#### TWO

## THE WATERS OF CONTRADICTION

## BY ANNA C. MINOGUE Author of " Cardome," " Borrowed From the Night "

CHAPTER XIV-CONTINUED

Looking now upon his face, she read the confirmation of her belief ; then everything was forgotten in the grief that swept over her, as the wail of affectionate hearts told her they were hiding her old Aunt Jenny from her forever. When all but them had hands had been busy in removing gone away, Arthur crossed to where Miss Cora and Lucy stood.

'A strange meeting place!" he cried, and while tears blinded her the door and the sill, and stood peer-eyes, Miss Cora asked herself if this ing through the gloom that enfolded the room. There was not a sound dry voice were the clear full one she so well remembered, if this old man not even a mouse stirred, and an old boy she had instructed. boyish fear of a vacant house She loved eventide came in and sat heavily were the 'And yet a fitting one! upon his heart. He would be gone, us, Lucy, and tried, in her poor way, he told himself. It was an evil place to spare us from what has come to for him, but he lingered, the while his mind tried to pierce the mystery Lucy, I may speak to you now, us. as I could speak, were you or I lying of the past, even as his eyes strove to on our death bed, for we shall meet pierce the obscurity of the apartno more this side of eternity. ment.

"Stanton Hall is sold-a stranger shall now live in the home of my forefathers-do you know why it is To keep myself and Milly tarvation. There was no truth sold ? from starvation. There was no truth in the story her parents told me. here he had died. The child had been stolen, as they said, by a crazy grandfather, and given to them to carry away ; but her uncle overtook them and brought her home. Not deeming the grandfather had obtained possession of the certificates and other papers, he did not search their belongings, nor did the cast recalled the statement often n uncle have them arrested, as he wished to avoid giving publicity to the affair. The girl is living and married, and I was shown proof in-disputable of the fraud that had been practiced upon me. Milly is the child of the man and woman we knew as her father and mother, as proof as indisputable prove. The them in his dreams, owners of vast strange beauty which made her so plantations, possessors of high unlike the other members of the family, was inherited from her grandmother, as several maternal cousins showed.

"Her parents knew me better than I knew myself, and calculated I would readily accept their story, because my friendship for Milly would prompt me to desire the truth of what they told; mother. and they trusted the rest to fate and fate favored them-as she would favor anyone against me.'

"But Milly ?" gasped Miss Cora, affection for the girl tugging at her heart. "Did she know ?"

Who-Milly ?" he asked, in mild "Do you think Milly would surprise. have deceived me, Miss Cora? No. she did not know-does not know When I learned the truth, I took her away from the place. I told her there were not sufficient proofs to establish her claim and the property was not valuable enough to go to law about. We went to a town in New York. I bought a small house there, with the money I had saved ; but somehow I had no inclination to continue my profession. I got a clerkship in a grocery store; then an opportunity came to buy out the business, and I decided to sell the Hall and invest it in the concern.' 'Have you any children ?" asked

Miss Cora. 'No-thank God! I think-I couldn't-endure that," he said. Then silence fell. It finally drew

Miss Cora's attention from her sad houghts. As she glanced at Lucy's frozen face, the wild blue eyes fixed on Arthur, took in the passion of his set lips, she cried :

membered it was all of hers that he had.

empty, for during

From the magnificence of the burn-He avoided the town, on whose ing roof, his eyes were drawn to the streets he must meet his friends and window, and a shriek of terror in his former associates, thereby adding fully two miles to his walk. Night had settled deeply on the land, when he reached the hill overlooking the glass

"It's de Ole Marse entiahly!" log house in the hollow, now silent and deserted. He diverged from the thought Joe, bounding to his feet, and turning his face toward the hill, path across the ridge, and turned toward it, possessed of a fancy once beyond which was the safety of Mr. more to enter it. The door was ajar, the

Frazier's barn. Curiosity, overcom-ing ghostly fear, caused him to glance back before beginning his wild flight, the day kind and the shrick that came to him above the crackling of the flames told him it was no ghost imprisoned Arthur pushed himself in between there, but a creature of flesh and blood.

" My Gord! Its sure enough man! he exclaimed, flying to the house When he caught a glimpse of the anguished face of Arthur, he stopped like one stricken by death.

When the roof caught, the dry

clapboards began to burn like straw.

Help! Help!" cried Arthur's feeble voice. With a bound Joe was at his side,

and wrenching down the old window sash, flung his arms around Arthur and dragging him from the burning ouse carried him to the white privet

This was the first home of the bush For a moment Arthur lay like one Stantons in the new country they dead, his face ghastly under the lurid light, his eyes wide and staring; had come to conquer. It was here his great-great-grandfather had lived, here his children had been born, and then he sat up and silencing Joe with a gesture, watched the flames Arthur, groping fast enveloping the log house. his way to the hearthstone and find And watching, he lived over that awful ing a forgotten chair sat down. Had period through which he had passed. been happy in his rude home in When he had broken from the deep the forest, that forefather of his, he sleep that had overtaken him, and wondered, or did never a shadow of opened his eyes to find the tongue of the grim future of his descendants the fire almost licking his face, a itself upon his path? He paralysis seemed to seize him, a paralysis not less of brain than by the dead negress, regarding him : An unthinking man," she had called muscle. He knew that he was in the cabin, and that it was on fire, that him, and he felt he had entertained he, the last of the Stantons, was only high hopes for his happiness and prosperity of those who were to perishing in the cursed home succeed him. Did he plan for his ancestor had built on the burial ground of the Indians. His lips children's children? Did he see

formed the word. Kismet.' honors, the mighty men of their day? Then like a mighty giant the subcon-If so, what must he now endure, if he beheld the last of his line without scious forces leaped to the rescue. He bounded from the chair, and choking one further claim upon the State he for breath, burning with the terrible heat he beat his way to the window, had helped to found, a stranger in nor did he know even then how the home he had built? Can they madly he had battered at the see what is transpiring here, they who have gone before? He hoped how wildly he had cried for help. For in that awful moment the soul not, for the sake of his proud grand-

of Arthur Stanton entered into judg-Minutes passed away. Many times ment. Without a vestige of disguise he saw himself, and knew he was a he had told himself he ought to be weakling, and more fiercely than the going, and yet the place held him. Finally he asked himself why should breath of the flames upon his face, he not spend the last night here, he did that knowledge burn his the last of the Stantons, in the house He saw the pride in which he had shrouded himself was but the cloak the first one had founded? It appeared eminently proper that he of a coward. The hours in which should do so-here hold his final destiny had stood powerless before him had he but been a man rose up communion with the past, the past he had known and that other past like accusing angels. He saw his which belonged to his line. For this night he would set himself free from promise of life, and knew eternal damnation waited for him when this the present and the future to which it would give birth. Tonight he was judgment was past.

God !" he had cried. " One more town, but the son of an old Southern chance, for Christ's sake !' Then he had felt a pair of strong hands upon his arms, and coming back to the obvious, had seen the black face on the other side of the

husband of Milly but the lover of Lucy Frazier. At dawn tomorrow sill. He was fully conscious, though he he would go forth from the log-house closing its door after him, nor would had allowed Joe to carry him to the he once look back, until should privet bush, for with the coming of redemption for himself, had beaten appear the mighty angel with the upon him the thought of Lucy. He sleep evoking wand, then, ere it upon him the thought of Lucy. He should lightly fall to bless his tired had been saved—yes, he knew that, eyes, he would turn one glance of and it was not of the rescue of his farewell to his past which he would body he was alone thinking-but how dwell in for this night only. In this should she be saved ? And he had night he would solemnly and for the destroyed her life, perchance as his last time question Fate regarding own youth! Little wonder then that the soul that had looked upon eterward him. Perhaps in

# THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Lil'l Miss !'

volumes.

said.

you.

unless-

some candles in my bedroom,'

on fire. I reached the window.

I saw myself as I am-or may I say

But I am that man no more.

for help-and I escaped.

" I sut fiah to de cabin, an' I'd do | in such things, and the same shouts it again," he began. "Wish't to Gord I'd done it long time ago, an mebbe de ole Injuns would a-let us 'lone. Granny allus said 'twas de nounced. heart, as he beheld the figure of a cabin brung all de bad luck, 'caus'n man, blindly beating at the panes of de ole Marse entiahly pet it whah he cabin brung all de bad luck, 'caus'n When the name-Howard Court-

ney-was mentioned, there was a simultaneous stretching forth of necks from the audience, and the

did. Why mus' de ole debbil's pet de hoodoo on us what ain't evah had nothin' to do wif de cabin —an' Lil'l Miss? Po' Lil'l' Miss, same look of eagerness upon every face, as the young orator approached what ain't lik huhse'f no moh ! An the foot of the stage. It was his first appearance for the evening, and the what's she gwian to do now when she ain't even got Granny an' de cabin use of the limited part he per-Huh pappy an' huh mammy, 'dey formed in the exhibition was at loan keer foh huh no mo,' an' huh apparent in his fragile appearance. frien's dey' all fallin' away frum huh! The fact of his being the most prom What's Lil'l Miss done to de ole ising and prominent scholar in the Injuns, I wan' tu know ? An' so I institute was well known to almost hid de papah an' de shavin's in de every one present, as was also his wonderful talent for composition and bahn las' night an' when I come bac' oratory ; hence the unusual interest frum de funahl. I tell 'em I ain't gwian to be home tonight, as I reck'n and expectation which were evinced gran-pop'll want me, an' I go an' tak

when he was announced as the deliverer of the Valedictory. de papah an' shavin's frum de bahn, when it's da'k, an' come down an' sot His form was slight almost to girlde cabin a-fiah, An' de ole debbil ishness, though erect and lithe in build, and his face had that trans-Injuns tried to do dah wuss luck an buhn yoh up; but I seed yoh, an' I parent bloom which is rarely seen save in infantile countenances; but brung yoh up out'er de dangah. I cheated de ole debbils—an' I buhned unusual amplitude of forehead, de cabin ! Dey cayn't evah huht yoh no mo,' Marse A'thuh—but Lil'l Miss, with the firm-set mouth seemed to etract from what might otherwise have been too feminine a face. The soft voice, sometimes with air was jet black, and clustered in notes of triumph, sometimes with notes of pain, flowed over Arthur's thick rings about his forehead and But his eyes were the feature ears, and every word fell like blows which gave the peculiar expression to his face; they told of the restless upon his brain. His breath came ambition, the genius of his boyish mind-black and full, with an intenheavily at times, and the cry for mercy reached up to his lips; still he spoke no word nor paused once in his swift walk. It brought them sity of gaze which seemed to rivet all cholders, and which left their exsoon to the Hall. "You will find pression with the person looked at. ong after they had been turned to said to Joe, as he unlocked the door. other things.

> roclaimed him to be sixteen years of age, but he appeared mu younger. He bowed gracefully esponse to the applause greeted his appearance, and, with an ease of manner which much older actors in the legitimate drama might

nis voice ought to be correspondingly eeble: but it was strong as that of a much older youth, and so distinct that every word penetrated to the most remote part of the hall. With a peculiar sweetness in the tender passages of his address, a purity of expression in the unimpassioned parts, and an eloquence as startling as it was brilliant in the inspired sentences, he spoke as few of ears had ever done before him. to the log house. I had come home through the fields and passing it, Absorbed in his theme, he seemed to nave forgotten his breathless audiwas drawn to enter, and following ence, and continued, with the sparkle whim, decided to spend my last night in his eyes increasing, the delicate in Kentucky in the first home of my glow on his cheeks becoming a fiery ancestors. I fell asleep in the chair red, and his form swaying from the When I awoke, the whole place was

Feminine lips were parted in spellbound interest, and feminine eyes were moist with unconscious tears which his pathos had caused ; while masculine heads were thrust forward and masculine ears listened as they rarely listened to much older orators. You must be familiar with it,

As he neared the conclusion, still continuing his graceful gestures, he paused suddenly, raised his handkershall not sell the Hall ! Nor shall I remain in that country home in New chief to his mouth for an instant. and endeavored to resume. The that lad of yours," retorted Father o'Rourke. "Such a devil would have York. I shall go to some large city.

and engage in my profession of law may not achieve wealth or fame, was painfully apparent that he was but I shall redeem the honor and the unable to produce any sound. He raised his handkerchief again, and raised his handkerchief again, and urged Mrs. McMullen, "to let live and give a chance to reform ?" and courage of my race, that it took the grasp of death in its most terrible form to drag up from the depth in great red stain on its border. He which I had cravenly buried them oowed totteringly away ; but one of When I shall have proven myself the watchful Brothers was at his the side, and he supported the lad across chance, please, Father ; he's deterwoman who went down to the door the stage, while the curtain slowly mined to keep out of mischief this of death to give me life, and I feel lowered between the rows of wonder.

"Yes, but is it death now-death when the end is so nearly accomplished ?" again clutching his arm with her spasmodic grasp. "You have watched him, you have loved You him despite the occurrence of bygone times; then in pity mother's heart say it will not be

death now He flung her hand from his arm. drew himself erect, and bending his dark eyes sternly upon her, said, in a voice so deep that its bass tones seemed to reverberate through the room:

Woman do you think this garbpointing to his flowing gown-"was assumed but to foster and conceal the follies of that unhappy pastthat I have brought within these holy precincts the passions of my outh-that I have refused to love your boy because he is the child of such circumstances-that I have not peculiar interest in seeing him

realize your hopes ?" He ceased suddenly, as if regret ting that he had said so much, and walked hastily to the window. The lady buried her face in her handker-chief, while the young girl who had stationed herself in the open doorway that she might hear the first sound which would announce the His departure of the physician from the room where her brother lay, seemed oblivious of everything save sounds which reached her from the adjoining apartment. The door of the latter opening, and the doctor coming forth, she hurried to her mother with : 'Mamma, the doctor is going now

ask him about moving Howard." The Brother, turning from the window, said

'Howard may be removed today without further hurt-tomorrow a removal would be dangerous It was as he said, and the physician urged the removal at once The handsome family carriage of the Courtney's drew up before the Brothers unpretending residence, and

the pale youth was borne forth and laid on the softest of pillows within its comfortable recess, while mother and sister weepingly took

their places beside him. Most of the audience had lingered thus long, that they might learn something further of young Court-ney's sudden indisposition, and quite a crowd had gathered about the carriage to which he was conveyed. Many mothers wept as the slight form borne by one of the Brothers passed them, and some fathers drew their hands hurriedly across their eyes, while all looked anxious ; and one gentleman said, as the carriage drove slowly away: "Another instance of mind consuming the body.'



"Sure, you were a boy once yourself," Mrs. McMullen pleaded, though with a challenge in her eye.

'Yes, and I'd never have been a man if I'd been up to the tricks of words came forth with a husky tone. O'Rourke. "Such a devil would have and after the lapse of a moment it been killed outright by the master in

Killybegs' "But isn't it always better, Father," when Father Hugh, looking far away out of the window, only grunted, she persuasively added : "One more time, and, for that matter, sure at

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much which

Bring me a light to the library. The programme, in a parenthesis. He groped his way across the hall to the library door, but paused there until Joe appeared with the candles. "Do not go away," he then said. "I think I shall want you before morning." He entered the room, placed the candle on the table, and then walkhave envied, at once began.

ing to one of the book-cases gazed From his looks it would seem that for a long time at the well-bound 'I thought I was a philosopher, I believed I was a Christian," he said half aloud, and, with a curl on his lip, turned on his heel and came back to the table. He sat down and drew to him pen and paper. "Dear Lucy," he wrote. "Joe did "Dear Lucy," he wrote. "Joe did not go to Uncle Major tonight, as he He hid in the barn and when it was dark, went down and set fire

intensity of his emotions. saw or heard me-I believe I cried When I looked death in the face. was? I will spare myself the humil iation of revealing that picture to

Lucy! Arthur ! - 0, children what have you done !" for Lucy was in Arthur's arms, and his wild kisses were falling on her white lips. "It's farewell, Miss Cora, for

time !" he cried, defiantly. "O, my God ! maybe for all eternity ! Lucy ! time !" Lucy! say you will meet me there be mine there—O, my Lil'l Miss !" His unclasped arms let her fall backward, but Miss Cora took the

backward, but Miss Cora took the swaying figure into hers. "Come away, Lucy! Come, my darling! O, Arthur! my poor boy, goodbye!" She led the half-fainting girl to the buggy, in which they had come, leaving Arthur lying on the grass by Aunt Jenny's grave.

An hour crept by and then Arthur raised himself from his place on the trodden grass, and gazed around. When freedom had cast them forth from their old homes and the little burial grounds where they had expected to rest with their parents, the negroes had purchased a few acres of poor land on the outskirts of their settlement, and with pathetic patience they had striven to adorn it after the fashion of the white people

A few struggling cedar shrubs now lef' uv us. Wisht to Gord I'd done dis de fus' time I heerd of yoh met Arthur's eyes, and one or two tombstones showed, solitary and white, among the many low beds on which nature but niggardly bestowed her green covering. On the more recently made graves were some withered common flowers while broken vases and old cracked china cups were eloquent of remem of the sentiments of the brance departed.

de groun'! Burn, I say! Burn!" and As he gazed on the scene, never so he thrust his boot viciously into the desolate as under the dying day, Arthur's face grew dark. A sense of flames. the finality of things as far as they concerned him, smote his soul, when in this hour he was alone among the fire were licking the well seasoned in this hour he was alone among the graves of the servants of his people. logs. As the light grew alarm seized He rose stiffly, conscious of the deepening twilight and the distance that that blaze! It would draw them to lay between him and the Hall, where he was to spend his last night. Once negroes being sent to the penitentiary more he looked around at the place for such an act. He hastened across where she had stood, and saw a white the knoll, and, hiding behind the object on the ground. He picked it white privet, continued to watch the up-Lucy's tear-wet handkerchief, angry flames, mounting higher and thrust it into his breast pocket, and higher into the darkness of the as he went blindly forward, he re- night.

.

nity, should seem to cease to animate the silence of this room she would give her long withheld answer, and it might be such that he would find that terrible knowledge.

not the small storekeeper in a Yankee

house; tonight, not a man cruelly

wronged by Fate, but one with the

world before him; tonight, not the

house above him, said:

ain't done enough to us but yoh mus'

go an' trouble Lil'l Miss. But yoh

won't hu't hub no moh'n us-what's

wickitness! Wisht to Gord I'd given

de ole Injuns back dah place, 'foh

dey'd hu'ted Marse Ahthuh an' Lil'l

Miss, even if it did leave Granny without hub home. She's got to do

without it now, an' she wuz misur

down to de debbils what's buried in

Higher and higher leaped the flames in it comfort for the remainder of toward the starry sky, and the cracklthe way. Thus he thought and acted until overtaxed nature yielded and Arthur slept in the old chair. ing of the timber sounded preter naturally loud upon the silence of was midnight when another the night. Still Arthur Stanton Stept toward the house in the hollow. Stealthily, pausing, often with ear on the alert for the least sound, he the fire burned pitilessly area the old life being castaside, and a strength was reached, when he kneeled and coming into him that impelled him to spring to his feet and shout the victory of his manhood to the stars. something large and white was placed close to the logs. Then a light suddenly broke upon the dark-Then as the black volumes of smoke would burst from the little window ness, revealing the set black face of Joe, before it was borne down to the and back door, would form over him paper and shavings. The sleeper in the chair moved at

the memory of Lucy whom he loved, Milly, who loved him. On the chim. the striking of the match, and murmured, "I'm coming, Lil'l Miss!" murmured, "I'm coming, Lil'l Miss!" ney a trumpet vine had lifted itself, while the negro rose and looking and as a great arm of the fire reached up to draw it into the ruin of the from the upleaping flames to the house, Arthur rose to his feet. From Lucy he was parted as irrevocably as from that life which had been burned "Yoh caused all ouh trouble-Granny said so all huh life. An' yoh

down in the old house ; but Milly was his wife, and had passed through that fiery ordeal, and stood still by his side. She seemed to be an actual presence, glorified by the shining light of her love, and humbly his spirit held out its arms to embrace There was a crash, the roof fell her. a shower of sparks.

" Marse Ahthuh, de dawgs air bar-kin,' at Marse Frashur's, an' he's able in it at de en'. So now burn, burn, yoh wickit ole house! Burn gwian to riz up presun'ly to see what ails 'em, an' ef he done come down an kotches us hyah !'

Joe spoke hesitatingly, then stopped, for Arthur had turned his face, looking strangely altered under

It did not require the command of the light upon him. Did you set the cabin on fire ?" he asked.

Yes him. Surely all the world must see bay, snapping, as the negro threw out that one word.

'Come on !" then said the white nan, and without another glance toward the seething mass of flames he turned into the brook path that led to Stanton Hall. Joe walked doggedly after.

that life ving to its close, I shall return to the home of my fathers to await the end. This is your right to know."

not altogether unworthy

" ARTHUR.' TO BE CONTINUED

# AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER I

THE FIRST LINK IN THE MYSTERY

In the year 1854, the Christian Brothers had few schools in the city of New York ; but in one, where the aving education of youth was confined ex. clusively to the learned religious oe nothing serious who had charitably transferred their

labors from a distant and wealthier city, there was assembled, on a bright afternoon in the summer of that year, a fashionable throng, to witness the closing exhibition of the scholastic term.

There were lady-like mothers, whose anxious faces seldom turned from the draped stage; portly fathers, whose restlessness betrayed their impatience at the delay in the rising of the curtain; pretty sisters, who in their desire for "brother to acquit himself well," had entirely forgotten into the seething flames, sending up the "tease" which the juvenile was wont to be at home ; and great, gruff brothers, watching with every evi dence of an unusual brotherly

interest. The curtain rose at length, and two black-gowned forms preceded a procession of neatly attired boys Howard !' who emerged from some mode of ingress in the rear of the stage, and

filed with military step to the seats which had been erected on the sides. The band, composed of members of sent forth its spirited the school, Arthur thought of a dog, driven to strains, and the audience leaned back in their cushioned seats, composing themselves to listen with their well-

bred air, and the exhibition began. There was the usual amount of declamation and dialogue, the wonted saying brokenly : numbers of solos and choruses, each rightly tutored youth delight to put plied the Brother averting his face. rendered with the enthusiasm which

ing boys, and the equally wondering heart he's the best-"All right," broke in the old priest, and anxious-looking audience.

In that audience, when the young though it was the logic of me than the mother's that orator had taken his handkerchief rather for the second time from his mouth, brought him to this conclusion, "T11 two ladies had risen; one just upon the verge of middle life, and robed in he thundered as Mrs. McMullen with smiles and bows and profuse thanks deep mourning; the other, a girl of little more than thirteen or fourteen arose to go "if I find that boy at any summers, and whose delicate beauty more of his tricks around this church it's off the altar he'll go for was enhanced by the white costume she wore. They rose hurriedly, and, good, and never—" but the iron gate had already clicked behind Mrs. in evident perturbation, left the hall, followed by sympathizing glances McMullen, and she was too happy to care about Father O'Rourke's threats from many in the audience. Without, in the bright street, the now that Michael was to be rein-

stated in his old post among the younger caught the elder lady's hand, servers at St. Aidan's. "To think of it," indignantly 'Don't be alarmed, mamma-it will

muttered the venerable pastor as he But she received no re ply, and they relighted his old brown burnin' rubber and assafcetida in nurried to the adjoining residence of

the bran' new censer I bought for the Brothers, whither they deemed young Courtney had been conveyed. Easter ; why the sacristy smelt like a They were right, for, in one of the little reception rooms, the lad lay on German meat market." After a few minutes of meditative

hastily improvised couch, attended smoking, however, he broke out into a hearty laugh. "Poor Riley," by the anxious, grieving Brothers. The latter respectfully stepped aside when the ladies entered, save the one mused as the gray smoke about his white head, "it's little but fun we thought of the night we who had been supporting the boy's head, and he remained, never once tethered the calf to Dr. Donovan's turning his eyes from the face on the pillow, beneath. The youth smiled door at Maynooth.

Mrs. McMullen was ambitious in an unworldly sense; she had as the female forms bent above him, held out a hand to be clasped by daughters to "marry" successfully, no husband to goad on to high, each, and strove to murmur some low, political offices,—she had only one boy, Michael, and ever since he thing ; but the effort sent the blood again gurgling to his lips.

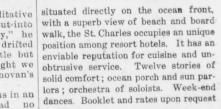
had come to her, with his angelic eyes, for all their wicked twinkie, it The lady in black repressed a convulsive sob, and knelt beside him, while the lovely girl flung herself on had been the sole wish of her life, her only desire on earth, that one his pillow with an, "O Howard!

day she might see him behind the chasuble; nor was this ambition of The physician, who had been hers changed nor her faith shaken when Michael's father left her eight hastily summoned, now entered, and the Brother who had maintained his years before. She would toil, and place at the head of the couch, re pinch, and scrape, God would do the signing it to another, urged the ladies rest she was sure. No matter if to accompany him from the room. Mickey was the terror of the parish They reluctantly obeyed, but immedithe abomination of all the mothers ately that they had passed the portal of "nice" boys ; he was her boy, she of the adjoining apartment the elder female clutched his arm convulsively, loved every freckle on his face, and she had much to love. She was going home happy now

What do you think of my boy ?" "That he is meet for Heaven," rewondering how she could impress Mickey with the uncertainty

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