

A Careless Guardian.

When Obadiah Netherstone died, he left a vast fortune to his only child, Olga, a girl of sixteen on conditions...

Strange as it may seem, he loved his first wife, who, at a ticklish time, had brought with her a fine, fit, young...

To George the restrictive conditions of Obadiah's will, whenever he allowed himself to reflect upon them...

"My dear Guardian—As you have already been advised to have exceeded the ordinary term of a full course at this convent by nearly a year, and it is my purpose, with your sanction, of course, to take the veil, and so remain here many years more...

"P. S. On second consideration, I think it will be better for me to go for you myself. Do please hold yourself in readiness."

ing by the table in his study, a sweet, entrancing vision of a maidenly lover of his. "What are you—exactly?"

"Twenty years, eleven months and six days, I think," replied his ward quietly and unhesitatingly.

"You must get married at once," he said, looking around helplessly as if in search of the nearest husband.

"Great heaven! How negligent I have been! And such a fortune, too—a quarter of a million if it's a pound."

"You must get up into society, and meet people. You will have one or two, or a dozen people here this very evening," said George eagerly.

"But, Mr. Lathrop," replied Olga, blushing and looking down at her modest black convent dress, "I have nothing to wear."

"You don't need—I mean you are beautiful enough as you are."

"I am glad that I seem so to my guardian," said Olga, softly, with a rosy smile. "But other men may be less friendly."

"The delicate face flushed faintly, but she replied seriously enough, "Oh, they were very nice, Mr. Lathrop—but I could never care about any of them."

"There's Harry Lindley, now. Isn't he—?" she asked tentatively, "and Anderson," supplemented Olga, George nodded.

"Oh, yes, he is handsome enough, but is he not—just a little—conceited?"

"Well, now that I come to think of it," said George reflectively, "he is conceited. And this was because he is a nobleman, but he is undoubtedly conceited. But not Horton, now. Wouldn't he—?"

"Is that the man with an eye-glass?" asked Olga, languidly.

of the question. George concluded with a sigh more of relief, he it said, than of regret.

Olga, whilst submitting to this catechizing, had been wandering around the room, glancing at the picture, examining that piece of art, and then towards her guardian to emphasize her answers.

"The money would go to you," returned Olga, calmly, "and you could make me an allowance. Of course, I would like to carry out my guardian's wishes."

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"And so another week flew by, and George was at his wit's end. But now he was troubled about himself. It seemed to have lost all zest for his self-outfitting pursuits, and surprised himself mooning when he should have been reading, moping when he should have been writing, and wandering restlessly from room to room or in the garden, when he should have been out in the country in quest of grubs and caterpillars.

But the worst of all were the estranged relations, which had sprung up between himself and his ward. In spite of all his cunning and contriving, he could never catch her alone for more than a few seconds, and he did so with a heavy heart, and with a feeling that she was his legitimate authority over her.

One day he came to the conclusion that he was not—exactly—happy. He took his microscope, microscopically, a speck on the wing of a moth and, peering by point, recording the results of his observations.

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able to dissent the purpose of a great war attorney incapable of analyzing his own feelings.

"What then is to be done, Olga?" he asked, helplessly. There is barely time to get out the requisite forms."

"I don't know," returned Olga, natively, "except to go back to the convent—unless—and there was a tender little thrill in her voice, to which some chord in George's heart seemed to vibrate. You are willing to let me stay with you?"

"Her eyes met his and did not flinch—and then it came to him like an electric flash.

"Olga," he said, taking her hand in his own tremulous grasp. "Believe me I shall have to marry you myself."

"I believe you will," was the faint but happy reply.

"This has its reverses, but in this case it was sweet and agreeable to both guardian and ward. The form or always said that he received more than his deserts, too latter that it served him right."

"This much appeared, and nothing more. The piece was painted in the night, and yet, by Jove! Marullo swore, "He has no cause to fear the light."

"This something crude, and lacks, I own, that finer finish which will touch; But genius here is plainly shown; And art beyond the common reach."

"Sebastian!" (turning to his slave), "Who keeps this room when I'm in bed?"

"This is, Senor," "Now, mark you, "Keep better watch," the master said.

Now, while Sebastian slept, he dreamed That to his dazzled vision came The Blessed Lady—so she seemed— And crowned him with a wreath of Fame.

Whereat the startled slave awoke, And at this picture wrought away So rapt that ere the spell was broke The dark was fading into day.

The Holy Father has set himself the task of performing twenty visits in fulfillment of the Jubilee pre-arrangement. As the Pope does not visit the provinces of the Vatican, he will visit four chapters in St. Peter's, which he has designated for this purpose, and which will replace the three other pilgrimage basilicas. The church will be closed on each occasion.

Advices from Rome are to the effect that the Papal military force have been increased from 440 to 600 men. The Pope's army, which is entirely quartered at the Vatican, will henceforth consist of 50 Noble Guard and 300 gendarmes. The latter force heretofore consisted only of 100, and the increase is said to be due to the growing number of thefts in the public rooms of the Vatican.

Queen Victoria's family, counting, in addition to Her Majesty, only children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren living, now numbers 74, as follows: Queen, 1; sons and daughters living, 7; grandchildren, 32; great-grandchildren, 44; total, 74.

A controversy has been announced, says the London Tablet, which should have a considerable influence on the movement towards reunion among the churches of the East.

Under the auspices of the Catholic Club of Baltimore, Dr. B. F. DeCosta, of New York, lectured recently on the subject "Why I am a Catholic."

The church at Aubervilliers, Paris, which has just been burned by Anarchists, after gross acts of desecration, was formerly a basilica built in 1541 in thanksgiving for rain after a continuous and deadly drought.

The New York Times says:—Among the many interesting questions that have been discussed at the ecumenical conference, perhaps that concerning the relative efficiency of married and unmarried missionaries has won the most of my attention.

General Botha is said to be a farm or. Butler is probably wondering what would have happened to him had the Boer leader been a soldier.

Owing to the South African war, there is a scarcity of ostrich feathers in the markets of the world, but it is probable that a suitable substitute will be found.

Here is the story of an Irish soldier which is a brilliant vindication of his loyalty to his flag.

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