TWO

Copyright CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER III

"This is probably our last meal alone," said Judge Todd, looking down the table to his wife and Virginia. "This afternoon brings Alice and Bessie, and to morrow, the

Before there was time for a reply door flew open with a bang, and a pair of feet, in whirlwind flight, carried a fair young girl into the room. As she threw her arms about the neck of the surprised Judge, he

My Heavens ! Who's this ? " to his and said, with a kiss : "Why, Bessie, my girl! When did you come and how

'Just this blessed minute!" she answered, resigning herself to the embraces of Mrs. Todd and Virginia. But where is your mother?

"I left her trying to extricate her

self from the bundles and the carriage," said Bessie. "I told her to wait and I'd come back and help her. after I sow my old sweetheart ; and she slipped her arm again aroun the Judge's neck and gave him

another little hug. As the Jadge and Mrs. Todd left the table to meet their other visitor, Bessie drew up a chair, and after a gay welcome to old Abe, she said to Virginia :

Then we got to Lexington and I when we got to Lexington and I found we had so long to wait, I teased mamma into getting a carriage and driving over. When she comes in she'll tell them if was all my doings; but I believe the little hypocrite was just as anxious to get to Cardome as L"

Abe, who in common with the other laves had a tender spot in his breast for this fairylike creature, who every summer danced into the old house from her far-away Southern home made sunshine wherever her happy voice fell, brought a plate and began to serve her. With the declaration that she was starving, she com menced her dinner, smiling up sauc-ily at her mother when the latter

"It is a shame, Love," said Mrs. Dapont, "to come down on you in this fashion ; but I could not get my madcap daughter to wait in Lexing. ton for the afternoon train. On would think the destiny of the nation depended on our getting here by one

"The destiny of our dinner did, mma," said Bessie. "You know mamma," said Bessie. "Y what Owen Meredith says :

" 'Man may live without love, what's passion but pining ; But where is the man who can live

without dining ? or woman, either ? Of course w

had the hotel, but-oh, Judge," she broke off, "you've had the dining room re papered, haven't you? It's just lovely. Our entire house needs be papered and painted, but mamma is becoming economical since all this dreadful talk of war has

At the closing words the Judge's brow clouded, and for a moment his eyes went over the heads of his uests to the open window, looking out on the great stretch of country that led off toward Frankfort. Mrs ed apprehensively at Dupont gland her bost, and asked :

What is the outlook in Kentucky, Judge ?" the old man's eyes came back from green fields to the still fair face

What beca tive again this year. of that wild beast ?" "No such terms as that, if you please !" exclaimed Virginia, with well assumed severity. "I took up Vindictive last fall after you left, and never sat a finer horse. You simply didn't know how to manage him."

didn's know how to manage him." "Miss Castleton, do you know I am one of the best horsewomen in Alaba-ma?" said Bessie, not a smile on her face. "Vindictive was one of the vilest brutes that ever brought dis-honor on the Cardome stables. And is he is meak and docile now, he is but enother victim to the charms of but another victim to the charms of

'the fair Virginia.' But I tell you the leopard does not charge his spots, nor Vindictive cast off entirely his inherited wickedness. Were I to mount him his heels would begin to fly with the force and velocity of a Mississippi mule, or he would try to do the cake walk and outrival Mandy ed ones when she's most elaborate. Do you remember the day he wanted to turn a somersault over the fence down into the Elkhorn? It was this way,' she went on to the Judge, after a pause ; " Tom thought Sambo hadn't

made the girth secure enough, and he undertook to draw it tighter. I he undertook to draw it signer. I warned him to let the horse alone, as, for once, he seemed to be in some-thing like a good temper. But that son of yours, Judge Todd, was about as headstrong as Vindictive. Now, Vindictive refused to be tampered with, and made Tom put a distance between him and those heels, which began to go like a buzz-saw.

he discovered that I had a whip and knew how to use it, he recovered his senses and began to walk as nature intended he should. Now," she concluded, with a smile rippling her face, ' that's the sort of an animal Virginia vants me to believe she has won to the ways of righteousness." "It was all the fault of the bit." knows.

said Virginia. "He quit acting ugly when I began to ride him with a different one. We shall take a ride this afternoon, and then you will be convinced I have quite reformed Vindictive.

At 4 o'clock the big horse, whose erratic temper had honestly won for him the name Vindictive, and the pretty young mare the Judge had bought for Bessie, were brought around. As the girls mounted and rode down the broad drive, Virginia said, answering her companion's sur-prise at her former steed's lamb like conduct :

It is an outrage to put a stiff bit in the mouth of a high-spirited animal, a positive cruelty to put it in the mouth of any horse. It plainly says it is a curb, an expresto the horse sion of the rider's distrust and fear The loose bit implies confidence : and you know brutes are like fine souled

people, they respect confidence and strive to make themselves worthy of 'Who suggested that method of taming Vindictive ?' asked Bessie.

Phil." raplied Virginia. "Hew goes he?" asked Bessie.

smoothing her horse's mane with the handle of her whip. "He sends me his paper regularly, and, Virginia, I believe I've discovered the identity " Indeed ?" said Virginia.

" It is Phil himself."

Virginia made no comment. and a while Bessie added : " I am going to ask him about it when I see

"I shouldn't, Bess, if I were you," counselled Virginia. "If your sur-mise is correct, it is evident he has no wish to be discovered. My sweet it may be that in those verses an overcharged heart finds 'surcease of If you had no friend to sorrow.' whom you could pour out your woe,

was valorous; holding his friend not less sacred that his love, and his less sacrea that his love, and his honor more sacred than either, he was one of those who reach a height not known to all, and only those who stand on the same plane with such men receive from them more than a passing thought. Even when some relient woman.son! towhere their valiant woman soul touches their level, still, with eyes fixed on the inaccessible, they often miss their com-panion spirit and feel themselves orever alone. The world calls such men fools lorever

and dreamers, when the work to which they have given their lives fails in the promises of its fulfilment ; but saints and herces, when success attends their efforts. It is only the turning of the die, thrown by the hand of Fate, that decides which they shall be to the unthinking; in the eyes of God, they are always His anoint

Who is that man ?" asked Bessie wonderment on her young face. " Mr. Powell," returned Virginia.

"Is he any relation to Mrs. Powell ?" further questioned the young girl. "Her husband was his grandfather

believe." she was answered. Bes i beneve, "an was answered. Bes sie thought a moment, then said: "That couldn't be, Virginia!" Afterward she laughed: "You silly I was alluding to the other man." Then Virginia remembered that there had been two men, but the face

of the other she had not observed. of the other she had not observed. "I have seen that man somewhere," went on Bessie. "It is a very hazy remembrance, still a remembrance." "It must be a dream, then," re-marked Virginia. "Mr. Powell is staying at Willow-wild, and his com-panion may have been his host. He is a stranger here, who will know no one and whom consecutive. No one

one and whom, consequently, no one "But I have seen that man's fac

somewhere," insisted Bessie, with emphasis, and she rode on for a while in thoughtful silence. "Isn't it tan-talizing !" she finally cried. "The recollection of where I have seen bim flits across my brain, and eludes me just when I think I have it."

"I've heard of persons who went insane trying to overtake such shadowy things," said Virginia, with a light laugh. "Come, let us he canter and see if you can catch "Come. let us have a recollection between this and Can dome; if you can not, don't puzzle your pretty head further." That night Bessie dreamed the

strange man came to her, and, laying a cool hand on her brow, said in a voice remembered for its pain and sadness : "Child, your eyes are not clear enough yet!"

> CHAPTER IV The next daybreak found Cardome

astir. Even Bessie, whose head rarely left the pillow until the day was at least two hours old, departed from herestablished rule. Mrs. Todd made brave efforts to conceal he nervousness, and invented many ex. cuses for her unusually early appea ance. One of them was the plea of gathering roses for her cousin Alice efore the dew had dried on their fragrant faces, but she was surprise o find her relative before her in the flower garden. Then she confessed ;

"Alice, I couldn't sleep since two o'clock. Will the hour never come that brings me my darlings?" And Alice Dupont, who was only

seventeen years older than her daughter Bessie, took out her watch and playfully counted the hours until the train would be due at Midway. There are six more hours, Love How did you endure the months

since Christmas ?' "I do not know," returned Mrs. odd. "I said to the Judge this morn-

"Where's the fire, Judge?" he other son, who was following quickly. The first boy kissed his mother "Fire?" repeated the Judge, moving back a few paces.

Virginia, his cousins Alice and Bessie and then came back to his father the second repeated the operatio swore under his The overseer mustache, and then called Pete, who until he came to Bessie, who had repeated Mandy's message. Judge Todd's brow clouded, as he said, as if now hidden in the shadowy hall.

"Mandy again! This is more of her fun." Then remembering the grievous wronghe had done the faith-ful men by his thought, he said kindly:

"Boys, you needn't go back to the field till after dinner. The children will be coming in a little while, and I ready for me," was the answer. "Haven't had anything like food ince I was home last." know you want to see them.

"Dat we sut'nly does, Jedge," said they in one voice; then withdrew, excepting Pete. Mandy, who had viewed the running negroes with in-finits amusement. felt a little fear as she received her master's summons to his office, but her natural boldnes did not entirely desert her.

Why did you do this, Mandy ?"

"Jedge, I jes' couldn't help it," she replied, laughing impudently. "When I seed Pere a walkin' dah, like's ef he owned de place, I jes' 'cluded I'd give him a skeer out uf hisself, so I hollered 'Fiah!" When he axt me wha' de fiah wus, I said, 'In de kit-"I say, father, give them a holi-day? I tell you a holiday's a mighty chun.' An' I s'posed de edgit 'ud fine thing." know I meant it 'us in de stove. Stead uv dat he tooked to his heels on' sta'ted to run like's ef it was behind him.'

day, his sixtieth anniversary, was to be observed on the plantation as a 'You may go, Pete," said the holiday, and every hour was needed to secure the hay; yet the master he gave the desired permission, for he could refuse this, his best beloved on, nothing.

of yours. naturally suppose you had been sent to call the field-hands. Even if you did not, why did you not follow him and explain to Mr. Rice that it was "Look dah, Mistah Rice! Dah wu only one rock in de f'el' an' my blade only a piece of your fun? Instead, you allowed those poor fellows to run said the overseer, frowning. "That scythe was the best one I had, and I that great distance in the heat, while you st gave it to you because I though intend tolerating any more such con you were careful. Now you'll have duct as this. Remember my words to use an old one. You'll have to go over to the warehouse for it vourself. I'm not going to take one

if the better boys from his work to "I'se sorry Jedge," she said taking save you thestrip. Step lively! and be back within twenty minutes," as her apron to her unmoistened eyes Well, that will do. You may go. he spoke he tosk out his big silver

After closing the door securely Mandy paused for a second, thrus "Yes sah !" said Pete, rejoicing out her tongue at the master who had permitted her to go unpunished, then the prospect of getting to the house; his nimble feet soon carried him spat contemptuously on the door With this expression of her hatred across the meadow and through the pasture land which led up to the she retraced her steps to the kitchen orchard fence. As he was about to unfasten the gate he saw Mandy coma sullen frown on her face. A silence hung between the two

men, which was broken by the over seer, who said : Judge, there is more infernal mis

> in the entire 'quarters.'" "I know it," said the Judge, the My cure ends to morrow."

frown deepening on his brow, "but are lucky, even in spite of the collec-tion," was the reply. "I know I wish I were leaving this week. I've never known such a place for making what can I do?" "Gat her out of here, said the over-

run cold, but his duty to his master's money fly. This hotel is inquitously dear, I consider. And, then, there house stood before him as sharp as naster who has his whipping post. The Judge shook his head. are the baths and the doctor, and "It is that fear that makes me keep tips' expected by everyone. The shops, too, are so tempting. One never goes out without buying some

occupation, until he reached the spot others," urged the overseer. "Ab, no," said the Judge, easily. "I don't think even Cassicius M. Clay could cause disaffection on Cardome "Oh, Mistah Rice," he shrieked. "I met Mandy at de o'cha'd, comin' ovah hvar, screechin' de house was on flab, an' hollerin' foh me to run.'

"And on top of it all," chimed in the first speaker again, "we are ex-pected to contribute to their local into my heart." A tap here sounded on the door charities. The last straw, I call it." "My dear lady, I agree with you

and Virginia's smiling face appeared. "Judge," she said, "we think we there." said a stout, prosperous look.

of his mother, while he greated his that there are also many who, after working all their lives, find them-selves destitute in their old age brough no fault of their own. sides, there are many who could not get work ; or who, getting it, could not do it from ill health or for other wide reasons.

JUNE 26. 1915

You are a believer in luck. I Hal, you're looking fine !" ex "To a certain extent I am," an-swered the officer. "And you, sir— what do you think about this collec-tion 9" claimed Virginia, "you will sorely disappoint Lize. She expects to see a pair of skeletons, and has prepared a dinner calculated to improve your ooks immediately." "I'm ready for anything Lize has ion ?"

"You ask my opinion, do you ?" repeated the professor-for professor he was, writ large on every line of his shrivelled sallow face. "My opinion is that those who are determined to Then around the house, headed by the overseer, came the slaves. get on, do so, sooner or later, no matter what obstacles may arise in "Hello!" cried Hal. "Where's Tom ?" At the sound of his name their paths. As for so called charithe other son came to the doorway, with Bessie's face, rosier that ever institutions, I consider them table superfluous and undesirable. They appearing over his shoulder. "Here's the rest of the family come to see re mere harbors for imposters, be ginning with those who undertake

us," continued Hal. The two young he management." men went to the lower step of the portico, while the negroes filed past, shook hands or ducked their bodies Before the officer had time to discciate himself from sentiments so contrary to his own, a priest, who up into courtesy, but with affection lighting up each black face. When to this had sat in silence, bent for ward and addressed the professor all had paid their respects, Hal turned to his father and said :

with a quiet courtesy. "Let us hope, professor," he said, 'that you may never come to see the charity of such imposters." The advent of another group of

Sunday was only two days off, Monvisitors, full of gossip concerning a Russian grand duke who had arrived at Ixe the previous day, changed the conversation abruptly; and in a moment everyone was busy discuss-ing the prince and his suite ; after which the Russian dancers, the leader of the latest ballet at the Casino, and

finally the never ending theme of luck and play at the gaming tables served in turns as topics of c

The distasteful subject of the collection had been for the moment for gotten when the door of the dining room opened to admit two of the Sisters whose work had given rive to such adverse criticism. The elder of the two was tall and pale, and her businesslike directness showed that long use had inured her to some extent to the unpleasantness of her task. To the younger it was evi-dently an ordeal that nothing less heroic obedience could han made her face. Her long lashes dropped on the wild rose flush of her cheeks, and her little white hands trembled as she held her empty plate toward the person nearest to her. In spite of the previous grumblings, most of the guests were generous in their contributions, and notes and silver soon arose in goodly piles on ooth plates. The formula of of the elder nun was repeated by the younger and she forgot some of her agonizing shyness in the thought that her beloved old people would have all they needed now for some time to

come. The Italian officer, who sat at the end of the long table, as he quietly watched the gray clad figure coming toward him, wondered what was familiar to him in the graceful dignity of the younger Sister's move-ments' But hismusings were rudely interrupted by the voice of his neigh bor, the professor. The little Sister had held her plate out to him with the usual form of request. "A donation for our old people, for

God's sake, please !" With an intentionally ironical bow

the man had drawn his purse and had laid a single cent amongst the other money. "That," he said in a contemptuous

tone, "is all I feel called upon to give to idlers and drunkards-and tools." He had raised his voice and put into the last word drew attention

to the fact that he intended to in

clude in it the Sister herself as well

As the professor spoke the Italian

officer sprang to his feet, and the on-lookers caught the flash of anger in

his eve as he bent in a bow before

the little nun. "I am sorry, Sister," he said, laying

a golden Louis on the 5 centime piece, "that I cannot afford any more

The professor's insulting words

as the poor.

ing a large wooden spoon. "I'se jus' got to get at dat dinnab. I know dat dem bressed chullun yain't had a fit meal sence las' Christmus." It was with considerable difficulty that the field hands were got off that morning. Never before, the overseer thought, had their customary light

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duties taken so much time. Reluc-tantly, at length, the start was made, Pete bringing up the rear. He had a feeling in his heart that, after the family, "Marse Tom" would after the family, "Marse Tom" would rather see him then any one else on the place, and he felt slightly sggrieved that the Judge had not remembered this, and sent word that Pete should

be excused from work for that day; indeed, it was almost disrespectful to "the boys" that a holiday had not seen given in honor of their coming. But when he reached the clover field he swung into line with

the other mowers, and with the cheery heart of his race was soon singing like his companions. Round after round they made of the great meadow, stopping at regular inter vals to sharpen their narrow blade

to laugh at his discomfiture, the

"What's the matter ?" asked th

"It was all your own carelessness

watch and marked the time.

"What yoh say?" shrieked Pete Wha's de flah ?"

If there is one word a negro fears

more than ghosts it is fire. Peter

felt every drop of blood in his veine

if he had heard the command given.

He turned and sped across

'What ?" cried the overseer.

where the overseer stood.

'de house am on fiah !"

"In de kitchun! Run! Run!

and shouted : | "Fiah! Fiah!"

overseer.

hed to fin' it !"

asked the Judge sternly.

of steel. In another part of the field the rakers were also industriously working, and the swaths of clover, cut the day before, were, under their vigorously wielded forks, lifted into shocks. But toward ten o'clock Pete's restiveness returned, and with his eyes frequently on Cardome, his scythe more than once struck against the ground instead of running lightly along the thin stalks of grass. This happened again, when, meeting a rock, the blade broke with a snap. His neighbors interrupted their song

Judge. "Once more, Mandy," he began, as the door closed behind the went on, with jeering pleasantries while Pete stood disconsolate. man, and mind me, it is the last time I warn you to quit this joke-playing of yours. You knew Pete would

ood by laughing. I do not

girl, and don't try my patience too far. There is a limit to all things even my patience with you."

ing down the path, and at sight of him, she threw up her arms wildly

turning to her neighbor. "If only that stupid collection had been just chief in that girl than is to be found

seer, with a quick motion ?of his hand. "She needs to be under a

pasture and through the clover field, making the workers pause in their her," he said. "She may demoralize some of the

plantation. Although, candidly, Mr. Rice, when I saw them coming in with those scythes and pitchforks, I can not explain the feeling that crept

His hearer's face whitened. Glanc ing over the field and seeing that every slave was looking toward him,

of his wife's cousin, who had right to fear because of her broad plantation and numerous slaves, and an swered with one word : Bad !"

An ominous silence fell over the

group. "The Judge," began Mrs. Todd, in cheerful tones, to lead the conversa tion away from the gloomy forebod ings, " has too sombre a view of the matter. While I believe we are near-ing a crisis, still I think it will be passed amicably; at least, without other battles than those of words. Ve are, I hope, too civilized a people to fling ourselves and our children o the barbarities of war." My dear wife," said the Judge,

we will never be civilized while human passions remain with us and dominate us. A firebrand thrown into a field of stubble will not more surely set it ablaze than a well-directed appeal to the pride of our action, or to the jealeusy, if not hatred, of the other, will bring about a calamitous war. Is there any one anding the cool, wise heads that are striving unselfishly to avert this dis-aster? And what is their reward? The taunt no man, unless sublimely gifted with patience, can endure-the taunt of cowardice ! There was a man at my office to day who ately told me that he who young man at m deliberately told would urge pacific measures to the South is a traitor, if a Southerner ; ad, if a Northerner, the most to be dreaded foe the South has. He would demand the arbitrament of the sword, if it must be, before the South should yield one inch of her demands. What may you expect from such inflamma ble material ? But enough of this I should ask your pardon for bringing such an unhappy subject to gloom the joy of our meeting. Do you know, Bessie," turning to her with affected cheerfulness, "I have bought a handsome little mare for your special enjoyment this summer ?" "Oh, Judge !" cried the girl, clap-

"Oh, Judge !" cried the girl, clap-ping her hands, "you're the best sweetheart I have ! I'm so glad I shan't have to try to engineer Vindic-

you could ex ing that I do not think I can let them ing of posms, and find relief in the leave me again. I never approved of their going so far. Kentucky has given the nation some of its greatest expression, would you not think it cruel for one to attempt to deprive you of that comfort ?"

"I hadn't looked at it in that way." said Bessie. "I should think the man who can write such pretty poems would like to be recognized as their author.

But Phil McDowell is not like ther men," said Virginia, in a lower oice.

They rode on under the rows of great trees, and as they rode, chatte of the many little incidents that made up the whole of their happy, un-clouded lives. The declining sun warned them it was time to retrace

their way. As they turned they ob-served two horsemen approaching, and Virginia saw that one was riding the black charger that had stood belaid on them, there will be no cowardly shrinking. They are ured to endurance by college training. The man must stand alone; the nan is, more or less, a vine all her fore the Judge's office that morning ife.'

They were coming slowly and talking so earnestly that the girls were al-most beside them before they were When she is forced into man's ttitude, what a tower of strength she aware of their presence. Following a chivalrous custom that still exists woman, her eyes resting with admirng love on the delicate face before in the South, where folk have time to be polits, the men bared their head ner, the shadows on which were

and drew off their horses to the side of the road until the ladies had passed; after which the journey was resumed. In the one glance she brown by grief, not years. Down in the "quarters" and in the kitchen there was no pretence made at concealing the excitement and joy allowed herself, Virginia's mind photographed, in tints that never fade, the face of the black steed's swaying each heart ; for it is only as we advance toward is only as we suvance toward a higher civilization that we learn to play hide an seek with ourselves. The home coming of their young masters brought happi-ness to the faithful slaves. Not one rider. A neck, rising up from the shoulders like a column, supported a proud and shapely head; the features stood out with that boldness the Romans gave their finest sculpture, with of the men but had a surprise, or ans gave their finest sculpture, with-out a trace of effeminacy, breathing the beauty of strength of mind and body; courage, moral and physical; a lottiness of purpose com-bined with a simplicity of manner that bespeaks the great. A woman, looking on that face, would know she peed never expect from its possessor piece of news, in store for "the boys." The women had some sweetmeat or choice bit of cookery, the surrepti-tious manufacture of their own fingers, laidaway in secret places for "Marse Tom" or Marse Hal," according to their preference; while the children remembered that peanuts need never expect from its possesso the love that looks after the comfor were always in evidence immediately after the return of the "young marsof her dog and fetches her footstool

ters." "Clar out uf dah yoh niggahs!" shouted Lize, the cook as she entered master's voice so sounded the kitchen that morning, brandish. seer pushed to the front.

he waved his arm, and almost in an instant the entire force was near enough to hear as he shouted : 'Cardome's on fire, boys! Run!

Run !" Still holding their scythes .and men, and, with a few exceptions, they were educated in their home schools; pitchforks, that band of stalwart blacks sped down the clover field and so I hold these schools are good enough for our sons. But the Judge across the pasture land. Their wild rush caused an instant stampede is so ambitious for them, and he im agines a Yale or Cambridge educa among the grazing steers. The thunder of the many feet, as the ion carries a certain prestige. I cattle plunged forward, was as the have often thought of your happiness who have never had your child from

ominous sound of an approaching earthquake. The orohard fence stopped them, and it appeared for a moment to the terrified overseer that they were about to deah back on the "It is different with boys," said Mrs. Dupont. "It is necessary for them to learn to bear, while young, the weight life is fitting for their shoulders, so that when it is finally running negroes. Unheeding, the men continued their mad race for the

The Judge was walking across the lawn from his office. As he saw the approaching band of mad looking blacks, armed with pitchforks and scythes, apparently bearing down up-on him. for one moment his heart quailed. The paper he even then held in his hand, printed the day belore in Cincinnati, closed one of its flaming editorials with the warning

having entorials with the warning that the day was rapidly approaching when the black slave population of the South, inspired as the Rebels of '76 had been, would rise as a man, and wreak swift, merciless, and just judgment on those who had deprived

them of their God given right. With the words still ringing in his brain, and that flerce-looking armed band before him, Jude Todd thought he was to witness the instant fulfilment of the prophecy. And that his slaves should do this was why his heart trembled, for he was to them as a They were closing down on him, but he lifted his hand and said, "Boys, what do you mean by this?"

"De kitchun! De kitchun!" shouted Pete who had not seen his "Stop !"

negro heard that command and at it they trembled, for never, to the knowledge of one, had their master's voice so sounded. The over-

can you come ?" "Why, certainly, my dear." The

old man's face grew radiant, and as he left the office he turned his head he left the omce he turned his head toward Georgetown. Virginia clasped her hands around his arm, orying: "Come on, come on !' and led him toward the house. They did not enter, but passed around to the front, where on the stately, pillared portico waited the mother, Mrs. Dupont, and Bessie. There was a pretty blush on Bessie's cheeks, but the Judge was

merciful and forbore to inquire. "Do you think it is the carriage Virginia ?" asked Mrs. Todd, after s

"I think it is," she replied.

"I certainly hope so," said the dge, "for ten minutes more of

Judge, this tension will find us unstrungeh, Bessie ?" "Lying like broken lutes, why

didn't you say, Judge ?" asked Bessie. "That's far more poetical." "If applied to you, perhaps," he answered; "but do I look much like

a lute ?"

Well, you might have said lying like four broken lutes and hattered big bass fiddle."

The wheels turning in at the gate silenced the laugh that followed, and over the stillness a clear, glad voice shouted :

"'Rah, rah for Cardome !"

"That's Hal," oried Virginia, a gush of happiness in her voice, while the tears sprang to the mother's eyes. As the carriage came around the line of pines that marked, for half-way, the drive, they saw a straw hat waved from the window. I quiver ran over the Judge's face He left his place on the portico, and standing on the lower step, waited the coming of his sons. On the instant the carriage stopped a tall

boyish figure, whose face wore, in masculine type, the beauty of his mother's, flung himself from the door, and in a bound was at his father's

side. The Judge clasped the out-stretched hand, smiled his great heart's love into the laughing blue eyes, then passed him on to the arms

ing man, who up to this had no chance of joining in the conversation. "I know these institutions are necessary and very excellent, I dare say, and I subscribe regularly once a year to more than one in my own neigh-borhood. But beyond that I draw a line."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE NUN OF THE

POOR

Posted up on the dining room door

of the Grand Hotel at Ixe-les Gaines

was a notice that could not fail to catch the passer's eye. As the stream

of visitors drew near they paused.

single or in groups, to read what was

written on the door ; and then

passed on, commenting each in his

own way upon what he or she had

"The Sisters in charge of the home

for the aged will make a collection during dinner to day." It was a recognized institution and

the habitues of the place accepted it as such ; but some of the newcomers

began grumbling at the continued calls that seemed to be made upon

their purses. "What bad luck !" said one lady

day later I should have escaped it

thing; and, no matter what one spends on one's clothes before com

ng, one has always to be getting new

"It's enough to ruin a Croesus !"

things here."

groaned a third.

Then, on the contrary, I think you

read

"Yes, yes," agreed several others "help those at home certainly. But it is really rather too much to expect as, who are only birds of passage. to support their poor for them in a place like this."

for your admirable charity. I should be honored," he continued, "if you "I call it an abuse," went on the would allow me to shake hands with

fat man. "That is just what it is," came the "This promischorus of agreement. "This promis cuous begging certainly is an abuse. had apparently left the Sister un-moved; but as, for an instant, she raised her eyes to this young man "Especially when one would so much prefer keeping one's money in one's own pocket," added a young Italian officer, dryly. who had courage enough to make himself the champion of the servants of God, he saw that tears were

"I am so glad you agree with me," said the first speaker, turning quick-ly to the officer, whose favor she had sought for assiducesly, but in vain, trembling on her lashes. But this he noticed only subconsciously; fer as she looked up he realized why she had brought back to him a winter, quite oblivious of the sarcasm of his some three or four years gone by, which he had spent in Rome. remark.

There was, however, more than a touch of contempt in the smile with which he answered her. "I am afraid I was merely voicing

The two exclamations were spoken at once, but those near at hand had the general thought, not giving my own opinion," he explained politely. heard the name he had spoken-the name of a princely family long famed "Then what is your opinion," she asked in a tone of surprise.

for bravery and brains and unswerv-ing loyalty to God. If a member of that family was a fool-well, she was a fool for Christ's sake. "I think that one should give what

"Mademoiselle de B-

"Oh, hush, hush, please !"

The collection was finished, and now both Sisters stood together for a moment. The younger one had laid her hand in the officer's outstretched palm. But, bending, he raised to his lip, first those little white fingers, then the work hardened ones of her companion, before moving backward to epen the door and let them go. His sudden exclamation had not been intended to reveal what the Sister preferred should remain unknown.

and all he could donow was to ignore

one can whenever one is asked for a leserving charity such as this home,' he replied. "A bad system, sir ; a most pernicious doctrine !" exclaimed the fat man, who again managed to get a hearing. "Why are the old people hearing. "Why are the old people these Sisters are begging for in a home at all ? Why are they not self-

supporting citizens, like ourselves cause they have been improvident. idle, extravagant. Through their own fault, sir, I say-through their

own fault. 'Vice is the forerunner of misery,' another man announced, sententious. Iy. "That I grant you," rejoined the officer, addressing the last two speak-ers at once. "But it is equally true