TWO

## neighborhood of the stand ; and alto-PRETTY MISS NEVILLE gether the time of the races was the

very zenith of our Mulkapore season. At 3 o'clock every other afternoon

the stand was crowded, and let me tell you that we could muster a

goodly show of pretty frocks and pretty faces. The upper part was devoted to the prince and his court and certain of the notable Europeans;

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XXXVIII

MULKAPORE RACES

" But all was false and hollow ; though his tongu Dropped manna, and could make the worst appea The better reason."- Paradise Lost

a few steps lower came the most ex-Whether it was my persistent pensive seats, and every flight you determination to remain a dowerless came down you became cheaper The stand was built of stone, and bride, or the very discernible loss of my good looks and my good spirits, ) was a fine new structure with imposing flights of shallow stone stairs cannot tell, but certain it is that noted a gradual but still perceptible going down either side, and from which you entered the various tiers change in Major Percival. Perhaps he thought that now, when the very The first two days' racing was not day was named, and my future was especially eventful, and anyway the races had but little interest for me, as I sat beside Mrs. Vane at a in his hands altogether, there was no longer any necessity for various petits sions to which he had accusfront corner of the upper tier, mechtomed me : he ceased to be continanically criticising horses, jockeys, ually at my beck and call, and favorand people's dress. My intended ed Mrs. St. Ubes with a good deal of having driven me down to the course his society. For this I sincerely beat the utmost peril of my life, pro lieve that I was, in a measure, to cured me a chair, and handed me blame. At first he sought her comcorrect card, considered his duty ac pany in order to pique me, and en complished, and proceeded to sport from flower to flower like the joy, as he doubtless imagined, the agreeable position of being a bone of contention between two pretty gay elderly butterfly that he was. women. He would have liked to He was generally "settled" down He was generally "settled" down beside Mrs. St. Ubes, who sat in a have seen his placid, grave fiancee a little disturbed by the demon jealline with me, in a commanding posi-tion in the middle of the front row. ousy. Mrs. St. Ubes always received I could easily observe her pathetic. with effusion, and witnessed his interested looks, her upturned eyes, departure with despair. I did neither the one nor the other. She and the honeyed sweetness of smile; the assiduous attentions of told him anecdotes, and strained my betrothed were not lost upon me every nerve to amuse him; I did either ; he held her gloves, glasses, what was in my power to be a pleas. marked her card, sustained her un ant companion, but I had completely brella, and cloaked and uncloaked lost my spirits, and my fascinations her with solicitous devotion. "Look here," she said to me exort of those that Mrs. St. Ubes could bring into play. He ultantly the previous day. " I have liked her society; it gave a flavor to his day. In short, I was the lamb, won eighteen dozen pairs of long buttoned gloxes and four gold bangles-I declare I shall have to set was the mint sauce; and he divided his attention very agreeably up a shop. I can let you have some of them half-price, for I never could between us both. She was not slow to take opportunity at the flood, and made the most of the hours my fiance spent with her in depreciating me in every possible way (of course, not openly), but under the veil of pointopenly), but under the ven of pour blank questions and delicate innuen-He generally returned from loes. their tete a tete in a captious frame of mind, inclined to make unreason able demands and snappy speeches. Mrs. St. Ubes had never forgiven me for "hooking him," as she elegantly expressed it. He had been her own advised. special property, her best and most presentable "bow-wow," till I had me, pleadingly. come upon the scene and carried him If she saw any prospect of turn ing the tables on me, she was the

last woman in the world to lose it. From what I have since heard, she insidiously implanted a firm conviction in his breast that I did not half appreciate the elevated position in store for me. She inferred that he was throwing himself away, and thereby breaking the hearts of his thereby breaking the hearts most devoted friends, herself most notably. The races, the great yearly ting her like a glove, with bonnet, fan, parasol, and shoes to corresevent at Mulkapore, was shortly coming off, and Major Percival stayed on pond, in order to attend them. He intendcolor, eyes, and expression ed, contrary to his first arrangement, to remain at Mulkapore until he was married. Meanwhile, his marked she was the prettiest woman on the attention to Mrs. St Ubes was the theme of every tongue. But, of course, our ears were the last to hear could not compete with her brilliant of it. However, one day Mrs. Gower considered it her *duty* to come and speak to auntie-in quite a friendly spirit, of course-and put her on he guard against the most dangerous woman, Mrs. Stubbs.

She is getting herself most fear fully talked about, my dear Mrs Neville ; and she makes no secret of her admiration for Major P.' Bending toward auntie, and speak

ing with a mysterious hiss, she said my jealousy, as Mrs. St. Ubes was Do you know that he tiffins provoked to find : but Major Perciwith her three times a week, val was of a much more inflammable and every night, after leav-ing here, he finishes the evening

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ing spectators. What faces I beheld --strained eagerness, agonized dis-appointment, breathless expectation. down on me with an air of grave. critical scrutiny. I sat as if galvan-ized, staring at him with the blank-est and most bewildering astonish-ment. Was it Maurice, or some one Coming into the straight the second round they were only three in the who was very like him ? He was in race, a chestnut, a gray, and a bay. The bay was Paladin. As they comcomplete racing garb ; he wore an menced the descent Paladin quitted the society of his companions ; and orange cap, a light gray overcoat which was open in front and re vealed breeches, boots, and a blue although they followed up in hot pursuit he shook them off with apsatin jacket, and carried a heavy whip in his hand. Of course it was Maurice ; who else could it be ? my parent ease, and won the much-coveted "Arab Derby" by three common sense demanded. I at once became ruddier, oh, far ruddier than the traditional cherry, and ventured a distant deprecating little bow, which he acknowledged by formally removing his jockey-cap. He looked graver than usual, but otherwise his appearance was by no means as al-tered and emaciated as I had been led to expect. Our mutual recognition accomplished, his eye was suddenly arrested by Mrs. St. Ubes and her cavalier. I could see a certain amount of surprise-unwelcome surprise-overshadow his face. He gazed at them with a mixture of puzzled amazement and dislike-yes, certainly dislike-and then bestowed one last glance on me. He seemed o stand above me, a kind of judgea sort of avenging fate-as with one ook of pure and unadulterated com-

passion he turned away and sprang down the steps. Maurice's pity ! This was hard to bear, the very last drop in my over-

flowing cup. I had hardly realized that I had seen him, had barely collected my cattered ideas, when Mrs. Vane and

all our party returned to their places. all excitement and eagerness anent the forthcoming great race. Mrs Vane looked strangely agitated. As she slipped into her seat beside me she whispered, breathlestly,

'Guess whom I have seen and spoken to? 'I know," I faltered, with averted

wear them all ; only by the way, I face. You don't mean to say that he forgot your hand is a good deal big came up and spoke to you ?" she ger than my little paw," patting it gasped, incredulously. "No, no," I answered, "he only

complacently. "Five dozen pairs from Major Percival, and two gold bangles. Was it not reckless of him stood at the top of the steps and -and he an engaged man ? I told looked down.' "Ah, well, I came face to face with him," tapping him playfully with her

him on the stairs. I never got such " that he had no business to bet with me, that you would give him a start in my life ; he told me that he and General Ross arrived last night such a scolding but he would not be and are staying out in the artillery 'You won't be very cross with him dear, will you ?" looking at me, pleadingly. "You won't be camp. The general is a great racing nan, and wants to have a shot at the 'Arab Derby,' and has brought up a horse called Paladin. But they are be angry ?" "Of course not-why should I?"

going back by the early train to-morrow. He asked where he was asked, bluntly. "That's all right, then," she relikely to see your uncle. I told him plied, with a gracious nod, as she turned away and passed down to her on the stewards' stand, and I suppose

carriage on Major Percival's arm. I that is what brought him up here.' gazed after her as she floated down "The horses are coming out," said stairs, whispering and smiling, and Major Percival, lounging over, card in hand. "What is your fancy, Mrs. Vane? there are eleven starters; looking up into his face. Certainly she was a very pretty woman, and looked in the best of health and quite a big field. Which will you spirits ; a pale-blue silk costume fittake, odd or even ? Tamerlane and

Star of India are the favorites." "Well, I'll take the odds," replied Mrs. Vane, ticking off her six horses on her card. "I hope Paladin will win. He is the only one I'm interested in.'

Oh-eh," referring to his own. General Ross's horse ! who is rid ing him ? There he is coming past the stand now - blue and orange colors.' "That's Beresford, his A. D. C.

put in a man who was standing be-hind. "Rather a convenient sort of A. D. C. for a racing man. Beresford's a rattling good rider, and I should not be one bit surprised if he pulled off the race, although Paladin is carrying nine stone seven, rather top weight. He won the Bedouin Stakes at Cheetapore. Still, I fancy

him more than Mooltan at eight stope five." Your Beresford, I presume," said Porcival hen

lengths, and the solitaire was mine There was an immense amount of excitement and cheering, and General Ross's face was a picture as he led his winner into the paddock. I fancied that Maurice cast one hurried glance at our part of the stand-it may have been fancy-but, if so, he

must have been edified to have seen my future lord and I standing and looking down on the general en-thusiasm side by side. He rode again that day, in the hurdle race, and won it by sheer riding, just get ting Tom Fool's nose first past the post. Thus he made himself a person of some consequence and interest among the spectators on the stand ; and I happened to hear a conversa-tion about him, carried on by the people who occupied chairs directly behind ours-two gentlemen, from an up-country station, slight acquaint nces of ours.

That fellow Beresford is worth his weight in gold to old Ross ; and I hear he bought both horses in the lotteries. Tom Fool went for noth ing.

On account of his riding you mean. Yes, I believe he selected him partly with a view to this sort of thing," indicating the course before "but Beresford is a smart him ; officer too.' Ah! and he is going to be his

son in law into the bargain. Beresford has money," significantly. "Oh! I don't think there is

truth in that. He is not a marrying man ; and as to his money, I fancy it is derived from Irish rents, and he has more gold on his uniform than in his pockets !"

"He may not have been a marry ing man some time ago; but let me tell you, my dear sir, that there is a great deal in propinquity; and Beresford has not been living in the house with Miss Ross this last six months for nothing. She's an uncommon fine girl, I can tell you." "Ah, replied the other, irritably. "I hate fine girls ; they are another

word for fat girls." "Nothing of the kind," returned his companion, argumentatively. "A tall, well made girl--"

doubt the discussion was pur-No sued for the next hour, but at this juncture auntie came and swept us all away; and I went home with a eart and what is called a heavy h nervous" headache.

Much against my will I went to the Residency ball that night, looking truly like a ghost. The lilies in my enormous bouquet-Major Percival's

gift-were not whiter than my face. I pleaded fatigue as an immunity from dancing, and sat out danc after dance with my intended, who had suddenly become both exacting and suspicious, and refused to let me for a single instant out of his sight Indeed, he preferred my society for once to that of Mrs. St. Ubes, and

spent the entire evening sitting beside me, promenading with me, danc ing square dances with me, administering ices and tea; and I-I was watching the door, half in a frenzy of fear, half in an agony of anxious expectation. I might have spared myself all anxiety-he never came.

TO BE CONTINUED

## HIS CATHOLIC WIFE

'Is

ish. She cannot go home. She might be compromised if she stays She Can you wait an hour or two? here. wife will instruct you." I will go to see the Bishop myself. It is only a short distance from here. And Annie instructed her husband, who was as docile as a little child.

I will return." The girl answered : "Thank you The priest came back and gave him from my heart, Father. Certainly we his first Communion, and he weaker and one could see he had not will wait. Arthur has the license in long to live, he explained the Sacrahis pocket, and we are both of age. ment of Extreme Unction and an-I am aware a dispensation is re-quired. You know (smiling) I have I am nointed him. Here was the young wife's reward

"I know all about you," said I. 'And I know when a woman will, she will, and that's an end on't, and of two evils we must choose the lesser." So saying I left. In two hours I returned. The pro

prietor and his wife were still with the young couple. "I will marry you now," said I. all they could to soften her lot.

The simple ceremony was soon over and I gave the bride and groom to the deep forest for the day the end came. Peacefully and quietly her husband died in the deep isolation some serious and strong advice. The proprietor of the hotel and I had a little talk. He promised to have the marriage in the morning papers. of that lonely forest. The brave girl alone with her baby in that desolate The young couple departed to a dislog cabin, after the first bitter parox. ysm of grief, closed her husband's tant city, where they were to resid with the groom's mother. eyes composed his limbs and gathered

It was not an unusual affair Opposition, perhaps too long persistbe done. ed in, had made the elopement almost pardonable. No permission was must telegraph home," she mur-mured. "I cannot go into the deep asked this time, because the refusals had gone 'before. And there was only one good reason for this--the groom was a Protestant, and in that securely at the foot of the bed, where strict Catholic family (would there were more like them) permission for

wraps and locked the door and began mixed marriage was not to be thought of for a moment. We will not dwell on this family's indignayet noon, and it was snowing, a dry, powdery snowstorm such as is com tion and distress when the news papers were read next morning. Our mon in the West, but she walked bravely on. She reached the village story is with the wife who for love of sent telegrams at the little railroad the husband of her choice thus set station to her mother in law and her out in life. Out of evil often cometh

good, says the proverb. She went to her husband's family own family, announcing Arthur's death and asking what she should do. and was the only Catholic there ; but Then she went to the undertaker. she made her faith respected. After She was distressed beyond expressio the birth of a little boy the husband's health began to fail. He was ordered to find he was not a licensed undertaker and would not go to the house West. He came home better. Two He was sorry, but he had none of the more children were given to them. requirements for disposing of the re mains, and directed her to the "cor Again the husband's health failed, rect" undertaker, fifteen miles away and now reverses came, but again he went West, at great sacrifices, and Everything was rough in that primi tive settlement. The men were all the brave little wife prayed and working, and the women were few worked alone. After some months and sad to say, those who wanted to word came that he was improving help her did not dare. They, too, had seen death under similar circumand had settled with an uncle Michigan and only needed Annie to stances. The man was moved at her become perfectly well. She could ill tears and when he heard she had not afford the journey, but it was her duty. Leaving her two children with their grandmother, who was tasted food that day, forced her to swallow some hot milk, and said he

still a strong Methodist, the took her baby in her arms and started for Michigan to the little border vil lage, where there was scarcely any civilization. Her heart was heavy

enough when she saw she would have to rough it, but she took up her burden bravely, offering all she suf fered for the conversion of her hus band.

This is what she met in her ney home. A log house three miles from the village, where the uncle and three rough, good hearted lumbermen lodged in the midst of a clearing. Her husband instead of getting better, grew steadily worse and the little division of the rude house, par titioned off for their bedroom, al turned the borrowed lowed the winds of heaven to pene trate a hundred chinks, and the snow and rain as well. She was the only woman and the only Catholic around and to her lot fell the care of all the household as well as her sick hus band. Everyone was kind, but more than kindness was needed. As the winter grew colder and colder, only The baby was sleeping peacefully at its dead father's feet apparently one room was habitable, and into it was crowded the cooking stove, the dining table and the invalid, together with the rough seats of the lumber men. And the invalid became weak-

er and weaker. There was a little church three

"I will come before New Year's for the train, even sending the telesaid the priest, "and you can your First Holy Communion. "and you can make mother Your Chicago.

Perhaps you will wonder why those who were near and dear to her did not help her; but this is a true story—its dramatic persons are still living. They did not, and the fact remains. Truth outweighs fiction. became The journey home began. There was a sad meeting in Chicago. The

rough box in the baggage car, the mother and the young widow and her at last. Out in the wild lumber region of Michigan, far away from babe. And when it was found how straightened were her means every help was given, and as the train whirled on toward Pennsylvania the ome and her little ones, she had now from heaven the conversion she had prayed for so earnestly. The story of the hardships of that West rough lumber men were touched at ern home was told with mutual tears her grief and happiness and, although they were hard worked and rude, did In the meantime the second tele gram was discussed in the young widow's family, and when One morning after they had gone

found the Protestant mother in law had been the first to go to Annie's relief there was a tinge of remorse and shame, and the hard spirit of disapproval which had followed the girl since her runaway marriage melted. Her brother, a priest, de clared he would start at once and meet her. first dispatching to the herself together to think what must mother in law a message, which was resent to Chicago and was answered "I must get an undertaker, and I

on the journey. "Meet us in Erie. Train 26." It was Saturday and the young curate had no time to provide a substitute for his services next day, and when he arrived in Erie, and the hours passed with no signs of the train, he grew anxious. Inquiries elicited the fact that the train had met with a wreck ten miles outside walk to the village. It was not of the city, and the delay was inde finite. He was at a loss what to do. With the assistance of a brother priest a telephone message was sent. and it finally settled that the remains should be removed from the train and buried next day in a lot belong. ing to some member of the family near by. The brother priest prom ised to take a horse and ride out to the place and thus the young curate was able to catch a midnight train for home and be ready for his Sunday duties.

Poor Annie! Her troubles had never given her an hour's rest. At last her husband's remains were placed in the quiet cemetery and the strange priest blessed the grave. When all was over they returned to the mother in law's home, and the widow was again with her children, whom she had not seen for a year.

Is it surprising she was seized with illness which kept her helpless for several weeks?

When she recovered she started out to seek work to support her children and herself, for she would net be a burden on the mother of her husband, who had become devoted to her little grandchildren and who had strong affection for her son's Cath olic wife.

Annie obtained employment as a Breathing a prayer that her dear ones, the living and the dead, might meet with nothing harmful, she took saleswoman and her ready intelligence and wit and her attractive per-sonal appearance made an impresthe reins and started on her fifteen mile journey. The horse was a poor one, but she found the undertaker, ion on her employers. She soon had an assured position and was able to help the home finances consider-ably. Her children soon became old who came back with her and the ready.made coffin in the sled. His enough to be instructed for the Sachorse he fastened to the back of the raments, but there was no Catholic sled. She reached the village, re school near. It was weary work for horse, and Annie to instruct them at night when weary and worn after her thirty six she was tired and the children miles of travel in the bitter cold, took sleepy. At last the grand mother offered to hear the little catechism her seat again with the undertaker. the coffin at her feet, and arrived at and to see to their studying it. With her cabin just as the lumbermen rean unspoken prayer that this good They knew in a moment all that woman might see the light, Annie gladly consented. had happened, and respectfully gave

The end can readily be guessed The sincere, good Christian grandmother, reading and enforcing the words of the catechism, found the light

weary mother thanked God while she ministered to it. And when her husband lay in the Our story is told when after many days she was baptized and the chil-dren and their grandmother made coffin, his worn features in repose, ion together and eir First

description, as you shall hear. The third day of the races is called the in her society, sitting in the veranda and smoking cigarettes till all big day, as the most important events come off then, notably the hours?'

'But Mrs. St. Ubes is an old faltered auntie, casting friend." wildly about for any excuse.

"So much the worse," retorted Mrs. Gower, in a highly acidulated Keep your eyes open, my by. You don't know the tone.

dear lady. You don't know the woman you have to cope with; and as to Major Percival, he is a weakminded fool. You had better just give him a gentle hint that this kind of thing won't do for an engaged to be left alone, so I stayed behind, man.

sitting in solitary state at the end or angle of the stand, my head resting I could see that auntie was uneasy on my hand, gazing with a vacant and uncle at boiling point; I myself eye on the dense throng below-the was by far the most unconcerned of the family. I was fated to marry crowds of gay native spectators lining the course, the accomplished na Major Percival. Nothing could save tive riders; who were urging their me; and perhaps marriage would be horses into upright bounds into the anacea for all my woes, or act as air, and commanding the admiraa draught of Lethe to my too-reten tion of the populace; at the plain, tive memory. Once married, I would begin a new life. Loveless, no doubt; and the palms beyond, and the far away, peaceful-looking blue hills. still full of new interest and About thirty or forty people still duties. I would be carried away to remained in our part of the stand, scattered about in groups of twos other scenes and other friends, and surely, once married, I could no and threes-chiefly twos. Neares think of Maurice Beresford I actually believed that there was to me sat Mrs. St. Ubes, gorgeous in some virtue in the ceremony that gold satin, and a ruby with steel buttons. She was lean-ing back in her chair, slowly eating would expunge him forever from my neart and thoughts. an ice, while Major Percival held her

I flatter myself that our races a val justice, I had also been offered an ice, and every refreshment that Mulkapore were the Ascot of India. Where was there such another meet ing so rich in stakes, so widely, so the establishment afforded, but I had The races universally attended? declined them all. I hated ices, l last five days, taking place on alter hated races, I hated everything. nate ones, so they spread over nearly a whole fortnight; on by-days we had long morning rides, breakfastpossess-that tells us, even though parties at the minister's palace in direction, that another person's eyes the city, or hunting with chetahs, and a dejeuner at his palace in the country; he gave lunches, banquets, and entertainments of various kinds with his more than princely hospi-We had also dances and din tality. ners at the Residency ; ladies' dinners at the different camps in the the stewards' stand, and looking

whispering in a smothered tone.

velvet coat

became her admirably. Her

ened the triumphant conviction that

stand that day; and very likely she

was quite right. I, in a simple.

Indian muslin and white plush hat,

toilet, nor could my pale cheeks and

sunken eves compare to her radiant

good looks. I was not surprised to

hear two ladies in the crowd behind

" Is that the beauty-

me whisper, "Is that the beauty— the lovely Miss Neville?" Evidently an assent was given. "Oh, my!

Why, she is not a bit good looking

What rubbish people talk about her

It was somewhat difficult to arouse

I did not want any tea, I did not

from Cheetapore ; no, I only wanted

What is the sense-which we all

our face be turned in an opposite

are regarding us long and steadily

I became aware of the fact, as I sat

with my face bent on the distant

horizon, and, turning half round, I

she is like a ghost !"

I think the look I bestowed on my Arab Derby," a much coveted prize. betrothed frightened him, for h Mrs Vane had descended to a lower tier to see some friends, and many added in a half apologetic tone, and with a kind of society smile. people had flocked down to promenade Never mind ; I was only joking. to drink tea, or to put in tickets in the

paris mutuel for the grand race of the day. race No, thank you. I never bet, want to take any tickets, nor to go and have a chat with the Browns "Won't you make an exception in this case, and back Paladin?" he

added, with a sneer. " Of course she will," put in Mrs. St. Ubes, as she joined us. "What can you be thinking of? — your cousin's mount! — you must back him in this, and also in the hurdle used to meeting strangers.

race . he is riding Tom Fool.' Thus driven to bay, I made a stand. " As you are so very anxious that I should bet on this horse I will, but not in gloves, Major Percival-gloves

are too common ; let us make the wager worthy of the horse and its rider. Here Major Percival became positively purple, but a worm will turn "I will stake my big ruby ring that uncle got from Mandalay against

your diamond solitaire stud." Now the diamond solitaire was the apple of his eye. There was no time for higgling or haggling, the horses were already at the post, so all he the rest, we can both work, for we are young and strong." could say was : " Very well ; whoever wins, it will still be in the family." The young man spoke for the first

time "Do not be so sure of that," I an-swered ; " if the stud becomes mine I dare say I shall find an owner for

it." So saying, I turned and gave my whole attention to the race. The course was a long oval, and every inch of it was visible from the stand.

The distance to be run was three miles, and the horses had to pass us know you well." twice. I kept my eyes levelled on the bay with the blue colors, and he Yes, he is an old friend and hap was in a good middle position in the

beheld-Maurice ! Maurice, standing above me, on the steps leading into first round, neither first nor last. I glanced involuntarily at the surround-

" Thank you for coming, Father," miles away, and once a month said the proprietor of the hotel. " It priest came there and said Mass. this an agreeable surprise, or was it a previous arrangement?" Poor young wife! It was a sad change for her, and on Christmas man having persuaded her to come

eve, as she sat weary and worn, thinking about her absent children, here for the purpose, can get no farther with all his persuasion. My of her old home, of all she had left wife has been with them since they behind, she could hardly suppress arrived."

her tears. Her husband was wrapped "Where are they?" said I gravely. in blankets in an armchair near the I was shown into a quiet parlor where the mistress of the hotel sat fire, and his hollow cough came rasping on her ear. She went over to with the young man and woman. him quickly. "Annie." he said feebly, "are you The young man was talking earn-estly to the girl, who was quite young

going to church to morrow?" "Yes, Arthur. Don't you know it and pretty. She rose respectfully and advanced to meet me. "You are very good to come here, Father," she said, with the ease of one

will be Christmas day as well as Sun

day ?" "Christmas day !" he sighed Christmas day ! and such a Christ-'But my dear young woman," said mas for you. Oh, Annie, how I re "don't you know this is a very proach myself for bringing you here.' strange affair for you ? Are you not "Hush, Arthur," said the brave aware that a matter like this not only "It was my duty to come.

woman. "It was my duty to come You will break my heart if you say requires the consent of your parents but a certain respectable publicity ?" "Father, I know all about it. I you regret my coming. No woman who loves her husband-no good is certainly a runaway match, as the world will call it, but there is no help Catholic woman-would do anything else.'

for it. I have thought it all over 'Aye, indeed," said the man ; "you may well say good Catholic woman. I have watched you, Annie. If there and there is no other way out. can't be married at home, for if we were to live a hundred years my is a true religion on earth, it is the family will never consent, and I will one that made you what you are. Annie could you bring your clergymarry no one but Arthur. I shall never give up my faith, and shall man up here after service ?" "Do you mean it, Arthur," was the bring him to it some day; and as for

joyful cry,

"I mean every word of it. I want to talk to him. I haven't much time now.

Annie bent over him with sorrow. ing tears, but her heart was full of

The journey through the bitter nd snow next morning was tions. Bethlehem. The priest came, a man much to take with her, and when she told the understood his fellowman. The told the undertaker she had but \$20 faith and gratitude to his wife, Arthur received baptism. until sha could send it oack, the good man added \$20 more and assist-ed her in getting everything ready

like one peacefully sleeping, h lation broke upon her, and she cried out: "Oh, God! what next?"

unconscious of its long fast, and the

woods after the men : it is easier to

Placing her little sleeping bab

its dead father lay, she donned her

would try to get her a horse and sled

There was no alternative. If she

returned home to look after her baby

she would have to come back and

thus make the same journey over

again. The lumbermen would not be

if she would drive.

pack till sundown.

turned home.

all the help they could

walk three miles to the village."

She did not wish to bury him in that wild place until at least she had heard from her home in Pennsylvania; and the undertaker promised to wait two days at least, and if an answering telegram came he would bring it to her

Can you imagine that lonely vigil all night the men watched in turn, but next day inexorable contract sacred feet. drove them into the forest, and Annie was alone with her babe and

her dead. No reply to the telegram came and er heart was sore and heavy. She had only \$20 for the funeral expense and the journey home when all was over, and it was not enough; she could not ask alms of those with whom she shared her poor home, for

money was scarce with them. Wearily she watched the snow flakes, ministered to her babe, and from time to time looked at the placid face of the dead. All alone until evening she sat, until the

lumber men came back from their work, and then they had to be fed and the domestic work attended to, almost all done in sight of the coffin which held the remains of him to whom she had given the best years of her young life, and not once had she regretted. Such is woman's

love.

Again the night watch and the next morning tho undertaker arrived with a dispatch. It was from her motherin law: "Bring remains home. Will meet you at depot, Chicago. Wire train you leave."

With a heart relieved, yet very sad, the young widow began her prepara-In her poverty there was not

the happy widow, who had passed through many trials and an almost incredible experience, found herself with tears of joy, the center of a devoted group in a truly Catholic home. She whose devotion proved so fruit-ful worked cheerfully day after day, gladly accepting life's crosses and praising God that He enabled her to bring these five souls - husband, mother and three little ones-to His

Is there not an apostolate for every Catholic wife in the family circle? Look around, reader and bring the question home.— The Rev. Richard W. Alexander in Exchange.

## BIGOTRY IN WILLS

Protestant ideas of religiousliberty re frequently illustrated in wills The late Dr. Francis Gray Smart, of Tunbridge Wells, lord of the manor of Combe Hay, Sonferset, who left estate to the amount of £446,819. directed that any person entitled to any legacy or benefit under his will becoming a Catholic shall only receive one fifth of the amount of such legacy, and the remaining four-fifths shall be given to any Protestant society "which his executors may regard as most useful in opposing the

spread of Romanism." One of the strange freaks of modern times is the absurd eagerness of dying capitalists to take a parting shot at the Church of God. fortunes," writes Dean Ring,  $\mathbf{M}$ . R., of London, E., in his parish maga-zine, "have been left to theirs with the bullying condition that those "Vast who so benefit must not become Catholics. They may become any. thing else - Baptists, Mormons, told the undertaker she had but \$20 Agapementes, or even infidels—but for him, and begged him for a loan Catholics, never, no never, or they until she could send it back, the are cut off without a shilling. Does Protestantism really need such coered her in getting everything ready cion? Is it so bankrupt in logic and

few difficulties in the way of the invalid smothered and with unbounded

pened to know I was around. I am aware it would be hard to adjust the matter now in the young lady's par-

wind full of thanksgiving for the Babe of

I can to be a good husband and never interfere with Annie's religion. I have no faith, but my faith in her. gratitude. She consented to marry me if I got a priest, and my friend here and his wife have helped me, as you see, in bringing you here. He seems to

"All this is true, sir. I will do all