THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1904

SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

CHAPTER I.

commonplace:

"Amos thinks o' goin' down t' Milbury with y' t'-day, I b'leeve. He'll was wont to measure the rest of the interest in his career.

Judsons.'

"He's a-goin' t' learn printin'," answered the Squire, shamefacedly his death the editor never failed to tack Amos was unable to speak, and "None o' t' Merwins wuz ever print ers ez I've heard tell of, but Amos

"It's a pity you hain't got no sion contributed a "Farmers' Col- triumphant joy other child Squire," he remarked.

to begin his apprenticeship.

Squire Merwin and his wife stood at the gate gazing after the stage

The similarity of his own destiny were hopelessly exiled in the very "When do you think he died?" ask-

The Milbury stage lumbered creak-dly up the hill, and drew up beneath the big maples in front of the post-office at Merwin's Four Corners. Ab-ner Merwin himself, or Squire Mer-win, as he was generally known, in recognition of the fact, that he had win, as he was generally known, in recognition of the fact that he had established the tiny settlement at the cross-roads, brought out the meagre leather mail-bag solemnly, and re-crossed in return the sunlight. or break uselessly Meanwhile the small size of the set of the

queen;

and frayed,

cold.

Midwinter

On a throne of roses afar sits she,

But out of her riches and power

Nothing has she to spare-

Not so much as a flower-

And the whole world owns her

For the lonesome wanderer there.

and went on in contemptuous silence. It because they had known Amos Being a man of action himself, he from a boy and still felt a pride and

bury with y't'-day, I b'leeve. He'll was wont to measure the rest of the interest in his career. "Who is that white-faced old man Outside, at the window-pane, guess. He's a-sayin' good-by to his mother." It was one of these elderly sub-morning staring dreamily at a dusty, Therefore, he felt his ordinary indifference, stared on suprise when Amos amounced outsitively at the Squire. "Who is that white-faced old man Outside, at the window-pane, That muttered and sighed, as away he ran Into the sleep and rain, Crying to some one behind; Calling to some one before; / quisitively at the Squire. "Is Amos a-goin' t' quit farmin'?", he asked, in surprise. "How'll y' ever git on without him hayin' sea-Son, Squire?" The Squire rubbed his bearded chin thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully the final settlement of the establish-ment of the "Weekly Mercury" and the office windows remained as un-kempt as formerly, with a single gigantic, undisturbed cobweb glitter-ing triumphantly above the editorial thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully the office windows remained as un-kempt as formerly, with a single gigantic, undisturbed cobweb glitter-ing triumphantly above the editorial thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully the office windows remained as un-kempt as formerly, with a single gigantic, undisturbed cobweb glitter-ing triumphantly above the editorial thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully the final settlement of the establish-ment of the establish-menon. He found the editor leaning thoughtfully thoughtfully thoughtfully the final settlement of the establish-ment of the establish-menon. He found the editor leaning thoughtfully the final settlement of the establish-ment of the establish-menon. He found the editor leaning custom, while beside him on a rudely constructed table lay the firesh copies of the last edition. "First time I ever knew the 'Mer-On a throne of roses afar sits sh And the whole world owns he

alone," he said at last. "Amos, he's But the editor himself counted the farmer, in cheerful surprise, and then world well last and was at peace atone, he said at last. "Amos, he's world well lost, and was at peace he he uttered an exclamation of hor-got some queer notions in his head. world well lost, and was at peace he he uttered an exclamation of hor-Seems t' hev druv farmin' clean out with all mankind. Outside his dusky ror as something unusual about the ov his mind, tho' t' tell t' truth he windows he heard the soothing mur-hever was no great hand t' farm. the stones intermittening over him. He rushed out to find the hever was no great hand t' farm. He's lit'ry, Amos is, and allers wuz. Don't take after the Merwins much. The Merwins wuz allers born farmers,

every one of them. Guess Amos's rhythmic undertone to the sharp dibly short space of time, and rushed more like his mother's folks, the clicking of type in the stick, and an item in the evening papers an-And tries his thin fingers to hold; eased the drudgery of his work. nouncing that one of the original set-And she sank benumbed with the

"What's Amos calkulatin' t' do down the Milbury?" asked the driver. before his case setting type, and with paralysis with little hope of re-walking the treadmill of the foot-covery. During the week following his at-And ever he prays and cries, And over her silence grieves; press, but from its foundation until During the week following his at-Behind him, alas! she lies

issue the "Weekly Hercury" promptly was apparently unconscious, but on Buried in golden lcaves. the Thursday after his illness he At first the subscription list had roused from his stupor, and began | Looks back, between cloud and One happy young face before

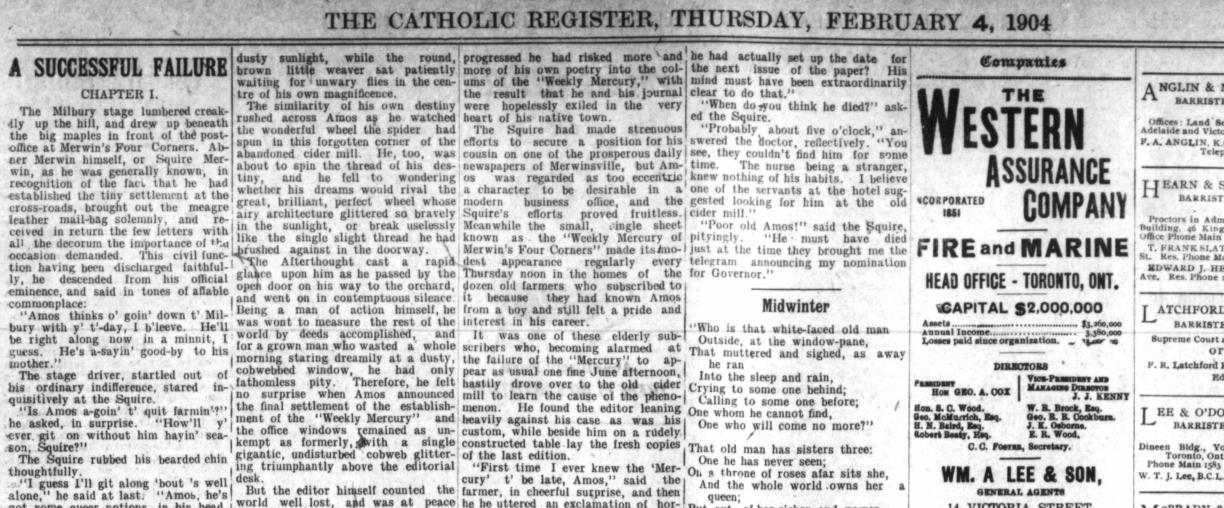
he's considerable set on it. He's At first the subscription list nad roused from his stupor, and began a goin' t' learn t' trade, and wants farmers regarding the enterprise with natural suspicion, but later, with natural suspicion, but later, through the efforts of the After- rest'ssly with recognition. Sudden- And the pilgrim follows, swift as a flock of the noonday light: The stage driver looked across the through the choirs of the Arter lest sty with recognition. wide, fat meadows compassionately. sion contributed a "Farmers' Col- triumphant joy upon his worn', fur-As a flash of the noonday light:

other child Squire." he remarked. "Wall, I guess I'll git along some-how," said the Squire. "My brother John's youngest boy—he's a little younger'n Amos—is comin' t' help on the farm. He's t' youngest o' thir-teen children come teen chil the farm. He's t' youngest o' thir-teen children, come into t' family in his blood, and he delighted even some unexpected—allers called him in setting up dull items relating to the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his the 'Afterthought,' though I b'leeve poultry or crops. Meanwhile, his 'I'll be most time for whether the falls, 'I'll be most the for the fall of th he's been christened Thomas. I guess desk was filled with stories, poems, now," went on the sick man. his father'll be glad t' git him into a good home like this." and essays of his own composition, found a lot o' vi'lets down back o' t' which at rare intervals he risked mill vesterday."

anonymously upon his somewhat "Sure enough," said the Squire, At this point a tall, thin lad ap-peared at the front door of the farm-house. The Squire hurried up the path to assist him to bring down the small, shabby hairskin trunk which total cll of world, he thought of the harvest moon as it the piteous, wild eyes, as they rested held all of Ames' worldly posses-sions. He had a little money which had been left him by a maiden aunt, He had written a poem in the had been left him by a maiden aunt, He had written a poem in the moonlight on that evening when he ord thus fortified he felt prepared moonlight on that evening when he

had wandered into the woods filled hev I ben here like this?" with their indescribable, fragrant The Squire bent over him kindly. coolness, and as he sat upon a "Just a week, Amos," he said,gent

at the gate gazing after the stage until a turn of the road hid it from view. "I reckon t' Alterthought'll be along this afternoon," he remarked, in a matter-of-fact way. "Hope he guests of the hotel. "Then it's Thursday," he cried, in



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With wail and reproach and shout He follows through day and night, Till again the face peeps out.

Will laugh in the old man's face, Will challenge him onward with merry

Amid rosebuds and springing fern; She flies with the wind; he calls; But never will she return.

For the pale-faced pilgrim without Is Winter, the lonesome king, Cailing back to Autumn with weary to pay rent. Literature free. shout.

And shakes his white sceptre-see! -Lucy Larcom.



7

in a matter-of-fact way. so upset with Amos' goin' away, and light. I 'low it's fixin' t' rain t'-morrow." Amos shrank horrified into the

was a gaunt, hard-working woman resting affectionately upon the Afterwho loved her family passionately. thought's shoulder, an expression on She took her opinions unquestioningly from the Squire. She loved never seen on any one's face before. Amos with all her heart, but if the It made her so glorious as she stood Squire decreed that he was without practical value, she acquiesced in the verdict, and simply loved the lad amazement. more, if that were possible.

As the Squire had predicted, the Tom?" she whispered, smiling hap-Alterthought turned up that very pily.

him. alone swingin' his scythe in the river lot her opinion of it timidly, now. I tell ye, he's a worker, every beamed benignantly at him over her row.' inch of him. Merwin all over, a spectacles.

Milbury

At the end of two years Amos re- fill up the paper if you're anyways turned to the Corners, and found short o' good readingone built further down the stream. basket. The post-office had been moved into printing." a drug, store, and a fine village A sudden, quick wonder swept grocery had been built at the exact across him at his own temerity. He intersection of the cross-roads. A had been the victim of the Muse, him some medicine. He caught her wide veranda had been run across even as the Afterthought had been wrist weakly. the front of the old farmhouse, and enmeshed by the summer boarder. it, bringing a flutter of city life and luded. a steady stream of dollars to Mer- things in the world, the bent, toilwin's Four Corners.

as he walked slowly up the gravelled press which gave forth faithfully acute despair. veranda a bevy of young girls sat strictly to his duty of furnishing a laughing and chatting together. It journal pleasing to the farmers who bed. was all so changed and different that supported it. an uncontrollable wave of homesick-ness rushed over him, and then in the midst of it all he saw a tall,

that his cousin would interfere less consent, The Afterthought could not bring rapidly what he wanted except to be allowed ly had been merely a comfortable of farmhouse. Only the unpainted ual, was not unknown in his experi-lustrous eyes and a large, open

good a spot as any other. Amos himself, with his accustomed indefiniteness, offered no objections to the plan, and moved in calmly in-to the rickety, weather-stained old building whose interior the spiders had tapestried with delicate lace-had tapestried with delicate lace-

We need him bad. Hayin's the summer boarders had paused dirback two days already, we've all ben ectly before him in the bright moon- distress, "an' t' 'Mercary' ain't out

"As much as you do

CHAPTER II.

every Thursday noon.

yet. It never missed a Thursday be-Mrs. Merwin assented mildly. She shadows as he saw the girl's head fore-not for thirty years an' more." The tears rolled down his cheeks, and his thin frame was shaken by her moonlit features that he had sobs. The doctor and nurse tried to soothe him, but he waved them aside impatiently. "The first time in more'n thirty gestive system. years," he mourned to himself. "The Eating too r there in the brilliant, white light that he caught his breath in sheer

"Are you sure you really love me, appointed one of 'em before, not for among the common causes of these thirty years." the

"He can't last through the night," valuable acquisition on the farm. The Afterthought bent his head He was a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed and kissed her laughing lips, and toboy, sturdily built, and he performed gether they moved away slowly. after a four directions to the block the block into , sturdily built, and he performed getter they moved away slowly. work with a zealous discretion Amos remained silently on his log t warmed his uncle's heart. until long after midnight.

that warmed his uncle's heart. "Tom's a true Merwin, a born The next morning Amos startled farmer," declared the Squire, proud-ly dosing if you use Dr. Chase's Kid-"I only wish Amos a-ben like work and knitted silently beside him We're work and startled the squire of the start of the He's moved the south medder as he stood at his case, by reading more vitality than one might sup- This treatment acts directly and this mornin', an' he's a- an original poem to her, and asking he surprised if he liver, till to shall promptly on the liver, kidneys and She

And Mrs. Merwin had assented as she asked, doubtfully. "I ain't for Governor, and on this very after- ments for which Dr. Chase's Kidney-usual, and wondered how Amos was much of a hand for poetry, you getting on in the printing office at know, an' I don't know ez I rightly was to be held at which beth "I ain't Squire was about to be nominated ousness and constipation are the ail-try, you for Governor, and on this very after- ments for which Dr. Chase's Kidneyunderstand it, but I guess it'll help

"You're right, mother," he said, that important changes had occurred Foure right, mother, ne said, scales in the opposite direction. So pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all deal-during his absence. The old cider tearing it into bits, and flinging it the Squire and his wife withdrew ers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Tomill had been abandoned, and a new carelessly into the editorial waste-from the sick chamber, leaving Amos ronto. To protect you against imi-tore built further down the stream basket. "I reckon it ain't worth

"Can you print?" he whispered, fixa bevy of summer boarders sat upon They both were differently self-de- ing his sunken blue eyes eagerly up-Here were the only real on the face.

The nurse shook her head, smiling. worn figure industriously knitting She still considered him delirious. He taken to discriminate among Amos scarcely recognized the place beside him; the sturdy iron foot. raised her arm with a gesture of many varieties.

as he walked slowly up the gravelled press which gave forth faithfully acute despart. "In making love to an old maid, the every week the wet sheets of the vard was as trimly kept as the fine "Weeklv Mercury." Good, honest toil, that was the only real thing in fawns at Milbury; beds of flaming a deceitful world of shadows. Hence-geranium blazed here and there in a deceitful world of shadows. Hence-the smooth, green grass. Beneath forth he meant to forswear the vain, the gaily-striped awnings of the new deluding joys of poetry, and keep the gaily-striped awnings of the new strictly to his duty of furnishing a deceitful world of shadows. Hence-the gaily-striped awnings of the new strictly to his duty of furnishing a deceitful world of shadows. Hence-the gaily-striped awnings of the new strictly to his duty of furnishing a deceitful world of shadows. Hence-the gaily-striped awnings of the new strictly to his duty of furnishing a deceitful world of shadows. Hence-the gaily-striped awnings of the new strictly to his duty of furnishing a strictly to his duty of furnishing a deceitful world of shadows. Hence-the gaily-striped awnings of the new strictly to his duty of furnishing a strictly to his duty of furnishin

ginnin'

gaunt, grey-haired woman, exactly as brought many changes to Merwin's ly with the nurse, who made a vain ber of the club, you must do your your stomach is out of order and you gaunt, grey-haired woman, exactly as brought many changes to her win's ly with the nurse, who made a value ber of the club, you must do you have do you here the medicine. But you do not like effort to put him back upon the pil- share of the work. If she accepts to medicine. He that prefers sickness to work the the took possession of him, and he broke too gay. This is only your privil- before them all. Squire bought the farm and turned it into a prosperous hotel. Later, hav- before them all. The Afterthought, having decided become Squire Merwin by common instance Amos rushed to the window so, and leave the rest to her. he negotiated a railway and, swift as a panther, leaped down will be your teacher, You needn't do health, and strive to keep so. with the work of the farm if he were from Milbury, which was followed by on the short, thick turf, beneath a thing. established in the old cider mill, the electric trolley company, an event moved Amos' printing effects down which turned the Corners from a there with characteristic celerity. thriving village into a town which there with characteristic celerity. developed into an enter-He was quite dead when they found around where 'you can be reached, and tion, admonition and reproof; but he himself to take Amos seriously. He prising city known as Merwinsville. him, although they made every effort submit to everything. But remember, disliked the vague stare of Amos' Banks, stores, and business offices offices possible to bring back the vanished that, so far as you are concerned, who would possess his own must live pale blue eyes. There was nothing sprang up with mushroom growth spark of life. The doctor told the there is nothing doing. It won't outside his neighborhood. decisive about him. He never knew about the big hotel which so recent- Squire that such superhuman strength be necessary.

place, so the old cider mill was as cider mill remained unchanged in the ence, and the Afterthought remarked smile, don't allow your feelings to Bronchial TROCHES have been before the

building whose interfor the spheres the State Legislature. had tapestried with delicate lace-! Amos, although only a few years work. Amos had spent an entire the Squire's senior, had aged percept-morning unprofitably regarding a great grev wheel of splendid woof which glittered irridescently in the of extreme old age. As the years which glittered irridescently in the

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Eating too much, irregular meal first time in more'n thirty years it's hours, improperly prepared food, the failed to go t' press. I never dis- excessive use of stimulants, are

The liver becomes clogged and tor-

ing.

Amos had elected to be taken seri- Indigestion, dyspepsia, kidney disously ill at a very busy season. The ease, backache, liver complaint, biliwas to be held, at which both the Theistory of their success in curing Squire and his wife were expected to such ailments is told by thousands of

be present; in fact, their absence grateful cured ones. might turn the delicately balanced Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one in charge of the professional nurse. tations, the portrait and signature of Gradually the afternoon wore away. Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt-

How to Love a Girl

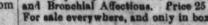
"All girls like to be loved, but they are not all alike, and care should be the

In making love to an old maid the

When she is young and innocent, Signals of Danger.-Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated "They're allers trusted me an' t' with a frank, open-work countenance paper, they've subscribed frum t' be- and with no experience, get up early tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ... an' it shall come out, I every morning and watch her door-The flight of a quarter of a century, The flight of a quarter of a century, He jumped up and struggled violent- and if you wish to be an active memache and have you dizziness? If so,

She

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