CHAPTER XII. - CONTINUED. She sent no answer back through

the bluster of the night.
"Can she use it?" Manton asked,. swinging his lantern in search of mud-

'She can do 'most anything she's against the wind under Manton's brisk leadership, his breath was being

used up most extravagantly. "She's got the pluck of forty wildcats," he got the pluck of added boastfully.
"You are either a very lucky or a "You are either a very lucky or a syung swung swung

very unlucky man, then," says Cray-craft, with a laugh. Then they swung around a bend in the road and the friendly gleam of their lanterns was lost to the watcher in the gallery. She was left alone, surrounded by impenetrable darkness and gloom. was not conscious of feeling either afraid or lonesome. On the contrary, she felt strangely at one with the tem-pestuous night. The rain dashed with such a free sweep across the unshel-tered veranda that she was driven indoors to escape it. She could not read. The tumult without and within was too real for such mild distraction. She placed her chair just within the open doorway, where, by the aid of an occasional flash of lightning, she could locate the gate, the fence, the dripping cedars, and the angry, surging lake beyond. It was as if memory would give back some old familiar possession for a fleet glance, then swallow it again in oblivion. Nothing seemed real or abiding but the impenetrable blackness night. As a more than usually vivid flash gave the storm-beaten vard to her for another brief glimpse, she saw a tall form advancing toward her from the gate with long strides; the head was bowed to meet the wind, and the arms were tightly folded over the buttonless coat In spite of herself. Agnes's voice sounded a trifle nervous as she called

"Is that you, Jim ?"

"Yes, me, missy. Is yer done gim'-me up? Mouty lonesome lak, ain't

yer, missy?"
The tall, lank form loomed up before her in the darkness, as, with much stamping of his rain soaked shoes. Jim mounted the steps; the rough, kindly voice came to her almost from an invis-ible source. Only the voice of a freed but laden with sympathetic kindness that sprang from a heart full of humble and loyal affection for her. The woman who had borne so much with dry-eyed fortitude that day broke out into convulsive and uncontrollable sobs at the simple question.

Jim's voice was full of distress and sympathy as he said:

You ain't skeered now, missy, is you? Jim'd ben here fore now, but I'se ben havin' my eyes skint fur a skiff full er dem raskilly Rowan niggers tudder side de lake. I mistrusses I does mistrus' 'em, dat I does. I lows of dey knows wat's good fur dey wholesome, dey'll keep der own side de lake. But I ain' gwine leave you no mo' t'night, dat I ain'." Jim settled himself on the floor of

the gallery with as much humility as really was the watch-dog the squire had likened him to. With his back propped against the frame-work of the front door, and his huge feet in their unseaworthy boots stretched far had achieved the highest possibility levee.

min'ter, you kin go t' bed and furgit all yo' trubbles. Can't nuthin' pester sive trigger—a flash—a groan—and you now I'se roun'."
"You are real good to me, Jim,

but I don't think I care to go to bed. I believe I was afraid, though I kept telling myself I was not. I like to know you are within call. You may go to sleep yourself, Jim, and if I hear any sounds out on the lake or about

the levee I'll call you."
"Me go t' sleep! Lor' bless you,
missy, dav ain' no sleep in dis nigger's I 'lows t' run down t' de ole syc'more preson'ly-'tain' out sight de I'd rudder dem Rowan niggers 'd stick t' dey own side de lake; I mistrusses 'em. But w'ich eva side dey on, dey ain' gwine cotch dis nigger nappin' t' night. I mistrusses

em, I does, Miss Aggy. Agnes smiled incredulously. Jim could not see the smile, nor be wounded by the incredulity. She rocked in silence, taking a fitful interest in speculating as to the nearness of the next flash of lightning. Jim's snoring was soon added to the other voices of the night, and pretty soon he collapsed into a shapeless mass on the Agnes left her chair long enough to get a blanket and throw it over the huge recumbent form. Then, with folded hands, she resumed her silent watch. The night moved on apace. The rain ceased and the wind subsided. A few stars struggled feebly into sight between the rifts in the cloud-rack. The frogs began to croak in noisy convention from each slough in the fields. waves broke in slower wrath and at wearied intervals against the levee. The harsh-voiced clock made itself heard for the first time in several hours, as it sent eleven loud strokes out on

supplemented Jim's opinion than by the words themselves. She was sleep-Ten years ago all our fine manufactured tobacco came from the United States. But month after month and year after year the superior quality of the "Myrtle Navy" brand has been driving the American article out of the Canadian market. The "Myrtle Navy" is now to be found in every village in the Dominion, and is as familiar to the smokers upon the Atlantic and Pacific coasts as to those of the city in which it is manufactured.

the death-like stillness of the house. But Agnes was still intensely wide awake. She strained her eyes into the darkness with an unaccountable sense of expectancy. The regular beating sound of far-away oars came, muffled by distance, to her strained

With hands clasped over her ears. breast she stole to the end of the gallery to listen. Slowly, rhythmimade up her mind to do." The squire's cally, positively, they dipped into the answer came in laborious gasps, for water, feathered its surface, and thudded against the rowlocks. Nearer, in his face, and the effort of walking clearer, closer, until the sound of the water rippling away from the bow mingled with the regular dip of the oars. She bent over and touched Jim on the shoulder. · Jim !

She called once, twice, thrice, with increasing eagerness and loudness every time. He sprang into wideawake activity at last with startling suddenness. "What is it, missy? Don' you be skeered. I ain' got no sleep in my eyes dis night. Go to bed, Miss Aggy, Jim ain' gwine let nuffin pester you. "Jim, don't you hear oars? Lis-

He was alert enough now. He listened for a fleet second, then grasped

the stout club he had laid on the front steps, and gathered his buttonless coat close about him.

"Yas 'm! Oars, en no mistake. You won' be skeert if I leaves you, missy? dey don't mean no hurt t' ennyhow; it's de levee dey' after. bleedged to go t' de ole syc'more? Dem Rowan w'ite folks is got a grudge gin de squire, an' dey ain' none too good t' crope over here an' cut his levee."

Go, never mind me. Agnes spoke with imperious abruptness. With the stealthy tread of a sleuth-hound Jim passed out of her The old sycamore tree was twenty-five yards below the house The levee was lower and narrower there than at any other point. Agnes listened with every nerve a-quiver. The sound of the oars was about the house. If Jim had gone to the tree he was either ignorantly travelling away from the sound or was trying to get to the weak point in advance. after all, it was only a passing skiff. Perhaps, again, it was some one bent on her husband's destruction. She lighted a lamp and looked for the pistol her husband had spoked of. She

found it, and throwing a large shawl over her head and shoulders, stepped out into the sullen stillness of the night. With instinctive daintiness she gathered her long skirts up in one hand, and stole out toward the direction of those beating oars, with a sudden courage born of desperation. She mounted the crown of the levee, with her gathered skirts in one hand and the loaded pistol- in the other. She knew quite well how to handle it. had often fired at a mark with her brother, for "the fun of it." She

stood as motionless as a carven image

She would have a pair of wet feet for

her pains if the boat passed her post The sound of the oars now fell with deadly distinctness on her ears closer and closer, until they ceased suddenly immediately in front of her. By the vague starlight she could see a man leap from the skiff with a long and dark something in his hand. Of course it could be nothing but a spade with which to cut the levce. Her husband and Manton Craveraft were miles away She dared not call for Jim, her feminine voice would betray the weaknes

of the garrison. The man lifted the out upon the rain-washed floor, he dark something, and was about to gave vent to a "Dar now!" as if he bring it down with force upon the frail There was nothing for it but of physical comfort.

'Now den, Miss Aggy, ef you'se a A slight arm resolutely raised—a de-

> the frightened garrison sped with wild haste back to the deserted house. The report of the pistol brought Jim y back to his mistress's pres-He found her standing over speedily the lighted lamp, staring at the pistol she had thrown upon the table. She was white to the lips and shivered as with cold. Her teeth chattered as she

called him to her side. "Jim. I have killed some one! G look-for-it-there on the bank! With a terrified exclamation, Jim seized his lantern and rushed in the hourly danger of his life. I don't see direction indicated. He promptly re turned. Agnes turned her wildly pleading eyes on his face.

"You ain' done nuthin' uv de kin Miss Aggy. You's just showed yo pluck. I hear 'em a-rowin' 'way sorter slow, wid one oar, jes' lak a duck wid one wing broked. You ain' done a bit uv mischief. You's jes give some ov dem Rowan raskils big 'nuff skeer to

keep 'em ter dey own side."
"But the groan! Did you find nothing, Jim—see nothing?"

"Spec' you gin 'em a scratch, mebbe It's mos' daybroke now, missy, an' ef you don't go t'sleep, you gwine be sick, 'deed you is. W'en folks is kilt dey can't git inter a skiff, an' row devset You mout's well sot yo' min' t'rest bout dat. Now, do, my missy, go to bed, jes fur t'please ole Jim!"

Agnes shivered, and turned away oward her bed-room. She stopped at the door, to say again: "Jim, are you sure? I heard him-groan."

"He wuz wuss skeert that hurt, missy. I lay we hears uv some nigger wid his arm in a sling t'-morrer. She went away from him more com-forted by the cheerful chuckle that

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ing heavily from extreme exhaustion, when, an hour or two later, Squire Thorn and Manton Craycraft returned to the house, their night-watch over.

Manton Craveraft's arm was bound up in his own and the squire's handkerchief. He stopped on the threshold of the bedroom to which his host immediately led the way, and leaned against the door, while a spasm of pain con-tracted the muscles of his face.

"We've had a devil of a night of it. I'd like to get a surgeon as soon as possible. Your trees are more dangerous in death than in life. I suppose the one that fell across my arm must have had its roots loosened by the washing away of the soil. It's a ronder it. didn't swamp me entirely How near is your nearest sawbones "Just up to village, three miles off.

Jim jumped right into the skiff as we got out of it, and he'll have him as soon as oars can fetch him. Can't I do somethin' for you meantime? I feel purty bad cut up to think all this trouble come on you while you was adoin' me a good turn."

"Nothing. The arm's broken above the elbow, I'm sure of that! Good Good thing it's the left one. By the way, don't say any thing to make Mrs. Thorn uncomfortable. Women take every thing so tragically. A broken arm is only a degree short of a broken neck with them.

'You are every inch a man, Cray croft," the squire said, enthusiastically, as he assisted the wounded man off with his clothes, and prepared the bed for him. "Considerin' you got hurt in my service, she an' me's boun' to see you through your siege as far as we can make you comfortable. Now then, I'll got and stir Lucy up. I don't believe you can sleep, and some good hot coffee is next best thing I can think

As soon as the door closed upon him, Manton rose from the bed on which he had thrown himself, and passed through the door that connected it with the sit-ting-room. It was there that the desk stood where the squire kept his pistols. On the centre table, where stood the lamp still burning smokily in the broad light of day, was the pistol, with one empty chamber. He secreted it on his person, and hastily placed in the writ-ing-desk drawer its mate, full cartridged, as he had taken it with him the evening previous. This done, he wearily threw himself back on the bed, and closed his eyes. But the pain of his tightly-bandaged arm would not let him sleep. Presently a low, musical laugh broke audibly from his white lips. and his eyes flashed as if in admiration for some deed of heroism.

"By George, it was a spirited thing to do. Pretty rough usage though, considering my errand. As God is my witness, I wanted to make sure of her safety in this howling, uncivilized wilderness — only that and nothing

more! Squire Thorn thought his guest's insistence on seeing rather unreasonable, but was compelled to submit. He remained only long enough to explain volubly to the sur geon how his friend Mr. Craycraft, who had watched the levee with him the night before, had gotten in the skiff at his ash-slough gate, purposing to sur vev the coast-line between that and the louse, to make sure none of the Rowan people were abroad on evil errands, and w, not knowing the bank very well, he had hugged it a little too close, and now a sapling, uprooted and loosened by the storm, fell across the skiff, strik ing Mr. Craveraft's arm and breaking it; how he had rowed back on one oar and, as soon as day had broken, and two of the boys had come on watch, he brought Crayeraft to the house in a

At which point in his statement Man ton impatiently requested his depart-ure. As soon as he was alone with his surgeon Manton said:

I might as well give you the truth, and tell you why I withhold it from the squire. There's a ball in my arm, doctor. I was patrolling and I did get this ball most unexpectedly; but I'm not fond of sensational stories and don't propose to be made the hero of one. If Mrs. Thorn here, for instance, was to know I'd had a ball put in me while on levee duty, she would be taking it into her head that her husband was in how the women in this country contrive to exist, anyway. Mrs. Thorn, I be lieve, is new to it yet."

"It's very thoughtful of you, I'm sure. Thing are pretty rough about here, there's no denying. Our womenfolk on the plantations do have a deal to stand, there's no doubt about it. They need hearts of oak and nerves of steel to carry them through.

"Better combination yet would be nerves of steel and hearts of ice," says Crayeraft, with a queer smile, wincing as the doctor pressed his probe ruth-lessly home in search for the ball. Then physical suffering shut out every other consideration for a little while.

When Agnes awoke it was to be confronted by her husband with an excited recital of Craycraft's mishap. listened in dazed silence. Her first act on leaving her own room was to look for the pistol where she had thrown it. It was not on the table. She opened the writing-desk drawer. It lay there as if it had never been disturbed. She carefully turned the revolving cylinder. Every chamber was full.

To the Point.

To the Point.

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had dreamed it all, then. She saw Jim coming up the walk with the skiff oars, which always lay in the front gallery when not in use. She walked out to where he stood. She looked white and

'Jim, I want to ask you something.' "Mornin' Miss Aggy. Is you dur ressid?"

"Jim, did I dream it?" Her voice vent out to him in a cautious under

Did yer dreamp w'at, Miss Aggy? "That I shot some one-that I fired pistol last night?"

Jim wondered if the frightened look in her eyes foreboded "craziness." Folks used to call the Boss's other wife "sorter crazy." Lies, he held, were always excusable if they were of a soothing tendency. Poor Jim's morals were purely instinctive. If a lie would drive that wild look out of his beloved mistress's eyes, why should he hesitate to tell one? He did not hesitate. He lied deliberately and cheerfully.
"Corse you dreampt it! What fur

-who at-you gwine fire a pistol? he said promptly, and the relieved look in Agnes' eyes was all the reward

TO BE CONTINUED.

Whittier and the Catholics.

On the latest birthday of the beloved American poet, John Greenleaf Whit-tier, Archbishop Tache, of St. Boni-face, Manitoba, ordered the bells of his Cathedral church to be rung. The bells of St. Boniface are referred to in Whittier's poem, "The Red River Voyageur," appended:

Out and in the river is winding The links of its long, red chain Through belts of dusky pine-land And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearily blows the north-wind From the land of ice and snow The eyes that look are weary, And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water, And one upon the shore, The Angel of Shadow gives warning That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell? The voyageur smiles as he listens To the sound that grows apace; Well he knows the Vesper ringing Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission.
That call from their turrets twain.
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow Rests his feet on wave and shore. And our eyes grow dim with watching And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace:

When the Quaker poet heard of the

gracious and appreciative compliment paid to his natal day by the Catholic Archbishop, he sent him the following letter :

"I have reached an age when literary success and manifestations of popular favor have ceased to satisfy one upon whom the solemnity of life's sunset is resting; but such a delicate and beautiful tribute has deeply moved me. I shall never forget it. I shall hear the bells of St. Boniface sounding across the continent and awakening feeling of gratitude for thy generou

There are other poems of Whittier's avowedly inspired by the faith, heroism and humanity of the Churchwhich have won for the grand old poet the affectionate interest of Catholics. These might be offset, we grant, by some reflecting inherited and, for the most part, political prejudices against But it is pleasant to remember that there is a vitality in "St. John of Matha," "The Female Martyr," and "Marguerite," which will ensure fruit of peace and good-will long after the acrid stanzas to "Pio Nono" have been forgotten. - Boston Pilot

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APRIL 23, 1892.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD. GROSSE I

By JAMES M. O'LEAR' CONTINUED FROM "The consequence is that e

fellow-laborers and the devo men who imperil their live are compelled to behold hu providential precaution and have restored to their large a families and distracted rela in a few hours to their prem grave, while those who show for their salvation, at every are higgling about the mean 'Is it encouraging to a man to expose himself to a for the patry remuneratio out to those who tender the

be hoped or expected that s for the trifle of payment (wages to those who are willi their nights and their days "I say it is my solem money should be spared to every person whom mone theatre of disease and dea able conviction, shared, I now witness or have form things here, that no sacrifi great by the Government which might save to huma

Ireland so many grate Empire so many subjects.
"I am not to be told tha ment would hesitate for a fund the Province for ever a cause so sacred in an en in the history of nations, frothing and talking and Government should be of thing for the wretched shi Where is the use missions or inquiries or a when that Ministry and manimous in the suggestevery measure which may portionate to the appalling
"This is strong language

a priest and an Irishman v of diseased death; who sp his mind with a hope of do so much is imperiously recthe coffins of the hecatomb ative neglec', much mor sickness; who writes wi wounding any or blaming ing all concerned, with tir tion ; who writes, too, as if be his last, and that on were to rest his reputation

With many thanks f warm advocacy for poor, Ireland and Irishmen. I remain, ev

As we have seen, the appointed a committee to agement of quarantine, an of short duration. They, the 13th July to examin Moylan, O'Reilly, Ferlan wards Admiral, Boxer, of The Reverend Father M island in the beginning towards the end of June, s he found 1,100 sick, all u crowded, and a great wa which the sick were sadly stance he supplied water

had been there for the s

without any assistance.

quantity of bedding, bu taken to lay planks as a tents and the beds were a it rained. The building As for the sleeping a sheds, there was a doub tier being about three lower, and the planks of close together, the conse of the upper patients fell consequently could not l confined in so narrow patients had the greates

and out of their berths. ence was removed. The supply of food manner of distribution was great distress on bo nourishment, but the largely supplied, and su with regard to the diet. to take meat from patie (In alluding to stated that it frequen patients stole meat from conceiving that anima

Cleanliness was pretty buildings and hospitals, and tents, where filth v in the chamber vessels agreeable stench. In the tents and shed lying a whole night ur in close proximity. Of and sometimes three, in

such was almost invari tents very often so. Corpses were allowed places were death had had a companion in the sion I observed to orde corpse in the same bee reply was that in those the following morning In the buildings, old

women were put into the reference to sex.
In the old hospital paid to supply the fi especially in the tents a greatest neglect, inas themselves were often

In May the patients nearly equal to those or almost entirely without some vessels with sick passed without a docto oard was proportiona

The system of landi omplete operation on There was also a la