## THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## AN ORIGINAL GIRL. By Christine Faber

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CHAPTER LXIII.

Herrick's public finances were in a bad way; none knew that better than he did himself, and he cursed Miss Burram as the cause of his ill fortune, and he gloated over the tales that were told of her madness, regretting alone that he could not be present to shriek his satisfaction at her. For her Charge, he had as great a hatred, and an equally strong desire for revenge. His information came no more direct-

ly from Sarah ; that person considering herself, since Miss Burram's illness, entirely emancipated from any obliga-tion to him; and the scene that oc-curred on his last visit made her confident she had nothing to fear from any communication he might make in the

future to her mistress. Desperate as his situation was getting to be, and desperate as were the preparations he was making to meet it, he had a couple of cards left yet to play before he should throw up his entire hand; but the play would not be for revenge alone. The first was the cutting of the road between Miss Burram's grounds and the grounds of the Onotomah Club—the work so long un-accountably deferred — it should be commenced on the first day of the following week. At the Supervisors' meeting, which would take place two meeting, which would take place two days before, the contract could be awarded; bids had been long in, and Herrick had already intimated whose should be the successful one. Herrick's party believed in him still, and his friends were firm in denouncing the rumors which had arisen of Her-

rick's suspicious practises—they were the merest rumors as yet, and they were discountenanced by some of the scrupulously conscientious among even Herrick's enemies. The man himself held such an undaunted, smiling front, and he carried things at the Supervisors' meetings with so high and firm a hand, that his Associates were, as usual, overwhelmed. Then his organ, the overwhelmed. Then his organ, the Rentonville Times, was so swift and seathing in its attack upon the flying whispers about its Chief, and it had smart, misleading editorials and onslaughts upon the methods of the Reform Party, that a good part of Renton-ville political society was very much muddled, and those who had not very clear ideas of their own were more at-tracted by Herrick's Platform than by that of the other side.

His other card of revenge was to send in a letter to Miss Burram's Charge, the statement she would not hear from his lips on the day of his visit : but he would not post the letter yet; not till it was time for him to shake the dust of Rentonville from his yet : feet ; then, simultaneously with her re-ception of the letter, its contents should appear in the Rentonville Times last issue of that paper, for flight would disappear the with support, and he laughed to himself as he thought how complete-ly he had deluded his followers ; even were thinking of giving him a renomin

The meeting of the Reform Party for the purpose be of nominating a Supervisor held on the coming Monday was to b night, the night of the day on which work was to be commenced on the new road, and the night on which Herrick

His preparations were carefully made sending of his daughters on relation three hundred miles a visit the packing of a hand valis away, a a frequently carried. He had osed his account with the city in a stout leathern belt worn alread s skin was the money of the s that he was fleeing with; to

in the grounds of the Onoto-

added to the wonder by the rapidity with which he drove off the grounds. sell smiled and sauntered back, passrussell smiled and sauntered back, pass-ing by the ranks of workmen and never pausing till he was out on the main road. In Herrick's store where the con-tractor stopped first, he was told that after Herrick had gone to the city; he had turn to word to that effect in the morning, ters ? but he had not told the time of his turn. At Herrick's house he was met e same answer, the girl who opened the door honestly believing what e said, and not dreaming that her ance master was in his own room writing the

letter to Rachel, and a communication embodying the contents of that letter to the Times.

with

The contractor was perplexed and uneasy. Did he follow Rus sell's advice and suspend work, only to find that the information he had received was false, how justly might not Herrick be incensed against him; but if on the other and he should continue the work, and find that the information was true, would his pocket suffer! He could see way out of the difficulty other than to leave a note for Herrick, informing him of what he had heard, and demand ing that there should be placed in his hands a certified cheque for the payment of his money before the evening of the next day. Should no answer to that be received, on the very next morning he would dismiss his workmen, and enter suit against Herrick for awarding a contract under fraudulent pretense. That done, he drove back to the scene of the work too much absorbed in his own uneasiness to notice the ill-shaped figure which seemed to be keeping ward of

Herrick's house. Had Herrick himself looked from his window he might have seen the same figure walking under the very wall of his room; it was like an animal scent-

ing his prey. The night came or rather the darkness; for being the early spring the daylight disappeared before most Rentonville folk sat down to their dinner the orthodox hour being six, and Herrick noting the calls of his stomach, he had not eaten since his breakfast, thought he might venture to summon

"Why, Bilber," she said, amazed into courage to speak to him, "I had no idea you were in the house; I thought you ent to the city.

"Perhaps I did go," he said grimly. "and perhaps I've come back, and per-haps I didn't go at all; and whatever I did, it's no business of yours ; the only business you have now is to get me something to eat, and to get it without letting the girl know I am in. Bring it

here to me Mrs. Herrick vanished, saying to her-

elf: "It's queer that he doesn't want the girl to know that he is in. I never knew him to act like that before-but he's queerer than ever he was latelytaking a streak to send the childre away,"-they were children to her still, though Alida and Mabel Herrick were eighteen years old—"they that never were from home before in their lives," and she wiped away a few tears as thought of the little affection in their farewell to her-to their father, their adieus were loud and effusive-"oh,

oh. and there's the letter the contractor teft for him; I'll take it up with his dinner. Herrick, seeing the note upon the

tray did not ask any question, but read it at once, smiling with a kind of bitter satisfaction at his own forethought in having provided for himself an undisturbed day. An interview with the contractor might have been awkward, and he looked up from the note to say b his wife who lingered with a forlor hope of being told something : 'I am going out as soon as I have finished here, but you needn't say any-

that he was fleeing with; to ould say he was going away two. She would not dare

In vain Herrick tried to throw off his wish his wife would come to him again burden; not alone was he unable to do that, but he was in imminent danger of Had he not banished her, and stopped her questions? Did he care for her suffocation, the hold upon his throat all-the brow-beaten slave that he had made her—did he really want to tell her of his plight—and how strange it was that his thoughts should was so firm and tight; and all of his efforts and all of his strength had to be exerted-to keep himself from being choked to death. At length, both fell, her, rather than to his daughbut even then Rhett did not relax his What was the matter with him hold, and they both rolled over and over till both went into the gutter. why did his knees shake, and his hands tremble-was it some influence the skulking being without-the from Rhett first, lying on his back, Herrick on top of him, black in the face and that never abated one jot of his vigilstill struggling for breath, for a long strong arms yet held him as in a vice. Some of the members of the Reform

their

Half-past 9 the hands of Herrick's watch pointed to, but he must wait a little longer he said to himself to be Club, among whom were Russell and young Gedding, coming in that direcsure that the domestic would not be within sight when he went out. The domestic was in the kitchen singing; tion, heard the screams of Rhett, and quickening their steps, were soon in full sight of the fallen contestants. heard her the moment he opened "Great Cæsar !" exclaimedGedding, the door, and creeping like a cat "if it isn't Herrick !" "And I'll be the stair he was confronted in the hal durned," safe another voice, " if it isn't old Rhett—he's underneath—Her-

by his wife. I "couldn't help it," she tearfully whispered, "my heart misgives me there's something wrong - oh, Bilber wont you tell me ?'

For answer he pushed her from himdrove her to the opposite wall where she fell, and opening the door he peered had been hurt by his encounter ; indeed, he seemed to have lost none of his strength, and he should the moment out; seeing no one, he closed it softly behind him, glided down the steps and almost ran till he got to the corner: but the bow-legged figure was following behind following behind when he stole up to the mail box placed without the postoffice and dropped his letter, follo behind when he halted for a moment be neath the windows of the hall where the Reform Party was holding its nomin

ation meeting. The shouts of satisfaction and con the nomination had been made, and in the cheers that succeeded for the suc-cesful nominee. Herrick last data to be precedul to be bed on the suc-cesful nominee. the latter was Russell. He sped on, thinking how little difference it made to him now ; on to the office of the Times ; there, as he was about to enter, some one called him from behind, and turnshortly about, he beheld Rhett. ing I'd like to have my money to-night Mr. Herrick; maybe you have it there in that bag, so it won't be much trouble for you to give it to me now. Herrick forced himself to be both

calm and bland. "Why, Sam, what is the matter to make such a demand upon me now? Even if I had your money with me I couldn't give it to you to-night--it must be given to you in the usual way -from the bank. Come to my store to-morrow morning and I shall get it for you.

No, no, Mr. Herrick ; I'd go to your store to-morrow morning, and J wouldn't find you, and I'd go to your house the way the contractor did, and other people did to-day, and I wouldn' find you, though you were in all the

I want my money now. time "Why, Sam, this is absurd; am I running away that you make a demand like this upon me? If I were I wouldn't going into the office of my own paper. I am going in with articles that are to be published in to-morrow mornissue-those are what the bag

But Rhett had still before him Russell's advice-Russell who was never known to make a mis-statement; he had also the evidence of the contractor's unsuccessful search for Herrick directafter Russell had made some communication, the overhearing of a part of which had aroused Rhett's fears for money. He had farther, the proof ned by his own long watch that gained by his own long watch, that Herrick though at home had been de hied to every one who called at his nouse to see him; these things stirred him to unwonted determination and a money till Russell turned to him :

nd of fierce strength. "It's no use, Mr. Herrick," he said, "you've got something in the wind; I know you have; and I want my money "Why didn't you take your money

Monday morning appeared mother the grounds of the Onotor when I wanted to make arrangements d to give it to you the next day? It was your distrust of me at that time that made you ask for it; how is it you have left it in my hands ever since?" t "Things hadn't come to such a pitch then, and I hadn't heard Mr. Russell t himself speak; but I heard him drop something to-day to the contractor, and b when I asked him about it, he told me if you had any money of mine I'd bet-ter get it from you." t "Russell 1 Curse him !" thoractt

" Mrs. Herrick," it was Russell who sort. It was a rude life, the surround. spoke, " your husband has met with a little accident ; it seems to have given ings were coarse, the men a motley crew, indeed. Yet Lewis O'Connor toiled on till months had passed into him a shock, so we brought him he has had a years and one year had followed another He will recover when little rest-put him to bed as soon as possible. Good night !" and he was in a fair way to at least a moderate success. He had never for-gotten, but he seldom thought now of

Both gentlemen moved away. Herrick went in, turning in a kind of mechanical manner and closing the door be-hind him, and then he went on to his room, his wife following. Would he re-pulse her if she asked him what had She dared not do so : but napper He was sitting at the dinner-hou smoking his inevitable pipe, and pop when he entered his room he left the door open as if to invite her to enter; she stood on the threshold not knowing what to do, but with her heart in her mouth. He sat down totteringly in the big easy-chair just under the light which he himself had made before going

out. Then the undecided woman bethought herself of a stimulant for him-she went to the kitchen and prepared it. When rick's got him down!" and every one of the party went to the rescue; but she brought it he took it without a word, but when he set down the glass he looked in a kind of half thankful way surprise it was not the old man who was in need of assistance, or who at her.

wife was down with fever. "Welsh ?" repeated O'Connor. "I am going to lie on the lounge here," he said, "I am very tired; so you can go; good-night !" He threw himself down and his wife the man declared, and he mentioned the name of the village. It all rose before

with a more anxious heart than ever, went. He wanted to think-to think how he

lounge and began to make a hasty

toilet, being still so weak that he tot-tered somewhat in his movements about

the room, but he was gaining strength every movement; the strength that fear

and desperation give. Nor was he so

particular this time about the neatness of his attire-he seized anything that

came to hand and when he had finished

he stole once more, like the thief that he was, out into the night.

A ROSE-RED MORNING.

connected those two events, but in reality Lewis had made up his mind to

seek his fortune out West long before John Welsh had come to the still farther

reaching decision of securing Mary Mc-Intyre for his life partner. And yet

gentlemen, and I want it." Herrick could not speak; his face was still discolored, and his neck, from ould get away in time for the ship that was to steam out of port at 6 o'clock which both collar and tie had been torn, was red and swollen. The bosom of his shirt was rumpled, his coat had a large the next morning, or rather that morning, for it was now midnight. The train for the city left at half-past rent in the back, and both that and his trousers were shamefully dirty. Some ten minutes would suffice to reach the depot but he must change his clothesand then his hag-how could he go There were so many im without that? portant papers in it, that he cursed his tupidity for having entrusted anything of importance to a bag; yet would have been safe enough had he not

Russell assisted in leading him to the met Rhett. How he cursed the old man steps of a house, where he sat down and and how he cursed himself for having tried to recover his breath. Rhett folhad anything to do with him. He dragged himself up from the "He has my money, gentlemen," he

said, "my money, and he's going away with it—he's going away because he wasn't home to anybody that called at his house to-day, and he was in all the time. He's got my money in that bag he carried.

was up : Mr. Herrick's got my money,

gentlemen, and I want it.

former neatness.

The bag!" Herrick had recovered his breath and with it his recollection of the bag he had dropped in the beginning of the scuffle-the bag that contain communication to the Times, and Mrs. Hubrey's letters, and other papers

-he gave a gasp of distress. "My bag, gentlemen: if some of you would look for it-there is no money in it, only, as I assured Rhett, some art cles I had for the Times." But the bag was not found.

"I must get it, gentlemen," Herrick, having now quite recovered himself and assisting in the search, but

" you had better go home—you do not seem well." Herrick's face was as ghastly as that of a corpse, and his knees were nbling. "If, as you say, there was nothing more important in your than some articles for the paper, yo can afford not to let it distress

will probably restore it to you. Come, Mr. Gedding and I shall see you to your own door," and Russell took him by the arm. m. Herrick dared not refuse, nor resist

indeed, he felt strangely weak, strange ly in need of his bed-even of his wife He went along passively and in silence nor did his companions speak.

there was a certain connection between the events. Not so very long before, it had occurred to Lewis O'Connor that Rhett followed, clamoring for his

Mary McIntyre was very congenial to him. They met at all the village "Have a little patience, Mr. Rhett, gatherings, they sang together in the I think I can assure you, your money will be safe." On which the old man choir ; Mary had enrolled Lewis in the ceased to clamor, but he followed, as he League, and had made him, as he ac had followed Herrick before ; he was not going to trust him from his sight. It wanted but a half-hour of midnight

knowledged to himself, a better Cath-olic. But his worldly affairs had been unsettled. He had no prospects what-ever, and he felt that it would be an in-tever, and he felt that it would be an in-

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the village by the river side nor of the

the village by the river side hor of the simple existence he had led there, with but few of the complications or per-

plexities which beset the wayfarer in

One day it came, all back to him

dering. A man suddenly approached, and in the course of conversation asked

O'Connor if he knew anything of th

a week or two before of the arrival of

whom were accompanied by their womankind. But he was retiring in his

habits, and mixed very little, except in

the way of work, with his fellow-labor

Welsh, had met with hard luck. Hi

O'Connor as in a vision. The street, broad just where the wedding party

ut. He had imagined Mary and her

stationary all this time in its light and

mechanically, and he turned back to ask of the man who had brought the news the precise direction as to the way. The man gave it, adding:

"You'd better keep away from there, though; it ain't an ordinary sickness.

It's catching." Lewis O'Connor paid no heed to the

warning, but hastened on with rapid steps. His thoughts were in great con-fusion, and he kept fingering, as he

walked, a little symbol upon his watch

Mary had given him long ago, when

his aspirations had turned in her direc-tions. He had never regretted giving

was a League

Mary up. He had always suppo that by marrying John Welsh she

secured a comfortable, if not a brilliant

future, and had remained a part of that tranquil morning picture. Now he was

filled with a great pity for that poor girl, for Mary, who had strayed so far

from quiet and homeliness, and might

ings of her village. He wondered, too, how John Welsh had contrived to

how John Welsh had contrived to get rid of the smithy and that comfort

able dwelling, and had come himself and brought Mary to this.

His wonder died away when he met

John Welsh. There were those signs

upon the man's face which explained why things had gone ill with him, and

why he had left peace and comparative

"We came here," he said, " because

you were here and we heard you were

doing well. Mary thought things might

go better if we got away from the old

man's manner. Lewis O'Connor asked no questions. The story was there,

plain for him to read upon that altered

face. Welsh never stopped to think that there might be danger for his

had forgotten, in the first place

the years that had gone by and that

in its ravage. He had expected to se

friend, but invited him eagerly to

in and have a look at Mary. shock was a terrible one to O'Con

time spares neither

There was a hint of shame about the

Welsh was overjoyed to see

prosperity for chance and rude

never see again that rose-red flush her native hills or on the white dwo

"I must go to him !" he said rising

and to have remain

passed, narrow where the train ste

husband to be part of that

morning scene,

glow.

hain.

his aspiratio

tudes.

place.'

the familiar face.

The man remarked that one o

se new-comers, a chap of the name of

'Yes, from somewhere up the way."

a week or two before of the seekers, so new band of fortune seekers, so accompanied by

sitting at the dinner-hour,

vaguely heard

rose-red

the great thoroughfares of life.

newcomers. Lewis had

ors.

The last

ly. Then there was a sharp note "Who said that? Who dare that it was better I should mar other one? As if there could h other than the one that I'm sta

before God's altar with! M John! My own John!" There was an infinite pathos of derness in the voice which was rending to the quiet watcher ta connection with the bloated co

ance and stupidly unmeaning g the once handsome John Welsh. "A rose-red morning!" she cri next; "beautiful as the bles God! And is that Lewis O' outside the church there smiling

and he just going away to a s country? He's a good fellow." All at once, the voice rose ag shrick of terror, and there sudden, convulsive movement

wasted figure. "My God! the morning's gone clouds are black, black. The 1 God is upon us. Who says my ren are dead? John, that was h ren are dead? John, that was h er's own boy, and Mary, that w light of my eyes. Oh, my Go God! the sorrow of it will kill us A long silence of exhausti

lowed, then a pleading wail. "Oh, John, have you been tavern again? Sure it's the c

low of all to see you going like Once more the voice was rais

time in an intense whisper. "It's the bailiffs come for t stick of our furniture. Oh ! H Jesus, be merciful to us! Wh do at all?' Each time that the pitiful voic

Each time that the pitiful voic upon the silence it depicted so scene of heartrending misery, a too plainly of the gradual blas happiness, the ruin of the home. Lewis O'Connor, ghastly pi-tened helplessly. Could such a be connected with that villag end that morning scene 2. Could

and that morning scene? Con hidden behind that rose bush? A resolution formed itself in I as he heard Mary's last agoni

peal. "Oh, if there was anybody John

John !" "If Mary McIntyre gets we said to himself, "with the help the help of the Sacred Heart, I vote myself to the saving of . far as one man may save anot if Mary McIntyre dies, I w try to save John Welsh."

try to save John Welsh." One might have supposed M overheard or understood this re of Lewis O'Connor, for all at o calm and murmured so grew calm and placidly : "Why, it's a rose-red mornin "Why, it's a rose-red mornin

and there's Lewis O'Connor sm us. I am sorry he is going av would have been a good fr

There was a sudden breathles after that, and then a long, dec sigh. At this Lewis O'Conr and hastily drew near the h and nastly drew hear the t snatched from his inner pocke of brandy. But the brandy uselessly from the pale lips; a the doctor came, driving very f John beside him, there was no

his services. Thenceforth in the mining of throughout that rugged reg story was told of the devotic man to another and of the efforts by which Levis O'Conn ed the salvation of that once I drunkard, John Welsh. An having reformed and having do well in his new life, married ag that, in course of time, it was or O'Connor who recalled the villa and the wedding party and M Intyre in the glow of a rose-

## THE HOLY SEASON OF

God in His mercy and god villing at all times to receive sinner, forgive his offenses and him to holiness and justice. are particular times when Go His graces more liberally than and such a time is the Holy S Lent.

Some people, especially such lukewarm in their religious d the mere mention of Lent fe chill come over them. To them cold and dreary time, dull beca off pleasures and amusement reality dull only to such wh grasp the real meaning of Ler en is Lent ? Why should Lent is a time of penance, a one of us, who knows himself, cede at once, that he has si never sufficiently atoned for hence the necessity of pena Mother the Holy Church, con to fast during Lentin order to concupiscence of the flesh, to our sensuality and to atom over-indulgence in eating and To what extent we must ob and abstinence, is laid down to year in the Lenten regu each diocese, and if you wan true Catholie you must regu yourself according to these re

otherwise dispensed. The laws of fast and abstin

A rose-red morning, which had ban-ished the mist from the hills and from the river shore, and fushed all the meadow lands and pink-tipped the snow-white daisies and glorified the grasses

and gilded the tree trunks-it was a morning upon which many things, of could not be found. "I think, Mr. Herrick," said Russell, course, were happening in the wide world; and one or two, at least, were happening in that seeluded Canadian village. For one thing. Mary

McIntyre was being married, in the little c'urch, to John Welsh, the village blacksmith, and Lewis O'Connor was setting out for far regions in that vague realm of unlimited space, and, to simple much. Perhaps some passer-by picked it up. An advertisement cople, incredible distances, the United There were some in the village who

Club, gang of workmen headed by a , sharp-visaged foreman, and by the contractor in a light follo It was necessary to begin the at that end, and it proceeded wagon wor without attracting much atten-tion till we'l on in the afternoon, when most of the fence that divided the grounds was demolished, and spades and tion s were ruthlessly tearing up the ound on which Miss Burram's

whole town seemed to get Then the work at once, and to as-the spot. Sarah Sinnot withsemb net and with her hair flying, out a bo rself into the very middle of men, with question and denunthe wor ciation in the same breath. Hardman, equally angry, but with

any one been concerned enough to draw outward

e with his how legs and his for-eyes, peering into faces and to the putting of his hat on his head, was the and the taking from the table the mor where he could, but seldom occo case which contained his letter to speaking

At length Russell sauntered up; he was nodding and smiling in a kind of indiscriminate fashion, for he was known or simp wagon: sud ed into the contractor's ear : . You are sure of this, Mr. Russell ?" pered in

to you spend the work here till that bid, and is in your possession. chec

"I'll see Herrick this instant," and he took up the reins to start his horse, when he was confronted by Rhett's wizened face; it seemed to have popped not pass one m when the other side of the wagon. and the cracked voice was asking with a kind of uncanny eagerness:

is it about Mr. Herrick, -he has my money-what is gentlemen it about him?'

' If he has your money you had better from him," said Russell. It turned about and began to run, get it from him,'

, ludicrous though it was in s bow legs and the little speed been 6. What was holding him-why did he, knowing that by midnight he his action. view of 1 owing to his age, exciting more wonder intended to be aboard an outgoing than amusement, while the contractor steamer, still linger? Why did he want my money."

shand gave to Mrs. Herrick a se supply of courage, and she ventured: "Bilber, what is the matter?" "The matter is none of your business,

Bessie: and now go; but be sure that you to attend to my instructions.' She did not dare to wait a mon longer, and as the door closed upon her, he rose from the table and b conclude his preparations for depart-

If he had even then looked from his the afternoon; it was skulking yet, omewhat in the shadow, but enough in the light from the not very distant electric street lamp, to show its misshapen figure, and to reveal its features, had

decorum, sought in his own information. Even old Rhett with his bow legs and his fer-Still Herrick did not go, though

Rachel, ready to be dropped into the post-office as he passed it, and the com-munication for the Times. That would ybody and there were few, gentle de in Rentonville, whom he did ow. He went on till he came to actor who was still in his munication; they were all his friends there he paused, made some emark about the weather, then by he stooped forward and whis-tho the contractor's ear: are sure of this, Mr. Russell?" here and nothing as yet had gotten out—to-merrow, perhaps, or may be not known — things could hardly help being known by that time, but so far

; quite safe-there really are as that I am now speaking to verify it, ask from Herrick a was no need for such haste, and he took for the amount of your off his hat and put the case back upon the table, and sat down in his easy chair, and stretched his legs out, and felt what a good and comfortable place

Why should he leave -leave it anyhow so soon? Why not pass one more night amid its com-fort? But the morning would comefort? the morning in which he must face the y eagerness: about Mr. Herrick, die morning in which is the must face the must go, and starting up like an animal

that has been routed from its lair, he consulted his watch, giving a kind of gasp when he found it was 9 o'clock.

"Russell! Curse him!" thought window he would have seen the form that had skulked about the house all come into public notice, Russell had been his foil and thwarter : but he said with the same forced calmness as before:

"I can't give you your money tonight, Sam; and I can't give you any more time either. I've got very im-portant business to attend to as I've al-

portant business to attend to as I ve al-ready told you; come to my house in the morning. Good night!" While he was speaking Rhett had come up very close, his bowed legs nore bowed than ever, and his hands outstretched a little from his sides with the fingers bent, just as if he were imitating an animal preparing for a spring. weak-she had always been weak, God

But Herrick did not notice him ; he was anxious and impatient, and even a little fearful, for there suddenly broke upon his ears. from a not very remote distance, the tramp of feet accompanied by lond, eager, excited voices. He knew that the sounds meant the dishim missal of the Reform meeting, and he trembled lest some of them, including hated, and now dreaded, Russell, by the utter desolation of the should come that way. Then he chided himself for his fears-nothing could be possibly known as yet. Were anything positively known he would not be outside of prison walls, and all that Russell could not have said which so frightened Rhett were only suspicions; so he braced himself anew and took a step forward, determined to pay no more at

she hardly knew what, she went to answer it, knowing that the girl had gone to bed long before. When she opened the door there stood before her fully revealed by the light of the hall tention to the old man. tention to the old man. Rhett, however, like the wild fierce animal his attitude had suggested, sprang upon Herrick's back, winding his abnormally long arms around Herlamp, what seemed to be her husband-but could it be, that ghastly-faced man without a collar or neck-tie, and with

such rumpled, tattered, dirty clothes, rick's neck, and fastening his claw-like and supported by two men-Herrick had hands into his own shoulders, he began screaming at the top of his cracked

some reason he was going away where perhaps she would never see again, it had an unwontedly cruel force. Somehow it never occurred to her to think if he were going away, what provision, if any, he had made for the set of her—she thought of nothing but the sorrow and desolation of the present. Then her mind went back to her girl-

hood in the northern part of England, to which place Herrick came from Scottook his train. "Tis best as it is, decidely best," he thought. " Mary will have a fine peaceful home. John's a good fellow." land seeking work. She remembered how her father, who had no sons of his own, fancied him and helped him. And he nodded in a friendly way to Welsh and smiled cordially at Mary as the pair came out from the church door their marriage was happy enough till Herrick, educated himself by every

and passed down the street, Mary very means in his power, began, even before they came to America, to look down up-on his wife ; to show her the hard, caltrim and pretty in her white wedding finery, which blushed as prettily as her cheeks in the red of the morning. culating, determined, ambitious side of his Scotch nature. And she was so Then Lewis O'Connor, resolute, de

termined, stepped into the smoking car help her! far more ready to lean upon another than to trust to ker own of his train, lit a pipe, and was whirled away on the first stage of his journey to the illimitable West, leaving that rose-hued land of his childhood and strength, and Bilber was so clever, and he had grown so learned that even while she suffered, she admired and loved youth, with all its equally roseate vis-When 11 o'clock struck she was

ons behind him. He arrived in a country where everystill engaged in thinking of the past; something of the old, old feelings had thing was entirely real and practical, and his first glimpse of that rude minreturned to her, intensified it might be ing camp was through a grey mist which and as she recollected that her husband perhaps had gone forever, she wailed aloud, "Oh, Bilber, Bilber !" to obscure the landscape and produce

Just then there was a loud, sharp ring as uncomfortable an impression as posat the door : startled and dismayed by sible upon all observers. So that, from that time forth and for long after, Lewis O'Connor used to feel that happiness and domesticity, and the light of friend-ly faces and all poetry and softness were connected with an obscure Christian village by a river side and a rose - red ure moments precisely how the village street appeared and he would see again the rustic wedding party setting forth in so weak that both of his com-

the red glow from the church porch. ereaming at the top of his cracked scened so wear that both of his control for gow from the carrier porch. panions had given him an arm. She felt panions had given him an arm. She felt ilke shricking, and she turned almost as panions had given him an arm. She felt pale as her husband. But hard work, and what is emphati-cally called "roughing it," leave little time for homesickness or regrets of any

years, sorrow, disappointme had furrowed the face and whitened the hair, and now fever had completed wreck. O'Connor saw at a glance, too that she was very low. He had c erable experience in cases of since his residence among the miners. erable experience in cases of fever "Have you seen a doctor ?"

"God help me, no," said Welsh. "I'm-I'm short of money, and, be ides, there was no one to stay with Every soul about was afraid of her.

" Do you want me to go for a doctor ?" Lewis inquired.

" If you don't mind," said Welsh, shamefacedly; "I'd rather you'd stay with her. I'm as helpless as a babe in arms where sickness is concerned, and I'm told you're as knowledgeable as a doctor almost.'

In truth Welsh had an everwhelming fear of meeting death alone at the bed-side of his fever-stricken wife. It seemed to me that if she were to die under those circumstances he must go

mad. "I'll stay," said O'Connor, briefly. " Can you find your way to the doctor?" "I'll find it, and have him back in

no time," said Welsh. Then he hesitated. "That is, if he'll

come, when I can't pay him." "Tell him that will be all right," said O'Connor, turning away hastily and entering the rude dwelling again, where Mary lay tossing and muttering. He applied a lotion to her head and set about brewing a draught, which mingled congenially with the smoke from the town below, conspiring with it down, and as minutes drew their slow length along he began to recite aloud, and, as by some singular chain of ideas, the Rosary of the Sacred Heart.

A strange thing happened. conscious woman upon the bed, ceas ing her restless tossing, began to an-swer each ejaculation in that strangely clear, distinct voice in which the delirmorning. He would sit and recall in leis-ure moments precisely how the village said, till, all at once Mary's voice was

heard again. "'Tis all red and rosy and a good sign, too ; a rose-red morning promises a happy life."

The words were said dreamily, soft-

been mitigated to such an late that they are a mere sha late that they are a more shi primitive rigorous fast, as o the first Christians. And, say, notwithstanding this k the part of Holy Chuu still find the laws too hare pense themselves. How mut tianity is left in such peop my readers to decide. W layity 2 It gomes from a w laxity? It comes from a w respect for authority, as ma have a wrong idea of the I sion of Holy Church. upon the Church as a human to whom obedience and alle be denied at any time, just travel from one country The Church is instituted of God and hence can den ence; and he, who refuses ence, must be to you as a publican. If there is a spa ence left in you for Our dea Himself fasted forty days nights, if you have any your Church, and fear the of God upon such who will Church, you will keep your