places of the earth, encounters where the dreamer was ever on the point of winning and in the end Ned won. But

at last the lullaby slipped into sweeter strains. The rhythmic beat of a horse's

hoofs coming along the Loudon road, coming ever nearer! A cloud of dust whirled like powdered gold in the sun-light, and out of its midst there dashed

the bravest figure the watcher had ever

seen. He ran forward, and now he was at the side of the horse, and now—now, the figure bending low, caught at his hand and drew him up. Ned! Could he think of Ned at such a time? With

his father's arms about him and his father's cheek on his, could he think of

father's cheek on his, could be think of Ned—hate Ned?
Revenge and jealousy, which, even in his dreaming, had held him as their slave, sped away as the mists of the morning fall back before the freshness of wind and sun. The little lad stirred with a glad cay, half awake; then re-

with a glad cry, half-awake; then re-luctant to come back to this working-day world, he settled himself more com-

When he woke, an hour later, the sun

had slipped away from the fields, and the shadows that all through the after-

noon had grown long and longer across the land, had merged into one great

shadow. The air, as the day declined.

had turned chilly, and from somewhere on the hillside a bird lifted its shrill

note; otherwise, it was very still. Hamnet sat up and rubbed his eyes,

half bewildered as he gazed about him;

then gradually he recognized the familiar place. Of course, twas Welcombe

Hill, and he had been asleep, and on a holiday, too. But why? He started nervously, memory touching him at

every point. There was no need to ask the question a second time. Silver stretched himself with a noisy yawn and moved joyously about his master,

who had fallen into a dejected mood

again; suddenly he paused in his frisk-

ings, and uttered a growl at the sight of

their company, so get thee into you bushes, and lie close. They have not

Hamnet crawled into the underbrush

as he spoke, his hand on the rude leather strap which served for Silver's collar,

and boy and dog crouched down behind

They had not been concealed for more

scowling visage, and a trick of hanging

put in his friend, eagerly. "He broke my pate Rogation week, and he's in my

and swells like any farmyard cock wi'

deep, restful sleep.

the angry sound.

spied us vet."

the leafy screen.

farry, 'twould take more he had a hundred times all those wonderful places be calling to the country ne, see me! come, see me! took his walks abroad, baned aloud. Nay, he cared that Ned should see those hat was true, if faith. oome at last. But the occupant of the boat bent forward and sought to de-tach those straining fingers; he raised his oar to beat them back; and then Ned's voice cried: 'Little lad!' not tauntingly, but tenderly, like unto another voice; and the oar was flung aside, and the great bird of a boat bore hat was true, i' faith. to them; he was welcome hts in Christendom. What two passengers safely home. ng, jealous heart was that e admitted into a compan-Over and over again through that troubled sleep, the same thoughts wove themselves in an unending chain—en-counters with Ned in all the unlikeliest which he was debarred

the little lad had made to eas Rogers was forgotten, his mind as completely as ar winds clear the boughs of leaves. Not one word of oesy, which he was to use as expel his bitter, grudging me to him now. He rolled d his face on Silver's firm en, because he was only a after all, he gave vent to n a torrent of deep, tearing

d in vain to touch with his bit of cheek left exposed, ngest demonstration of sym-day could have penetrated se evil passions that were elves up into a mighty wall l heart. Jealousy, natred, w fast they were building, nost seemed as if all that its world so fair would be of forever! Only one he midst of that enveloping

s clear to the lad's mind— nake Ned suffer! n to no plea for forgiveness, uld he be outdone by a dog? and meekly suffered punish-own fault, had shown his nad been ready in defence master was threatened, naster do less? He was not his own injuries now, but end's sake. Only—only savage as the small heart h would out in that taking up use he was secretly gratify-lge which had ever been as his side. The idea of re-

as sweet to his mind as the cates to his palate.
ttle the whirlwind of passion newhat, the tears which had eeks burn with the sense of ildishness vanished, and he Il looking up at the segment was revealed through the nes overhead, a multitude of ing in upon him. At last, ried and sore dismayed by oming fancies, he nestled st Silver and fell asleep. in his slumbers he found no

nis evil thoughts; the idea g Ned pursued him incessing itself again and again, prious lullaby. Now, with a ild music like the clash of nd himself on a vast heath a Sir Guy's famous armour, down he strode calling upon to meet him in single com-uddenly Ned, in his simple ss, with no mightier weapons sts, faced him dauntlessly. was no fear in his eyes, but lance that made them like a r of eyes the boy knew and in all the world, and the I trembled in the upraised urned to a wisp of strawpowerless.

by went on. There was the swish of the river amongst and he was flying by in a had wings and skimmed ater like some great bird, so ded not his guidance. He the stern and watched the to whisper some secret, now and leaving a wide space be-triends estranged. Here danced and sparkled in the nere it lay unruffled in the willows that bent low above swillows that bent low above surface to catch a peep at eaves. Then out he passed de reaches again, with only and something dark on the d waves—Ned, in mid-nging with desperate hands to keep from sin-ing. On boat flew, and now Ned at its side, and his face was the hope of deliverance the hope of deliverance



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FLORENCE GILMORE.

From Extension.
HOME TIES.

It was a sad, white-faced group that sat about the breakfast table. Each one tried to drink his coffee and to talk and act as usual, but failed miserably.

There were long pauses. The hands
that held the large cups shook visibly, the lips that struggled to laugh trembled piteously.

"John, at what time will Charlie reach Lincoln?" asked Mrs. Hardin, her thin, high-pitched voice unusually strident from the effort she made to keep it

"At 2 o'clock, Laura, and he'll leave there on the Union Pacific at 3:10," answered her husband, as deliberately as if he were giving the information for the first time. Suddenly pushing his chair from the table he rose, more quietly than was his wont, and going to the fire held his great rough hands close to the fitful blaze.

"You didn't touch your coffee, John," his wife complained anxiously.

"Somehow I wasn't hungry," he replied, and continued to hover over the fire with his back to the table and took no further part in the desultory talk. More than once he drew forth a coarse colored handkerchief, furtively wiped his eyes, then crammed it back into a bulgy pocket. No one heeded him ex-cept a slight, plain, refined looking girl, seventeen or eighteen years of age, and soon she, too left the table and slipping fortably, seeking to steep his drowsy senses again in the exquisite bliss of his latest dream. The quietness of his surroundings and the peace in his heart soothed him almost immediately into a her arm through her father's, stood be side him, but without speaking a word. Margery was the only daughter and his

inseparable friend.

"My, I wish I could go on the train!"
little Ned exclaimed eagerly, enviously.

"You'll be on all night before you get to Chicago, won't you, Charlie?"

"That isn't a very pleasant prospect," grumbled the elder brother, whose handsome, self-satisfied face was the brightest at that sad breakfast, which all felt was the last meal they would ever take together. "A fellow like me has no chance on a farm," he went on, speaking aloud the thought uppermost in his mind. "I could never be satisfied with nothing but this "—with a gesture which took in the plain room and the snowcovered fields just visible through the frosted windows. "Now, father loves it, it suits him, but I'm not the kind," and his tone said plainly that he was fit for something much better, far higher.

"It makes me very proud and happy to think that you're going to have a chance to be a lawyer, Charlie. It was good of your father to make such an two figures in the near distance. The boy turned his head at the repetition of he not realizing all it means. family were all professional men and it would have broken my heart if you had "What ails thee, true heart?" he demanded, "Marry, cannot a body pass on this hill without thy leave? Who is had no opportunity to be anything better it, sir? Nay, I see as well as thou dost and I cry thee pardon. 'Tis Diccon Hobday and his sworn brother Wat Cawheart is a mother's heart the world over, however misguided and narrowed by drey; and thou lovest them not, I trow, nor do I neither. We'll not go home in false standards.

There was a slight but expressive shrug of the heavy shoulders before the grate. That he had had little educa-tion the bluff farmer regretted, but having lived close to nature's great heart, social distinctions meant nothing to him. He could not understand in what way his wife's prominent father, whom he knew to have been a rascal, was better than a hard-working, honest than a minute or so before the two youths appeared. They were hardy, country striplings—the eldest, a thick-set, muscular fellow, with a black-browed man, whatever his calling. Mrs. Hardin was conscientious — in her own way. She would have considered it cruel and wrong to have taunted her husband about his inferior position, and she often his head as if the thoughts he carried in his noddle were unworthy for him to congratulated herself that she had never

He limped a good deal as he walked.

"Beshrew me, Pil go no forder," he cried, coming to a standstill so near Silver that Hamnet had to put a hasty hand over his mouth to keep him from snapping at the gray hose within such tempting reach. "Perdition snatch that villain, say I! He hath lamed me "I'll see if Silas has hitched up," said

tempting reach. Perdition snatch that villsin, say I! He hath lamed me self in collecting his belongings, a new self in collecting his belongings, a new self in collecting his belongings.

that villain, say I! He hath lamed me past cure: but I'll make him limp yet, or my name's na Diccon Hobday. I'll spoil bis pretty steps so that my Lord Hunsdown i' London town will have small use for such a stumbling lout in's company."

"And I'll help thee, as sure as day," put in his friend, eagerly. "He broke past and a clumsy, overcoat, a carpetbag, and a clumsy, overcoat, a carpetbag, and a clumsy, divercent, a carpetbag, and a clumsy, move, but sat watching him in a pained, half-dazed way.

"Well, my boy, it's time we were off. We've a long drive ahead of us," called Mr. Hardin, bustling back into the room and drawing on his heavy gloves. "Say good-by to your mother and sister, and come along. Where's Ned?" Charlie went close to his mother.

books for more besides; he said I cheated at shovel-board, and set the His confident, indifferent air forsook him, and he clung to her, kissing her "A pest upon him," the other inter-rupted, "He talks so big about London, rupted, "Get alks so big about London, over and over again, then with a hasty good-bye to Margery he hurried out, half-blinded by tears that told the story of the deepest heartache the boy pride o' Brother Will. Let Brother Will take him and keep him, I'd na

had ever known. my eyes out an he never cometh "Where's Ned!" Mr. Hardin asked again, but no one knew. Patting his trembling wife on the shoulder he kissed There was a faint rustle in the bushes, as though the breeze was setting the leaves there in motion.

"As if, forsooth, no other body here her gently, encouragingly, before he climbed into the old wagon. Charlie jumped lightly into the seat at his side. "As it, 105300th, no other body here around can sing a song or dance a dance but just Ned Shakespeare," Diccon went on, sneeringly; "and he will have it he'll play sometime belore the Queen. Go tol I'll lay a saxpance to nothing One more look and they were off.

The tired, thin horses had gone but a few steps when Ned appeared, running as fast as he could from the direction of "Ay, but he says he will, and for aught we know he'll mend up old plays like's brother and set'em fair. He saith he is to help him in all that he doeth. arm, and a griny hand cludened a parter which was the worse for many wrappings. "Wait! Wait a minute!" he shouted, breathlessly. "These are for you, Charlie," he panted, when he reached the side of the wagon. "The dog isn't very pretty, Marry, Ned thinketh he's o' such import that Brother Will must needs come riding home top-speed to fetch him back to London." when he reached the state of th

"I'll help thee," a shrill voice behind them cried—"I'll help thee. Back, Silver, lie down sirrah!"

"I'll help thee," a shrill voice behind them cried—"I'll help thee. Back, Silver, lie down sirrah!"

"The giver!" the young fettow exclaime with a gleam of his usual high spirits.

A moment later a lump rose in h throat and again his eyes filled. The

disease common to boys in the spring and summer. "The only dauger," he among my friends. They are the most had said, "is in the very first stage, before there is any eruption.'

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

They reached the turn in the road and Charlie looked back to see his mother standing on the snow-covered porch. She waved to him twice, three times, then burying her face in her hands groped her way into the house. A half-stifled sob escaped the boy, and his father said solemnly, "You'll never find a better place than home, my boy, nor in all the world a friend like your mother.'

The little farmhouse was dark and quiet. The lusty shouts of the men at work in the fields, the throbbing of the threshing-machine and the low, monotonous hum of the churn was hushed into Charlie announced that he was silence. The cold hand of a solemn to leave on an early train. I the uncouth clamor of man's ceaseless struggle for bread. In the stiff little best parlor John Hardin lay-at rest.

Charlie was home for the first time in ten years, transformed from an awkward country boy into a well-dressed, well-mannered man of twenty-eight or thirty. During the laggard hours of weary waiting for the funeral he wandered restlessly about the old house, shaken and miserable as he had never been before. Somehow, his mother and Margery seemed less present to him than his untutored but loving father, and sunny, romping, happy-go-lucky little Ned. romping, happy-go-lucky little Ned, who had been dead six years. Longforgotten caresses and words of encouragement returned to his mind, childish troubles that his father had soothed while trying to teach him to bear them rather than shrink from them, little pleasures that had lost their savor, ridiculous occurrences that Ned had thoroughly enjoyed; and he realized for the first time the wisdom of the truism, There is no place like home."

The keen anguish of the long ride to the church, of the funeral Mass, with its solemn warning to the living ringing through the low-toned notes of the liturgical chant, the awful moments in the tiny cemetery adjoining, and saddest of all, the return to the cheerless, shat-tered home—all were over at last. Then Mrs. Hardin, worn with days and nights of sorrow, threw herself on her bed and slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion Charlie followed her example.

That evening the little family gathered in the long-unused, unhomelike parlor. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts, and for half an hour few words were spoken.
"Charlie," began Mrs. Hardin, rous-

ing herself at last, "you know that your father left the farm to me, but the money he had in the bank—about three thousand dollars—is to be divided than a farmer. It makes me willing to among us. It will be a help to you, my let you leave me," but the tremor in her voice belied her words. A mother's I am afraid."

"Surely, mother, you know that I wouldn't touch the little there is. You and Margery must keep my share. I can easily care for myself," Charlie an-swered, warmly, not as if he were making a sacrifice, but rather implying by his tone and manner that the sum was not worth considering. His rest had re-freshed him; he felt "more like him-self," more cheerful and self-satisfied.

"My dear, generous boy!" exclaimed his mother, for the first time in many days throwing off her utter dejection.
"Now, Margery, isn't that good of Charlie? He's so like my family—"

"Mrs. Hardin," unceremoniously in-terrupted the country girl who helped with the housework, "Mrs. Ring's in the kitchen. She wants to see you,

his head as if the thoughts he carried in his noddle were unworthy for him to lift it to the gaze of honest men. His face, which was never comely at the best of times, was disfigured by a recent few deeper thrusts.

The kitchen. She wants to see you, ma'am."

Mrs. Hardin rose reluctantly. "Well, I suppose I must go," she said in a half-few deeper thrusts.

The kitchen is the kitchen. She wants to see you, ma'am."

Mrs. Hardin rose reluctantly. "Well, I suppose I must go," she said in a half-few deeper thrusts. passed Charlie she kissed him tenderly.

An uncomfortable silence settled on the prother and sister when they were left alone. Charlie wandered restlessly about the ugly room, then went to the hearth, and leaning against the mantle watched the fire with a thoughtful, faraway expression in his eyes. Even as children he and Margery had had little in common and after ten years of separation neither knew what to say to the other, even when both hearts were ful of a common sorrow. Charlie was sur-prised to see how plain, even homely, his sister was. "And she has no style," he was thinking, when Margery spoke. "During father's long illness mother

and I often talked about the future," she began, slowly and timidly. She had something to say, something that she felt it would be well to broach when their mother was out of hearing.
"Mother wants to go to Chicago to live
with you, Charlie. I shall take a room
near by," she hastened to add, sensitively aware that he would not want her; tively aware that he would not want ner; then paused for a moment, but Charlie said nothing. "Of course, I'd see mother every day," she went on with an evident effort. "My share of the money father saved, with the fifteen thousand dollars Aunt Edith left me, make me the rich one of the family. Mother will be happy with you. You can't realize as I, who have seen her day by day, how much she has missed you and longed for you, especially since —since little Ned died," and her sweet woice trembled slightly in spite of her effort to keep it steady. "Now that father, too, is gone, she will need you more than ever." Again Margery paused for an answer, but none came. Glancing up apprehensively she sur-prised a puzzled, annoyed look on the young face still persistently turned toward the glowing coals.

Charlie was at a loss. He wanted to be kind, he was determined to be firm. "I am afraid that would be a poor arrangement," he said at length. "I'm sure it would. Mother could never feel at home in a great noisy city like Chicago. She'd be out of her element. You understand that I would be glad to have her

oastfully.

Margery understood. Charlie was careful not to look her way, so he failed to see the color that slowly mounted to her pale cheeks and the unwonted fire that blazed from her eyes, but her silence made him uncomfortable. Minute after minute passed and not a word was spoken. "Margery was always disagreeable," her brother was thinking, when to his astonishment she rose and left the room. As he looked rose and left the room. As he looked after her small, slight figure it occurred to him that there was something queenly in the bearing of "poor, plain Margery.

At breakfast the following morning, silence. The cold hand of a solemn to leave on an early train. He was presence lay over everything, stilling the uncouth clamor of man's ceaseless Chicago. There was a half-hour of bustle and confusion, hurried but affectionate good-byes, and once more Charlie left home.

For an hour or more his mother, sad and listless, sat with her hands folded idly in her lap and gave only monosylla-bic answers to the questions with which Margery tried to rouse her. Without her husband life seemed empty; for years she had longed for her boy; he had come and gone, and how little it had all meant. "Margery," she exclaimed, suddenly. "I wanted to have a good talk with Charlie. Now he's gone and I didn't say a word about our going to Chicago to live. Well, you'll have to attend to it. I couldn't write all about the arrangements."

Without an instant's hesitation Margery answered, "Mother I'm not willing to go to the city. I'd never feel at home there and I don't believe you would. Let's stav here."

Mrs. Hardin knew instinctively that After a moment she added, more peevishly, "But I had set my heart on being near Charlie. It would have been such selfish," she complained; then said no more, except at intervals to exclaim to herself, "Dear Charlie!" or "poor

And Margery was silent.

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of the artist that pain ed it.

I believe that this world is just as betermination. "Well, my child," she said in an aggrieved tone, "I can't make you go. I don't want you to if the change would make you miss your father more." She thought that Margery's love for the old home and its associations was at the root of her objections. After a moment she added, more peevishly, "But I had not received at from every point except one. I look back upon the records of history; I look upon the speculations of a clumbar the future of the world's career; wherever turn I am opposed by the mysteries that hem me in and crush me down until I take my stand at the foot of the cross. Then darkness and discord become lightened harmony; the mystery is said of the neglect of one's duties. The exclusive insistence method springs from a fundamental difference of temper and aim. The claiming of a right may be of a duty has in it a directly eternal value. One may suffer the loss of one's rights without imperilate ing one's soul; but the same cannot be exclusive insistence method springs from a fundamental difference of temper and aim. The claiming of a duty has in it a directly eternal value. One may suffer the loss of one's right without imperilate method in the future of the world's career; wherever take my stand at the foot of the cross. Then darkness and discord become lightened at the foot of the cross. Then darkness and discord become lightened harmony; the mystery is solved; the night that shuts me in becomes radiant with the divine light and glory. At Catholic World for October. the foot of the cross, art, science, literanear Charlie. It would have been such a joy to the dear boy to have had me," and she glanced appealingly at the girl, but there was no sign of relenting in the firm.set mouth and unflinching eyes firm.set mouth and unflinching eyes "It's selfish of you, Margery, very, very gather all the beauties of art, all the treasures of music, all that is brightest and best in the world, and more, except at item and the image of the control o to receive, might and majesty, wisdom

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TO BE CONTINUED.

Cardinal Vaughan on his death bed: "Do not allow my thoughts to get entangled by stimulants and drugs. I want only to be with Jesus and the Holy Family."

stand that I would be glad to have her if it were best for her. You see, Margery, I live at the 'club, which is a real adverse in sight of the pond where he had often enjoyed the forbidden delight of a good swim. He smiled wisfully at the recollection of the day his mother had be. Then she'd be lonely. I am busy all day and when I have no engagement for the evening—and it does not often happen—I get in some ly told her that he was suffering from a little of the pond where he had often enjoyed the forbidden delight of a good swim. He smiled wisfully at the recollection of the day his mother had scarlet fever, and in great alarm sent for old Doctor and in great alarm sent for old Doctor and it does not often happen—I get in some ly told her that he was suffering from a little of the pond where he had often enjoyed the forbidden delight of a good swim. He smiled wisfully at the good swim. He smiled wisfully at