## THE CATHOLIG RECORD

## AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

## By Christine Faber.

## CHAPTER XIV.-CONTINUED.

"Oathis blessed Christmas night, whe "On this blessed Christmas night, when it seems like everybody ought to be in couples, I'm a thinkin' of you and a feelin' eorry that you ain t in couples, It is dreadful lonely for you, dear Jeme, and I thought so when you had me out sailin.' and when you looked at me while we was a sailin.' I'm obliged to you, dear Jeme, for your kindness to me, a poor, lone, orphan woman, and bein' as I sup-pose you'rs a lone orphan too, I'll oe happy to make you comfortable in any way that I can.

that I can. "Dear Jeme, I'm "Your humble sorvant, SinNot

" SARAH EINNOTT.

"I'm very thankful indeed, to yon, Mist," said Sarah, when, realed and directed to "Mr. Jeme Hardman," R schel

directed to "Mr. Jeme Hardman," Ruchel handed her the letter. "Miss Minturn" was presented to the company, "My Charge Miss" Burram added, and Mr. Burleigh the large, pomp-ous, though somewhat lank, middle-aged gentleman, shook Rachel's hand and said something abont her carriage being as stately as Miss Burram's own; Mr. Tous-sel, much younger and smaller, with eye-brows that looked like mustachise, and a face so covered with hair that his features hardly seemed to comt bowed very low, but said nothing, an example that was it was my opinion, a good deal more could be got out of the mass s if they had sal-

face so covered with hait organized with the control bowed very low, hardly seemed to control bowed very low, but said nothing, an example that was followed by his mother, Mre. Tons el, who was a very stout, fair, well-preserved woman of fifty. The lights, wax candles as on Sundays, the brilliant fire in the amp e grate mak-ing pleasant shadows on the heavy, hardscme farniture, and the glittering table service, together with Miss Burram in stately satin and many jewels, made a pteture for Eachel's eyes that took her thoughts very much from herself. At the table she was interested in watching Mre. Tonseel eat; that lady sat opposite to her, and she sat painfully erect. Her ample bosom projected much teyond her chin, and as Rachel looked round at Rachel, and as Rachel looked very pale and spir-itless, she concluded that the rich din-ner had been too much for her. ner had been too much for her. "You can go, Rachel," she said, "say good night, immediately." And Rachel said good night in a low, faltering voice, and got out of the parlor and up to her own room, seated close to bosom projected much beyond her chin and it seemed to Rachel to be a long dis could. In her own room, seated close the window, and with her face alm and it seemed to Rachel to be a long dis-tance from Mrs. Tonssel's month to her plate Yet, over this distance, to the in-voluntary fascination and wonder of the child, the lady conveyed her food with so sure a hani that no particle ever dropped from her fork, or spoon. And being so engegad—her succers in eating depend-ing on absolute attention to her plate— she neither saw Rachel's observation of her nor did she seem to hear the converher, nor did she seem to hear the conver-sation going on between Miss Burram at the head of the table and Mr. Barleigh at

the opposite end. As for Mr. Toussel, who was seated be side Rachel, attention to his plate pre-vented him from raising his eyes except ventisd him from raising his eyes except each time that the courses were changed, and then he looked up with a kind of Indicrous eageness and made some re-mark about salads which Rachel did not inderstand

Over the dessert Mr. Barleigh said suddeniy: "Did you know, M'si Burram, that you have a preacher down here—a preacher who is a man after Renton's pattern?" who is a man after Renton's pattern?"

who is a man after Kenton's pattern? "No; I did not; who is he, and how is he of Renton's pattern?" pausing between her sentences long enough to show in each succeeding one her increasing re-sentment at the news. It recalled Rachel from her observation of Mrs. Toussal. "Well," said Barleigh, toying with a bunch of hot-house grapes in a way to

"Well," side of the set of the se for talent in its pulpits—both Catholic and Protestant — the anthorities sent this man down here."

man down here." "Not this place, Mr Barleigh," inter-rupted Miss Burram, with distunct sar-casm, "this place is my place; you are probably referring to the part of New Utterton which lie outside of my prop-

which unfortunately lies outs a of your property, and to that part of New Utterton this preacher was sent Hammond tiey call him "-Kachel g /e an invol-"But how is he like T

it. I went out of the grounds through the gate that is a't use i any more. I didn't want anybody to know it, and I wasn't going to tell you, but I felt so bai that I had to come and tell you." had no longer any interest in anything that was going on about her, and she heard Burleigh's wordy and somewhat cloudy description of the paintings he had seen, without understanding a sylla-ble of it; it was only when Burleigh stopped short and said suddenly to Tous-cal. "Come in !" said Miss Burram briefly, and when Rachel had entered, she closed the door and said, in the same short

stopped short and said suddenly to Tous-sil: "Mr. Toussel!, were yon about to make some remark?" that Kachel recalled where she was. Tonsel's ideas were limited to the set of collars, the style of neckties, and the preparation of salads; on these matters he had the latest information, and he could deliver himself with shrill volubil-ity; on the list-the salads-he considered himself, and so did his mother, an authority, and more than that, he had some notion that the world might be re-form d by means of salads. Most people considered him a fool; what Miss Bur-ram thought-mobody knew what Mr. Barleigh; thought-was regulated by Miss Burram's outward manner, and Miss Burram's outward manner, and Miss Burram's question with an air of decided interest. WAY

way: "What church did yon go to ?" "Jim's church; I didn't know any other; we pass that going to school, and Jim showed it to me one day, and I just went in and stood at the back and heard the preacher and the music." "Why did yon want to go to church to day 200 to church to.

day ? -because him that you told me I mustn't speak of no more take me to church Christmases."

take me to church Christmases." "Well, you can go to your room now, and to go bel." But when Rachel reached the door Miss Burram called her

"Let me unfasten your dress; Sarah is in bed and it may be well not to disturb her; and is there a light still in your recommend your mut it out yourself?"

"I think so," failered Rachel. "I think so," failered Rachel. "Let my door remain open till you get to your own room," said Miss Burram, Tonssel himself, at being so suddenly addressed, shot up into his chair, pulled up his high collar, smoothed the ends of his straggling monstache, and squealed to your own room," said Miss Burram, and when assured by the closing of the door on the florr above that Rachel had entered her own room, she closed her door, and she said to herself, as she turned to her book again: "Umph! It means nothing-noth-ing" "I was going to say, Mr. Barleigh, that

"I have no doubt cf it, Mr. Tonses!," replied Burleigh, not a moscle of his face moving, having watched his hostess and finding her face impassable, "no doubt of it, whatever, sir, if the 'masses' had gool salads with their meals, their digestive organs would be in batter condi-tion, and consequently their irritation at the 'classes' would be less." Miss Barram looked round at Rachel, and as Rachel looked very pale and spiring. Rachel was sufficiently relieved to fall sleep immediately and to sleep so late be next day that the company had gon before she was up; but, as Sarah said : " As you haven't any school, Miss, Miss "As you haven't any school, Miss, Miss Burram didn't ask for you, and it must have been late when you went to bed last night, and you was sound asleep every time I come up hers, I just calkilated to

the i come your sleep out." Rachel's immediate awakening was such a confised remembrance of the events of the night before, even including her dream of Tom, that for a time seemed as if it all must have been a

dream. It's been a-snowin' heavy all the "It's been a snowin' heavy all the mornin'," continued Sarah, 'and the company went sconer than they would have done because they was afraid of the railroad bein' snowed up, and Jeem's just got back from drivin' 'em to the depot. Folks eay as the snow's been so long comin' this year we'll have it oncommon heavy now." As if to verify her words great heavy flakes were driving past the windows the window, and with her lace almost pressed against the pane in her effort to look far ont on the water, though it was so dark she could see nothing more than the flashlight, Sarah found her two hours after, when she came up to extinguish

the light. "You here, Miss !" she exclaimed, " I As if to verify her words great heavy flakes were driving past the windows and obscuring the outward view. The snow was another sad reminder of Tom. Oaly the winter before he had male a snow man for her in the back yard of their little house, and he and she had glorious fun in throwing snowballs at it. How long it was till she should see Tom again-four years, six months and five "You hele, hits I' are exchained, "I didn't know but you was in the parlor with the company, and I just came up to see if you was here. It's after 10 o'clock and they're all in the parlor ye;—and I give Jeem the letter, Miss." Rachel made no reply. "Ain't you goin' to bed, Miss?" asked "Not yet," she answerel faintly, and "Not yet," she has been "but you can again-four years, six months and five days by 6 o'clock on the evening of that without turning her head, " but you car put out the light, Sarah. I can undress without it." day, the twenty-sixth of December, and in sudden abandonment to the misery of such a wait, Rachel threw herself back on her pillow and clasped her hands over Something in the child's voice, utterly Something in the child's voice, hubby nnlike any tone Sarah had ever heard in it before, and something born of Sarah's own hope founded on the letter that Rachel had written, made her more will-

on her pinow and cherge and the provided and the provi "I needn't put ont the light, Miss; I "I needn't put ont the light, Miss; I ain'ts) far from you that I can't come when you're ready. Just knock when you want me." And to Rachel's relief, much, would like to be out to-day in the snow-most young fo'ks likes it—and you as has your big rabber boots and your rubber cost, that there ain't no danger of your gettin' wet—and Jeem, he said he was goin' to make a path right off, in case you wan'ed to go out after you hal your becaffect''.

Then Rachel continued to fight against the last and most potent sugges-tion of her conscience-to tell Miss Bur-ram where she had been that morning. That, at least, would be making amends for the breaking of her promise to Tom; and from that suggestion, somehow, she akfast." Rachel was sitting up again and chok

There was setting up again and chok-ing back all her miserable feelings. There was one consolation in store for her: a good long talk with Hardman—he would surely have time to day. And she jumped out of bed and began to dress with an election the term of the start could not get away. She went down on tiptoe to the parlor loor-everybody seemed to be there yet -she could hear Barleigh's loud voice -she could hear Barleigh's lond voice and even Tonssel's, and she thought she heard Tonssel say "salads;" then she went back to her room and took up her place again by the window, and waited-waited for the company to leave the par-lor, for Miss Burram to go to her own room, when she. Rachal, meant to take with an alacrity that made Sarah exclaim to herself: "May I never be burned nor drowned

repeating to himself:

alive !" After her solitary breakfast-Mits Bur-rum was not visible-Rachel waiting only to get into the boo's and coa', Sarah had spoken of, hastened to find Hardman. Something in the bracing air and in the alive !

tered. She had not even troubled her-self to look at the people in the store— they were all alike to her, a part of the detested new town. But she was a sub-ject of momentous interest to them, and everybody had something to say about her the moment the door had closed upon her. CHAPTER XV. Rachel's week of holidays had, to her, one most unexpected and notable event, a sleigh-ride, in the handsome four-seated eleigh, accompanied by Miss Burram and driven by Hardman. Miss Burram was, as neusl, eilent and cold, but in the thrill of enjoyment which the child felt as they epad along the enowy highway, bound for an island five miles distant, and which was reached by a bridge recently built, she actually seemed to forget Miss Burram's presence. CHAPTER XV. "There ain't no need to hold her head "There ain't no need to not her head so high, if she is worth a million," said one; "I guess there's folks in Restonville as rich as she is." "Richer," said another, "why, there's that follow, Notner, jadging by all that he's had dons to his house and grounds, he must be melty rich."

Barram's presence. It was so bright an afternoon that it It was so bright an afternoon that it might have been September rather than December, and everything, from the icicles on the trees to the banks of snow by the roadside, appared to sparkle in the light. Bat Rachel liked it best of all when their way lay near the water, and her companion, furtively watching, saw the child lean forward involuntarily, as if drawn by some powerful secret force. A little later, when on the island the very ocean itself lay before them, the bil-lows tipped with the sunlight, and the whole expanse to vast that it made he's had dons to his nouse and geometry he must be pretty rich." "You needa't go to Notner," said the first speaker, "to find a comparison for Miss Burram. Notner's another mystery like herself; nobody knows anything about him. But now, that Rentonville is about him.

lows tipped with the summary it made whole expanse so vast that it made Rachel hold her breath with awe for a moment, she said impulsively: "I said it heantiful?"

" Isu't it beautiful?" Miss Burram did not arswer, and recalled to herself by the silence, Rache remembered with a kind of dismay wh remendered with a kind of usingly using was her companion, and she discovered her companion looking at her with an in-tensity tuat made her withdraw more into the ample furs that protected her, and sent her straightway to thinking of "Tom" and the ship that "Tom" might

He was interrupted by the entrance of Herrick. "Good afternoon, gentleman," Herrick said in his bland way, and then he went up to the stove set in the middle of the store, pulled off his bearskin gloves and began rubbing his hands together. "You should have been here a few moments ago, Mr. Herrick," said one of the former speakers, "your friend Miss Burram stopped in here." "Yes, I had the honor of a little chat with her on the road. She was out with her Charge, a beautiful little girl by the way." And Herrick rubbed his hands more vigoronaly. then be on. Hardman in the front seat was doing Hardman in the front seat was doing some carious thinking of his own. This sleigh-ride he concluded was the effect of some warm feeling on the part of his mis-tre s of her Charge—as like as not, be-cause of the brave way the Charge had told her of having gone to church; and he felt sure that just as soon as his mistress knew, how good and sweet her Charge was her unmaturally cold manner to that "Queer who that Charge is," said one "Queer who that Charge is," don't you knew, how good and sweet her Charge was, her unnaturally cold manner to that person would change. He fethappv ac-cordingly; indeed, he would have been very happy but for Serah's letter, which still lay in his trossers pocket, unans-wered either by pen or word. There had been opportunities to answer it by word, and Sarah looked as if she were expecting and were even actually waiting for Jim to speak, but that sadly puzzel and dis-turbed man did not open his mouth exfair-we are all part and parcel of the same community - tell us what you know Herrick with great blandness but still rabbing his hands. "I know nothing; how should I?" But Herrick's questioner continned with waggish persistency, "Now, Mr. Herrick, that won't do; you are the only man in Rentonville that Miss Burram condescends to speak to, and you are in constant communication with Sarah Sin-not, and my sister Rose are Sarah has much to tell our cook whenevershe comes speak, but that sadiy puzzel and dis-turbed man did not open his mouth ex-cept to say what might be necessary upon other subjects; Sirah revenged herself by saying that it was all because he was cut on the bias, and it took him a long time to

much to tell our cook whenever she com get round tothings. There were other sleighing parties on the island, one in, a large, double sleigh full of laughing girls, and as they drove by, Rachel recognized two of her own classmates and the Missee Gedding and Fairfax, whom Sarah had pointed out to her. much to tell of cook where the control over to visit, not counting all the prophe-sies and facts Starb sees in the tell leaves after the tea has been drank, so, how much more must you be favored, Mr much more or out with it, like much more must you be ravored, aft Herrick! Come now, out with it, like a man!—is Miss Burram's Charge to be Miss Borram's heir—for, in that case, I think I shall have Rose introduce me to

Fairfax, whom Sarah had pointed out to her. "There's Miss Burram," came from one of the girls, and "There Miss Bur-ram's Charke," came from another, as the sleigh dashed past without any sign from Miss Burram that she had heard either remark. But there was another sleigh approaching, drawn by a magnifi-cent horse, and driven by its sole occu-punt. Rachel recognized him instantly as Notner, but Notner did not seem to glance even in her direction. Something about him struck Miss Burram, for she called to Hardman with considerable ex-citement in her voice: its affectation of solemnity was as citement in her voice : "Who is that person?" he went out.

ma'am; the gentleman

"Mr. Notner, ma'am; the gentleman who borght the Hubrey's house." Miss Burram fell back into her furs and recalled Sarah's story of Notner havand recalled Sarah's story of Notifer hav-ing dropped his whip in order to get a look at her Charge, concluding from the indifferent manner with which he had driven by that Charge now, that Sarah's s'ory—the part of it which related to Not-ber motifier an constraint, to look at s ory—the part of it which related to Not-ner making an opportunity to look at Rachel—was due to Sarah's imagination. O<sub>1</sub> their return they were overtaken and saluted by Herrick, who was driving alone in a handsome little sleigh.

atone in a handsome little sleigh. "Taking advantage like myself, I see, of the fine afterncon," he said with a large smile that made Bachel think of Mr. Bur-laich. leigh. "And I hops I find you well, Miss Barram; you and your Charge." OCTOBER 5, 1901.

THE UNSEEN HAND AT THE THROTTLE.

Mineola was the dinner station for train No. 5. and we were strictly on time every day. Mark Winston was WA clerk in charge, in the mail car, and I clerk in charge, in the main car, and I was his "helper." He was one of the old veterans of the service, and the best man I ever knew. He was slight. best man i ever know. At as sugar-ly lame, caused by a Yankee builet some thirty years before-rather ro-bust, hair sprinkled with gray. He had never married, never had a l had never married, hever had a home of his own, but was an optimist at all times and under all circumstances. On the present occasion I finished eat-ing before he did, and went up to the engine to get a light for my pipe. Od Bay Ellis was the engineer, and had just finished oiling the machine when I pulled myself up into the cab. As I did so, an old man, stout and dignified. looking, came up the side of the train, rather in advance of a kind faced. When nearing

hind her, and she came forward, and asked Ellis rather timidly if he was the engineer. "Yes, madam," he answered, with

do for ye?' The old lady hesitated a moment,

vou will. You see, it's our boy. He

ritory wired us to come and bring the est surgeon in the country or our boy would not live till sundown to morrow bright-looking young fellow, "don't you think se, Herrick? Come, now, you know more than the rest of us and it isn't connect with the Rock Island road at

was busily wiping his his hands with

two minutes. How can I help ye?" The old mother looked at him yearn.

will give you everything we shall ever

very low voice, as if no one was to hear but the old engineer:

"I will pray for you so long as I shall live. Esch morning and night I will take your name before the Throne and ask for you His blessing Who forgot not His mother in the agony of the cross." Ray Ellis, dusty with the dirt of the road and greasy with the oll of the en-

Miss Barran's Charge." 'My dear, dear eir-" "On, don't, Mr. Herrick; don't 'dear sir' me any more," Gelding interrupted, with a legabrions imitation of Herrick's with a legabrions intertion to langhing. gine, looked up rather awkwardly : "Madam, I'm not much on this prayer business myself, but I believe in it. When you begin that way I know you My little girl prayed for me safely over a barning bridge one night, and was

"When you begin that way I know you are going to make bigger mysteries than ever. But I must go; I promised the girls I would be home to dinner," and with a good night to Herrick that from with a good night to Herrick that from She walked up at not even there. She walked up at home as the clock was striking 2that was five minutes before we were due at Coldwater bridge-and, feeling able as his previous remarks, hal been was in great danger, got down on her knees and stayed there until she her knees and stayed "Piessant lad," said Herrick spreading said the Lord told her I was safe. The "Pleasant la", "said Herrice sphering his hands out to the fire and addressing the remaining andience, "very pleasant lad; so full of spirits—young blood—a great thing to be young, geotlemen; I often say to my wife, 'Bessie,' I say, 'if we could only remain young what a different world it would be.' Any thing in my box, Mr. bridge fell just as the sleeper cleared it. Now, I just don't see how we can make up this time, but I have somehow got the idea that if you've got your eart chuck full of love for some ti would be.' Anything in my box, Mr. Pettard ?'' addressing the postmaster. "Not this time, Mr. Herrick," and Herand there ain't a bit of selfishness in it, that He'll fix the thing up for you "Not this time, Mr. Herrics," and Her-rick took his departure to become in turn a subject of gossip for the men and women who remained. "He knows on which side his bread is bottered," said of the men;" the Gaddings are customers of his, and he swallowed all blockheft of mener Gaddings as if it had He's got ways of doin' things that we don't know about. We will do our best -you just pray all the time, and, if I get a chance to run, just confine your-self to asking Him to let us keep the

track, and me and old '46' will do the that chaff of young Gelding as if it had been a compliment." "That's so," asten'el the other, "Her-The conductor was signaling to start, and I was jumping off the engine as rick is canny and shrewd like all the

understand.

OCI BER

"Here's the telegram," he said. handing me the message. It read : Winston, Postal Clerk on Train 5; Cannot accept your money. Previous arrangements made. Campbell, Supt.', "Well, that settles it," I said hand

1901

Up!!!!

lights o

down to

Down !!

car seen Is it pos

Heaven

"Well, that settles it," I said hand-ing back the paper. "No, it don't settle it by a long sight," said Winston. "The little mother has appealed the case to a Higher Power than railroad superin-underite and abe'll reverse the desire and tre believe whistle heard a dents, and she'll reverse the decisall may ion. I don't know how, but I believe ment a and lo

At Dallas we were busy loading and ical so At Dailas we were busy loading and unloading the mail when old Ray Ellis came rushing out of the dispatcher's office like mad. His face was flushed heed. for ? forgot and his dark eyes dancing, as he hand-ed his order to Mark. You man?

stop lead that, quick !" enter Winston's voice trembled as he read everv

"On account of wedding party. Ryck Island train 2 will be held twenty minutes, and train 5 will run regardall th drive Rattle of the less of time card, Dallas to Fort Worth, peopl

and so the decision of the "lower Yo court" was only misunderstood. The "previous arrangement" was the wed-" Da ding party now getting on cur train. And my little lady, clinging to your young husband, did the Higher Courttrain the the court that knows all verdicts before they are rendered-did that tribunal, in sweetest subtleness, help you to select this for the day of your happiness?

lect this for the day of your nappiness? That court, my dear, knows all things, and mayhap there is another reason than your pleasure that this train shall swing and lurch and plunge as no other train on these Texas prairies has done before. For the firement is now other train on these Texas prairies has done before. For the firemen is now, as we wait for the leaving time, shov-eling coal in the fire box; and old Ray Ellis, flushed and excited, never yet poured so much oll in cup and bear-ing. The schedule is fast to start with the weith rest.

with, but we will make up the twelve minutes even if the goal is only thirty miles away. The conductor signals, and slowly we move through the city. The safety valve on the engine is pop ping off, showing that we have the steam ready for the race. Does the little mother know? Or has her faith

the time? Mark Winston says so.

Five minutes gone-ten, and still the car is not on the track. Our engineer has gone ahead now to help them, and we hear his voice ordering the car overturned, and that Ray Ellis will be responsible. A crash-the grinding timbers, and the car is hurled down the embankment. Our bell is ring

can't do. The Rock Island won't wait but the twenty minutes, and you know

off their feet about it. Ah ! you were too fast, for the wheels are slipping. Ease up a little. There, that's better. See those sparks shooting two hundred feet high, straight up. Well, little bride the race has begun, and though, you may live long and go on many a journey, you will never go so fas again ; but, know this, the man at the throttle is not thinking of you or you happiness. If you were in the car i front of you, you would see a littl woman in the corner of the coach wit lips moving and eyes uplifted - and, you knew her thoughts, you would

shaling twilight objects dash by us if ghosts. We are up-grade now, h making good forty miles an hour; b it can't be done, Ray. Give it up, of man; you would make it if it we

possible, but no need to try the imp sible. Besides, it's dangerous-st speed as this-and certainly you going to shut off steam down to grade.

grade. No man would think of wo

ginning to swin and surge, and through the purplin fading twilight objects dash by us ill

about him. But now, that Remonstrates coming up the way it is, there's plenty of good rich folks here—folks that live open and above abread, and don't make secrets and above abroad, and don't make secrets of themselves." "For instance," said another, waggish-ly, 'Miss Burram's Charge—if she would only explain how she's a Charge, or why she's a Charge, all Rentonville wouldn't feel so insulted—when it goes so far—" He was interrupted by the entrance of Harriek. gray-haired woman. When nearing the engine, however, he dropped be

his greasy cap in hand ; " what can I

and then with a tremble in her voice : "You can do everything for us, if

is desperately wounded, and the young doctor up at Marlow in the Indian Ter The conductor savs our train does not

Fort Worth this evening, and that we must lay over there all night." She hesitated a moment, and old Ray

"Know, my dear Mr. Gadding," replied the waste. "Yes, ma'am, we miss 'em thirty.

ingly. "By running fast enough to get there before the Rock Island train leaves. I know you can do it, and we

have if you will." She hesitated a moment, and in a

been so true that she has known al

But, ah ! there is trouble ahead, for just as we are leaving the city, here is an old freight car off the track shead of us at the siding. They are work-ing manfully to get it on again, but minutes mean life and death now

ing, and old Roy, pale now, and nerv ous, is in the cab. You can't make it, old man. There are some things that love and bravery

it. Will you try it ? Weil, you needn't throw everybody

interrupted Miss Burram. "Oh, in this matter of rights for the

masses, or, in other words, the ignorant poor, whom you and I know to be s ) shiftless and thoughtless, Hammond takes the extreme ground that they must be permitted to live before the v can die, and if they can't afford to pay for their holding, or, in other words, their homes, you can tear their houses down, but you can't can tear their houses down, but you can't though he had replet. Though he had replet though the had replet though he had replet though unpleasantly his large white theth. Miss Barram's lip curled and she said

with scornfal decision: "Trey cannot take from the classes what the classes have bought and paid for." "No," said Burleigh with another

"that is the argument of the the argument of the masses that the classes had no right to buy or to have sold to them or to pay for, what y didn't make—the land, the earth." How absurd !:' ejaculated Mr. Toussel

in a high, thin voice. "Let us go to the parlor," said Miss Burram shortly; but in the parlor, Tons-sel, stimulated, as he always was by Miss Burram's dinner, to talk, began before

even anybody was seated : "In my opinion, Mr. Burleigh, "but he got no farther, for Mr. Barleigh interruptgot no farther, for Mr. Bullege intertape ed with his opinion about a recent picture exhibition he had attendel, and which was recalled to him by a paint ngon Miss Burram's wall. He went over to the painting while he spoke, and his big voice completely overpowered young Toustel; he dropped with a sort of collapse into the rearest chair, while his mother morad or in

into the rearest chair, while his mother moved on in a very elephantine way to the most comfortable seat she could find. Miss Burram had joined Burleigh in front of the painting, and Rachel, not knowing what was expected of her, and a prey again to the remores she had forgotten somewhat at the dinner table, dropped into a chair very near the door. She did not understand what had been

said about the " classes and the masses but the knew that the mention of Father Hammond, who'she was certain was the preacher she had heard that morning, had brought back all her miserable feelings about her disobedience mas wrong in a canee the disobedience was wrong in a Darram seir-possesion. moral sense-Rachel knew too little of re-ligion for that-but because it was a " I disobeyed you-I went to church breaking of her promise to Tom. She this morning, my own self; nobody knew

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Toursal,"

The bound step of actuary and asking to speak to Burram's door and asking to speak to that ledy. But, before she could carry that ledy. But, before she could carry that ledy. But, before she could carry that acourageous resolution into effect she fell asleep—asleep as she sat at the win-dow, and when she awoke she found her-self crying and saying aloud: "Yes, Tom; I'm going to tell Miss Bur-ram." She had dreimed that she saw Tom— that she had met him on the beach and that he would not speak to her because of her disobedience, and that she had hastened to tell him how she was going to make amends; and she

the coach-house than anywhere else, and she experienced a sense of positive com-fort as she threw aside her wraps and was going to make amends; and she thought he had replied : "Tell Miss Barfort as she threw aside her wraps and prepared to tell Hardman all about the day before. 'I'm glad you told Miss Barram." he

lamp was still as bright as when Sarah left her, but the clock showed the hour of two. In all her life that Rachel could re-"I'm glad you told hiss Burtan, he said when she had finished, "she won't think none the less of you, and she'll have more confidence in you for the fature. There ain't nothing like siraight-forward doing, Miss; it tells in the end member, she had rever been up at that hour in the morning before, and there and Miss Barram's good at the bottom; it's just the queer way she has on top that prevents people from seeing what she is." nour in the morning before, and there was a strange, ghostlike feeling about the hour that made the child unusually tim-orons. Everything was so still except the wash of the water, and that sounded frightfally loud. If it were not for her dragen to world have been doned instant

frightfully load. If it where knocked instant-dream she would have knocked instant-ly for Sarah, but, in her dream, she had promised she would tell Mise Barram, and in the dream Tom had said :

her now." What should she do? Miss Barram was surely in bed, but there was the dream getting every moment to be more like something that had really happened. Itse something that had really happened. Rachel opened her door. Everything was dark in the house, and she shud-dered at the thought of going down the black-looking staircase to Miss Burram's

"I'll take the lamp," she thought; but, "Iltake the lamp," she thought; but, on lifting it she found it too heavy to carry steadily; then she threw the door of her room open, and she put the lamp near the threshold so that its rays lighted the hall and even a part of the staircase. Miss Burram was not in bed; she was not even undressed, and at the gentle knock at her door she turned from the book she had been reading, in some un-certainty as to whether her imagination had not even imposing up n her. Rachel, had not been imposing upon her. Rachel, receiving no reply, knocked again, and Miss Burram went to the door.

be manners if didn't; 'I'm eorry you're not in 'couples,' bless my ribs! What does she mean? I declare there's no knowing a woman's mind, and it all comes taking her out sailing, and I just done that because Miss Rachel wanted me to; well, Sarah's onaccontauble like the rest of the women," and he put the letter back into his pocket and went able. "I want to speak to you, pleasa." Miss Burram started in amazem amazement ; her Charge, folly dressed, wanting to speak to her at 2 o'clock in the morning, was somewhat of a shock to even Miss

Barram's self-possession. "What is it ?" she asked coldly.

Barram; you and your Charge. "Both well," responded Miss Barram briefly. "Sad about Miss Katharine Pearson,

he went on, lowering his voice, "I eup-pose you have heard; the doctors say she is never going to regain her reason. That matter about the will they seem to think s the cause."

Miss Burram was rigid, and Herrick, with furitive glances at her, continued a "Her sister, Mrs. Lubec, is showing more affectionate concern than one would suppose, considering the way Katharine was going to wrong her, or, to put it more piainly, to cheather. Why, she's worrying about Katharine, and having the best about rainarine, and naving the best doctors, and declaring she'll never let Katharine go to an asylum, but you probably have heard these particulars be-fore-they've been town gossip for a comple of darge"

couple of days." Miss Barram came a little out of her

"No, I had not heard of these things;" "No, I had not heard of these things; and then she said to Hardman, "Drive a little faster, Jim," and Jim, nothing loth to obsy an order which so entirely agreed with his own disposition to get away from Herrick, whipped up his horses in a man-ner that left Herrick too much in the rear to attempt conversation. "Stop at the post-office," ordered Miss Burram when they had quite distanced Herrick, and at the post-office as soon as Unders hed reined un his horses, she Rachel felt relieved and almost happy.

Rachel felt relieved and almost happy. She told Hardman all about the snow man Tom had made for her, and Hard-man listened as if his mind were not en-tirely filled with another matter—Sarah's letter. He was familiar enough with Rachel's crude penmanship to feel that she had written the letter, but as she did not speak of it neither would he; he thought perhaps Sarah had asked her not to mention it, and unless Rachel did speak of it first he thought it would not be quite hour able for him to do so. His mind had been fall of the letter ever since he had read it the night before, and he Burram when they had quite distanced Herrick, and at the post-office as soon as Hardman had reined up his horses, she Hardman had reined up his horses, she announced her intention of going in her-self, as the horses could not very well be left. That proceeding on his mistress' part gave a few moments for Hardman to turn to Rachel. He did not need to ask her if she had enjyed the ride; he could see by her face that she was tingling with delight. The post-office was located in a grocery store; and in addition to a half dozen he had read it the night before, and he was thankful there had been no oppor-tunity for him to speak to Sarah about it,

store; and in addition to a half dozen men who had come for the mail there as she evidently expected him to do, Mrs. McElvain being present every time it had been necessary for him to go to the men who had come for the main there were a couple of women customers. Every-body loked when Miss Barram entered, and everybody continued to loka as the went in her haughty manner to the rail-ing which indered the singer holes that kitchen. He read it again when Rachel had finally left him, shaking his head and ing which inclosed the pigeon-holes that held Rentonville's mail matter. Every-"'And when you looked at me the ay you done,' sure I had to look at her

held Rentonvilles main matter, body knew her, and everybody was curi-ous about her—all the more curious be-cause of the episode of her visit to the achool trustees—and the postmaster him-self, when he saw her, this being the first self, when he saw her, this being the first way you done,' sure I had to look at he and she sitting in front of me—it wouldn't be manners if I didn't; 'I'm corry you're bean of the sure of the sure of the second second bean of the second second second second second second second bean of the second second

Scotch—he's not going to let his purse suf-fer for the sake of sentiment, and that's the way I fancy he has kept Miss Burram so frie adly to him." "Bat does Mr. Herrick know anything

Bat Herrick's questioner continne

voice that set the bystanders to langh

"Bat does Mr. Herrick know anything more abont Miss Burram's Charge than the rest of us?" asked one of the women, ven-turing now for the first time to speak. "No, I don't think he does," replied Pettard, "thoogh I've noticed that he al-ways looks through the glass there, at any letters he sees in Miss Burram's box and when he notices one in a blue enve-lope like what she got to-day, he gener-ally tries to get a look at the writing. But I fix him there—I always have the writ-ten side tarned down so he can't see anyten side turned down so he can't see any thing but the envelope. Of course he doesn't think that I know he's trying t

doesn't think that I know he's trying to look, but if he's shrewd, I'm sharp." "Well," said the little woman who had spoken before, and who was a somewhat neglected wife, "he's a good husband, and he's always talking of Mrs. Herrick, and talking of her in a way to make people see how he respects her."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Bright Spirit.

To the bright spirited friend we al ways turn when we need human help. In affliction we have no use for the one who looks on the dark side of life. He is as useless as dark, lowering skies are to the already storm beaten land. It is the bright spirit that scatters sun-beams and lifts from the saddened soul the face of sorrow. Just as the morning sun scatters the great black shadows of night, so does that sweet. happy spirit drive the sorrow and gloom from the atmosphere about it. It is no wonder that we look to the bright friend for help when we are submerged with affliction and sorrow. No other can help us in the dark hours of bereavement and trial. Just as the crushed, broken flower seeks to catch

the sweet sunbeams, so do we turn to the bright soul.-St. Anthony's Messenger.

Why Suffer ?4 When there is such a good remsdy as Nervi-line for all kinds of pain. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pain just as rapidly. Give it a trial. Why Suffer ?! why Suffer ?4 \_\_\_\_\_ Why Suffer ?4 \_\_\_\_\_ Why Suffer ?4 \_\_\_\_\_ Why Suffer ?4 \_\_\_\_\_ When there is such a good remedy as Nervi-bad known her to enter the post-office-hastened to get the single letter there was for her. She took it with a grim "Thank you," dropped it into the little satchel she carried and walked out in the same haughty manner with which she had en-

"Go on back in the train, and rem ember, never let up on the Lord-just hang to Him. But how about the surgeon you was goin' to take ?" The old father looked up at this quee

tion with a face of firmness and tender. ness, and answered:

"I am a surgeon. I know how my boy is wounded, and can save his life, if I can get there in time, as sure as my name is Nelson." After the train started and Mark

and I had worked up our mail, 1 told him of our little incident. He was greatly interested, and, when I had finished, asked if I knew their names. "Why, the old man said his name

was Nelson. "What ?" said Mark "I knew I had seen that man before as I saw him pass the mail car door. He was our surgeon in the army, and sewed up this check at Chickamauga, and set this old broken leg at Besaca. He was the finest surgeon in the world, we thought, and, with it all, tender as a woman. I must go back and see them. Can you keep up the run? And how much

money have you got ?" I knew what Mark had in his mind by the last question, but I doubted our having enough to get the road to vary its schedule. Oar train must wait fo certain connections at Dailas, and as Fort Worth was only thirty miles further on I didn't see any chance. Ray Ellis might be able at Dallas to get an order to run, regardless of schedule, to Fort Worth, but he couldn't make up the time. Fort Worth was the terminal of the Rock Island, and, of course, the train would leave on time. I had been on this run for a year, and had never yet seen that train upon our arrival

When Mark returned to the mail car through the vestibuled train we were nearing Dallas. All through the afternoon I had kept up the run, as the mail was light over this part of the road. Twice I had seen him at the telegraph offices when the train would stop, and, at Terrell, I thought he got a message, but when I looked his fact I saw he considered the case hopeless. "Well ?" I said, and awaited his an-

swar.

ing steam down such a hill as this. Chu ! Chu ! Chu !! Chu !! T don't sound like shutting off my does it? Look at those telegr poles, like pickets on a fence ! the people-how they stare! Did never see a train before! See old man with his hand to his eyes, ing in wonderment. That old there has kept up with many a for two hundred yards, but To you can't do it to-night. Have suddenly grown old and stiff, o never a train run like this one? up, Mark Winston, and be ca when you strike the next re We are almost half way curve. although the speed is terrific, only third of the lost time has been up, and should some one flag us lington, the race is wholly lost. is the signal now for that Please God that no one wants to Fort Worth this night ! There slacking of the speed, but the light to stop. No, it's only the l on the mail crane. Square y for that catch, Mark, and be c for that catch, Mark, and be Ah! you made it. But let ti go, and let's watch this run. that switch rattle, as we go ov see that lantern, winking like That's right, Ray, sound your loud and long for the count crossings, and be sure you givy lated farm warene plenty of crossings, and be sure you giv lated farm wagons plenty of get out of the way. You I case with you, Ray Ellis-him alone, eh, Mark? We little mother, that we may ralls, the speed is sufficient. are going up the last grade, exhaust from the engine is li work. Up ! Up !! Up !! !