THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

**THE CATHOLIC REC

"Only Katinka." That's what the people said every day, half angrily among themselves, half apologetically to strangers, for they thought her almost half-witted, she was so different from themselves. She never joined the merrymakings, she had no holiday attire, she had no lovers, she never lingered during the hot summer evenings to gossip with the girls, she would not wear the native costume, but clung to the ugly peasant dress of her father's province, and she worked—worked incessantly. Her spinning wheel was idle only when she embroidered or when her loom rattled; for her cloth was always in demand, and her fillets, sarafans, and veils vied with the Moscow work that the Jewish pedlars sometimes brought among them. Indeed, they were prettier, for she would gather flowers and grasses from the plain beyond the village, and imitate them in form and color until envy was lost in admiration.

envy was lost in admiration.

She was pre-eminently a solitary na-She was pre-eminently a solitary nature, and never sought or seemed to need the companionship so dear to youth. And yet she was neither ill-tempered nor ill-favored. A Polish artist who wandered across the Carpathians one summer, and strayed into the village, had made many sketches of her and had said she looked like a St. Cecilia; but even this was against her, for their calendar admitted no such saint, and artists are counted mad the world over. The girl was of medium no such saint, and artists are counted mad the world over. The girl was of medium height, with a light, slender figure and large, soft eyes whose quiet gaze held in angry but complete check the rude love and rough gallantries of the village lads. Her skin was clear and colorless, but her hair was a warm golden and hung in massive braids far below her waist. Her movements were tranguil and her voice.

'When the Czar sends you the horses I must shoe them. Mind!'

And Katinka was alone with her charge.

Of course it did him no hurt, but it was dealt with good-will, and, knowing the man's savage temper, she might well have feared the consequences. But it seemed to amuse the giant mightily, for he roared with laughter; and, pushing her aside like a child, he caught up the soldier and had him under shelter before Katinka recovered her breath. She followed him alonky har anger apont and thanked him.

movements were tranquil and her voice sweet and full.

On the day in question she sat as usual at her wheel, looking up only when the tumult in the street grew unusually loud, but not going to stare, as her neighbors did, at the train; and as she spun she glanced now and then at the icon of Our Lady of Kuzan that hung on the wall, the aureola glittering in the light of the

What if he was dying? He enlisted for that, that's what he was paid for; and Petrovitch swore like the army in Flanders that not another step would he go.

Then Katinka turned on him, white with scorn, and with sparkling eyes.

"Coward!" she said, and left him. He stood petrified. Coward! He, Petrovitch, who was born in the Oural and had wrested with bears before this wench was born? Who had fought the English at the Alma and the Malakoff; who had wrested at Nizhnee-Novgorod and had be thrown the best man they could bring forward. Who did not fear, even in his journeyman days, to hold and shoe the wildest of the Ukraine ponies they brought him? It was not to be borne!

And he waded after her, shaking his fist and swearing he would break her bones; for in Bulgaria, as in holy Russian and free England, women are beaten at discretion, and with community approval on occasions. But when he reached the wagon he found Katinka had dragged the wounded man to the tail-board and was a bout to jump down. She caught sight of him, and, bringing her now blazing eyes to bear upon him:

"Back," she cried, "back! I will have none of your help, but I will bear him on my own shoulders to my hut."

"Hush, fool!" cried Petrovitch, and laid his hand on the wagon floor; but Katinka, whose anger, like that of most know."

"Where are my men?"

"What house is this?"

"Where are my men?"

"Where are my men?"

"Where is the ambulance?"

"Where is the ambulance?"

"Where are my men?"

"Hush, fool!" cried Petrovitch, and laid his hand on the wagon floor; but Katinka, whose anger, like that of most of the wagon had a had the had a way with a dry emile. It must—"

"You must be silent and eat some

He glanced away with a dry emile.

was perhaps the first time in his life he had ever been told he "must"; and she said it so quietly, this peasant girl, and to him! "Who has watched me?"

"I."
"Who else?" "None."
"Why?"

"The others were busy." "What others?"
"The villagers." "But-"
"I will talk no more."

must let him shoe those horses when they came.

But she went silently among them, answering nothing. And the summer wore away, the frosts came, and Plevna was down. One night she stood on the Steppes. The sun was rising, and far off was Nicholas, the son of Ivan. From the wound in his head streamed a torrent of blood that widened and spread until the plain was full. It rose around her, stifling her, for it was hot, and as the cried out in agony she woke to a world as red and stifling. Cinders fell on her, stifling her, for it was hot, and as the cried out in agony she woke to a world as red and the bruised, torn hands, and, as the tild the broken arm, the tent flap was raised and Colonel Nicholas and a dark, grave man entered—the regimental surgeon.

Coming to Katinka's side, he bent upon her look so tender, and yet so fiery, that where hand.

"The doctor has come to set thy arm. Canst thou bear the pain?"

"Will give her chloroform," said the surgeon, a man of grudgingly few words. Don't understand women. Faint sometimes. Scares me."

"Will thou take it, Katinka?"

"I do not know what it is; but as thou willest. Only," and ahe raised imploring eyes to his, "stay."

So he was an officer, and, alas! a man of consequence.

And the people thought the same thing, but oh! so differently; for they yearned for the reward, and she—she only wished for her wounded soldier back again.

But he must go, and quickly the preparations were made. Skilful hands lifted him into the ambulance, quick hoofs danced to be off, the villagers thronged obsequiously to help, and so there was scarcely even a moment for him to whisper:

"Wait. I will return." And he was gone.

Then how the village people flouted

the old mother, who but for thee would have had no son, will iove thee; and the old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and the lold father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and the lold father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and the lold father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and the lold father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and I—she will welcome thee; and I—she south, how I will love thee!"

Tearing his cloak from his shoulders, he cast it about her, slung her broken arm in his sword sash, and wrapping her in the safe fold of his arm, led her through the soldiery to the camp. Arrived there, he put her in a small tent, where he bade her wait. Dizzy with pain and emotion, and the put her will open thee; and I—she old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and I—she old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and I—she old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and I—she old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and I—she old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and the old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and I—she old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and I—she old father, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and I—she will put her, will put he safe fold of his arm, led her w

"Wait, I will return." And he was gone.

Then how the village people flouted and jeered! And so she got nothing for her trouble, after all! That was always the way with people who meddled. They had told her how it would be. Yes, yes, soldiers devoured and rode away. That was their habit. And Petrovitch, proud of his one joke, again called out that she must let him shoe those horses when they came.

But she went silently among them, answering nothing. And the summer wore away, the frosts came, and Plevna was down. One night she had a strange was down. One night she had a strange were she had dropped.

A gentle voice roused her, and, looking up, she saw a sweet-faced woman, clad in a gray serge gown, with a red cross sewed on her breast. She had a basin of broth, which she put to the tired girl's lips and in a tin of hot water and rolls of lint and linen. She bathed the wounded forehead and the bruised, torn hands, and, as she tried to handle the broken arm, the tent flap was raised and Colonel Nicholas and a dark, grave man entered—the regimental surgeon.

eyes widened.

"I do very well here."

"Oh! no excellency; not this for a noble, illustrious—"

"I do, I tell you, and I will stay here until I can join the regiment."

"But, excellency, the general—"

"Oh! the general."

"Yes, highness. The general said we must bring you back, dead or alive, to headquarters, and we have hunted for three days, for he said the little Father—"

"Hush!" And he glanced at Katinka, who stood quietly aside, very white and of consequence.

And the people thought the same thing, but oh! so differently; for they yearned for the reward, and she—she only wished for her wounded swith tearful eyes, she only said:

"Our Lady of Perpetual Succor has sent thee."

"My dove, my darling? These war hawks shell frighten thee no more. Thou shell frighten thee no more. Thou shell frighten thee no more. Thou she had he kissed her passionately. "The Czar knows of thee. He has sent thee a message and a gift, and—me"—

"Nay, Nicholas, son of Ivan," she answered, going, woman-like, to the part of his speech that treated of love. "How may I go to thy home with thee?"

"As my wife, dearest and best! And the old mother, who but for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and the little father, who for thee would have had no son, will ove thee; and the little hunchback, and his seenth how? I will love thee; and I—ah! white bird of my heart, sweet rose of the little hunchback, and his into more chounged was the right one. Then, addressing her was the right one on more. Thou she had no entered the result of love. "How may I go to thy home with thee?"

"As my wife, dearest and best! And the old mother, who but for th iron muscles were the first to come to her assistance. He did this kindness as though it were nothing and as I saw the unassuming way in which he bore himself I could not help thinking of the old

"The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

Rebuking a Bigot.

From the New York Star. From the New York Star.

Some hitherto unheard-of Baltimore Protestant minister preached a bitter sermon on Sunday in that city denouncing Roman Catholicism. Alluding to the installation of Cardinal Gibbons, he angrily declared that America wanted no cardinals, no red hats. It was a queer designation for adaptive to the start of the second services of the second second services of the second services of the second services of the second second second services of the second dinals, no red hats. It was a queer de-claration for a clergyman to make on Independence day. His creed assuredly is not that of religious toleration; rather whatever creed he has is sullied by the silliest bigo'ry inaginable. We will ven-ture that Cardinal Gibbons is great enough in mind and big enough in heart to say kinder things of his wild critic.

A lady writes: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weakness and irregularities, I consider it without an equal."

He Acted Wisely.

smoke blinded her, and she had only time to enatch up a closk and fly into the street, down which ran and rode amuck a troop of Irregulars.

III.

The town was fired! The flames leaped rapidly from hut to hut; the thatches, dried by the summer sun, went up in showers of sparks, playing like fiery

III.

He Acted Wisely.

"I am so weak I can hardly move, all run down with a Chronic Summer Combullation." Side on the summer sun another on our street the other day. "Now, take my advice," replied his friend, "go to your street the other day. "Now, take my advice," replied his friend. "go to your street the other day. "Now, take my advice," replied his friend. "Extract of Wild Strawberry. I have never known it to fail in curing any kind of Summer Complaints.

In Lyons, in the mart of that Frenc Years since, a woman leading a fa Craved a small aims of one who, y down The thoroughfare, caught the glance and smiled To see, behind his eyes, a noble soul. He paused, but found he had no dole.

His quardian angel warned him not This chance of pearl to do another So he waited, sorry to refuse The asked-for penny. There aside h And with his hat held as by limb th He covered his kind face and sung h

The sky was blue above, and all the le Of commerce where the singer sto filled, And many paused, and listening, again hear the voice that throug through them thrilled, ok the guardian angel helped alo cry for pity woven in a song.

As if an angel, pointing up, had said "Yonder a crown awaits this singer's The hat of its stamped brood was e Into the woman's lap, who drenche

Her kiss upon the hand of help; 'twas And noon in her glad heart drove for fears.
The singer, pleased, passed on, and thought;
"Men will not know by whom this was wrought."

But when at night he came upor throng, flowers rained on him. Naught The tumult of the welcome save the For the two beggars in the market pla

A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

A PROTESTANT AMONG THE SONS

A PROTESTANT AMONG THE SONS OF IGNATIUS.

A non-Catholic writer in the York Mail says that to pass a few in the peaceful quiet of a Catholic tiate after the enervating influence long struggle in the money making money-losing channels of the womuch like the sensations one woul perience were he to be suddenly to ported by magic from the bustle and citement of Broadway, with its bal sounds, to a calm and sequestered with the sensation of the would, indeed, marvel at the even, eventful course of life which obtain a novitiate, many would wonder eventral course of life which obtain a novitiate, many would wonder such an existence could be possible others might experience an inclin to commit suicide at the bare the of the unending monotony to be fivilin on old gray building whi recently visited. How few would proconsider that underneath the eight transpullity there was a comto consider that underneath the evior tranquility there was a construggle in progress, a fierce fight the extinction of the novice's bitt enemy, an unending conflict with a awar from which the victorious not comes forth a mere cipher, a creat who has assigned his will to his stior's keeping, and whose movement life, or at least so long as he ren steadfast to his vows, are to be gusolely by that superior.

steadfast to his vows, are to be gui solely by that superior.

I had been invited by the maste novices of a well-known Jesuit institution, some distance from New York spend a few days in the novitate as guest. The invitation was accept with pleasure, mingled with a slight giving at the thought of the suppuninteresting solitude of the place I going to. The mingiving was spee allayed on arriving at my destinated the new sphere of life in white and the new sphere of life in whi-found myself proved interesting be-measure. I met a hospitable welco was politely escorted to one of guest-chambers, and earnestly reque to make myself as comfortable as sible. The apartment to which I been allotted was marked by the plicity which characterizes every por of the establishment. No carpet cow the bare, immaculately clean floor, the walls were innocent of paper. furniture consisted of a stove, a d three chairs, one of them a rocker, a and a wardrobe. Over the head of bed beamed the mild countenance of Virgin; an agonized Christ faced it of opposite wall, and above the writedsk, looking forth from a cheap frewas the wrinkled face of St. Jerome, his aged hand he clasped a skull—plant food for meditation. Hardly he disposed of my goods and chattles, was light knock called me to the door, opened it to admit a welcome friend young man who had once been a prescial favorite, the life of receptions germans, and who had one day dispeared from his usual haunts to stabis circle later with the surprise germans, and who had one day dispeared from his usual haunts to sta his circle later with the surpri intelligence that he had deci to forsake the world and becom Jesuit. The pleasure of the mee was mutual, and grew even greater w I discovered that my former chum I discovered that my former chum been appointed chaperon to me du my visit. He wore the regular dres the Jesuits, a flowing black robe, bel in at the waist, from the girdle of whung a rosary of large brown beads. say the robe was black, but I must q ify that remark by the statement the had been black originally. Long tu had transformed it into a decidedly fa and shabby garment. My friend dently noticed my scrutiny of his at for he remarked laughingly:

"We do not get new garments et

for he remarked laughingly:

"We do not get new garments ev
day. I received this one a year ago,
I hardly think it came fresh from maker even then. One thing certain that I never felt happier than the I donned it and during the entire time.

have worn it,"
"Tell me," I said, "how did you hap to come here?"

He laughed again, the laugh of amused boy, as he replied: "It was a simple. I had been leading a use sort of life, doing as I pleased and g pretty much where my fancy led Naturally, my mother began to what she did not talk religion. One I received a letter from a schoolfel who had become a novice here. It full of good advice, and contained, to come here ?"