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## LADY JANE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LADY JANE FINDS SHELTER. At last, when she began to feel very tired and sleepy, she came to a place tired and sleepy, she came to a place where two streets seemed to run together in a long point, and before her she saw a large building, with lights in all the windows, and behind it a tall church spire seemed nearly to touch the stars that hung above it so soft and bright. Her tearful eyes singled out two of them very near together that looked as though they were watching her, and she held out her arms and murmured, "Papa, mama, can't I come to you? I'm so cold and sleepy." Poor little soul! the stars made no answer to her piteous appeal, but continued to twinkle as serenely as they have done since time began, and will do until it ends. Then she looked again toward the brilliantly lighted windows under the shadow of the church spire. She could not get very near, for in front of the house was an iron railing, but she noticed a marble slab let into the wall over the porch, on which was an incrip-tion, and above it a row of letters were visible in the light from the street lamps. Lady Jane spelled them out. "'Orphans' Home.' Orphans! I wonder what orphans are? Oh, how warm and light it is in there!" she put her little cold toes between the iron railings on the stone coping, and clinging with her two hands lifted herself a little higher, and there she saw an enchanting sight. In the centre of the room was a tree, a real tree, growing nearly to the ceiling, with moss and flowers on the ground around it, and never did the spreading branches of any other tree bear such glorious fruit. There was a great glorious fruit. There was a great deal of light and color; and moving, swaying balls of silver and gold

danced and whirled before her dazzled eyes. At first she could hardly distinguish the different objects in the confusion of form and color; but at last she saw that there was everything the most exacting child could desire— birds, rabbits, dogs, kittens, dolls; globes of gold, silver, scarlet and blue tops, pictures, games, bonbons, sugared fruits, apples, oranges, and little frosted cakes, in such bewildering profusion that they were like the patterns in a kaleidoscope. And there was a merry group of girls, laughing and talking, while they hung, and and talking, while they hung, and pinued, and fastened, more and more, until it seemed as if the branches would break under their load.

and looked.

Suddenly the door was opened, and a woman came out, who, when she saw the child clinging to the railing, bare-headed and scantily clothed in spite of the piercing cold, went to her and her, cold and forlorn, clinging to the spoke kindly and gently.

her, cold and forlorn, clinging to the iron railing in front of the Home.

Her voice brought Lady Jane back from Paradise to the bitter reality of her position and the dreary December night. For a moment she could hardly move, and she was so chilled and cramped that when she unclasped her hold she almost fell into the motherly

arms extended towards her.
"My child, my poor child, what are you doing here so late, in the cold, and with these thin clothes? Why

struck me this morning, and I've run away from her.

"Where does your Tante Pauline live?" asked the woman, studying the tremulous little face with a pair of

keen, thoughtful eyes. "I don't know; away over there somewhere.

"Don't you know the name of the street?

"It isn't a street ; it's a little place all mud and water, with boards to walk

on."
"Can't you tell me your aunt's name?

"Yes, it's Tante Pauline." "But her other name?

"I don't know, I only know Tante Pauline. Oh please, please don't send me there! I'm afraid to go back, because she said I must sing and beg money, and I couldn't sing, and I didn't like to ask people for nickels," and the child's voice broke into a little wail of entreaty that touched the kind heart of that noble, tender, loving woman, the Margaret whom some today call Saint Margaret. heard just such pitiful stories before from hundreds of hapless little orphans, who never appealed to her in vain.

"Where are your father and mother?" she asked, as she led the child to the shelter of the porch.

Lady Jane made the same pathetic

answer as usual: "Papa went to heaven, and Tante Pauline says that mama's gone away, and I think she's gone where papa is.

Margaret's eyes filled with tears, while the child clung closer to her.
"Would you like to stay here to-night,
my dear?" she asked as she opened
the door. "This is the home of a great the door. many little homeless girls, and the good Sisters love and care for them

Lady Jane's anxious face brightened "Oh, can I-can I stay instantly. "Oh, can I—can I here where the Christmas-tree is?"

"Yes, my child, and to-morrow there will be something on it for you. And Margaret opened the door and led Lady Jane into that safe and comfortable haven where so many hapless

little ones have found shelter. That night, after the child had been she would say to herself, "Oh, if I had

fed and warmed, and was safely in bed with the other little orphans, the good Margaret sent word to all the police stations that she had housed a little wanderer who if called for could be the sweet child now, what a comfort she would be to me! To hear her heavenly little voice would give me new hope and courage."

On the morning of Madame d'Hau-

and Lady Jane was considered a permanent inmate of the home. She 'What is it, papa, what is it?" she manent inmate of the home. She wore the plain uniform of blue, and her long golden hair was plaited in a thick braid, but still she was lovely, although not as picturesque as when Pepsie brushed her waving locks. She was so lovely in person and so gentle and obedient that she soon became the idol, not only of the good Margaret, but of all the Sisters, and even of the children, and her singing was a constant pleasure, for every day her voice became stronger and richer, and her thrilling little strains went straight to the hearts of those who heard them.

"She must be taught music," said Margaret to Sister Agnes; "such a voice must be carefully cultivated for the church." Therefore the Sister who took her in charge devoted herself to the development of the child's wonderful talent, and in a few months she was spoken of as quite a musical prodigy, and all the wealthy patronesses of the home singled her out as one that was rare and beautiful, and showered all sorts of gifts and attentions upon her. Among those who treated her with marked favor was Mrs. Lanier. She never visited the home without asking for little Jane (Margaret had thought it best to drop the "Lady," and the child with the intuition of what was right, complied with the wish), and never went away without leaving some substantial evidence of her interest in

the child.
"I believe Mrs. Lanier would like to adopt little Jane," said Margaret one day to Sister Agnes, when that lady had just left. "If she hadn't so many children of her own, I don't think she

would leave her long with us."

"It is surprising, the interest she takes in her," returned Sister Agnes.
"When the child sings she just sits as if she was lost to everything, and listens with all her soul."

"And she asks the strangest ques-

"And she asks the stranges questions about the little thing," continued Margaret reflectively. "And she is always suggesting some way to find out who the child belonged to; but although I've tried every way I can think of, I have never been able to learn anything satisfactory.'

It was true Margaret had made every effort from the very first to diswould break under their load.

And Lady Jane, clinging to the railing, with stiff, cold hands and aching feet, pressed her little, white reticence. She had tried by every means to draw some remarks from her that would furnish a clue to work cover something of the child's anteced that would furnish a clue to work upon; but all that she could ever induce the child to say was to repeat the simple statement she had made the first night, when the good woman found

But Lady Jane's reticence was not from choice. It was fear that kept her silent about her life in Good Children Street. Often she would be about to mention Pepsie, Mam'selle Diane, or the Paichoux, but the fear of Tante Pauline would freeze the words on her lips. And she was so happy where she was that even her sorrow for the loss of Tony was beginning to die out. She loved the good Sisters, and her don't you go home?

Then the poor little soul, overcome with a horrible fear, began to shiver and cry. 'Oh, don't! Oh, please don't send me back to Tante Pauline!

don't send me back to Tante Pauline! 'm afraid of her; she shook me and like sisters to her; they were merry truck me this morning, and I've run little playmates, and she was a little queen among them. And there was the church, with the beautiful altar, the pictures, the lights and the music Oh, how heavenly the music was, and how she loved to sing with the Sisters and the grand organ notes carried her and the grand organ notes carried her little soul up to the celestial gates on strains of deep melody. Yes, she loved it all and was very happy, but she never ceased to think of Pepsie, Madelon and Gex, and when she sang, she seemed always to be with Mam'selle Diane, nestled close to her side, and, mingled with the strong, rich voices of the Sisters, she fancied he heard the sweet, faded strains of her beloved teacher and friend.

Sometimes when she was studying her lessons she would forget for a moment where she was, and her book would fall in her lap, and again she would be sitting with Pepsie, shelling pecans or watching with breathless interest a game of solitaire; and at imes when she was playing with the children suddenly she would remember her ancient "professeur of the dance," and she would hold out her little blue skirt, and trip and whirl as gracefully in her coarse shoes as she did when Gex was her teacher.

And so the months went on with Lady Jane, while her friends in Good Children Street never ceased to talk of her and to lament over their loss. Poor Mam'selle Diane was in great trouble. Madamed'Hautreve was very ill, and there was little hope of her recovery. "She may linger through the spring," the doctor said, "but you can hardly expect to keep her through And he was right, for the summer. during the last days of the dry, hot month of August, the poor lady, one of the last of an old aristocrasy, her dim eyes on a life that had been full of strange vicissitudes, and was laid away in the ancient tomb of the d'Hautreve, not far from Lady Jane's young mother. And Mam'selle Diane, the noble, patient, self-sacrificing daughter, was left alone in the little house, with her memories, her flowers, and her birds. And often, during those first bitter days of bereavement,

But the little wanderer was not claimed the next day, nor next day, nor the next week. Time went on, prise that Tante Modeste almost prise that Tante Modeste almost

cred.

And in reply Paichoux read aloud the notice of the death of Madame la veuve d'Hautreve, nee d'Orgenois : and directly underneath : "Died at Charity Hospital, Madame Jozain, ne Bergeron."

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### FOLLOWING CHRIST.

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. There is a deal of ink spilled in print about the best methods of charitable organization, but efficient charit able efforts have to have superior men as well as methods behind them; the method isn't half so much consequence as the man. A memorial was recently erected in New York City in honor of Father Drumgoole. Father Drumgoole was a Roman Catholic priest who succeeded in New York City where so many have failed, because his great heart was poured into his work, be cause he had a big brain for adminis tration and affairs, and because he had so much humor, wit and benevolence that he captured everybody he met

and impressed them into his service. He was a tall, stalwart Irishman o the Daniel O'Connell type of face and burly physique, and he had no small amount of the great orator's socia talents; he was everywhere welcome when he wanted money for his work for he was known to be a man of busi ness capacity as well as beautifu benevolence of character; he was one of those fine old Irish priests that Charles Lever loved to sketch as literally the shepherd of the poor and whose virtues are set forth in that sweet Irish song "Soggarth Aroon." How rare are such followers of Christ, the consoler, the comforter, the great physician: pulpit orators are s common that they fairly cumber the earth; they taint the air with rancid piety, but how rare in all Christian de nominations is a genuine minister of Christ, like Father Drumgoole, who pulls off his shoes, rolls up his trousers and wades the puddles and ditches of great cities and brings to land and light the poor, the wretched and friendless children, disagreeable to look at, disgusting often to touch; and with unwearying patience tries to cleanse their bodies and save their souls, so that they may bless and save society in freedom, instead of cursing it in a convict cell or robbing it in liberty as part of the vast army of the vermin of civilization.

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