went on a note in my life," said Haney, "but I'll be one to go on old man Johns' note for three thousand dollars."

And so said every man there. A note was made out and put in the hands of Haney. The word was quickly passed round and for two or three days men kept coming in at all hours to sign that note.

"He lent me fifty dollars when I was hard up," said one.

"He helped Ted get through school when I was too poor to help him myself said a father who was now well-to-do.

"After working all day many is the time he came over to my house and sat up with me when I was down with the slow fever," said a neighbor.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked a prosperous young man, as he sat down to sign the paper, "I was too worthless to help. But Uncle Charley called me into the store one day and persuaded me to go to school, got me some books, and sold me clothes on credit. Nobody thought he would ever get a cent for it."

"I want to put my name on that note," said a poor widow. "I know it's not worth anything, but I want it there. Nobody knows, Mr. Haney, how kind Uncle Charley has been to me. The winter after Jim died almost barefooted. He pretended to have her help him count some eggs, and then he gave her a pair of shoes. He's done lots of things like that."

"He is always so jolly and whole souled you can't help but feel he is interested in you and wants you to be happy," was another's tribute.

"There was but four days of grace. The old man sat crouching in his chair as if shrinking from the coming blow. His whimsical humor, the independence and courage were all gone. He was a poor, helpless old man, down never to rise again."

"Two or three farmers came in and sat on the edge of the porch. He tried to be sociable, but made a pitiful failure of it. Others came in and then more until there were two or three dozen seated on the porch. The old man knew they had come to sympathize with him, but he could not bring up the subject of his loss.

"There was an awkward half-hour in which nobody talked of the important matter. At last Haney nudged Todd, and urged him to speak. Todd shifted his position once or twice, got up awkwardly and stood before Johns trying to speak. Then he fumbled in his pocket, drew out a paper, held it out to the old man and managed to say:

"Maybe it'll help you."

The old man tried to speak, but could only call:

"Mary!"

His wife came quickly and looked at the paper.

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The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

They had hurried their late dinner one evening in January, that Colonel Hartland and Rosine might be in season for the opening of the opera. Mrs. Hartland did not care to go into such a crowd, and the Doctor had come in after his professional labors, bound for a quiet evening at home, while the Lieutenant had been housed for a few days with a severe cold.

"I have never had an opportunity, Ned," said the Colonel's lady to her elder son, as they adjourned to the library, "to hear how you like your new sister. You know you promised me your opinion in a month, it is now more than two since she came to us."

"I have as yet hardly established a friendly footing with the little one," replied Doctor Hartland, lighting his cigar, and throwing himself into a luxurious arm-chair with his feet on the fender. "I frightened her terribly the first week of our acquaintance, by laughing at the way she has of becoming crimson with blushes at the slightest word; if one only speaks, she is like a startled fawn looking about for her mother. I gave her so severe a lesson on the subject of timidity, that she was dissolved in tears, and my gallant soldier brother would have come to the rescue, but I gave him his quietus."

"You were too hard on the young thing, Ned," said the Lieutenant, looking up from his book. "Please to attend to your own affairs, Aleck. I defy you to teach her any thing with your nabby-pamby ways. Miss Rosine and I will be fast friends, you will see; she is the shyest piece of human flesh and blood I ever met. Time and experience will mend this matter, it is to be hoped, and we shall be able to speak to my timid sister."

"Nor call up all the blood that warms her trembling heart. To fill her cheeks with blushes! She'll make a charming pretty woman by and by; one would suppose she had been kept all her life in a convent."

"She has been kept very strictly at home," replied Mrs. Hartland. "Mrs. Benton is very straight-laced in her notions; but by your account I should think you had succeeded in frightening the child pretty thoroughly. Do you believe in governing by fear?"

"I believe there is no true love or friendship without it," said the Doctor, "especially in the commencement; that's why you see me as a bachelor. I never could love a woman unless I stood some hat in awe before her, and I have never seen but one where acquaintance did not wipe off the bloom of love, which is the fear. As to my dear brother here," he added, pointing to the Lieutenant, "he has such a profound reverence for the whole sex, that he will never have any other feeling. There's Captain Marten's daughter, just ready to eat him, shoulder-strap and all, but the poor fellow stands in such awe, he doesn't dare venture near his clay idol, to see if it will bear touching."

"I do believe, Rosa," exclaimed Laura as she ended the reading, "this is that wonderful woman Ned Hartland spoke of last night; you know how marvellous he thought her performances. I want to see some one in the trance state. Come, let us go up."

"O, no," said Rosine, drawing back, "don't, please don't." "Pshaw! why not? You are not afraid, I hope. Why shouldn't we investigate, as well as Rev. Dr. X—or Judge G—?"

"But it don't seem right!" pleaded Rosine. "Not right!" replied Laura; "what possible harm can come to us? You need not open your lips while you are there, only go with me, there's a dear," she added coaxingly, "nobody need be the wiser for our going."

Rosine still held back, though Laura had already led her to the stairs. "You might oblige me," said her friend in an injured tone, "by just going up with me. I don't ask anything more; if not, I must say 'good by,' for see her I must."

Rosine yielded to the superior will, and was led to an apartment where applicants by dozens were waiting their turn.

She drew down her veil and kept her eyes on the floor, ashamed of her company. Consulting a fortune-teller! what would her mother think of such a step? and how would Sister Agnes and Father Roberts regard it? At length, after long waiting, they were ushered into the room of the oracle. Madame, in long white robes, reclined on a sofa, while over her stood a tall black man with sharp black eyes filled with cunning. After much ceremony and honorific mummeries, Laura was seated in front of the sallow, indifferent looking woman, who lay like one dead, while Laura held her limp lifeless hand.

Rosine trembled under the eye of the man, who seemed to look her through, as if determined to know her again. Before many minutes, with a struggle and a gasp, the woman spoke in a little whispering, whimpering voice, "I see two gentlemen; one of them has very broad shoulders, and carries his head very erect; the other is taller and thinner;

TO BE CONTINUED

CATHOLIC TEACHER THE ONLY

Hilaire Belloc, addressing the Guild in London recently, said that today the Catholic Church is the only organism having a definite teaching on the subject of property. Today she is the sole bulwark of the maintenance of property. He said we see in Russia Bolshevism, but we do not see it in Poland, France, Spain, Ireland or Bavaria. They have it less in Belgium. Why? Because, he said, of the Catholic Church. Mr. Belloc might also have

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