THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1905

VAN RENSELAER WIGGIN DIPLOMAT

(Continued from page 6)

the go-betweens who had done their work so well. Also he cloaked himself in the dark bornous which his ents back, and departed with speed, friend motioned him to don, and, fearing equally lest their generous having brushed a furtive hand across his pocket to make sure his revolver him the bowstring of Amineh. was there, he followed his conductor out into the street; on through the unnumbered turns, and for distances ent beauty. If for a moment now and again, his mind floated back to that seemed interminable.

anxiety did not take something from the warmth of Van Renselaer's blood. Ibn Musa's plans for the future conduct of the affair were of the wide-awake face and fast-moving vaguest. The outcome would be as God ordained; an attitude not quite glass, how should Miss Blanv feel satisfying to the occidental mind.

The latter could not but feel the need of some sort of notion as to just what its proprietor had to do, and it is a high tribute to his courage that, despite this lack, no wish for the chance of retreat crossed his mind

At last they stopped before a low Abdallah hissed softly, and then again.

The door swung inward, and Van Renselaer saw against the gloom beyond a female figure veiled to the eyes and with finger pressed to her

The blood leaped in his veins. Then he realized that this was doubtless but the attendant through whom the meeting had been arranged. Abdallah was whispering in his ear that he would await him for an hour, lounging against the shutter of a sweatmeat shop they had passed some moments ago. If he did not come in an hour fon Musa would know it for the will of Allah that he should never come, and would flee from Fez forthwith, lest the slaves spoke under the as it did." torture.

All this was not especially cheerful, however oriental, but Van Renselaer smiled gratefully, pressed his friend's hand and saw the closing door divide them, perhaps forever. This new conductor grasped the hem of his bornous and led him back through what seemed a neglected garden, with uneven pavement, dilapidated fountains and an overgrowth of they'll stick up an' look kind o' St. Lucia. Two days previous to' The work is intended as a tribute to small trees, large bushes, pathetic flowers, arrogant weeds and long grasses that sprang from between the stones.

nevertheless stood alone. His guide great deal of service. had vanished into thin air.

A momentary chill struck through

at the shadow of victory, had promptly announced his purpose to set out for home the following morning, alleging the illness of his secretary as an added reason for unceremonious adieus; and the Sultan sent doctors times and gave him much money for and sweetmeats and presents to Van

Renselaer, and Van Renselaer jollied the doctors and threw the sweetmeats carefully away and sent other preshost, hearing of things, might send

The steamer pleaghed her homeward path, and still Van Renselaer narrowest of narrow ways, around Wiggin bowed at the shrine of pres-

It would be incorrect to leave the a slender wrist and great dark eyes impression that an occasional twinge of anxiety did not take something should Miss Dash know or care? If his troubled vision, piercing into a segment of the future, saw a wuick, hands behind a hole in a plate of it or comprehend?

It was the good old Governor that met him at the pier; the son whose glory was now of the house of Wiggin; and, as they rode homeward to dinner and Mrs. W., it was the good old Governor who broke the news to Van Renselaer most sympathetically, how Miss Mae Stoffmeydoor in a whitewashed wall, and er had proved, after the light manner

of girls, that absence made the heart grow fonder-of somebody else-and had wedded some vague Westerner and gone to Montana or Arizona or somewhere.

The Governor did not state how much it had cost him, directly or. indirectly, to sharpen and aim the shafts of Anteros. He spoke remin-

iscently and feelingly of Van Renselaer's lost love. "She was a nice girl, Van; a good

stimulating wife for any young chap, but I'm afraid we'd have had some trouble to make your mother see it. Women have their own notions about haps it's just as well it turned out

And Van Renselaer, wise in his ig- falls to human lot. norance, could not but feel that perhaps it was.

Jimmy's Mother's Bonnet

"I want you to put jes' as many vi'lets on as you ken for twenty cents, right there in the front, so't stylish."

It was a thin, sickly looking little trip down into the mine which should ception. boy that spoke. The young girl be- be his last before his wedding.

into a veritable Garden of Lindara-ia, no; they had not passed under the bundle, and took out a rusty black under Marta's window, "Don't forget the pupil and the substitute of Mgr. arch, or of they had, Van Renselaer straw bonnet, which had seen a Thursday!" As if the radiant, hap- Poletto in the Dantesque Chair of the "It's fur my mother," he continued, wedding day!

"an' git it done for me by the time Then her lover went down into the The subjects of the chapters are: The



posed of three bars, with short bull-dog teeth, which grip, chop up and throw down the gritty clinkers, but squeeze the hard coal upwards.

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A True Story

Near Falun, in Sweden, a peasant | A work which has a special interest such things, and they're not diplo-mats like you and your old dad. Per-haps it's just as well it turned out woman lately died at a very advanc-ed age, in whose life occurred a ther in the Works and in the Thought stranger, sadder episode than often of Dante"; the author of it is Mgr. Giacomo Poletto, the illustrious Dan-

Old Marta, as every one of recent tesque scholar, honored throughout times called her, was a village beau-umes, of which no less than 35 treat

ty in her far distant youth, and had of Dante. This new work is a vola lover named Olaf. The best Swed- ume of 500 pages, and in it the learnish copper comes from Falun, and ed Prelate, treading in the footsteps Olaf was one of the hundreds of of Dante and representing his thought sturdy young fellows who worked in always shows forth in a luminous the mines. He and Marta were to manner the glory and the mercy that be married on a certain festival of belong to the Blessed Mother of God. this great event Olai started on the the Jubilee of the Immaculate Con-

In the black miner's dress- often ence Cardinal Rampolla. The first A second wall, covered with vines, hind the counter smiled, but there these poor fellows' burial clothes as chapter, "Mary in the Period of lay across their path, but they pass-were tears in her eyes as the grimy these poor fellows burial clothes as Dante," is written by Father Stefa-well-Olaf, in the early, dark morn- Dante," is written by Father Stefapy girl was likely to forget her Leonine Institute of Rome. The work

him. His hand slipped into his pocket and touched the butt of his revolver, and the touch helped to steady him. The moonlight stream-ed down upon masses of well-order-to the touch helped to steady him. The moonlight stream-ed touch duby he touch the girl; "only to the touch helped to steady him. The moonlight stream-ed touch duby he touch the girl; "only to the touch helped to to be the helped to to be the touch helped to to be the helped to to be the helped to to the touch helped to to be the touch helped to to be the touch the touch helped to to be touch to the touch helped to to be the touch the touch the touch the touch the touch the touch to the touch the



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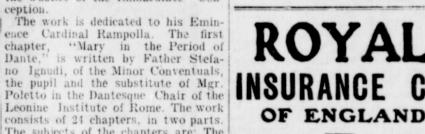
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ed tropical vegetation and the colors

lights and shadows. A small kiosk I had to.' lay a few steps before him, in the middle of the garden, and toward it be now bent his steps. Sweet odors -musk and spikenard-came to his be began applying it vigornostrils.

fell aside. Van Renselaer's bosom.

vy, sickening perfumes enveloped and there.

wobble sideways in evident flight. can. Hurrying footsteps came to his ears.

horses' oe arch in the first wall or the could hardly be discerned. street gate in the second, but the dashed up the street toward the shop get it so shiny? Oh, she'll be jest this world!" of the sweetmeats merchant, and seiz-tickled to death!" slackening his speed in the effort. Salety soon crowned such a gait. each other.

ed Van Renselaer, "was like a house.

Van Renselaer. He remembered the ver happen again!"-Selected. other litter and its staggering bearers; he considered the probable vagueness of his enamored ravings; and he knew that his friend had understood and aided him according to his lights, the lights of a land where fe-deed done, makes the whole world look for friendly aid from sympabeauty is reckoned by the better and gladder. male

pound. something that will put wisdom into your soul and I'll bet your Prophet He is the noble man who does no- brought relief to thousands who will out it would be indeed friendless. was man enough not to hold it up ble deeds. against you for this once." And Abdallah, floundering hopelessly in ing hands to do. his mind, followed, unprotesting, and they sat together until they swayed others is a good example and sang strange songs in the morning light: until the Hon. Strothers wins more hearts than tears. found snirit of Bald Ridge, put them to only one which does not wear out. bed, understanding nothing of the strange adventures of which they by his usefulness, not his wealth. moke now fiercely, now persuasively, and again with tears.

That afternoon came unto the dull- suffering. et head and chilled heart of Van ton had vielded-or, rather, had pro- my duty."

"Jim," answered the boy; "an' I the recovery of his poor lifeless body. of many great flowers showed weird won't. An' there's the twenty cents. Marta, in dumb, tearless grief, finand fantastic amid the play of I'd wait for it a couple of hours if ished stitch by stitch a black silk

ously to the faded straw.

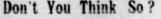
out of the darkness, swaying slowly in the moonlight. His heart stop-ped beating; he started back invol-give him the violets and let him the resolution of the darkness invol-give him the violets and let him Startling events occurred in the great untarily. The form of his beloved go? Twenty cents' worth-humph!'' world outside-the cruel Crimean tains seemed to fill all space between two for the poor little fellow," was the the emancipation of the seris, the Th mountain of flesh sank slowly upon I suppose he's saved up twenty cents triumph of Germany over France. for weeks! I'm so glad I happened All these things troubled little the What hideous nightmare was this? Was it a fiction of sleep? Was it enchantment? The sylph of the lit-through with it-see if you can?' ter hung upon him, two hundred and She hummed a happy little song youth, they mattered not at all. fifty pounds at the very least, that as she put on coat after coat, deftly The time came when a new opengurgled guttural words of love. Hea- turning the straw up here and down ing was needed in the mine.

called to each other in evident ex- of violets at wholesale? A poor lit- served form, features and clothing so citement. The weight lifted itself the boy has brought me his mother's perfectly that the young man appearfrom his shoulders and he looked into bonnet to trim, and I want to add a ed to have died but yesterday, or a face, dull white, painted, a full few violets to what he has ordered, have fallen asleep at his work. moon indeed. Its owner began to and make it just as pretty as 1 They carried him up to the light of

"Oh, you don't mean it! You do lifeless body. fortune of the Wiggins' led him to not mean that my mother's bunnit, "He is my lover-my Olaf, whom I both. Doubtless he could easily have and all fur twenty cents?" exclaimed have bewailed for more than fifty cleared the walls just then had it Jim, coming back just as the finish- years, and the good God lets me see been necessary. The pursuing foot-steps were lost in the distance. He what lots o' vi'lets! How did you youth before my old eyes close on

the clerk's face.

"Yes-truly," murmured Ibn Musa; "Allah smiled upon Aminch with the beauty of much fat. There is no which the Lord has blessed me I be-fatter woman in Fez." grudged to the poor and needy within the senses were



"Abdallab," he said, "if you'll talk about doing them; a little work Thomas' Eclectric Oil, for when the come to my quarters I'll mix you done is better than a lot of work Oil is in the pain is out. It has

Love will always find work for will-

The greatest gift we can bestow on

Laughter opens more doors and

A person's worth should be judged Some troubles are wholly blessed in retrospect, and infinitely worth

The bravest and best of men and sic have to come from the heart, not Penselear Wiggin word that the Sul- women can only say: "I have done from the machine.

handkerchief with a red border which had a word or smile for the score Then, as he stood before the en-trance, a veiled figure seemed to rise up that old thing?" inquired another would gladly have taken poor Olar's ed in the second part of the book-

Digging Jown in the dark burrow, the seened to overpower him. Suddenly lights shone in a building that loomed beyond; harsh voices you give me thirty-five cents' worth vitriol water. The vitriol had pre-

day, but no one recognized him. "Indeed I will," the proprietor an- Fifty odd years weed out most of Then Van Renselaer Wiggin turned swered, "and good measure at that!" the friends who could remember us and fled madly, incontinently, un- And so it came about that the poor if, after that interval, we were to chivalrously, bounding over obstacles black bonnet was transformed into a return from the dead. At last Marin form that would have made the beautiful "shiny" one, with bunches ta, a shrunken old woman upward of intercollegiate hurdles record fade far of violets peeping out here and there seventy, leaning on a crutch, came from the ribbons so cunningly ar- forward and looked down on the He did not know where lay the could hardly be discerned. If the first wall or the could hardly be discerned. If the first wall or the could hardly be discerned.

"He is my lover-my Olaf, whom I

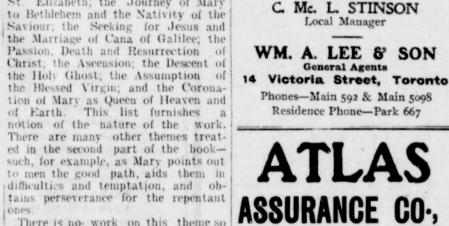
Few there were present who looking Abdallah, as he lounged against It was a wonderfully happy little ed dry-eyed upon this touching scene. the shutter, dragged him on, scarce- boy who gazed from the bonnet into In her lover's coffin the wayworn old woman laid the handkerchief bordered As the door closed behind him, one with red which she as a girl had They halted panting, and looked at who had been a silent spectator of worked for him, and beside his open ch other. "She she the woman there," gasp- and, laying her hand on her shoulder, ed to have recovered the sweetness said, "This has been a lesson to me, of youth, "Sleep well, my only be-

longer, and in her hoary age, when tter woman in Fez." grudged to the poor and needy within other senses were dull and dead, the Comprehension dawned slowly upon my gate. Please God, it shall ne memory of her lost love still hurned

> Always a Good Friend .- In health and happiness we need no friends, but thetic hands. These hands can serve It is better to do things than to us no better than in rubbing in Dr. brought relief to thousands who with-

Where selfishness exists in any form we cannot but observe evil results. The individual is taught by his Reer and Master that the only real de good that can be derived both for himself and his contemporary is by them and, in the benevolent The pleasure of doing good is the self-sacrifice. The cheerfulness or optimism of life is enjoyed when we are not selfishly interested in some person of cause, but when we feel the deep pulse of the Holy Spirit animating us.

The cause of the good has against



There is no, work on this theme so The next moment a carnest reply. "Just think, Mary; terrible Civil War of America, the great and powerful as this of Polet-This constitutes the singular to's. merit of the volume, which is, be-

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