MILES WALLINGFORD

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER CHAPTER XVII

"Oh, I am out of breath in this fond chase! The more my prayer, the lesser is my

Marble and I looked each other in the face, and then burst into a laugh, as the French fired a single shot from the two-gun battery, which fiew beyond us, but which could 'scarcely hit us on account of some intervening rocks. I altered the course of the ship in order to get a little more out of the range; after this, we had nothing to fear from the French. The boat did not attempt to follow us, and thus ended our communication with Le Polisson and her people at that time. As for La Fortunee, it would require at least four hours for her to beat round the end of the cluster of islands, and seeing the hopelessness of doing this in time to overtake such a ship as the Dawn, her commander made a dash in at the unfortunate brig, which he actually succeeded in cutting from the roadstead, in spite of all the defences of roadstead, in spite of all the defences of the place. The last I heard of these gentlemen, was the reports of the guns that were exchanged tetween the bat-tery and the frigate, while the last I tery and the frigate, while the last I saw of them, was the smoke that floated over the spot, long after the islands had sunk beneath the horizon. The Dawn stood directly out to sea, with the wind still at the northward, though it had decrease the same that was I nearly the reas in shore.

drawn more through the pass in shore.

"Well, Miles," cried Marble, as he "Well, Miles," cried Marble, as ne and I sat eating our dinner on deck, where Neb had been ordered to serve it, "you know what I've always said of your luck. It's proof agin everything but Providence! Die you must and will, some of these times; but not until replyed done, something remarkable. you've done something remarkable. Sail with you, my boy! I consider your company a standing policy of insurance, and have no sort of consarn about fortin', and have no sort of consarn about fortin', while I'm under your orders. With any other man, I should be nothing but a bloody hermit, instead of the dutiful son and affectionate uncle I am. But what do you mean to perform next?"

"I have been thinking, Moses, our best step will be to shape our course for Hamburg, whither we are bound. This northerly wind can't last long at this season, and another southwester would

season, and another southwester would just serve our turn. In ten days, or a

geasth, sate are turn. In ten days, or a fortnight, we might make our haven."

"And then those French chaps that are attacking yonder kid of pork, as if it were a wild beast; the fellows never saw good solid food before!"

"Feed them well—treat them well—and make them work. They would never think of troubling us; nor do I suppose they know anything of navigation. I see they smoke and chew; we will give 'em as much tobacco as their hearts can wish, or their mouths hold; and this will keep them in good-humor." them in good-humor.

"Why, John is another sort of a person to deal with, certainly. I am not sure that a third English cruiser would son to deal with, certainly son to deal with, certainly sure that a third English cruiser would molest us. We can keep our own secret concerning Sennit and his party; and we may not meet with another, after all. My plan is to run close in with the English coast, and show our colors boldly; now, nine in ten of the British men-of-war will let us pass unquestioned believing we are bound to London, unless they happen to have one of those pressing gentry, like Sennit on board. I have often been told that ships which pass close in with the English coast, generally pass unquestioned; by the large craft, uniformly; though they may have something to apprehend from the large craft, uniformly; though they may have something to apprehend from the brigs and cutters. Your small fry always give the most trouble, Moses."

"We have not found it so this v'yge,

Miles. However, you're not only cap-tain, but you're owner; and I leave you tain, but you're owner; and I leave you to paddle your own canoe. We must go somewhere; and I will not say your plan is not as good as any I can start with thirty years more of experience." We talked the matter over, canvassing

it in all its bearings, until it was settled

to adopt it.
The ship was steered large, until the French coast was entirely sunk; and then we trimmed her by the wind, then we trimmed her by the white, heading up as near to our course as the breeze would permit. Nothing occurred in the course of the remainder of the day to produce either trouble or uneasiness, though my three Frenchmen came to certain explanations with me, that at first menaced a little difficulty. They refused to work; and I was compelled to tell them I should put them on board the first English vessel-of-war we met. This had the desired effect; and after an amiable discussion, I agreed to after an amiable discussion, I agreed op pay them high wages on our arrival in a friendly port; and they agreed to serve me as well as they knew how. Seven of the Dawn's size, but it was possible to get along with that number. The steering was the hardest part of the duty—neither of the French-men being able to take his trick at the helm. We got along with the necessary work, however; and so glad were we all to be rid of both English and French, that I hazard little in saying we would have endured twice as much, cheerfully, could we be certain of meeting no more of their cruisers. Providence had of their cruisers. Providence ordered matters very differently.

That night the wind shifted again to That night the wind shifted again to the southward and westward. We braced in the yards, and brought the ship to her course; but I thought it best not to carry sail hard in the dark. Accordingly, I left orders to be called at sunrise, Marble having the watch at that hour. When I came on deck, in consequence of this summons, I found my mate examining the horizon with some earnestness, as if he were looking for strangers.

for strangers.

"We are a merry party this morning Captain Wallingford," Marble cried out as soon as he saw me. "I have found no less than six sail in sight, since the day

'I hope that neither is a lugger. I feel more afraid of this Polisson, just now, than of all the names in Christen-dom. That fellow must be cruising in the chops of the Channel, and we are working our way well in toward that part of the world."

only the heads of his topsails, but they are amazingly like lugs!" I now took a survey of the ocean for myself. The vessel Marble distrusted.

myself. The vessel Marble distrusted. unhesitatingly pronounced to be a lugger; quite as likely the Polisson as any other craft. The other four vessels were all ships, the five forming a complete circle of which the Dawn was in plete circle of which the Dawn was in the centre. The lugger, however, was some miles the nearest to us, while as to the strangers, it they saw each other across the diameter of the circle at all, it was as much as was possible. Under the circumstances, it struck me our wisest way was to keep steadily on our course, like honest people. Marble was of the same opinion, and to say the truth, there was little choice in the matter, the ship being so completely surmatter, the ship being so completely surrounded. The worst feature of the case was our position, which would be certain to draw all the cruisers to the

certain to draw air the cruisers to the centre, and consequently to ourselves. Two hours produced a material change. All five of the strangers had closed in upon us, and we were now able to form tolerably accurate notions of their character. The two astern, one on our larboard, and one on our star-board quarter, were clearly heavy ves-sels and consorts, though of what nation it was not yet so easy to decide. That they were consorts was apparent by their signalling one another, and by the matter in which they were closing; as they carried studding-sails, alow and aloft, they were coming up with us fast, and in all probability would be along-

and in all probability would be along-side in two or three hours more.

Two of the ships ahead struck me as frigates, having their broadsides ex-posed to us; we had raised one line of ports, but it was possible they might turn out to be two deckers; ships-ofwar they were, beyond all question, and I fancied them English from the squareness of their upper sails. They, too, were consorts, making signals to each other, and closing fast on opposite tacks. The lugger was no longer equivocal; it was the Polisson, and she was standing directly for us, though it was ticklish business, since the remaining ship, a corvette, as I fancied, was already in her wake, carrying sail hard, going like a witch, and only about two leagues astern.

Monsieur Gallois had so much confidence in his heels, that he stood on, re-

gardless of his pursuer. I thought it best to put a bold face on the matter, knowing that sufficient time might be wasted to enable the sloop of war to get near enough to prevent the privateer near enough to prevent the privateer from again manning us. My principal apprehension was, that he might carry us all off, in revenge for what had happened, and set fire to the ship. Against either of these steps, however, I should offer all the resistance in my power.

It was just ten o'clock when the Poliscon ranged up about of us the second

isson ranged up abeam of us the second time, and we hove to. It was evident time, and we hove to. It was evident the French recognized us, and the clamor that succeeded must have re-sembled that of Babel, when the people began first to converse without making themselves understood. Knowing we had no small boot, Monsieur Gallois lost he came alongside of us in person. As I had commanded the three Frenchmen to remain below, he found no one or deck but Marble, Diogenes, Neb, and

myself.

"Parbleu, Monsieur Vallingfort!" exclaimed the privateersman, saluting me
very civilly, notwithstanding appearances—"c'est bien extraordinaire!
Vat you do vid me men?—eh! Put 'em

vat you do vid me men ?—en! Put 'em in ze zea, comme avec les Auglais?' I was spared the necessity of any ex-planation, by the sudden appearance of my own three prisoners, who disregarded my orders, and came rushing up to their proper commander, open-mouthed and filled with zeal to relate all that had passed. The whole three broke out at once, and a scene that was sufficiently ludicrous followed. It was a continued volley of words, exclamations, oaths, and compliments to the American character, so blended as to render it out of the question that Monsieur Gallois could understand them. The latter found himself obliged to appeal to me. I gave a very frank account of the whole affair, in English; a language that my captor understood much better than he spoke.

Monsieur Gallois had the rapacity of the spoke o

a highwayman, but it was singularly blended with French politeness. He had not always been a privateersman—a calling that implies an undue love of gold; and he was quite capable of distinguishing between right and wrong in matters in which his own pocket had no direct concern. As soon as he comprehended the affair, he began to laugh, prenenced the anair, he began to haugh, and to cry "Bon!" I saw he was in a good humor, and not likely to resent what had happened; and I finished my history in somewhat sarcastic language, portraying Monsieur Le Gros' complaisance in quitting the ship and in piloting her about the bay, a little dryly, perhaps. There were sundry "sac-r-r-es" and "bétes" uttered the while; but all came out freely and without anger, as if Monsieur Gallois thought a good joke

the next thing to a good prize.
"Tenez, mon ami!" he cried, squeezing my hand, as he looked around at the orvette, now less than a league distant.
"You are vat you Anglais call 'good fellow," J'admire votre esprit! You have escape admirablement, and I shall have vifs regrets not to 'ave opportunité to cultiver votre connaissance. Mais, to cultiver votre connaissance. Mais, I most laafs—mille pardons—you have non too much peep's mais c'est impossible d'abandonner mes compatriots. Allons, mes enfants; au cânot."

This was the signal for the French to the who the transparent particular and parti

quit us; the three men I had shipped taking their departure without cere-mony. Monsieur Gallois was the last mony. Monsieur Gallois was the last in the boat, of course; and he found time to squeeze my hand once more, and to renew his "vifs regrets" at not having more leisure to cultivate my acquaintance. The corvette was already so near, as to render it necessary for the Polisson to be in motion; another time, perhaps, we might be more

fortunate. In this manner did I part from a man who had not scrupled to seize me in distress, as he would a waif on a beach. By manning me, the prize crew would have fallen into the hands of the enemy; and making a merit of necessity, Mon-sieur Gallois was disposed to be civil to those whom be could not rob. Odd as it may seem, I felt the influence of this part of the world."

"I hope so, too, sir; but this chap out here at northwest has a suspicious, lugger-like look. It may be that I see

although the last was just as profligate and illegal as any that could well be committed. Of so much more importance, with the majority of men, is man-

ance, with the majority of men, is manner than matter; a very limited few alone knowing how to give to the last its just ascendency.

The Polisson was not long in gathering way, after her boat was hoisted in. She passed, on the crest of a wave, so near that it was easy to distinguish the expression of her people's faces, few of which discovered the equanimity of that of their commander; and to hear the incessant gabbling that was kept up on board her day and night, from "morn till dewy eve." M. Gallois bowed complaisantly, and he smiled as amiably as if he never had put a hand in another man's pocket; but his glass was immedif he never had put a hand in another man's pocket; but his glass was immediately turned toward the corvette, which now began to give him some little uneasiness. Manning us, indeed, with that fellow surging ahead at the rate he was, would have been quite out of the question.

Being reduced to our old number of contractions are more in more

Being reduced to our old number of four, I saw no use in working ourselves to death, by filling the topsail, with the certainty the sloop-of-war would make us round-to again. The Dawn, therefore, remained stationary, waiting the issue with philosophical patience.

"There is no use, Moses, in endeavoring to escape," I remarked; "we are not strong handed enough to get sail on the ship before the fellow will be up with us."

"Ay, and there goes his bunting, and "Ay, and there goes his bunting, and a gun," answered the mate. "The white English ensign, a sign the chap is under some admiral, or vice, or rear, of the white, while, if I mistake not, the two frigates show bive flags—if so, 'tis a sign they're not consorts."

The glass confirmed this, and we were left to suppose that all three Englishmen did not belong to the same squadron. At this moment, the state of the game was as follows: The Dawn was lying-to, with her fore-course up, main-

lying-to, with her fore-course up, main sail furled, main topsail aback, and top gallant-yards on the caps, jib and spanker both set. The Polisson was flying away on the crests of the seas, close hauled, evidently disposed to make a lee behind the two frigates to wind-ward, which we took for, and which it is probable she knew to be French. The ships to leeward were passing each other within hail; the one to the eastward tacking immediately after, and coming up in her consort's wake; both vessels carrying everything that would draw. The ships to the southward, or the supposed Frenchmen, might then have been two leagues from us, while those to leeward were three. As for the corvette, her course seemed to lie directly between our masts. On she came with everything beautifully trimmed, the water spouting from her hawse holes, as she rose from a plunge, and foaming under her bows, as if made of a cloud. Her distance from us was

less than a mile.

It was now that the corvette made signals to the ships to windward. They were answered, but in a way to show the parties did not understand each other. She then tried her hand with the vessels to leeward, and, notwith-standing the distance, she succeeded better. I could see these two frigates, or rather the one that led, sending questions and answers to the corvette, although my best glass would hardly enable me to distinguish their ensigns. I presume that the corvette asked the names of the English vessels, communicated her own, and let the fact be known that the

ships to windward were enemies.

A few minutes later our affairs, as they were connected with the sloop-ofwar, came to a crisis. This ship now came on close under our lee, losing a little of her way in passing, an expedient robably thought of to give her a little more time to put her questions, and to receive the desired answers. I obreceive the desired answers. I obbowlines, which seemed much to deade her way, of which there still remaine ege expressly appropriated to the pubc vessel on occasions of this sort:
"What ship's that?—and whither

"Dawn, of New York, Miles Wallingford, from home to Hamburg."
"Did not the lugger board you?"

"Ay, ay,—for the second time in three days." "What is she called?—and what is

her force?"
"Le Polisson, of Brest—sixteen light guns, and about a hundred men."
"Do you know anything of the ships

"Nothing at all; but I suppose them to be French." Pray, sir, why do you sup-um-um

The distance prevented my hearing more. Away went the sloop, steadying her bowlines; the call piping belay, as each sail was trimued to the officer of the deck's fancy. In a few more minutes we could not distinguish even the shrill notes of that instrument. The corvette continued on in chase of the lugger, resulting the theory were less than the corrections of the continued on the same of the lugger, resulting the continued on the corrections. gardless of the four other vessels though the two to windward now showed

though the two to windward now showed the tricolor, and fired guns of defiance. Monsieur Gallois soon after tacked, evidently disposed to stand for the frigates of his country; when the sloop-of-war immediately went round, also, heading up toward these very vessels, determined to cut off the lugger, even if it were to be done by venturing within range of the shot of her protectors. It was a bold manœuvre, and deserved success, if it were only for its spirit and cess, if it were only for its spirit and

cess, if it were only for its spirit and daring.

I thought, however, that the frigates of the tricolor paid very little attention to the lugger. By altering their course a trifle, it would have been in their power to cover her completely from the attempts of the corvette; but, instead of doing this, they rather deviated a little the other way, as if desirous of approaching the two ships to leeward, on the side that would prevent their being out off from the land. As neither party seemed disposed to take any being cut off from the land. As neither party seemed disposed to take any notice of us, we filled our topsail and stood out of the circle under easy canvas, believing it bad policy to have an appearance of haste. Haste, however, was a thing out of our power, it requiring time for four men to make sail.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MESSAGE OF THE EASTER BELLS

Deputy Godefroy, socialist and socalled reformer, was an active agent in
the agitation against the clerics; his
hatred was strong and bitter. The wife
had been a teacher in one of the State
schools before her marriage. He had
come to Paris in sabots at the age of
fourteen, and, shaking off his sabots,
shook off also the memory of his youth.
Baptiste Godefroy, who had risen to be
municipal counsellor, then Deputy,
would not call to mind the little Baptiste who formerly tended sheep, dipped
his bare feet idly in the tiny brooks,
served M. le Cure's Mass and rang the
bells during the processions on feast
days. Rest assured, Deputy Godefroy
remembered none of these things. The
hands of the peasant boy had proudly remembered none of these things. The hands of the peasant boy had proudly raised the cross; the hands of the man waved aloit the red torch of insurrection. The mere thought of a priest now raised his anger. When his eyes rested upon a belfry he raged; when the ringing of the church bells fell upon his ears he fumed. The bells! He could not for-give them. They humilisted him. The belfries were not so bad—he could turn his head away and they need not, offend him. But the bells, the bells! He stopped his ears when the deep toned chimes of Notre Dame announced the glorious Easter Day to the people of the city. Oh, those bells, how he hated

And his wife was of the same mind. And his wife was of the same mind. Child of Paris, she was the daughter of modest artisans, but a student. A little science, much sociology and a diploma gave her prestige. She, too, prated of the gods of the revolution, the martyrs of anarchy, hatred of the Church. The sight of the cross was a challenge, the sound of the bells the clarion call of an enemy.

nemy.

Deputy Baptiste Godefroy maintained Deputy Baptiste Goderry maintained a furious campaign against the bells—he would silence them in the interest of the State, of the people. They should live voicelessly in their cages, those bells of France, the great ones forgotten, the little ones vibrating only under the touch of a varrant wind. When he passed before Notre Dame he would

execrate his termentors.

"Ah, you will soon be mute! Peal on! Your time is short—and we shall

have the last word."

Baptiste and his wife had been married ten years; they had no children, nor wished for any. He preached the aban-donment of children to the care of tho State, the abolition of the family, communism. In this blasphemy, however, the woman did not join him.

Their child was born.
When she came into the world, frail, so white and pink, so helpless, the father contemplated her, enraptured, caressing her, murmuring words of enearment; words that rose to his lips

"My pretty little daughter! My retty little angel! I The gift of God!"
No, he did not know what he was saying. The mother was silent, speechless with love, her eyes beaming it, her countenance radiating it, her whole being

tenance radiating it, her whole being filled with it.

"She shall be called Angela," said Baptiste Godefroy. "That name suits her best—she is like an angel."

"True" muraused the "True," murmured the mother, taking the little hand in hers and holding it, looking at the child with awed gaze, as if the very name set her apart from

them.

And Angela grew as a flower grows—
a fragile flower, that human hands must not touch too roughly, that the sun must kiss but lightly, that no heavy wind dare disturb. Wise and thoughful, given neither to tears nor to laughter but with a smile that lighted up ter but with a smile that lighted up her features with singular sweetness—a sweetness that was not effaced even in slumber.

She was like a little bird that would her way, of which there still remained sufficient, notwithstanding, to carry her well clear of us. The following dialogue then passed, the Englishman asking the questions, of course, that being a priviwhen she grew three she would climb on her mother's knees, and the mother would lift her, thinking: "How light she is, how light!" clasping her more tenderly in her loving arms. "Tell me the story of little Red Rid ing Hoed."

ing Hood.' This mother, who had written a paper on the pernicious influence of fairy tales on the minds of the citizens of the future

on the minds of the citizens of the future socialistic state, who had declared against them as creating a false imagination in the young—this mother would relate the story of little "Red Riding Hood" and "Hopo' My Thumb" and the "Sleeping Beauty." When her father came home she sought his arms readily. He trotted her on his knee, tossed her in his arms, played bear and lion with her to her heart's content, and between the lion's roars and the lion's between the lion's roars and the lion's pearded lips tenderly caressed her.

bearded lips tenderly caressed her.

One evening Godefroy, returned from a public meeting. This was the time of the municipal election, and it behooved all good "reformers" of his kind to be up and doing. He had been more than ordinarily violent, his language more unrestrained. He had set up the guillotine and consigned to it all those who menaced the State—lazy men of fashion, all those wealthy, beautiful women who were crushing the poor under their carriage wheels. He had carried his audience with him, and arrived home still excited, his brain in a whirl. He mounted the stairs, opened the door of the apartment, entered the room softly that he might not disturb the little one. No excitement was visible on his face as No excitement was visible on his face as he approached the white bed, so white and spotless that it gave more light to

the room than the lamp upon the table
"Art thou sleeping?" he whispered An innocent voice responded.
"Look, papa!" She extended her
ny hands. "Dearest papa, see this

tiny hands. "beautiful bird." That is not a bird, little one. It is

an angel."

The father's clumsy answers to the child's eager questions confused him strangely. They were so simple, these questions so natural, and the man's uind reverted desperately to the old answers of his childhood. The little one's prattle and his own thoughts disturbed him for a while, but soon this discomfort was lost in something larger, more terrifying.

Little Angels was sick. She drooped and whitened, and in fear the father and

mother hastened off with her to the country, with its wider spaces and purer airs. They went to a pretty little vil-lage not far from Paris.

The child seemed to brighten among the woods and flowers, and her eyes lighted when, on the first day, she heard a sound like music in the quiet air. Godefroy recognized the sound. It was a bell. He wrinkled his brows. A bell! A bell that sounded in spite of the government, in spite of him. Deputy Baptiste Godefroy! And then a chapel rose before their eves. ose before their eyes.

"They are ringing the Angelus," said Godefroy, his voice trembling with anger. "They have the audacity—"

anger. "They have the audacity—"
"Oh, papa, papa, listen! It is so pretty. Thou seest, the birds are listening too. They are not singing."
And the man listened, like the birds, to the bell that enchanted his little

The house he had chosen commanded a view of the chapel that so tranquilly rang out the Angelus. From Angela's windows could be seen the old wooden "Oh, that chapel !" thought the mother. "That cross !"

But her eyes lingered longest on the small headstones in the churchyard, like a flock of lambs gathered close to the

a flock of lambs gathered close to the shepherd.

"It is lovely," said Angela, "the pretty house of the bell."

That evening Angela's cheeks had a new color. While she slept there was a smile on her lips—a smile so radiant that the mother was stirred to the heart, hoping and fearing at the same time. For a while she was like a new child. She ste well, played and laughed, ran For a wnile she was like a new child. She ate well, played and laughed, ran out into the fields to search for wild flowers, caressed the lambs. It was a week later when, one day, she turned to her mother with the old note of fatigue in her voice :

'I am so tired, mamma !" The parents knew then that the shad-The parents knew then that the shadow had followed them, the shadow they had iried to elude. That week had been but a moment of respite, ere its blackness enveloped them once more. Angela did not go back to play with the lambs in the meadows, nor did she leave her room again. Her father carried her to a chair at the window, and there she a chair at the window, and there she rested all day long, and as each passed in its turn the little body grew lighter, the tiny hands thinner. When the father the tiny hands thinner. When the father and mother left her to go to their meals an old woman sat beside her. Angela loved this old woman, who could tell her the most beautiful stories. She knew so many — oh, so many more than her mother! She said the angel of the picture was the angel of the shepherds, and she told her of the birth of the little Child who was called Jesus.

"A Child I should have loved if I had

"A Child I should have loved if I had known Him," said Angela.

And during her long reveries sho

Played with these holy personages—
especially the little Babe of Bethlehem.
"Why does the little bell ring three times a day?" she asked.
"To remind us of the birth of the little

Child Jesus." And Angels loved still more the bell of the chapel. She did not say again that she was tired, but before long she that she was treed, but before long she could not sit in her chair, but had to re-main in bed. Godefroy brought her all the flowers he could find, digging them up by the roots and replanting them in front of the win tow that she might see

The evening of Holy Thursday he turned to his wife, the picture of con-

"I have received a letter from the prefecture. Read it."
"To the Deputy Baptiste Godefroy,"

t began.

"Being informed that a certain chapel at S——has had the audacity to ring its bells under your windows. I have given orders for the expulsion, as speedily as possible, of the priest in charge.
The affair will be settled by the time
you receive this letter, and I have tried to spare you the least annoyance connection with it.

"Believe me," etc.
"Angela!" exclaimed the mother,
Angela loves that bell." "Angela loves that bell."

"The idiot!" groaned Baptist Godefroy. "He and his zeal! Did the bell injure him? Did we complain? And what shall we say to the little one?"

"The following morning no bell sounded. The child missed it.

"Mamma," she exclaimed feebly.

" Mamma," she exclaimed feebly. "Mamma," she exclaimed feebly.
"What, my treasure?" asked the
mother, on her knees beside the bed.
"The bell! I do not hear the bell!"
The mother looked at the father in

nguish. Her eyes begged of him to speak.
"It is because it is Good Friday," he

said.
"What is that?" asked Angela, won-

deringly.
"The bells do not sound during these two days because Jesus is dead."

"The little Jesus dead!" wailed the
the two ladies in black. Then occurred child. "Dead!"
"He will rise again. He will live
live again," hastily cried the father.
"On Sunday—Easter Sun day—He rises

from the grave.";

"He will? Oh, you are sure, sure?"

"Yes. The bells you see, my Angels, go to Rome during this time in a little boat. Really! But they always come back for Easter Sunday."
"Surely, surely?"

"Surely, surely?"
"They will surely come back."
"You will promise me."
"I promise thee."
"Why do you say "the bells" will come back? There is only one bell."
"On Easter Sunday there will be

"That will be nice," said the child.
The mother put her arm around the little one.
"Do not excite her any more, dear.

She is trembling."
Angela lay quiet, her breath coming in gasps, her eyes wide open. They sent for the physician again, frightened. His visit was unsatisfactory; he would give them no decision.

Saturday evening she said:

"To-morrow is near. I am lonely mithers the little bear.

' Morie surrexit hodie ' song, and then

" O fili, et filac

"Oh, that is nice!" cried the child happily. "That is nice. Sing it once sould not.

could not.

"What shall we do, what shall we do? Oh, if she does not hear the bell to-morrow!" moaned the mother.

"I must get up, get out," said the father. "I cannot sleep. My head aches." And he rose and went away.

With the first faint streak of dawn the mother rose also, and called the old woman whom she was in the habit of leaving beside Angela.

"Come and sit with her a few moments. I shall return immediately."

The sau had risen. His first rays touched the child's closed lids and woke her.

"It is Easter," she murmured, and "It is Easter," she murmured, and smiled back at the smiling day peeping in at her windows. The mother, outdoors, proceeded at a rapid pace toward the chapel. She was at its entrance when a sound fell upon her ear. She entered, trembling. Her husband stood there, pulling the bell rope. They looked at each other in silence.

Take the other rope," he said then simply.

And at his word she pulled at the

And at his word she pulled at the rope of the second bell with all her strength. The child sat up in bed.

"The bells! The bells!"

She could say no other word, but listing with live to the could say the say in t tened her heart bounding with joy to the Easter song that the bells were ringing. Her eyes, fixed on the win-

dow, saw—— The beautiful Being of the Christmas picture was coming toward her, no longer surrounded by gilt spangles, but bathed in the light of the rising sun. He approached her, pure, white, grace-Nearer, still nearer-

And then the angel of the resurrec-tion gathered up to Him the soul of the little Angela and carried it off to Paradise, where celestial bells tell over the alleluias of an eternal Easter.—Translated from the French for the Morning

THE POPE AND THE LITTLE BOY

AND HOW PIUS NINTH MADE A CONVERT

By William F. Markoe It was on Good Friday, the year 1869, that two American ladies, one a Cath-olic, the other a Protestant; both dressed in the black mantillas and veils pre scribed by Papal etiquette and accom-panied by a little boy barely five years old, were about to enter the Sistine Chapel, when they were halted by a big Swiss guard. He explained that while it was entirely proper for ladies attired as they were to attend a Papal function

as they were to attend a Papal function
the presence of children at that tender
age was strictly prohibited.
What was to be done? They were
strangers in Rome and they could not
leave the little boy alone at the door,
neither were they willing to miss the
great function which they might never have an opportunity of witnessing again. Finally the Protestant lady said something to the guard in Italian in which the magic word "Americano" was distinctly audible. With a peculiar expression on his face the big Swiss turned his back on the lady and gazed turned his back on the lady and gazed steadily in the opposite direction. Seeing his opportunity the little American boy darted into the chapel followed by the two ladies in black.

Once inside they heard the Pope praying, as is the custom on Good Friday, for heretics and schismatics, "that our Lord God would be pleased to deliver them

and a solemn procession began to move from the Sistine to the Pauline chapel. It was a brilliant cortege in spite of the somber vestments of Good Friday, for it included chaplains and chamberlains, priests and monks, prelates and patriarchs, Swiss Guards and Noble Guards, Cardinals and Roman princes and the have short names. There are many Cardinals and Roman princes and the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy

It proceeded with stately dignity till His Holmess reached a point just oppo-site the little American boy who knelt an incident not on the programme. great Pius IX. stopped and turned to-wards the child. Was he indignant that his guards had allowed him to violate the rules of Papsl etiquette? Or was he pondering the words of his Mas-ter: "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Whatever his the kingdom of heaven." Whatever his thoughts, he lingered so long gazing at the little American sovereign (or intruder?) that the whole procession was obliged to halt, those in front looking back to see what had caused the delay, those behind pressing forward to see what had impeded their progress. Then the Holy Father leaving his place in the procession walked over to the little boy and extended his hand. With childish alagify the little fellow seized it, and alacrity the little fellow seized it, and all radiant with smiles, leaded forward and kissed the Pontifical ring. The venerable Pontiff's face lit up with that angelic smile for which he was noted and, patting the child on the cheek, re-turned to his place in the procession which then moved on without further

All the rest of the day the little American boy thus favored by the Pope was the centre of attraction on the streets of Rome till he begged to be taken home and thus be spared further embarrass-

But the great Pius IX.'s kindly interest did not end here. Just seven weeks later, on a Friday, the Protestant lady whose pleading had obtained ad-mittance of a little child into the Papal clared, through the prophetic prayers of that same Pope whom she had heard praying on Good Friday for the conver-sion of "heretics and schismatics" which, in a subsequent audience, he pro-mised to offer for her personally. We find the details of this miracle of grace nnd the details of this miracle of grace recorded forby years later in the "com-munity letter" of one of the oldest American convents of the Visitation dated, Wilmington, August 7th, 1910, from which the following condensed ac-

count is taken:

"We hasten to announce to your charities the death of our venerated and dearly Sister Mary Magdalene who, after a long and trying agony gave up her pure soul to Our Lord this morning.

* * Our dear Sister was born of a * * * Our dear Sister was born of a most estimable and influential Philadelphia family, where from infancy she imbibed everything that was good and noble in life—except the true faith. * * * The conversion of an idolized sister seemed to place a barrier between them, and our good Sister has told us many times of the inconceivable agony

she endured by this estrangement and the defection of her sister. "After much persuasion our dear Sister finally visited her sister and her family in France where they had sought an asylum, but with a firm determination not to be influenced by them religiously. But through affection for her little nephews and to gratify them, she need to hard with them to them, she used to kneel with them to say a Memorare before the wayside

shrines.
"In 1869 in an audience with the Holy Father, Pius IX., His Holiness laid his hand upon her head and blessed her, and called her his child. With her innate love of truth she said promptly: 'But, Holy Father, I am not your child; I am not a Catholic.' Raising her gently from her knees, His Holiness said, 'But you will be; for I am going to pray for you.' The conversion was wrought instantaneously; she felt that she was a Catholic and she saw corything in a new light. With her innate love of truth she said

saw everything in a new light. "The family then returned to Montluel, France, where our dear sister sought instruction from our Sisters there, and in their chapel she was bap-

"Feeling that she could then satisfy her desire for a religious life she re-turned to America and entered our community where she was professed on July 31, 1872. "She was a gift of God to us, her

earnest piety, her simplicity and her humility far more than her rare intel-lectual endowments gained for her the lectual endowments gained for her time bove of her religious family, who in time were happy to give her the sweet name of 'Mother' for two successive triennials. By her talents and unwearying labors she enriched our library with translations of many valuable works, and gave to the public the incomparable Meditations on the Gospels by a monk of Sept-Fonts. She was a most lovable and beautiful character, and in the eighty-fifth year of her age and the thirty-ninth of her profession as choir Sister when called to her eternal re-

Thus did our Holy Father Pius IX. leave the "ninety and nine to save the one that was lost."

For the CATHOLIC RECORD

"CATHERINE, ALEXANDER'S DAUGHTER"

Old Mrs. McDonald was known by no other name in the whole parish. Though she was married to Hugh McDonald, a good and pious man, still she retained as sung by the famous Sistine Chapel choir, one voice after another joining in the flood of harmony which rose and fell like the billows of the ocean.

At length the services were ended and a solemn procession began to move from the Sistine to the Pauline chapel.

It was a williant contens in suits of the like the services were in suits of the like the services were ended and Mick Pete are as common where the little producing the services were and the Norman. I believe, Pat Nick and Mick Pete are as common where the little producing the services were ended as the Scotch, the Welsh have it as well as the Scotch the Scotch have it as well as the Scotch have her maiden name in the conversation of he have short names. There are many other reasons derived from the fact that he was an exile from home, that he loved home and kith and kin. The old people, the pioneers, when aged and feebie, and feeling the weight of the years so heavy as to wish soon to fice into the realm where the tired body will not follow. loved still to speak of the days that are long ago counted as the past, and in re-calling happy incidents or unfortunate accidents called the younger generation by these names. The names stuck, and we find it quite useful to-day to have these designations for we can see the relation existing between the people of

the same family name. Catherine was several years old when her father immigrated to this country

Lost Control of His Temper

Once there was a man whose liver was not working right. When dressing in the morning he had trouble with his collar. Then he lost the collar button. Then he said something.

By the time he got to breakfast he was so irritated that he had no appetite and quarrelled with his wife. He went to the office with a headache and when he had some important business to transact he bungled it.

When you find yourself easily irritated and lose control of yourself and your temper, look to the condition of the liver, and take one of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at bed-time.

The dark-brown taste will not bother you in the mornings, the tongue will

you in the mornings, the tongue will clear up, digestion will improve and you will not have the tired, worn-out feelings which accompany a sluggish condition of the liver.