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LULU'S DREAM.

BY PAUL STONE.

It was the night before Christmas, and the snow that had fallen so steadily all day had ceased at evening. The earth was robed in white. The trees. the tall mountains, and even the church steeples in the distance, ap-peared perfectly white.

The stars were shining forth in all their cold steady brightness, and the clouds that had been floating over-head all day in thick, handsome masses, seemed weary of traveling, and to the eye were motionless. There was a great calm and beauty all over

The streets were crowded with all classes of people, hurrying to their homes, hastening with glad hearts and presents for the little ones, for who will not admit that Christmas is particularly the children's time?

In the crowd, one very sad but in teresting face, attracted our attention. Oh! there was such a strength of character, such a beautiful look of resignation about it, and so much tenderness and thought in the expression. It was that of a woman about thirty-five. She was hurrying to a grand mansion up town in New York.

City.
While she is going there, we will tell our little friends something of her

history. Mrs. Barton was married when young to a sea-captain, who had accumulated a comfortable sum of money, and who made her an excellent husband. Two children were given to the couple, and for five years life was as pleasant in the Barton household, as in the palace of a king.
One stormy day in March in the year

1870, Captain Barton went to sea in his handsome vessel "Ocean Lion." Two months after, some bedding and furniture bearing the name of this ship were picken up off the coast of

Undoubtedly, the crew had been lost in a storm, and thus Mrs. Barton was left a widow, with her two little girls, too young to feel their loss, but not too young to wonder why mamma always wore that faded black dress and why she wept so much in the silent twilight. The children often tried to kiss the hot tears away, but all the love of their affectionate little hearts could not remove from their mother's life its one great sorrow.

After two years Captain Barton's money passed away from the little The children had been very ill : the widow too delicate to work for them, and the doctor and landlord had to be paid, and food and clothing bought

At length there was not a penny in the house, nor a mouthful of food. The poor mother, foot sore and weary, had after making the most desperate efforts, been engaged by a wealthy lady to do some sewing, and it was on this Christmas Eve we meet her taking home the garments she had

been making. She enters the richly furnished sitting-room, and while waiting for Mrs. Stevens the rich banker's wife, she hears the gentle breathing of children and sees in the adjoining room two little girls, pale and beautiful as the moonlight which is streaming in upon them. They are sleeping, but in their tiny arms a loving mother has placed all kinds of toys. The crib is weighed down with presents. When a happy Christmas. For a short time the little ones open their eyes, what a the dingy room seemed a paradise of wonderful, what a joyful sight will delight, for the kind Popsey had meet them !

As the widow gazed on this scene her eyes filled with tears when she thought of her own precious darlings with not a mouthful to give them. If they were awake they were hungry; if asleep in their wretched little bed, their tiny arms were clasped around each other, not around a handsome doll or woolly sheep. Poor innocents, little they knew what their mother was suf-

fering! At length Mrs. Stevens sweeps into the room and gives Mrs. Barton simply what she has earned, nothing more and the poor woman hurries home to the miserable tenement, for every cent she has must be paid for her rent.

On her return she finds Mabel sitting by her sister's bedside, watching the sleeping child with her old broken doll beside her. This child, although in a poor bed and in rags, seems to be smiling, and the pale face is beautiful not because of its features, but its expression, which after all is the great beauty of the soul.

The child rouses herself and says "Oh, mamma, I have had such a lovely dream. Oh! it is true, and will be to morrow. My Papa, good old Popsey who used to pull my curls, is coming home. Oh! I saw the 'Ocean Lion' out on the sea, and she looked just like when we went to bid him

Mrs. Barton was overcome at what the child said, but softly whispered:

'Lulu, tell me your dream. "Mamma," she began, "I was asleen with my doll Fanny, and a beautiful angel came to me. He was just like the pictures, only nicer, all silver and light. Oh, such a bright light that it almost hurt my eyes to watch him. I heard some one call, 'Lulu, my little Lulu!' Oh! it was such a sweet voice. I was awful afraid when I saw it was the angel speaking, for he was right up over the head of my bed. I

answered: "'Yes, I am little Lulu Barton." "Then he smiled and said:

"Don't you think I know you, Lulu? Why, I have been with you more than mamma or sister Mabel. I am your Guardian Angel and am always with you, because you belong to the Great King Whom I serve. He loves little children and has told me to give His young friends just what they need and want the most, because it is Christmas, and above all feasts, this is especially

His.'
"After the angel had been talking a while I was not so afraid, and I said:

"'Oh, angel, if you really belong to that Great King of yours, couldn't you give me back my papa? He went away in 'Ocean Lion,' but mamma, when she cries, says he will never, never come back. Oh, when he was here we lived in a nice cottage and had dolls and turkey on Christmas, now we don't have them any more. Angel, can't you send home Popsey, the dear old fellow? If your King loves little children so much, why can't He do what Lulu Barton wants?'

"When I said King, he made great bow way down to the floor, and then he said:

"'My child, your papa is not dead. in my Home there is a great large book, and it are written the names of all those who die. Your father's name is not yet in it. He lives, is coming home and will be with you this very

"Before I could thank the angel he had gone, and when I opened my eyes, you and Mabel were here, noonly you body else.

The next day was Christmas, and Mrs. Barton hastened to Mass to adore the new-born Babe and thank Him that she was poor because it was His will, and praise Him for His goodness, because even the needy and afflicted have blessings, and the greatest one of these is their simple, confiding faith.

After she had been a few hours home

from church a stranger knocked at her door. He was a well-built man, just in the prime of life. His hair was long and gray, but it was not gray from years, because the face beneath it was young and anxious looking. His eyes were dark and although he wore glasses, were too penetrating and brilliant to pass unnoticed. The face was trong and bronzed from exposure to the sun, but perhaps the bronze added to its warm beauty. At first Mrs. Bar-ton was embarrassed, and wondered what this portly, handsome man could want with her and the little girls.

The stranger gazed at her intently, and as he did not speak she grew scar let under his keen glance. One mo ment more, and he had clasped her to his breast. He said:

nis breast. He said:
"My wife, my children, do you not
know your poor father! I have
changed — I have gone through so
much, but I am no other than your husband.' At these words the woman almost

swooned from excitement and joy The two little girls clung so violently to the sailor's blue coat that they did not see the handsome, stately dolls or bon bon boxes peeping out from the pockets.

Suddenly Lulu said: "My dream, my dream! I knew that silver angel would bring you back, and where is 'Ocean Lion?'"

Then the captain told how the noble vessel, after resisting the storm for He had been picked up by a ship bound for Asia, and had in this sailed to all the principal ports in the world. All the crew but himself had been drowned, ands through sickness, and storm and disappointments of all kinds, he had been almost two years getting

home to his family. It is needless to say the Bartons had brought the children all sorts of good things, and besides this he had in his pocket a purse filled with gold because his vessel and cargo had been heavily insured.

Lulu always believed that her Guardian Angel had really sent her papa home, but who knows how it was? Perhaps Mrs. Barton had placed her trust in Providence, and had prayed that if her husband still lived he might some day return, and perhaps his joy ful return was an answer to her fervent prayer.

Lulu and Mabel grew to be two beautiful young ladies, not only hand-some, but virtuous and kind and loving to the poor. As they advanced in years their father became wealthy and distinguished, and although they lived to see many a Christmas they always declared there was never a day so sweet and precious in their exist-ence as the one on which dear old Popsey came home from sea — the Christmas of 1872.

what may be the condition of the hair, and, in every case, it occasions satis faction and pleasure, in addition to the benefit which invariably comes from its

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TRUE TO THE END.

CHAPTER IX.

Day after day went by slowly, and yet too quickly—slowly, because the hours were heavy with their weight of his life; for I firmly believe, if he is sorrow; and too quickly, for the time was precious, and no evidence worth anything was as yet forthcoming for the defence. Ellen was out of immediate danger, but still lay in a state of prostration of mind and body. Frank had sunk into utter dejection and misery, and his friends knew not how to rouse him from it, although they were well aware how terribly it would tell against him on the trial.

Mr. Fox, the solicitor, was in de-spair: never in all his life had such a case come under his notice; and he found great difficulty in getting counsel to hold the brief; one after another persisted that Frank must be guilty, and that he should take his advisers into his confidence, and thus give them some chance of getting him off. Mr. Fox believed in Frank; he had known him from a boy, and he was certain that, if from some sudden pressure he had taken the notes, he would have confessed it to him now.

One day Mr. Fox called at Frank's house, and found Richard Dunne with Margaret. Poor broken-hearted Margaret, looking twenty years older than before the blow fell, literally bent with sorrow, watching and care, was leaning back in her chair, wiping away her tears. She drove back those tears in Ellen's presence, and it was a relief to shed them now. Richard was sitting by her side, talking with soothing tenderness to his poor old friend, and she had quite forgotten her early prejudices against him, and poured out her sorrows to him as if he were a near and dear relative.

Hardly had Mr. Fox greeted them both, when Father O'Donnell entered the room. Richard gave a start, as it something had stung him, and Mr. Fox, in surprise, asked if he were ill. "Oh! no, not at all," answered he.
"It is a troublesome tooth of mine,

which every now and then gives me horrid pain for a moment."
"Poor fellow!" said Margaret, "I know that kind of pain is very trying. Willie dear, don't you remember how you used to suffer from the same

Willie had been speaking to Mr Fox ; now he came forward to greet Margaret, and put out his hand to Richard.

"A toothache, aunt? Yes, I recollect suffering a good deal, and you had a wonderful remedy for it. Can't you give Mr. Dunne some of it?

Richard had been looking another way all this time; he now turned his gaze full on William O'Donnell. There was an answering look, full of kindness; the expression of the face was unchanged, only that there was a shade of deeper sadness over it.

Mr. Fox instantly plunged into the subject that was uppermost in all their

"I really don't know which way to turn," cried he. "Iam baffled at every point. I believe in Frank's innocence as much as I do in my own, but it is one of those rare cases in which circumstantial evidence is against an innocent man. I feel that one little clue would unravel the mystery; but on that I cannot lay my You have thought over what I asked you, Father O'Donnell, have you not?" continued the solicitor. "You can't think of any one who has a grudge against Frank, who wants to do him an injury? As you were at college with him, you must pretty well know all his early friends and ac-quaintances, while his wife knows those of a later date. Can't you really think of any one?"

Richard Dunne's eves were fixed on Willie with a kind of fascination. "No; I know of no one," said the

priest quietly. "Nothing that could give any clue whatever?" repeated Mr. Fox, impatiently walking up and down the room, his hands in his pocket. "Do try, do, for God's sake! No circumstance would be too trining. What might seem to you a mere nothing, might be everything to me. I'll not conceal from you," said Mr. Fox, suddenly standing still, and facing the other two men, "that I am seriously alarmed; Frank's fate hangs in the balance. If he be not acquitted, the

sentence will be a severe one; his very position, education and character will tell against him, not for him."

Margaret sank back in her chair, obbing. Richard saw an expression of keen and bitter suffering pass over Father O'Donnell's features, and he saw his eyes raised for a moment to heaven; then he answered calmly "I can give you no help, Mr. Fox. I

So thorough is the excellence of Ayer's Hair Vigor that it can be used with benefit by any person, no matter what may be the condition of the confessional, and you know the confessional, and respect that; but surely you could give some idea, some clue? You see the matter is so important. Was it a man or a woman who brought it? Couldn't we get at him or her, and, by promis ing them a pardon or to get them out of the country, ascertain the truth? Now, Father O'Donnell, couldn't you help me as far as this? Was it a man

or a woman ?" "I don't know," said the priest.
"Don't know?" returned Mr. Fox "Why, my dear sir, you must know the difference in a man's or woman's

"Yes, perfectly," he answered. "Then, which was it? Which did it resemble?"

"I don't know," said the priest again. "All that I know about the note I stated before the magistrate. I

"But you do know!" rejoined Mr. Fox, losing his temper in his anxiety. "It is some ridiculous scruple which

not acquitted, it will kill him. And what is to become of his wife and children?

At this juncture Margaaet could bear it no longer, and ran out of the room. The three men were left alone, and they would have formed a good study for a painter: Mr. Fox standing opposite to William O'Donnell, his face flushed, and his eyes sparkling with excitement; the priest quiet and immovable, his countenance calm and grave; and Richard close by them, glancing from one to the other with

keen eager looks.
"Are you immovable, Father O'Donnell?" pursued the angry solici-

tor.
"Quite, Mr. Fox," he replied; "I have nothing to tell; if I had, I would have nothing to tell; if I would do anysay it in an instant. I would do any-thing on this earth to save my brother and sister. If, by bearing the blame and the shame myself, I could spare them, I would do it gladly; but I know

nothing."
"You must know something," returned Mr. Fox, "because the note

was brought to you."
"Yes, it was brought to me; and the person who brought it permitted me to say it was given to me as resti tution-money. I have said this pub-licly; I can say no more. I can say no more in confidence to you than I could in open court. What is told in the confessional is told to God, not man; and as man, I say with perfect

truth, I know nothing more."
"And you will sacrifice your
brother and sister by keeping up this distinction?" demanded Mr. Fox

"Certainly, if need be, 'said Father O'Donnell, 'if it be the will of my Master. He has said, 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.'"

Mr. Fox was silenced; he saw the keen anguish painted on the pale and patient face, and his anger melted away into a deep respect for one who could so faithfully keep a trust com-mitted to him. Not choosing, however, to acknowledge himself in the wrong, he snatched up his hat and hastened from the room, and Richard, who had no mind to be left alone with the priest, ran after him.

Meantime the day for the trial rapidly drew on, and Mr. Fox's hopes grew fainter and fainter. He could find out no one at the bank who had a grudge against Frank. There had been a little jealousy felt by all his fellow cierks at his sudden elevation, but it had never been serious, and was not felt by one more than another. Mr. Brown was grieved for Frank from his very heart, and was altogether above suspicion of foul play. The servants at Frank's house had all lived with them for years, and were honest, simple and faithful creatures, broken hearted at what had occurred. Minute enquiries were made as to who had entered the house from the time the notes were lost to the day on which they were found. No one had called during that interval but Dr. Grant, Father O'Donnell, and Mr. Richard

Dunne. Mr. Fox was at his wits' end. The trial day came; the court was densely crowded, and Frank, pale and worn, with black lines under his eyes deep furrows on his cheeks, and touch of white amidst the hair that till now had been Ellen's pride for its glossy blackness, stood as a felon in the dock before judge and jury. The evidence for the prosecution was the same as that given before the magisrate, and, though eve keenly cross examined, the testimony was unshaken. The numerous ladies present were deeply affected at the genuine emotion and marks of fervent friendship for the prisoner evinced by Mr. Richard Dunne when he stood in the witness box. Father O'Donnell was sharply cross examined by the prisoner's counsel; but his answers were invariably the same: he would add nothing to his former statement, and denied any further knowledge of the business. The speech of the counsel for the prosecution was thought by many to be unnecessarily severe. barrister dwelt on Frank's education and excellent position as reasons not for mercy, but for greater punishment. "If we condemn," said he, "a poor man who is ignorant and vicious for a crime of felony, how much more one whose conscience must have plainly warned him; who could have had no strong incentive for the crime, who was easily earning an honorable livelihood, who had been treated with extraordinary generosity by the very ing! It is the evil example that

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such men set," continued the learned counsel, "that tends to the increase of erime among our poor population and

rising generation.

For the defence came numerous witnesses as to character: tradesmen who declared their bills were paid regularly, and that Mr. Murphy owed nothing; and the prisoner's counsel commented on these, and showed there could be no possible motive for committing the crime, while there was every motive for deterring him from He pointed out that the prisoner, if guilty, must have known a speedy discovery of the crime would follow, vet he took no steps to avoid it. He declared it to be one of those cases where circumstantial evidence is strong against an innocent man; he pointed out that some other person must have been mixed up in the affair, because one note had been taken to Father O'Donnell. Nobody could sup pose that, if the prisoner had com mitted this crime, he would have brought his own brother in law into the matter. The real thief and villain had evidently contrived so far to escape punishment and conviction; but he doubted not, in His own good time, the God of justice would bring

and unjustly accused man. The speech was elequent, but every one in court felt the arguments were weak; and no one was surprised when the jury, after a very brief absence, returned into court and gave a verdict of "guilty:" it was unaccompanied by any recommendation to mercy. The sentence passed was seven years' penal servitude. Frank stood up to receive it, and then fell fainting into the arms of his jailers, and was carried by them from the dock.

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