

and adornments of removed, and we see looks at the heart of us and to master life in eyes. So when trou...

AN AWFUL CH...

A few years ago Somerstown, England care of an aged but man who devoted his and watched over his as far as was in his whose ears heeded tions, and many the such as never prayed. There was one pe who caused him mu attachment for and enter into marriage of vicious charact...

The man was fur concentrated in shring the occasion of He set himself to method of revenge anq murder. He severe illness, in a place, remote from for the priest and the heart when he i side, calculating o locality before the teated.

Having found a c himself, he told him sired him to go to him to come at on the in the meantime the house designat priest-arrived be m of any deceptio fixed upon, the fr presbytery.

It was a dark nig violent storm of o the priest had his offic and was pres when he heard a door.

It was somewhat to call so late, weather, and the door of his room at the stranger's re the housekeeper business, but the rain made such windows that he words. In a few keeper came up st

"A sick call, F it is too late, her mother's re morrow morning." "But Father, t man who sent his hopes you will go

"I will speak to priest, and going whether the case saying he would in; but the was most pressing deed dangerously "It is past 11 old man," and I "I was desirous immediately, re the poor wic at this moment."

It will be with morrow morning, "For the love to come to-night, "Well, I cannot me for the lov devoted priest, to paring to follow I In a few mome through the ink poured down in beat against the shivered with a still he walked regardless of the been asked to go Divine Master?"

After they had their way for turned down a stopped before building. He u entering, but p ricked the stair stepped aside, door, and said: "That is the you be pleased t He is expecting The unsuspecti directed, the g outside. The lighted, but in could distinguish of a man stretch covered entirely clothes.

The man mac priest approache him to inquire r Some what gal aside the bed c horror that he cold and the ey felt for the pu fingers touched contact with clenched in t the instrument the good pres imagined; goi for the man wh and who quick ding. Pointin the bed a an explanation "For some I gazed at the associate in then suddenly out their in before the wh scheme.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "SPIRITU SANTO"

CHAPTER XV.

Perhaps I should include among my services to my country the sufferings of twenty-two months of slow torture in the prisons of my captors. I have no complaint to make against the Confederates, for God knows they suffered themselves. They had no agriculture, no commerce to provide them with food no factories to supply them with blankets and clothing, no salt-works to preserve their meats. Their own soldiers, during those latter years of the war, were sleeping without shelter or covering, were eating rotten, wormy food, were dying of exposure and disease. What, then, had they to offer their prisoners? Freedom of movement and the frequent change of camping-ground gave them, of course, an immense sanitary advantage over prisoners herded together like cattle in pens, but I attribute nothing in the misery of our condition to any inhumanity on the part of our captors. My later experiences of war and warfare have taught me that the horrors of our situation were practically unavoidable under such conditions, and I have no feelings but those of liking and respect for the gallant supporters of a lost cause.

The uselessness of my sacrifices sometimes weighed upon my spirits. It seemed as if I should have served my country better by staying with my dear grandfather and laboring for the extension of its commerce and the beautifying of its waterways, rather than by shovelling dirt for five weeks languishing in prison for nearly two years. Perhaps, if I had gone through the excitement of a battle the sacrifice would have seemed more worth while; but as it was, I could only strive to console myself by calling to mind the words of Bossy: "Prepare yourself assiduously to be worthy of the highest citizenship, and if no beautiful day is to dawn on your country, at least the day of God will dawn upon your own soul!" I had faithfully endeavored to do what seemed to be my duty of citizenship, and if my work showed little result, I must leave the end to God and be at peace.

The day that I was led forth from prison and carried to Washington-gaunt, emaciated, bearded, hollow-eyed, and fever-worn—the friends to whose arms I was restored hardly knew me. I was too weak and weary to understand why they wept at sight of me, why Dr. Chabert and Remy lifted me in their strong arms, laid me on the hospital cot with such tenderness, and spoke in whispers about "breaking it to the Chevalier." Apparently they thought I was going to die, which surprised me, for I really felt well and contented, and very happy to be among my own again, only strangely weak. I thought, too, that they had all grown deaf, for though I spoke out loud and strong, as it seemed to me, yet I had difficulty in making them hear. They told me afterwards that my voice had been a mere whisper. My grandfather did not sweep over me as they had done, but, as he came and stood by my bedside, declared, in a loud, emphatic voice, that all I needed to make me look as sturdy as the best of them was a clean shave and some good, nourishing food; that a soldier would be ashamed to come to camp looking as sick and well-fed as a civilian. But they told me later that he only kept his bravado as far as the doorway, and there he fell in a dead faint, and all through the night he was weeping and calling for his bonnie, laughing little Remy to come back to him again.

I had often wondered during those weary months in prison why my friends had not effected an exchange for me, as was done in the case of so many prisoners. I feared that my grandfather must be dead, for I could not imagine him sitting still and letting me suffer while there was anything to be done. One day, after my strength had begun to return again, I felt sufficient interest in life to make inquiries of my good friend the doctor.

"Why, you see, it was this way, Eric: nobody knew exactly what had become of you. You might as well know first as last that it was supposed for a long while that you were a deserter." "A deserter?" I echoed, astonished and indignant.

"You were missing, you see, and no one could give a satisfactory explanation of your movements. The lieutenant in command of your company said that you had left your post, had gone to a neighboring tavern, and that later when he warned you the Confederates were coming up, you tried to lead him into a trap where some rebel sharpshooters were concealed in the woods. He swore that the last he saw of you was in company with a man who had deserted from Major Halliburton's regiment two days before."

"That part is true," I said. "The rest is perverted." "Of course, of course! All is known now, and the officer has been court-martialed and sentenced to fine and loss of rank. But for nearly two years, my poor Roderic, your name was on the rolls of your regiment as a deserter. It was only through the unceasing efforts of the Chevalier and Major Halliburton that your reputation was cleared and your whereabouts discovered. I was in the field hospitals, and could do little in your service, but we applied to Colonel Moir."

"Colonel?" I interrupted. "Moir a colonel? I thought he was disabled and could not enter the army." "Er— he was disabled for field duty," explained the honest doctor with a slight, embarrassed hesitation; "but he obtained a colonelcy in the commissary department, with headquarters in Washington, about a year ago. He has made a fortune in Cuban sugar, and has given a good deal of money to the campaign, and so has the ear of all the Washington officials. Unfortunately he had not the faith in you that, with your Southern blood and your well-known aversion to negroes, he was convinced you had taken the opportunity to slide over to the Con-

federates, and that we should find you fighting with one of the Southern armies." "No doubt he would have liked to have me hang for a traitor," I muttered, "now that he has got all out of me that he can." "No, no," corrected the doctor, hastily. "When your name was once cleared there was no one worked harder than he to effect your exchange. Major Halliburton had sworn all along that the little lieutenant was lying in order to get the credit of all the good engineering work you had done for him; but for a long time he could not leave his regiment to look up proof in the matter. It was your poor, dear grandfather, Roderic, who travelled up and down the length of the land, who spent every penny he possessed, who haunted the War Department and dogged the footsteps of generals and cabinet officers, and of that great-hearted man, the President, who forced the sounderly young lieutenant into a confession of the true state of affairs, who convinced the state of Ohio that you were a prisoner not a deserter, and now has succeeded in establishing your good name, in dragging you from your living grave and nursing you back to life and health again."

My dear grandfather! What did I not owe him? Dr. Chabert had not need to speak to me of my debt to this beloved parent. But it was an easy debt to repay, for I had only to grow well and strong, to be near him and to look contented, that was all that he required to make him happy and to reward him a hundredfold for the toll he counted as nothing.

"Dans les prisons de Nantes," sang a gay, sweet voice at my door one day, when I had been pronounced strong enough to sit up.

In the prison cell at Nantes there a prisoner, Gay, etc. Nita's mother here save the jailer's daughter Gay, etc.

A gracious apparition floated into view, in which I had no difficulty in recognizing our pretty Etienne. I was not prepared, however, to have my heart beat so tumultuously at sight of her, and was furious to find myself greeting her with the awkwardness and confusion of a country booby. How bewitchingly stylish and dainty she looked, her turban hat tipped down over her straight little nose, her black eyes flashing out brilliantly from under the shadow of her eyelids. Miss Nita was also suffering from a slight feeling of embarrassment. She talked and laughed a little too much at first to be perfectly natural, and this put me more at my ease.

"You have fallen off dreadfully in your looks," she declared—"that measuring them only by bulk. I do not criticize you for what you are but for what you are not. No wonder they would not let me see you before they had 'fattened you up,' as they call it; I should have mistaken you for the Loup Garou, and fled."

"How happens it that you are in Washington, brightening the lives of poor creatures, instead of gracing the Court of the Louvre? Where are your ambitions?" I asked.

"I am still ambitious," she laughed, "the same old penny, a little shined up to pass muster here, for one must be patriotic nowadays or nothing. I am a member of the Sanitary Commission, if you please, with a low courtesy. I pull lint by the bushel and make soup by the gallon. You have probably been fed on my soup, and that is why you still are so thin. I usually visit the hospitals in business-like manner, with apron and cap; but to-day I was to see you, so I have put on my best hat and necker, to make an impression on you."

"You never have failed to make an impression on me in any costume," I remarked. "You have made many ineffaceable ones which I shall carry to my grave. I do not refer to the one on my heart—that would be out of place—just now—but I still carry a black-and-blue spot on my shin, and the scar of a scratch near the corner of my eye."

"For shame, Eric Fremont! you calculator! I never did such a thing in my life!" she cried, indignantly. "I may have slapped you occasionally. I admit it, for I had provoked you—but scratched? No, never! I drew the line at pinching and scratching!" "And pulling hair," I added, gravely.

"It was the other way. Your memory is distorted by that did the hair-cutting. You might have a fine wig of brown curls in your possession by this time if you had cared for keepsakes. But if you tease me any longer, Roderic, I shall be sorry I ever got you out prison."

for you to do so, with all your Southern affiliations. But as soon as the Chevalier told me where you were I never gave Colonel Moir one moment's rest until he had moved heaven and earth to get your exchange."

So she openly boasted of her influence with Colonel Moir! Doubtless he had found time for love-making as well as for his arduous labors in the Commissary Department! I felt myself grow a little pale.

"Is he still devoted to you, Nita?" I asked somewhat shyly.

"Why, of course he is devoted!" she answered, in a surprised way. "We haven't been married long enough for him to be very husband-like yet."

As I look back at it now, fully understanding now much I cared for her, I wonder that I could have borne the shock so unflinchingly. I do not think the knowledge fully took possession of me at once, for I did not stagger under what was almost imperceptible to me. I said, with a poor attempt at gaiety: "You used to declare you were going to marry me, if I remember aright. But perhaps my memory received more than one twist in prison, which excuse I observe, is convenient in glossing over your past."

She laughed merrily, but with a little confusedly, I thought. "It is only you that have any need to gloss over the past," she said. "As for me, I admit that I always fully intended to marry you, and nobody else, but you never seconded my good intentions. First it was Alix, poor, dear Alix! Then you were going to be a monk. Then it was I don't know who, I only know that you cannot expect a girl to wait forever for a man when he does not answer her letters nor pay her the slightest attention. I am like the wise man who had watched his eyes out in a huddle-bush," she continued, gayly, "who

"When he found his eyes were out. He jumped into another bush. And scratched them to again!"

"Yes," I cried, bitterly, not quite master of myself, for the blow was hard and I was not strong. "You would have been invalid, inglorious, and for a time disgraced! Colonel Moir, rich, successful, in high favor with the powers that be, is a match far more worthy of your bright eyes!" "Don't Eric, don't," she faltered. "Don't speak to me in that way! It doesn't sound like you. I don't like it."

"Excuse me, Etienne," I said, recovering myself as best I could. "You must overlook a little bitterness, for you have been very dear to me, and it is only now that for the first time I am free of my marriage. I was unprepared. You must not be angry with me. But, believe me, I know you too well to think for an instant that you were governed by mercenary or unworthy motives in your choice."

There were tears in her eyes, and her voice shook a little as she spoke. "I do not like to see you so sad, and I do not like to see you so far from me. I wish you to love your husband, and I wish you always to be loyal to him, even if for any reason the love should grow less. Sentiment does not always last, but duty is always there. I have a duty, and I shall try not to forget it. I shall not be the less your true friend always. Remember, if I do not see you now, for I shall return to Detroit with Pepe as soon as possible, and we may not meet again. So we had better say good-bye," and I held out my hand.

She laid hers in it with a firm, friendly clasp. I returned the weak, and instantly withdrew my hand. I flattered myself I was behaving very well. Then, with a parting good wish for my speedy convalescence, the sweet vision glided out of my sight.

I sank back on my couch and buried my face in the pillow, half choked by sobbing. The only words that came to me were those of my old love song that I had sung so merrily the day that I fought my first duel for the little maiden that was forever lost to me. I was melancholy now, and the sad refrain of the last stanzas of "A la Claire Fontaine" were the ones that sprang to my trembling lips.

childish life for mine in a moment of danger. We had grown year by year more congenial, more companionable, and I had looked upon our affection as something foreordained, had relied upon its continuance, had joyfully counted upon it that the attachment of the child would develop into the love of the woman without effort on my part to cherish it or to win it. It had simply never entered my mind that she could ever possibly belong to any one else. Others might admire her, might make love to her, she might even seem to be shaken in its foundations, that she would be true to the end to him who had never spoken a word of love to her, like yet."

Her faults, did I say? She had none! She was perfect! What was a little vanity in one so pretty and with such faultless taste in dress? Had she not once gone an entire Lent without looking at her face in the glass because she had accused her of wasting time at her toilet? Had she not joyfully denied herself a thousand little fineries because she feared her father might be judging her beyond the point of prudence? Had I not often known her to refrain from spending her pin-money on ribbons and sweet-meats that she might give more towards the world's charity? She was young and healthy and gay, and entered joyously into the pleasures of the world; but had I ever known her to sacrifice to the world one iota of Christian principle or girlish modesty, or had the world ever turned tomcat duties of home or religion? Her ambition, however, was that she worked diligently to develop her rare talents and naturally liked to be where she could shine by her gifts and attainments; but who more ready to sacrifice herself for those she loved, who more ready to meet with all the annoyances, disappointments, and humiliations which even the most cherished darling of fortune must meet from time to time? Who so true, who so generous, who so trusting as this Nita that I loved, and she—oh, my God! she belonged now to another man, a man that was holy and right, and must never, never think of her as one that might have belonged to me!

"J'ai perdu ma maîtresse sans pouvoir la trouver; Pour un bouquet de roses, Qui je lui en ai offert, Il y a longtemps que j'ai aimé, Faut-je le nier?"

"Chante, rossignol, chante; Toi qui es si content, Tu ne pourrais-tu pas, M'en dire un peu plus? M'en dire un peu plus? M'en dire un peu plus? M'en dire un peu plus?"

"Confound it all!" muttered the honest doctor, in the intimacy of an after-dinner smoke by the side of my couch. "I needn't hold in before you, Chevalier, and before Roderic. You both know my son-in-law as I do, and I have no need of my keeping it back. I do not like to see you so sad, and I shall, if it is all the women's fault! I never should have consented to a marriage had I known in time how affairs were drifting. But you see how it was. While I was at the front, Nita and her mother were in New York, where they had few acquaintances. They moved terribly in the gayety and the artistic atmosphere of Paris. Nita felt that her talents and accomplishments, her knowledge of European languages, literature, and politics were thrown away, that no one in New York cared for those things. Moir had much the same experience. He was fixed in any manner by his professional duties, but when his artistic nature sought companionship it was to Nita he turned for appreciation. They found each other more and more congenial, her mother knew nothing against him, her brothers and I were away. The first I knew of it was when my wife wrote me they were engaged, that Moir had an appointment in Washington, and wished to marry at once."

My grandfather and I sat in silence while the good doctor, between voluminous puffs of smoke, gave his apology for a state of affairs evidently unsatisfactory to him. We let him talk on without interruption, for his words were so full of sense and the dearest wish of my grandfather's heart would have been, and that the recital was hardly less painful to him than to me.

"I opposed the marriage at first," went on the doctor, after waiting in vain for some comment from us. Nita was very submissive. She was always an obedient, reasonable child. She wrote me that there wasn't a man in the world good enough for her to marry if I didn't approve of him. I don't think I could have written that way at her age. Of course, her submissiveness disarmed me, and then her mother wrote me how congenial they were, what a fine, steady business man Moir had developed into, what a brilliant position Etienne would have, how her knowledge of languages and European politics would be appreciated in the diplomatic society in Washington and I don't know what else. The upshot of it all was that I wrote back for the women to go ahead and have their own way, which they did."

Another awkward pause, for I could not speak, and my grandfather would not. "I don't say that I dislike him as an acquaintance," resumed the doctor at last. "He is clever and entertaining, and I am told, a keen man, which surprises me a little, as he seemed in Paris to be the unpractical, dreamy kind that they call artistic. But the point of view from which I dislike him is that of a husband for my little Etienne."

I doubt if three persons could have been found more thoroughly in sympathy on any one point, and yet there was not so much as an answering murmur to the doctor's eloquent pause. At last he said, with a sigh: "I don't try to like him, and I can't try to make you like him. We all know too many things to his disadvantage."

energy. "Etienne must not be told that; she must have every chance for happiness," he said, impressively.

"Of course, Pepe, of course," I replied, smiling reassuringly at him.

"Of course," muttered the doctor. "We must all hold our tongues for her sake, even if we have to go hang for it."

I think Dr. Chabert felt better after this outburst of confidence. He had seemed to feel that some sort of an apology was necessary to us because we knew so well his son-in-law's character, or perhaps because he suspected we had entertained secret hopes which were blighted, and he did not wish us to think it was through any unfriendliness of his. I had no confidences with my grandfather, not feeling that I could entirely trust myself to talk things over. For his sake I wished to grow strong and appear cheerful, but at heart I was as weak, as morbid and melancholy as a love-sick girl.

I dared not look at Etienne, Moir's lips were twitching nervously, but he had himself well in hand. "There is a little confusion here, Mr. Breed," he said, quietly. "You are mixing up two transactions."

"I think I ought to know if any one should," interrupted I, looking steadily at Moir. "You have confused two separate transactions, Mr. Breed, as Colonel Moir is about to explain. He purchased the Selva Alegre sugar plantation in 1861. The Fremont coffee plantation—which, by-the-way, had an English name—was sold as far back as 1856, if I remember right. Etienne rewarded my bold invention. The color had crept back into her face and she smiled gratefully at me, but Mr. Breed was not so easily satisfied.

"It is strange I should have made such a mistake," he exclaimed. "I should like to be satisfied on this point. I was the broker through whom the first loan was transacted, just ten years ago, in 1854, and I am perfectly positive that the Fremont plantation was the one concerned. Here is some one that can tell me," he broke off, eagerly, as my grandfather drew near. I tried to make him a sign, but failed to catch his eye. "The Chevalier do me out," said my grandfather bowed courteously. "I am at your service, sir."

"Can you tell me, Chevalier, at what date the Fremont plantation in Cuba was sold?"

"Just at the outbreak of the war, I think," replied he, cautiously. "My only authority is the account which Mr. Arthur handed in to the probate court when my grandson attained his majority in 1861. The Cuban estate had been mortgaged to convert it into a sugar plantation, but Mr. Arthur was forced to declare the estate bankrupt just as it was beginning to be profitable, and the mortgage was foreclosed."

"Just as I thought! And who bought it?" cried Mr. Breed, triumphantly. "The purchaser's name was immaterial; I never inquired," replied the Chevalier.

gratulate you on your good luck, or good management, whichever you may call it," said a Boston gentleman who was present, sauntering up to our happy group. "I hear that it is the old Fremont plantation from which such a fortune has been made in sugar. You are fortunate in having Mr. Arthur and Colonel Moir as your business partners. Some of its old holders in the stock market have not got over our amazement yet at the way you cornered us on sugar in '61."

"I am sorry I cannot claim your congratulation, Mr. Breed," I said, "but unfortunately the Fremont plantation was a *copied*, not an *improvement*, and it was ruined within an instruction and sold for debt some years ago."

"Oh, come, come!" laughed Mr. Breed. "Don't disclaim it! We are business men, and Mrs. Moir, here, is the wife of a business man, and we understand all these little bankruptcy transactions. I know Arthur well at the time he was managing that property for you. He borrowed a lot of money in Boston, with your estate as security, and turned the coffee farm into a sugar plantation. By the time it was completely transformed the mortgage had to be renewed, Arthur declared your estate bankrupt, the mortgage was foreclosed, and the whole estate and plant were bid in for a nominal sum by a third party. Of course we all knew what that meant, and that it was Moir bidding for you under his own name. It was cleverly done. Don't disclaim it, Mr. Fremont! As I say, we all know how those little things are arranged."

I dared not look at Etienne, Moir's lips were twitching nervously, but he had himself well in hand. "There is a little confusion here, Mr. Breed," he said, quietly. "You are mixing up two transactions."

"I think I ought to know if any one should," interrupted I, looking steadily at Moir. "You have confused two separate transactions, Mr. Breed, as Colonel Moir is about to explain. He purchased the Selva Alegre sugar plantation in 1861. The Fremont coffee plantation—which, by-the-way, had an English name—was sold as far back as 1856, if I remember right. Etienne rewarded my bold invention. The color had crept back into her face and she smiled gratefully at me, but Mr. Breed was not so easily satisfied.

"It is strange I should have made such a mistake," he exclaimed. "I should like to be satisfied on this point. I was the broker through whom the first loan was transacted, just ten years ago, in 1854, and I am perfectly positive that the Fremont plantation was the one concerned. Here is some one that can tell me," he broke off, eagerly, as my grandfather drew near. I tried to make him a sign, but failed to catch his eye. "The Chevalier do me out," said my grandfather bowed courteously. "I am at your service, sir."

"Can you tell me, Chevalier, at what date the Fremont plantation in Cuba was sold?"

"Just at the outbreak of the war, I think," replied he, cautiously. "My only authority is the account which Mr. Arthur handed in to the probate court when my grandson attained his majority in 1861. The Cuban estate had been mortgaged to convert it into a sugar plantation, but Mr. Arthur was forced to declare the estate bankrupt just as it was beginning to be profitable, and the mortgage was foreclosed."

"Just as I thought! And who bought it?" cried Mr. Breed, triumphantly. "The purchaser's name was immaterial; I never inquired," replied the Chevalier.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Chance For Self Study.

Pain and grief clear the mind and helps the man to know himself. Trouble sweeps away as a mist all doubts and false living, and leaves the man to see himself just as he is. Hence he character his motives, his tendencies, his character honestly. Temporary pleasures, momentary delights, the glare of sunlight are all taken away, and just as the eyes can often see further on a cloudy day than in the full sunlight, so the man sees more exactly his life and all that touches his life. Thank God that sometimes all the fancy touches