CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. MOTHERLY, BEFORE QUITTING THE HOUSE FOREVER, WISHES TO LEAVE SOME DIRECTIONS ABOUT HER MASTER'S FLANNELS.—MR. GUIRKIE IN THE MEAN TIME, SHEDS TEARS OVER THE PORTAIT OF MARY'S MOTHER .- HIS FIRST LOVE AND HIS LAST.

LAST.

It was now approaching noon—the hour at which the neighboring justice of the peace usually assembled in the little court house at Tamney, to hold their petit session once a fortnight. Already the court yard was filled with men, women, and boys, (a thing of very rare occurrence in that remote and peaceable district), eagerly talking in groups, here and there, about something in which they seemed to take a more than ordinary share of interest. Two or three policemen, whom Hardwrinkle had ordered from the next town, to take charge of the barrack in the absence of its proper occupants, now in search of his sister among the glens of Benraven, were pacing up and down before the grated windows, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the magistrates. To judge from the smothered imprecations of some among the crowd, and the more significant gesticulations of others, one might easily suspect there was mischief brewing. Here and there a stalwart fellow might be seen hitching up his pantaloons, and spitting on his shillaleh, as he clutched it in his brawny hand; and now and then a boy would jump to a seat on the low stone wall that enclosed the court-yard, with pockets well stuffed, and more than usually heavy. The fear of the law, and the presence of the police, small as the force was, had the natural effect of preventing, for the present, actual breach of peace; but still it was easy to see that something serious was likely to take placed before the close of the proceedings. One individual in particular seemed very busy amongst the niar seemed very busy amongst the crowd, apparently giving orders and directions. This was a woman of tall stature, wearing a gray cloak, with the hood drawn over, but behind which, not-withstanding its depth of shade, several white elf locks were plainly visible. The reader will at once recognize in this personage our old acquaintance, Else Curley, of the Cairn. Still erect and lithe as a sapling, though the snows of eighty winters had passed over her head, she made her way through the throng of men and women, with a step as firm as when she trod the battle field on the heights of Madeira, forty years before. Nor had she lost entirely, either, that imposing presence, which in her younger days must have stamped her as a remarkable woman. Age, it is true, had furrowed her skin, and pinched her cheeks with its iron fingers; but the bold forehead and the deep-set gray eye were there yet, to to deliver her commands, the women and boys fell back and gazed at her with fear, and the strongest men there shrank from her touch, as they felt her hard, bony hand upon their shoulders.

Suddenly a horseman appeared in sight, cantering on from the direction of Greenmount cottage; and instantly the cry rose that Captain Petersham was coming. Then the crowd began to sway to and fro, the boys to jump from their seats on the low wall, and the policemen to shoulder their muskets. But they were doomed to be disappointed; for the horseman, on near-er approach, proved to be only one of the captain's grooms, who, riding up to the gate, beckened to a constable, and handing him a warrant, commanded him, in his master's name, to execute

The man seemed to hesitate for a

moment after reading the document. "The captain's orders are, that you proceed to Crohan House instantly," said the groom, " and bring the boy in to court. Yes; but I don't feel at liberty to

quit my post," replied the constable.

"As you please," said the servant;
"I have delivered my orders;" and
wheeling round, without farther parley,
he galloped back to Greenmount.

"Well, Thomas," demanded the cap-tain, meeting the groom at the door, "you handed the warrant to one of the guard—has he gone to execute it?"
"No, sir; he seems to have scruples

about quitting his post."
"Scruples! ho, ho! Is that the
way of it ? Scruples! Look here, sir;

ride back, and tell him for me, if he don't start within sixty seconds from the time you reach him, I'll have him in irons ten minutes after." Begone sow, and hurry back to report." he continued The scoundrel !" plucking off his sea cap, and rubbing up

his curly hair, as the servant rode off "the sneaking scoundrel! I'll thin off his constables for him! By the Lord Harry, he'll not involve me in his nies, if I can help it. It's What ! send a fine, gallant young fellow like that to the hulks or the gallows, because he loves his coun-try more than his king? I'll be hanged if I do it, so long as I can throw an obstacle in the way.

Captain," said a voice behind him,

"Captain, said a voice bening him,
if it's plazin' to yer honor—"
"Hilloa! who's here? What!
Mrs. Motherly—and still in tears?
Come, come, go to your room, woman,
and get reconciled. Away! you are as great a fool as your master !"
"Indeed, then, that's the truest word

Te said yet, captain; for if I wasn't a greater fool, I wouldn't stay with him. But there's an end to it now, any way."

End to what ?'

I'll leave him ; that's all."

" Indeed, then, I will, sir; I'll niver broken now, out and out. O, tomastru, which koger carried on, wisastru! and this is the thanks I'm gettin after workin and slavin for him early and late, night and mornin, every hour since I first darkened his doors.

"Yes, very well—go on," said the captain, impatiently; "it don't matter

But sure it's all past and gone now, any

"Hold your peace, woman, and go to

"Hold your peace, woman, and go to your room instantly. Mr. Guirkie is too good for you. Away, and thank God you have such a master."

"O, its little yer honor knows about him, captain. Ay, ay, it's little you know about him, poorman. Och, hoch, dear, if ye lived in the same house with him, as I did these five long years!
But no matter now sure. God But no matter now, sure. God forgive him as I forgive him; and that he may live long and die happy is all the harm I wish him. And now I wash my hands of him forevermore. I'll " Mrs. Motherly!"

"O, it's no use, it's no use, captain.
can't stay, nor I won't stay. If ye went down an yer bended knees to me, I'll never close an eye under his root. And now let him find one that'll tie his cravat, and button his leggings, and bathe his feet, as faithfully and constantly as I did for these five long, weary years; and if he does, then all I have to say is, let him forget there ever was born in this world such a woman as Nancy Motherly.

"Captain Petersham, have the goodness to step this way," said Father Brennan, opening the parlor door, and interrupting the conversation, much to

the captain's re i f. The disconsolate housekeeper en-treated his honor to wait and listen to

treated his honor to wait and listen to her, but all in vain.

"Why, how now," exclaimed the latter, throwing his portly person on the sofa, and glancing round the room; "all alone, eh?—where have they gone—Kate and Mr. Guirkie?"

"Hush! don't speak so loud.
They're all three inside, there."

"All three—who's the third?"

"One you would never dream of see.

"One you would never dream of see ing here-Roger O'Shaughnessy.

"O, it's Roger, is it?"
"Yes; the old man, it appears, came up this morning from the lighthouse to ell a picture to Mr. Guirkie."

"Mary, you know, has quite a taste for painting, and Roger's her sales A picture?' man

"Poor thing !" "Only for that, the family had suffered

long ago."
"You astonish me; are they really so very destitute?"

"So I'm informed. Indeed, from what I have seen and know myself, I believe they must be reduced as low as can be, and live." 'God bless me!"

"Why, I thought Kate had told you

"No. She said something, I remem ber, of their being poor, and all that, but never hinted at any danger of their suffering. By the Lord Harry, sir, this can't be. It shan't be. The thought of Mary Lee in distress actually frightens me.

"And then, she's so patient and gentle," said Father John; "never seen but with a smile on her face. Working at her easel through the long day, and often far into the night, with old Drake sleeping by her side as she plies her brush working, working, without complaint or murmur, to earn the bare necessaries of life for her beloved uncle, and that good old man who has followed them so faithfully, in their fallen fortunes."

"She's a delightful creature," ex-claimed the captain. "I wish to the Lord she could be induced to come and stay with Kate at Castle Gregory. I would be a brother to her as long as she lived." "She never would consent to part

with her uncle and old Roger."
"Then, by the Lord Harry, let them

all three come. Castle Gregory's large enough. As for me, I suppose I must remain an old bachelor, since there's no help for it. Lee's an honest, kind-hearted, generous fellow himself, as ever broke the world's bread; and I should take it as a favor if he came and took up his quarters with me at the old castle. By George, I must call down in the Water Hen to morrow, and see him about it.'

"Don't speak too fast, captain said the priest. "Have a little patience. There's a mystery now solving in that room, which may balk you, perhaps, of your generous purpose.

"Mystery!"
"Yes. Shall I tell you what it is:

or have you time to hear it? The court sits at noon—does it not?"
"Hang the court! Go on with the mystery."
"Well, Roger has been selling pic

tures to our friend. Mr. Guirkie, i appears, for the last six months or more, and, queer enough, never imagined for a moment the purchaser had the least suspicion of the artist-having passed himself off as a picture dealer from Derry; while, on the other hand, Mr. Guirkie was well aware of the secret, and all the time kept buyng her pieces, and indulging his good kind heart by paying double prices.

"Ho, ho! I understand. Roger was unwilling to expose the poverty of the family, and therefore went under a

"Precisely. Well, this morning, it seems, he started from the lighthouse to sell a picture, as usual. When he to sell a picture, as usual. When he reached here, he felt rather shy about coming in, lest he might happen to meet somebody who had seen him before, and would recognize him. So, sitting down under the window, to wait for an opportunity of seeing Mr. Guirki Mr. Gnirki perhaps, after his long journey, he fell asleep. In that position Guirkie discovered him, with the pic ture carefully concealed under the east of his coat, just as Kate entered the parlor. You heard the shriek he gave when the portrait met his eye, suppose Shriek - no. I heard no shriek.

Portrait! why, what does that mean?' "It means that he recognized the likeness, and in so doing, almost lost My heart's been a breakin with him every day in these five years, but it's broken now, out and out. portrait, which Roger carried off, either by mistake, or because he could

which." "And this very portrait now reveals

the whole mystery."
"The mystery! There, you're as it again. Mystery!—Good Heavens, sir, again. Mystery:—Good Heavens, Sir, can't you tell me what mystery you mean? Excuse me, Mr. Brennan; but you know how deeply interested I feel in every thing that regards this girl—

and then you're so tedious."
"Have patience a little longer and I'll explain," said the priest, smiling.
"You are already aware that Mr.
Guirkie has been for the last five years in the habit of visiting, once a week, the old churchyard of Rathmullen, and that nobody could tell his reason or motive for so doing."
"Certainly, every one in the parish knows that—well?"

"And you remember to have heard Mr. Guirkie tell how he saw a young

lady quitting the churchyard severa times, as he entered?' "And that he thought, or fancied he thought, the figure of that lady greatly resembled Mary Lee. Well, it now turns out, that our dear old friend and

Mary have been all along visiting the

me grave."
"Hah! the same grave!"

"Yes, the grave of her—mother!"
"You surprise me! her mother
Are not the Lees strangers here?"

"Yes. But you recollect the circumstances of the wreck of the Saldana, and how the body of a woman, wearing a gold crucifix on her neck, with the name of Harriet Talbot engraved on the back, was cast ashore, and interred in Rathmullen churchyard. That woman was Mary Lee's mother."

"Good Heavens! Mary Lee' mother?'

"Yes, sir, Mary's mother." "Humph! and so that accounts for those strange rumors we heard of the white lady and gentleman, seen so aften quitting the churchyard and sailing down the Swilly on moonlit nights. But what business had Mr. Guirkie at

her mother's grave, eh?"
"That's the secret," replied the

priest.
"The serret! confusion! to the But no matter—no matter; have your own way. I shall ask no more questions. I suppose you'll tell it some time—when it suits you. By George,

"Captain, dear," said Mrs. Motherly, opening the door gently and cutting the word in two, "I want—"
"Want! What the fury do you want?" thundered the provoked cap

"Only one word, yer honor, afore I master's flannels. go. It's about the master's flanuels. I'm afeered-"

Confound your master's flannels To blazes with them : what have I to do with your master's flannels?" he ex-claimed furiously; "begone this in-

"I'll not keep ye one minute, honor. I'm only afraid Mr. Guirkie'll ketch his death o' cold."
"Woman, quit the room!"

"Away, away, Mrs. Motherly," said to priest, interposing good-naturedly, and closing the door; "I shall become your intercessor with Mr. Guirkie as soon as possible; but don't quit the soon as possible; but don't quit the the house, by any means, till I see you

again."
"What now?" clied Kate, stepping from the little room in which she been closeted all this time with Mr. Guirkie, and laying her hand on the captain's shoulder "What now? Brother, how is this? out of temper, eh? What's the matter?'

"The mischief's the matter. Be-tween Father Brennan's mystery, and Mrs. Motherly's importunity, and those confounded constables, I'm almost crazy.

Well, well, brother Tom, you're so impatient, you know, and so impetu-ous. Hush, now not a word. Listen— I have something to tell you."
"What?"

" About Uncle Jerry."
"Well, what of him? Has he had a fit is he dying? is he dead?"

"No, not exactly that—but, there's -mystery-in it

Mystery !-d-n the mystery ! there it's again! Mystery, well, if this isn't enough to provoke—away! stand off! I'll be humbugged no longer. Let me pass—Imust see him instantly—away!

You shall not, captain," cried Kate. endeavoring to prevent him; shall not.

"By the Lord Harry, I shall, though."

"Nay, nay—it's a very delicate affair, brother; and indeed he'll never forgive you if you do—you know how bashful and sensitive he is."
"Is he still insensible?" inquired

Father John. "Quite so," responded Kate; "he has not moved a muscle since he saw the

picture.' "Insensible!" repeated the captain "then, Kate, be it delicate or indelicate, I'll see my old friend, think what you please about it;" and freeing him-

self from his sister's grasp, he advanced and opened the door of the adjoini The first object which met his view was Mr. Guirkie himself, seated

table on which lay, what appeared to be, a framed picture some eight or ten inches square. His forehead rested on his hands, and his eyes seemed riveted to the canvas. Indeed, so absorbed was he, that the noise which the captain made in forcing open the do-seemed not to disturb him in the leas When Kate saw her brother gazing so intently at Mr. Guirkie, she sudden ceased speaking, and gently passing him by, took her place behind Uncle Jerry's chair. All was silence now Old Roger stood leaning his bac against the wall, looking down pensivel on the floor; Kate, like a guardian angel took her stand by the side of her unco scious friend; the priest laid his hands against the door casing and peeped in and the boisterous, burly captain, so noisy but a moment before, remained on the threshold silent and motionless as a

statue.
"Look!" said the priest, whispering over the captain's shoulder, and pointing to the picture. "What?"

"Don't you see something drop-

-drop?-listen! You can almost hear them falling on the canvas."
"Teers?"

"God bless me : I don't like to see him weep. Shall I wake him up?"
"No, no," said Kate; "let him

weep on."
"But, Kate, what portrait is that

The likeness of a long-lost friend-Mary Lee's mother."
"Long - lost friend — Mary Lee'

mother? "Yes; the only woman he ever loved. Old Roger, here, will tell you all about it, some time when he has more leis-

"It's only now I could recognize him, your honor," said Roger, "though I seem him many a time this twelvemonth past. Years, you know, make a great change in us."
"Kate, I must try to rouse him," said the captain; "I cannot bear to

see those tears falling there so silently

on the canvas—it's very unpleasant."
"Not yet—not yet," remonstrated Kate, motioning back the captain with her hand; "let the faithful soul indulge his rapturous reverie. These are not tears of anguish, brother, but of love. O, think of the love of that heart, after an absence of twenty years. Surely, surely such love is not of earth, but of heaven; so pure, so gentle, so endur-ing. A wanderer over the wide world, seeking solace for a widowed heart, he returns to his native land, and after years of patient search, discovers her owly tomb at last among the ruins of Rathmullen Abbey. Week after week, for six long years, has he visited that tomb. Every stain which the mildew had left on the humble slab that bears her name he has obliterated, and every letter the moss of years had filled up he has lovingly renewed. O, tell me not, Father John," continued Kate, her cheeks flushed with the emotions of her heart, " tell me not, that the pure, gentle, blessed love of the olden time has all died out from the hearts of men. Na, no, no - God is love, and God never Noble, generous, faithful heart! the enraptured girl, bursting cried herself into tears, and falling at Uncle Jerry's feet, she removed his hand from his forehead and kissed it with enthusiastic affection. "O that I had but studied this book more carefully! how much more I should have learned of the beautiful and the good. How cold and inspired are all printd words, compared with the blessed teachings of a heoat like thine! Mary Lee, Mary Lee, angel or woman, whatever thou art, would to God he could now look on thy

seraphic face, and press thee-"Mary Lee." repeated Mr. Guirkie, at last breaking silence and looking on the face of the suppliant girl, while the tears still glistened on his own—"Mary Lee! I think I have heard the name

before. Poor Mary Lee! Are you Mary Lee?"
"No, no," replied Kate; "I am but a child of earth—your own poor, foolish loving Kate Petersham." As Kate spoke, she motioned to the beholders to quit the room, for she dreaded the effect an exposure of his weakness before the bantering captain might pro duce on a mind so sensitive as his; and fully appreciating the delicacy of her fears, they withdrew silently from the apartment and closed the dor, before Mr. Guirkie's consciousness had com-pletely returned. And, dear reader, we must withdraw also, for the time of court-session is already past, and Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle is anxiously look ing from the court house door in the direction of Greenmount, and wonder-ing what can detain the chairman of the bench, or why he should presume to keep a gentleman of his importance

waiting so long.
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MIRACLE AT ST. ANNE'S. BY GRACE M'ELROY IURS.

It was 12 o'clock. As Miss Mercedes O'Brien noted the fact, she quickened her steps to the sharp trot of business exigency. Her lips were firm, her eyes were brightly alert, and a casual observer would have set her at once in a niche among the city's responsible workers. Yet she knew that in all workers. probability the striking of the next Hall Square unsuccessful, rebuffed, and forth to the company of an

idle afternoon.
Miss Mercedes O'Brien was honor pupil of the year from the Academy of Through all the St. Clement. years, her talent had shone with stead-ily increasing brightness, her career in the world of letters seeming finally so assured that classmates stored pages of her composition book among their her composition book among their dearest treasures, to be preserved

eternally.
Within a week after commencement day she was speeding toward New York. Within two hours after landing at Desbrosse street, she had ensconced herself in the fourth-story room of a Washington Square boarding house, had written a letter home to her parents. who were awaiting the first trumpet blast of her fame, and was on her way down town to the mysterious Row where

newspapers have their birth. Mr. Jenkins, city editor of the Daily Record, was busy over his day's assignments when she stopped beside his desk-the fifth on her tabulated list. listen to her plea; and though his trained sense detected the novice before she had spoken ten words a trained an instant phrase of the fore she had spoken ten words. of kindred spirit awoke in him at her determined voice. "It's pretty hard for an inexperi-

enced person to get a foothold in a New York paper," he said.

"I didn't expect it to be easy." was her ready reply, and he smiled appreciatively at her matter-of-fact acceptance of difficulty. "I want to be a writer," she said. Jenkins' lips twitched.

"The vast majority of reporters are anything but writers. In fact, a writer makes rather a poor reporter, because he thinks more about his phrases than about his news—and it's news we're after, every time."

answer, one little balloon tumbling down out of her sky at this plain presenta-tion of an unsuspected fact.

But I'll take your name, and if-"Oh, don't say you'll send for me!" she cried, more impulsively than was

her wont.
"Well, really, I haven't anything for
"Well, really, I haven't anything for you," he said. "My list is full. However much I might appreciate you, l couldn't place you without knocking someone else out, and that would hardly be fair, since, they're rather a decent lot just now."

"Oh, no," she agreed, "I wouldn't think of such a thing! But surely there's always a chance for the person who is on hand? Just let me come in

every day or two, to see if something hasn't turned up for me."

"Sure!" was Jenkins' ready response. "Come early and often, my dear young lady, and if the president's wife wants to be interviewed, or some-body's new fronts body's new frock comes begging for description—why, there you are !"

11.

The next day found her abroad early drink in the life of the city streets and intoxicating her heart with the richness of it all for literary purposes. Before 1 o'clock she was presenting herself to Mr. Jenkins, in company with a dozen or more men receiving their afternoon assignments and promptly setting forth to thresh the news out of them.

For all her brave speeches, she was For all her brave speeches, she was but a convent girl, sheltered hitherto in the sate nook which cloistered teachers are apt to build for their pupils. The sight of this busy life, unwinding its intricacy before her eyes, abashed her. Before these hurrying men, some of whom had gray shadows in their hair, she suddenly felt very young and inefficient. Mr. Jenkins, too, was a little worried

that day, and spoke rather shortly to the solitary lingerer after the men had

Nothing to-day, Miss O'Brien!' Then, as he realized the pathos of this small atom in the world of work, a sudden chivalric motive prompted to add, a trifle more gently: come to-morrow—something ma But

But the next day it was the same, and the next and the next—until seven leaves had been pulled off the Shakespeare calendar which Mercedes studied reverently each morning. Letters home, however, had been strictly optimistic. bringing answers which teemed with the encouragement of faith. Her mother wrote that she was praying for her success; her father, with masculine respect for the tangible privately slipped a \$20 bill into the letter. She received this just as she was starting for her eighth presenta-tion to Mr. Jenkins. She feit tender faith in her mother's prayers, and there was a delightful exhibaration in her father's gift, so that she finally wended her way more blithely than ever, hastening her steps as she noted that it was 12 o'clock, as if she was

sure of receiving the coveted assignment to-day.

She was scarcely disappointed at Jenkins' shake of denial, which had be-come familiar to her by this time. Instead of going forth immediately to seek fresh material for the growing heap of new manuscript on her table, she strolled to one of the office windows, to gaze out at the hurrying crowd below. Standing there, she lelt, rather than saw, a tall man emerge from an inner room and stride to the city editor's d sk.

"There is a pilgrimage to some church to-day," the tall man said to Jenkins. "I saw the crowds as I came lown town and heard people talking about it. It seems some miracle has been reported, and a lot of cripples are coming to be cured.

"I know," said Jenkins, diving into the recesses of his memory for the particular facts regarding this pilgrimage. "It's St. Anne's Church, and they have some sort of a relic. A girl from Baltimore claims she was cured by touching it, and hundreds of people have been going there all week.

The tall man-who was no other than Fordham, subnamed the Mikado, managing editor of the Record-nodded his "I think it might be worth featur-

ing," he observed. "There's a special service to day."
"I haven't a man in just now," h said; then, following Fordham's eye to Mercedes, he had a sudden inspira-

tion. "She's an aspirant," he said, adding, as Fordham looked doubtful, "but she's red headed, and I never knew red-headed woman yet who couldn't do anything she set out to do.

So it was that in something less than ten minutes Miss Mercedes O'Brien, honor pupil of St. Clement's embry authoress, tentative poetess, had added to these dignities the humble but tang tentative poetess, had added ible one of reporter for the Daily Record and was speeding toward the shrine of St. Anne.

"Touch it up with a little humor' Jenkins had said to her, "if you can." And she knew that she could. Her name was not O'Brien for nothing!

III.

The pilgrims were already assembling for the afternoon service when Mercedes arrived at the church. All kinds and conditions of people were

" Propelled by Petticoats!" She was too new to realize the value of alliteration in a head line, but she felt that that the sentence was a strik-ing one, and resolved to use it early in her write-up.

No sooner had she passed the church door, however, than a difference made itself apparent in her feelings. Outside, with the rattle of the commercial city in her ears, and the amused or contemptuous looks or passers by, the pushing crowd of devotees had seemed a fit subject for satire. Within, a different spirit dwelt. The shafts of chastened light, stained crimson or purple after, every time."

by the big windows, touched coarse and worship (I his Sacred H "Yes, I suppose so," was Mercedes' faces to a certain nobility and finer be in-tituted and promoted."

ones to real spirituality. The faint flavor of incense which hung in the air carried her back with a bound to th convent chapel on Sunday afternoon, where the white-veiled girls the "O Salutaris" in concert, bending and swaying at the signal of the altar bell, like a field of lilies, and feeling in their young hearts every throb of t beautiful music.

beautiful muric.

Beside her was a crippled boy, held in place by his mother's hands; and as the relic approached him she felt his slender body tremble violently. Her eyes caught some of the glowing rapture which lighted his face, and to her heart, already soaring high, it seemed only a natural result that he should stagger to his feet and walks his stagger to his feet and walks his stagger to his feet and walks his stagger to his feet and make his way alone through the kneeling crowd, aft touching the extended relic with his lips. "But are ye sure, darlin'? Can you really walk without the crutch? Ye'll not fall now?"

The little worn crutch was sent spin-ning into the vestibule in answer.

"I felt it the very minute it touched me!" he cried. "I knew I'd be cured; I knew it!

"Bless his heart, that he did!" corroborated the mother. "The faith of him made me ashamed of my doubting. Oh, it's a blessed day for us, this day." Two red spots glowed in the bo

cheeks, and though Mercedes noted that his thin legs trembled pitifully he avowed excitedly that he could run i he wanted to.
"St. Vitus dance he had," his mother told the ring of eager specta-tors. "He got it in a fire we had, five years ago come Easter, and after the first month he never walked without a crutch."

Some dim remembrance of her rep ortorial errand prompted her to note street addresses and neighborhoods, but for the most part she moved upon a higher inspiration than comes from business motives. When Jimmy put aside the supporting arms and strutted aione to the door of his father's she felt on the verge of tears. When, with a mighty shout, the big man rushed forth to swing the little one to his shoulder her eyes really brimmed with the ention swelling her heart.

She thought it over as she rode down town. Her reverent awe was dis-turbed by a dull sense of unworthiness as she remembered the spirit in which she had gone to the church, "Propelled by Petticoats "—the proudly built phrase started forth from her memory to stand before her accusingly, making her cheeks burn with its fli pant meaning. She seemed to see St. Anne looking reproachfully at her from the shadows; and then suddenly her wings spread again, for she felt in herself a messenger of that blessed de-parted one to mained and suffering mankind.

Mr. Jenkins was not in when she reached the Record office, but she did not wait for instructions about her article.

When she laid her pile of manuscript

before Jenkins, two hours later, this lips formed themselves into a whistle of dismay. Mentally he cursed the necessity for boiling down the three-column "story" before him, and it was with no gentle hand that he slapped aside the first page. But as he read, his eye-brows went gradually higher until they were lost in the lock of hair overhand ing his face. When he finished he flashed one keen glance at Mercedes, who sat near him, nervously awaiting his verdict, then gathered up the heap of closely written pages and took then

to the manager's office.

He was gone for some time. When he came out, Mercedes, who had written most of her elation and all of her strength away, approached him timidly.

"It wasn't quite what I wanted," he said a little dryly, as she looked up at him almost piteously; "but I'll fix it up for use." She hurried out, and home, to weep herself to sleep.

On her return to the office she was

message that the manager desired to see her, but she went to him obediently, than ever.
"What made you write up that St.
"What made you write up that St. Anne story as you did?" asked the great man, after a preliminary greetasked the

scarcely reassured by Mr. Jenkins

ing. Mercedes' face flamed, but she answered bravely:

"I went with the intention of - sort of making fun of it. Mr. Jenkins told me to touch it up with a little humor, me to touch it up with a little humor, and at first I saw everything in the laughable light; but afterwards, inside, with all those people kneeling, the light shining over their heads and the incense floating up like a cloud of prayer"—it was the St. Clement's Margades who was talking poor. "I Mercedes who was talking now could not see anything but the righthow faith can do anything, no matter what, once we give ourselves up to it. Mr. Fordham was looking at her in

ridicule it, and when I wrote I was just writing my own feelings. "Well, they do you credit!" was the unexpected and most exalting re-joinder. "There are some places where religion undefiled does a lot of good, and chief of these is a woman's heart. It's a good thing to find some one in earnest occasionally; and if you just keep so, you'll be able to do some good pecial work for us.

tently, but she went on, the rose in her round cheeks deepening: "I felt that

I had committed a sin in wanting to

Mercedes clasped her hands rapurously, scarcely able to believe her ears: "Do you mean it?" she cried hap-ly. "Am I in?" Mr. Fordham smiled-a more father-

ly smile than often found lodgment on his editorial lips.
"You are in," he replied.—Munsey's Magazine.

The Flame of Charity.

'Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith, desired nothing more,' wrote Pope Pius IX., "than to kindle tue flame of charity by which His Heart was burning in all ways in the hearts of men; . . . but that He might the more kindle this fire of charity, it was His will that the veneration and worship of his Sacred Heart should

In the good old time, lieve its chronicles, i that required excuse, piety that assumes a hat to the world. Yet esthetic standard ought esthetic standard ough attitudes. For in wor graceful customs alone of things more solem ages and the religious surpass the irreligious surpass ridiculous. parison ridiculous.

In the countries not ligious, for instance, t ing salutation concerns —or perhaps the pric where the old beliefs s people solemnly and another that "Chris answer "He is risen

JUNE 18, 1904.

LIVE IN GRATEFU

SAINTS THAT HAVE IN

TURE AND ART-TH

WORKS TOLD IN GR

In the good old time,

of the latter greeting there is no greater gu tween the work of th genius was stimulat thought and that of forced to depend on le of their imagination, v PURITANS' CHECK When Puritanism angels along with the the Roman Catholic pagan gods and god darkness it struck a its zeal for unmixed from the artist the s quired the highest ex gination as well as of him those which com-orably with banishe Easter "Hallo, how-ing?" of the avera-pares with the "Ch

between the inspiration

the Italian peasants.

About the saints t to inspire painters, inspiration for the C the divinities of the Christianity superse is not a less gloric figure than Apollo. archangel from he solemnly beautiful or the messenger from even than that dau who, gathering dafforto a dark magnifice child of Ceres. ARCHANGELS GABRIE

In the purely Chri subject, St. Michael are of almost equal Gabriel's great mis nouncement to the she was to become th He is the great her this was the sublime " Hail Mary, full art Thou among wom

It was a favorite great painters, the moment when the nounces to the pur drous future. In t he is represented as bearing a sceptre in the right is extend toward the drooping of the Virgin.
If Gabriel, the was given the great the birth of the Sav

in a sense the patron dom, St. Michael is whole race. He i man's arch-enemy.
of casting from hea
Lucifer. He is the torious armies of Go In the pictures dragon over whom the plain and simple or of Siegfried. It

nt Sin rather than

bright fallen one, Conseque generally not a dra with bestially huma ST. AGNES AN The legend of St. She was a Roman from her childhoo prefect of Rome. enamored of her be woo her with gifts. saying that she wa to One greater a earthly lover. W prefect learned th jealousy and rage himself, learning noted her Christian her resolution by

> places of infamy miraculously with so that her tortu dared not touch he MIRACULOUS When the son of that she was subdi entered the tortur blind; and only t restored him. The people proclaimed as a Christian, an be burned at the vening in her flames, she was death she reappea

then in force again So she was given of torture. But when

friends, radiant lamb by her side. St. Cecilia is t music. She, too, though she had g of marriage wit young Roman. H faith-for she was Skilled in music s praising the true before the organwith having inv her husband's descended and with roses. Tib Valerian, becomi acle, was also w But the prefect Almachius, hear worship and ord Valerian and Tib cast into prison,