confer with him.

"Well," he said to Beaton, as soon as they were alone, "does your visit announce the overthrow of the Douglas, and has the King escaped from

"I know not," replied Beaton; "but if he has not already arrived it will not be long, I trust, before he is here : for I have good grounds for knowing that the young monarch desires ardently to escape from the clutches of the Douglas and to make his way here, and only waits an opportunity to do

That is, supposing be can suc-

"That is, supposing to can succeed," said Lord Stoop.
"We have taken measures to secure success, replied Beaton. "The King by this time has received a peasant's dress sent by me, so that thus disguised he may escape from the castle."

"And if he succeeds," inquired Lord Stopp, "what will he do?"

Lord Stopp, "what will he do?"
"In the first place he will come
here to Stirling. He will shut himself up in this fortress of which you
have the command, and from here will
take the measures necessary to regain

"In that case," returned the Gov ernor, "I will go at once and give orders that should anyone arrive at the castle in the dress either of a nobleman or a peasant I am to be instantly apprised of it."

"Do so, but remember the King may arrive during the night. It is probable he will choose the evening as the time for making his escape, as the danger of being recognized would then below."

"Be at ease, my lord; my order shall extend to the night as well as the "Be at ease, my lord; my orders shall extend to the night as well as the day." So saying, the Governor left the apartment. On his return, he said to the Cardinal: "I have given the mecessary orders; may it please God that they prove not to be useless

ones."
"What mean you, my lord, and how can they prove useless?" inquired Beaton. "The plans are well ar-

"Be it so, my lord; but were they not equally well organized last year and yet, remember the unfortunate issue of the Kirliston affair, which cost

issue of the Kirliston affair, which cost the lives of so many brave men and compromised so many families."

"That is true, but was it my fault? It was a misfortune for us that Angus sent his spies to the Black Gorge, and that the little page, poor child! was killed at the very time that he was the bearer of liberty to James the Fifth. But we have not that to fear now. Be sides, this is not like Kirkliston, an enterprise on a large scale which needed many partisans, and which con sequently could scarcely be kept secret. Our present plot is independent of any particular time, and will be carried into execution only when a perfectly favorable opportunity arises, perfectly favorable opportunity arises, and at this present moment only the four persons concerned in it have cognizance of it. Therefore, I say, we have nothing to fear, and unless the King makes choice of an unfavorable occasion he ought in a short time to be

" May God confirm your lord!" said the Governor. "If I man ifest any doubt on the subject, it is be ifest any doubt on the subject, it is be-cause I so earnestly desire to see His Majesty safe within these walls that it would be a great sorrow to me to have my hopes frustrated, first on the King's account, and also," he contin-ned with some hesitation, "for the sake of another person in whose wel-fere I am interested." I am interested.'

will you explain your words, my
?" said Beaton. "I do not underlord ?" said Beaton.

stand to whom you refer."
"I am desirous," replied Lord Stopp of giving the King an opportunity of using his regained liberty to perform an act of generosity, and I want to en-gage you to further my interests, or, rather those of my protégé."

"Speak, my lord," replied the Car inal: "I am wholly at your disposal dinal and the little influence I may have over James the Fifth shall be used in your service. Besides, what could the King refuse to the loyal subject who be the first to offer him hospitalty? Speak, then, that I may know in whose favor I am to unite my voice to

Yes, Cardinal, I will reveal the whole matter to you, all the more be cause I have an avowal concerning my self to make. But not now, later when the keys of the castle have b brought to me and we shall be undis brought to me and we shall be undus-turbed. Will you then come to this room, and I will relate to you what I have done; which may indeed be a fault, but in which nevertheless I glory. You shall hear, too, of the great sufferings of my young protégé; in fine, you shall hear all. Until this

evening, then, my lord."
"Until this evening," replied Beaton, who felt his interest aroused by the Governor's words, and it was with impatience that he awaited the appointed interview. In spite of the proorganation of his mind concerning. preoccupation of his mind concerning the King, he found himself constantly reverting to the confidence he was to receive that evening. The three words used by the Governor, "my young protégé," came back to his mind young protégé again and again; and a secret instinct whispered to him that this young man in whom Lord Stopp took so lively an no stranger to him-ws?" he said to him-Who knows?' self, as the instinct deepened within him—" who knows but that this young

THE PAGE OF JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

Translated from the French by S. A. C., with the author's permission.

CHAPTER XX.

A KNIGHT OF FIFTEEN.

Cardinal Beaton, having received notice from Shell of his interview with the King, and wishing to be at Stirling when James arrived, set out at once, and entered the castle on the morning of the very day that the King escaped from Falkland. Lord Stopp, the Governor, received the Cardinal with open arms, and, after the first greetings were over, drew him into a private room to confer with him.

"Well," he said to Beaton, as soon as they were alone, "does your visit to the Cardinal awaited as they were alone, "does your visit to the Cardinal awaited to be a they were alone, "does your visit the King contact the cardinal with open arms, and, after the first greetings were over, drew him into a private room to confer with him.

In this mood the Cardinal awaited his interview with Lord Stopp and when the hour struck he hastened to the private cabinet of the Governor, whom he found ready to receive him.

whom he found ready to receive him.

"I see, my lord," he said, as the Cardinal entered precipitately—"I see by your extreme punctuality that you are already interested in my young friend, and I feel sure I may rely on your joining me in petitioning His Majesty to pardon me for not executing to the letter orders given to me in his name."

"You may recken on me, my lord:

in his name."

"You may reckon on me, my lord; but for God's sake speak! If your wish was to arouse my curiosity," added the Cardinal, smiling, "you may boast of your success, for it is excited to the highest pitch, and I am burning to hear your story."

"Usten, then," said Lord Stopp,
"to the avowal of a fault, in which, as
I said before, I glory, and I hope to
interest you in him for whose sake I
committed it. But do not imagine, my
lord, that my hero is one of high degree,

ie is but a servant."
"A servant!" cried the Cardinal, in A servant: cried the Cardina, in a tone of disappointment, his hopes suddenly dashed to the ground. "But," he added immediately, "what does that matter, my lord? The un-fortunate, whatever their rank or con-dition may be, are equal in God's sight.

"Yes my lord," continued the Gov ernor, ernor, "a servant; but truly the young man is far above his station. His countenance is handsome, and bears the stamp of honorable pride and generous feeling. Even his manners are rather those of one of gentle birth than rather those of one of gentle birth than of a servant. Nevertheless, we need not romance, for he is nothing more than a servant, for I have positive proof of the fact. But now listen to my narrative. What I am about to relate happened about a year ago, two or three days before the Battle of Kirkliston, which proved so fatal to you, my lord."

"Yes," sighed Beaton; then, as if to himself, he said: "Two or three days before the Battle of Kirkliston, did you say? Could it be? But continue, my lord, continue."

tinue, my lord, continue."
"It was just [about this hour," re to was just the court in nour, re-sumed his host, The keys had already been brought to me, and I was retiring to rest, when I heard a horn sound three times at the castle gate, and the three times at the castle gate, and the captain of the guard came to inform me that a little troop of seven or eight men were demanding entrance in the name of the King and of the Regent. I was obliged to go and see who these men were, and to make sure that their appeal to the name of the King and Regent was not a false one. Accordingly I descended, and gave orders that the drawbridge should be lowered that the drawbridge should be lowered, whereupon the chief of the band came forward alone. He was the commander of a troop which Douglas had lately taken into his confidence, and you know he does not trouble himself about the morals of those he employs. This man presented to me a paper signed by Lord Angus in the name of the King. The signature was authentic, and I was bound to obey the instructions contained therein, which were as follows: The Governor of Stirling out the orders which Sir Andrew Kern Cessford will transmit to him from me.

"Sir Andrew Kerr Cessford?" interrupted the Cardinal, more and interested. "There can, then, be no room for doubt. This has reference to the enterprise planned by me at the

"I know nothing of that," said Lord "neither do I know what fault Stopp, the poor boy whom they brought to me had committed."

"They brought a boy to you? asked Beaton, hardly daring to asked Baton, hardly daring to breather so strongly did the hope of the pre vious evening again spring up within him that, after all, notwithstanding old story, Francis might have

been saved.
"Yes, my lord," replied the Governor, "a boy, or, rather, a young man
of about fifteen. When I had finished reading, Sir Andrew made a sign to hi soldiers. Two of them then advanced, dragging between them the poor youth bound and gagged. "Here is the traitor," said the chief, "the servant of a still more treacherous master, wh nas already expiated his treachery. As to this one, my lord, the Regent de sires that he be thrown into a secret dungeon." Then leaning towards me, dungeon." Then leaning towards me, and whispering into my ear, so that the poor little prisoner could not bear, he added: "Arrange it as you please; either let him die of hunger or perish in some other way." The bandit then departed, leaving me so indignant and stupefied at such an order that he was far away before I had recovered my-

"Infamous!" cried Beaton. "It is the servant of poor Francis, the King' page, whom this menster Cessford had just drowned in the Forth. Finish! Oh, my Ged! What did you do?"

"I was bound to obey, or at least, to appear to obey. I led my prisoner away and tried to question him; but he maintained an obstinate silence. In vain I asked him why the Regent had arrested him, and of what treachery he was accused. I could not overcome his obstinacy, nor obtain any other answer but tears.

"I understand it all," said the Cardinal; the poor boy feared to betray what he knew of our plans. He is a

"At last," continued Lord Stopp,
"I asked him if he wept because he was a
prisoner. He spoke then for the first
time, saying: "I weep for him who has
fallen a victim to his loyalty; but I do
not weep, like a coward, over my own
fate."

"He dearly loved his young and un-fortunate master," said the Cardinal, with an emotion he strove in vain to

"The cruel order," resumed Lord Stopp, "which had been given me con-cerning this young man had already interested me in him, and the reply he interested me in him, and the reply he made to my question quite won me over to his cause, and more than ever I de sired to make him speak. I was at that time, my lord, as ignorant of your project as you were of my sentiments to ward the Douglas. Nevertheless, I said to myself, "There must have been some conspiracy; if I can obtain some useful information from this young man, they may in return accord me his pardon." So I questioned him anew, and, in order that he might know that his safety depended on his answers, I and, in order that he might know that his safety depended on his answers, i did not conceal from him the cruel order I had received in his regard. But though hearing of the terrible death with which he was menaced, I death with which he was menaced, I could not persuade him to speak. I assure you, my lord, I had the greatest possible desire of saving him. His only chance lay in an avowal, yet I leared to hear him speak, lest in order to save himself he should betray those with whom he had been accepted. with whom he had been associated. But he was not one to play the traitor's But he was not one to play the traitor's part. "Obey your instructions," he said calmly, "only," he added, "if the interest in me which I read in your face, my lord, is real, I will ask one favor: shoot me or stab me rather than let me die of hunger, for that must be a horrible death. If, however you cannot grant me that favor, my lord, we will speak no more of it."

"He said that — used those words those very expressions?" cried Beator

"I have repeated them to you, my lord, without altering a word.

"Oh, my God! my God?" exclaimed the Cardinal, greatly agitated. "It is Francis — it must be; it could be no other. His servant was only a Border peasant lad — faithful and lcyal, it is peasant lad — faithful and leyal, it is true, but a peasant in his manners and speech. That is not the language in which a Scottish peasant would express himself. I tell you, my lord, it is the page of James V.'

"Do you really think so? But the poor child was drowned in the Forth. You are certain of it, for an ocular wit-

"Yes, yes, I know, my lord!" broke in the Cardinal. "It matters not. I must see this boy, for you have saved him, I am sure."

him, I am sure."

"Yes; I disobeyed the Earl's orders, and that is my crime."

"A noble and generous one, my lord—one which will earn for you the King's gratitude and favor. But where is Francis—where is he?"

"There, my lord," replied the Governor, pointing out a secret door in the wall of his chamber; "but I cannot either let him come here or take you to him just at present."

"How? Why?"
"The captain of the inside guard has not finished his round, and at any moment may arrive to make his report.

My safety lies in concealing this young My safety lies in concealing this young man's existence from everyone, as they believe him to be dead. Calm yourself, therefore, my lord, and allow me to finish my tale, which, I fear, will undeceive you, for it will show you clearly that it is the servant, not the master,

that it is the servant, not the master, whom we have here."
"It is impossible!" said Beaton.
"Let me continue, my lord. Finding that he would not save himself by treachery, I resolved to rescue him in another way from the death to which he had been condemned. But I ence, so I had the lad thrown into a deep and secret dungeon, where he remained a whole day. Food sufficient for that time was given to him, I forbade any more to be taken to him, making it any more to be taken to him, making it known to all that I acted thus in obedience to the wish of the Regent. The key of his dungeon was deposited with me, and that night I went thither secretly, took him out, and brought him to this room and placed him in the secret chamber, which is known to no one but my trusty old valet, who daily carries food to him, and in this manner he has lived a whole year. However, further steps were necessary in order that others might believe him to be dead, so others might believe him to be dead, so one morning, about four days after his arrival at Stirling, I descended again to his dungeon, bidding my valet wait in the courtyard. I entered the cell for a moment, and on leaving it carefully closed the door behind me. Returning to the courtyard, I gave orders to my servant (in a loud voice that all could hear), to take a coffin to the dungeon. He did so, and after putting in I know not what, to give it the necessary weight, nailed down the lid, and the following day my prisoner was dead and buried to all, save myself and my faithful valet. The very day of his pre tended burial my prisoner asked to see me. I went to visit him towards evening and found him with heightened colored uneasy and preoccupied. I asked wha ailed him. "My lord," he replied, " know that to you I owe my life, and that you have given it to me uncondi

tionally. I thank you for it, and per haps one day I may be able to prov naps one day I may be able to prove to you that I am not ungrateful; but I conjure you to put the finishing touch to your good work by answering me a question." "I promise to do so," I replied: "speak!" "My lord," he said quickly, "tell me the latest news. Has nothing extraordinary taken place?" othing extraordinary taken place?"
"This is what has happened," I replied
and I then related to him the failure of the attempted attack on Melrose, and the disastrous issue of the Battle of Kirkliston. The poor young man seemed plunged in deep sorrow on hearseemed plunged in deep sorrow on hearing this news. He turned away immediately to hide his tears. I acknowledge, Cardinal, that I then said to myself, "He cannot be a servant; this young lad must have been in some way compromised in the Kirkliston affair, and is passing himself off as a valet.

But he need not practise dissimulation with me, who wish him nothing but good." So I said to him: "My child, now that there is no longer any danger in your speaking freely, acknowledge that you are not a servant." "I will not acknowledge that, sir," he replied; "for only four days ago I served a master." "And your master," I inquired — "who was he?" "He was—that which he ought not to be," he that which he ought not to be," he answered; "and since then I have been unable to obtain any further enlighter ment. Alas! you see, Cardinal, that

your hope."
"My hope, my hope!" replied Beaton quickly, "grows stronger every instant, my lord. Those adroit answers satisfy me that the boy is Francis, and no other. He told you that he served a other. He told you that he served a master: that master was the King! He said his master was what he should not be: James V. was a prisoner! Oh, I tell you it is he! I must assure my self of the fact. Lead me to him; I cannot wait any longer!"

"They are coming!" cried the Governor suddenly. "Calm yoursel, my lord, or that child and I are both lost. Angus has his spice everywhere, and if

Angus has his spies everywhere, and if

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was the captain of the guard, who entered abruptly, saying, as he drew the Governor aside:

"A very extraordinary thing has just happened, my lord. As the clock

struck two, a man and a boy came at full gallop to the castle. The man hailed the sentinel, crying: "Open!" "Who are you?" demanded the sen-"Who are you?" demanded the tinel. Then the boy called out: am James V., King of Scotland!"
They must be madmen. Shall I order
them to be driven away?
"Merciful Heaven! what would you

do?" cried the Governor, beside him-self. "It is the King!" "The King!" ejaculated the astondo ?'

ished captain. "The King, did you say ?" exclaimed

Beaton in his turn, having overheard Lord Stopp's exclamation. "Yes, His Majesty has arrived," said the Governor, and quitted the room precipitately, followed by the

Beaton hurried after them, and a minute later James, bathed in perspir-ation and covered with dust, was safe within the walls of Stirling Castle.

"The King free!" cried Beaton with

"The King free!" cried Beaton with emotion, as the little party rc-entered the Governor's cabinet.

"Yes, my good Cardinal, thanks to you," said James, still breathless from his rapid ride—"thanks to you and to the faithful man, whom I shall richly reward," he added, holding out his hand to Shell, who knelt and kissed it respectfully. Then, turning to Lord Stopp, he said: "Thanks also to you, my lord, for the hospitality you have tendered me in my Castle of Stirling I shall not forget that you were the first to receive James V. on his escape from captivity. But go, sir, go and from captivity. But go, sir, go and double the guard; for who knows but that the Douglases may not be pursuing us, and I should wish to give them a vigorous response if they dare to appear b

"Yes, Sire," replied the Governor, bowing; "but will not your Majesty permit me first to conduct you to your apartments?"

apartments?" "replied the King. James V. will neither rest nor sleep until all these precautions have been taken, and the keys of the castle deposited beneath his pillow."

neath his pillow."

The Governor hastened away to arouse the garrison, and, at a sign from the Cardinal, Shell also retired, leaving the Cardinal, Shell also retired, leaving the King and Beaton to concert as to the measures to be adopted at the present juncture. Their council had lasted over an hour before Lord Stopp rejoined them with the keys of the castle in his hand, to announce that the garrison was up and ready for action, in case the

Douglas should appear.
So occupied had Beaton and the Gov business and hospitality that both had quite forgotten Francis, or the one Beaton supposed to be Francis, and it was the King himself who recalled him to the thought of both

was the King himself who recalled him to the thoughts of both.
"Here are the keys, Sire," said Lord Stopp, presenting them to the King.
"Will your Majesty now permit me to accompany you to your chamber?"

"Certainly, my lord; I will follow you;" and, turning to Beaton, he added: "Good-night, Cardinal; we go to rest happy, but that happiness would be complete if the one who would so joyfully have shared it with me were not missing—my poor Francis!" ot missing—my poor Francis!"
"Ah, Sire, he lives, I hope!" cried

Beaton, all at once recalling the Governor's narrative. "Francis! my friend!" exclaimed the King, in a voice trembling with

"He is here, Sire, or I am greatly deceived," replied Beaton, relating in a few words the story he had heard

a few words the story he had nost-from Lord Stopp.
"Where is he? where is he?" cried
James. "I must see him!"
The Governor, however, had not
waited for orders, but had already
opened the secret door, and out rushed
a wone man, who threw himself at the a young man, who threw himself at the King's feet, exclaiming: "Sire! Sire!"

"It is he — Francis, my beloved page!" said the King, raising up the young Frenchman and folding him in his arms. This unexpected and joyful meeting made James quite forget his fatigue. He no longer thought of sleep. Francis

had been saved, and he must hear by what means. The young Frenchman explained the matter simply, but with tears in his eyes, as he said :
"It was through the fidelity "It was through the fidelity of Moses, or rather Harry, a fidelity which cost the poor lad his life: for when I rejoined him on my return from the Black Gorge, fearing lest spies might be on my track, he proposed to change clothes with me. I at first refused, but the poor lad pressed his point so hard, saying that the King's liberty depended on my safety, that I at last consented, resolving, however, that if any harm resolving, however, that if any harm should befall the brave fellow I would share it with him; but the attack of Sir Andrew was so sudden that there was no time to speak before they gagged us, and when they threw the poor boy

into the river, believing him to be the page of James V., I made every effort to speak, but in vain, and to my signs they paid no attention."

"I deeply grieve for the poor fel low," said the King; "but I thank him for his devotedness, since it preserved you to me. And you, poor friend, how much you must have suffered! And but for the generosity of my Lord Governor you—Sir," he said suddenly, turning to Lord Stopp, "you have earned an eternal right to my friendship, and, as I like to have my friends near me, I name you Governor of Edin burg Castle. Cardinal," he then added, "God, Who has showered so many benefits on us to day, has a right

added, "God, Who has showered so many benefits on us to day, has a right to our thanks. We will assist at the Mass of thanksgiving which you are about to offer in the castle chapel. Gentlemen, to the chapel."

James at once proceeded, followed by Francis, the Governor, and many of the officers of the garrison. At the conclusion of the service the King, having made aloud his act of thanksgiving, rose, and said: "Now I must reward those who have

"Now I must reward those who have suffered for me. Francis D'Arcy, Lord of Kirkliston. kneel." Francis knelt, and the King, taking in his hand one of the Governor's swords, continued: "Noble and courageous friend, I, the King, dub you knight." He then struck Francis on the shoulder with the blade of the sword, after which he hid him rise and gave him the which he bid him rise and gave him the accolade. Thus was Francis D'Arcy knighted at the age of fifteen, a just tribute to his courage and nobleness of

character.
Shell came in for his share of reward for the good work he had done so much to forward, having the patent of nobil-ity conferred upon him, and being made commander of a hundred lances made commander of a hundred lances and enriched with a domain in the county of Haddington, not far from Wedderburn, where the former free booter had saved Francis's life, and where, as he always declared, he had taken his first step on a good path.

Beaton's services were not forgotten. He who had worked and suffered so much on the King's habalf was declared.

much on the King's behalf was declared to be reinstated in his former offices

and dignities.
"And now," said the King, "Lord Stopp, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, conduct me to my sleeping chamber. Francis, you shall for to day still be the page of James V. To morrow Sir D'Arcy, Lord of Kirkliston, will be nothing less than the dearest friend and companion of the King of Scotland."

HISTORICAL CONCLUSION.

At dawn of day the flight of the royal captive was discovered. The Douglas party had now good reason to fear that their power was at an end, and this fact was soon made clear to all. James issued a proclamation forbidding Angus or any of his kinsmen to appreach him within six miles. Parliament was at once convoked, and Angus and all his adherents summoned to answer for the abuses they had committed in the At dawn of day the flight of the royal adherents summoned to answer for the abuses they had committed in the usurpation of the royal power, and for the species of captivity in which for two years they had held the King. It would have been impossible for them to satisfactorily defend themselves, and their appearance would have led to their final ruin. They therefore resolved to retire into England, counting on the mediation of Henry VIII. with

Though the King of England interceded strongly with James, it was invain, and it was not until after the death of the King that the Douglases were once more allowed to return to their native land.

THE END.

FROM THE HEART OF A CHALICE.

It was commencement day at Mount St. Edward's. The sombre granite building had assumed a festive look, every column and balustrade decked and with Old Glory floating triumphant ly to the breeze. Even the hothouse had been pressed into service and brother Anselm had brought forth his nost treasured pots of fern and palms not to mention huge bouquets of roses to enhance the general beauty.

The soft June air was liquid in its sweetness. The breezes played cares

singly over beds of geranium and coleus that relieved the green sward singly over beds of gerantum and coleus that relieved the green sward here and there and blew in at the windows of the study hall where al-ready the ranks were formed for the entrance march. A band of handsome lads indeed.

Any college might well be proud to onlinery in its ranks, and the pictures-que caps and gowns of the graduates to render these all the more attractive.

"Now, Frank, are you quite sure of your lines?" queried Brother Ambrose, as he paused in his survey of the well-formed rows, and addressed the first graduate, a slender, dark-haired youth. "Yes? That's good. All ready now? March !"

There was a burst of applause from the breathless audience as the young men stepped upon the stage, and fond mothers and proud fathers craned their necks to secure a better view of some beloved hopeful. In the front seat Ruth Ransom sat with her father and mother, and in all that assemblage there was no happier heart than here And why not? Was it not Frank Ransom's graduation day? Was not Frank her only brother, her idol, the object of her worshipping devotion? Was not Frank the valedictorian of the occasion, and was not this the glor-ious climax of all his years of study and achievement? Ruth, who was three years Frank's junior, could scarcely contain herself, but keep nudging her mother every few minutes as some evolution in the march brought as some evolution in the march brought him into better view. But her rapture knew no bounds when Frank, without note of any kind, stood erect and calm, ready to deliver the valedictory. The handsome lad, with his earnest, thoughtful face, now becomingly flushed, his gentie, manly bearing, charmed the audience at once, and as the well delivered oration ended, he sat down amid rounds of applause. Prouder amid rounds of applause. Prouder than ever though was the moment when

the Brother Director, during the award of diplomas, made the announcement that for studiousness and general excellence in conduct, a special gold medal was bestowed upon Mr. Frank Ransom. The picture of the young man kneeling to receive the handsome badge from the hand of his late instantion was one that Rank Dr. structor was one that Ruth Ransom treasured in her memory through all

treasured in her memory through all the after years.
Well, it was all over, and the boys stood clasping the hands of doting parents and admiring friends and receiving with becoming modesty their congratulations. "So this is our little Ruth," cried Frank, as he gave the girl a brotherly caress. "How you have grown since last September! If you keep on, you'll be taller than your big brother, sis."

"Oh, Frank, I'm so glad you are coming home for good," the girl cried, "We have missed you so much, still, you must be sorry to leave this lovely place where the Brothers are so kind."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the youth with the lofty air of eighteen. "It is rather poky at times, you know. A fellow longs to cut loose. Of course the Brothers are all right though. There was a suspicious break in the lad's voice as he uttered the last

As the party made their adieus at As the party made their adiens at the door, Brother Ambrose drew Mr. Ransom, unobserved, inside, and said; "You have a good son, Mr, Ransom. Frank is a studious, clever boy, but he is apt to be a trifle wilful and may require a strict hand. But you will have no trouble with him, I am sure. Frank has been excellent in his conduct as the strength with winning the medal was shown by his winning the medal, but I, who have been so close to him, understand better perhaps than any ther the undercurrent of his nature

How often did this warning recur to the mind of Mr. Ransom in after days! Very gradually indeed, but none theless surely, the realization of his son's imperfections came home to him with a bitter pang. At first Frank was a model, the leader in all the societies his parish had set on foot for the advancement of its youth, the cleverest in debate, the most skilful in athletics, in debate, the most skillul in athletics, he promptly became the centre of an admiring group who were ever ready to do his bidding. A stronger character might have risen by the very spur of this adulation to better and higher things, but Frank belonged, alas, to that too large body of young men which present day society empraces. His present day society embraces. His head was turned by flattery; his wilful spirit soon learned to chafe against the wholesome restraints of home and Church, and the call of pleasure did not pass unheeded. Very quickly he tired of his parish companions. "They were too ignorant, too narrow," he would assert with a lotty sneer. So it would assert with a loty sneer. So it was that presently he made friends among more worldly, even dissolute men, an association his family viewed with grief and disfavor.

Had Mr. Ransom been spared to his family this budding propensity might have been checked at the first sign, but unfortunately he succumbed to a malady of which he had long been a victim, and to the mother was left the responsibility of governing the proud

spirit of her son.

For a while all went well. Frank had secured an excellent position wi a large manufacturing plant in the little town where they resided. The situation was a clerical one and there was opportunity for advancement. Sub-dued by the loss of his father, Frank settled down to business for some months. The three lived very com-fortably in the neat home which Mr. Ransom's thrift had acquired for his family. Their income was sufficient for their needs and Frank's salary was taxed but little for the general sup-port. Ruth had turned her attention to vocal music and having been gradu-ated at the convent academy of which she was now devoting her time as much as possible to the cultivation of contralto voice that promised great

One night, a glorious June night it was, Ruth had returned from choir practice and now hurried up the garden walk to the porch where she had left her mother sitting. "Well, mother, here I am. I was not gone so long, was I—why, Frank—why, mother, what's the matter?" she cried.

Without answering, Mrs. Ransom broke into silent tears. Frank, with his arm caressingly about his mother's shoulders, replied: 'Now, nothing to worry over, little woman. You see. Ruth, old Davis and I had a dispute to day and I simply quit, that's all.
There's no position in this dull town for a fellow, so to-morrow I'm going to New York to try my luck."

"Oh, Frank, I'm so distressed,"
murmured Ruth dolefully, as she sank
down on the low porch step and looked
first at Frank, then at her mother's
face. "I do wish you were not so
proud and hasty. I dread to see you
step into the maelstrom of a great and
wicked city." wicked city.

wicked city."

"Fudge, kid! You talk as if you were forty. I can take care of myself rest assured. Now cheer up both of you. I have the best of references and know I'll find something worth having."
And Frank did. He wrote from New

York at the end of a few days that he had been engaged by a large and wealthy firm and that he should enter at once upon his duties. He had sec-ured board with a respectable old lady in a fair neighborhood and everything

looked promising.

For a short time letters came frequently. Visits were necessarily scarce but he made flying trips whenever pos-sible to do so. After a while, these also grew "few and far between." Mrs. Ransom's health had become so delicate that Ruth could never leave home for long at a time or she would have taken occasional journeys to the great city in order to keep Frank under sisterly surveillance. The advisability of leaving their native home and remov-ing to New York in order to be near him was more than once considered, but the income that warranted a com-fortable maintenance in a village,

would, they well knew, bare
the necessities of life in the
ropolis. 'As they had, ho
most resolved to risk all as
sake of their loved one breal
letter came from Frank stat
had been ordered West on
importance for his firm and,
pelled to go immediately, th
ity of making them a long
visit was denied him.

A chill went to the he
patient, waiting woman as th

patient, waiting woman as the letter. Something was wrong That instinct which is said That instinct which is sai woman aright, without direct served now to raise a double plausibility of the story. Wiere, Ruth said, "Mother, spare me for a day while I York?" Mrs. Ransom promptly. "Go, Ruth. I cyou must find out what Fradaing." . . .

"Ransom-Miss Ransom not recall the name, but be Ransom. What can I do for It was the private office & Co., and a grey-hair gentleman spoke the words, time courtesy he placed a cleside his desk.

"I have called," murmu

her embarrassment overcom couraging gentleness of the brother, Frank Ransom, wh employ and whom you ha West on business." Frank Ransom? Why M we have no such young m

we once did have a clerk b but he remained with us ths. And you are his Ruth detected a note of Why, why, he told mestake; would yo ing why he left you? Mr. Newcome hemmed It was a severe trial to l

depths of those tender, ple eyes and admit that it tionable habits of her b had caused his speedy disc facts did not come out all after a while, Ruth, by di questioning realize months pursued a course He had been in the emp come & Co. but a brief twas discovered that his h sociates were such as to reworthy of confidence. W persuasion and reprimand Newcome failed to bear Frank was discharged, nothing had been seen him. Ruth never forgot sindness with which Mr. mitted these unpleasant could not lessen the pain cital caused in her loving whirling brain Ruth left ceeding with all possible address of Mrs, Ferry, with whom her brother Here she learned other u tails—how Frank had dri position to another, eac munerative than the la just a few days previous coming he had informed h coming he had informed his intention of leaving W good. "I am going W Miss. "Perhaps in t country I can begin life lift my head again." Ab a sad sight to see hor

young man had come down and him with such an ew Why, Miss, one time he grand gold medal he'd and he told me it was ne and ne told me it was a beak keepin'. It was a beak prettiest crown of pearls his name. "I'll never he ses, ses he, "but we heart inside this case wi mother's picture. When of myself I'll hang it chain again. "You gave us a r. morning, Miss Ransom.

that our poor little chu a voice. It was good c us, especially when singing is in such deman "Oh, come now, F that is some of your Iris claimed Ruth, as a sm usually visited her fa-lips. "It is an hono pleasure to sing in chu seems so long since I le home in the East. Si concert work I have b tramp, but now that mosettled for a while in th ern town you must let n your dear little chur Father, I am told you vestments and altar voccasionally show to visite me look at them

" Delighted, Miss Ra ter time than the pres Father, whose great collecting of elegant al Father O'Neill, on a health, had been com the charge of a wealth East and in a pict East and in a pict neat chapel to which made frequent and val With the eagerness of promptly led the way re he unlocked heavy iron safe. Soon was examining vestmented silk and satin and

I have left the most he smilingly sa pleted her survey of t made from old gold are by my parishioners a day I used it for the we have placed the g came from their origins is a diamond from a This ruby was in a bra-organist. But I like organist. But I like of pearls, and the stor it is interesting. Son called to attend a J