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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authors of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER XIII.

The under-writer in the Bernot household had a weakness for musical clubs, and carried that weakness so far as to become a member of one himself, and to undertake a few lessons on the banjo from an amateur performer on that instrument. But either the teacher failed to work rightly on the musical genius of his pupil, or the pupil himself lacked ability to profit by the lessons of his tutor, for the persevering efforts of three evenings a week for many months had failed to make the under-writer bring forth a single tune from his much-abused instrument.

Hannah Moore had borne the exacting discipline in her kitchen, and John McNamee had endured it in the carriage-house, whither the under-writer was accustomed to go in his leisure moments during the day, that he might learn from John what he thought of his musical progress; but both cook and coachman at last protested against the torture, and the cook assuming a motherly sort of patronage toward the effeminate-looking little fellow, had seriously advised him not to be making a fool of himself any longer with the provoking thing, "but just be sensible, like other people."

And the little under-writer, tired of the labor that was bringing no reward, ruefully adopted her counsel, and sold his banjo. But he couldn't give up his visits to the club, where at least he could pretend, by his applause, that he understood and valued good music with the best of them.

Yet the little man's heart had been secretly gladdened some months before, and his ambition to be considered a connoisseur in music very suddenly re-kindled. Among the occasional new-comers which the club admitted to membership had been one who was apparently a skilled performer on the violin—a genial, jolly fellow. He easily won the friendship of all, but seemed especially to attach himself to Samuel Lewis, the little under-writer. When he learned (and he was not long in making the discovery) that "Little Sam," as Lewis was dubbed by his fellow-servants, had a weakness, and that weakness was to be able to play something on some instrument, he graciously favored the whim. He talked music at the little man—played music for him, pretending that his fine musical ear could detect beauties of harmony inaudible to any one else, and at length proposed to give Lewis instructions on the instrument for a trifling consideration.

Lewis was in ecstasies. He forgot his former failure or remembered it only as the fault of an incompetent teacher, and availing himself of the proffer, determined to keep these lessons secret from his fellow-servants till he could astonish them with an unmistakable evidence of his musical ability. Somehow, the much-desired result was slow and difficult in coming as it had been before, but the teacher was as earnest and hopeful as he had been at first, and the little man believed his repeated failures were only what every beginner had to experience.

They hob-nobbed together—teacher and pupil—in restaurants, over tempting little treats provided by Lewis in grateful acknowledgment for the teacher's cheap terms, and under the

influence of stimulants, which the tutor insisted on providing, the little man was wont to grow very communicative. He had frequently invited the tutor to call on him, when he would have been delighted to introduce him to his fellow-servants; but jolly Mr. Liverspin always declined the invitation.

"I know you, my dear fellow," he would say, "and that is sufficient," and then he would artfully question "Little Sam" on the kind of "Boss" with whom he lived, and as Hubert's and Margaret's indulgence to their domestics was a theme upon which the little under-writer easily waxed eloquent, cunning Mr. Liverspin grew wily very speedily. He used to seem affected when "Little Sam" described the apparent ill health of Hubert and Margaret, and would shake his head in a lugubrious manner while Lewis recounted all the gossip about the Bernots that took place among the Bernot servants.

When Hubert was arrested, and "Little Sam" told Mr. Liverspin all about how Miss Calvert informed the help of that sad affair, the tutor seemed so affected that it required several applications of his handkerchief to his face before he could ask a single question. The sight of this evidently sincere emotion increased Little Sam's desire to be more communicative, and so Mr. Liverspin found himself as fully enlightened upon every point connected with that particular occurrence as though he had been present when Miss Calvert made her request of the servants.

ON THE ROAD

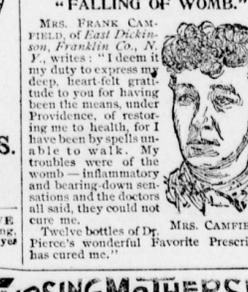
To recover, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In maidenhood, womanhood, widowhood, and in the motherhood the "Prescription" is a supporting tonic and nerve. It is adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening and curing the derangements of the sex. Why is it so successful? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription."

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbance, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membrane, falling of the womb, ulceration, irregularities and kindred maladies.

"FALLING OF WOMB."

Mrs. FRANK CAMPFIELD of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep heart felt gratitude to you for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health, for I have been by spells unable to walk. My troubles were the womb—inflammatory and bearing-down sensations and the doctors all said, they could not cure me."

Mrs. CAMPFIELD. Twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Wonderful Favorite Prescription has cured me.



had entrusted her so many weary months ago.

"It will be helping to erminate him," she said, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Nay, my poor child," answered the priest, "it will make him neither more nor less than what he is in the sight of God; neither will it definitely prove his crime in the eyes of men; and since his peace of mind here, and perhaps his salvation hereafter, depends upon acceding to his wish, there is no alternative for you but to drink the bitter cup."

She had not promised obedience to Hubert's command, but possibly the prisoner had construed her silence into assent. However, when she returned that evening, accompanied by Plowden, Hubert at once repeated his request of the morning.

Plowden had left the cell to walk in the corridor—he invariably did when the cousins were together. His quick tread, and the restless look in his eyes betrayed the anxiety, and even nervousness, under which he labored.

Hubert besought Margaret, by her love for his soul—her earthly love for him—her affection for her aunt, to grant this, his one earnest wish.

"Why do you hesitate?" he asked. "You prayed for pardon and peace for me; you begged to suffer that my mental torture might be lessened. You have vowed to me a reconciliation with my Maker; now will you hinder the completion of such atonement as is in my power? You kept my secret for me, and I suffered the more because of your very faithfulness. I bid you fling it away forever now, to make it as public as you have hitherto kept it secret, and I shall be free. Oh, Margaret! why keep away the peace which will come to me when you have done this?"

He spoke in a calm, even tone, without a trace of passion, and his face lit up with some strange feeling that riveted Margaret's eyes upon it.

"I will try to do what you request," she answered, quivering. "But I also have a favor to ask of you. By the love you bear your mother, promise that you will plead not guilty, to-morrow in court. Of that mercy, at least, you may avail yourself without scruple, and for the sake of your mother, Hubert, I beg you to do so."

"Be it so," he replied sadly: "I shall plead not guilty."

"And I," she answered, "shall do what you ask, though my heart should break in the effort."

Plowden, entering the cell to announce that the time was up, heard Margaret's reply, and he averted his head that he might not see the suffering depicted in her face. When she had taken her fearful leave of Hubert, and thrown herself back in the carriage to weep unrestrainedly, Plowden said, abruptly:

"May I ask what request Hubert has been imposing on you, the granting of which seemed to cost you so much?"

She told him, adding:

"This morning was the first time he desired me to do so: I had thought it would be sufficient to give only the evidence I had given before."

"So it would be," said Plowden, hurriedly: "nor could they force you to tell more; but Hubert is mad, and the promise is not binding."

He knew even while he spoke how little Margaret would concur in such an opinion, but he was not prepared for the passionate manner in which she proclaimed her duty to Hubert.

"And I," Miss Calvert, said the lawyer, slowly, and as if he were trying to stifle some impulse which urged him to speak as passionately as his companion had done, "your evidence may do much to weaken the defence—may frustrate every chance of acquittal, and may tend to make the sentence a long imprisonment."

"But it will bring peace to his soul—a peace that will sweeten even a life-long imprisonment," she answered.

It was too dark for either to see the other's face, and Plowden was glad, for he felt that he could not have controlled the expression which swept into his countenance, and which, if Margaret had beheld it, would have aroused anew her wonder and alarm.

"Suppose," he said, after a pause, "that your evidence would be sufficient to commit him—would cause him to be sentenced to death, would you still give it?"

"If his soul's salvation—if his peace of mind—were at stake, I would."

"And yet this man, whom you would deliver up to death, is dear to you?"

Plowden spoke in a half curious, half scornful tone.

"Dear to me?"—her voice quivered pitifully—"I had to trample on my heart to make myself give him that promise to-night: and to-morrow, if I have strength to fulfil it, it will seem like plucking my heart out and flinging it down for others to trample upon."

Plowden did not answer, and silence was maintained till they arrived at Margaret's home. He accompanied her up the steps as he always did, and waited with his courtly manner till she had been admitted to the house, not descending even when, having promised to call for her on the morrow in order to accompany her to court, he bade her good night and the massive door had closed between them.

Once his hand was on the bell, as if about to pull it, but he withdrew his fingers before they had time to do their work, muttering:

"I cannot—not yet; till every chance is lost!"

He bounded down the steps and into the back, as if he was flying from some imaginary pursuer.

CHAPTER XIV.

The day of trial came at last. Aristocratic circles were in a quiver of excitement. The fair creatures who had been so assiduous in their attentions to Hubert were anxious lest brothers and fathers should not succeed in obtaining for them good places from which they might see and hear all the sensation that the affair should afford.

Lawyers who had attained pre-eminence in the profession, and shysters who fancied that legal skill could be obtained with little effort and less brains, shouldered each other on their rapid way to the court-room. Sensation seekers and idle spectators, who had little else to do with their day, were numerous, and thus all classes were represented in the crowded court-room.

Fashionable Mrs. Delmar and her daughter were there, under the espionage of Eugene. The elder lady's face had been subdued into an expression of the most tender melancholy, ready to be turned upon the prisoner the moment he should appear.

The interest and sympathy of all the fair creatures were concentrated on Hubert—every eye was turned to the place where he was expected to present himself, so that when the heavily veiled, slender-formed lady entered, leaning on Plowden's arm, and quietly took a seat near the witness stand, she attracted but little attention. Many recognized her, for there was a peculiar gracefulness about Margaret Calvert which no costume could conceal, but her former fashionable friends had neither sympathy nor interest to spare for merely the witness stand, she attracted but little attention.

Perhaps she had never been so keenly conscious of her want of female friends as at that moment when she took her seat in the great crowded court-room. "Oh! for a mother who might whisper hope and courage to her—for some one whose hand she might press under cover of her cloak!"

She looked over at the domestics, who had taken their places a moment before her entrance, and read in their faces only the kindly sympathy of Little Sam Lewis in close proximity to Hannah Moore, as if conscious of some power in her which might help him to do his duty, looked restlessly about him in search of Liverspin, who on the previous day had said to the little man, with the usual application of his handkerchief:

"I'll be present to-morrow, my dear fellow, though it will be a severe trial to my feelings."

Little Sam, firmly believing in the sincerity of Liverspin's emotion, thought it would not be amiss to tell the good-natured cook how fully Mr. Liverspin sympathized with Mr. Hubert and Miss Calvert; but Hannah was slightly incredulous.

"No good man would ever be above visiting servants in their master's house," she said, "but I'll be able to tell better when I see what he's like; and she frequently stooped to Sam to know if his friend had yet made his appearance."

There was a sudden buzz and rustle of silken garments, as several ladies rose that they might have a better view of the prisoner had entered. He looked neither to the right nor left, but walked with a steady, erect gait, and took his seat as naturally and quietly as though he had been long familiar with his strange position. For a second after he had taken his seat, he shaded his eyes with his hand, as if to shut out the multitude of stares directed at him; then, removing it, he sat erect, and slowly glanced about him till his eyes rested on the veiled face almost directly opposite.

He knew the countenance the friendly screen concealed and an expression of intense scorn swept over his features, as he marked the isolation, as it were, of her position. There was no lady in immediate proximity to her, no friend save Plowden, who was busy with some papers.

Hubert glanced away to the Delmars, and met the elder lady's look of tender, melancholy interest. He did not divine the motive of the fashionable woman's extreme kindness to him, but at that instant, he intuitively guessed how his cousin had been treated by her fashionable friends.

Mrs. Delmar was so delighted that he had favored her with a particular glance, that she could almost forgive Eugene his harsh reprimand to herself and Louise, for so unkindly remaining aloof from poor, forlorn Margaret. The good-natured fellow had besought his mother, even before they had left home that morning, to call for Miss Calvert, and accompany her to the court; but the elegant lady was attacked with hysteria at the very idea of such a request, and Eugene was fain to desist, though not without having said some sharp words to both his mother and sister.

On Hubert's entrance, Margaret forgot the awkwardness and loneliness of her position. With his pale face, so strangely like his mother's in its spiritual expression, to contemplate, she saw nothing else; with his slight form—before her, she could think only of the long years of imprisonment which possibly awaited him.

Plowden had told her that, in any case, the verdict would not be murder in the first degree.

The dread proceedings began. A jury was impaneled, and Margaret's heart gave a terrified bound when she heard some one behind her whisper to a companion:

"There are members of Roquelare on that jury."

She looked at Plowden, who also must have heard the whispered remark, throwing her veil partially aside in her alarm.

How a Great Prelate Has Lived.

The following reference to the daily routine of Archbishop Kenrick from one of his priests will be read with interest at this time:

"In fifty years Archbishop Kenrick has not taken one hour's recreation. When indulging in what most men would call relaxation, he was only changing his work, and even then prayer or meditation was his mental occupation. The Archbishop all his life rose at and devoted three hours to prayer, the celebration of holy Mass and the divine office. This routine he never deviated from, even on his travels. When away from home his greatest annoyance was his inability to observe his daily routine. Seeing this, Archbishop Ryan presented His Grace with a small alarm clock, which he ever after carried with him on his journeys. Every day the Archbishop spent a half hour before the Blessed Sacrament. The stroke of the clock at 1 o'clock started him on his way to the sanctuary. This practice he never omitted. On one occasion, after confirming in four city churches, we called, and were informed that His Grace had arrived three-quarters of an hour before. We presumed that he was taking a much needed rest and prepared for a long wait, when His Grace entered the parlor seemingly quite fresh, and the globe of holy water that hung to his forehead told where he had spent the intervening time. He was a remorseless enemy of self-indulgence. One result of this was the freedom of his mind from any personal bias. The Archbishop was as free from the spirit of resentment as a bronze statue. Priests have marvelled at the mildness with which the Archbishop treated those who offended him."

The Passing Bell.

Miss Florence Peacock, writing in the Dublin *Irish*, thus speaks of one of many beautiful customs which were destroyed or mutilated beyond recognition at the rise of Protestantism:

"In pre-Reformation times what is now usually called the passing-bell, and rung an hour or two after death, was then really and truly a passing-bell, for it was rung when the soul appeared to be at the point of doffing the mortal for the immortal, but before death had actually taken place. Its object was to let people know by its solemn sound that one amongst them was *in extremis*, and to remind them that it was their duty to spare a few minutes from the cares of this world to pray that the soul so soon to be beyond earthly help might turn toward God and His saints. Then some time after death had taken place it was again rung; and this time it was known as the *soul-bell*, and was sounded to let all know that the time for earthly contrition had passed away, and to beg them to pray for the final repose of the departed."

The custom of ringing the passing-bell before the death of a parishioner will surely commend itself to the clergy, and could easily be restored, at least in towns and villages. It was a public act of faith and charity, as beautiful as it must have been helpful to the fleeing spirit.

Testing His Honesty.

Your druggist is honest if when you ask for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take God's gift of *Tell the Daff*—Mr. J. F. Kellack, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send him a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

Trouble had come

Florence and me in our married life which this simple explanation and removal past we had been living in an Eastern man where through the friend Bagley I had bookkeeper in one make no pretention on minded and the lack think. Whatever be stiff and rigid, will break, since it is, I am joyous, it never at the feast by remedy, it urges:

"Go ahead, old good time. When else to do, then make able, if you like, lamentations."

Florence, naturally. I have often first days, when blurt out, fairly forcing so as to be comp. Such exertion is accumulates a resea into habit. Now s I do, and when I must be gloomy, pockets and my something like a word, so love that common dece noticing the speck our genial sunlight

Of course, in the we had no friends any, but we could however urgent our course," though I must at present be extended, and lue Evenings, then, our want to sit down cribbage, and w stand between u were such great ene's taste, and v ing and merry in it did seem as if spurt out of envy stick to his scyth and all the other and ends which h his personality. We had been over made a succession mutual rally, table of a sudden unsteadily, I not rocking chair by she used to se home coming.

"Come over by me, I want to Now, if I had doubtless the stre tained my heart down it plumped its strings, for I about to be reve me—that I coul with a jest—bu Florence.

I passed over side holding her ments in silence occurred which she had sat by ment, administrator fell on my hand, the blazon of lo

"Oh, Florence it?" I cried. The light turned

"I wanted that we were al Florence replied going blind."

"Blind!" I and then a thoy my memory, o now avenged l you so?" the u uncertain step things mislaid, shall not be" and then—ah soothings of w the soft, submi ness for bibli the midst of f Her dear eyes been benefited now, when the buried, I canno of her affliction of it, and if r merely smile a smile through

I remember own trouble of words of an o had ever been Master Harry must face it."

Florence and seemed to be sight was fu could see but morning—

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SEPTEMBER

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