## AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED.

"Your news of my Charge was stale—several days stale—and your implied reproach ill-timed and unfitting. As to her going to church without attendance and in the aspect of an outcest, mitter event can lessen the morality she may have beened there—nor can the still more unpacked. That she got no farther than the she chose. That she got no farther than the threshold may have been detrimental to her hearing; I doubt if it has hurt her otherwise. As to my responsibility about Rachel section, it is neither more not less than I chose to assume, and in that, as in everythint pertaining to this Charge you have thrust upon me under penalty of a threat, I shall promise to no dictation, nor be answerable to anybody. If the physical and religious libert of the past you allude to, as well as the precedent of the past you allude to, as well as the precedent of the past you shude to, as well as the precedent of the past you shude to. " MY DEAR TERRY, to this remind me, is a girl, violate well as the pre-of the past you allude to, as well as the pre-dents of my present independence, that is so dents of my present independence, that is so dents of my present independence, that is so yours as usual, "Yours as usual,"
BEDILLA."

an was told to go immediately Hardman was told to go immediately with the letter to the post-office. Pettard, the postmaster was not without his curiosity concerning Miss Burram, but then he had also a certain sense of honor which prevented him from talking as his predecessor had done; the latter had not hesitated to tell in a confidential way the addresses on the let-ters that Miss Burram sent to the post-office; thus, Herrick knew that among office; thus, Herrick knew that so one the lady's correspondents was one "Terry" who had a post-office box in the city, but, since Pettard came into office, Herrick learned nothing; and now as Pettard took the letter from Hardman he threw it into the mail bag without even glancing at the direction, but he could not resist remarking:

"It's a mighty good thing letters at allowed to lie around for some ple to look at them.' Hardman stared.

Hardman stared.

'By 'some people' I mean Herrick,''
nt on little Pettard, "he's got an

wful sight of curiosity."

But Hardman only laughed; it was not his way to gossip with any of the Rentonville folk.

The very next day found Mrs. Gedher way to Miss Burram's; she had little or no misgiving about the visit; and if Miss Burram should not choose to accept the advances of the whole Gedding family presented by Mrs. Gedding, that would be Miss Burram's loss—certainly, no disadvantage to Mrs. Gedding. And armed equally by the resignation with which she was prepared to receive Miss Burram's re-fusal, and by the delightful sense of

satisfaction which she felt in her new, sausiaction which she left in her new, and ample sealskin sacque—a recent Christmas present from her husband— she pulled Miss Burram's bell. Mrs. Gedding!" exclaimed Sarah in involuntary amazement.
"Yes, Sarah, it is I; take my card to
Miss Burram, and tell her I should like

Sarah threw open the parlor door, Sarah threw open the parlor door, and the lady rustled in; she was so short that, having seated herself with her customary desire for comfort in one of the deep easy-chairs, her feet hung some distance from the floor, and Sarah said to herself as she ascended with the cond.

There ain't much danger of her looking at curtains and things; she won't get out of that chair as easy as

Sarah's further astonishment, Miss Burram instantly, and without a word, went to the parlor. Sarah's pre-diction as to Mrs. Gedding's difficulty in getting out of the chair was fully verified; that lady made two ineffectual efforts, and then resigned herself, ng with her soft voice that had not

"I was sent with a message," the soft, monotonous voice went on, "a message of charity from my daughter."

Miss Burram drew herself up; the word charity acted upon her with exceeding offensiveness, but the visitor, quite at her ease, and disposed to propage has present, configured.

The signorant as Herrick himself, for Miss we shall unravelour mysteries the unravelment to ourselves."

Without waiting for refreshment, or without waiting for the continued.

Herrick said to himself when he heard the case, and disposed to propage has present, configured that the continued of quite at her ease, and disposed to prolong her present comfort continued, utterly regardless of the cold, severe face turned upon her: "My daughter Rose; she thought, you know, Miss Superbound of the cold, severe his visit—deep business. Shouldn't his visit—deep business. Shouldn't we'll tell you everything if you'll call with her how something to do we'll tell you everything if you'll call Rose; she thought, you know, Miss Burram, that it was a pity you should live so much alone, and that, as your of Christian thing for neighbors to 185 neighborly, and "—feeling with her increased sense of comfort that it was just as well to be entirely frank—"as Mr. Burleigh, your friend does business in my husband's oflice, and he has often spoken of you, it seemed to be more natural that your family and ours should be real neighborly. We are very plain people, Miss Burram, but we are good people, Miss Burram, but we are good Christians, and you'll be very welcome sit us, you and your Charge, and I'll get my husband to invite Mr. Burmy husband to investigate my husband to investigate, Mr. and and your other friends, Mr. and your other friends, We always leigh and your other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Toussel, to our house. We always have an 'at home' on Sunday even-

Miss Burram's aspect had become

Miss Burram's aspect had become more and more severe, but she made no attempt to reply till assured by the pause that followed, that her visitor had said all she come to say.

Then she burst upon that visitor with actounding vehemence and displeasure.

"Say to your daughter that her charity is misplaced; that I advise her to reserve her pity for the good Christians who intrude themselves where they are who intrude themselves where they are not wanted; that the fact that my Charge attends her school is no reason why other people who attend that school should not mind their own business; that I regret Mr. Burleigh has so far forgotten the minding of his business as to say anything about me.
"And, as a concluding advice to you,

Madam, I would say, let your 'at homes on Sunday evenings be tempered by the

Christianity which teaches to let alone the neighbors who prefer not to know Mrs. Gedding and her Christian family. Good afternoon," and ringing for Sarah she said briefly, when Sarah appeared, which she did with surprising prompt-

ness: "Show Mrs. Gedding out." Mrs. Gedding was for the first time i perhaps the whole of her surprising-

ly uneventful, placid life sensibly shocked; so much shocked that she actually roused herself with such an effort from the comfortable depths of her chair that she was on her feet when Sarah entered the room. But how to reply to she stood looking up in a kind of help-less way at Miss Burram, who stood looking down at Mrs. Gedding with a fierce contempt that made Sarah make to herself her usual ejaculation. Nor could the little woman recover sufficiently to say even one word before that sarcastic speech she knew no

sufficiently to say even one word before she found herself under Sarah's pilotage, at the hall door; and at the last she saw as the door clo last she saw as the door closed upon her was Sarah's solemn eyes looking at her with a sort of absurd commiseration. How she got out of Miss Burram's grounds and to her own house she hardly knew, her feelings were in such a dazed and indescribable condition, and when she remed into her denotion's when she poured into her daughter's ear the full account of her visit, Rose

"Oh, mother," she said, "you have just ruined everything! What in t world did you want to bring in Chr tianity, or to say anything about Mr. Burleigh? Now, of course, Miss Burram has taken alarm lest her affairs are ing told by her man of business, and if father should hear that you have been talking this way, there will be no end

of unpleasant feeling."
"All through you," said her mother,
roused into unprecedented emotion by her recent experience, "and the next time you want your charitable proposicarried out, carry them out your-

But, mother," expostulated Rose "who thought you were going to say anything so nonsensical and ridicul

Then, why didn't you tell me what to say, or go yourself?" and Mrs. Gedding for the first time in her daughter's

memory began to cry. That was too much for the really warm-hearted girl. "You dear, gentle, little mother; it was just because I was so sure of your eness winning what nothing ould win, that I begged you to But, forgive me, and we shall settle it all by saying no word of it to father, Will, nor anybody, except Hattie nor Will, nor anybody, except flattle; we shall not say one word of your visit to any one else. If father or Will should want to know if you called on Miss Burram, and how you succeeded, you can just tease them by saying that is your business," to all of which at length, Mrs. Gedding agreed, and all of which helped to pacify and restore her to her wonted placidity.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Misses Gedding and Fairfax had not been the only ones in Rentonville whose curiosity had caused them to be in the railroad depot at the very time of the arrival of the train that brought Miss Burram's weekly visitors. Herthings; she rick, on more than one occasion, had ras easy as made it his business to be there also, so that he knew by sight pretty well, though he had never hear their names, Mr. Burleigh and Mr. and Mrs. Toussel. When, therefore, on the afternoon of the second day succeeding Mrs. Gedding's call upon Miss Burram, Herrick recognized Burleigh just in advance him on the road leading from the dep he lost no time in overtaking him, presuming upon his destination, offered, a ripple of modulation:
"You see, Miss Burram, that I am presuming upon his destination, offered, as he was in his buggy, to drive him

mind to allow herself to feel, as her daughter's look implied, that she was the cause of Mr. Burleigh's withdrawal from her husband's office. And Rose's only comfort was in talking She said mefully over with Hattie. She said mefully:
"By insisting that mother should
call upon Miss Burram I have destroyed all chance of propidating Miss Burram herself. If I had only stopped to think, I might have known that mother would put her foot in it—she really hasn't the first idea of tact, or diplomacy; you see, I counted on her gent

and her imperviousness to s and ner imperviousness to sig. A grace has a way, you know, of not taking the slight, of looking and acting as if she were utterly unconscious that it could have been meant for her, and I counted on that, and on Miss Burram's possibly being won, because I did not think she was at all the terrible woman they make

was at all the terrible woman they make her out to be."

"Well, after the way she treated your mother," said Miss Fairfax indignantly, "I believe everything they say about her; and I never want to have anything to do with her."

"Oh, don't say that," said Rose, "for the sake of her Charge; I feel was aroused; he sprang to his feet.

"Spirit," repeated her friend, "a strange kind of spirit that makes her, when you smile at her, give you the coldest look imaginable." "I can't blame her for that; she

doesn't know me. "Not know you, when every time you have seen her Sarah has been with her, and of course Sarah has told her all about you, and how kindly you feel to her, Sarah having learned that from with

your Margaret to whom I myself heard say how much you would like to w Miss Burram's Charge." But my mother's unfortunate visit may have given occasion to Miss Burram to warn her Charge against me and if the child only knew how kindly feel to her and how sorry I am she hasn't the pleasant life other children have, and she shows that she hasn't,—

there is a sad, wistful look in her that haunts me and, just think of it, the little thing, having no other company, spends all her spare time, Sarah says, with Miss Burram's coachman." "Miss Burram's coachman," echoed Miss Fairfax, "is a good man, if he is an ignorant one, and a servant. Uncle Baldwin's spoken of him a good many times-what a careful, honest fellow he

is, and devoted to his mistress's interests; so I do think his company is going ests; so I do think his company is going to hurt her Charge very much. And Miss Burram's Charge, according to Margaret, who, as your brother says, got it from Sarah, who got it from the evidence of her own eyes, is not left enevidence of her own eyes, is not left en-tirely to the coachman, nor even to herself. Christmas night she was in the parlor with Miss Burram's com-pany, and also on the Sunday night after, and, as Sarah said, things looked as if she wrs a-going to spend every Sunday evening in Miss Burram's parlor with Miss Burram's company. Now, do have common sense, Rose,

and don't distress yourself any more

and don't distress yourself any more about Miss Burram's Charge."

But the advice was not heeded, for Rose continued, as if she had hardly heard the last speech, "If she were only old enough to be in our class."

"Or, if you were only young enough to be in her class," interrupted Miss Fairfax, mimicking Rose's tone, "but, as you expect to graduate next June, and Rachel Minturn is six classes below you, there is not much chance of low you, there is not much chance one, or the other; and now, do, for mercy's sake, Rose, talk of something beside Miss Burram's Charge--there is Mr. Notner," as that gentle-man turned the corner of a street just in advance of them,—" now, I am a good deal more interested in Mr. Not ner," she went on, "and particularly, since I heard he was seen in the choir of Father Hammond's church Christmas morning—just seen there—that was all; he wasn't introduced by anybody, he didn't speak to anybody, only he was seen there listening to the music,—and he isn't a Catholic, you know."

Well, what is there in that ?" asked Rose, impatiently; "he is probably a over of good music, and the Catholic church has the best choir and the finest organ in Rentonville."
"Look! where he is going," said

Harriet, suddenly seizing her friend's arm; "as I live, if he isn't going into

arm; "as I live, if he isn't going into Father Hammond's house."

Notner was turning into the little path that led up to the pastoral resid-ence, and Rose became both interested and curious, but when she and Harriet and curious, but when she and Harriet spoke of the incident that evening young Gedding made a wry face. "Isn't that feminine?" he said, half in appeal to his father, "to be so curi-

ous because a man is seen going into a clergyman's house in New Utterton, in daylight. It wouldn't excite a ghost of a remark from me. Perhaps Notner had some poor people that he wanted to bring to Father Hammond's

"You see, Miss Burram, that I am compelled to be a prisoner in your delightful easy-chair. I am really sorry for my seeming want of manners, but I can't help it," and the little lady kughed softly.

Miss Burram said nothing, being for the moment speechless for two reasons—one, her doubt as to what or whom the ball in sealskin—Mrs. Gedding suggested nothing else—could be, and the softer, her amazement at the self-possessed assurance of the ball in question.

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"I was sent with a message," the soft, monotonous voice went on, "a signorant as Herrick himself, for Miss Burram's notice, or, can't a man call upon anybody outside of his own religion without sending you girls into a paroxysm of inquisitiveness?"

"You're a bear," said Rose half angry, and yet forced to laugh at the ludicrous face her brother kept through the whole of his speech.

"You deserve to be punished," said surram's weekly visitor out of the acastic model time. But Sarah proved to be as ignorant as Herrick himself, for Miss Burram's model to bring to Father Hammond's motice, or, can't a man call upon anybody outside of his own religion without sending you girls into a paroxysm of inquisitiveness?"

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"Then I may consider myself re-leased from the obligation of taking you two to any reception of the Onotor

Don't you remember, Rose, how re-joiced he was when your father told about Mr. Burleigh? He regarded that information as a pointer for you to floor Mr. Herrick with the next time

you met him."
"By the way, mother," put in Will

"By the way, mother," put in Will to divert the charges from himself, "we have never heard about that visit you were to make Miss Burram. What came of it 3—did you go?"

Mrs. Gedding had entrely recovered from the effect of that visit; she could even look back upon it with perfect counting the and she forget all about and she forgot all daughter's instructions as to what the was to reply to just such a ques-tion as the present; she answered

imply:
"Yes, I went the very next day."

"Yes, I went the very lext day."
"Mother," admonished Rose.
"What is it daughter?" asked her mother, turning to her in such blank innocence that Miss Fairfax burst out

more drawn to that little icreature than "Oh, ho," he said, "here is something they are trying to keep from us, father, and as it relates to something that was planned and promulgated in our presence, it is our duty to know. Out

"Mother," again admonished Rose angrily. But her mother, now that she had gone through the ordeal a back upon it with such absolute was quite disposed to encomplacency, was quite disposed to en-lighten her husband and son, and en-lighten them she did, from the appearance of Miss Burram, to the last look of Sarah's solemn eyes as she shut the

Great Cæsar!" ejaculated Will, d Mr. Gedding straightened up in

Martha, what in the world did yo mention Mr. Burleigh's name for? had nothing to do with your visit to Miss Burram

But Mrs. Gedding was not going to but Mrs. Schuler; she answered with exasperating calmness. "Why didn't you all instruct me before I went? How you all instruct me before I went? was I to know that absolute frankness would be out of order in such a visit?"

Absolute frankness be-Gedding checked himself in time, and he sank back in his chair with a sort of helpless feeling that nothing could be said or done in the face of such absolute composure as his wife maintained. But his son said:

No wonder, father, Mr. Burleigh found your office too far down town. He didn't take an affecting adieu, I suppose; didn't allude to the fraternal relations existing between himself and the prudent member of the firm with whom he had been doing business?

The sarcastic emphasis he laid on prudent made Rose shiver. "I tell you," he went on, "Miss Burram's Charge has made a stir in this house-

His father had risen, and with a brief Good night, all," he left the parlor. That was his way when he was an oyed, and that he was annoyed in this instance no one could dispute who heard him as he went through the hall inveighing against all women as gossips and mischief-makers.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Sarah's prediction regarding Miss Burram's Charge spending every Sun-day evening with Miss Burram's com pany proved correct, and though the Charge frequently got tired before it was signified to her that she could reon the whole she rather enjoyed

The brilliant illumination of dining room and parlor was a pleasure in itself to the child, and she found much amusement in young Toussel's inane remarks, especially about salads. She tried to them in order to tell Hardman, and she succeeded sufficiently to cause him many a hearty laugh; indeed, in repeating what she heard, Rachel, by her facial mimicry, as well as by her imitation of Toussel's tones, showed unusual histrionic taient, and Hardman looked at and listened to her with an admiration that he did not attempt to conceal. That which tried her was Burleigh's talk. He had always so much to say on what he called the great problems of the day, and he said it in such a very learned way, that Rachel neither understood nor remembered very much of it. What she did remember she told the coachman, and by degrees, because of his own reading which, though meager as it was, took in some of those very topics, and because of his habit of reflection, he was enabled to make her understand something of it too.

Burleigh was telling with unusual excitement about an article in one of the recent magazines, Rachel understood much more about it than any of the common dround about it that you know, makes trouble for your teacher, and you are too kind-hearted not to be sorry for that."

"Yes, I am sorry for that," said Rachel at once, "and I shall tell her Thus, on one Sunday evening, when company dreamed she did, and it was so. only when Miss Burram, happening to look at her, found her actually leaning forward in the intensity of her interest forward in the intensity of her interest and with sparkling intelligence in her face, that lady felt perhaps her Charge was unwisely comprehending what was said. She hastened to say to Rachel:

"You can retire."
Rachel had heard enough to tell Hardman, which she did the very next after-

Somebody put it in a book," she said in her quaint way, "how a man hasn't any right when he's dying to say that his land shan't be built on for dreds and hundreds of years—and Mr. Burleigh was awful mad about it."

Hardman looked grave. Seems to me that's about right," he said slowly. "Supposing in the beginning of the world the folks as owned it left it in their wills that there wasn't no buildings to be put up on the land they owned, where would the rest of the world be?"

Oh, but Columbus discovered this new world since the old world was made," answered Rachel,, whose studies had begun to embrace a little geography and history, and forgetting, in her eager ness to remind Hardman of Columbus discovery, that the new world had been made at the same time as the olds.

But that don't alter things,' plied. "The same conditions are in the new world. Take the people that came here first; if they got all the land there is, and made wills when they was dying that there wasn't any of it to be built on or sold, only as they'd said, where

"I don't know," said Rachel, not quite comprehending this last speech.
"No," he went on, as if he were talking to himself, "it's just this—the land ain't theirs; that is, it ain't theirs to keep other people off it. It isn't any-body's—it's God's—God made it and they didn't. They made the houseswell, the houses are theirs."

Rachel had been trying to follow his partial soliloquy very closely and she "All this land and this beach that

Miss Burram owns-it's all hers, isn't Yes, it is all hers, but not to the extent of keeping people off, if it was necessary for their life for them to go there. It's all hers, but not just like her house is hers and her other property, because, you see Miss Burram didn't make the land nor the beach, but she

did, or somebody else did, make her house and she paid for it."

Rachel thought she understood, and she found herself, when looking out at the bay from her window that night, wondering if the people could claim the water as they did the land, and so prevent everybody from sailing mean it unvent everybody from sailing upon it uness each one paid for the privilege as houses were paid for.

A week after, when something about this same subject came up in a reading lesson, and the teacher undertook to explain it to the class and to enforce a moral lesson thereby about the rights of property, Rachel, to the amazement of the class and the horrified astonishments of the staid, conservative teacher, sprang up in her seat, and said impuls-

"It isn't right for anybody to hold the land forever and ever, when nobody made the land; God made it and He

nade it for everybody."

The silence that followed her speech was appalling. Then the little Herrick girls laughed, and most of the class, following suit, laughed also. The teacher recovering a little said severely:

"Rachel Minturn, you do not know
what you are talking about; take your

"Ido know what I am talking about," seat. answered Rachel, not dreaming of being impertinent, but with a stoutness of asseveration that the teacher deemed absolute impudence, and she ordered one of the class to go for the Principal.

She did not feel able to put down this She did not feel able to put down this little rebel.

And everybody looked with a new him sort of horror at their daring classmate, and awaited the coming of the Princi-pal with a kind of bated breath. For pai with a kind of batted breath. For Rachel, now that her spirit was aroused, the coming of the Principal had no terror; she had only said what she thought was the truth, and to tell the and to stand up for the truth, was what Tom had taught her to do.

what Tom had taught her to do. She would please him in the face of a dozen Principals and teachers and all the school in the bargain.

"Come to the front of the room, Rachel Minturn," said the teacher, when Miss Ashton entered the classroom, and Rachel obeyed the order, walking through the rows of girls who walking through the rows of girls who were looking at her with various expressions of wonder and horror, to the almost total exclusion of any sympathy, with her head thrown proudly her little figure stiffly erect. And thus she stood before the Principal while the teacher told of her dreadful conduct.

Miss Ashton, wiser than her subor-dinate, saw that it was a case for explanation and reasoning, more than chiding or punishment; and she said gently, when the teacher had finished: "I shall take Rachel with me."

And she took her little girl to her private room and had a talk with her, but how much the child was convinced by that talk, or whether she were convinced at all, Miss Ashten could vinced at all, Miss Ashten could be to determine. Nor had she been able to determine. Nor had she been able to get from the child where, or from whom get from the child where, or from whom get from the child where, or room was she had imbibed such advanced ideas; not certainly from Miss Burram, the lady thought, judging from what she had heard of that lady, and Rachel was mention. far too careful and loyal to mention Hardman's name in an atmosphere that was so evidently against all Hardman's

"Well," said Miss Ashton at length, "tell your teacher that you are sorry

"tell your teacher that you are sorry for having spoken so."
"I can't," blurted out Rachel, "it wouldn't be the truth. I'm not sorry."
"At least," said the Principal still more gently, and admiring in her heart this little apostle of truth. "you are this little apostle of truth, "you are sorry for having disturbed the class that, you know, makes trouble for your

the class-room, and waited while with winning frankness and promptness.
Rachel made her apology to the teacher
for having disturbed the class. Then
gard for Miss Burr Miss Ashton called her subordinate out into the hall, and made a frank confession of her own admiration for the sterling qualities of the little girl de-spite her strange bias towards dangerous theories, and advised gentle tolerance in all future dealings with her.

The subordinate did not agree with

her superior, but she prudently re-frained from saying so, and while she outwardly acquiesced, she inwardly protested against any such tolerance and determined to show it only when she could not help herself. ould not help herself.

Rachel's classmates told everybody
hey knew what Rachel had said that

day in school. Herrick hearing it from his daughters laughed a little, and rubbed his hands together; but he did

rubbed his hands together; but he the not tell them what he thought. Rose and Harriet hearing of it, it ex-cited the former to greater interest in Miss Burram's Charge, and at the same time to regret that she could not speak before her father-she felt s how as if to say anything about Miss Burram's Charge would be a kind of cruel reminder of what that Charge

had already cost him.

Of course Rachel told her faithful confidant, Hardman, and he approved of her standing up for the truth the way she did, but he didn't know as it helped matters any to speak out in class that "But, when somebody's saying some-

thing you know isn't true," she said almost passionately, "Tom said it was like being a great big coward not to tell them them they were saying what wasn't Yes, that's right enough," said

Hardman, "but when it comes to having a whole class, and the teacher too, a-thinking the one way, it seems to me it's kind of cruel to expect you to fight them all;" and he looked so rueful Rachel laughed.

Despite Miss Gedding's silence on the law ground the laughed.

the last gossip about Miss Burram's Charge, her brother heard it, and to the surprise of his sister he spoke of it at

such a large landholder, should actually have in her own household, and so near to herself, some one who is growing up with ideas exactly opposite.

"Where did the child get such notions?" asked Mr. Gedding.

"Brought them with her from wher-ever she came," answered his son. Rose, seeing that both her father and

brother were interested, ventured "Don't you think, Will, that she is spirited?

"Who?" he asked mischievously,
"Miss Burram? Yes, I think she has spirit enough for everybody in Re You know who I mean," soid his sister pettishly, "and I defy you to deny now, that Miss Burram's Charge

deny now, that Miss Burram's Charge is intensely interesting."

"Yes," he answered speaking with mock gravity, "I think she is, and I think, further, that is if she keeps on being so interesting, Rentonville people will not die of ennui for want of so

thing to talk about." Herrick had made up his mind to call npon Miss Burram; she had not visited his store for three weeks; she had not even sent Hardman with an order, nor had Sarah given him any information indeed that eccentric and superstitions woman was in too perturbed a state of hind herself to give her wonted heed to storing up information for Herrick. Hardman had not yet given word or sign that he had ever read her letter. and as Sarah said to Mrs. McElvain, while every day made her more anxious every day made her more loath to ask

"If he'd even look at me," she said, the way he done when he had me out ailin', but there's times, Mrs. McElvain, when he doesn't seem to see me and I right in frant of him. I might and I right in trant of him. I might hint at it in a sorst of bias way to be sure, if he'd toss his cup, but he won't have anything to do with teacups since the night I told about Miss Burram out of his own tea-leaves.

Mrs. McElvain's only comfort was, Well, Sarah, have patience; don't orce him, for no man wants to be forced by a woman, and by and by he'll come round.'

Yes, he'll come round," muttered " after a body's spent waiting Sarah.

The day of the week that Herrick chose for his visit to Miss Burram was Saturday, possibly with a hope of seeing her Charge; and the hour he selected was the early one of 9 in the morning; that hour being better suited to his own And just as he turned convenience. from the foot-path into the broad space before the door, he came upon Miss Burram's Charge stepping the carriage in waiting, with Hardman holding the door open for her. Herrick hastened to lift his hat and

to bow very low, but Rachel either did not or would not see him, and the coachman, to Herrick's bland good morning, answered civilly but shortly, and closing the carriage door sprang upon the box. In another moment the horses had dashed by him, leaving him Miss Burram's steps and ring the bell, with very mixed feelings. He asked of Sarah wheashe had

given vent to her astonishment at be-

holding the visitor:
"Miss Burram's Charge has just driven off in the carriage. Sarah nodded.

Where is she going?"
arah laughed. "Nobody knows but Sarah laughed. he three of them; herself, and Miss Burram and seem."
"Why didn't Miss Burram go with

her? Sarah shook her head again ; then she opened the parlor door for him, and went to tell her mistress.

Of course, Herrick made it clear to Miss Burram, that it was only at the last moment when gossip was again un-

pleasantly rife about her Charge, and when he feared she might be ignorant of the same, that he called. plored the necessity for his but his high and, in fact, gard for Miss Burram compelled him to do his duty; all this he said as a pref-

ace to his tale.

His tale was an ample one, having in Alls tale was an ampie one, having in addition to what he told as coming from his grieved and shocked little daughters, that which he had also learned from the teacher upon whom he had called as in duty bound being a school officer; before he had called upon the teacher at her residues he had gone teacher at her residence, he had gone to the school and interviewed the Principal, but that kind-hearted woman's tolerant account, not being at all to the liking of Herrick, he said no more about it than to use it as corroborative evidence of the unparalleled conduct of

Miss Burram's Charge.

Miss Burram listened, her color slightly rising as Herrick described accepted a conveybody's her Charge was in everybody's

mouth. "And you say, Mr. Herrick," she asked quietly when at length he paused, that you yourself have talked to the Principal about this thing, and also to the class teacher?"
"I did so in your interest; to get the class teacher?"

exact truth, for it did not seem possible that any one of your household could even hear such wrong ideas, much less utter them, and I did it in the interest of my duty as a school officer."
"Then, Mr. Herrick, in my interest,

for the future please let everything per-taining to my Charge severely alone; and in the interest of your duty as school officer confine your attention to school matters; not to those which do concern you."

Herrick was speechless, and for a mo-

ment he did not know but that he was paraly zed as well, his limbs seemed so "I don't understand," he stammered

at length. "I came here with the kindest intentions."

"I have no doubt of it-kind, according to your notions of kindness, but it will be the kindness most appreciated by me to let my Charge alone. are free to entertain yourself with senseless gossip that goes on beyond my gates, but for the future you need not bring it to me.

Herrick rose; he felt his last card had been played with Miss Burram; she had after all, be thought, resented his

appointment as school officer, and his relations with her never would be again what they were.
"Good morning!" he said with a

bitterness in his tones that was a kind of revelation to the lady.
"Good morning!" she answered in her usual voice, and he strode out her usual voices, and he strone out thinking, as he opened the hall door for thinking, as he opened the hard door for himself and went down the steps, "It's Hardman's doings—he has prejudiced her; but things even themselves some-

In his wounded pride he felt as if Miss Burram had done him a gross wrong, and his resentment and his desire to be revenged were deep and equally strong. TO BE CONTINUED.

## A THREAD OF PURE GOLD.

Uncle Richard is sitting near the window, with the wintry sunlight streaming over his white hair, illuminstreaming over his white hair, illumining the kind old face bent over the children, who, clustering around his knee, are begging for a story. The voices get so tangled up with the thoughts I am striving to write out, that, in despair, I lay down my pen and ecome an attentive listener to the con

versation.

"I Let it be a story of the war
Uncle," cries my boy-soldier, brand
ishing an imaginary sword. But Juli Tell us a ghost story, Uncle she petitions, in an awed little

"What does Mary want?" asl Uncle Richard, lifting my five-year-o baby to his knee.
"P'ease tell me a 'tory 'bout the Blessed Virgin," she answers, raising him eyes not unlike those of the pi tured Madonna hanging on the wa Uncle Richard did not expect t Religious stories are not I catch a covet glance in direction of my desk, whereupon I direction of my desk, whereupon 1 come suddenly busy with my scatter papers. But I see his eyes trathrough the window over the wide panse of landscape with its light p dering of snow, looking all the drea dering of snow, looking all the dreat under the uncertain wintry sunlight who am so well acquainted with his is know his thoughts are traversing a part was a dream, and in that root. I sale

as dreary, and in that past, I ask self, can he find the story for which ocent babe is pleading. After while his eyes come back, and, fol his arms around Mary, he says : stories of

his arms around Mary, he says:
"I am always telling stories of
and ghosts to you and Will, Julia;
Mary's time to-day.
"Oh! we don't mind, Uncle,"
in Julia, politely. "We like to
any story." They draw nearer t any story." They draw hearer hands on his knees gaze with we ing, trustful eyes, on his time-furn

'Once upon a time," he b "there was a big brick school where two boys, Dick and Harry,

"Didn't any other boys go Uncle?" questions Will. "Didn't any other boys
Uncle?" questions Will.
"Why, yes, any number of the
you are going to hear about the
only. They were taught by a S
Nazareth. Those Sisters wear
caps with pretty frills, and undtheir faces look like angels. Die
old man now, but I have often
him say that the face of Sister
(that was his teacher's name) is
in his memory as it was when I
boy and that many a time when boy; and that many a time when boy; and that many a time when done wrong her brown eyes have repreachfully into his, while he to hear her low sad voice of v Dick was not what you would good boy. I think he tried oft what was right, yet it appear was when he did the worst. B were times when he didn't e He was very perverse. Many if can not help, they are defect

they are defect can not help, nature ; but perversity can lay no such excuse. To be perversed determined to do what is writhat was Dick's state of mind Agnita strove by every means in er to have him overcome this gr There was good in the boy's not the getting to that good was cult part; for, you see, surre was that hard, strong wall of p She tried every means. She t and promised, punished an Sometimes she forced a way Sometimes she forced a way never destroyed that opposit It took a stronger arm that children, the arm of the g Himself; and when He thre-beneath its ruins were burie was most dear to His heart. member the Gospel Father of last Sunday of the king who last Sunday of the king who vineyard and let it out to h , in return, killed the ser

sent to collect the tribute

other servants, then, his o

all shared the same fate.

king himself came and de

husbandmen. So, children, with Dick. He resisted all

sengers, but neither man no resist the Almighty hand of "Yet, with all his faul one redeeming quality—le Blessed Virgin. He has g without ever seeing the church, but he has never or litany. Often who if alone I have hear himself alone 'Mystical Rose based alone in the first epithet plant in the first epithet plant is soothed his restless natt beauty of the last admiration. I have neverthing representations of the last admiration in the last admiration in the last admiration. aumiration. I have never thing more touching that the Blessed Virgin. It try, as a Protestant mighlove, purely, simply hun had never known his moth devotion that would have devotion that would have gave to Mary. What n pathetic was the keen it him of the pain his evil v holy Heart. Often, att wrong, I have seen the his eyes if he chanced to the picture of Our Lace have above Sister Agni What m

hang above Sister Agni Now, Harry's chara different from Dick's. was there in common that they rarely, if eve other, and never entere