

guns were stacked beyond their reach. I might have got away with three muskets on my son, but their kindness surprised me. I did not feel in a murderous mood, as I looked into their friendly, rugged faces. I backed off cautiously, keeping my eye on them and my revolver pointed at them, intending to hold them until there was more space between us, and then make a dash for liberty. Suddenly, without sound of warning, I felt myself pinioned from behind. I struggled passionately in the arms of two stalwart Confederates for some moments, but it was useless, and I suddenly submitted, while they led me back to the group by the fire.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I reckon I had better, under the circumstances, accept your hospitality for the present."

"Reckon your hand!" they replied, dryly. I handed my revolver and knife to the eldest of the three, who received them with a gracious sweep of the hand, and threw his wide cape over my shoulders as I knelt shivering before the embers.

And so ended my brief, inglorious career in the service of my country.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHERE THE LANE TURNED.

The Little Dressmaker was thirty-seven years old and unmarried. She belonged to the mighty tribe of bed-roomites that swarm in a big city.

I have called her a dressmaker. In fact, she worked buttonholes for a living. The matron of Young Women's Boarding-House had "general" sensibilities and promoted her "guests" according to a social sliding scale of her own invention. "Dressmaker" was better form than "button-hole."

The Little Dressmaker's bedroom was in "the fourth storey" "back." She shared the eight-by-eight dormitory with Milly Wilson, who made "pants" in a room where the clothes were dyed by the coarse cloths she worked upon, and she brought into the hall bedroom at evening a smell of greasy wool and tobacco. The proprietor of the shop worked with the "hands" and smoked a pipe all day.

As Milly was afraid of the night air, if the window were left open, and afraid of burglars if the doors were left unlocked, the atmosphere of the room was thick and foul by daybreak. The Little Dressmaker always saw the day break under the yellow Holland shade that would not come down further than the top of the lower sash. She had lain awake long by the time the sash became a "glimmering square," that dawn was like the visit of a friend to her tired eyes. The Lady Doctor, whose name appeared in the reports of the Home, "resident physician," thought buttonholing bad for the Little Dressmaker's eyes. As the girl could get no other work, she bought a pair of spectacles and kept her place in Madame Fisher's establishment.

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The resident physician nodded kindly to her visitor, and pushed a chair toward her with her foot, her hands being busy with something she was writing.

"Well!" she asked. "How goes it with you to-day?"

The patient was breathing fast and more loudly than she considered respectful and she hastened to apologize.

"It's the spring weather, I suppose," she said. "I get weaker all the time, and my stomach doesn't seem to go even, you know. That's why I breathe so queer."

"You are not well in any respect, I've seen that, this great while," answered the Lady Doctor. "I've done my best. There are complications! I'm going to put you into more skillful hands."

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"Don't get discouraged," added the resident physician. While she talked the Lady Doctor held a pencil between her lips. The upper lip had a funny little pointed tip like the extreme and curved point of a bird's beak. It kept the pencil from falling, while she talked on each side of it. She had odd little ways of her own, but she had a heart behind them all. The trouble was she had kept it behind her long and so hard that it was not easy to bring it to the front when she would fain show it.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," she added, looking at the glasses she was polishing instead of at the small figure that had paused on the way to the door for further instructions.

"Good morning! I wish you were well. Don't forget—it's a long lane that has no turning."

Then she glanced at her eye-glasses upon the high bridge of her nose again and bent her head over her work.

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"Must be somethin' pretty serious, if that's the case?" she opined, tentatively.

"Dr. Riggs says there's a complica-

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"You don't say so! Not that I'm surprised! There's so many of them goin' about nowadays. Not a! Take a slice of that bread—it heats all how soon it gets dry in a house as warm as this—and tell Mary to toast it real nice for Miss Small."

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The Little Dressmaker made up modestly and successfully of both the pregnant words in her petition when she was leaving the work-room the next morning.

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He gave it plainly, yet kindly, and guardedly, for a doctor who was dealing with a charity patient. While he spoke, he eyed her keenly.

The Little Dressmaker had not had a flasher of complexion for months. One inexcusably healthy girl in the Home, whose cheeks were like scarlet August tomatoes, loudly envied Miss Small's lady-like skin. It was so interesting.

She could not be paler for what she had heard, but a bluish tinge crept into her lips and her face was smaller and scoler of her own invention. "Dressmaker" was better form than "button-hole."

"The Little Dressmaker's bedroom was in 'the fourth storey' 'back.' She shared the eight-by-eight dormitory with Milly Wilson, who made 'pants' in a room where the clothes were dyed by the coarse cloths she worked upon, and she brought into the hall bedroom at evening a smell of greasy wool and tobacco. The proprietor of the shop worked with the 'hands' and smoked a pipe all day.

As Milly was afraid of the night air, if the window were left open, and afraid of burglars if the doors were left unlocked, the atmosphere of the room was thick and foul by daybreak. The Little Dressmaker always saw the day break under the yellow Holland shade that would not come down further than the top of the lower sash. She had lain awake long by the time the sash became a "glimmering square," that dawn was like the visit of a friend to her tired eyes. The Lady Doctor, whose name appeared in the reports of the Home, "resident physician," thought buttonholing bad for the Little Dressmaker's eyes. As the girl could get no other work, she bought a pair of spectacles and kept her place in Madame Fisher's establishment.

One Friday evening when the left eye was dimmer than usual, she called on her way home from work upon the resident physician, who lived a mile from the Boarding House.

The resident physician nodded kindly to her visitor, and pushed a chair toward her with her foot, her hands being busy with something she was writing.

"Well!" she asked. "How goes it with you to-day?"

The patient was breathing fast and more loudly than she considered respectful and she hastened to apologize.

"It's the spring weather, I suppose," she said. "I get weaker all the time, and my stomach doesn't seem to go even, you know. That's why I breathe so queer."

"You are not well in any respect, I've seen that, this great while," answered the Lady Doctor. "I've done my best. There are complications! I'm going to put you into more skillful hands."

After asking a few questions, she wrote, not a prescription, but a note to a physician so distinguished as a specialist that even the Little Dressmaker had heard of him over her buttonholes.

"Take this to him between 10 and 12 some morning," she directed. "You manage to get there there, as those are his office hours."

"The forewoman will let me make up my time by taking my work at night, I hope," said the Little Dressmaker, gratefully elate with the thought of a complaint important enough to justify a personal interview with the great doctor.

"Don't get discouraged," added the resident physician. While she talked the Lady Doctor held a pencil between her lips. The upper lip had a funny little pointed tip like the extreme and curved point of a bird's beak. It kept the pencil from falling, while she talked on each side of it. She had odd little ways of her own, but she had a heart behind them all. The trouble was she had kept it behind her long and so hard that it was not easy to bring it to the front when she would fain show it.

"It's a long lane that has no turning," she added, looking at the glasses she was polishing instead of at the small figure that had paused on the way to the door for further instructions.

"Good morning! I wish you were well. Don't forget—it's a long lane that has no turning."

Then she glanced at her eye-glasses upon the high bridge of her nose again and bent her head over her work.

The Little Dressmaker felt, rather than saw, that she meant to be encouraging, and said "Good morning, Doctor!" gratefully.

"Gossip at the Home ran much upon diseases. Serious symptoms were late to learn. The Little Dressmaker was strict in the matter of punctuality. Yet she had sent the teapot to the kitchen to be "boiled up fresh," and was sorry that the beef was all gone, upon learning what had detained the delinquent, and that she was to have a consultation next day.

"Must be somethin' pretty serious, if that's the case?" she opined, tentatively.

"Dr. Riggs says there's a complica-

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RELIGION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

In a recent Christian Register Mrs. Julia Ward Howe writes on "The Religious Education of the Young."

We are glad to say, commends it. This Catholic truth gradually percolates the aridest earth; thus Catholic water-drops in time wear down the hardest stone!

After glancing at the upturning of the religious ideals of "our Americans" (Yankees) during of their religious letters and the destruction of a simple and child-like Christianity, at which she rejoices, Mrs. Howe writes:

"But let me ask, Do we wish our children to enter this field of practical life without religion? What other power will guide them among the pitfalls of temptation? What other agency will redeem them after repeated offence and failure? What will console them when the heart is bursting with sorrow? What will reconcile them to suffering, and even to death itself? If our children grow up with no habit of devout thought, with no reliance on prayer, with no outlook toward immortality, what will be their attitude in view of the troubles of life? It will either be one of stoical indifference or of abject cowardice."

"I know, and I suppose that others do, that within the period of doubt and struggle some carefully educated families have been brought up without the habit of prayer, without knowledge of the Scripture, without the custom of public worship. When the great trials of life shall overtake the young people thus trained, when even prosperity may thus create a weariness and distaste for life itself, where will these, our dear ones, seek comfort, and spiritual guidance? Often within the Church of Rome, which so persistently proclaims itself the only true source of religious instruction, are some of the spirit which the barren negations of the spirit which always denies, as Goethe's Mephisto himself. Where there true spiritual does not enter, the pseudo-spiritual will usurp its place."

"I myself have not stood aloof from this contest of a past age. I have rebelled against the formalism of public service, against the unintelligent worship of the Bible. Yet I grieve to see that in some families attendance at church is held to be of no importance. I grieve still more to find many of our youth growing up in ignorance of the history and contents of our Bible. There is in this wonderful book much that speaks of the barbarous ages in which its various portions were evolved. Much of it, therefore, is not now for our children; and shall we keep them from any one. But shall we keep them from the lyrical ecstasies of the prophets, the lyrical ecstasies of David, the wisdom of Solomon, to say nothing of the later gospel, which has changed the face of the world? God forbid."

"It becomes us, then, to spare no effort to bring the religious instruction of our youth into a just and proper relation with our own time. The cardinal points of religion do not change. Faith, hope and love are to-day as essential to the well-being of the human soul as they were when Paul commended them in his famous chapter. We can present these great themes to-day free from the clouds which once obscured them. Aspiration and service, faith in the love of God and in the right of every human being to the good-will of all—these doctrines do not mutilate,

THE CATHEDRALS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Hamilton W. Mabie, writing in the Outlook, describes the beauties of some Norman cathedrals. "In Rouen," he says, "there are so many beautiful churches that one is tempted to forget all other interests and surrender himself to the loveliness of the French love of it, which found in those richly decorated minsters the normal and inevitable speech of religious instinct and aspiration. In the cathedral-building age these glorious structures seemed to rise almost by magic, built in response to a deep craving for the spirit, and by the united work and sacrifice of great populations. In those days the shrines were glorious