

some bit of pleasantry. The next day, and in such time had been lost, I started that evening. I wanted to mention my suspicion of Mr. Bernot, to my mother, but she had no opportunity. I was taking of a hasty breakfast, and I asked Hugh for a cord, and Mr. Bernot was coming to me to open it in the handle. It was any knife I had ever having such peculiar and I continued to look at it, till Mr. Bernot came and I thought somewhat of my grasp, at which he was laughing. I used to be so chary of the matter with me, but now I was committing a murder.

had the required effect, she resumed: "We learned of Mr. Bernot's confession and arrest, and my son left me to visit him. He telegraphed to me that he would be obliged to stay in order to give his evidence in the case, and then I was brought somewhere here — she put her hand to her forehead, as if trying to remember — and I fell sick with worrying about Hugh. "After that somebody instructed me what to do, and I was brought here to testify against this poor young man. I didn't want to do it—I hope he won't take it unkindly of me, but I had to—I had to."

She broke down into piteous sobbing, and even the ladies who had employed Margaret, applied their gossamer handkerchiefs to their eyes in apparent sympathy.

Bertoni seemed to regard that evidence as sufficient, for he smiled slightly, and leaned back with a self-satisfied air, while Plowden waited for the old lady's emotion to subside.

Plowden's countenance wore no hopeful look, nor did his manner evince even the usual energy with which he went to begin his cross examination. He knew that he could gain nothing for the defense from that witness; that he could not weaken her testimony at any point—a testimony which would tell fearfully against the accused. He could only verify his suspicions of the subtle, underhand way in which Bertoni must have worked to obtain this evidence.

When the old lady had dried her tears with a substantial handkerchief which she took from the bag, and when she had been made to comprehend that she was not yet free to descend from the witness-stand, Plowden began his apparently useless questions. He gave them a drift which set the witness talking of the present trial, and after one or two adroit turns he drew from her the whole story of how she came to be in her present position. She told it in her simple, natural way, becoming so absorbed in the recital as to appear to be conscious alone of Plowden's presence.

"While my son was home after his tour with Mr. Bernot, a strange, elderly gentleman came to our house one afternoon, inquiring for Hugh, and when Hugh saw him they were a long time talking together. I wondered what the conversation was about, but my son did not want to tell me, but he said to me, that if the strange gentleman, who had given his name as Mr. Walter Conyer, should speak to me about Hubert Bernot I was not to tell him that Mr. Bernot had executed any commission for me in the city. I was to say nothing more than Mr. Bernot was a very good young man."

"But Mr. Conyer, often as he called, never alluded to Mr. Bernot in my presence. When we had taken passage for New Zealand, almost the first person we met on board the steamer, the morning that we sailed, was Mr. Conyer, and I was surprised to find that he was going abroad also."

"My son did not seem to like it, and he said to me impatiently that I did wrong to tell Mr. Conyer the particulars about the time of our sailing; but I had only mentioned it in conversation a week or two before, and he told us when we met on board that it was a sudden case of pressing business which was taking him to England."

"I asked my son what was the matter — what cause of dislike he had to Mr. Conyer? but he only answered: 'Oh! nothing in particular; and it's a parcel of lies anyway.'"

"I begged him to tell me what he meant, but he grew angry at my persistency, saying it was no matter for a woman any how, and I desisted, seeing his reluctance to tell me."

"He kept aloof from Mr. Conyer, but Mr. Conyer did not appear to mind that. He used to come up, and say such kind things about my son that my heart warmed to him."

"When we arrived in England we found there would be a great deal of trouble and expense that we had not calculated on, and Hugh was almost in despair; but Mr. Conyer behaved very cleverly. Somehow, he seemed to know almost before he asked me, where our difficulties lay, and he seemed to have a great many friends. He introduced Hugh to some of them, and straightway my son's anxiety appeared to lessen, and his cheerful spirits to return."

"I heard him answer one day, when Mr. Conyer had been trying to impress on him the advantages which would be gained if he, my son, would follow a certain course."

"I am afraid by my coldness in the past, I have wronged you, Mr. Conyer; if so, my friendship in the future shall atone for my fault, and we will go out together. I was very glad, for I thought Mr. Conyer was a good friend; and when Mr. Conyer dropped in upon me the next day, and found me alone, I could not refrain from opening my heart to him, and telling him how grateful I was for his kindness, and how I wished I could do him some service."

"He put his hand to his breast and bowed his head in such a way that for an instant I thought he was crying, and when he looked up he seemed so sad my heart ached for him."

"Mrs. Murbard," he said, "if it was in your power to help me save the son of a dearly loved friend of mine from a doom that is surely approaching him, you would make me the happiest man in existence. This son was a college mate of your own noble boy, and you know him also—Hubert Bernot. He is secretly charged with

the crime of murder, and I have reason to fear that detectives are on his track. But let him be guilty or not I shall do all in my power to save him for his mother's sake—his mother who has once the cherished object of my affection, but who refused to return my regard; she said I bore her malice because of my rejection, but if I can save her son, that act will show her that I not only bear her malice, but that the love which I once professed for her has burned as brightly through those years as when I first laid it at her feet."

"Those were his very words, I cannot help remembering them distinctly, for I was so struck I couldn't answer him but he went on without seeming to mind."

TO BE CONTINUED

BY WAY OF THE CROSS.

"Hilda, my dear, do you know where I found Tot?" asked the Rev. Edgar King, entering his wife's room with a very small and dirty specimen of humanity perched upon his shoulder.

Mrs. King looked up from her book with a smile. "I am sure I cannot say. In mischief as usual, though, I have no doubt."

"Playing on the edge of the landslide between here and Major Wood's bungalow, with a baby monkey that she must have coaxed down from a tree."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. King, turning pale. The spot her husband had mentioned was one of the most dangerous of the narrow hill paths with which the Cherat abounded.

"Was Bella not with her?" "No, the child was alone. I think you had better send that woman away and get somebody else. I suspect she is addicted to opium and is probably at the present moment lying asleep somewhere."

"As he spoke, Mr. King swung his little daughter to the ground and began to wipe her grimy hands with his handkerchief, a proceeding that his wife put a summary stop to, by picking the baby up and leaving the room in search of the delinquent nurse."

The result of this incident was the discharge of Bella, and the installation in her place of a young native girl of seventeen, who came to Mrs. King with the best of references from former employers.

"What is your name?" asked the minister's wife when the bargain was concluded.

"Agnes, memsahib," was the unexpected reply.

"Agnes!" in a tone of surprise. "How did you come by that pretty name?"

"The holy Sisters gave it to me when I was baptized, memsahib."

Mrs. King's delicate brows contracted and a slight flush rose in her pale cheeks. "You are then a Christian and a Catholic?" she asked, tapping her fingers restlessly on the table beside which she was sitting.

"Yes, memsahib." "How did you happen to meet with the Sisters, and where?"

"My father was a peon for the convent at Kusawli, and when he became a Christian I became one also, and then I was servant at the convent for a little while."

Mrs. King seemed scarcely to have heard the answer to her last question, for she remained silently gazing out of the window at the distant sunlit hills with eyes in which a slight movement of sad yearning.

A slight movement of her hand and she turned her face toward her again, and said in a weary tone: "Very well, Agnes, that will do. You may come to-morrow."

The girl made a salaam and withdrew. When she was gone Mrs. King rose to her feet and began to pace the room with nervous, hurried steps, her hands clasped tightly before her and her face pale and drawn as with pain.

"God help me," she whispered to herself at last, coming to a halt and brushing the hair back from her forehead with hot, trembling hands. "Am I never to have peace? never to forget?"

At that moment the door opened and her husband entered. His quick glance at once took in her agitation, and he hastened to her side, exclaiming: "Hilda, my dearest, what is it?"

"It seemed for a hardly perceptible instant as if she would have shrunk from the arm that he put around her, but the feeling of repulsion, if such it were, passed before he noticed it, and she laid her head against his shoulder and burst into a passion of weeping."

He waited until the violence of the outburst had exhausted itself, and then led her to a chair and sat down beside her, still keeping her hand in a firm clasp.

"Now, darling, tell me what has gone wrong," he said soothingly. "Are you ill?"

"No, oh no!" she answered, resting her head wearily against the back of her chair and brushing away the tears as they welled up.

"But I am so unhappy, Edgar, so very unhappy. I do not think I shall ever know peace of soul again."

Mr. King's face clouded and his hand tightened over hers. "Is it the old trouble again, Hilda?" he asked sadly.

"If it would but grow old," she said hopelessly. "But it is ever new, ever fresh. Not an hour passes in which I am not reminded of my faithlessness to God; not a day in which something does not occur to recall to me that I have bartered heaven for earth. Why do you tempt me, Edgar? Oh, why did you do it?" and again the storm of grief broke forth.

"Hilda, my dear, my dear," said

Mr. King imploringly, "will you never rid yourself of this chimera? Have I not proved to you over and over again that in passing from the Roman to the Anglican communion you have but passed from one branch of the Catholic Church to another in which your eternal salvation is just as secure? Do you think I would remain in my present position if I did not believe firmly in this doctrine?"

"If I could only think the same," faltered Mrs. King between her sobs; "but I cannot. Faith, instinct, fancy, call it what you will, warns me I have done wrong, and while I feel I cannot be happy. Yet have not the courage to turn back, and face the consequences of my return to the faith of my girlhood?"

"What particular circumstance led to these sad thoughts of day?" asked Mr. King, trying to lead her indirectly from the subject.

"The new ayah I have engaged for 'Tot' is a Catholic, and in our conversation to day she mentioned the nuns at Kusawli. It was like a dagger thrust in my heart. You know I was educated at Kusawli convent."

"I am not likely to forget that I owe the best of wives to the training of the good nuns," was the gallant answer. "Come now, dearest, dry up those tears and try to believe with me, that though Rome does not recognize us just yet, she will do so some day, and in the meantime you have not ceased to belong to the Church of Christ. Run away now and put on your habit and we will go for a ride. The fresh air will soon blow these megrims away."

Slowly and sadly Mrs. King sought her room and dressed herself for a ride. She could and did did her tears in obedience to her husband's request, but it was beyond his power or hers to bid the pang of outraged conscience cease. Day and night she was tormented by the recollection of what she had done, and, to add to the desolation of her heart, she felt that every tear she had shed over her own apostasy was a drop of water upon the flame of the undisciplined passion which had led her to her unhappy marriage. Disguise it from herself as she would, she could not help feeling that the anguish she had brought upon herself for his sake was gradually but surely sapping her love for her husband.

Sometimes she would look forward shudderingly to the time when he would become hateful to her and she to him, and then she would fly from her own thoughts and plunge into church affairs with such feverish energy that he was frequently deceived into thinking she had at last become converted to his views, a state of beautitude from which he was invariably recalled by discovering that she had slipped away, sometimes on Sunday evenings, to the little Catholic chapel up on the hill near by—visits from which she returned in greater depression of spirits than ever.

Although Mr. King did not know it, it became whispered about amongst the little Catholic congregation that the "minister's lady" was, or ought to be, a Catholic. More than one worshiper at the "chapel" had seen and recognized the black figure down near the door, and perhaps surmised the cause of the tears that her dark veil did not always hide. To these erratic visits, though he did not approve of them, the minister did not openly object, hoping that time and his own deep affection would gradually draw his wife's thoughts and sympathies away from the faith of her girlhood. He had been very patient, very gentle with her during the four years of their married life, and though he had begun to despair of his point of view, his manner so far had suffered no alteration. His forbearance, however, was a matter of time, and she knew it.

Meanwhile, the new ayah was winning golden opinions from the household on account of her diligence, cheerfulness, and unceasing attentiveness to her duties. However unostentatious a practical Catholic may be, he or she must necessarily attract attention by the exact performance of religious duties, and so it happened that the nurse's daily life became another source of self-reproach to her unhappy mistress. Once Mr. King confided to his wife his intention of inviting Agnes to consider the claims of the Anglican Church as opposed—under the British flag—to those of Rome; but she begged of him so earnestly not to disturb the mind of the simple native girl that he reluctantly abandoned the idea. At last a serious blow fell upon Mr. King and gave him something else to think about. The Bishop of Puri died, and his successor, on his first pastoral visit to Cherat, animatedly and very forcibly against what he termed the Rev. Edgar's fondness for "ecclesiastical millinery." His Lordship's leanings were in a decidedly Low Church direction, and the tone in which he thought proper to censure the minister's introduction of candles, acolytes, incense, crucifixes and other "Romish frippery" into the Church service, made that gentleman's checks tingle, especially as his admonition contained a veiled threat of "suspension," should the obnoxious practice be continued.

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. King, indignantly, when relating the affair to his wife. "He would reduce the church to the appearance of a Methodist meeting-house if he had his way. But he is not going to get it. I'd bring the matter into court first."

"Then he does not endorse your theory of the Anglican Church being a branch of the Roman stem?" asked Mrs. King quietly.

"Unfortunately, no. He is one of the stiff-necked minority who think we cannot adopt the beauties of the Roman form of worship without adopting the errors into which that Church fell in the dark ages, though without invalidating her claim to be considered the true Church, of course."

"I don't see how she could teach error and still remain the true Church," remarked Mrs. King, with emphasis on the "true"; but just then Mr. King remembered an important engagement and went away to keep it, more exercised in mind by his wife's remark than he would have cared to own. She had indeed touched upon a point which he had by no means, as yet, explained satisfactorily to himself, and he would not have relished being driven into a corner about it.

When he was gone his wife went to the nursery to pay a visit to her beloved Tot, and found her sound asleep with the native girl fanning her. The cot upon which she was lying was placed in an angle between two windows, and above it hung a beautiful representation of the Mater Dolorosa. As Mrs. King entered the room she saw the young nurse gazing affectionately at the picture with an expression of reverent sorrow on her dark face.

"Do you like that picture, Agnes," something impelled her mistress to ask.

"It is beautiful, memsahib," answered the girl simply.

"You have great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, I suppose?"

"Indeed, I could not help it, memsahib. The Holy Mother loved us so much and suffered so much for us."

Mrs. King put her hand to her throat with a quick gesture and turned to look out of the window. She could not bear the look of serene devotion on the native girl's face. Then a sudden impulse moved her, and she turned back again and said in a low hurried tone: "Ask the Holy Mother to take care of my little Tot, Agnes."

"I do, memsahib, every night and morning."

The nurse's answer was brought to an abrupt end by the sound of a distant muffled drum that seemed to come from beneath the earth, and the next moment the bungalow was violently shaken to and fro, its timbers creaking ominously, and the plaster falling in showers in every direction.

"Great Heaven, it is an earthquake!" exclaimed Mrs. King, making a frantic rush for her child. "Come, Agnes, come! we have not an instant to lose."

Before she could lift Tot off the bed there was another violent shock and she was precipitated to the floor, while the whole house rocked fearfully and a great crack opened in the wall from floor to ceiling.

"Merciful God, save my child!" exclaimed the terrified mother, struggling to her feet, unconscious that her forehead was cut and bleeding.

"Mother of Sorrow, save us!" ejaculated Agnes, trying to assist her mistress. "Pray, memsahib! pray to the Holy Mother!"

But Mrs. King was groping for her child, scarce able to see for the blood that trickled down her face from the wound she had received and the nurse's words fell upon heedless ears. To add to her horror, the daylight was being gradually blotted out to give place to a dim, grey twilight, and the subterranean thunder relled its muffled roars incessantly. It seemed to the two women that the end of the world had come.

Then suddenly, the solid earth gave a sickening heave and reeled again; there was a crack, a shower of mortar, wood and bricks, and Mrs. King, looking wildly about her saw Agnes struck to the floor, crushed by a heavy beam from the ceiling; the walls on every side cracked, bulged and closed in around her, and then all was darkness and oblivion.

Two hours afterwards a hundred willing hands were busy about the ruins of the minister's house; burrowing down into the debris and removing it cautiously, less haply, the inter-tombled inmates might not yet be dead.

The native girl, Agnes, was the first to be discovered, but though she still breathed, the doctor who was in attendance shook his head doubtfully after he had examined her. She was laid on a stretcher and carried away to the hospital and then the work was resumed with renewed energy.

A few minutes later one of the searchers came upon a pile of broken and twisted beams whose splintered ends rested upon a baby's cot. Piteful hands lifted the great masses of timber away and brought to light a strange thing. Lying face downward across the brass rail that surrounded the cot, was the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, and beneath it slumbered unhurt Baby Tot, one little rosy fist curled up under her cheek, the other clasped tight around her doll.

More than one pair of eyes unaccustomed to tears were moistened at the sight and rough hands grew strangely gentle as they lifted the soft baby from the cot and carried it to the open air and safety. Then the mother was found, lying in the small clear space that the cot had prevented the beams from crushing upon. She was unconscious, but not seriously injured, and the application of a few restoratives soon brought her to herself. Her first question was for her child, and when it was put into her arms she bowed her head over it in silent thanksgiving, making a mighty resolution in the fervor of her gratitude that she would make her peace with God, cost what it might. Then she inquired for her husband, but nobody knew where he was. This,

however, caused her very little uneasiness, for the doctor assured her that her husband was the only one in Cherat that had fallen, or indeed, been seriously disturbed, owing, probably, to his situation. Hospitable offers of shelter were made to her on every hand, and she decided at last to take refuge in the home of the doctor, until her husband should return.

Good Mrs. McAllister received her with open arms and fussed about her to her heart's content. The warm-hearted woman had no children of her own, and it was a sight to see her bustling around little Tot and feeding her with dainties that would, under any other circumstances, have called forth a protest from Tot's mother. Although not badly hurt, Mrs. King's head throbbled violently from the cut she had received, and the doctor bound it up for her and made her lie down, shutting out the evening sunlight with his own hands and bidding his wife to see to it that nobody was allowed to disturb her.

About an hour afterwards, while Dr. McAllister was soothing himself with a mild form of brandy and soda he was interrupted by the entrance of one of the officers of his regiment, who first looked about him cautiously, and then said:

"I am the bearer of awful news, McAllister—how you are going to break it to Mrs. King I don't know. Poor King has been found dead on the lower Rajat Road. Crushed to death by a landslide, poor chap. It must have been the earthquake that did it."

An inarticulate sound behind them made both men turn with a start. Mrs. King was standing in the door, her face ashen and her eyes staring, horror-stricken eyes and a face so ghastly that they could not shake off the remembrance for weeks afterward. For an instant both were paralyzed; then they made a simultaneous movement in her direction, but before they could reach her, she had relaxed her grasp of the curtain and fallen, face downward, on the floor.

All that night tender ministrations to the stricken woman lay like a statue on her bed, her stony, unwinking eyes staring up at the ceiling. At first they thought her unconscious, and the doctor would have forced a cordial between her rigid lips, but she put away his hand, and then he knew better. No tears, no merciful unconsciousness, came to relieve the awful strain that night or the next day. Bearing for her reason, Dr. McAllister forced opiates and sleeping draughts down her throat in spite of her dumb resistance, but he might have spared himself the trouble; they had no more effect upon her than so much water would have had. What fearful visions floated through her mind during that awful time none knew but herself.

At the end of the second day the overstrained brain gave way, and for three weeks she was a raving maniac, watched night and day lest she should do herself an injury.

Then youth and a good constitution triumphed and she drifted back to health again; but the luxuriant beauty she had so prized was gone, never to return. The luxuriant chestnut tresses of which her husband had been so proud had been cut off. The lovely sea-shell color had given place to a dull pallor, and the deep blue eyes that had sparkled with wit and merriment were now sad and lustreless. It was only the wreck of the brilliant, beautiful Mrs. King that went to visit the hospital where the faithful Agnes was progressing slowly towards recovery, but a recovery which the doctors said only meant life long lameness.—Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

A Graduate of Toronto University says: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years. Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

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