

Our Subscribers.

that owing to absence by the enclosed has been obliged for your continuing the paper as a distinct loss to my without it.

Yours truly,

A."

please find postal order description for 1904. The usual is always welcome, more and more interesting the advice to the badly needed, and the articles rather on the h are so important and about your generous review would be left perfectly valuable information on Leo XIII, and the election X. has enabled me to especially with a who are readers of literature of the day, forget to mention the "Observer," whose article not do without, they and praiseworthy. wishes for the success of "Fitness," I am,

thfully yours,

MRS. K. D. M.

one dollar to renew my to your valuable paper it contains pure and leading matter for Catholic should find a place in family. I send and the name of a new fishing your paper every

I am,

Sincerely yours,

F. L. D.

SEVEN POPES

cular paper tells of an Omaha, who has lived gyman is Father William Irishman by birth. He Pope Pius VII. When years old, Pope Leo XII. throne. After a reign this Pontiff died, and by Pope Pius VIII. lasted two years. The Gregory XVI., who rone until 1844. Then in 1878 Pope Leo Pius IX., and now X.—in the year 1903, concerning the life of we find the following, name to America, and at Omaha, and took first Catholic Church

was a poor little wood-about forty feet long wide, and stood on te of the Burlington Eighth street. The on of Omaha was then, and the congrega-essarily small and far Father Kelly labored rily and with a non-iasm and energy to little congregation. So his labors that he h sent into the then ness to build up ow the use of the Chris-

at train into Cheyenne ver the Union Pa-pleted, Father Kelly passengers, and a er, in 1868, he had Catholic Church in tle town. In the fall Kelly accompanied a to Rome, where he at Vatican Council, al Catholic convention Returning, he was rk in Lincoln in 1871, for four years, when ack to Omaha, where ationed ever since.

ears past Father Kel-der from the regular riesthood, owing to years and physical in-eads a quiet and se- the parish house. He or too weak, how- warm interest in the church and to lend a sympathetic hand in y and well-doing. em a wonderful thing riest had lived un- specially when we con- IX, resigned thirty- Leo XIII, twenty-five, ly is only 85 years been born in 1818. idea of what a long single touch may read it. Go, my

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XLIV.—Continued.

"What a shocking dance that horn-pipe is!" exclaimed the lady. "I am always reminded when I see it of the dampers of a piano." "Precisely, indeed," said Hardress, with a smile like death, "very ridiculous indeed. Tell me how you know of this?" he said apart to the boy. "Speak low and quickly."

"From a little hunchback in bride-well at magistrate Warner's," returned the lad. "He bid me — but the lady is talking to you."

"I beg your pardon," said Hardress, turning quickly round. "It was not I," said the fair dancer; "it was Mrs. Cregan called."

Hardress looked at his mother, and saw her holding towards him a small basket of confectionery and oranges, while she glanced towards the ladies. Hardress rose to perform this piece of gallantry with a sensation of gloomy resignation, and with a feeling of bitterness towards his unhappy parent, as if she ought to have known that she was knotting the cord upon his life.

When it was done, he hurried to his seat, but the servants were all gone and the door was closed. He stole from the apartment to the hall, once more resumed his hat, and ascending the small flight of steps leading to the chamber so often mentioned, he was once more upon the point of freedom.

But the grasp of an avenging Providence was laid upon his life. In the middle of this chamber he encountered the bride alone.

"Hardress," said she, "are you leaving us for the night?" "I am," he murmured in a faint voice, and passed on.

"Stay, Hardress!" said Anne, laying her hand upon his arm. "I have something to say, which you should know immediately."

This last interruption completed the confusion of the bridegroom. A sudden faintness fell on his whole frame, his brain grew dizzy, his senses swam, and he reeled, like one intoxicated, into a vacant chair.

"Well, Anne," said he, "anything—everything—my life itself, if you think it worth your while to require it."

"I owe it to my own peace, and even to yours, Hardress," said Anne, "to tell you that I have discovered all."

"Discovered all!" echoed Hardress, springing to his feet.

"Yes—all. A generous friend—generous to you and me alike—has given the whole history of your cause of suffering, and has left me nothing to regret, but that Hardress should not have thought it worth his while to make Anne a partner in his confidence. But that I have forgotten likewise, and have only now to say that I regret my own conduct as much as I once was grieved for yours. I must have added to the pain which—Hark!"

dear child, my love! my wretched! Hal!" "Anne Chute! Where's Anne?" exclaimed an anxious voice at the doorway. "Where is the bride?"

"Here, here!" said Mrs. Cregan. "Come—come!" "Come—come!" "Come this way, Anne!" he said, taking her hand, while his own were trembling with anxiety. "Unhappy bride! Oh, horrid, fearful night! Come—come!"

"I will not stir!" exclaimed the bride with vehemence. "What means those words and actions? There is some danger threatens Hardress—Tell me, if there is—"

"Take her away, good Kyrle." "He shall not take me hence. Why should he? Why does he call me an unhappy bride? Why does he say this night is horrid and fearful? I will not stir—"

"They are coming!—force her hence, good Kyrle," muttered the expectant mother.

Struggling in his arms, and opposing prayers, threats, and entreaties to the violence which he employed, Kyrle Daly bore the affrighted bride away from the apartment. He remained by her side during the whole evening, often soothing her anxiety by his ready eloquence, and watching every movement of her mind, and feelings with the tender vigilance of a near and devoted relative.

Mrs. Cregan, meanwhile remained alone in the room, her ear bent to catch the first sounds of approaching danger, and her frame made rigid with the intensity of feeling. Her hands were employed, while in this attitude, in arranging her hair, and removing as far as possible every appearance of disorder from her dress. At length, the clatter of muskets and the tramp of many feet was heard in the little hall. A momentary convulsion shook her frame. It passed away, and she rose to her usual height and her customary stateliness of eye and gesture.

At the same moment the door opened, and Mr. Warner accompanied by Captain Gibson and the military party, appeared upon the little staircase. The first mentioned seemed surprised, and somewhat embarrassed at the sight of Mrs. Cregan. He murmured something of his regret at being compelled to do what must be so painful to her, and was proceeding to recommend that she should retire when she cut short the speech.

"Talk not to me, sir," she said, "of your regret or your reluctance. You have already done your worst to fix a stigma on our name and a torture on our memories. For months, for weeks, and days, my son spoke to you, laughed with you, and walked freely and openly among you, and then you laid no hand upon his shoulder. You waited for his wedding day to raise your lying cry of murder, you waited to see how many hearts you might crush together at a blow. You have done the worst of evil in your power; you have dismayed our guests, scattered terror amid our festival, and made the remembrance of this night, which should have been a happy one, a thought of gloom and shame."

"My duty," murmured the magistrate, "obliged me to sacrifice."

"Complete your duty, then," said the mother haughtily, "and do not speak of your personal regrets. If justice and my son are foes, what place do you fill between them? You mistake your calling, Mr. Magistrate; you have no personal feeling in this transaction. You are a servant of the law, and as a servant, act."

Mr. Warner bowed, and directed the soldiers to follow him into the inner room. At this order Mrs. Cregan turned her face over her shoulder with a ghastly smile.

"That," she said in a tone of calm reproach, "that is my sleeping-chamber."

"My duty, madam."

"Be it so," said Mrs. Cregan, in a low voice, and turning away her face with the same painful smile, while her heart crept and trembled. The party entered the room.

"I hope," said Captain Gibson, who really began to think that Mrs. Cregan had a great deal of reason. "I hope Mrs. Cregan will not blame me for my part in this transaction."

Cregan, Mr. Connolly, and two or three other gentlemen, came reeling into the apartment, excessively intoxicated, and retaining consciousness enough to feel a sense of injury not wholly understood, and a vague purpose of resistance.

"Dora," said Mr. Cregan, staggering towards her, and endeavoring to look sober, "what are you doing here? What's the matter?"

Mrs. Cregan, her whole soul absorbed by the proceedings in the inner room, did not even appear to be conscious of his presence.

"Very—very extraordinary conduct," he said, turning an unsteady eye upon the captain. "Soldiers, officers, eh, Connolly?"

"Very—very extraordinary conduct," echoed Connolly.

"Do they take the house for a barracks?" continued Cregan. "Captain, withdraw your soldiers."

Captain Gibson, already annoyed by the taunt of Mrs. Cregan, returned this demand by a stern look.

"Stand by me, Connolly. Your swords, gentlemen!" cried Cregan as he drew his own.

The others imitated his example. Captain Gibson without condescending to unsheathe his own weapon, turned to his men, and beckoning with his finger, said:—

"Disarm those drunken gentlemen."

His orders were obeyed upon the instant; a few slight scratches being all that was sustained by the soldiers in the drunken scuffle that ensued. The gentlemen were placed, with their hands tied, on chairs at the other side of the room, and the bundle of rapiers were laid upon the window-seat.

"Very well, sir—very well," said Mr. Cregan; "I shall remember this, and so shall my friends. I am a gentleman, sir, and shall look for the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Expect the same from me," said Connolly, swinging his person round upon the chair.

"And me," said a third.

"And me," echoed a fourth.

"I little expected to meet with such a return as this for our hospitality," continued Mr. Cregan.

ner, hurrying into the room. "Is he?" shrieked the distracted and almost delirious mother. "Dark blood-hound, have you found him? May the tongue that tells me so be withered from the roots, and the eye that first detected him be darkened in its socket!"

"Peace, shocking woman," said the magistrate; "your curses only aid to the offence that Heaven has already suffered."

"What!" cried the unhappy parent, "shall it be for nothing, then, that you have stung a mother's heart, and set the mother's brain on fire? I tell you, no! My tongue may hold its peace, but there is not a vein in all my frame but curses you! My child! my child! she screamed aloud, on seeing Hardress at the door. She rushed, as if with the intent of flinging herself upon his neck, but checking the impulse as she came near, she clasped her hands, and, sinking at his feet, exclaimed, "My child, forgive me!"

"Forgive you, mother!" replied her son, in a wretched voice; "I have destroyed you all!"

"The crime was mine," exclaimed the miserable parent; "I was the author of your first temptation, the stumbling-block between you and repentance. You will think bitterly of me, Hardress, when you are alone."

"Never!" said Hardress, raising her in his arms. "Still honored, always well-meaning and affectionate. I will never think of you but as a mother. My eyes are open now. For the first time in many weary months, the first thought of peace is in my heart; and but for you, and those whom I have made wretched with you, I would call that thought a thought of joy. Grieve no more, mother, for my sake. Grieve not, because it is vain. The bolt has sped, the victim has been struck, and Earth has not a remedy. A victim was due to Justice, and she shall no longer be defrauded. I had rather reckon with her here than in a future world."

"I cannot part with you," murmured his mother, while her head rested on his shoulder; "do not put away my hands awhile. It is tearing my very heart up!"

"Dear mother, let me go," said Hardress, gently disengaging himself; "we shall meet again, I hope. In the meantime, hear my farewell request, as you have heard all that I have ever made; waste not your days in idle retrospection, but pray for me with fervor, be kind to those whom I have loved, and remember that my death, at least, was happier than my life."

"I threatened you with poverty," muttered Mrs. Cregan, while her memory glanced wildly through the past.

"Dear mother!—" "I bade you leave my house or do my pleasure—"

"Why will you vex my soul at such a moment?"

"I have tied the cord upon your throat. I slighted your scruples. You own dread words come back upon me now. Those words which I heard with so little emotion as Dinis, and in this hall before, now ring like the peal of dead-bells in my ear. I have been your fellest foe. You drank in pride with my milk, and passion under my indulgence. I have destroyed you for this world, and—"

"My dear, dear mother!" cried Hardress, clasping her to his breast, and bursting into tears of shame and repentance, "forget, I implore you, those impious and reproachful words; they were the ravings of my madness, and should not be regarded. Hear me now, in the full and calm possession of my judgment, and let those words only be remembered. Do you hear me, my dear mother?"

"I do—I am listening. Speak, my child; I will remember well."

Hardress stooped to her ear, and murmured in a low voice; "In a secret drawer of my cabinet you will find a paper unsealed. Give it to—"

he paused, and bowed down a moment in deep agitation—"to Anne Chute; I am glad she bears that name—glad of her fortune in escaping me. Let her read that paper. I have penned it with the view of rendering justice to a confiding friend, whose confidence I have betrayed. Oh, memory! memory!—but I must look forward now, not back. Ah, mother, if I had really known how to value your affectionate counsels in my childhood—if I had only humbled my heart to a belief in its own weakness, and a ready obedience to your will in my younger days, I should not die in my youth a shameful death, and leave you childless in your age."

"Aye," said Mrs. Cregan, "or if I had done the duty of a mother; if I had thought less of your worldly, and more of your eternal happiness. My brain is scorched!"

"My dear fond parent, will you add to my agony?" "You will hate me in your prison." "Never!" "I know what you will say when they are dragging you to the scaf-

fold. It is my mother, you will say, who has bound these cords upon my limbs. The people will stare on you, and you will hang your head, and say that I was the author of your death—"

"I will pray for you," said Hardress, pressing her to him and kissing her forehead, "as you will do for me." While he spoke he felt the aris that encircled his neck grow rigid and the face that looked up to his was overspread with a damp and leaden paleness.

"Farewell, dear mother!—for the present," he continued, "and remember—Oh, she is growing cold, and weak; remove her—remove her quickly, gentlemen!"

She was borne out, in a half-fainting condition, and Hardress surrendering himself to the hands of the soldiers, prepared to depart. Turning round once more before he left the room, he said aloud:—

"Hear me, and testify against me, if it shall please you. Lest my returning feebleness, or the base love of life, should tempt me once again to shun my destiny, I am willing here to multiply my witnesses. I am guilty of the crime with which you charge me—guilty not in act, nor guilty even in word, nor positive implied assent—but guilty, beyond even the wish of pardon. I am glad this hideous dream at length is ended; glad that I have been forced to render up her right to Justice, even against my will, for I was sick of my anxieties."

He ceased, and the party proceeded down the narrow staircase, leading to the hall-door, Hardress being placed in the centre. In a few minutes the lighted chambers of the Castle, its affrighted revellers, its silenced musicians, the delirious mother, the drunken father and his band of brawlers, the bewildered bride, and all the scattered pomp of the espousal, were lost to the eye of the unhappy Hardress.

Some apprehension was entertained lest any injudicious person amongst the peasantry should occasion the useless loss of lives by attempting a rescue before the party left the neighborhood; but no symptoms of such an intention was manifested by the people. The whole transaction had been conducted with so much rapidity, that the circumstance of the bridegroom's capture was not generally known, even in the Castle, for some time after his departure.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE STORY ENDED.

It only remains for us to inform the reader, in general terms, of the subsequent fortunes of the various actors in this domestic drama. Such is the fate of the historian, regarded only as the chronicler of events or feelings in which he has no share; his claim to attention rests only upon those. While they continue to awaken interest, he may toy and dally as he pleases; he may deck his style with flowers, indulge his fancy in description, and even please his vanity with metaphysical speculation; but when the real matter of the tale is out, farewell his hobbies! Stern and brief must henceforth be the order of his speech, and listlessness or apathy become the gerdon of his wanderings. He is mortified to find that what he mistook for interest was only patience, and that the attention which he imagined to be bestowed upon himself was only lavished on the automata which his fingers exercised.

Stern and brief, then, be the order of our speech henceforward. Happily a portion of our incidents will fit that manner well.

The remorse of Hardress led him even to exaggerate his own share in the transaction on which the foregoing measure were founded. Nevertheless, when all the circumstances of the case had been fully considered, the mercy of the executive was extended to his life, and a perpetual exile from his native land was the only forfeit which he paid to the outraged law. But before this alteration in his destiny had been announced to him, Hardress had learned to receive it with great indifference. With the austerity of an ancient penitent, he persisted in refusing to hold personal communication with any of his friends; his mother only excepted, and even she was cheated (by a necessary device, for her health could not have sustained it) of the last parting interview.

The mitigation of punishment, which was intended to save his life, had only the effect of sparing him

the ignominy of such a fate. An occurrence which took place on the day of his departure completed the ruin which ill-health had long been making in his constitution.

The convict-ship which was to bear him from his home had cleared out of port, and lay at anchor in that part of the river, which, from its basin-like appearance, has received the appropriate denomination of the Pool. In the gray of a summer morning the prisoners, Hardress amongst the number, left the goal in King's Island, where they had been confined, for the purpose of occupying their places on board. Arrived at the river side, the party halted with their guard, while a small boat was let down from the vessel's stern, and manned for the shore. It touched the strand, and received its lading of exiles. It could not hold the entire party, and Hardress, who felt a sudden and to him, unaccountable reluctance to leave his native soil while it was possible for him yet to feel its turf beneath his feet, petitioned to be left until the return of the pinnace.

He looked to the misty hills of Cratloe, to the yet silent, and inactive city, and over the face of the gently agitated waters. The fresh, cool, light of the morning only partially revealed the scene; but the veil that rested on the face of nature became more attenuated every instant, and the aerial perspective acquired by rapid yet imperceptible degrees, a greater scope and clearness. Groups of bathers appeared at various distances on both sides of the river, some plunging in headlong from the lofty quays, some playing various antics in the water, and some floating quietly on the surface of the tide in the centre of the stream, while others, half-dressed and shivering at the brink of the sloping strands, put in a hand or foot to ascertain the temperature of the refreshing element, before venturing to fling off their remaining habiliments, and share in the salutary recreation.

In other respects the scene was nearly the same in appearance as it has been in the third chapter of this volume. Nature, always the same calm and provident benefactress, had preserved her mighty heart unchanged throughout the interval, and the same joyous serenity was still visible upon her countenance. The passions of men may convulse the frame of society; the duration of human prosperity may be uncertain as that of human woe; and centuries of ignorance of poverty, and of civil strife may suddenly succeed to years of science, and thrift and peace; but still the mighty mother holds her course unchanged. Spring succeeds winter, and summer spring, and all the harmonies of her system move on through countless ages with the same unvarying serenity of purpose. The scene of his happy childhood evinced no sympathy with the condition of the altered Hardress.

He turned with an aching heart from the contemplation of the landscape, and his eyes encountered a spectacle more accordant to his present feelings. The row of houses which lines the quay on which the party halted, consisted for the most part of coffin-makers' shops, a gloomy trade, although, to judge by the reckless faces of the workmen, it would appear that custom had made it with them a property of easiness."

Only one of those dismal houses of traffic was open at this early hour, and the light which burned in the interior showed that the proprietor was called to the exercise of his craft at this unseasonable time by some sudden and pressing call. The profession of the man was not indicated, as in more wealthy and populous cities, by a sculptured lid, or gilded and gaudy hatchments suspended at a window-pane. A pile of the unfinished shells, formed for all ages from childhood to maturity, were thrust out at the open window, to attract the eye of the relatives of the newly dead. The artificer himself appeared in the interior of his workshop, in his working-dress, and plane in hand, was employed in giving the last touch to an oak coffin, placed lengthways on his bench. Its size denoted that the intended occupant had died in the full maturity of manhood.

While Hardress watched him plying his melancholy trade in silence, a horseman rode up to the door, and dismounted with some awkwardness and difficulty. He was a small, red-haired man, and Hardress thought that the face and manner were not altogether new to his observation. Another horseman followed, and alighted with more ease and alertness. He was tall and well formed, and Hardress shrank aside from his gaze, for in this person he recognized one of the persons who appeared against him at his trial. Leaning against one of the short posts used for the purpose of holding the cables of the shipping, and once more turn-

(Continued on Page Twelve)