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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED

"Yes," he said slowly, "if one has a right to pray for protection in such an unjustifiable, aggressive warfare as this with Mexico, provoked by our own government, as some of the best men of our country do not hesitate to say. But do look at Ned in the corner there; he has been gazing at that statue of Psyche for a half hour; she does not seem to inspire him with any mild sentiments. Let's go to him."

Rosine took his arm, and they moved toward Dr. Hartland stood with his back to the assembly, and his eyes still riveted on the statue.

"Ned," said Greenwood, "I am afraid you wander through the festive scene with soul but ill at ease."

"Pshaw!" replied the Doctor, impatiently, "I'm thinking what a pack of fools they are; chameleons fed on air; kicking up their heels over the riches that shall soon bring them a rich harvest of blood."

"You are in a sad temper tonight, Ned, what is it? These brass buttons? If that's it, you may have your chance even now; the news has just come, that Surgeon Welsh of Aleck's ship, the X—, is dead. Don't you want the appointment?"

"No," replied Ned, almost savagely, "but I can recommend one—Le Compté!"

"Shame!" replied Greenwood, under his breath. "Come," he added, turning toward Rosine, "let us leave this cocky man to his own pleasant temper, and Psyche for company."

"No, Rosie," said the Doctor, laying his hand on her arm, "I want you to dance with me when the waltz commences."

"O, don't ask me, there are so many people!"

"They shan't hurt you!" he replied, drawing her arm within his.

"Excuse me, Ned, but I would a great deal rather not," she said entreatingly; "please don't urge me."

He dropped her hand abruptly, and turned again toward the statue. While this conversation was going on, Miss Greenwood and Laura were fast learning to know each other. Impulsive and affectionate, Laura by a few words had convinced her companion that whatever there might have been in the past, there was now no infidelity to her husband, in a heart that listened so eagerly and with such simple, pleasant attention to stories of his youth. The company increased, but they continued their chat unobserved. In a group directly before them stood Captain Jones and two other officers of the ship, evidently much absorbed by the subject of their conversation. A rush among the dancers, caused them to step back, and Miss Greenwood and her companion heard the words, "Surgeon Welsh of the X—, is dead. At the naming of Aleck's ship, Laura involuntarily caught Dora's arm."

"There are several names spoken of for the appointment," said another officer, "but I'm told that scamp, Le Compté, has the best chance."

Laura pressed her hand over her mouth to check the impulse to scream, at the sound of the name that brought so much terror to her heart.

"If he stood any chance of being shot," replied Captain Jones, "it would be the best thing that could be done with him." He finished his sentence in an aside, in which Laura only heard her husband's name. He then continued aloud, "However, he's a fine surgeon, has powerful friends, and wants the position."

Determination and strength of will alone kept Laura from fainting, as she leaned on Dora's arm till the first paroxysm was over, not answering her attempts at consolation, bearing her agony in silence; not till she reached her own room did she give herself leave to think of the probable consequences of the event proposed. Le Compté, surgeon in the same ship with Aleck, was the thought that ran backward and forward through her excitable brain like liquid fire; and the missing ring, it glittered before her wherever she turned, and the piercing eyes of her enemy glared at her through the tiny circle. Would Aleck believe she was true to him, should the knowledge of this loss ever come to him through Le Compté? Why had she foolishly concealed this loss in the letter to her husband, wherein she told him she had opened her whole heart. O, the false shame that had led her to hide the truth! It was bringing its own punishment in fearful torment of mind.

The letter from the Secretary of the Navy, accepting the resignation of Lieutenant Greenwood, was at length received, and a stormy time they had at the Commodore's. He had from the first hoped something would occur to prevent the acceptance, and now that the matter was

finally accomplished, and his son no longer an officer in the navy, and a candidate for navy honors, his faults and reproaches were most exasperating, and renewed daily; it was with difficulty that the son, a man of honor and bravery, could restrain himself under the charge of cowardice; but for Dora's imploring look out of her large earnest eyes, and the finger on her lip, he must have answered in such a way as would have broken the last remaining link between father and son.

Day by day he went through the same denunciations, arraigned and impeached before the tribunal of his father's wrath, but each day brought him renewed strength from above and beyond himself. The hour of meals was the usual choice of his father as the time when he should open the vials of his vituperation. Once only did Harry so far desert his parent as to leave the table in the midst of the reproaches. Rosine had been brought home by Miss Greenwood in one of her journeys into the city, and the absence of her father, as she supposed for the day, gave them promise of quiet, but during the dining hour he returned. The presence of Rosine no doubt exasperated him, for he entered at once into a tirade, in which he vilified his son as "a poltroon, that would have been cashiered in the first fight."

This, under the circumstances, was more than Harry could bear; he left the house immediately, without a word; it was three days before he came back, and Dora feared lest the harshness had driven him finally from his home; but he returned calm and placid, with no trace of the passion that had been kindled in his dark eyes. He had sought those helps and consolations which are given so abundantly in times of trial and temptation, and in the Catholic heart in the sacrament of penance; and by a short retreat in the House of the Christian Brothers, dwelling continually in the presence of his dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, he had prepared his spiritual armor for future warfare. In another week he called, according to promise, at Doctor Hartland's office for advice as to his future course.

"Harry, you are a brave fellow!" was the first greeting, as they clasped hands. "I wrung it out of Rosa; she doesn't gossip, but I made her tell me; and really I don't see why you subject yourself to such insults, such abuse. Why not leave, and let your father curse you roundly, once for all?"

"No, Ned," replied the young man, gravely, "a parent's curse is, next to the curse of God, most to be dreaded; but if in the course of Providence I must bear even that, God helping me, it shall not be brought down by any thing I may do or say to defend myself. I think nature would have mastered me that day, if I had not left. Miss Rosine's presence gave a great sting to the name of coward, and to the remembrance of the boyish follies brought up against me."

"Is it your religion, Harry, that gives you such command of yourself?" said the Doctor, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I can admire it at a distance, but I know if my father had spoken to me in that way, I should have seared my tongue with words that could never be wiped out. I was snappish to you the night of the dance," he added, giving his hand to his friend, while an emotion of admiration extended over his noble forehead.

"What! Miss Rosine?" replied Greenwood, cordially questioning the offered hand; "you and I don't keep old scores against each other, if for no other reason, for Earnest's sake."

Dr. Hartland turned quickly away, and stirred hastily the few live coals in the grate. There was a pause of some moments, when with another sudden movement he turned again, passing his cigar-stand to his visitor. Greenwood shook his head—another pause.

"Well, tell me about the profession while I puff," said the Doctor, lighting his cigar. "Hold on a minute!" he added, as a sudden thought started into his brain, and rising, he went to a bookshelf near by, taking out decanters and glasses. "Help yourself, Harry," he said, pushing them toward his companion; "the best of old Sherry and Madeira."

"No, I thank you, Ned," replied Greenwood, not looking up from the paper which he had seized as soon as he seated himself, and upon which he had already sketched the lines of a cottage with many gables.

"What! been in the navy these ten years or thereabouts, and neither smoke, drink, nor indulge otherwise? Why, Harry, you'll do for any thing; but tell me, what's your fancy now by way of a profession?"

"I'm looking for my vocation," was the reply, while the drawing progressed rapidly.

"Suppose you turn monk, that's thy vocation, Hal," said the Doctor, quizzically.

"Indeed, no!" replied the other quickly, raising his eyes from the cottage, his fine face all aglow with smiles. "I intend to take warning by your example, and marry the first opportunity."

"And not let fancy, but vocation lead in that matter?" inquired the Doctor, jestingly.

"Fancy may speak, but not guide," replied Greenwood, resuming his drawing.

"You are a choice chap, Harry! I'd welcome you to the faculty; how would you like medicine?"

"Thanks, friend," was the reply, while the pencil moved briskly, "but I have not nerve enough, and no taste for it."

"Well, you haven't the *demier resort* of the ministry in your church, and you are too honest and haven't talk enough for a lawyer. Why! you'll make an artist," he added, rising and looking over his friend at the sketch, which now exhibited a very pretty fancy, well executed.

"No, not an artist," he replied, as he pencilled the delicate lines of a willow to shadow his cottage; "but perhaps an architect, I think I have a talent for that. I'll tell you," he added, throwing down his pencil, "my intellectual taste and talents would prefer architecture on a grand scale. I would like to design cathedrals, churches, religious houses, gentlemen's country residences, public edifices, hospitals, asylums; while my fancy and love of quiet would lead me to seek a country life, and the pursuit of horticulture."

"Time enough for the last, when you shall have made a name," replied the Doctor; "then you can take your wife you mean to marry soon, and with a little farm well tilled, and a little wife well willed, pass the downhill of life on the occupation of your great grandfathers, Ada; but take architecture thoroughly first, made the tour of Europe, and get up your name by getting at the soul of old Grecian and Roman architecture. In the meantime, I am matter of fact, where are your funds? of course, your father won't open his wallet."

"I have a small stipend from my mother, which has slowly increased since I came of age. I have never disturbed it, meaning to leave it for a rainy day; that will be sufficient for immediate necessity, and Dora—"

"You'll do," interrupted the Doctor; "only if you ever come to a corner, and want help to turn it, don't go to your father. I'm an old bachelor with an ample income, and your sister will need all her own; so for your own sake, as well as for those who will not name, never doubt I am glad to share mine with you."

"You are a noble friend, indeed!" exclaimed Greenwood, "and I shall—" A rap at the door interrupted the conversation, and after the double knock, entered Captain Jones.

"I'm sorry to tell you, Doctor Hartland," said that officer, after helping himself to wine and lighting a cigar, "that Le Compté has the appointment, through the influence of those high in office, and in spite of our exertions."

"Then either he or Aleck, or both, are dead men before the end of this campaign," replied the Doctor turning pale. "What plot has this double dyed rascal in his head, that leads him to seek this position just now?"

"He has trouble at home, I reckon," said Captain Jones; "there are rumors afloat of disgraceful conduct in the family of one of his patients, and the lady's friends are seeking to hush matters by getting him out of the way."

"What villainous go unhung!" soliloquized Dr. Hartland, as the appointment was confirmed in the papers next day, and it would be difficult to say which was the greater sufferer, the wife or the brother, and each suffered silently and alone.

In a few weeks, Harry Greenwood's arrangements were made for a voyage to Europe, to pursue his studies in architecture, which in the rudiments was by no means to him a new acquirement, as almost all his leisure on ship-board had been spent in drawing outlines, ground plans, projections, elevations, till his portfolio was a text-book, but altogether in the civil branch of the science; not a model, naval or military, appeared on its pages, showing, as Dr. Hartland had long ago said, "his heart was not in the service." His library too, manifested the same preference for research in this branch of the world's knowledge.

To three persons the leave-taking was very sad; to his sister came memories of another brave heart who had left her mourning and desolate, never to return, but she hid her fears, and gave the parting kiss with great heroism; but many hours went by before she arose from her prostrate position before the crucifix in the oratory, and days of severe struggle with human will, and the strong yearning love of the sister which rebelled against this step, though in the calm interior of her soul, undisturbed by outward storms, she could say, "They will be done."

Her trials at home were increased, for the Commodore took the occasion of Harry's departure to reproach her for the loss of both his boys; but she did not sit down and weep, and her over her miseries; she sought those whose sufferings were greater than her own and ministered to their griefs. She succeeded in winning Laura by her gentle, dignified tenderness, to the right way, and assisted her in her untried efforts after peace of mind. To Dr. Hartland the parting from Harry Greenwood was a trial, and withal a satisfaction; he did not pause to ask himself why a satisfaction; had he done so, his conscience would have told him it was not altogether because the young man was thereby advancing himself. He had looked with solicitude on the increasing intimacy at his father's house. "Harry is very nice," he said to himself; "yes, very nice, but not in a condition to think of Rosine, certainly not yet;" and the last parting convinced him of what before he had only surmised, that the young man was fast getting into deep waters.

Innocent, unsuspecting, and unimpressed as yet, Rosine had not restrained her tears when Harry came to say farewell; she was sorry to have him go, yet quite as much

for Dora's sake as for her own. So Rosie did not pine after the departed, but went back to her old school-life and the Doctor for help and company at home, Ned was satisfied.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MATCH FOR MANIE

"And why wouldn't you get Mrs. Palardy to make Susie's wedding clothes?" Mrs. Graney asked.

"It's a little unhandy to be going down to Centerville so often," was her neighbor's reply; "and Susie with so much to do!"

The two women were having a neighborly chat over the back fence, with their aprons twisted up about their shoulders; for the spring air was chill, and the ever interesting topic of Susie Tighe's approaching marriage was the subject under discussion.

"Oh," Mrs. Graney exclaimed, with all the pleasure of one who has a bit of unexploited news, "didn't you know Mrs. Palardy is coming to the hill to live?"

"To the hill?" Mrs. Tighe opened her eyes in great surprise. "Sure, what's bringing her up here?"

"What else? For whoever wants her. And what about Manie O'Brien? Is it a stranger would let come in to take the bread out of her mouth?"

"But you just said Susie didn't want Manie to make her wedding clothes," her neighbor put back at Mrs. Tighe, slyly; "and there might be others would like a change, too."

"There was a troubled look on Mrs. Tighe's kind face. "I like Manie's sewing fine," she answered slowly. "It's only that the youngsters do be getting queer ideas. Susie says she wants her clothes to be—stylish. She brought out the word with an air of apology."

"Small blame to her!" was the answer to this. "A fine-looking girl like herself! And it's Mrs. Palardy can put style on a broomstick, so I've heard tell."

Mrs. Tighe looked uneasy and thoughtful; and she carried her disturbed reflections to Susie, who was dusting the "front room," her hand full of dreams and a half smile on her rosy lips.

"What do you think, Susie? Mrs. Palardy is coming to live on the hill?"

"If took Susie a moment to come back from dreamland, and then she flushed up in pleased excitement. "O ma, you don't mean it? Then I can have some stylish things, after all!" And she proudestly gaily around the room.

"But, Susie dear," her mother said, "what about Manie? She'll feel bad if she don't get to make some of your clothes."

"Goodness, ma, do I have to be a fright to save Manie O'Brien's feelings?" And the girl frowned petulantly. "She ought to get some style to her work—"

"She ought to get married, that's what she ought to do!" Mrs. Tighe broke in energetically. "She's a foolish girl not to take Sam Gleason."

"Is he after her?" Susie asked with interest; for, next to her own romance, that of another was worth some attention.

"If he isn't he ought to be," cryptically. "A widower with two little ones, and Manie just the one to take care of them. And he'd make a fine match for Manie."

"Manie's all right," Susie remarked with all the condescension of eighteen to thirty; "and not bad looking either, if she only wouldn't dress so dowdy."

"Poor child, she never has time to sew for herself!" Her mother was the fine looking girl in her young days—indeed she was. I mind when we came out together from Ireland, everyone would turn to look at Mollie with her white skin and rosy cheeks. I wish—she paused in deep thought. "Do you know what I think, Susie?" she said at length, in a very mysterious tone.

"I think this Mrs. Palardy is coming to live on the hill the way she might make up to Sam Gleason."

"What makes you think that?"

"Humph! They can't fool me! I've seen them talking together after Mass; and he walked down the street with her last Sunday after Vespers. I don't say she isn't a pretty little woman, if she is French; but Sam Gleason ought to marry one of his own kind."

up a little, she couldn't be beat for looks."

And suddenly, as she turned matters over in her busy young mind, Susie had a great inspiration.

"Listen, ma!" She rushed out into the kitchen, where her mother was making noodles for a big pot of stewed chicken. "Do Sam and Manie really like each other?" She wanted to get her ground-work straight.

"Sure, why wouldn't they like each other? Aren't they neighbors' children? If that French woman—"

"Never mind the French woman! Here, let me help." And as Susie shook out the long golden spirals she unfolded her plan, breaking into delighted laughter at her mother's face.

"But," said Mrs. Tighe, after they had given some time to the discussion, "you say you and Manie will be gone two weeks. That's a long time. What about the Fr—"

"Mother," Susie cried in an exasperated tone (she always said "mother" when she wanted to be emphatic), "if you say 'French woman' again, I'll—I'll die!" They both laughed.

"Well, I'm sure, child, if you think it's a good plan, I'm glad to have you go, for your own sake as well as for Manie's. Aunt Sarah will be glad to have the two of you, and you can advise with her about your things."

"Don't worry; there won't be a style in Columbus that Manie and I won't see. But first of all I'm going to see that she gets herself some decent clothes. Mark my words, you won't know Manie when she returns. And, ma, she sark her voice to a whisper, 'don't—please don't—poison Mrs. Palardy till I come back!'"

"Go on with you!" And her mother gave her a playful push; but a swift shadow settled on her face as the girl disappeared. "It's myself will be the lonely woman when she's gone from me entirely," she sighed.

No one knew how the hill above Centerville came to be entirely settled by Irish; but Jack Garrigan was fond of telling that his grandfather was the first Irishman in those parts. It was when they were building the Short Line, and he belonged to one of the construction gangs, called by the farmers "railroaders," and looked upon by them as a species of wild man—which in truth some of them, far from home and its restraining influence, had grown to be a large majority of them were Irish for this was the pick-and-shovel era for the Irish in America; and most of them were steady, upright men, looking to build up a home in the Land of Promise.

Of this type was John Garrigan; and often of a summer evening he and a couple of companions would leave the long wooden shanties where the men were housed and fed, and walk up the sloping hill that bounded the little village on the east. Garrigan was even then counting about him for a place to settle, and saving up his money "against" the time Mary Moran would come out from Ireland, and he struck a bargain with one of the small farmers, a Quaker from Pennsylvania, who was anxious to return to his own people. In due time Mary Moran came, and with her a younger sister and a cousin. What more natural than that a couple of sturdy Irishmen in the same gang should find favor in the eyes of Mary's companions, and that these couples instead of one should settle on the hill?

The settlement grew and its first huts became of two or three rooms were succeeded by more ambitious dwellings; holdings were extended, and peace and plenty blessed the land. At first the children went across the country to the district school; but later they had a school of their own, which became quite famous in its day. They made their First Communion and were confirmed in the little mission chapel down in Centerville. And was beside the youngsters who did not know his catechism lesson. For Father Baker, who came out from Newark to instruct the children, was a very martinet for perfection. The result was a generation of extremely well-trained and devout Catholics. In time a resident pastor came to Centerville; and one of his consolations was the "hill people" (as they had come to be called), and some of their descendants who had settled in the little town and become substantial citizens.

The hill settlement, however, never became a big town. There were never more than fifteen or sixteen families in all; and curiously enough, it remained purely Irish. New people came from time to time, but there were always enough descendants of the first settlers to keep up the traditions of the hardy pioneers—men and women whose chief heritage to their children had been the faith and an uncompromising racial pride. Community spirit was very keen, and prospective settlers were scanned with a wary eye, with the result that no undesirable were ever allowed on the hill—that is to say, if the residents knew it. Sometimes, as happens in the best-regulated families—the hill was simply a big, ungainly family—an impostor might find his way in; but that is another story.

Still, calling to mind that one painful and historic incident, Mrs. Tighe could not but reflect daskly on the coming of the little Frenchwoman, who arrived bag and baggage one bright spring day, shortly after Susie and Manie O'Brien had departed for Columbus, ostensibly to

buy the all-important wedding clothes. Mrs. Palardy was installed in two rooms at Mrs. Fogarty's, and everyone on the hill seemed to accept her presence as a matter of course.

"Ah, it's not like old times!" Mrs. Tighe grumbled in those days. "We had no foreigners in those days."

"She pays me fine," said Mrs. Fogarty to Mrs. Tighe one morning when they met at Johnny Rowan's little grocery.

"And well she may," thought Mrs. Tighe, bitterly; "looking to lay her hands on Sam Gleason's pocketbook!"

But she closed her lips tightly on these words, only allowing herself to remark with some reserve that she was glad Mrs. Fogarty was satisfied.

"And why wouldn't I be?" that lady retorted with characteristic asperity, sensing her neighbor's disapproval. "It's the little woman has lots of friends and plenty of work, too; and Sam Gleason dropping in to see is there anything he can do for her?"

Mrs. Tighe's heart burned within her, and she went out of the store forgetting half her purchases.

"I told Susie two weeks was a long time," she muttered. "And that foolish gom of a Sam Gleason! Ah, a Frenchwoman, mind you!"

But time finally put a period to the Columbus visit. "Will be home on the afternoon train Tuesday," was the word from Susie, who had written glowing accounts of the wonderful things in the capital.

"You won't know Manie, mark my words!" had been the burden of the young girl's communications, with certain mysterious allusions to "Manie's good times" that made Mrs. Tighe vaguely uneasy. "She'll be after spoiling Manie, that's what she will, for Sam Gleason's wife!" But all misgivings disappeared on the evening that Mr. Tighe prepared to drive down just before supper to meet the evening train.

"I'd best take the spring wagon," he said to his wife. "What with their trunks and the buggy—"

"Oh, take the buggy!" she coaxed, knowing Susie's aversion to riding in the first-mentioned vehicle. "And let Jodie Bates bring up the trunks. It's only a small while we'll be having the child. And the mother sighed."

"It's Jim Heavey that'll be getting the spoiled lady!" her husband grumbled; but he took the buggy nevertheless, and an hour later drove slowly up the hill with only one passenger beside him on the seat.

"Where's Manie?" was Mrs. Tighe's natural question, as her daughter sprang from the buggy and rushed into her arms.

"My, but I'm glad to be home!" Susie exclaimed. "Here, give me that package, pa! Take this one, ma! Oh, I'm so anxious for you to see my things, ma!"

And she kept up such a running fire of orders and conversation that her mother's mind was diverted from the question, until, followed by a knowing grin from Mr. Tighe, they had disappeared into the house.

"Where did you leave Manie?" came the query again. Susie threw her hat and coat on the dining-room lounge and sank down beside them.

"Such excitement, ma! You'll never believe it." And she looked up at her mother with a mixture of fearfulness and fun. "Manie is married!"

"Married? Manie?" And Mrs. Tighe stared at her daughter incredulously.

"Not to—why, didn't I see Sam Gleason?"

Manie burst out laughing. "O ma, I'm sorry about your beautiful match! But Manie said he never looked at her, and she wouldn't have had him, anyhow. She married Joe Tynan. Don't you remember Joe? He left the hill about two years ago, after he and Manie had had a spat. We met him on the street the very day we got to Columbus; and after that—well, it was all I could do to get Manie to help me pick out a few things. Then Joe had to go East on a business trip. He has a fine position; and the pastor, Father Flood, advised them to get married right away. You never saw such flying around!"

Susie exhaled an audible sigh of happy exhaustion. "Don't look so solemn, ma," she added coaxingly. "It's all right, Manie married the man she wanted."

Over Mrs. Tighe's face a variety of emotions had been flitting as she tried to adjust herself to this new and startling change of condition.

"Well, I'm sure I hope so," she was saying dubiously, when her husband entered from the kitchen, followed by Sam Gleason, who came in, he said, to shake hands with his little friend Susie.

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