BY CHRISTIAN FABRE. LI.

For a long time Mrs. Brekbellew sat staring at, without seeing, the handsome lamp in front of her, and with her hands lying listlessly in her lap. Her thoughts lamp in front of her, and with her hands lying listlessly in her lap. Her thoughts were drifting in a wild helpless way to Rahandabed, to Weewald Place, where, as soon as her letter and her statement were read, she felt that execration would be heaped upon her—execration from every one; from him whom she so long called father; from Alan Carnew, whom no excitement into which she plunged could make her forget; and from Ned, whom, as she pictured the happiness fast approaching the latter, in the restoration to her husband, and the finding of a father, she fiercely hated. Not ing of a father, she fiercely hated. Not even the fact that Ned had so faithfully even the fact that Ned had so faithfully and nobly kept her oath had power to touch her, and if in her present blight she in some way could utterly crush Mrs. Carnew, she would not deem her own fortune so hard. But it was maddening to think of Ned in the fall enjoyment of all of her lost pleasures. She snuddered at the contemplation; and then she thought of her poor, weak husband, for whom she felt the same sort of contempt she would have same sort of contempt she would have given to a drivelling idiot. But all that must be changed now; she could not afford to scorn him any longer; instead, she must propitiate him, and propitiate his wealthy uncle.

She dragged herself up wearily, and looked at her tiny watch. It was an hour past midnight. How the time had flown during that horrible interview and since, while she had been yielding to her own equally horrible thoughts! But her husband must be in his room by this time, though she could scarcely be said to know anything about it, never having troubled herself before about the hour of his return from his nightly play. However, he was She dragged herself up wearily, and hersell before about the nour of his return from his nightly play. However, he was in his room, having been put to bed in a state of wild intoxication by his valet, who had to assist in carrying him from the

carriage that had brought him home.
When his wife entered, he was tossing about on the pillows, ejaculating between

about on the phlows, ejacuating between this hiccoughs:

"Fifty thousand, by Jove! Won't the old coon think 1 went it—hic. Such a steady hand, too; no flinching. lose with as much sang froid as other fellow with a beautiful as when we have the same of the sa lows win—hic—Mrs. Brekbellew—whew she'll be glad to know I took her advice s Gone to the devil at last, as sh told me to do—hic—let her father suppor her-hic-no woman of ordinary brains-

But Mrs. Brekbellew waited to hear n more He was in no condition to listen to her communication; and, impatient as she was to make it, she felt that it must be deferred until the morning. random words, maudlin as they were caused an added weight upon her heart. Had be really lost that night at play another fifty thousand? If so, from what his uncle's letter had stated, his fortune must be almost entirely gone, and in that case ruin for him must be also ruin for her.

She dismissed her maid, who had been sleepily waiting for her, and threw her-self dressed as she was upon the bed, to obtain if she could a little slumber before the morning came. But her slumber was fitful and feverish, and the first streak of dawn, as it shone garishly through the window, awoke her with a start, and utterly unrefreshed. She could rest no longer, and waiting only to bathe her eyes, she hastened to her hus

band's room.

He was eleeping heavily, and as she stood by his side, looking down upon his face that, with its utter want of intellect, and its marks of constant and deep dis-sipation, was a most unsightly object, she felt as if her very soul rose against him in disgust. To obtain some control of her abhorrence, she turned away and walked to the window; but even there his breathing reached her. She turned back after a

seating herself in a chair by his bedside, called him. He stirred uneasily, but he did not open his eyes. Forcing herself to she grashed his shoulder, as she called him again.

He awoke, and in his bewilderment

caused both by her unusual presence and his own disordered brain, he sat up and looked wildly about him.
"Try to recall your senses, Harry," the

said in a voice which she partly succeeded in making gentle; "I have something

Was that really his wife who spoke? His wife using a tone that was not con-temptuous, and actually calling him Harry, instead of the cornful diminutive of Breky! He rubbed his eyes and looked about him again as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming. And as he looked, the events of the preceding night returned to him. His uncle's letthe interview with his wife, his loss ter, the interview with his wire, his loss at the gambling-table — a loss which would impoverish his fortune to even the desperate extent for which Mrs. Brekbellew had wished. And then he wondered if she already had heard of it, and had come to announce her immediate depart-ure from him. He felt convinced that such must be the object of her most un-usus visit, and that perhaps in a sort of pity for him she had determined not to inflict her wonted contempt.

So, in resignation to that which could not now be averted, and in a sort of thankfulness that it was to be in some measure tempered, he turned his eyes upon her again, noting for the first time that she was still dressed in her reception toilet of the evening before, and that her face was frightfully pale and weary-look-

ing.

If the morning light was not by this time streaming brightly into the room, he might have thought it was yet night, and have wondered how he came to be in bed at such an hour. But every moment his mind was becoming clearer as to recent events, though he could not re-member how or when he retired, having immediately after his loss of the night before, gone to drown it in a deep potation.

"Do you think you are quite able to comprehend what I am going to say?" Mrs. Brekbellew resumed, when she thought she had given sufficient time for him to collect his disordered wits, and being careful to preserve the same tone that she had used before. He nodded, being almost afraid to

lest somehow the sound of his voice might bring upon him the old and

She leaned toward him a little.
"I have been thinking about your nucle's letter and about your circum-

the matter."

"Here it comes," he thought with a sinking heart, "she's going to say that it's her duty to go back to her father."

But Mrs. Brekbellew, quite unsuspicious

it's her duty to go back to her father."
But Mrs. Brekbellew, quite unsuspicions of his thought, continued:

"I have been thinking about these matters all night, and I have decided"—he looked at her piteously—"to agree to what your uncle proposes. You may write to him as soon as you choose, that we accept his proposition. We will make our home with him."

Poor little Brekbellew hardly dared to believe that he had heard right; and it never occurred to him to think that anything had happened to make this change in his wife. If he could be quite sure that his hearing had not deceived him, that he was not dreaming, that his wife really had spoken those wonderful words, he could be happy, for he felt that, by telling everything to his uncle, the latter, in consideration that the couple would make their home with him, and, by quiet, economical living for the future, the remnant of his fortune might be saved. Revolving these things in his mind, he sat so still that he hardly breathed.

His wife said again:
"Did you hear. Harry? And when

His wife said again:
"Did you hear, Harry? And when Her questions were surely proof that he had heard aright in the first instance; he could not doubt his hearing any longer out he answered very softly, as if he were

under some spell:

"I shall write to-day."

"And tell him," she said, "that I shall be devoted to you both; that I shall make his home as pleasant as I can."

She rose to go. He put out his hand as if to detain her, though for what purpose he would have been unable to explain, still as if he were under some magical spell. She looked back at him compelled herself to smile, and vanished

Ordotte was in such glee over what he had extorted from Mrs. Brekbellew that his gay spirits might be taken for the effervescene of a true Frenchman; and as sleep, because of grief and mortification, did not visit Mrs. Brekbellew until nearly did not visit Mrs. Brekbellew until nearly morning, so the same quiet restorer, owing to satisfaction and delight, kept away from Ordotte's couch; and as the unhappy woman he had left had her mind filled with harrowing thoughts, so was his imagination fed, but with most pleasant pictures. He perplexed himself trying to decide which he should do first: go to Mr. Edgar, or to Alan Carnew; but at length he decided upon the latter course, as it was more important that Mrs. Carnew should be restored to her husband without delay than be made ac-Mrs. Carnew should be restored to her husband without delay than be made ac-quainted with the father, whom she had never known as such. And then he be-came impatient for the arrival of the morning, when he should take passag on the first vessel going to New York.

Mrs. Carnew was still an inmate of the ittle mountain home, devoted to Meg and trying to interest herself in the lighter household duties. But the constant strughousehold duties. The three constants of the gift to bear her trial was telling upon her; and as day after day and week after week wore on without bringing that for which wore on without bringing that of which her very soul was crying—one word from her husband, her health began visibly to fail. Even Anne McCabe, the hired woman, noticed that; and though she knew nothing of the sad part of Ned's history, she often thought within hersell that there was some secret trouble weigh

that there was some secret trouble weigh-ing upon the young lady, and her warm, honest heart often grieved about it.

She wished that Mr. Datton would

come home to see it; he might be able to help it in some way. But Mr. Dutton considered it his sacred duty to remain away, for the reason already stated; an as Ned, in her replies to his frequent le ers, never said anything about her health she could not be expected to know that she was rapidly losing health and strength. She never said anything about her hus band, after the letter in which she had asked Dyke to get information to his

asked Dyke to get information to his health, and to which she had received in reply that Dyke had obtained undoubted assurance of his perfect health. Perhaps that which seemed like the surest knell of all her hopes was the crue

neglect of Mrs. Brekbellew to answer he appealing letter. Sometimes Ned was in-clined to hope that it had miscarried, but that was only a brief, vain hope, for she felt in her inmost heart that Mrs. Brek. bellew had received her letter, but would not answer it.

In Rahandabed there was little differ

ence in the gay life that still reigned there, save that Mrs. Doloran was, if pos-sible, more eccentric and more fractions than ever. She received letters regularly from Ordotte, which she read to the whole house—her nephew excepted—in-terjecting comments of her own that made it hard to know whether the writer was it hard to know whether the writer was not absolutely deficient in common sense. Alan shut himself away from her more determinedly than ever, feeling that she was now entirely beyond his influence, and in his anger that she should judge Ned to be so guilty—though with strange inconsistency by his own course toward Ned, he seemed not to think her less so—he hardly cared what vistim she might become through her own absurd folly.

If Ned would but send one word to him; but, as the days and weeks wore on, and

but, as the days and weeks wore on, and not a syllable came, he tried to resent her neglect, by compelling himself to forget her. He shut away everything that could remind him of her; and he even wrote to his mountain friends, McArthur and Brekbellew, to excuse him from paying his promised autumn visit; and he tried to think the reason alleged in his note-reading in which he was engaged, pre-paratory to a trip abroad—was really true-but under that he knew was another and out under that he knew was another and more powerful motive: he would not trust himself again in such proximity to Ned; did he do so, he must break through every barrier imposed by his own pride, and go to her. He reminded his friends, however, of their promise, and won from them a renewal of their pledge to visit Bahandabed hefore the winter passed. Rahandabed before the winter passed. Carnew was resolved to go abroad early

in the spring.

The winter holidays were approaching, and even in their snowy dreas the grounds of Rahandabed had an interesting, and to one sufficiently well wrapped to defy the cold, inviting look. Within the house, every apartment, heated as it was with ample, blazing, and most cheerful-looking fires, and furnished with the most com-fortable and luxurious furniture, had the

guests.
On this morning, three days before
Christmas, Mrs. Doloran was in high

stances, and about what is my duty in the matter."

"Here it comes," he thought with a sinking heart, "she's going to say that it's her duty to go back to her father."

But Mrs. Brakhellaw, quite upparagions. moralizing.

Even Bunmer, as she was called by the demostres, who, in imitation of Mrs.

Even Bunmer, as she was called by the domestics, who, in imitation of Mrs. Doloran, dropped the appellative of "Mrs." shared in the general joyful bustle, though she was not quite sure what it was all about, and she ventured at the breakfast table to ask again for information on subject.

breakfast table to ask again for informa-tion on subject.
"Didn't we tell you once," replied one of the waitresses, who had good-naturedly taken upon berself the serving of the coffee, "that Mrs. Doloran had a letter from Mr. Ordotte, saying he was coming home, and such news as that will just make her like an angel for a week? The hones will be toney-turyry until he comes. make her like an any make her like an house will be topsy-turvry until he comes, preparing for him."

"And what is he to her, that she should

mer again.

"He's her right-hand man in everything; and a good sort of fellow, too.
Isn't he, Dan?" and the waitress turned
to the butler seated at her right hand.

"Didn't you hear him sticking up for
that Mrs. Carnew, when Mrs. Doloran and
the rest of them were down on her?"

"That I did," replied Dan, but his
mouth was too full and his breakfast too
tempting for him to say more.

mouth was too full and his orestats too
tempting for him to say more.
Macgilivray, however, who was seated
at the opposite end of the table, and who
never could resist an opportunity of speaking in favor of favor of Mrs. Carnew,
especially when there was present the
woman Bunmer, whom he disliked and
distrusted, said in his dry way:

"And trop wad noo be an honest mon

"And you wad noo be an honest mon if you did nae rejoice in your heart at the ame; for if ever there was

Chief, Airs. Carnew is ane."
His fellow help were so well accustomed
by this time to his frequent assumption of
the cudgels in Mrs. Carnew's behalf that ifested little surprise, but But looked whenever he spoke of the lady question, could not be quite so easy. At a "guilty conscience makes a coward," so her own secret consciousness made her somewhat fear the Scotchman's steady somewhat lear the Scotchman's stead glance, and on this particular mornin impelled her to the suspicious course of defending herself before even she wa charged with anything.

She said, bridling up:
"I don't know why, Mr. Macgilivray,
you should look at me every time you
speak of Mrs. Carnew. I haven't done

wrong to her,"
"When the cap fits a body, it's right eneuch for that body to wear it," answered the Scotchman, growing more determined and bolder in his defence as he is the state of the saw the woman irritated by it. "And it wad noo be onleekly if you had wronged puir chiel; such things ha' happene

before, for there's a power in silier to makit money an evil." His random words made a hit of which he little dreamed, and the woman, color-ing, rose from her chair, saying she would not remain to be longer insulted. Every one looked up surprised, but no one op posed her retreat to her own room, and Macgilivray merely remarked, as he re-

sumed his breakfast:
"It's noo insult to speak as a body

thinks."
Three hours after, it was discovered that Bunmer had gone. Her disappearance was found out by the prolonged crying of the child, whom she had left, and who had awakened from the slumber in which it was at her denartare. We are in which it was at her departure. a thorough search had been made for her, her disappearance was announced to Mrs. Doloran, but that lady was too much absorbed in her preparations for the arrival of Ordotte to give herself much concern about the flight of Bunmer. And when asked what should be done with

"Don't bother me about such a trifle now. Do anything you chose with it." did not help the ser A liceuse which ants out of their dilemma, for no one of the female domestics could be spared from her duties to gi care which was needed by the poor, little, abandoned child.

abandoned child.

It was Macgilivray who assisted them out of their difficulty.

"I'll take it to C——," he said, "and find some o' me ain folk to tak care o' it. Pair little barn, we can't leave it to

dee!"
And that same afternoon he took it, carefully wrapped up, and lying close to his honest heart, to the village, where he found at least a temporary home for it. As he returned to Rahandabed, he mut-tered to himself:
"Bunmer knowed vera weel what she

went for, an syne may be the auld Hornie 'll find things not all his ain way; the puir wronged chiel that had to gang frae her ain hame may be back again. can nae mair keep innocence doon than you can break an egg in an empty poch."

LIII.

Alan was aware of the preparation going on about him; he could scarcely have been otherwise from the noise and bustle almost at his very door, but, ab-sorbed as he endeavored to be in his books, it concerned him very little. In the midst of it all, however, a letter came the him, which changed the whole tenor of his thoughts. Indeed, he read it twice to be sure that he had not mistaken its contents. It was from Ordotte, and

"I have arrived in New York from Europe, and I shall delay my return to Rahandabed in order to meet you here I have news to communicate, which you I have news to communicate, which you will enjoy better hearing it out of proximity to your aunt. Indeed, I cannot see her until I have seen you. Come to me immediately. I am sojourning in the Astor House, and I can scarcely contain my impatience to meet you.

"MASCAR ORDOTTE."

For the moment Carnew was incline to regard this letter as a part of Ordotte's other eccentricities; that, if he obeyed the summons it contained, he should find himself in New York on a very objectless errand; but, again, its tone seemed so earnest that he could not disregard it, and at length, after he had read it five times, he decided to go. So, that evening, he found himself in New York, and waiting in Ordotte's apartment in the Aster House for that could have to support

tor House for that gentleman to appear.
He came in almost immediately, his anxiety to meet Carnew the moment he should arrive, not permitting him to be

fortable and luxurious furniture, had the air of pleasant ease especially adapted to to Mrs. Doloran's idle, pleasure-loving guests.

On this morning, three days before Christmas, Mrs. Doloran was in high

Then Ordotts drew a chair forward so that he might seat himself very close to Carnew, and opening the breast of his coat, he took out the leather case that contained the articles which were to

contained the articles which were to prove so much.

Carnew was deeply mystified; all the more that not a single word had been spoken so far, and that still without a syllable, Ordotte opened and placed before him a closely-written paper.

Carnew read it: it was the statement Mrs. Brekbellew had written, and when he had finished, he raised his eyes like one in a strange, troubled dream.

Then, for the first time Ordotte spoke.

"What do you think of it?" he said, manifesting such a youthfully eager delight that it gave to his wonted sober appearance something of a grotesque look. "But, before you say a word," he continued, "let me give my story." And in a rapid, but clear and distinct manner he told everything. How his interest was first awakened in Mrs. Carnew, by hearing her name from her own lips when she ing her name from her own lips when she came to Rahandab d; his judgment of her character derived from his own close observation, his unfavorable opinion of Mrs. Brekbellew when she visited Ra-handabed, and his confidence in Mrs. handabed, and his confidence in Mrs. Carnew's innocence, even when circumstances seemed most desperately against her. Then he explained the true object of his journey abroad, and all that had resulted from it, even to a minute account of his interview with Mrs. Brekbellew, and he added that should further proof of the truth of what he had stated be required, he could furnish it in the letter. quired, he could furnish it in the letter that he held for Mr. Edgar from Mrs that he held for Mr. Edgar from Mrs. Brekbellew, having no doubt that Mr. Edgar would consent to show the letter as soon as had he read it himself.

Carnew did not interrupt by a word; it seemed to him as if he could not speak if he would, and when Ordotte had ceased, be still cartinude to look like one in an

he still continued to look like one in an awful night-mare. Nor would his companion say any more Intuitively he divined the feelings that must be at work by any comment of his own.

The fact that Ned would shortly b

The fact that Ned would shortly be proved to be Edgar's daughter, instead of Mrs. Brekbellew, was nothing to him beside the fact which he had read in the statement of her innocence, and which Ordotte had confirmed. Fool that he was to have been so blind, so deficient in suspicious of anybody else than his wife. Why could he not have remembered the resemblance between Ned and Edna, and have given the former the benefit of at have given the former the benefit doubt; and as before, every trifling circumstance rose up to confirm his con-viction of her deceit, so now, with equal impulsiveness and haste, many trifling ircumstance arose to confirm the story of her innocence. He forgot what had been an overwhelming proof of her guilt in the an overwhelming proof of her guitt in the fact of the minister's recognition; and his love for her, roused with new violence as he thought of her bitter wrongs. Unable to endure his thoughts he staggered to his feet, and as it he forgot the presence of Ordotte, covered his face with his hands and groaned. Then, uncovering his face he began to pace the room. His combined that her disturbly him feeling that ne began to pace the room. His com-panion did not disturb him, feeling that t was better to let the young man's feelmgs have their vent.
"What should he do?" How could he

ew What should he do?" How could he ever repair what he had done? What atonement could he make to poor, calumniated, outraged Ned? How could he convince her that he had never once cessed to love her? If he had only gone to her when the was near her; if he had only entered her little home the night on which his presence was so nearly dewhich his presence was so nearly de-tected! And then he cursed himself for the pride which had kept him from her. And what if now he should be punished And what if now he should be punished by finding her ill, dead perhaps, unable to listen to his penitence, to say at least that she forgave him! He was maddened at the thought, and he stopped a moment in his walk, seized by a wild desire to flee to her immediately. But, somehow, in the same instant there came to him the thought of Dyke; his last interview with Dyke, when the young man had he had shown in his declaration not to return to his home while it held Mrs. Carnew, his noble regard for the honor of the wife whom her husband neglected, and in that moment Carnew hated himand in that moment Carnew hated himself almost as much for his treatment of Dyke, as for his neglect of Ned. And then the thought came to him to see Dyke first. He would probably find him at his place of business in the morning, and he, perhaps, being the noble fellow he was, would find an easy way of reconciliation to Ned.

That decided, he seemed to remember the presence of Ordotte, and going up to that gentleman, who had remained very quietly seated, he grasped both of his hands and said in a voice husky from emotion:

emotion:
"What shall I say to you, my friend for what you have done? How shall I thank you? And what amends can I make for my coldness in the past? Ordotte jumped up nimbly, and parti-ally turned his head, perhaps to conceal a sudden moisture in his eyes, as he an-

a sudden moisture in his eyes, as he answered:
"You do not need to say anything; and as for thanks, I am so happy in being the means of re-uniting Mrs. Carnew and yourself, that I am amply rewarded. Regarding amends, why, in the future, when you see me endeavoring to entertain that amusing aunt of yours, do not judge me too harshly. That is all."

The protracted and hearty grasp of his hands by Carnew assured him that much more than he asked was granted.

ore than he asked was granted.

Dyke seemed to himself to have be-come an old man, though he had hardly reached his prime. Suffaring often ages much more quickly than years, and life had given him such bitter disappoint-ments. But his sorrows had not soured nim; he still retained his simple, healthy trust, accepting good wherever he found it, and never suffering the dross of human nature to blind him to the fac that there was often beneath it the gold of some noble quality. Knowing so well what it was to suffer,

knowing so well what it was to sinter, his heart went out in boundless sympathy to all forms of the same, and the gentle, kindly gravity of his manner won general respect and liking. He had schooled himself to a resignation that did not complain, even in secret, and he had from his earliest years that Christian philosophy that sees in averything the wisdom phy that sees in everything the wisdom of a higher power. Thus the happiness which was so wanting now would be complete in another sphere, and he could, like many more brave spirits, labor and

Was Ned's innocence proven, and was she restored to her husband, there would not be quite such a weight upon his heart, nor would he add to the precious packet of her letters each one as it came from her now, with such a trembling hand, and such a great, quivering sigh. Occasionally, he permitted himself to read them all over, from the first little cramped epistle of her school-days to the very last, that so carefully concealed all she was suffering. He fancied that the reading of them made him braver for his own duties, and more resigned to everything that had befalles him. She seemed so noble, from the first simple expression of noble, from the first simple expression of her warm affection for himself and Meg

noble, from the first simple expression of her warm affection for himself and Meg down to her brave, uncomplaining acceptance of the bitter cup prepared for her, and he always kissed the letters and put them away, breathing a heartfelt prayer that her innocence would soon be cleared. The same evening that Ordotte told his story to Carnew had been one of the times when Dyke permitted himself to read Ned's letters, so that the next morning he went to his business more absorbed in her than usual, and feeling with an unwonted irritation his impotence to help her in the matter of her wrongs.

How was he astonished to be summoned a little after his arrival to meet a gentleman, and to find that gentleman Alan Carnew!

They were alone in the private office, so that Carnew was spared the necessity of putting any great restraint upon his feelings.

"When last we met. Mr. Dutton." he

When last we met, Mr. Dutton," he

said, "you came in a measure to sue to me; now, I have come to sue to you; to beg your interference in my behalf with Ned. I have discovered that she is innoent of everything with which she had been charged, and that I—I have been He stopped, foremotion had unmanne

him; and together with the sleepless night he had passed, and his absolute re-fusal to touch nourishment—protestin. to Ordotte's entreaties that it would clok him, until he had seen Dutton — ha made him a little dizzy.

Dyke strove to caim his own feeling excited by this sudden and unexpecte

statement, and he drew a chair forward for his visitor, and said as quietly as he

"Sit down, Mr. Carnew; you appear so feverish and unwell that you had rest a little." est a little."

He dropped into the chair, but, having ecovered his voice, immediately re-

ecovered sumed:
"I must tell you at once all that I have heard." And he did so, pouring forth in an eager, impassioned way everything

an eager, impassioned way everything that Ordotte had told him, adding when he had finished:
"Do you think she will ever forgive my blindness and stupidity? Do you think I shall ever have her heart again as I once had it? You know her so well, you who have known her from her child-hood. Forget the taunt I once flung upon

your honor regarding her, and speak, Dutton, as I feel you alone can speak. O God! that I should have thrown her from me as I did!" from me as I did!"

He broke down utterly then, strong man though he was, and covering his face with his hands, something like a great sob escaped him for an instant.

Dyke was white to the very lips; white even while he exulted at this strange fulfilment of all his wishes for Ned for the

filment of all his wishes for Ned, for the sight of Carnew's suffering, arising as i hid from his love for her who had dwelt to long and fondly in his own heart, aroused again in some measure his own

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE REVOLT OF MARY HEN-NESSEY.

"Mary," said Mrs. Bolton as she came into the kitchen where Mary Hennessey was ironing, "have you Hennessey was ironing, heard of the new book that everyone is talking about, 'In His Steps?'' "Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Mary smiling, "I've read it."

prised. "Well, it's not surprising that the ladies of the club were shocked this afternoon when I confessed my ig-norance of it. What do you think of it Mary? They discused it pro and con and they are quite excited over it, say ing it is going to revolutionize though and work wonders in the world."
"Well, ma'am," said Mary, quietly

"when you go upstairs just slip into my room and get it. It's on the table at the foot of the bed. Excuse my asking you to get it yourself, but this lace must be ironed right away while it's damp. "Oh, don't mention it, Mary," re

plied her mistress, turning to go up-stairs. "I'll go for it gladly and thank you But, Mary," she called back, "you did not tell me what you thought of it."

"Read it first, ma'am," answered

Mary, "and then I'll tell you." "So it is going to stir up the world,

is it?" added Mary to herself. "Oh, we hear enough? Sure, there isn't a week that she doesn't come home from the club with some new fad or other, and what with that and her whist and Christian Association and her Settle ment Work, she's just worn to a skele ton. Indeed I'm glad the summer is coming so they'll give up some of it for awhile, for she'd never stop if they all didn't, if it killed her. Afraid of losing ground, she says. Oh, God help her, sure its nearer to the six-foot of it she is getting, and long before her time, too !"

Mary Hennessey was one of a class of Irish girls who honor any position in life, however high, and who dignify the most mental toll of the most humble station. Reserved, modest, yet confi dent of her power and capable of hold ing her own; innately refined, her very manner bespeaking courtesy from others. She gave no evidence in her speech of her Irish birth, save for an occasional "sure" and that wheedling intonation of speech so peculiar to the race. She was of Irish birth, however, the daughter of a village schoolmaster who, on the death of his wife, ten years before, had determined to find change of scene and fortune in the great west The change and subsequent struggle proved too much for him, however, and two years later, Mary, aged seventeen,

and a sister two years younger, found themselves orphaned and almost pen-niless in the wilderness of New York. Their few Irish neighbors were kind Their few Irish neighbors were kind and sympathetic, but their own daily cares crowded their lives, and while from their hearts came the words, "I'm sorry for your trouble!" and "Now if there's anything in the wide wurruld the wide wards of the walls, the know." Many we can do for ye let us know," Mary knew the struggle of each, while she was grateful for the warm handclasps and kind words. Their parish priest, who had been unfailingly kind during her father's illness and to whom the younger sister had spoken of her earn. est desire to enter a convent, now called to say that he had spoken to a called to say that he had spound to friend of his, a reverend mother in the Order of St. Joseph, who wished to see Order of St. Joseph, who wished to see Order of St. Joseph, who wished to see both sisters as soon as possible. "As she leaves in a few days for her annual visit through her schools," he added

you had better go at once. Sarah thanked him. "Bu I go now, father ?" she said, "Mary and I are alone in the world now, and we must stay together.

"Indeed no," said Mary determined.
"If God has put that calling into ly. your heart go you will, and I'll be happy and contented knowing where to find you when I want you, and thankful for the peace that will be yours, morning, noon, and night." God bless you, my girl!" said

"I know Mother Catherine will be a good friend and help you to some employment. And now good bye. Be sure to come and tell me how you get aloag.

Mother Catherine did prove a good friend, and one week from that day Sarah entered the convent on probation, and Mary had a position in the basement of one of the large department stores, selling household goods at a salary of two dollars a week and a small percentage on her sales. It was fortunate for her that she had enough money left from the sale of a few pieces of furniture to pay her board for of furniture to pay her awhile, for although she worked hard and was active and naturally pleasing. after ten weeks she found that four dollars and seventy five cents was the largest sum that she had received in any week. As far as she could see there was little chance of doing better. She compared notes with other girls and found that those with experience f years sometimes received from six to seven dollars. That was the high

"And how did you live," asked Mary "when you first started in?" One lived at home, another had joined with three other girls in taking one room and living on little more than bread and coffee. "But surely," she questioned again, "surely the girls up-stairs do better than that?"

"Well, if they do make a little more sometimes," was the answer, "they have to dress better than we do, and they dare not sit down. "They do get a little air," said Mary,

as she looked at the bleached faces of her companions. "There's always a damp odor down here, and artificial light all the time is hard on the eyes." "Well, what can we do?" said another sighing. "My name was on the application books seven months before I got on here and I went around to the other stores every day. Why, some-times there's hundreds standing in line

just to sign the applicantion book. This conversation set Mary thinking, and on further inquiry she found that while a few in the millinery and cloak departments earned as much as twenty dollars a week, it was only after they were wrinkled and gray with experience and made their own custom by humoring their wealthy patrons. They had to dress extravagantly too, and wondered if after all they could save anything for the lonely old age that

vas hurrying on so fast. Mary tried to be hopeful and she was always cheerful, but she found herself wondering wearily if her life was to go on forever in the same way,—no seclusion, no peace, no comfert. All day the ituffy basement and the chattering of pale faced girls at night; little closet of a room, shared by an odorous girl who worked in a cigar fac-tory and who talked far into the night about her "fellah." Sunday after Sunday, Mary had tried to find something a little more homelike, but her search was fruitless. Invariably the landlady would first ask her, "How much do
you pay?" "Three and a half," Mary
would answer meekly. "How many
in a room?" "Two." "Well," was
the sharp retort, "if you can get board at that price and only two in a room, you've got a snap and you want to hang on to it."

hang on to it."

So poor Mary would go reluctantly back to the 'snap' and look forward to the evening when her room mate would go down to the little parlor to entertain her "fellah." Then she would read a little and revel in the brief privacy.

"How nice your kitchen must be!" she said one day to a kind faced, lady

she said one day to a kind faced, lady customer. She had grown to be quite friendly with some of her patrons, and her manner was always so quiet and lady-like that they enjoyed a few min-utes chat with her over their purchases. "Yes, I try to get all the new appliances," answered the !ady. "I keep only one girl, and although we are only

two in family, I like to get her any-"Pardon me," interrupted Mary quickly, "but may I ask how much

you pay your girl?"
"Certainly," was the reply.
"I hire
pay her four dollars a week and class a woman one day to wash and clean the kitchen. Then the girl does the ironing. But, oh dear," she sighed, "she is to be narried in six weeks and

breaking her in is still worse."

A sudden thought flashed through Mary's mind and she felt her cheeks burn as she said eagerly, "Oh, Mrs.

I dread the hunt for another, and

Bolton, would you ta stay a month without the work from your g "And do you red taken back by the sud request. "It is qui his, you know."

MARCH 30, 190

Oh, yes, ma'am, I is from this, but I've be for some time. Of co experience, except a fore my father died. hard to get into a f keep two or three g helps the other, but myself so I can think when my work is don Mary, "you do no Father Bradley of St. you something of us during my father's and," smiling, "he g of course I wouldn't m with complaints he was so good in fin -and ninety four g the application list. as she noticed Mrs. amazement, "it is time. Mrs. Bolton had

Mary's face keenly said, "I'm sure you earnest, and I'll take me see, -this is Sat weeks from next M then you go under t for four weeks with what you mean, well, then at the that is, if we are myou take up Julia's Now that's settled, --thank her. "Here shall expect you bye, and try to get in your face, becau "Julia is a to a healer. This thought of h sudden one inspire by Mrs. Bolton's

and decided weeks could be much hard

every day, as excel

She saw herse

pair of shoes she with all her efforts a light heart that her week's notice cashler and as sl boarding place searnestly that her answered and be and help in the ne The next week neers from the 'Kitchen mechani and a score of like and with raise shrugged shoulder

lowering hersel who shared a room and lived on bread worst of all. " anybody's kitchen, throw myself in Poor soul !" s "It will hardly be going fast enough een for some tin was failing and he bannana or an or now said to her dramatically : " !

friendship is no lo

tate to express the

All this had eight years befor conversation with cerning "In His taken Mrs. Bolton Mary was far abo ing girl. She gently most subj that Mrs. Bolton and draw her Mary showed the her mistress' m her to forget her the slightest de the comfort of would exclaim to I'm ashamed to year or two, sin in club work an ies, I have to

ternoon as she Mary's bedroom be growing so ne driven, while so complished with discussions, "H she sighed as sh way. "Mary way. "Mary spotless and yet Mary's room dainty desk and chases, its spotle plants. She ca

and many time

She felt tired

recalled with a the basement w Mrs. Bolton found the book "Imitation of C carelessly to hold if all she vented. what

no more recko a hair from the nor hath God moved by a wo

Mrs. Bolton he book. " the book. "C the stairs.