## THE OLD FOUTANE. A TAUE STORY.

currence to it, and thanks besides

father's principal piece of clothing and

The particular day on which we have

irritable days when the gathered dis

the cure, on the contrary, exhibited

even more than its usual degree of its

might have remarked that this was

cealed triumph seldom to be seen upon

his meek and humble brow. From time

to time he turned his eyes from the ex

glance unobserved at Margaret's pro

eedings, which apparently afforded

him some amusement, as he seemed

now and then to suppress a sudder

mile of humor not unmixed with mal

clouds that were gathering over

summits of two tall chestnut trees

planted before the door of the presby-

After your journey and fatigues of

the day, ' said Margaret suddenly, in a

tone of maternal authority, "sleep would be better for you at this hour than the open air. The breeze from

the plain is not wholesome, and there is a storm coming up. At least, you

I do not feel fatigued, Margaret.

As to the air, you are right and I will

obey you-though," added he in an undertone, as he shut the window,

just now is not that which threatens from without." Margaret either did

not or would not hear; the cure sat down. "Why should you be displeased

with me to day ?" he continued, look-

This time at least you would be in

ing at her with an expression of doubt.

brought on the exploison forseen by

"Ab! tray, I would be in the wrong!" cried she, with a sort of comic indigoation: "and I ought to

be very well pleased with you, to be sure! A whole day passed from home

without eating or drinking, at your age! That is good and praiseworthy,

without doubt. But it will end hadly

with you, mark my words." "Peace, Margaret, peace !" resumed

the cure, in a gentle voice, "our min

istry has painful duties." "Ob, this is always the way with

your pretended duties! The Church,

you say yourself every day, does not

require that one should kill the body

in saving the soul and even so, if you

got anything by it except blessings,

but see to what it has brought you!

possess in the world ! There are the

have fifty francs in your purse to-

fou are very right to say so, for

if it did not provide, I know not how we should have a morsel of bread for

the latter end of our days, since you

cannot even keep what it sends for your own use. Look at yourself, I beg, is

the storm, the most to be dreaded

Margaret either did

These words

There is all you

You never

senses.

ought to close the window.'

the wrong, Margaret.

the cure at once.

Look about you!

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tranquil placidity, though an obse

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nim, to steal a

the incessant oratory of Margaret on this point, the wish had gradually assumed in his mind the tenacity of a fixed idea. In this truly there was Some years ago there lived near or village in Anvergne, one of the orest missioners that had ever pene poor nothing unreasonable, to judge from the deplorable appearance of the good rated the defiles of the cavennes The meanest peasant employed in searching the bowels of the mountain for antimony and coal would not have envied the humble cottage which was his dwelling. Built against the end of in beholding it, one could not but ex-ecrate the evil genius which every time he seemed on the point of grasp time he seemed on the point of grasp ing it, made the desired garment vanish before him, as if by magic. Years glided by, each one with its train of disappointments and still the a little gray stone church surmounted cras, it might have been by an taken for a hermitage, or for one of train of disspontments and still the poor core repeated with unwearied perseverence, "It will be got next year at Easter, before Pentecost, for the Assumption against Christmas." se hospitable asylums raised on the high places, far from the beaten paths A travel, to guide and succor the perwanderer. From the level on which it was situated, the eye fell upon In vain had he already traversed this fatal circle ten times; the seasons re volved, the festivals returned with the fertile basin of the Limagne. traversed in its longest extent by the inflexible regularity, leaving at each visit a yet more sensible trace of their passage on the unfortunate soutane. Allier, shining like a silvery ribbon. Behind the church on the slope of the mountain were some huts, rising one above the other, and at a distance reintroduced the worthy pastor to our minding one of a caravan ascending a steep road; from this point the sight readers happened to be one of those ran from rock to rock along the chain content of the housekeeper threw to which belong the Pay de Dome, the Plomb de Cautal and the Mont d'Or. gloom on her countenance like the dark clouds that were floating above Such was the kind of Thebaid in the hills. The abruptness of her motions, and her redoubled activity, betrayed a secret agitation, which only awaited a suitable occasion to break forth in words, while the face of

from writing here the name of the village, as well as our reluctance to alter the accuracy of the least detail in this simple narrative by adopting the commonplace expedient of a fictitious name. He was a man of about sixty, with a spare, active figure and a countenance beaming with mild benevolence. His entire simplicity of lence. His entire heart did not exclude either the refinement or the elevation of a power-ful intellect, nor did the austerity of his own life diminish in anything his indulgent consideration for the weak. nesses of others. His faith was ardent and his zeal for the poor people committed to his charge knew no other bounds than those which nature had imposed on his physical strength, so that his charity in their regard made him almost accomplish miracles. The winter had no cold so rigorous, no snow so thick, the mountain had no ravine so deep, nor had any night a darkness so profound as to deter him from the exercise of his arduous and painful duties. And all this was done quite simply, without the most secr. t notion of vanity, and with an air of sincere interest and good nature which removed the very idea of personal acrifice.

One evening in summer, it might be 8 o'clock, the cure, after having finished the reading of his breviary, was seated in silence near a low dow which looked out towards the village. Returned late and fatigued from a long journey, he inhaled with a sense of erjoyment the refreshing air that breathed into the room. garet, bis old housekeeper, was arranging on the shelves of an oaken dresser, the simple requisites that had been used at her master's frugal supper, for as his frequent excursions the distant and various localities under the control of his ministry often detained him from home to an advanced hour, he had adopted, of necessity as as by choice, the primitive ho of the country people. Besides the iece of furniture we have just mentioned, the room contained a diningtable which also served for a card table during the long winter evenings, when the good cure would now and then gravely dispute the chances of a game of piquet or of chess. In front was an old wainut tree chest, and at the end of the chamber, near a small door, the principal article of all, the arrayed with the most patriarchial simplicity. A magnificent avory crucifix, the gift of a noble and ady, was placed above a priedien of plain black oak. In one of the angles formed by the projection of a vast chimney stood one of those long fruits of thirty years' toil ! boxes, variegated with squares of dif have fit ferent colors much like the case of an gether." Egyptian mummy, over which appeared the dial of a rustic looking clock; some chairs of a coarse straw completed the furniture, on the description of which we have dwelt thus minutely because the entire household is the perfect and severe type of a class in cluding the greater number of the dwellings of the provincial clergy in poor and remote districts like this.

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

stretched out her hand as if to assure who trembled before him like a crimin-herself that the vision was real when al before his judge. "Monsteur," herself that the vision was real when the cure started up with a loud cry. bright light tirged everything from the slope of the mountain to the win cows. The cure ran to open the door of the presbytery. A column of mirgled smoke and flame was rushing quires ?' the rool of a house in the centrithe village, "Fire! fire!" cried the village, "Firel pret, basten, go and the cure.

the cure. Hargaret, match, go and ring the church bell to call help. Margaret went out by an interior door which led to the sacristy. The Father took his hat and ris care and proceeded through the gloom towards the scene of the disaster.

The next morning the fire was quite extinct only one dwelling, the meanest in the village, had perished but the poor cure had, in the flames, lost a portion of his sontane. "Happily," said Margaret, as she finished repair-ing this mishap with a piece of cloth but indifferently matched as to color. happily, thanks to the generosity her ladyship, the baroness, the evil this time is not without remedy. replied

"Alas! my good Margaret," replied the cure in a deprecatory tone and with a hesitation of manner, like a schoolboy caught in a fault, "that is more than can be said of the mitfortune which has befallen these poor people.

Well, you will preach next Sunday and make a collection for them. doubt they will be relieved."

"It is to be hoped so, at least, but should it not be our part, Margaret, to set the example ?" Now you are beginning already a your false notions. Every one is with your bound to help the poor according to his means-the rich with money, the priest with the word. Remember that you have for yourself scarcely the necessaries of life." 'Remember that they have no-

thing." " But you want another soutane."

icious expectation. The night, mean "And they have neither clothing while had come on ; the sky was dark nor food.' and gloomy, and the moon appeared at "Good Heaven !" exclaimed the but intervals through the masses of

housekeeper, struck by a sudden suspicion, " what have you done with the money you showed me yesterday?" The wind was beginning to agitate the " Margaret," answered the cure

with confusion, "you need covered not go to order the new soutane we were speaking of-I-have not the money-it is lost." And so it was, And so it was, indeed to him, but willingly lost; he had given it to the poor cottagers whose hut was burned.

The following spring an unexpected currence increased the anziety which the good cure really felt about the soutane, notwithstanding his ex cessive liberality. There was suddenly spread the report of an intended past the Bishop to a'l visit of parishes of his diocese. This news at first threw our poor friend into that kind of torpor which arises from the sight of imminent danger : his brain grew dizzy for a moment, as if he felt the ground waver beneath his feet. and this prostration of his faculties was succeeded by a feverish excite ment and a preternatural degree of activity. went, he came, he multi plied his exertions, acting without re spite and without aim, doing the sam things over and over every day. H spoke sloud to himself, and, in short, tried every means to strengthen himself against his own fears.

Labor in vain ! All his efforts terminated in such a miserable result that he finally renounced all hope of passing honorably through this terrible ordeal. Already he imagined himself appearing shameful, negligent and dis respectful-looking before his ecclessuperior, when Providence iastical came to his aid once more, in the shape of a charitable widow, secretly inform-ed of the circumstances by Margaret. A tailor was immediately sent for to a neighboring town. Time pressed. The tailor was poor ; he must be paid beforehand for his work and furnished with means to purchase the requisite

stuff. In returning, the tailor, who was fond of drink, stopped at a public

down on de James River at Mr. Horner's place, where Mammy Ann has been a working. She taken sick, and so she couldn't work no mo'. Mrs. Horner said as how she didn't want Mammy Ann if her couldn't work; so Mammy al before his judge. "Monsteur," said he in a severe tone, "is your parish so very poor, and your revenues so scanty that you cannot afford your person the attention which the dignity of the priesthood re-Ann packed our things in dis here satchel, and we is walked dis far on our way to Richmond, where some of Man-my Ann's tolks is. We is a been a walking three days, stopping at de culled folkes beauty beseech Your Grace to pardon

called folkes houses at

farm

body."

as she wouldn't like to die in de road.

don't !" he appealingly repeated a Vera's sympathizing glance encouraged

Horners was not kind folks, an' I kno

the quiet dubbed them as " po folks." About the time that

chores around the place.

died after a short illness.

"We are far, Monsieur," pursued the Bistop gravely, "from these happy times when the Church, honored for herself alone, arrayed herself solely in virtues of her servants. the statere Her ministers are no longer apostles nor mariyrs; they are men dwelling in the world, of agreeable exterior and attractive conversation, laboring with zeal and prodence to reanimate the faith and chasity of their fellow men, by rendering religion sweet and easy to them. To act in any other spirit, M. le Cure, to deter them from the service of religion by exhibiting a spectacle of severity and privation, is o display a degree of incapacity or of ringularity alike deplorable.

"My Lord, my slender means alone," tion is about." "You hurry 'long, Miss Vera," Maria said. "I'll fix a comfortable and the cure stopped, for he remem bered that there was some other cause bed in my room for de woman, an' de boy can sleep on a pallet in Petes room in de attic." besides his poverty, and he could not continue his justification. "I know the whole : I know that

your improvidence and ill-regulated charity compromise the respect neces for a minister of religion, and I sary strongly condemn a conduct so considerate. Go Monsieur le C considerate. Cure and learn that by sacrificing what owe to ourselves, we incur the risk of failing in the respect which we owe to others

When the cure was gone, the Bishop turned with a smile to the witnesses of this little extempore drama, "The lesson has been a harsh one, ' said he, I fancy our but it was necessary. worthy cure's excessive liberality is checked for some time. However M. l'Abbe," added he, addressing one of Hozever M. his vicars, "you will take care to send promptly to my excellent penitent a new soutane and 300 france, as a reserve to meet the requirements of his devoted charity.'

Before returning to the presbytery, the cure, deeply affected by the re buke of his superior, prayed a long time in the church, and strove earnestly to reconcile in his mind the du claims of his several duties. The mental stroggle was long and painful, a cold sweat bedewed his brow; returning home he had the fever. Marscolded him more gently than garet

usual, and made him go to bed. Some days after this a physician was standing with a look of sorrow beside the sick bed of the cure. Margaret with her face hidden in her hands, was weeping bitteriy. A stranger entered, he carried on his arm a handsome soutane of the finest black, and in his hand a well filed purse.

From my Lord Bishop," said he. The sick man smiled sadly. "I pray you," said he, raising his voice. thank His Grace heartily in the name of my successor and recommend to his odness an ardent preacher whose precepts I have too often slighted, he pointed towards Margaret.

"My God," he added, in a lower tone, clasping his hands, "I have, I fear, desired too earnestly one earthly good ; but since I cannot in this world accomplish my desires so as to assist Thy suffering creatures and live with-out reproach, I go to Thy kingdom where there are none poor, and where those who have loved Thy law shall be clothed with Thy glory for ever and

He closed his eyes, a tranquil smile shone upon his worn features and ere it had faded from his lips, the pure spirit was in the presence of its Creator.--The Guidon.

## FAITHFUL DANNY.

A THUE STORY.

As the sun was sinking behind the horizon where the pale tints of the sky horizon where the pale tints of the sky reached down and embraced the dark toward him at that time, which tender ontline of trees that surrounded the

quickly !'

the side of the barn.

MARCH 14, 1908.

down, an' when I thought about Mam. my Ann never being wif us any oh Miss Ve, I jess couldn't stan' it. Mammy Ann toid me to always pray to God for whatever I wanted. I do want Mammy Ann so much. W God send her back to me, Miss Ve Will the edge of his little bed, laid the small brown bead in her lap and spoke kind words to him, such as the Would have spoken to an orphan child of night times. When Mammy Ann saw his house she said as how she was a goin to ask de fulks here to let her come in an' die, own race. "You must good boy, Dancy, if you You must always Ann to be happy where she is. You must never do wrong, for she know and be sad, and you need never lear for the want of a triend as long as Would Please, lady, don't let Mammy Ann die if you can help it ! Please lady, don't !" he appealingly repeated as

I live, Danny." The compact was sealed. He became her faithful and devoted slave for life, him to believe that she could and would help them. "Fix a bed for this woman, Maria ; She had only to express a wish and so far as he was able it was satisfied. He she must be cared for, whoever she may be. When she is rested and stronger she can tell us about herself. seemed always to be anticipating what Miss Ve would like. The ripest fruit was pulled, the choicest wild flowers of the woods placked, the finest game I must harry back to father, as he is captured, the best always reserved for Miss Ve. He was of a quiet, tactiturn at xious to know what all this commoisposition, this boy of twelve years, slow in speech and movement, faithful and loyal in his affectious and a giant in determination.

Four years after Mammy Ann's death Mammy Ann, it was found later, had typhoid fever. Dr. Elbert, who came Col. Bronson died. He had been a semi invalid for the last eight years. every day to see Col. Bronson, went also into Maria's room to see Mammy Ann. She was around and about in An old wound inflicted during th war had never wholly healed, and in the end brought on blood poison several weeks, and able to slightly assist Maria, who had been kind and attentive to her in her illness. She which terminated in his death. It had been a severe financia' strain on Ve and her mother to make ends meet d added nothing new to the boy's story ing those last years. of their departure from the Horner duce raised on their farm of twenty five acres brought in sufficient money "I felt as if I was a going to be very for immediate home needs : but the sick, an' I wanted to git to my folks in Richmond 'fore I was took to bed. De means for the paying of doctors' bills, d other necessary medicine bills penses attendant upon the comfort o two cultured women were sadly lach I wouldn't be took care ob. I had no money to trable wif, so Danny an' me ng. A small life insurance left by the set out on foot. De good Lord sholy has been mighty kind in tarning our father was just sufficient to meet the mortage that had been placed upon their home five years previous. The two women were left with no money in steps to dis place, where I is been treated so kind by Miss Vera an' every

Danny, the boy, made himself quite Mrs. Bronson was not very strong, so a favorite on the place, as he was obedi-ent and helpful. Pete viewed the new-comers suspiciously, however, and on that the responsibility of th that the responsibility of the home and the managing of details necessarily fell upon Vera. The experience of the last few years during her father's illness was of untold benefit to her. It had or house About the time that Mammy Ann was fully restored to health and taught her resourcefulness and deter was contemplating going on to Richmination. The problem of how to make mond, where she could get a good sera living now confronted her. The ques vice place for the next winter, Maria tion came up every day in some form was sent for to come immediately or other in quiet talks with her mother and Danny, who worked around the house when free from outdoor work. to Charlestown, where her mother was very ill, and was not expected to live. She went, promising to return as soon soon learned of Vera's consideration of selling the farm and going elsewhere as her mother got better. Mammy Ann took her place in the kitchen on the day she left. Maria's mother died and He came to her one day and said Miss Ve, you ain't going to leave promise to come back to the Bron-was not kept. Mammy Ann and this place, is you ? You sin't going t leave this place where you was born in an' the house where your father died in is you? I certainly don't want to Danny were now permanent inmates of the Bronsons' home, the mother doing the general housework, while the boy leave the place where Mammy And Who'll look after the graves. assisted Pete by doing the smaller Miss Ve, when we is gone ? If we goes Arrangements were made that Danny away we won't never no more come back. Please, Miss Ve, make up your away should attend school the full term allowed negro children, four months in mind to stay here. I'll work night and day for you, Miss Ve. I am as strong the year. Things ran smoothly for the when Mammy Ann, as any man now, much bigger than next four years ; when Mammy Ann, who never seemed very strong after some I see. I'll stop going to school those four months au' her serious attack of typhoid lever, work on the crops so as to bring you an' your ma a plent; to live on.

The boy's father, a ne'er do well named George Howard, had deserted the mother when Danny was a year But, Danny," Vera interrupted "we have no money. Aunt Sallie will have to go. as there is no money with old, and had never been heard of since, so that Danny was now an orphan. During these four years, Vera Bronwhich to nav her wages, and you are old enough now to be earning wages I have no money with which to pay either of you, and I could not consent sou had become to much attached to the boy, who seemed so bright and docile, as to persuade her father and to have you leave your chool and work for me for nothing.

mother to let her keep him. He was now a good sized boy for his age of now a good-sized boy for his age of twelve years and rendered ample ser-"I don't want no wages, Miss Ve you was good to Mammy Ann and has vice for his board and clothing. But to been good and kind to me all these I surely am going to do for ow that you needs it. Talk with Danny no amount of work could ever years. repay Miss Vera for her kindness to his you now that you needs it. Dr. Elbert and Mr. Fairchild. Miss the place until the day of her death; when they comes over again, an Ve, see if they don't think we can manage to get along here. You figger it all out Miss Ve. You figger an' I'll work

what d place a Dr. El ence Ir there a ment of It Wa to let t flaence swer, h where cerned "Wo and yo and ma "I this will u",'I a task th paring the li

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there in the entire parish a poorer man than you? What has become of all Margaret, a respectable aged matron with a short round figure and an im the fine promises you made me'at Easter? portant air, who had entered the ser Here is the Assumption close at hand, and what are we to do? What have vice of the cure several years before nd what are we to do? was the real sovereign of this little realm. The legitimate ruler had by you gained to day, for instance, after your long journey? Nothing !" our long journey? Nothing !" "Nothing," said the cure, smiling degrees abdicated in her favor the entire executive authority. And sav-

with a mysterious air. "Or at most a few paltry franceing an occas onal abuse of mower, or a fit of grumbling now and then, it must be owned this domination was in no good m ans, indeed, to buy a soutanel' Here she was interrupted by a flash of way subversive of the common weal, and besides was perfectly suited to the lightning that filled the room, for an nstant with a vivid glare, and left a cure's absolute indifference with relong train of fire on the side of the mountain, followed by a peal of thunder gard to the petty details of life, especi-ally in all that related to himself perso long and loud that it seemed to have fallen on the very house itself. The care and the housekeeper crossed themsonally. His negligence in this re spect, indeed reached a degree of forgetfulness of his interests which selves. Margaret lighted a little lamp afforded Margaret an inexhaustible hung over the chimney board, that text for sundry unorthodox sermons and dipping a branch of box into the whenever her master's unthinking liber small font, she sprinkled the holy water all around her, while the priest recited ality gave her a fair opportunity for the display of her eloquence. short praver.

Notwithstanding his exceeding readi-The cure resumed quietly: " Marness to sacrifice the interests of his external dignity in time of need to the garet, you must inquire if there is in the country a tailor able to make well wants of others, it must not be under and speedily a new soutane for your stood from this that the cure was quite cure. insensible to the claims of what may be

"What is that ?" cried the house called respect for his proper person. He was none of those rigorists who make a crime of everything that bears the rekeeper hastily, fancying she had mistaken him " what did you say, if you please ?" semblance of a concession to the pre-judices or the opinion of the world,

"I say that you have forgotten it will scon be the 25th of July." "Well 1"

pretenders who glory in a tattere "Well ! to day I was sent for to her chateau by the Dowager Baroness Dabrief, who wished to desire me to neglected person. He felt his poverty and endured it courage ously, always ready when necessary to offer the annual ten Masses for the soul of her husband, and on leaving, she pressed me to accept as a dona-tion the sum of 200 fraces, which are his most legitimate desires and thus it happened that during ten years of continual privation he had not succeeded in amassing the trifling sum essential to the fulfilment of his most here.'

anxious wish—the acquisition of the unrestrained at his triumph, dree leater worldly ambition. From constant re- purse very agreeably filled. Margaret world y and the sector world warm is bright to the fill ment of his most to the child. In the instant he was in a bright down on us. The world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the instant he was in a bright down on us. The world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world were to him was is bright to the child. In the child world were to him was is the child were to him

"Who knows yet?" murmured the cure: "we must never distrust the goodness of Providence." house, where the wine produced such a marvelous effect on his imagination that it made him completely overlook

the important distinction between meum and tuum. The cure bore thinnew stroke with the seeming insensibility of one who has no longer strength even to suffer. The robber was ar rested. The priest caused him to be released, saying to himself that one misfortune should not be repaired by another, and sflirming aloud that he had made the tailor a present of the money he had spent, at which declara tion Margaret was teapted to believe that her master had really lost his

The devilment is going out to be? I'll be bound some devilment is going on, and here I am not abe to move hand or foot. Tell Pete to go see what it is and what it means. I wish I were well enough, I'd show 'em a trick or two. I'd do some scaring, if nothing else." bore the canopy under which the Bishop was to be conducted to the church. The pastor himself, his confidence restored by the shining plice that covered his the shining plice that covere the shining plice that covered his the shining plice t At length the day of trial arrived fidence restored by the shining sur-plice that covered his old soutane, ad-vanced with a firm step at the head of

his little escort, along a path strewn with flowers and between a double row of cottages, all adorned in some manner to do honor to the occasion. The Bishop appeared ; the procession accompanied him to the church, where the cure read Mass. After the service he came to offer his respects to the the objects had been discovered prelate. His Grace was seated, with his two grand vicars respectfully stand-ing on either side, and surrounded by the principal inhabitants of the com

mune. He was a man of about forty, of a dignified mien and a prepossessing appearance; his manners were courtly, his countenance noble, and he ex-pressed himself with the grace and

> you come in such a condition ?" inquired, as she glanced from the woman to the child.

ness went very far toward healing his country for miles, it left a lingering wound of sorrow. light st fliciently strong to throw in sil-

On the day of the burial of his mother he kept up like a little man. No sound escaped his lips; but the ouette two figures against the side of a large barn. The shadow of the figures caught the attention of Col. Bronson as intense despair and the stony stare he lay propped upon his bed, which had intense despair and the struy stare of his eyes were heartrending. He knew he had a friend in Miss "Ve," as he always called her, for had she not promised his mother on her deathbeen drawn near the window that he might get every possible breath of air The evening was unusually hot and sultry. On e-pying the shad ows against the barn the colonel called excitedly to his daughter: "Vera! come here bed to look after her boy. She made him feel more assured of

ther from the time she came

it when she came that night, bent over his little pinewood bed and tucked What is the matter, father ?" she his bed clothing more closely around answered as she hurriedly ran into the him, as Mammy Ann had always done. Though the little face was brown, the instinct of mothering this little orphan "Vers, watch those shadows on the greature was not lessened a hit in the heart of this true daughter of democ-

racy. She was awakened late that night by a strange sound : listening intently, she thought the sound came from the little attic room in which Danny slept. Cautiously opening the door, she listened again. The supressed sobs of the child could now be distinctly heard. Throwing a shawl over her shoulders, Vera tip-toed lightly up the stairs. The door was slightly sjar. By the pale gleam of the moon, which that you might not be in the least bit excited, and here you are disobeying every direction left by the doctor.

was slowly emerging from under a cloud, she saw the little lad on his knees with his head buried in his Pete will see if anything is the matter; keep quiet, I pray you." The vociferous barking of Venus and pillow, sobbing and crying, "Oh, Mam-my Ann, Mammy Ann," as if his my Ann, Mammy Ann," as if his heart would break. Vera knew that Mars in the yard and the "Down there I Down there I I tells you !" of this outburst of tears was the best thing that could have happened; that Pete, told the father and daughter that tears were the proper outlet for the two shadows had also vanished from tears were the proper outlet for the little pentup suffering heart. She gently touched his shoulder and said, "Danny, Danny, do you not know that Mammy Ann would be sad if she saw you crying so?" Vera hurried out to find the cause of such a tumult. She met Pete at the kitchen door, leading a very black woman and a small boy of about eight "Oh, Miss Ve, I was a dreaming that years of age. The woman was appar-

re do Vora vas so happy, wid do sun a shining ently very sick, and so weak from ex-haustion that she would have fallen had not Pete supported her. "Who are you, and from where do warm an' bright down on us. De birds was a singing an' de berries was

You've kept your promise to Mammy Ann, Miss Ve, locked after her boy Let me keep my promise to you to work an' help you an' your ma." Vera laid her hand upon Danny s

shoulder and said : "You are a deal good boy, Danny; I will think about your plan. I rather like the idea of not leaving the old home. It is very dear to me, Danny, and life will seem so different away from it. I wonder if could stand it?' the last she said more to herself than to Danny. The next visit of Dr. Elbert was

nore in the nature of a friendly than a professional one. "Doctor," said Vera professional one. "Doctor," said Ve that morning, "I wish your advice. am deliberating between the option either selling our homestead and going to Richmond to live, or to stay here and with Danny's help try to make a living on the farm."

"Why. Vera, child." he answered. " should advise you by all means to sell. It would be utter folly for you to temtpt to run the farm. It always did irritate my nerves to see a woman trying to do a man's work."

"I hate so, doctor, to leave the place It is so very dear to me," Vera said, and the tears began to glimmer in her dark eyes.

I have some influential friends in Washington. I will see what I can do about getting you a clerkship there-Surely the daughter of a confederate officer should not be compelled to do laborious work for a living. Do noth-ing until I have a chance to hear from

friends who, I think, will help you." The idea of asking help of others did not set well with the independent spirit of Vera. She had visited Washington once, and she well remembered the tired, jaded and worn out expression

of most of the women clerks whom shi saw. She compared their life, spent in m ah close pent-up rooms, stiflingly hot, and breathing the vitiated air of many breaths, with ber own, spent in the open in God's clear sunshine and fresh air. The former lost by the compari-son. She still hesitated.

and still less one of those hypocritical

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fuency of an orator accustomed to speak before the great ones of the earth. The poor cure felt his firm-ness descriting him the instant he was obliged to divest himself of the friend-