## SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.

enced, the smuggler agreed and Ramon and I As I was securing my As I was securing my d covering them with my alet came up close to me and e trembling with emotion,

farewell, we may never meet od bless you. Do not let be taken. If they get you I empted to throw myself into

, no, whatever happens, re-shall feel to the end that you portunity untried in order to o my freedom. No harm must you, my friend. But I'll be I let them take me! Au rein turn took leave of him, and

art with so true a friend, we . Never, indeed, did I meet again, but even now, after many years, the very mention ame stirs my pulses with a f gratitude for the services he f gratitude for the services he me, and the risks he ran to life, during those days when I lugitive. This self-sacrificing y I appreciated all the more later, I learned he a ted as he mly through friendship for me, use he loved Jacquette. Find-n to wen her for himself he mith n to woo her for himself, he, with it of which heroes are made, all his energies to insure her ive her to a rival. Ab, there nobler men than this young n patriot!

we had ridden some miles our he inkeeper, again essayed to go t I showed him the purse with t I showed him the purse with Droulet had supplied me and to give him two golden eagles at of the journey. The promise of rard kept him silent for an hour . Then he again faltered, now plain enough to us that he

ho we were and feared arrest if found conducting us. Reining orse, so that Ramon involuntariahead, I thus got between him e tavern-keeper and, turning in my saddle, levelled my pistol man who would have so basely

remptorily, with my finger on the

yes, sir, yes, yes, I will. Oh, your weapon, I beg of you !" he ered in a tremor of fear. " Re-r I have a wife and family. I idea you were in such a desperait. sir. Of course I will go with

ting no words further, I motioned to ride before me, which he has-to do. Pistol in hand I followed, had no more trouble with him. «

Ramon and I pressed on through rkness, laughing in our sleeves at narded bridges, passes and barri-posts which we were able so suc-liy to avoid. We had journeyed ninety miles when, on the second ng from the time we set out from c, a little after dawn, our guide pointing to a frame building a distance before us on the road, 

is the frontier inn, and is built

on the boundary line." we rode up to the door he directed we role up to the signboard swinging a post before it. On one side of ign were painted the lion and the rn, and beneath them the words wer Canada." On the other side an eagle with outspread wings, him a circlet of stars, and below, ge letters, "The State of Maine." ien in this wild spot we looked the emblem of our adopted country hearts leaped with joy, and we red so lustily that the guests of tavern must have been startled their slumbers. Putting spurs to

norses, we galloped on. If an hour earlier we had been so ued we could hardly sit erect in maddles. Now we were so jubilant eing at last upon American soil we d have cantered on for half the oon. Several miles farther ahead, ever, we came to a long low log-

The people here will provide you refreahments and you can rest if

## SEPTEMBER 18, 1909.

the men for whom the whole province rabid abolitionists-at least she had the men for whom the whole province has been searching." The mother threw up her hands with an exclamation of astonishment; the boys cast their arms about us, the father shook us by the hands. All of this good family appeared as happy over our deliverance as though we read in the papers that they were rabid. He smiled, broke off a bit of laurel, pink and fragrant and offered it to her. "What do they say, Miss Pardow?" "What do they say, Miss Fardow, "That they are equal—that we should recognize them. Oh, I hardly know how to explain it," breaking off with a little laugh, not caring to tread too boldly on delicate ground for fear he should feel over our deliverance as though we were their friends and neighbors. Never have I had a better breakfast than the wounded. "We respect them where they deserve it, just as we do all men," he said calmly.

worth?

equal?

have I had a better breastast that the meal the kind woman presently set be-fore us. Never have I rested so peace-fully as we did during all the first day that we were again really free. have TO BE CONTINUED.

WAS IT AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE ? A REMARKABLE STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

Written for the Catholic Union and Times b Elsie A. Murphy.

Else A. Murphy. The Pardows were Louisianians of French descent and before the war lived in New Orleans, occasionally visit-ing their plantation on the Red River. But Anthony Pardow was killed in the battle of Vicksburg and after the sur-moder Mere Pardow sold the Red River render, Mrs. Pardow sold the Red River plantations for about half their value, placed her New Orleans property in the hands of a lawyer, gathered up some of her household stuffs and with her daugh-ter Madeline and one old negro who had

spent his life in the service of the Par-dows, removed to Marietta, Ga. Those were days of change and great confusion, and she disappeared from New Orleans and the knowledge of old friends

Orleans and the knowledge of old friends without calling forth comment or ques-tion, and she was received into the social life of Marietta in the same way. From a planter who had wished to sell out and go west to recuperate the broken fortnes, Agnes Pardow bought a house and lot on the northeast side of the town, and with her small family settled quietly down. It was a pictures-que old house, built after the colonial fashion, and set back from the street in the seclusion of an old oak grove. In que old house, built after the colonial fashion, and set back from the street in the seclusion of an old oak grove. In were bordered with jonguils and waks tain pink, and from April to December the roses bloomed along the garden

fence and around the piazza. The tumult following the war died away. People ceased to go about with

a helpless, bewildered look as they learned to adjust themselves to the new conditions of life and realized that the conditions of life and realized that the negro could no longer be regarded as a slave but as a free citi-zen, with all the rights of citi-zenship. The laws of the country made white and black equal, but there was some triumph in the consciousness that the unwritten social laws would hold them forever apart, two distinct races, one degraded by color and past servitude

But the years passed quietly enough over the Pardows. They were so strongly fixed in their pride and prestrongly fixed in their price and pice judices against social equality that they pursued their own gentle, even way un-touched by the convulsions around them. Their servants were treated with kind-ness and consideration, and when the old man who had clung to them with unbroken faith through slavery and freedom died, they wept over him and felt that a noble friend had been lost, though

also a negro and a servant. And Madeline developed into womanhood, beginning her education at her mother's knee and finishing it at a col-

mother's knee and finishing it at a col-lege of Virginia. She was gifted above the average girl in wit and beauty and possessed not only fascinating, lovely manners, but the tenderest heart and the finest sympathies. She was a girl of ardent temperament, refined and deli-cate in all her tastes, and pure in thought and aspirations. She had a strong conviction and opinion of her own and loved music passionately. In person she was slightly above the medi-um height and held her head with an imperial grace not at all unsuitable to imperial grace not at all unsuitable to her youth and her French ancestry. Her hair was burnished brown, with a crisp wave in it, her eyes blue-gray and brilliant; but she lacked the clear, thin, transparent, skin usually accom-panying such hair and eyes, the blood

panying such nair and eyes, the block pulsing through it pink as a rose. Here was soft as velvet with an opaque creamy tint, and only the faintest sug-gestion of color ordinarily. She had scores of friends and in her own small family circle was looked upon as the most lovable girl in the world. In Agnes Pardow's love for this fair daugh-ter there was a passionate protective tenderness, a subtle quality one would have called pity, had not such a thing enough that they could be together. Mrs. Pardow spent those winter days sewing on fine linen, cambric, sheer seemed absurd in connection with Made-line. While not betraying an undue anxiety over her marriage and settle-ment in life, she studied each suitor that smaarad on the settle muslin and lace, stitching many loving thoughts into the dainty garments in-tended for Madeline's wardrobe. Imperceptibly, as it were, she had grown very fragile and the least excitement that appeared on the scene and if eligcaused her to palpitate and tremble with flushed face and hand pressed upon ible, gave him a gracious welcome. But Madeline's heart remained in her But Madeline's heart remained in her own possession until she met Roger Everett. He was one of the first New England men to find his way to Marietta England men to the Pickens county to invest in the Pickens county went to confession. But as the winter marble works. He belonged to the Everetts of Massachusetts, a family of passed her thoughts turned longingly to the near Father Vincent, her old strong abolitionists, and possessed his share of the traditional New England father confessor, and one day in the spring she received a letter from him. reserve and the deeply-rooted New England pride. He and Madeline met He would in a short time pass through Marietta on his way to the North. Could he stop for a day with them? It at one of the picnics, danced together once at one of the parties, but their seemed such a direct answer to her to be called hence. acquaintance really began the day a large party went up the new railroad to secret desire for his counsel that she joyfully hastened to reply telling him how she needed his advice and his bless works It fell to Everett to play the part of circerone, and though Madeline shrieked It was the afternoon of his arrival less and asked fewer questions than the other girls, there was an intelligent that Madeline went out to make some calls, but after one visit changed her mind and returned home. She did not nsion in her eyes when he excomprehension in her eyes when he ex-plained the process of getting out the marble from the quaries and the machine at once go to her mother, knowing that she and Father Vincent would probably have much to say to each other, but remarble from the quaries and the machine used for cutting it into blocks, that made him feel that he was talking directly to her. They lunched on the bank of the Long Swamp Creek, then Madeline and the young Northerner turned into the parlor, cool, dusky and deserted, and went to the little alcove where she had left her embroidery and the last lefter from her horizon. It the last letter from her lover. It was simply a corner of the big room, furn-ished with a lounge and a small table stadeline and the young Northerner strolled away down the stream together for maidenhair ferns. They talked at first on general topics and then the girl asked some questions about the North, download in the the total with and shut in by soft silk curtains. How long she had been there re-reading the drawing in her breath with little quivering sighs as he told her of frozen letter, dreaming over her work, she could not tell when roused by footsteps and voices in the room—her mother and rivers, of snows so deep one could scarcely walk through them, of sleighing

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

er folded arms.

"Yes; it concerns Madeline." "What of her? I thought her future had been settled. Is she not to be mar-"Yes; but, Father she is not my child,

and I am growing doubtful of the honor of my course in regard to this marriage." "Not your child!" exclaimed Father

Vincent in surprise, for he thought he knew all the Pardow's secrets. "No, I would to God that she were,"

"No, I would to God that she were, she said with deep emotion, "for I love her so well that I'd gladly give my life to know that pure unmixed blood flowed in her veins." His chair creaked as he "Regardless of color?" "Yes, what has the color c. a man's skin to do with the question of his drew it a little nearer hers; his voice

"You do not mean-" "Everything, if he is a negro. Could you-I beg your pardon for asking the question-sit at a table with a negro, actually break bread with him as your

"Yes; her mother was a quadroon," a trembling voice. Did he hear that strange gasping sigh, as of a dumb creature struck by a mortal blow, that he so quickly and abruptly exclaimed: "Where is she "If he were a gentleman, yes," firmly,

"The were a genereman, yes, himly, his blue eyes meeting hers fearlessly. "Oh! oh! how could you? I cannot understand it. I am fond of some negroes. I loved Uncle Sam, I like Anot Dileov and Un sorry for them as "Out calling. I did not dare speak of this while she was in the house, for fear the very walls would betray the negroes. I loved Uncle Sam, I like Aunt Dilsey, and I'm sorry for them as a race, but meet them on common ground l could not." secret. She must never know it, never. to would ruin her life, kill her, my poor, proud child." Her voice broke in tears. "Tell me the whole story," said the pricest gently, but with authority. "Yes, yes; that I am longing to do, And then they drifted away from the dangerous topis. He walked with her and her mother to the train that even-ing, and Mrs. Pardow invited him warm-

Marietta again. From that day it was a clear case of strong mutual attraction. What though they had been differently trained and their opinions clashed on some activit Theorem and the source of their opinions clashed on some point? They came out of wordy controversies firmer friends than ever. There was never-ending interest in their combats, -we were there three years—and before his death he wrote to Anthony, begging him to look after the welfare of a shild, a him to look after the wehare of a wind, a baby, and giving the history of his attachment to a beautiful quadroon in New Orleans. Her mother had been a slave, but this girl had been born free, received a very good education and grew up superior to her class. She had loved him with the rare faith and tenderness and died at the birth of their child."

give some of their attention and pity to the poor white people crowding their large cities, the South would solve its "They were not married, of course?" "Married? Oh, no; but he had really seen quite fond of her and he dwelt own great problem. Sometimes they parted in anger; but it was short-lived, at length upon the beauty and intelli-gence of the child. We came home very uietly and, before going to our own house or betraying our presence to even intimate friends, we sought her out, and the moment I took her in my

parted in anger; but it was short-lived, for love drew them with irresistible force, and if they disagreed on a few questions, how many hopes, thoughts and desires they had in common, what out, and the moment I took her in my arms, looked into her eyes—Lawrence's own beautiful gray eyes, smiling with innocent fearlessness straight into my own—my heart went out to her in such a gush of love, pity and tenderness, I did not feel that I could ever be parted from her. We adopted her, we made her our very own, and no one knew that she had not really been born to us abroad. Not taste and sympathy. Mrs. Pardow looked on, sighed and smiled, but waited in silence for Made-line's confidence. And one evening she came in, knelt at her mother's knees put her arms around her and pressed her flushed, tremulous, radiant face against her bosom. Mrs. Pardow against her boson. Mrs. Pardow flushed and trembled herself and gath-ered that proud young head closer to not really been born to us abroad. Not even to you, Father, did we confess the truth. The war came then and Anthony

er heart. "You have promised to marry him," she said in a whisper. "He asked me again this evening, I could not put him off," Madeline con-fessed also in a whisper. The mother

niled happily. "You are glad, mamma; why are you glad I'm to be married?"

"I am longing to see you safe, my darling," dropping her teasing tone and "Am I not safe with you?" lifting her head and looking into the delicate face

friends, old ties. If we remark that the truth-we came here, you and my lawyer alone knowing where to find us; I have brought her up most carefully. She is refined, beautful, accomplished and innocent as nead and looking into the dencate face above her. "But I am not strong, dear, and I may be called suddenly from you some day, and it is not good for girls to be alone. It will be comforting to leave you in such hands. He is noble and read and will how you faithfully." a young girl should be, but you can see for yourself what she is. I instilled the strongest race prejudices into her mind. good and will love you faithfully." Mrs. Pardow, then laughed and kissed her. "Tell me all about it," she said I impressed it upon her that the negro is an inferior creature, a servant of servants, to be treated with kindness, but never to her. "Tell me all about it, such as of softly. They talked antil the hands of softly. They talked to twelve. "We have be considered an equal; for a morbid fear that her mother's blood would bethe clock pointed to twelve. "We have no secrets—no secrets from each other, have me, mamma?" said Madeline with tray itself in some course or degraded taste haunted me. But I am no longer afraid of her. Have I acted with wisdom?

a laugh. "No secrets, sweet? No, no; there should be no secrets between mother and child," said the elder woman; but Have I done well to lift her up?" "Assuredly, only"—he reflected a mo ment—"only your extreme course in re her eyes fell, a paleness swept over her face. It was a swift, subtle change ungard to color prejudices would make the truth a hundredfold harder to bear noticed by the girl in the absorption of should she discover it." "But she shall not discover it. In her thoughts.

"But she shall not discover it. In two weeks she will be married to this young Northerner, her life merged into his, her very name lost. Is it right, is it cheating him?" That was a winter to be remembered That was a winter to be remembered by those lovers as long as they lived. Every one of the swiftly-flying days seemed to have its own special joy and experience. When apart, there were long letters written out of the fullness of their hearts; when together, long talks or silence in which it seemed is reached that the seemed is

been hurled down into a black abyss where she must grovel and suffer until death set her free. Presently the stunned feeling passed, and she rose to her mother she had carefully collected stunned feeling passed, and she rose to her mother she had carefully collected and put together. So much Dilsey, the priset and a kind old lady who had pro-presed to stay with her a few days knew, her wedding outfit. Half unconsciously she folded and put them away; she would not need them now. Once also but she offered no explanation and gave no clue to her plans for the future. Father Vincent felt some curiosity too, and went into the little room rather would not need them now. Once she went to the mirror and, leaning close to it, looked at herself, seeking for traces of that race she had been taught to redesk with a lot of papers open before her. It came upon him with the force of gord as the lowest on earth. Did the soft fulness of lip, that crisp wave in her

soft fulness of fip, that crisp wave in her hair, that velvety, opaque skin come from her mother? A momentary savage rage thrilled her. She struck the glass so flerce a blow with her closed hand that it cracked from bottom to top. Then her eyes fell on her lover's picture and she paled and shuddered. She did not touch it, though a hundred times it of her face. " My child, where did you get those

papers? You must let me examine them. There are some your mother wished destroyed," said the priest not touch it, though a hundred times it had been pressed to heart and lip, but ed at it with that intense parting we give the dead before they are hastily.

idden from us forever; then she leaned ver the bureau, her head bowed upon a dull tone.

The afternoon passed; twilight crept and the room. Faint sounds of life ame up from the lower part of the ouse, the tea-bell rang at last, someone ame slowly, heavily up the stairs, huffled across the hall and knocked on Yes ; I know," she said, and clasped

her door Mad'line!" She opened the Miss "Ares : I know," she said, and clasped door and found Aunt Dilsey standing there, a big coffee-colored mulatto woman, panting from the exertion of "But-" " I cannot do it ; help me, will you ?"

coman, patting from the electron of acounting the steps. "Mrs. Agnese an' de priest man air vaitin' fo' yo' to come down to supper, noney, an' Mrs. Agnese say hurry, de takes gwine git cold," she said in a full, tick voice; but Madeline only caught her by the shoulder and stared at her her wares erinkled It was a piteous appeal and his heart melted at the sight of her anguished "You think he ought to know it ?" "He must, of course," she said, and he felt satisfied that she had not, for a

thick brown skin, her coarse crinkled hair, and protruding lips and sbroad moment even, been tempted to keep the truth from him. 'He is in the parler," she continued after a slight pause; "tell him all, spare nothing," her tensely drawn lips quivering, her hands tightly clenched. her grandmother might have

oked

"Fo' merey sake, honey, what's de matta?" cried Aunt Dilsey in a fright-ened, anxious tone; but the girl only turned from her and fell upon the bed "My child, you take it too hard," laying his hand on her head. "I am grieved for you, but do not let it spoil with a moan of despair. She heard the old negress hurrying down stairs, and then her mother's light, swift steps, and our peace. training I have had? I cannot change my beliefs in a day. Oh, you know how

the her mother's light, swith steps, and tried to compose herself. " My darling, what is the matter?", cried Mrs. Pardow, bending tenderly, anxiously over her. " It is only a-a--headache," said Madeline, glad that the y friends would shrink from me if they ilight hid her face from those loving,

searching eyes. She stooped to arrange a pillow and to kiss her, and Madeline raised herself up and threw her arms around her. emember." "Tell him! Father, tell him!" He went away and, turning the light little lower, she waited. He made the tory short, for in a few minutes the door opened again and her lover entered.

" My own good, sweet mamma, my ear, lovely one!" she murmured. You do everything for my comfort and dear, died at Vicksburg; but I could not feel utterly alone, bereft, while I had Made

She rose to meet nim, determined to be brave and self-possessed, but that new, better sense of shame again overpowered her. She seemed to shrink and shrivel under his tender eyes and sank down with bowed head. But he knelt by her line. I made plaus for her. I said that she should never know that she was not truly my own child. Her training, her education, became the absorbing interest of my life. After the close of the war I thought it best for her sake to leave New Orleans, to seek a new and blood could have made structure hair with his arms around her and drey that proud averted face against him. very tone of his voice carrying to her

blood could have made stronger. "How can I tell her that I know! How can I!" Madeline moaned wher leave New Orleans, to seek a new and more obscure home, away from old friends, old ties. If we remained there

again left alone. But she did not have that cruel task, in time," she said faintly. " In time for what, Madeline ?" for sometime during that night, while "To save you." He raised her face, forced her to look she turned wakefully on her bed or pace she turned waterully on her bed of paced softly about the room, Agnes Pardow received the summons she had been so long expecting. Next morning only her fragile body lay between the white sheets of her bed, the life, the spirit, at him. " Do you believe my love has changed ? "But pity for your suffering and not because I hold you less noble. I can

sneets of madeline was strangely calm through all the excitement and confusion following and went herself to select a take care of myself and you also, my darling; Father Vincent and I agree that it will be best for you to go North. sunny open spot in the neglected little cemetery for her mother's grave. "She loved sunshine," she said to Everett, "and she wished to be buried get away from old associations, old ideas; so we'll be married quietly and leave

so we'll be married quiety and refer here at ones." "He rose and she stood up also, facing him, looking straight into his eyes. "Did Father Vincent tell you all ? Do you realize just what I am ?" here. She preserved the same stony quiet through the funeral and burial and friends commented and wondered, and "Yes; you are the woman I love, my promised wife. Can I hold you blama-Roger watched her anxiously. He felt an indefinable change in her, but attrible, dearest, or unlove you simply be-cause-come, Madeline, put all the past behind you and we will never speak of an indefinable change in her, out attri-buted it to the shock of her mother's sudden death. Father Vincent studied him with keen eyes, but could find no fault. He was a manly man and a ten-

cheating him?" to be is it right, is it "if you cannot tell her, then you must not tell him, for it would only be to raise a barrier of secrecy between them." "Tell me there is no dishonesty, no sin in it, and my heart will be at rest." "According to my understant

Conducted by the Basilian Fath ner. It came upon him which the lote of surprise that she had changed greatly in a few days. Her features were sharp-ened, her eyes had purplish hollows under them and the dull black gown she were only brought out the intense pallor I.—College. II.—High School. III.—Commercial School. IV.—Preparatory School. rtieth year begins September 7th, 1999 "I know, father ; I know," she said in "Have you-" "Read them? No; but I heard all that she told you that day." " Ah," he exclaimed, understanding why she looked so changed, and his eyes rested pityingly upon her. A flery blush burned her throat and face for a moment, leaving her paler than ever when it re

OF

EG

U

" How can I help it, father, with the

She rose to meet him, determined to be

" Dearest, dearest," he whispered, the

" It has an element of pity now."

aber.

last year. It pays to attend a link of this great chain, for "IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH. 10

the supply.

graduates as teachers A special course for teachers. Graduates of two years ago are now earning \$2,000

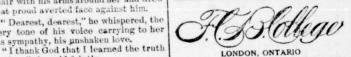
Three courses - COMMER-CIAL, STENOGRAPHY, and TELEGRAPHY.

Fall Term Opens Aug. 30 Write for particulars.

PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE my friends would suring from hie if they knew the truth, and I—I can not blame them. I should do the same." "But hear your lover before you de-cide your future. He has a right to it,



Enter Now ELLIOTT & MCLACHLAN



**Business & Shorthand** SUBJECTS

**Resident and Mail Courses** Catalogues Free

J. W. Westervelt, J. W. Westervelt, Jr., C.A., Principal. Vice-Principal.

" That is what we do not know. She ust have gone away on the early train this morning.'

The blood came back to the young man's face, a fear lifted from his mind. "You do not think that— "No. A Pardow will never seek self-

destruction. The women here think her mind unbalanced. It is well. Let all her friends think so, but we must find her, Mr. Everett."

" Yes, I will go at once."

. . . . Twenty years later Roger Everett turned aside from the tracks of the tour-ist in New Mexico to visit a school maintained by a few New E gland philanthropists for colored children exclu-sively. He lost his bearings in the

Educational.

3

## **Assumption College** SANDWICH, ONTARIO

**Catholic Boarding School** for Young Men and Boys

DEPARTMENTS

Ithful location : spacious buildings and campus

REV. V. J. MURPHY, C.S.B.,

VARADDE ANTRASSA 1,000

Over one thousand stu-dents enrolled by our chain

The demand for our grad-uates is THREE TIMES

Other schools engage our

COLL per annum.

choose," said our guide. paid him the gold pieces and hed him for his trouble, although had served us sullenly. The clink he coins restored his good-humor, Well, sirs, you are all right now," cried. "Good-day and good-luck cried. "Good-day and good-luck you." He then rode back, but ard afterwards that poor Droulet er got his horse again. 'hen we entered the house we found

elderly man, two young fellows, m we rightly took to be his sons, his wife, who was preparing break-

You are from Quebec ?" asked the er as he invied us to take our

Yes," I said tersely. Perhaps," put in one of the boys, bu can tell us something of the Amer-n prisoners who so boldly escaped n the citadel. Were they cap-ad 2" ed

They were still at liberty when we c on Saturday," declared my arade.

God be praised !" exclaimed the ther pausing in her work of frying ddle-cakes over the file. " May He ard and lead them out of danger." They are friends of yours, madame ?"

"No, sir, I never saw them," " but I po they will not try to come to the stee by this road." " Why, would they not be safe if they

"As safe as three good rifles could "As safe as three good rifles could the them," interrupted the younger of the them," "My boys with enthusiasn e boys with enthusiasm. "My other means they could hardly get re, the roads are so closely guarded." " Do you know where they are, sir?" eried the old man. " They are now in the State of aine," announced Ramon.

announced Ramon.

aine," The woman raised her eyes to heaven d murmured a prayer of thankfulness. "Did they cross at Houlton ?" in-

"No, below; quite near here," said ; " in fact this gentleman and I are

the priest. "You hinted at some special cause and skating. "And-and is it true what they say "And—and is it true what they say about the negroes?" she questioned hesitatingly, curious to hear with her own ears the opinion of one of these

"According to my under tanding, Agnes Pardow, there is none, but the highest human understanding is at best but poor authority. You have rescued the child from the common fate of her class, elevated her, thrown around her love, protection, the honor of a good name. You saved her from the consequence of her father's sin. Be contented with your work. For marriage will h the crowning of it and if she is noble neither origin nor birth can male her less precious to her husband. I only wish there were more women like you

in this country." She drew a long breath of relief, but humbly said: 'Do not credit me with being a human:tarian. It was simply for love of her I did it all and lately I have craved your blessing on it, for have developed the heart-disease here ditary in my family, and look any hour

him

A little longer they talked, and then went away, Mrs. Pardow to seek some repose after the excitement of the in-terview, and the priest to stroll around

the grounds in prayer or meditation. When the last sound of their footstep and voices died away, the curtains wer drawn aside and Madeline came out of her retreat. She looked wan ghastly and groped her way across the room and up to her own apartment as though stricken with sudden blindness. She closed and locked the door, then flung herself prone upon the floor. She elt like writhing and screaming aloud instead of lying there like a senseles log, only her tongue seemed paralyzed, her body numbed. And yet she could not think with burning, agonizing in-tensity. Could it be true or only a hideous nightmare out of which she maild excerning agonized by the she would presently awake? Her mother a quadreon, her grandfather a slave! She

quadreon, ner grandtather a slave! She wondered that the very thought of it did not kill her. Her name, her pride, everything that she had cherished had been torn from her, and she—she had

Kellogg's Weans Baby Every Mother dreads weaning Baby. Any old food was formerly good enough-so long as it was an inducement-regardless of its Food-value.

> But now-the age of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes-weaning is a trivial matter.

Kellogg's is pure, sweet and wholesome-it's Nature's Own Food.

That's why Children love and thrive on Kellogg's. Give Baby Kellogg's whenever he wishes-it will do him good, but be sure it's



behind you and we will never speak of this again." "Impossible, Roger. You are gener-ous and I'm not afraid that you would ever reproach me, but it is not worth while for us to argue this matter. We cannot marry. In my own sight I have been humbled into the dust, and as your wife I should always have a cringing, cowardly feeling of unworthines. I could not be happy myself and my misery would only overshadow you. You don't think me unreasonable or lacking don't think me unreasonable or lacking in love. Love ! It fills all my hears. pervades every atom of my being. I loved you at once, the first moment, I think, that my eyes rested upon you. The prejudices which seem so foolish, so false, are interwoven, blended with so false, are intervoten, blend drid life itself. We, here, call them instincts, holding us apart from the lower order of man, and my education only fostered, developed them, to the utmost in me." " If your mother had only—" " Don't think hardly of her, my dear-

est; she is not to blame. She brought me up as she believed best and implanted the principles and beliefs she thought would be my surest safeguards. As she grew weak and ill the secret burdened coffin.

her and for fear she may be wronging you she sought Father Vincent's advice. How I thanked God that she died without knowing her work was all undone." She flung herself again into the chair and he saw that she was too excited, too overwrought to be reasoned with. She

looked up at him. "Had you known my birth and parentage from the first could you have loved

"I do not know, I only know that I do love you and that I will not give you up. You shall, you must be my wife. But we will not talk of it any more to-night; yo need rest and time to recover from the double shock which has come upon you. To morrow you will listen to me. Good To-morrow you will listen to me. Good night, dearest," and he bent over and

kissed her. When he came next morning, Father Vincent met him at the door. Seeing the servants hovering in the hall startled him and he exclaimed, " What is the matter ?"

narrow streets among the quaint oldfashioned houses and stopped to make inquiries at a small building. His failure to find Madeline Pardow had left traces upon his face ; though years had elapsed since her disappearance, he had not ceased to look into every woman's face he met, he had not given up hope of unding her. A screne event voman in nun's garb came to his knock, and he immediately recognized the dress of a religious order.

"Come in," she said in a gentle tone. "I beg your pardon. I merely wished

"It will not be an intrusion ; many have already come to see her, for you know many loved her. This way, please," and she led him into the center of a room, where stood a white draped

"See the flowers," the nun whispered. " See the flowers," the nun whispered. "Sister (lara loved them, but she loved all things beautiful and good. They were brought this morning by negroes the had been kind to. To teach, to ele-vate and to nurse them has been her mission; she, indeed, belongs to Christ." He followed her across the room, treading coffly as we always do in the treading softly, as we always do in the presence of death. With reverent hand the Sister raised the linen handkerchief and he leaned formula the

and he leaned forward—the past once more a vivid reality and not a memory, not a dream vanishing from him, for the face upon which he gazed was the face of the woman he loved-Madeline Parlow.

