AURELIA:

THE JEWS OF CAPENA GATE.

PART THIRD-THE VESTAL

CHAPTER XIX-CONTINUED

gentle smile, "I am the pastor of a reople, little numerous it is true, br' which would rise as one man and accompany me to Rome, if I said but one word! You see that arms would not be wanting, and that I can disperse with your slaves! I do not wish to corrupt any one, and, therefore, all the treasures of the earth would be of ne, use to me. As for your old age. I need only the protec-

have prayed together:

Aurelia took the hand of the venerable priest and carried it respectfully to her lips, bathing it with grateful tears, and Clemens then departed.

From the day the holy old man had acquired the conviction that sooner or later, Domitian would plunge the Grand Vestal into the vault of the Campus Scelera'e is, he had resolved to save her. He knew that the Vestal buried alive the knew that the Vestal buried alive despair.

The murmured, "city of Rome," he murmured, "city of Rome, "ci would live two days, and perhaps more, in that subterranean abode, where everything was arranged to secure the lingering death of the victim. When, therefore, the slab which closed the entrance to the shaft would be sealed and covered with earth, and superstitious terror would make the spot a solitude, prayer, that must supplication to Him who is all powerful, would ascend above this abyse of despair, and God would

this abyse of despair, and God would manifest His power. But Clemens did not wish a crowd of spectators to witness the miracle, which by faith, that power by which mountains are moved, already showed him as being accomplished in the darkness of night. He sought not to astonish Rome by some prodigy which might draw persecution prodigy which might draw persecution upon his brethren, but merely to save from a horrible death the virgin who, at the last hour, would remember, perhaps,

One devoted man would suffice besides, and from the first time he had met him he had foreseen that Gurges would be this man. And the more he had studied him, the more he had become convinced that the designator of funerals would not refuse to ceal her from all investigations, if it should be suspected that the virgin buried in the bowels of the earth, had

been rescued from a certain death.

This is why Clemens had told Gurges that he would probably come to him one day. And this why the holy priest, en-tering Rome by the Capena-gate, went to knock at the door of the most fervent worshipper of Venus Libitina, the God-dess of funerals.

"The pontiff of the Christians!" exclaimed Gurges, astonished beyond measure at the sight of the old man; "O! my

lord 1. my lord ?"

And the designator, unable to restrain his emotion, burst into tears. The poor fellow was in great trouble. Not only he had learned, like everybody else in Rome, the great news of the Grand Vestal's sentence, but the postifis—and this tal's sentence, but the pontiffs—and this was what made him indignant as well as sorrowful—had sent for the finest funeral litter in his shop, to carry the victim to the place of execution. Gurges had re-fused, had even offered resistance; but the pretorians who brought the order, made short work of the designator and his vespillos, and the litter forcibly obtained might be even now bearing the Grand Vestal towards the Campus Scel-

To the sorrow felt by the good designa-tor was now mingled a bitter anxiety; what if the unfortunate Cornelia should think that he, Gurges—a man whom she had honored with her esteem—had consented to fe hish one of the instruments of her torture! And, besides, how could be bear the idea that she had been carried to her death in the very litter which he used on great occasions only, when he wished to do special honor to Venus Lib-

"Oh! my lord! my lord!" repeated Gurges in his trouble, "if you only

knew !'
"I know it, my son," replied Clemens, who did not understand the full import of this exclamation. "Yes, the Grand Vestal is going to perish!"

And as the apparent grief of the desig nator seemed to offer a good opportunity for broaching the important subject, he Do you remember, Garges, that

"Do you remember, Gurges, that I told you once: 'Some day, perhaps, I shall come to you as you have come to me!' and you replied: 'In any place, at any time, and for any cause, I devote myself to the pontiff of the Christians!.' I have remembered those words, and here I am!. My son, I come to you to propose that together we shall save the Grand Vestal."

Garges receiled upon hearing this upon

save the Grand Vestal."

Garges recoiled upon hearing this unexpected proposition. But it was not simply with surprise; there was fear in his involuntary motion He looked around anxiously; and sure that no indiscreet ear could hear his words, he approached near the portiff.

proached near the pontiff.
"Can you think of it, my lord," he whispered in his ear. "What! I save the Grand Vestal? . That is impos-

"It can be done, Gurges. The victims buried in the vault of the Campus Sceleratus die only after a lingering agony! You see, therefore, that it is possible!" Gurges understood, or thought he did, what the old man intended undertaking, and he shuddered as he muttered in a

scarcely audible voice:

"And religion? my lord. And the anger of the gods?"

Clemens could not refrain a smile.
Garges, in his great trouble did not remember that he was speaking to the pon-tiff of the Caristians. But the hesitanc-ies to be conquered were inspired by the

vain terrors of ancient superstition. "My son," said the pontiff, "you seem to fear that we may be overheard. . . Take me to the most retired room in your

house. Perhaps, I may prove to you that you condemn, yourself, a religion which commands such atrocities, and that you have nothing to fear from the anger of your powerless gods.' ons interview between the

This mysterious interview between the pontiff of the Christians and the designator of pagan (eremonies, was quite pro-

tracted. When Gurges returned, accompanying Clemens to the door, he had accepted the proposal to unite his efforts with those of the old man. Yet it could be seen that, notwithstanding his resolution, he was anxious and troubled.

The pontiff continued to encourage him.

him.
"Farewell, my son," he said, as they "Farewell, my son," he said, as they rated; "your promise to serve me when I would call on you has not been vain.

Thanks for your your assistance!

Now, have confidence in the result; we shall succeed. At the appointed hour I shall wait for you near the tomb of that unfortunate woman whom I have promised to save. Until that solemn hour, farewell!"

Clemens, when he found himself on the public way, was struck with the general silence and solitude of those streets and places, hitherto so noisy and full of life.

dege. . I need only the protection my and carry with you the hope that "vielence will deign to rescue from the byes, the innecent virgin for whom we have prayed together!"

Aurelia took the hand of the venerable priest and carried it respectfully to her the state of the grant atonemure, "city of the frait spot."

O Rome," he murmured, "city of carried in the carried in the decision of the grant spot of the grant atonement which was being accomplished in the Campus Sceleratus. He stopped and looked in the direction of the frait spot.

"O Rome," he murmured, "city of carried in the direction of the frait spot.

deepair. . . until I shall come to de-liver her in Thy name!"

The pontiff returned among his breth-ren, withdrew to the solitude of his chamber, and remained wrapt in prayer until the time appointed for his meeting with Gurges.

with Gurges.

Meanwhile, the designator was plunged

in deep meditation. His feelings, when thinking of the awful undertaking in which he was about to embark, will be which he was about to embark, will be easily understood. However, Gurges did not hesitate. He even smiled at the thought that he would be the deliverer of the Grand Vestal, and thereby removed. the bad opinions shs might have formed concerning the litter he had been com-pelled to let the pontiffs use. Clemens had easily awakened in this

generous nature horror for the cruei deed about to be committed, and dissipated his vain apprehension of the anger of the

On the other hand, the former ver on the order hand, the former ves-pillo, who had so often broken into the tombs to procure the teeth and hair which he sold to Eutrapeles, could hardly be deterred by scruples of conscience from undertaking the proposed expedi-tion. But was the thing feasible? He had believed it so, at first, but now, the more he thought of it, the greater the difficulty appeared. Shaking his head dubiously, our friend Gurges soliloquized as was his wont, in the following man-

er:
"It is possible, said the pontiff of the Christians. . . Yes, it is possible with the assistance of a certain number of vespillos! But we must be alone, this old man and I . . . It is true that it would not be prudent to associate others to this undertaking! . . . But what shall we do? The vanit is closed with a wall against which the earth is piled up to the level of the ground. Will my to the level of the ground. Will my efforts suffice to destroy all this work of Ravinus and his aids? . . . Well! let us suppose that we have got the Grand Vestal out of that vault. What shall we do with her? A head of hair or a handful of teeth may be hidden under tunic, and nobody the wiser! Bu tunic, and nobody the wiser! But this means of concealment cannot be applied to a woman! . . This Christian pontiff has not foreseen objections which are quite serious! . . We must, however, get out of this dilemma!"

Thereupon, Gurges fell again in deep thought, and taxed his imaginative faculties to their utmost capacity. A vague smile soon flitted upon his lips, announcing that the solution of the problem was

idea, the others were not long following. His plan was soon made. Casting off all anxiety from his countenance, he called four ol his strongest vespillos, and gave them his orders.

They were to prepare his best closed litter, in such a way as to give it a gloomy and funeral appearance outside; but its interior should be lined with the whitest and softest wool, and decorated with wreaths of flowers. On the following wreaths of nowers. On the following night, towards the twelfth hour, they were to go with this litter, under the portice of the temple of Safety; to bandage their eyes as soon as they would arrive there, and wait silent and motionless until his arrival.

"I shall not be long coming," continued Gurgas "preceding a person who

tinued Gurges, "preceding a person who will then enter the litter, and must not be seen! . Let him tremble who would infringe this command! . . . He would fall dead at my feet! . . .

But I shall immediately unite your bandages; and you will then carry the litter, on a run, as far as my little house near Flaminius Circus. There you will stop and leave us! What is to follow is

my lookout."

And with an inimitable gesture of triumph, the designator sent off his vestualization of the convinced that pillos. They withdrew, convinced that their master had an appointment for the next evening with some high-born matron, whose imprudence must remain

shrouded in mystery.

From that time until the hour of departure, Gurges remained invisible, in his rivate room, busy with preparations which none could have suspected.

But whilst so many persons are working for the safety of the Grand Vestal, let

morning, with that swiftness peculiar to certain events which strike the multitude with terror. Instantly, the immense city had been shrouded in gloom. The ccurts were suspended, and the magistrates ceased their functions; the citizens left their occupations and closed the doors of their houses; everywhere, in the place of motion and the joys of life, appeared the image of desolation and death. The Forum was silent!

Not that it was deserted, but the immense crowd which filled it was awestruck with the solemnity of the occasion, and the voices anon so loud and noisy, now scarcely rose above a whisper. It was particularly in this usually lively centre of Roman life, that the solemn, gloomy and imposing picture of public constenation was more apparent.

In the midst of this sinister calmness, might be discerned a secret impatience to see the moment arrive when the sufferings of the victims would commence in the various phases of this atonement. In every time and every place, the multitude evinces the same cruel instincts.

The spectacle which was to gratify the morbid curiosity of the Romans, was divided into three distinct parts: the flagellation of the virgin condemned for incest; the execution of her seducer in the centre of the Forum; the march of the funeral procession which would cross the

the execution of her seducer in the centre of the Forum; the march of the funeral procession which would cross the city to conduct the Vestal to the Campus Sceleratus.

Ancient usage, a last feeling of respect for public modesty, prohibited the multi-tude from assisting at the first tortures of the unfortunate who must only descend into the tomb when her fiesh shall have been torn and bruised by the bloody lash of the pontiffs. Cornelia had suffered this painful

Cornelia had suffered this painful ordeal. After being torn from the arms of Aurelia and Cecilia, she was led to a retired and dark room in the Atrium Regium, despoiled of her costume of priestess, and cruelly whipped by the unfeeling pontiffs. They stopped only when her strength failed and she could bear no

more.
They then decorated the victim.
Funeral emblems were substituted for the virginal ornaments of the priestess; and she was left alone and in the dark, to wait until the hour when she would enter the litter which would carry her to

place in the Forum. The ranks of the silent multitude have opened to let pass a party of men—Ravinus and his aids bearing a wooden gallows made in the shape of a fork. Above the fork is a scroll upon which is written in large black letters,—

METELLUS CELER, KNIGHT, CORRUPTER OF THE GRAND VESTAL CORNELIA.

Which meant that the unfortunate oung man would be torn with leaden-ointed whips until death would ensue for such was the fate awarded to the seducers of Vestals.

Another undulation of the crowd

showed that the victim was approaching, A litter hermetically closed, was seen to leave the Comitium; it was carried slowly across the Forum, and stopped at the foot of the gallows. A young man stepped out; his face was pale with suffering and the certainty of death; but so handsome, so noble, and disdainful withal, that the people moved with pity and a sympathe-tic admiration, uttered one of those ex-clamations which console suffering innocence while they make its oppressore

This young man was Metellus Celer who, brought to Rome by the agents of Marcus Regulus, had learned but a few hours since, that he was sentenced to leath. The unfortunate young patrician death. The unfortunate young patrician cast around him a look in which could be read, not the desire to solicit mercy,

the horrible pain caused by the leaden balls which bruise his flesh at every blow of the whip. The words which escape his lps from time to time, are not words of supplication, but of indignant

protest.
"What have I done?" he exclaims in a voice which grows fainter, "what have I done? . . I have done nothing!" They could wrench no other cry from him, says Pliny-the-Younger, from we have borrowed the principle details of the double execution of Metellus Celer and Cornelia, which he has narrated with all the indignation of an honest (Pliny - the - Younger, Lib.

Whilst the multitude witnessed with varied emotions, this slow and cruel agony, a silent cortege left the Atrium Regium and wended its way through the Forum, by Vicus Tuscus. The sacredotal Forum, by Vicus Tuscus. The sacredotal college, formed in two ranks, escorted the emperor wearing the costume of High Pontiff, and walking behind a funeral lettica carried by eight slaves. This litter, taken forcibly from Garges,

had been securely closed on every side with cushions fastened by leather thongs so as not only to conceal the victim from sight, but to smother the sound of her cries of despair. For it was feared that the sight of this beautiful virgin, con-demned to the most horrible death, might awaken a dangerous compassion, and that her groans might find an echo

in pitying hearts.
As the gloomy procession advanced the people gave way, then closed their ranks, and formed its rear, to follow it to the Campus Sceleratus, where they would feast their eyes upon the last act of this dreadful drama. Not a voice broke the

us see what has taken place in Rome on that day, and what had become of Cornetiat day, and what had become o

ready to perform the important duties assigned to him by the sacred rights and ancient usages. It is he who after the last invocation by the High Pontiff, will lower the Grand Vestal into the abyes, and seal the stone which shall shut her off forever from the world. He roars with impatience; the bloody whip cuts deeper into the flesh to seek a last remnant of vitality!

Metellus Celer seemed to revive under this new torment; casting a languid look around him, he perceived the fatal litter! Cornelia was there, about to die also, and he would see her no more! This cruel sight completed the work which torture had prolonged. The unfortunate man's body was convulsed by a desperate effort which shook the gallows; a piercing shriek, the last, supreme cry of a despair too horrible to be borne, rent the air. Then the rigid limbs became unbent, the head fell on the breast—Metellus Celer was dead.

Did this last fearful cry reach the ears of the unfortunate vestal? . Who knows? But the lettica trambled on the

of the unfortunate vestal? . . Who knows? But the lettica trembled on the shoulders of its bearers, and notwithstanding the cushions that muffled the sound, a groan, full of anguish, mingled with the last sigh of Cornelia's dying

lover.

Metellus Celer was spared another cruel pang. If death had not veiled his eyes and deprived him of hearing, he would have seen Marcus Regulus, who walked near the litter, paused as he passed near him, and would have heard the vile informer address him in this ironical remark.

mark:

"Well, Metellus, I told you so once; take care the third time I shall find you on my way. This is no longer the day when Parmenon fell under your

sword."
But these words were addressed to a corpse, and Marcus Regulus turned away with the shame of his useless outrage.
The litter stopped near the mouth of The litter stopped near the mouth of the shaft from which protruded the end of a ladder. Everything in the vault had been prepared in accordance with the ancient rites: the funeral bed was made; the bread, the water and the milk, last food of the victim, were placed near the couch, and a small lamp threw a dim light on these objects, leaving all around wrapt in darkness. Amidst the general silence the slaves opened the litter, and the Grand Vestal stepped forth. At the sight of this majestic virgin,

scarcely able to stand up, the crowd could not restrain an exclamation of horror. Cornelia's form was most entirely concealed under the folds of a long black veil, her pale features being alone visible. But the involuntary weakness of the woman succumbing to physical of the woman succumbing to physical suffering, was of short duration. Her eyes flash with scorn and pride as they rest on Domitian. As the High Pontiff, it will be his duty to place his hand upon her, and consign her to the infernal gods. But he seems to hesitate; he dares not look at the victim he has condemned without a hearing.

"What stops you, Caesar, and why not consummate your work?" cried Cornelia, in a voice so ringing and clear, that all heard it. "If I am guilty and incestuous, what is it that you wait for, to hurl me into the abyss?"

The emperor angered and troubled by these scornful words, advanced hastily towards the Grand Vestal, and raising his eyes to heaven, recited in a low voice the secret prayers consecrated by the re-ligious rites for this fearful atonement. Cornelia listened attentively.

Cornelia listened attentively.

"Caesar," she said, when the emperor had finished his invocation. "you ask of the gods not to punish Rome for my crime. And I have prayed a God more powerful than those you invoke, not to visit upon the Roman people the injulying of my sentence. May you, Caesar feel one day remorse and repentance for having ordered my execution."

norse and shame. Cornelia tarried awhile, standing alone on the first step of the ladder. Remem-bering the promise of the Christian priest, she scanned the sea of faces around her she scanned the sea of faces around her, to detect a sign, a motion which would bid her hope. But she saw nothing but the pittless curiosity of a crowd anxious to enjoy a promised spectacle. She had nothing to hope from man.

Her eyes filled with an expression of expression enguise than turned slowly.

supreme anguish, then turned slowly towards heaven. Was it a reproach addressed to that God whom she had implored, and who remained mute like the others? Was it a last prayer to beseech him again to manifest His power?

When she looked down, she saw only Rayinns, who, smiling horribly, offered

Ravinus, who, smiling horribly, offered her his hand. She rejected it with dis-gust, and began the descent unaided. But atthe first steps, her stole got caught around the end of the ladder. She

turned quickly, with a gesture of alarmed modesty, and released it. Then she soon disappeared into the

Ravinus pulled up the ladder. The slab was placed over the opening. Then Ravinus and his aids began to throw earth into the mouth of the shaft so as to conceal the slab. Soon every vestige of the opening had disappeared, and the ground was levelled at a great distance, so that not even the spot could be recognized where the incestuous priestess was entombed, separated from the living and the dead.

And all was over. TO BE CONTINUED.

A YEAR-ROUND GARDEN

(BY MARY PEABODY SAWYER.

The Carters were holding one of their usual "family meetings." As might be expected, Evelyn had the

floor.
"The first thing to do is to state the situation. We are here in Santa Rosita, and we propose to stay here. We are in the middle of the rainy season,' but in spite of that fact any one with eyes can see that the sun is shining, to the delight of the winter tourist and the disgust of the rancher. Frank, I will leave it to you to describe our surroundings."

"Small inland town in Southern California. A store, blacksmith shop, railroad station and 'boom' hotel.
Carter family, composed of mother, a
daughter and son. Average health
and sense. Living in cottage near hetel. Grounds around cottage not extensive; probably two acres under cultivation. Some orange, lemon, fig and nut trees and an alfalfa patch. For live stock, one horse, one cow and a small flock of scrub fowls."

"All true," commented Evelyn.
"Now, the problem to be solved by the amily aforesaid is to turn what they have into what they want. Please give suggestions, mother," looking to ward a bright-faced woman, who sat quietly knitting.

"Well, children, you know I went over to see Mrs. Waite at the hotel las evening. She told me that she could not stand the food there much longer She said that the vegetables were canned, the eggs stale and the chickens tough. She would not have stayed as long as she has, only the manager is extremely kind and the rooms very comfortable. I laid awake awhile las night, and while thinking about our prospects it came to me that perhaps we might supply the hotel with nice vegetables, eggs and chickens."

'Now, that's a practical thought other. Don't you say so, Frank?"
"That's all right," responded Frank mother. heartily.

'But," continued Evelyn, would sacrifice a little fine writing if we told our eastern correspondents that under the soft skies of California, with the perfume of orange blossoms wafted into our open windows, and the song of the mocking birds making the song of the mocking brus making the air vocal with melody, we were en-gaged in growing the savory broller and the business hen." She ended with a peal of girlish laughter.

"The next thing on the programme sis, is to interview the genial manager of the Hotel Santa Rosita. If you think best. I'll call on Mr. Black : but to tell the truth, I think you'd make a better impression," ended Frank, shrewdly. "Oh, I'll attend to that little matter

at once; the sooner the agony is over, the better and then we'll know what to depend on."
The Carter family all knew Mr.

Black, since while waiting for the arrival of their household goods from Massachusetts, they had boarded for a week or two at the hotel. Mr. Black was an old-time Califor nian, naturally hospitable and easy-

going. He knew how to make his guests feel at home and keep the com-

member that this inscription is a falsethicking of the small, solitary house in
presenting itself to his mind. He was
thinking of the small, solitary house in
her father, and which, ever since their
removal, he had stontly refused to let out,
looking revenentially upon it as the
sanctuary of his first affections. It is
certain that the Grand Vestal house to
main in security for some time, at least,
in this shelfer. But the was the week which was to follow. Ray hand on Metellus Celer,
in this shelfer. But the week there
was to flow, was now on the campus
Seeleratus to the Maximus Circus, personal to the forked gail
ows, in such a way as would facilitate
the sanctuary of his first affections. It is
certain that the Grand Vestal band to the forked gail
ows, in such a way as would facilitate
the distance was great from the Campus
Seeleratus to the Maximus Circus, personal time, at least,
in this shelter. But how get her there
which this little house was situated. It
was necessary to cross nearly the entire
width of the city of Rome; and what
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windth of the city of Rome; and what
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having ordered my vaccution: The
fled on eday remorse and repeatance for
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"It did not take Evelyn long told the hotel by one was was was weak and the when the house was was was weak and the state benefit in a loud to the first step of the l hotel, and one year we tried making a garden. The rabbits and gophers ate up most of it, and what was left made up most of it, and what was left made am happily disappointed, I must contook to keep. Then the coyotes caught the chickens, all but a few that the chickens, all but a few that the finished. So now we buy "May I tell you a criticism on your

bill of fare ?' "Of course you may, and I hope to

profit by it. "We nave had friends at the hotel who said to us: 'I like everything about the Hotel Rosita but its lack of fresh vegetables, eggs and chickens. With a good table it would be a delightful place."

Mr. Black flushed a little at these plain words, but said :
"Then I'm to look to you for an opportunity to improve our menu. I wish you may have the success that

your enterprise deserves, but I fear you will be disappointed. Evelyn hurried back to the cottage. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes bright with animation."

The hardest part of the battle is easily won," she announced as soon as she opened the sitting-room door. "Mr. Black will buy the Carter produce, and though he is very nice about it I know he thinks we are as green as our prospective lettuce

Frank was studying some brilliantcovered seed catalogues and Mrs. Car-ter had her lap full of poultry maga-

"From what I can learn, I think we may have the earliest eastern spring vegetables in midwinter, while in the spring and summer we can do the best with the varieties that need the most heat. Tomatoes can be grown all the year in a sheltered place, and we may have strawberries from January to to the family fund of information.

largely of one variety at one time. has been hiring a man part of the My father, who was a successful martine and is making a good profit. We

ket-gardener in New York State for many years, was noted for his early and long continued crops. The topmost prices were brought by his first vegetables, and he kept a new lot coming on till checked by the cold of

"But what I want to study up," said Evelyn, "is the poultry business. I've loved chickens ever since I used to squeeze them to death, when I was three years old. My 'succession of crops' will be broilers and fryers, with plenty of young laying hens. Just think! No freezing weather to stop the filling of the egg basket, and spring chickens at Christmas!"

The Carters had spent nearly a year in California before the beginning of this story. Coming to the State for the benefit of Mr. Carter's health, after his death they decided to remain, if pos-sible. The son and daughter were nineteen and twenty-one, and had true New England spirit and energy.

The family's available resources

were limited to the cottage, its belongings and a little property that paid about \$300 a year. This was all that was left after the expenses of travelling, illness and death were met. Besides this, they had enough ready

money to buy the needed s garden tools, poultry and fencing. This money was carefully laid out and many "family meetings" were neces

At first they made some mistakes. They took the well-meant advice of neighbors and built their henhouses of laths and gunnysacks. But it did not take long to remedy this blunder and substitute warm, well ventilated build ings.

The long rows of vegetables were enclosed by a rabbit-proof fencing and the chicken runs by a six-foot wire netting. A good dog discouraged the The whole place was so well friend. kept that it almost gave one a good appetite to look at it. When it was producing enough to supply the table of the Hotel Rosita the delighted guests would often say to the manager : "There's one great attraction about your hotel, Mr. Black, and this is,

your crisp fresh vegetables, your de-lightfully tender chickens, and new-laid eggs. I have stayed with you weeks longer than I at first intended, just for that reason. When I thought of going somewhere else, I could not bear to run the risk of a change of lood. You would hardly believe but usually my appetite is very poor, Evelyn Carter found, at the end of the first year, that her "poultry output," as Frank called it. was outgrowing he demand of the local market. she made an arrangement with the best hotels in Los Palomares, the near-

est city, to supply them with fancy-dressed chickens and fresh eggs. She packed her eggs in neat cases, sealed and stamped. In this way she was able to command the best price, and to guarantee their freshness. In time her business became so large that she leased all the available land in the vicinity of the cottage and hired some young Mexicans to help her.

One bright morning in February Mr. Biack came over by invitation to look around the "Carter gardens," as they were known in the village. Though the far distant peak of "Od Baldy" was snow capped, the oranges hung in golden clusters on the trees, and the mesas were gorgeous with wild

"It astonishes me. Miss Carter, to

to smile than to work that I may get very lazy," said Evelyn, laughing and blushing so bewitchingly that Mr. Black was almost tempted to speak the words that had been trembling on his

But, instead of a romantic avowal. he remarked : "One never could think of you as lazy. You have energy enough for several ordinary men."

"Thank you, Mr. Black. But, seriously, our success is not at all due to luck or magic, as many of our neigh-bors seem to think. We studied, discussed our plans, experimented, some-times failed, tried again and improved. We always wanted to understand the 'why 'either of success or failure, so that we could omit the failures and duplicate the successes

"There ought to be more young women like you-but there is not a single one," remarked Mr. Black, apparently to the nearest fig tree, and

Evelyn continued earnestly."
"Though we were often tired, we were never really discouraged — just what I call a 'good tired;' enough to be hungry, but not enough to be exhausted. It has seemed to me for ome time that this lovely ferile valley ought to furnish any one with a support who was not a chronic invalid. think, too, that many who are classed with the invalids could gain strength by gentle, gradually-increasing outdoor exercises.

"I agree with you there, and most heartily. What I know from sad ex-perience with the average hotel invalid would fill several volumes. By the way, how does your brother en-

joy his part of the work?"
"Much better than any office employment. He has gone to the city December," was Frank's contribution to day, or I would let him speak for himself. He has branched out, too, and has added a fine lot of Belgian to the family fund of information.
"One of the things we need to avoid," and has added a fine lot of Belg said his mother, "is planting too shares to our other fancy stock.

carry on separate concerns. a work together. Some time I w plain how we manage our littl ness affairs. We have no cha feel homesick or complain abo climate, I assure you."

"This is all extremely inter and many thanks to you. I have been wanting to mention a plan

— I mean a suggestion that anyway, are you willing to let on you this evening?" said the manager, flushing and stam manager, nusning and stami in a way which made the your wonder if he was losing his min "Frank will be very glad you, I am sure" with that fer wickedness with characterize most sensible of its sex.

'Oh, excuse me for not make meaning clear; but when I call be for the purpose of seeing y-very important — the most im matter to me at least. But I m good bye and hurry back to the I am expecting a large party cursionists on the noon train Boston. What is that? The at River Station? Excuse leaving you so abruptly, but hasten or the train will be in am at my post."- Boston Budge

HOW CONVERTS ARE M Spreading the Faith in the T Regions of the North.

Thirty years ago, being factouraged with the difficulties I ceased to meet, I took advantone of those opportunities the then so rare, to make them ke our worthy Mgr. Tache in order tain some direction or at least couragement. It was only

later that I received his answe
Mgr. Tache wrote—'' My Da
You complain of the phys moral difficulties you have to o But look a little backward a pare the natives as they we you arrived with what they ar Surely you could not guess t the kingdom of God would m progress through your ministr cannot do less than recognize is with us, and that in spit miseries He works by our mea

Doing good costs us so muc are so wearled by our efforts t ing under our fatigue, no under our discouragements, we perceive our success and the our labors. Those fruits ar small when compared to those still to be brought forth; and occupy us so much that we so what is already done. For s three years that our religion has been at work in this land fifty years that some of us have devoted ourselves with z same cause ; for the forty-th that I myself have already b we have always been all mo inclined to feel discouraged difficulties. Would it not the pedient to look a little bac notice the results obtained i extreme difficulties and of ou

worthiness. In the year 1845 two Oblat St. Boniface: I ought really to for young Brother Tache, thousub-deacon and having fit theological studies, had not his religious profession. vencher was nevertheless ve to receive the two new co saw in them a whole congres thus could hope to attend to tion of the numerous indig tions of his large diocese-la Europe-to evangelize whi

The next year, Brother Ta ed and having priesthood, left them for the Ile a la Crosse with a secular Lafleche, who soon after titular Bishop of Arath, and for St. Boniface. At this time the Superior the Oblates, Mgr. Mazenod, Marseilles, and his assiste government of our congreg no true ideas of our miss Red River. They though Fathers sent to help Mgr. could easily communicate diocese of Montreal, and

Founder learned at what a

were and how isolated, he

his council and decided to c

four or five missionaries fro

Meanwhile the Bis

only four or five priests.

Arath was taken seriously told Mgr. Provencher th quite unable to meet his w do the work of the dioce candidate had to be pres Pope; and thus it happe the time our founder and were deciding to call us heard from Rome of the Father Tache to the Bishop and coadjutorship of St. Bo Our Founder then con Father Tache could not be Father Tache received t order to come to the Father consecration. He came b with three new Fathers brother. Two of the Fath Remas and Vegreville, s The third. Father G first that has died in our n we know what hardships

As to the Lay Brother he

may well call the death

Mgr. Tache also met at M Father Lacombe, who is Yet, the nomination of was not willingly accept brethren. It was feared his being unable to attentions they would fail. Ar still uninstru natives, still uninstru Father Tache going away by Fathers that could no language, showed a which the young missi not fail to feel the effects.