BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER IV

The President's call for voluntees this second struggle of the your er this second struggle of the young spublic against a powerful nation as enthusiastically responded to in entucky. With the first regiment at left the State, went Gerald Marns; and with it he marched over at long and perilous way to Michin, where one of the blackest pages English history was to be written. He British had invited the Northern idians to assist them in this war tainst the Americans, and the saves, finding opportunity for the integence of their ferociousness and ivenge, were flocking to Detroit.

After reaching the Rapids of

After reaching the Rapids of Maumee, where they were to await he arrival of General Harrison with he remainder of the Kentucky troops, a call for assistance came from the village of Frenchtown, about thirty-eight miles distant. A large force of English and Indians held that place, but the Kentuckians were not daunted by the report of

Among the guards detailed by the English officers that eighteenth day of January, to watch for the anticipated approach of the Americans, was an Indian half-breed. Though young, he had the commanding figure of his maternal race, his face showed the white father's features; and the cunning of one line of ancestors and the superior intelligence of the other, so commingled on his counten. they gave it an unusual, striking expression. From the end of his delicately cut nose there hung a loose piece of fiesh, as if the ring, worn there by Indian custom, had been recently torn away. As he stood erect by his gun on the broad stood erect by his gun on the broad plain that lay south of the village, his dark eyes, fixed on the distance, saw a small moving object. An ordinary gazer would have thought it a bird fighting its way against the strong winds; this one smiled, and the exultation of the smile made the face relentlessly fierce, because of its regular, gentle features. "Ah—h! more Ohio men to kill!" If he had spoken, these would have been his spoken, these would have been his words, but men of his type seldom utter their deeper thoughts even to themselves. As he continued to gaze, exultation melted into satisfactor. gaze, exultation melted into satisfaction; the savage grin gave place to the civilized smile; and all the while that moving object was approaching, enlarging, until a flag, showing stars and stripes, was discernible against the morning sky. With it floated a smaller banner, and as now the eyes of the watcher distinguished its design and colour, a lightning change passed over his face and gratification gave place to fear.

"Kentucky! By God!"

"Kentucky! By God!"

The exclamation was involuntary. He glanced around but there was no one near, no one in sight. Like a cat stealing from cover to cover in momentary expectation of the sudden appearance of a belligerent dog, he made for the woods that fringed the town toward the southwest. When within a few paces of the sheltering trees, a red coated soldier sprang from behind a boulder, and, in language more forcible than polite, language more forcible than polite, demanded the meaning of this pro-

The enemy's coming," replied the Indian. "If I crossed the plain they might see me and know that I had gone to give the alarm. I thought it best camp through the

woods."
The answer was plausible but the soldier realized that he was dealing with an intelligence superior in many respects to his own.

"When an army comes in broad daylight it expects to be discovered," he returned coolly. "Right about face, my lad! and start for camp, and remember, me and my gun's behind

The Indian obeyed, with his teeth set in wild rage that marred the regular beauty of his face.

The Kentuckians did not find the enemy unprepared, and their attack was met with resistance; but finally the British and their savage allies were forced to give way, and by night the Americans held the vil-lage. The fearful blunder that sioned one of the direst, saddest or war is well known:—how th commanding officer neglected to picket the town and thus left the victors of the day before at the mercy of the reinforced British army. In the gray dawn of that January morning when the Ken-tuckians, called to arms by the enemy's guns, rushed forward and enemy's guns, rushed forward and saw General Proctor's English and Indian soldiers almost at their tents they read their doom; but it did not daunt them and they dashed forward to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Wells' Regulars became panic stricken and in rushing toward the hill to rally them, the gallant Lewis and Allen fell. Left without their leaders, unable to assist the Regulars or turn able to assist the Regulars or turn their retreat, the handful of Kentuckiens now found themselves at the mercy of the foe. In the sanguinary conflict that followed, Gerald Martins fighting, by word and act, he inspired the men and held them with their face to the enemy—until there were no more to hold. In the mê és, he caught sight of the half breed Indian, who, fearless now, was fighting with the ferociousness which the sight of

of his men were falling around him, and Martins, as the half-breed emboldened by the fewness of the foe, advanced, was struck by the familiarity of the well poised figure and finely featured face. Then his eyes caught sight of the lobe of fiesh hanging from the point of the shapely nose, and a shriek broke from his bloodless lips, as the hand of truth swept doubt and suspicion from his mind. He bounded forward. The Indian was stooping to scalp his latest victim, and when he raised himself, the man's gun was in his eyes. Instantial victim, and when he raised himself, the man's gun was in his eyes. Instantly all the ferociousness was quelled by the alert, active intellect received from the white father. Down below, the bugles were calling retreat, for the American forces had surrendered; but Martins did not heed, if indeed the heard tham

he heard them.
"You fiend! I know you! You
murdered my wife!" broke from his
white lips. "I know you." he repeated, "and, I know why you did

pested, and, it?

it!"

"I'll tell you all, if you don't kill me," cried the young Indian.

"I know all," answered the white man, "and the mercy you did not show to a helpless woman, you shall

not receive."

A thought flashed across his mind.
Still holding the gun in his enemy's
eyes, with his left hand, he removed
a legal-looking document from his

pocket, saying:
"Write down your confession on
the back of this, the name of the instigator of your crime, and the amount
of money you received for your

A gleam crossed the face of the Indian, as he cried, "I will!" and plucking the long feather from his head, he dipped its point in the blood that was running over the frezen earth, and scrawled some sentences on the page. tences on the paper. Then he hand ed it back, with a smile of diabolica ioy! Unconsciously Gerald Martins eyes fell on those fateful words. The glance was briefer than a thought but the Indian grasped his opportun ity and dashed the gun from its direct aim. It went off, the bullet striking a tree, and before Martine striking a tree, and before Martins could again cover his enemy, a well-directed knife thrust brought him to the ground. The Indian bent quickly to regain possession of the paper, when a blow from behind knocked him senseless. It came from the good right hand of the English soldier who had driven the Indian back to camp the day before.

"It goes ag'in my blood to fight longside of them howlin' red-skins," thought the honest fellow, "but by the Lord, they'll murder no white man while Peter Perkins is 'round!"

man while Peter Perkins is 'round!"

man while Peter Perkins is 'round!"

Gerald Martins opened his eyes and seeing the soldier tried to speak, but pain silenced the words. The Englishman forced a few drops of brandy between the purple lips, then lifted his fallen foe and humanely carried him to the cabins that had been assigned to the Americans for their wounded. Under medical aid, Marting' sufferings were alleviated. Martins' sufferings were alleviated and while his wound was severe, the surgeon did not consider it fatal.

When the half breed had recovere from the unconsciounsess caused by the blow from his fellow-soldier's gun, he saw the Englishman enter-ing the hut, with Gerald Martins in his arms; and as he remembered the paper in the man's possession, and realized that the words he had written thereon meant the destruc-tion of his own carefully planned future, he staggered to his feet and gazed long and earnestly at the vil-lage. When he retired to the wood there was an expression of deter-mination on his face.

Toward evening he again appeared and sought the Indian camp. He was received with loud cries of wel-come, for he had been mourned all lay as one of the slain. men were rejoicing in their victory, men were rejoicing in their victory, but there was a murmur of dieap proval against the commander's re-fusal to allow them to crown the tri-umph of the day with a night of masacre; and this feeling of disconten the young half-breed bent all the en-ergies of his wily mind to strengthen. ergies of his wily mind to strengthen. By theft or persuasion he secured several kegs of liquor, and after hours of wild orgies, he called upon them to commemorate the glory of their success according to the custom of their fathers. Armed with tomahawks and fire-brands, the savages rushed upon the defenceless hamlet—for the English had abandoned it—and with yells and caths began —for the English had abandoned it
—and with yells and oaths began
their assault on the poor huts, into
which had been crowded the wounded
and surviving soldiers of that regiment, which had been made up of
the flower of Kentucky's manhood.
Many of those men were the sonsof fathers who had fallen before the
Indian in the Battle of Blus Lick;
all had heard of the horror of that
warfare: and when those fearful warfare; and when those fearful shouts fell on their ears, they knew what to expect. Though wounded,
Martins dragged a dying comrade
from his cot; but as he reahed the
door, a tomahawk descended on his
head, and he fell, with his friend, on

orest. The Massacre of Raisin was

CHAPTER V

As time passed and the father did not return to claim his child, the conviction grew on the Sisters that he must be numbered among the unknown heroes who had given up their lives at Detroit or New Orleans.

In quiet ways, for they remembered the father's warning against enemies, they had sought for information regarding their ward, but always without success. In Lexington, to which the father had spoken of going, the name was unknown; ton, to which the father had spoken of going, the name was unknown; and while it was not uncommon in the Spanish Province, no Teresa Martinez, heir to great property, had disappeared in a manner so mysterious. That it was the child's name they did not doubt, for they found the confirmation of it on her face, and the story of her fortune did not appear fictitious, for she carried with her the impress of good birth and inappear fictitious, for she carried with her the impress of good birth and in-herited refinement of manner. Never doubting she would one day find her station, on her education and training every attention was be-stowed, and as she had been blessed that the state of the state o with exceptionally fine gifts, she bene-fited by her advantages. Her voice rang out the sweetest and truest in the little church choir; her fingers were most deft with the needle, whether in making rich embroideries for the cheral elter, or stitching her for the chapel altar, or stitching her own simple frocks; and her mind was quickest in grasping knowledge. was quickest in grasping knowledge.
Usually in thus describing a schoolgirl, the historian adds that the leader in the academy was not less the
leader in the mischief and sport of
the recreation hour. Such was not
the case with Teresa. As she passed
from the period of cob dolls and chiphouser, and was normitted by the from the period of cob dolls and chiphouses, and was permitted by the laws of the play ground rulers to take her place among them, she evinced no pleasure in their romps. A few courses across the yard, a few games of hide and seek, a few experiences at playing house, and she lost interest. Sport called for too great an exercise of the physical power to be liked by this child, whose languor puzzled, and at times alarmed, the faithful Sisters. She would lie in the sunshine, her hands clasped behind her black head, her eyes fixed on the sky or line of trees; and appear blissfully contented, while around her rang the laughter and shouts of her rosy-cheeked companions.

rosy-cheeked companions.

Into that distant world upon which Into that distant world upon which she had looked from her sheltered convent home, Teresa entered the autumn following her graduation. Lexington, early the mother of education in the West, had opened an advanced school for girls and its need of a teacher of music being made known to the Sisters, they decided to place their pupil in the position. Her father had gone to Lexington and they could not cast off the belief that somewhere in that town was hidden the knowledge which they sought. In response to the request of the Superior the private boarding house of a Mrs. Halpin was recommended by the president as a suitable home for their young protégée: and home for their young protégée: and that worthy woman journeyed down to Louisville to accompany Teresa to

Mrs. Halpin proved a very compan-ionable person, and as she talked on the subjects that made up her every-day life, Teresa began to grow in-

the President has repeated as the tions from outside towns, but he is unable to accommodate boarders. I suppose you will be kept very busy, but the salary is fair. I wish you were not so delicate looking. Is your health good?"

"Yes," replied Teresa. "I have never heep sick a day in my life."

never been sick a day in my life." "Still, I should like to see some color in those pretty cheeks," commented the motherly woman. "I hope you will like your new home," she added anxiously, as she sighted the spires of Lexington. "I have no the spires of Lexington. "I have no women boarders, but I do not think you will find any of the men disagreeable. Three of them are Transylvania students; then there is Protestor Manage of Transylvania. Manage of Transylvania. sylvania students; then there is Pro-fessor Munroe, of Transylvania; Mr. Benton a lawyer; Major Manser, who since the war has been editing the Lexington Star, and Mr. St. John Worthington."

She waited for some exclamation

of surprise, or interest, as with marked emphasis, she spoke the last name. The girl remained silent and she added:

Of course you have heard of Mr. Worthington?"
"No. Who is he?"

Mrs. Halpin gave her bonnet strings a jerk. It was almost a personal offence that her companion had not heard of Mr. Worthington.

"I should think St. John Worthing-tooks name would be known aven."

men. Ah! here we are home at last!"
she finished as the stage stopped before a comfortable looking frame
house, with a wide veranda and a
broad green yard. A negro lad
bounded down the steps, opened the
door with a bow and greeting for his
mistress, then, taking possession of
such luggage as was within reach, he mistress, tach, taking possession or such luggage as was within reach, he sped back to the house, and deposited his bundles in the hall to hasten to the kitchen with the intelligence that "Mis' Halpin's come an' brung a new boardah, de pu'tyest gal I evah

The coach had been delayed, and supper was being served when Mrs. Halpin and her charge reached home. As she entered the dining-room with Teresa, the gentlemen arose and warmly welcomed her. Teresa's eyes trayeled quickly over the little group of men until they met the face of one. It was a handsome face, clear cut, somewhat careworn, and lighted by a pair of dark gray eyes. The hair was iron gray, the figure tall and somewhat careworn, and lighted by a pair of dark gray eyes. The hair was iron gray, the figure tall and commanding, but with a certain yielding gentleness in its attitude. These particulars she noted. In the next moment she was acknowledging his courtly bow as Mrs. Halpin said:

"Miss Martinez, permit me to introduce Mr. Worthington."

The introduction of the other man

troduce Mr. Worthington."
The introduction of the other men followed, and then all took their places around the hospitable board and conversation became general.

"This is your first visit to Lexington I believe Wiss Markings?" To

ton, I believe, Miss Martinez?' remarked one of the students who sat beside her. She replied that it was, and she spoke she looked at her interlocutor, and thought: "This is Mr. Mayhew. I hope I shar't get their names mixed. He has a nice voice and good eyes. I believe I shall get along very well with him."

get along very well with him."

"I hope you will like our city,"
Mr. Mayhew was saying. "I am not a native of Lexington myself; but as I have lived in it the greater part of the past three years, it seems quite like home. Anyhow, Kentuckians all feel a certain pride in their 'Athens of the West.' You are not a Kentuckian I beliave?"

"But I am," she replied, with a certain proud lifting of her head.

"Oh! I beg pardon! But from your name—I—well, I came to the conclusion that you were from beyond

the stream."

"Which interpreted, Miss Martinez," put in the editor, from across the table, "means that he thought you a native of the Spanish Province.

An awful imputation !"
Teresa felt somewhat confused on drawn to herself, but as she glanced around she met the kind eyes of Mr. Worthington. He smiled at her and

worthington. He smiled at her and said in a musical voice.

"We do not so consider it, do we, Miss Martinez? It matters not. so one is honest, whether one is a Kentuckian or a Spaniacd."

"Treason! Treason!" cried the editor. "You hear him Mrs. Hall

editor. "You hear him, Mrs. Halleditor." You hear him, Mrs. Halleditor. "You hear him, Mrs. Halleditor. Halleditor

unrebuked?"

"Oh!" put in the lawyer, "it it were tested by vote, you will find St. John is not alone in entertaining such treasonable sentiments."

"Upon what hypothesis do you

base your conclusion, Mr. Bennet?" asked the student who sat on Mrs. Halpin's left hand.

"When a man espouses the cause of beautiful woman, he will have many supporters. Worthington has taken up the defense of Miss Mar-

to them for a drive through the city

to them for a drive through the city and suburbs.

"He is always doing nice little things like this," said Mrs. Halpin, as she finished reading the note to Teresa. "He is very rich and owns a beautiful home about a mile from

"Why doesn't he live there?" queried the girl. Mrs. Halpin sighed.

" He had a great sorrow once, my earchild," she replied. "He married a beautiful woman, seven years ago.
The day of their marriage, as he was
taking her to his home, the horses
became frightened and threw the
carriage down an embankment, killing his bride. He has never gone to is home since."

Teresa's cheeks grew paler at the recital. Tales of death and broken hearts, shattered hopes and ruined lives, were new to her. She wondered now how Mr. Bennet could talk and look pleasant as he had done last night and she bitterly reproached herself that she had felt any dislike toward him. She thought of his sad. herself that she had felt any distife toward him. She thought of his sad, lonely life as, at Mrs. Halpin's sug-gestion, she dressed for the drive. Her ever-ready imagination carried, her through his long years of loneli-ness and sorrow and made her endure a reflex of his pain.

material, softened by an occasional tuft of lace, threw a warmth over the pale face, the severity of the bodice showed the beautiful lines of the figure, to which the long, graceful skirt imparted dignity; and, as the entered the room where Mrs. Halpin, in her widows black, awaited her, the worthy lady all but broke into words of admiration. There were wonderful sights to be shown to the young eyes accustomed to a conwere wonderful sights to be shown to the young eyes accustomed to a convent in the heart of a farming country, and Teresa proved an ideal sight-seer, taking interest in everything. After a circuit of the city, the coachman turned again into the main street, and following it toward the east, they were soon in the suburbs. Here were stately houses, set in spacious, wooded lawns; beyond them, the great level Blue Grass Country. They made the return trip by a different route. The road stretched on before them, white and direct as a line of light. Off in the purple distance were the faint outpurple distance were the faint out-lines of the church spires and the lines of the church spires and the cupola of the courthouse. As the steeples were growing discernible under the dying August sun, Teresa noticed a stately white house standing on a sloping hill. There was something more graceful and artistic in its architecture and setting then in its architecture and setting than in any of the many places she had seen that afternoon, and she expressed this opinion to her com-

"That is the estate of Mr. Mar rnat is the estate of in. "Mar. Statin's,"explained Mrs. Holpin. "When he came here he was as poor as a church mouse. Now there is no end to his wealth. He is one of the Whig to his wealth. He is one of the Whig leaders and has been twice in the State Senate. They say he aims to be Governor and I have no doubt if he desire it he will secure the nomination and carry the party to victory. Others say that he doesn't care for the office of Chief Magistrate of Kentucky, but is after the United States Senatorship, because his wife is ambitious to shine in Washington society. She was a Preston. Her ambitious to shine in Washington society. She was a Preston. Her father was immensely rich and as she was the only daughter they wanted her to make a brilliant marriage. I've no doubt she would have done so, if George Martins had not crossed her path. He was the son of well-to-do Irish parents, and they had given him a fine education. But like a number of Irish families, misfortune overtook them. And so, with a overtook them. And so, with a cousin, the son came to America to seek his fortune. George, who was a roving disposition, parted from his cousin in Virginia and went to the frontier, as Kentraky, were called in frontier, as Kentucky was called in those days. Years later he came to Lexington, rich only in experiences He was then about thirty and his handsome face and prepossessing appearance captured the mind and finally won the heart of Constance Preston. Her father and brothers objected to her choice, but she decided to marry him. They are a proud people and, seeing that she was so determined, sooner than permit one of their family to endure the humility of poverty and loss of posi-tion, they gave their consent to the marriage and took the newly-wedded pair to the old homestead. But George Martins was as proud as they, and while for the sake of his wife he accepted the hospitality of her people, he assured them they would one day approve of him as a husband for their daughter and sister. husband for their daughter and sister. He made good his word; but circum-stances went to his side to aid his natural abilities. Two or three years after his marriage, his cousin, "You will be charmed with Lexington," declared she, "and I think you will find your position agreeable. The President of the college is a fine gentleman, and all his teachers are ladies. The pupils are from the best families in the city. They are thinking, I have been told, of building an addition to the college, for it seems the President has repeated applications from outside towns, but he is unable to accommodate boarders. It was to his side to aid his stances went to his side to aid his stances, the gracious nuns. The younger was an excaedingly beautiful girl, tall and graceful like her father. The elder with a young wife. She was the daughter of a Virginian planter, and little note from Mr. Bennet presented his compliments to Mrs. Halpin and Miss Martinez, and begged to be permitted to offer the use of his carriage to the college, for it seems the President has repeated applications from outside towns, but he is unable to accommodate boarders. were happy and prosperous. They had one child, a girl. One day in early spring, when the child was several years old, Mrs. Martins was found in the woods, murdered.

"Oh! how terrible!" exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands, while her eyes dilated with horror.

"Yes, dear, it was. The husband

came to Lexington to organize a search party, for he supposed that his wife had wandered into the woods, and was lost. He brought his baby in with him. My husband was living then, and ran a tavern. It was to him Mr. Martins came first and gave me the child to keep until the mother could be found. The next morning they discovered her dead body in the hollow of a sycamore tree. That day was the first time I met Mr. Worthington. I had sent out breakfeat to the men and in less breakfast to the men, and in less than an hour, Mr. Worthington, who than an hour, Mr. Worthington, who had spent the night with the others looking for Mrs. Martins, staggered into the tavern with the awful news that she had been mardered by an Indian, they thought, almost within calling distance of her home. I began to cry, and this awakened the baby. All I could do would not quiet her. Then Mr. Worthington came so could. Wells' Regulars became mind of the stricken and in rushing the many court of the stricken and in rushing the many court of the stricken and in rushing the many court of the stricken and in rushing the many court of the stricken and in rushing the many court of the stricken and in rushing the many court of the savages to begin their work as galant Lewis and Alien Left without their leaders, uncles to assist the Regulars or turn of retreats, the handful of Kentuckes now found themselves at the every of the fose. In this sanguinary mind that followed, Garald Martins as a conspicuous figures. Shouting, the last of the part of the price to hold. In the mode, a stricked towards the woods. As as a conspicuous figures. Shouting, the last of the batt been merely to adorn its social side or begin their with an elegant, if not an elaborate or of the stay of the handly to be ablt of the half breed indian, by feared towards the woods. As as a conspicuous figures. Shouting, shout the string bodioes; the last of the half breed indian, by feared them with their court of the day, and had to contend the through his long years of lonelines and the fail to contend the through his long years of lonelines and the fail to contend the through his long years of lonelines and the fail to contend the through his long years of lonelines and the fail to contend the through his long years of lonelines and the fail to contend the through his long years of lonelines and the fail to contend the through his long years of lonelines and the fail to contend the through his long years of lonelines and the fail to contend the through his long years of lonelines and took the pour little creature into his arms, and I have to ment the contend the through his long years of lonelines and took the pour little creature into his arms, and the contend the through his long years of lonelines and took the pour little creature into his arms, and the fail to the with the search the through his lone years of lonelines. Then Mr. Worthington.

The start h

from Virginia. Then the war broke out. Gerald Martins wanted to go with the Lexington men, but for a long time hesitated, and some of us believed it was on account of his little girl. You see; no trace of Indians had been found in Kentucky, and as people could not otherwise account for the murder of Mrs. Martine the appricing grow that if she tins, the suspicion grow that if she had been killed by an Indian, he was only doing the bidding of somebody

"O Mrs. Halpin! Could any one be o wicked as to cause the death of an innocent woman?"

"This a wicked world, dear," re-marked Mrs. Halpin, and continued

her story:

REWARD OF SACRIFICE

BY " REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER

The subject of this story was a strikingly handsome man. He stood over six feet in height, graceful and well formed. His forehead was and well formed. His forehead was high and intellectual, with clustering brown hair crowning it: dark blue grey eyes, clear and steady; a red and white complexion, almost brilliant, and a mouth like a woman's in sweetness. Yet there was nothing feminine about him. He wore long flowing side whiskers that gave a foreign look to his face, and perhaps was the cause, together with his natural alegance, of his being his natural elegance, of his being frequently addressed, as "my Lord," or "your grace," when he visited

Europe. He was a widower, although only twenty-six. His two little daughters were under the care of a maternal aunt who idolized them and while he visited them constantly, and showered on them all the affection of a tender parent, few of his associates knew that he was ever married.

He was a member of St. John's Lutheran Church, a pew-holder, a Sunday School teacher, and fore-most in all church affairs. His handsome face and princely manners made him much sought for in all social affairs. Many a fair lady and match-making dame wondered why he did not marry. He knew all this and it only amused him, while his heart clung to the dead wife of his youth, the mother of his chil-

He became interested in business and amassed a fortune, which he fondly hoped he would enjoy one day with the children he so dearly loved. When they became old enough, he placed them in the best boarding school of the day, a Catholic Academy. He did not care much for religion. He wished them to become accomplished, cultured, refined women with of course, that reverence, for their Creator, and that regard for their duties in life which all good women

should have.

Thus the years slipped on; and save Thus the years slipped on; and save the affectionate letters of his daughters—who seemed to be gifted beyond the average—their short vacation visits, and the prompt payment of their bills, he found he was not realizing the fact that they were on the verge of womanhood. During the brief summer vacations he showed his pride and pleasure in them by bestowing on them every possible enjoyment, always thinking of their return to school.

return to school.

Both were clever, and were praised and loved by their teachers, the gra-

father's heart.

The younger daughter went to the Lutheran Church with her father, during her visits home. But the elder, who found that in infancy she had been brought to the Bishop's house secretly, by a saintly relative— the only Catholic one they had—and baptized, was instructed by the nuns, and became a faithful Catholic.

Finally, her sister, impelled b Finally, her sister, impelled by grace and her environment — principally the example of the religious—spoke of her desire to be a Catholic also. At first the nuns were afraid of her father's displeasure; but when his daughter wrote him that her happiness depended on this step, and that if he refused permission it would be the first cloud he had cast on her life, the answer came: "Do as you life, the answer came: "Do as you please, my child. I shall never cross

And so she was baptised and confirmed in the convent church, by Archbishop Kenrick, of sainted mem-ory. But her father was not present, nor any member of her family. All her maternal relatives were non-Catholics, and her dear mother's remain's lay in the Protestant cemetery. lay in the Protestant cemetery. Yet the nuns and her own happy sister made this occasion, and the day of her first Holy Communion, festival days, and the happy convert, now fifteen years of age, found inexpres-sible joy in her new found faith, all though the first time she went to con-

who had been called away after only five years of companionship; and the thought of his gifted daughters who idolized him, and who were waiting to be with him, rose up and kept his heart free. The years had dealt lighly with him, and made him, is his maturity, more handsome and princely than ever.

Many times had his daughters written to him, and spoken to him about religion; but he thought of it lightly, and ascribed such remarks to the influence of the nuns, whom he always met when he visited the Academy, and for whom he felt and showed, the profoundest admiration and reverence.

and reverence.

He treated the pleadings of his daughters tolerantly, and with a smile dropped into a corner of his bureau drawer all the little medals, and badges, and Agnus Deis they sent him. He never treated these religious articles with disrespect, for he loved his children, and he knew they thought much of these tokens of

He had become less punctual in his attendance in his pew in the Lutheran Church and went only when something special occurred— when there was a new preacher to when there was a new prescher to be heard, or a new soloist in the choir. Nevertheless he held his pew, and had a dim idea that he might persuade his daughters to gratify him by appearing with him there, at least once in a while. But he found his mistake promptly. The girls were steadfast in their attendance at Mass their reception of the seven Mass, their reception of the sacra-ments, and their daily prayers; and as at that time business cares began to press heavily on their father, and occupy him absorbingly, he let the matter drop. The country, at the time, was recovering from the effects of the Civil War. Affairs were much strained, social conditions gave way to philanthropy—care for the wound-ed soldiers, for the widows and orphans, the reconstruction of homes, building up of finances for high and low; this was the state of things at the time.

In the Catholic pulpit the value of

the immortal soul was strongly pro-claimed, and the potency of inter-cessory prayer explained. Prayers for the dead (and the heroic dead numbered many thousands) were said; and prayers for the living as well, for many had drifted from the faith in the troublesome time of suffering and sacrifice. Sacrifice was the word that echoed in the air. Men had given their blood and their lives in sacrifice on their country's altar. Brothers died beside brothers; fathers and sons fought together. Women had given the tenderness of their hearts and hands to serve the bereaved, and those whom the battle-

field had made helpless.

With this atmosphere of bacrifice all around, this echo of heroism, there came God's inspiration to the eldest girl: "Why not offer my life as a sacrifice for my father's soul?"

The inspiration persisted. It haunted her! She dreamed of it! She spoke of it at last, but not to her father not to her sister, nor to the members of her family, but to her confessor, and he, who knew her soul. told her that it was the will of God. She quietly made ready, not without many a silent struggle, and when all was prepared, with trembling lips and pallid face she told her father that she was going to a convent—the canvent of her school life.

the canvent of her school life.

We will not describe the storm that followed. But supported by God's grace, and aided by her love for him for whom she meant to offer her young life, for whose soul she meant to wreatle in prayer and labor in the shadow of the senstrary she in the shadow of the sanctuary, she bade farewell to her beloved parent, and to all the prospects that the and to all the prospects that the world calls "the pleasant things of life," and entered a Convent of Mercy far from her home city. It seemed to her that her younger sister did not appear surprised when told of her decision. She was a beautiful girl, highly accomplished, with a sweet and tender voice, well cultivated, and with excellent musical ability. Her grace and charm were ability. Her grace and charm were the pride of her father's heart, and the delight of her friends.

the delight of her friends.

Time went on, and through the younger daughter's letters to her sister, she showed that a wonderful thing was happening. Another vocation was developing—a vocation that came from the example of the elder sister whom she knew had offered her life for the conversion of her father. Grace was working one of those marvels that stun the world, that cannot be explained by the ethics of society, or its code of heroism. Finally the younger sister announced her intention of entering the convent. her intention of entering the convent, and both determined to offer together their bright, young lives for the conversion of their father. The elder sister was just past nineteen; the younger, eighteen.

When their father heard the bitter news, he looked at his lovely daughter and remembering her sister whom she was about to join, he burst into a fearful rage. He cursed the religion that enticed them from him, and left him alone in his latter years. He stormed, he pleaded, he reproached with cutting words, and then fell insensible to the floor. news, he looked at his lovely daughter

Ah! Need we say he did not suffer alone? We must pass over this part of our tale: it is too painful. But God's grace again triumphed, and hundreds of miles away the two sisters, in their quiet cloister, prayed and went about their sacred duties. Sometimes their hearts were for a moment sad, when they thought of the pain they had given one so dear, but were sure of the re-ward to come. And as they fixed their eyes on the Tabernacle they received such wonderful floods of