A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of "The Land of St. Laurence," "Tales of Sexton Maginnis," "The Fate of John Longworthy," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Ghost in Hamlet," Etc.

CHAPTER VII.—A New Social Standard.

It takes very little to depress the spirits of young people, and much less to send them up to the highest point of the thermometer. Katharine, knowing that Mrs. Sherwood looked on her as an ignoramus, suffered for a while the acutest misery. How could she ever gain the respect of that uncompromisingly critical woman? she asked herself. And the worst of it was that she was not the only subject of scorn; the Sisters shared in it. Could anybody in the whole world be more unhappy? She felt as if her heart was a lump of lead. Oh, for the convent, the dear, dear convent—but that refuge was closed to her—the dear nuns could not help her; she was cast adrift. She had been well taught to find refuge in prayer. The beads, touching her finger tips, brought consolation to her, and she meditated on mystery after mystery in the silence of the little room which Mrs. Sherwood said was to be her "sanctum."

At three o'clock Katharine had a glimpse of the city. She forgot her trials in the delight of this. The moving panorama of Chestnut street charmed her. She had no temptation to compare it with Broadway, or with State street. It did not strike her as more narrow than those two famous thoroughfares. Her unrestrained pleasure in the beautiful street was not lost on Mrs. Sherwood, who was very proud of her native city. She walked slowly down the fashionable side of the street, and explained many things to Katharine which that young lady did not understand. She did not care whether Mrs. Worth's gowns came from Paris, or whether Mrs. So-and-so's carriage was hired.

Chestnut street, in good weather, just before noon, or a little after noon, offers a beautiful spectacle. Its very narrowness gives an effect of concentration. In nearly every square was a flower vender or two, and Katharine could not repress an exclamation of pleasure as the window of a famous florist, blazing with La France and Jacqueminot roses, met her view.

"Oh, really, you must not show so much feeling; it's not good form," said Mrs. Sherwood, half alarmed, half amused. "Are you fond of flowers?"

"Am I?" cried Katharine, her eyes sparkling.

"There's no reason why you should not have some, then," answered Mrs. Sherwood, and they entered the shop.

Katharine was entirely happy for a moment; the flowers touched her sympathies as a fine poem, or a song, moves others. But Mrs. Sherwood brought her to her senses:

"People will think you are from the conntry if you stare that way; do cultivate repose."

Katharine blushed, and looked confused. The shopman filled her hands with La France roses, and Mrs. Sherwood carefully chose a bunch of carnations, as she understood that they were the fashionable flowers during the London season.

Again they walked along the street. Where did all the people come from, Katharine wondered. Were they all happy? And how many were Catholics? Some of them looked so good that she hoped they were Catholics.

"How pretty the young girls are! And how well dressed!" she exclaimed.

"You must expect that in Philadelphia," Mrs. Sherwood said; "our people—even those not in society—have the best taste in the country. New York is awful, and Baltimore—" Mrs. Sherwood could not repress her contempt for the provincialism of Baltimore; she only smiled as one who looks down from a great height on the pigmies beneath.

Mrs. Sherwood sighed as she looked at Katharine's face, made positively beautiful by interest and sympathy, and thought how delighted she might have been if Katharine were only "somebody," instead of an unknown young girl out of a convent school.

Katharine's trials began when they reached the dressmakers. Two wretched hours were passed in talking and trying on various garments.

"You are very kind," she said to Mrs. Sherwood, "and I appreciate it. Of course I like fine clothes, but don't you think we might buy them ready made?"

A shiver ran through Mrs. Sherwood. She looked around cautiously, to see that nobody was looking, or listening:

"Never say such a thing again," she whispered, "never!"

Katharine was surprised. Why shouldn't she wear a ready-made gown? She began to think that the rules of the world were more numerous and harder to bear than the rules of the convent.

The weary work was almost over when Katharine caused Mrs. Sherwood more anxiety. There was a young girl engaged in holding various wraps for ladies—a very gentle and patient young girl—who seemed ill and tired, for her delicate color changed easily, and once or twice she looked longingly towards a chair. She had spent the last hour in trying mantles on the shoulders of a stout old lady who declined to be pleased. When Katharine had been measured, and twisted and turned by the dressmaker in waiting, it came Mrs. Sherwood's turn, and then Katharine had nothing to do except watch the young girl. This young girl permitted all kinds of wraps to be thrown on her shoulders; she walked up and down the floor and posed before various mirrors, and assumed various attitudes; but still the old lady was not pleased, and the younger one seemed about to drop with exhaustion. Mrs. Sherwood—unluckily for her, as she afterwards said—had gone to the other end of the room.

Katharine watched the changes of color in the delicate face, as the girl put a new wrap, glittering with jet, on her shoulders.

"I do not like the effect," said the old lady sharply; "either you are too listless to show things properly, or there's nothing decent in the store."

Tears came to the eyes of the young girl. Katharine could stand this no longer. She arose from her chair and gently forced the young girl into it.

"I'll wait on this lady, if you don't mind; you rest a while."

The wrap was thrown over Katharine's shoulders, and she posed before the old lady, who was too much interested in herself to bother much about other people. The arrangement of jet looked very well on Katharine's straight figure and well-set shoulders. When the scene dawned on Mrs. Sherwood, the old lady was looking at Katharine with an air of great satisfaction, and the overtasked girl, too tired to speak, was resting in the chair, with her eyes half closed.

Mrs. Sherwood paused, appalled. She could not utter a ward until she heard the old lady say—

"I am sure that will suit me—yes, I'll take it; it's very stylish."

Mrs. Sherwood was about to shake the young woman in the chair very roughly, but Katharine interfered.

"Let her alone, please—I do just as well."

"Much better," said the old lady, turning away. And then, as the proprietress came up, she added: "You ought to get somebody like this young lady to wait on your customers; I have bought this wrap because she has taught me how well it could look."

The proprietress looked angrily at the young girl in the chair, who seemed about to faint.

"She is ill," said Katharine, hastily, "now please do not scold her. She was obliged to let me help her—I insisted on it."

"Jenny has been sick lately," said the proprietress relenting; "I fancy I shall have to give her some rest."

The young girl opened her eyes and looked at Katharine gratefully.

Mrs. Sherwood, with a cloud on her brow, said, "Come!"

When they had reached the street, she said, in a congealed voice, in which the sharpest icicles were apparent:

"Are you in the habit of doing that sort of thing?"

"What sort of thing?" asked Katharine nervously.

"Don't put on that air of innocence," whispered Mrs. Sherwood through her teeth. "You know very well that you have been guilty of the greatest impropriety."

"No, I don't," said Katharine, "I only helped a poor girl in distress. I am sure the Blessed Virgin would have done the same thing, if—"

Mrs. Sherwood groaned — what could be done with a girl who said such things. The idea of applying such a standard to modern society. She had always been against convent education, and here was a corroboration of her prejudices.

"I presume you consider that sufficient justification of your absurd conduct?"

"I certainly do!" Katharine replied with spirit. "If I had known it would be disagreeable to you I would have hesitated, perhaps, and called the attention of the proprietress to the illness of the young girl."

"You should have minded your own business, but we will not discuss this matter in the streets. Besides, we must find a milliner—but don't show your low tastes again by changing places with the shop girls."

At that moment Katharine would have changed places with anybody. A half hour was passed at the milliner's. When they were leaving, Katharine protested against the expense her aunt had incurred.

"I don't need so many things, aunt," she said; "I am not rich enough to have so many things to wear."

"I am the best judge of that," said her aunt coldly. "My husband desires that you should make a suitable appearance in society. That ought to be enough for you."

"It is, of course," said Katharine, "but why must I have so many dresses of light colors? One would be enough, and there are charities—"

"One would not be enough, and no doubt your uncle will allow you something for charity. People have something to do besides thinking of charities all the time. We are not so idle as nuns in a convent."

"Idle!" said Katharine. "Idle!"

A cab drew up, at a signal from Mrs. Sherwood, and they were driven rapidly towards the railroad station.

"Idle!" repeated Katharine to herself, with a little laugh. "If Mother Ursula could only hear that!"

Mrs. Sherwood was silent all the way home. She was busily arranging a plan of campaign in her mind. Since it would be impossible to improve her social position with Katharine's aid, she was determined to marry her as soon as possible. The idea of sending out girls into the world with such Quixotic ideas of life,—the idea! What might she not do! How could any modern man take a fancy to a girl brought up with opinions of the Middle Ages. It was hard enough to keep well in her own social set; but what might not become of her, if Katharine should continue to imitate Peter the Hermit or some other person admired in convents?

Yes—she must be married; but how to manage it?

The carriage was waiting at the station. Once safely in it, Mrs. Sherwood resolved to sound Katharine on the subject of marriage.

"I presume all girls think of settling down some time," she said, "and after you have some experience in society you will want a home of your own."

"I have not thought much about it," said Katharine.

"I mean, of course, that you will marry."

"Oh, must I!" cried Katharine, in genuine alarm.

"The girl's a fool," murmured Mrs. Sherwood. "Certainly—it's expected of every girl to marry well. You owe it to your uncle and to me."

"But suppose I don't like anybody well enough—"

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Sherwood, "if a man's rich and good tempered, every good woman ought to like him."

"But suppose he shouldn't be—" began Katharine.

"Religion has nothing to do with marriage, but reason has everything. —Like him! indeed! — I thought you are taught in convents to marry the person picked out for you by judicious friends."

"We are supposed to exercise our will even in convents," replied Katharine, with a flash of spirit.

Mrs. Sherwood said no more; she was disgusted. She dressed quickly for dinner, and took the opportunity of telling her husband of her tribulations before Katharine entered.

"Just like Katie!" he exclaimed, as his wife finished the tale of Katharine's conduct at the dressmaker's. "It's a relief to have such an inspoiled creature in the house; I feel as if Katie were alive again!"

His wife folded her hands in despair. What can one do with a man who talks that way? she asked herself.

When Katharine entered, looking subdued and a little paler than usual, Marcus Sherwood kissed her on the forehead.

"Why, my dear, you are exactly like your mother to-night."

As they went in to dinner, Mrs. Sherwood said to herself—

"Nevertheless, she shall make a marriage of reason!"

(To be continued.)

Uric Acid Stones In the Liver

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The passing of stones or gravel, as the uric acid formation is called, from the kidneys through the ureters to the bladder, probably produces the most terrible pain that human being was ever called upon to bear.

Mrs. Walter Hornbrook, Cody's, Queen's County, N.B., writes:

"I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, which the doctors described as the uric acid stones passing from the kidneys to the bladder. I heard of similar cases being cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and sent for some. Altogether I used seven boxes and was completely cured. That was six years ago, and I have never had a pain in my kidneys since. We are never without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house."

Mr. Daniel Brown, English River, Ont., writes: "For three years I suffered with urinary troubles, partaking of the nature of stones in the bladder or gravel, and the pain which I endured can scarcely be described. I was unable to do any work, and frequently discharged blood. Though I spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills I received no relief, and at last decided that I would never be able to work again.

"While in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and though I had no faith in them or in anything else, I decided to give them a fair trial. After using one box I felt a decided change for the better, and after taking five boxes I feel like a new man. I am entirely out of pain and have no more discharges of blood. I can honestly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to any fellow-sufferer, and will cheerfully verify this statement to anyone writing me."

There could scarcely be a more severe test of any treatment for the kidneys, and when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prove successful in such cases as this they can surely be depended upon in less severe kidney ailments. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Mr. Robert Parton, Millbank, Ont., writes: "Some time ago I was troubled with boils and pimples, which kept breaking out constantly. After taking two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

Months of Agony.

A Severe Case of Rheumatism Cured by Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

"For many weary months I suffered untold agony. I could not walk. I could scarcely raise myself to a sitting posture. I was under medical care, but in vain. Finally I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have restored me to my former healthy condition."

This strong statement was made to a reporter recently by Mr. Charles S. Keddey, formerly of Kingston, N. S., but now living at Port Maitland. Mr. Keddey is a carpenter by trade, and is now able to work every day. He adds: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they cured me after other medicines failed. While I was living at Kingston, N.S., I was seized with rheumatism in its most violent form. I was compelled to take to my bed and for months was an invalid. I was so weak that it was difficult for me to raise myself to a sitting posture. It is impossible to tell how much I suffered day and night, week in and week out. The pains were like piercing swords. I had medical attendance, but it failed. Then I tried medicines advertised to cure rheumatism, but with the same result—money wasted. One day when hope had almost gone a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him my experience with other medicines, but he assured me that these pills would cure rheumatism, so I sent for a supply. After using a few boxes I was able to leave my bed, and from that on my restoration to health was rapid. I am now as well as ever I was, and have not had the slightest touch of rheumatism since. The change they have wrought in my case is simply miraculous, and I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one suffering from any form of rheumatism."

Rheumatism is rooted in the blood. Rubbing the aching limbs with liniments and outward remedies cannot possibly cure it. You must get the rheumatic acid out of the blood and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the one sure medicine to do this, because they actually make new blood. That is why these pills cure anaemia, headaches and backaches, neuralgia, indigestion and the secret ailments that make miserable the lives of so many women and growing girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Archbishop Farley On Parental Duty.

The following words are taken from an informal address made by Archbishop Farley to the Catholic Club of New York:

"I remember the occasion of the visit of Lord Russell of Killowen to your club. His exact words I cannot recall, but the substance amounted to this: 'I am glad to find myself in such a Catholic atmosphere, so far away from home as I am, and I hope you will never do anything which will shame you or make you ashamed of your Catholicity.' These words, coming from a man like Lord Russell, speak volumes. If there is anything of which we may be proud it is our Catholic faith. It will never keep you down, but will help you to be upright, high-minded gentlemen. Lord Russell was a living lesson of that truth. He was a man who did not owe his position either to birth or wealth. He belonged to the class from which you, gentlemen of this club, have come, the great middle class of society, the class from which professional men and clergy are drawn. He rose to the highest position in the gift of the gift of the British Government, except one, and that because of his loyalty to his faith. He would rather die than surrender his principle. That is something that ought to come home to you laymen. He was proud of his faith, and I am glad to see that his sons are following in his footsteps. I read an article recently in one of the magazines by one of Lord Russell's sons, in defense of the Catholic schools in connection with the English educational bill.

"This recalls another duty. You have received an inheritance of faith which has made you the men you are, but your responsibility does not rest there. Suppose I should sit down and take my ease and say that I did not feel like making provision for the clergy and those who are to come after me. If I were content with letting the future take care of itself I say that would be an act of treason to my faith, to my country and to my God. There is just as much responsibility resting upon you. You provide your families and little ones with all that is necessary in a material way, but there is another provision that you are bound to make. You are bound to see to it that your children will not only take a high position in the affairs of the world, but you must also see to it that your sons will become as good men as you yourselves are, and place them in the same relation to the Church as you stand to-day.

"I feel that I am speaking to men who, if they thought that their sons fell below their own standard, their great hearts would be bowed down with bitter disappointment. How are you going to bring up your sons? This question raises the subject of Catholic education. There is a strong tendency on the part of some of our Catholic men who have attained a standing of wealth and position to send their sons to non-Catholic colleges. This is something I am sure, that many of you are well aware of and this is what I wish to call your attention to particularly. I consider the sending of your sons to non-Catholic colleges as much an act of treason as it would be for me to neglect to make provision for the future welfare of the Church in this archdiocese. I hold that a man who has been brought up in a Catholic atmosphere and who feels that he is not bound to give his sons the same religious education that he had is a renegade.

"Why do not our wealthy Catholics send their sons to Catholic colleges? Perhaps it is a desire for social advantage. I make bold to say and I say it advisedly, that young Catholic men who go into non-Catholic colleges with the desire to be elevated socially come out very much humiliated and in the same social status as when they went in.

"Another reason is that perhaps they get better equipment or that the discipline of the Catholic college is too severe for them. It should be borne in mind that this period of a young man's life, the period of formation, is the most important of his life. It is a period of formation and information. There is a difference between information and formation. Information can be had at any college, but formation can only be had in its best form in our Catholic colleges. Any person who gives his son the right to choose his own college because he expects social advantage or superior equipment will live to see, but will not be able to repent, the wrong he has done. I will give you one example of what I have said. I knew an excellent young fellow, seventeen or eighteen years of age, the son of good Catholic parents, who was sent to a non-Catholic college. When he came home after his first year, his father, a man of education, discovered that his son had lost faith in the Bible and had no more regard for it than he had for his Homer or Virgil. This was the result of one year's stay in a non-Catholic college. He finished the remaining few years, and he lived to break his father's heart and bring disgrace upon his family. If you wish to go down to your graves in peace, don't think of sending your son to an institution where he will live in an atmosphere of tolerance, but send him where he can hold up his head and feel that he is amongst his equals and follow the faith for which his forefathers suffered."

A Crimeless City.

People with Irish blood will be very proud of the report that comes from Cork, especially now that English statesmen are discoursing eloquently upon Irish crime, says the Jesuit Messenger. Justice Johnson, opening the Cork assizes about the middle of July, called attention to the fact that there were only two cases to be tried—one for stealing postal orders, another for perjury. With the exception of these two there was no charge of a crime in Cork for that session. Yet Cork is a seaport with over 100,000 population. And yet we hear continually in Parliament of Irish crime. We do not know if the Justice is a Catholic or not, but in addressing the jury he gave the credit of this marvellous condition to the parochial schools. "I believe myself it is entirely due to the hard work and honesty and self-denial of those ladies and gentlemen who with a higher ideal of the Christian life devote their lives, by precept and example, to instruct those whom they teach and among whom they live." The judges of Limerick and Boyle announced similar conditions in those cities.

Priest Prints Indian Paper.

Rev. Jerome Hunt, O.S.B., who conducts two Indian schools at Fort Totten, N. Dak., also publishes a paper there in the Sioux language. It is known as the Woceke Eyanpaha meaning the Catholic Herald. It is printed at Fort Totten and edited by Father Hunt and Indian assistants, and is devoted to prayers, hymns, and Bible history.

Father Hunt has been in the State 31 years as a missionary among the Sioux Indians. He was five years at Fort Yates, and has been 26 years at Fort Totten. One of the schools at Fort Totten is for Chippewa Indians who come from the Turtle Mountain reservation.

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In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! For the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation?

The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the [illegible] is reaching the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal

"May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

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