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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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LORNA DOONE

B. R. D. BLACKMORE

CHAPTER LI A VISIT FROM THE COUNSELOR

Now while I was riding home that evening, with a tender Ruth, although not ing, with a tender conscience about , although not a wounded one, I ed but little that all my thoughts guessed were nee guessed but increase that an my choice of the second secon

" In the name of Moses," I inquired, having picked up that phrase at Dul-"what are you at about me There is no peace for a quiet

"It is nothing we are at," she answered; "neither may you make light of it. It is something very im-portant about Mistress Lorna Doone." "Let us have it at once," I cried ; I can bear anything about Lorna, except

that she does not care for me.'

"It has nothing to do with that John. And I am quite sure that you never fear anything of that sort. She ectly wearies me sometimes, ough her voice is so soft and sweet,

our endless perfections." as her little heart !" I said ; "the subject is inexhaustible." "No doubt !" replied Lizzie, in the

dryest manner; "especially to your sisters. However this is no time to I fear you will get the worst of it joke. I fear you will get the worst but John. Do you know a man of about ny's shape, nearly as broad as he and with a length of snow-Gwenny, and with a length of snow-white hair, and a thickness also, as the copses were last winter. He never can comb it, that is quite certain, with

a comb it, that is quan-ay comb yet invented." "Then you go and offer your services. "There are few things that you can not have known such cases; the after imbibing ideas of that sort, can in good cry, I believe; and Annie too glad to second her. She knows that he wants to see her. But she begged to have speaking, madam, of higher "I was speaking, madam, of higher "I was speaking, madam, of higher "I was view of things.

I was almost sure that the man who was come must be the counselor himself; of whom I felt much keener fear than of his son Carver. And knowing that his visit boded ill to me and Lorna, I went and sought my dear, and led her, with a heavy heart, from the maiden's room to mother's, to meet our dreadful visitor. Mother was standing by the door, making courtesies now and then, and listening to a long harangue upon the rights of state and land, which the Counselor (having found that she was

Mother's, to meet our dreadul visitor. Mother was standing by the door, making courtesies now and then, and listening to a long harangue upon the rights of state and land, which the Counselor (having found that she was the owner of her property, and knew nothing of her title to it) was encour-ared to deliver. My dear mother stood face of an existing fact, and a very clearly established one, which might have appeared to weaker minds in the light of an impediment; but to my loftier view of matrimony seems quite a measurement. aged to deliver. My dear mother stood gazing at him, spell-bound by his eloquence, and only hoping that he would stop. He was shaking his hair upon his "" "What fact do you mean, sir ? It is

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apple that his are indext boys that to finous voice, whether you regard this "so wery is that is again triffer."
"Ah!" replied the Counselor, shaking his white head gravely; "then I greatly fear that his case is quite incurable. I have known such cases; violent prejudice, bred entirely of education, and anti-economical to the last degree. And when it is so, it is desperate; no man, after imbibing ideas of that sort, can in any way be useful."
"Oh yes, sir, John is very useful. He can do as much work as three other men: good cry, I believe; and Annie tog glad to second her. She knows that this great man is here, and knows that he wants to see her. But she begged to defer the interview until dear John's return." "What a nasty way you have of tel-ling the very commonest piece of news!" I said, on purpose to pay her out. "What man will ever fancy you, you unlucky little snapper ? Now no more nursery talk for me. I will go and settle this business. You had bet-ter go and dress your dolls, if you can give them clothes unpoisoned." Here-upon Lizzie burst into a perfect roar of it. And I took her up and begged her pardon, although she scarcely deserved it, to she knew that I was out of luck, and she might have spared her satire. I was almost sure that the man while visi boded il to me and Lorma, I went visi boded il to me and Lorma (Lor mercy in stopping it.

stened like now. had long been waiting for her; and there she lay with no other sound except a "told you. obstacle, "You old villian cried my mother, ated could shaking her fist at the Counselor, while lutiful self Found to nothing else but hold and hend ecross my dailing, and whisper to I could do nothing else but hold and bend across my darling, and whisper to deaf ears, "What is the good of the quality, if this is all that comes of it? Out of the way! You know the words that make the deadly mischief, but not the ways that heal them. Give me the bottle, if hands you have; what is the use of Counselors?" I saw that dear mother was carried awar: and indeed I myself was some-

a saw that user mother was carried away; and indeed I myself was some-thing like it, with the pale face upon my bosom, and the heaving of the heart, and the heat and cold all through me, as my darling breathed or lay. Meanwhile the Counselor stood back, and seemed a bittle sorry: although of course, it was

could you lead me to such a sin ? A way with thee, witch of Endor !" For the door began to creak, and a broom appeared suddenly in the opening, with our Betty, no doubt, behind it. But Annie, in the greatest terror, slammed the door, and bolted it, and then turned again to the Counselor; yet to reproach him. For his eyes rolled like two blazing barrels, and his white shagged brows were knit across them. THE WAY TO MAKE THE CREAM RISE

CHAPTER LII
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The moon was flooding the cane fields; a breeze stirred among the myrtles and sent the white blooms of the syringas fluttering to the ground. Down in Eame Latour's fence corner, where the sweet olive shed its fragrance, a cluster of lilies lifted snowy heads. "Marriage lilies, Eame," Pierre Jasmin had said a few months past — "marriage lilies, sweetheart, for you and me." They were in bloom now, and up the

They were in bloom now, and up the cypress road along the bayou a wedding cypress read along the bayou a wedding party had just wound its happy way. Pierre Jasmin, dressed in blue, with his broad felt hat shading his face, had been the bridegroom, but the white-clad bride at his side had not been the little sweetheart of a short time ago, but her present found, the find the had here

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into bloom, hand Pier day from M store, no lo was grave not like th day, free the Bettine, secret, but The day cruelly un act of livin the moon in the sha up to Esm strains of ding nigh Vieuxtem him make The mo Esme bro offee, the "You h are lines A faint cheeks. "I was last nigh " Are It is too milk. Y mind soo " Gra timidly. of you. and visit Will you

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CHAPTER LII