RECONCILED BY ELIZA.

The local train, which had been speeding out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour, came suddenly to a standstill with a violent recoil at a level crossing a country lane, and Reynolds, shaken out of his reverie, opened the window, quite prepared for an accident.

But as the view from the window revealed only an impassive stretch of green, he settled back to consider a more important question.

She was a friend and neighbor of the Potters. There was a fair chance that she might be seen at their house since an invitation to see her at her own home had not been forthcoming.

That ten minutes' tiff at the seaside at Easter, where they had met, had not in the least detracted from her charm, though it had entirely demolished his welcome, and he would do much to be near her for a week—for that he could endure the Potters.

A moment later the guard came up to him.

"I beg pardon, mister," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, "but you have a bag there which looks as if it might have a musical instrument in it."

"Why, yes," the young fellow answered, in astonishment, "my banjo."

"A banjo. That's lucky. What tunes can you play? Can you play 'Rule, Britannia?'"

"Great Scott! Why, yes, I think so. But what in the name of patience—"

"Then you are the man we want. This way, sir, please, and as quick as you can, if you don't mind. We can't move the train an inch until she hears 'Rule, Britannia.'"

"But what—"

"It's the only thing that will start her up. We tried everything else. Pushing, pulling, everything. She sticks on the rails like a limpet on a rock. I wouldn't bother you, but we're five minutes late already. You'll be doing everybody a good kindness if you'll come along and grind one good lively 'Rule, Britannia.'"

Reynolds caught up his banjo case and hurried after the official, wondering, as he went, which of them had gone insane, and whether the attack would prove to be a permanent softening of the brain or merely a temporary aberration.

A number of passengers had left the train. They were gathering en masse around the portion of the level crossing which intersected the lane.

"Now, then, here comes Orpheus and his lady!" cried a voice in the crowd.

For a minute the young man stared about him, with ever increasing fears for his own mental condition. Little by little a light broke upon his brain.

A few yards only of line lay between the engine and the level cross track. At the crossing stood the obstruction in full view. It was a small, antiquated pony phaeton, drawn by—or rather attached to—a rotund white mare.

The animal was neither standing in the usual and approved attitude of her kind, nor prostrate, as will sometimes happen by accident. She was sitting upon her glossy haunches, a calm, almost blase, expression in her brown-green eyes.

The carriage was occupied by two women. One of them, a stout, elderly, maiden-aunt-looking person, was engaged in making voluble explanations to a delighted crowd. The other, a girl in white, who leaned back among the cushions and laughed, in evident enjoyment of the situation.

At sight of the girl Reynolds drew back, with a little cry of astonishment under his breath. Then he ran forward, lifting his hat.

"Why, Miss Perry: I'm tremendously glad to find you—ahem—delayed in this way. What is the trouble? Can I be of any assistance?"

The pleasure which exuded from the young man's face was not reflected in that of the girl's.

"How do you do, Mr. Reynolds," she said. "I'd no idea you were in this part of the country. No, so far as I am concerned, you can be of no assistance, I think. If the train people want to try any experiments, of course, they are welcome to do it for the sake of getting the train in motion. Aunt Milly," she added, turning to her companion, "you have heard me speak of Mr. Reynolds? My aunt, Miss Blithe—Mr. Reynolds."

Miss Milly grasped his hand with a warmth which was in striking contrast to the chilly demeanor of her niece.

"So glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Reynolds, though I must say the circumstances are not those I would generally like to meet people under. Such an embarrassing position! I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. I never thought of Eliza behaving this way on a railway or I should have been afraid to drive her. You see, Eliza has not sat down for years now, and we thought she'd quite forgotten it. She is an old circus horse, as you may imagine, though I'd no idea of that when I bought her. It isn't Eliza's fault, really. She thinks she is doing perfectly right, you know. They taught her to sit down at the circus, and not get up till she heard the Rule, Britannia! and she never will get up until she hears it!"

"Lady," cried the guard, elbows up, "we are ten minutes late now."

"Ten minutes late? How sorry I am. It is most unfortunate that Eliza should relapse just now, when she has not sat down in years. It's just like her, remembering about sitting down this morning when I am on my way to the station to take the train to London to see my old friend Amelia Lewes, intending to let my niece drive the phaeton home. But now I shall be afraid to let Barbara return alone, and Amelia leaves London for Liverpool at one, and I would give the world to see her, as I may never see her again for years."

"I am only going around the curve to the station," Reynolds suggested. "I am en route for the Potters. It would give me great pleasure to see your niece safely home."

"There is no need in the world of anyone accompanying me!" said the young lady, with great decision. "Eliza would not hurt a fly. I really prefer driving alone."

"That is like you, Barbara. You are so brave," cried Miss Milly. "But remember, love, that I am older and more nervous, and since Mr. Reynolds so kindly offers I accept for you, Barbara, and I insist on your availing yourself of his kindness."

"You are perfectly right, miss Blithe. It would not be safe, to say the least, for Miss Perry to attempt to return home alone; and, far from inconveniencing me, it would be a great pleasure," urged the young man.

He seated himself upon a fallen tree trunk, and slipped the cover from his banjo, keeping his eyes fixed upon the portion of the landscape where it was impossible for them to encounter the eyes of Miss Milly's niece.

A moment later a particularly vivacious "Rule, Britannia," entered the somnolent country atmosphere. Something in the exultant strains of the melody caused Miss Barbara to gather her pretty brows.

Eliza, however, was unfeignedly pleased. At the first notes her ears twitched, assuming an upright attitude, suggestive of earnest attention. At "Britons never, never," she turned her head and regarded the player with what appeared to be unqualified approval. Slowly gathering her forces together, she rose in a dignified manner at the first chorus, and drew the phaeton from the track.

The spectators cheered. The guard shouted a warning, a general scramble for seats ensued, and Miss Milly had just time enough to ensconce the new protector in the phaeton, while she took the vacant place in the train.

When the last carriage had rounded the curve and become lost to view with Miss Milly's handkerchief fluttering like a white moth from one of the rear windows, Miss Perry gathered up the reins.

"Do you mean," she said, addressing the empty air directly in front of the phaeton, "that you will continue to force yourself upon me the entire distance home?"

"I promised Miss Blithe to take you home in safety, and, of course, I mean to fulfil my promise."

"But my aunt is gone now with a perfectly easy mind. A child of two could drive Eliza, and I really prefer going alone."

"I couldn't reconcile it with my conscience. You might meet with some accident, and then how could I face Miss Blithe? One never knows what will happen—especially in driving ex-circus horses."

"If you are determined to be so horrid, the best thing I can do is to get home as soon as possible," remarked the young lady.

For some moments they drove on in silence. When the voice came again from the left hand of the phaeton it had undergone a change. It was positively humble.

"Please don't be so hard on me," it said. "The temptation was really too much—a whole ride with you when I'd been trying for weeks to see you and couldn't."

As the whip hand side had nothing apparently to add, the left hand resumed:

"You don't know how sorry I was about that affair at the seaside, and how I suffered after I cooled down. I admit it was all my fault, and I wrote to you begging you to forgive me. But you sent the letter back unopened. Isn't there anything I can do to win back your good opinion? I'd do anything you say, no matter what."

"You might get out of the carriage and allow me to go on alone. I should really appreciate that," said the whip hand, with instant readiness.

Whatever the left hand intended to say was left unsaid, for at this point the phaeton stopped suddenly. Eliza was sitting down again.

Reynolds fell back upon the seat and howled. The situation soon proved too much for his companion also. They laughed together until Eliza cocked her ears in astonishment.

"Good old Eliza!" cried the young man when he had partially recovered. "She knows a thing or two. She won't budge a step until I play 'Rule, Britannia,' and I will never play a note of it until you invite me to accompany you the rest of the way."

"You won't take a mean advantage like that, surely?"

"Won't I, though?"

"But this is most unfair."

"All is fair in war and—"

"Please play," she interrupted, quickly.

"Not a note. Are you going to invite me?"

"I am not. I shall start Eliza without you."

The attempt to set Eliza in motion by alternate kindness and discipline was a failure.

At the end of fifteen minutes Miss Barbara returned to the seat, exhausted.

"I suppose I must accede to your demands," she said, "or I shall be here permanently."

"Do you invite me of your own free will to accompany you home?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Cordially?"

"You never said it must be cordial."

"It must certainly be cordial."

"Well, cordially, then."

"I am entirely at your service," he answered, opening the banjo case.

Five minutes afterwards a rotund white mare jogged easily along a charming country lane, drawing a phaeton which contained a man who laughed, and a girl who protested, albeit not wrathfully, that something or other was a mean advantage and detestably unfair.—London Answers.

HIS SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Do you remember, dear," he asked as they sat down on one of the rustic seats at the summer resort, "that I cut our initials on this tree behind us three or four years ago?"

"Why, no, George," she replied. "I don't remember that. Are you sure?"

He arose, walked around the tree and inspected the bark closely.

"Yes," he said, "it's the same tree all right, but it was another girl."—Chicago Tribune.

Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can say that?
Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it.

Have you any of these symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,

Nature's specific for Dyspepsia.

Miss Laura Chicoine, Belle Anse, Que., says of its wonderful curative powers:—"Last winter I was very thin, and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effect of the medicine, and am now feeling strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after-effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

OF ONE LATELY DEAD

(By Katherine Tynan, in Catholic World.)

He was the incarnate spirit of youth and adventure and laughter and life. He was darkly handsome, with the eye of a gypsy, an eye that roamed from dull company to look upon free fields of adventure. He had the heart of a gypsy, and that he ever bent his shoulders to take on the yoke of duty must be counted to him as a pathetic heroism. By nature he was wild and free, not afraid of the night or the elements. Houses had no appeal for him. Broken boots or ragged clothing did not daunt him. His brothers and sisters, the wind and the rain, were free to work their will on him, and he trusted to their kindness of kinship.

Fate gave him duties and made him a member of one of the learned professions. He said to me once that the duties made him a solid spot of anchorage on this earth; and it was his fortune to have married a woman as sweet and dignified of nature as God ever made, else he had never had that anchorage. He would have been out with the gypsies on the hillside. He would have been blown about over the world by the will of the wind that was his own will.

He was friends with the whole world. In Ireland he knew almost every one from sea to sea. In that country, where laughter counts for more than the solid qualities, every one wanted him and held him as long as they might. It was a light-hearted world indeed in which he moved; but I think in his heart he had a great tenderness for the gypsies and roving spirits of the world. I remember that once he and I walked a few miles of a mountain road with a stalwart gypsy man. He was of a towering stature, with a shock of black hair surmounting a big, roguish, cunning, innocent face—the face of a nature's man who has never slept in houses. The gypsy talked and we listened. He was of a famous Irish tribe, famous especially as pipers. His father had carried off the first prize at the Feis. He talked of music and religion and patriotism. These gypsies "go to their duty," and have Christian burial when they die. He talked of the Rebellion of '98 in whispers, glancing from side to side of the shadowy hedgerows where the autumn twilight was falling. The gypsies had fought from Vinegar Hill to Ross—on the right side, be sure. An old mongrel trotted at the gypsy's big heels. He had offered him to us for half a crown as a pedigree dog, knowing well that the dog would no more take to the life of houses than he would himself, and would follow and come up with him as soon as might be.

When we parted with him he carried off the last half-crown of the gypsy in professional broadcloth. We watched him up the hill-road till the shadows gathered him. My poor fellow looked after him with eyes of sore longing. "Did you see the big boots of him," he said to me, "how they were cut down to give him ease in walking?" He looked at his own decent boots and sighed. "And the dog," he went on, "sure, an ancestor of that dog might have been nosing about among the dead at Oulart Hollow. They'll sleep out to-night in a cave of the hills among the dead leaves and bracken. The dead leaves 'll be smelling sweetly."

Another time I saw the strange look of longing in his eyes. He was leaning over a little roadside bridge, watching the mountain stream, brown as amber, singing over pebbles of gold and silver. Over there in the city, where the exquisite stream should suddenly slip into a polluted drain of a river, his professional duties awaited him. He looked at the stream and then back at the mountainee whence it came. He had the furtive eye of one who meditates sudden flight and escape.

"I wish I had time," he said, "to follow it back to its source. I never saw a little stream yet that I didn't want to track it. Can't you fancy it just bubbling up in a little cup through the wet grass, and the lark singing above it? And further down in the glens it'll be stealing in and out around the little green and brown boulders, and in the deepest pools under the boulders you'll see a little trout swimming on his side."

Yet for all his wild heart he had a great capacity for industry, so long as the work interested him, so long, one might almost say, as the work was done for love. In his young college days he edited the journal of an archaeological society, contributing to it largely himself, and giving it his time and his work unstintingly. Anything connected with the history and antiquities of his own country interested him passionately, as did its folk-lore. While he walked with you he would tell you legends by the score. I remember well those walks in the golden autumn days when he told me why the peasants hate the dara-dioul, the devil's beetle, and will always kill one when they see it; and of what Hugh O'Neill said to Hugh O'Donnell at the Battle of the Yellow Ford; and how a famous warrior of the North of Ireland came to be present at the Crucifixion; and many another story. His was a golden memory, stocked full of poetry and traditions, and ready to unpack itself for the one who really cared to hear.

"Why don't you write it down?" I used to say. But he was not much good at writing down. He wanted the stimulus of the faces and the eyes. Two or three of his folk-legends did indeed appear in the Speaker. But at this time all his energy was required by his profession, and he wrote no more.

That profession brought him face to face with his audience, and for the few short years it was his he made a meteoric success of it. A rising junior, indeed. There was no question of his rising; he rose. There had not been a success so brilliant and immediate within men's memories. To be sure he loved his profession, and his love for it brought him to the quiet study and mastery of it. He was not only a brilliant advocate, but a fine lawyer as well. There he could not help himself that the money came to him, but he divested himself of it as rapidly and completely as he could. Never was any one so generous. He gave with both hands, his benefits falling on the just and the unjust. The study he would have thought least worth while would have been the study of finance. He was a child in everything concerning money. The only time he ever troubled himself about the thing was when money was to be collected for widows and orphans or friends in trouble. The charity of Ireland towards those whose bread-winner has gone is wonderful. The charity of the poor to the poor; it is, indeed, rather a guardianship than a charity. He was always ready to push his own pressing work aside so that he might help in such cases. Never was such a one for gifts; he rained them upon his friends. One knew in what part of the country he was by the milestones of his gifts. Beautiful generosity that irradiated the paths of others as well as his own.

One thinks of him with his giving hands and his laughter: now one feels that there is no such laughter left on earth. Everywhere he went he spread mirth, young, light-hearted, humane mirth. "Wherever he goes," said one who has preceded him into the shadows, "something is certain to happen." Gay and mirthful adventures did, indeed, crop up about his path. Everywhere he went he made friends and drew out the humor in others. You could not be with him in a public conveyance, but he was talking to the man at his side or opposite to him, discovering odd characters, having the quaintest encounters which should afterwards provoke one to aching sides. Who cared though he was late for dinner, or arrived towards midnight when he was expected to dinner, seeing that he came in and button-holed you to such stories that the house roared with them? He had an affinity for simple, roguish folk. The old beggarman of the country roads delighted him; and he would extract fun even from a tramp plainly marked "dangerous." One never knew what whimsical thing he would do next. Once in the old war days he stopped a scarlet and gold regiment manœuvring about the green country roads: "If you please, sir," he said, with a winning innocence, to the amazed officer in command; "do you happen to be looking for De Wet?" It passed for a countryman's simplicity, too.

One feels to-night as though laughter was dead with him. What a good laughter it was! In the thousands of merry jests I cannot remember one that one would wish away. There was nothing cruel, nothing to hurt the most sensitive in that exquisite laughter.

He always came home singing. When one listened for him to come in the quiet country one heard him far off trolling a country ballad, one of the "come-all-ye's" of the fairs and market places, with which his mind was well stocked. He lived to suffer much. Although he was young he had lived more than a hundred dullards, and to be sure he had used up his life before its prime. And still one thinks of him, singing and laughing. And all singing and laughter seems gone with him. One never knew how good it was while it lasted.

A Pure Hard Soap

Is the best value for all kinds of washing; lasts longest; gives the finest results; is easiest on the clothes.

YOUR GROCER WILL SELL YOU

SURPRISE SOAP

ONLY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SURVIVING.

Writes the Rev. D. S. Phelan to his paper, the Western Watchman, of St. Louis:

"Before coming here I spent a few days in Berlin, where I found a great bustling modern city and the throbbing heart of Pan-Germandom. It did not interest me. Its ideals are too new; its heroes are too well known, and look too much like cheap actors in their bronze coats and heroic pose. The present emperor has done much for Berlin, and before long it will be the greatest city in the world; the fairest paradise of the flesh and the strongest citadel of the Devil. I found religious and social conditions there very much what they are here in Dresden. It is an adage there that people do not go to church on Sunday in Berlin, they go to the theatre. The middle classes are still devoted to conservative home life and go to church, but the upper and lower classes have given up all religion. It is strange that in the two cities where for four hundred years all the energies of the state and all the passions of the people were directed towards the extirpation of Catholicity, the Catholic religion should be the only one to survive. In Berlin or Dresden, if you hear a church bell on Sunday or any other morning you may depend upon it it is either the Angelus or a call to Mass. I visited the new Evangelical Cathedral of Berlin dedicated by the Emperor the other day, and proclaimed the St. Peter's of the Protestant world. It was closed. I asked the reason, and the guard told me it was open on week days from ten till six; but on Sundays it was open only one hour and a half in the forenoon and an hour in the afternoon. On week days strangers visited it; on Sundays nobody. On the other hand, the Catholic churches are thronged with worshippers at every Mass. It is so in Berlin, it is also so in Dresden. The presence of the great and unbending Centrum has made Catholicity respected in Berlin, and has given courage to Catholics everywhere in the Empire. Nothing is too good for a Catholic in the eyes of the emperor, and no post or place too high for the aspiration of a German Catholic. The effect of persecution is here everywhere evident in a bold and demonstrative Catholicity. Catholics take off their hat to a priest in Berlin and Dresden, as they take off their hat to an old soldier in Paris. And for the same reason. The priest has been in the thickest of the fight and borne the brunt of the battle during the Kultur Kampf. The people visit the churches and pay respect to the Blessed Sacrament. There is a live, active, virile Catholicity in the most Protestant sections of Germany that speaks volumes for the future of the Church in that country. It is becoming plainer and plainer to all thinking people in this country that religion spells morality, and Catholicity is synonymous with Christianity. Stubborn, irresistible truth!"