THE CATHOLIG RECORD

:110

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER IV.-CONTINUED.

"But he must have been," persisted Hardman with a smile; "ain't yon name Miss Rachel Minturn because you name Miss Rachel Minturn Decause your mother's name was Minturn—so his name must be Mr. Tom Cheller if his mother's name was Cheller," forgetting in the earnestness of his argument that Mrs. Cheller might be Mrs. Cheller by a

Mrs. Cheller might be Mrs. Cheller by a second marriage, while her son Tom might belong to a former marriage. But Rachel shook her head. "No, he wasn't Tom Cheller, he was just Tom; I guess he wasn't like anybody else," and then a bell in the hands of Sarah Sinnott ringing loudly from the kitchen door ended the argument, for Jim said : ended the argument, for Jim said : "Sarah wants me for something; she

rings like that when she does. Rachel pulled him just as he was leav-

'You won't say anything to anybody about what I told you-you know it just belongs to me all that about Tom, and I told it to you because you looked kind." Touched more than he knew how to

express by the child'ssimplicity and confidence in him, he said in a solemn way that made her more confident of his trust-

that made her more confident of his trace worthiness than ever: "I promise you, Miss; I sha'n't tell any one a word of what you told me." And true to his promise, when Sarah, having discovered that Miss Rachel had visited the carriage house, plied him with questions about her, Jim, who was gen-erally not entirely uncommunicative, had little or nothing to say; not even as to his own impressions about the little new-comer, or what thought she might have in regard to her being that strangest of all strange things, a Charge of Miss Barstrange things, a Coarge of Miss Bar-

Sarah thought his reticence very queer, and she had her own opinion aboat the matter, an opinion which she that eve-ning expressed over a teacup out of which she was pretending to tell a for-tune to Mrs. McElvain, a woman who lived in the village with her crippled daughter, and who came every day to help Sarah with the rough work of Miss Burram² honse. Sarah thought his reticence very queer,

Burram's house. "Ho"-meaning Jim, Sarah said, as she turned the cup to get another view of the struggling tea leaves — "don't see things struggling tea leaves — "don't see thing struggling tea leaves — "don't see hing in the carriage house; if's a-puzzlin' him, and between you and me, Mrs. McElvain, it's enough to puzzle any one-to have a child like that comin' here without note or warnin', and Miss Burram herself that surprised when I told her there was a child as said she could say for a minute was, 'Oh,' and then, Mrs. McElvain, anybody could ees the child wasn't welcome; at the lunch, and at the dinner this evening, all the time that I waited on the table, Miss Bur-ram never spoke to her, and to see the Burram's house. "He"-meaning Jim, Sarah said, as time that I waited on the table, Milds Bar-ram never shoke to her, and to see the two of them kind of glaring at each other made me feel as if I nad the chills. You see, the girl is just as proud in her way on Miss Barson is and also do not not the table. as Miss Burran is, and she sat up at that table as if she had a poker down her back, and she just asked me for what she wanted as if she had a born right to speak so; but, there ! toss that cup again; here's too many tears down there at the

And stout Mrs. McElvain obediently tossed the cup, taking care to drain it well so that no "tears" might be left this time, and she handed it back, saying in a

time, and she handed it back, saying that very hoarse, thick voice: "There's no dengin', Sarah, but it's queer; but them rich families sometimes has great mysteries. I don't suppose, though, that it'll make much difference us, only that this little girl 'll make more ork-and now, Sarah, tell me what's in ne cup-will I get a letter soon ?"

word from the coschman of what the child said to him, and though she made him toss his cups at his meals, which he did good-naturedly to humor her, and hinted that Miss Burram's Charge was mixed up in the real leaves that indicated Jim's future fortune, Jim only larghed. Miss Burram was not unaware of Rachel's visits to the carriage house, but she did not interfere; it seemed to be her plan to let the child severe-ly alone, and beyond the meet-ing at the table, where, as Sarah had described to Mrs. McElvain, not a word was said more than was necessary

must I give credid to Mrs. Herrick for directing you how how to choose?" "Mr. Herrick bowed as he replied : "I am fortunate in my wife, Miss Bur-ram; both her taste and her jadgment are of great assistance to me. And she appreciated the honor you did her in asking me to have her exercise her taste in this matter; behold the result !" pointing with his long thin finger to the table. table. "Well, these will do, Mr. Herrick, very

well indeed; you can give the order to have them all made up just as they are arranged here and sent to me as soon as had described to Mrs. McEivain, not a word was said more than was necessary and an occasional meeting in the corri-dors of the house, or on the beach, Miss Barram and her Charge saw no more of each other than when the latter was with "Tom" and his blind mother. The storekeeper bowed again and pro-

The storesceper bowed again and pro-ceeded to fold up his designs and samples and to place them in his carpet bag; nor did he speak till he had fin-lahed and was ready to go. Miss Bar-ram, standing up also, was silently watching him. Then he said with an air as if till that instant he had in therely for-On Sanday when Miss Burram always On Sanday when Miss Burram always had the same staid company from the city, Rachel was forbidden to enter the parlor, and on those days she dined and supped at an earlier hour. On two occa-sione, however, she unwittingly met the company on the beach—a large, middle-aged, pompons-looking mar, a younger and very effeminate looking one, and a very stout and very precise appearing as if till that instant he had utterly for gotten what he was about to commun cate :

"I made time while I was in the city to call at the real estate auction rooms where Renton's agents have made recent purchases, and what do you think I learned, Miss Burram?"

and very effeminate looking one, and a very stout and very precise appearing middle-aged lady. Miss Burram was with them, but beyond a cold stare at Rachel she gave no sign of even knowing her. Rachel hurried on, her face crim-son half from childish indignation and half from shame, while Miss Burram's Miss Burram ?" Miss Burram simply lifted her eye-brows and waited to be told : "That the flaw in the title to Pearson's property was owing to old Pearson having made a second will, giving half to his younger daughter, Elsie, who married that spendturift, Lubec, and then, with the foolish trust of an old man, giving the will into the keeping of the elder sister with a promise from her that she would attend to it all after his death; it seems the old man relented to Elsie but didn't half from shame, while Miss Barram's guests, wondering much, said nothing. Thanks to Sarab, nearly all Rentony was talking about Miss Burram's Charge, and as soon as Mr. Herrick had possessed the old man relented to Elsie but didn't want her to know it while he lived. What

and as soon as Mr. Herrick had possessed himself of most of the gossip, he straight-way laid it before Miss Burram. "As I said to Mrs. Herrick, 'Bessie,' said I, 'it is no use for people to be actu-ated by the high-mindedness and inde-pendence which characteriz) Miss Bar-ram. The peopls, the common herd, give her no credit for it. They're saying all through Rentonville that Miss Barram's Charge is some connection of her family is the result? Parson dies, and his elder daughter Catharine probates the willhis first will which gives her everything his first will which gives her everything; and the other day, as you know, Cath-arine Fets an sells the whole propery to one of Renton's agents; immediately after she falls sick, and now it comes out that in her delirium she tells the story, and gives particulars where the will can be sound. You see, she was just fool enough not to destroy it. Source one in the house through Rentonvine that his brist family Charge is some connection of her family that she is obliged to support, and that is the reason the child is kept so secluded leat she should tell something.' That's what I told Mrs. Herrick; but I tell you now, Miss Barram, they are putting up bets down at the post-office that you won't dare to let your Charge go to school in Bartomilla? not to destroy it. Some one in the house lost no time in getting the will and send-ing word to Elsie—you know she and her sister haven't spoken since the the mar-riage—and Elsie and her husband are going to take measures to secure the half that that was left by the second will, and there is going to be a big time." Miss Burram's face grew paler and paler as Herrick continued his account, but she never took her eyes from hie, nor did abe make any comment when he had finished. He noted it all, and he noticed also that when she did speak, which was not to destroy it. Some one in the

Rentonville." Miss Burram pressed her lips together but made no reply. Herrick continued: "Now, as I said to Mrs. Herrick, Bessie, 'said I, 'it is my duty as a friend of Miss Burram's and one who knows the noble rectitude of her character, to lay this gossip before her—she ought to know it."

The lady bowed slightly ; then, as Her-

rick did not continue, she said : " Is that all ?" "That is the worst, Miss Barram; finished. He hoted it any tak, which was also that when she did speak, which was only to say, "Good night," it was in a also that when she did speak, which was in a only to say, "Good night," it was in a stiffer, harder, harsher voice than he had ever heard her before. He laughed softly when the door had closed behind him, and as he strode along to the gate, his long, lank form making an almost interminable shadow in the moonlight, he said to himself with great

"That is the worst, hiss barram, other and minor things have been said, but that is the very worst, and I feel that I have acquitted myself of my duty." And he bowed very low. Miss Burram said shortly, "Good

day !" and swept out to her buggy with her head more erect than ever and her lips tightly compressed. Hardman, who had learned to note these signs, said to "I had no idea that story about Par-son was going to hit her; but it did-women are alike; if you don't get them at one point you can at another. Now, Miss Burram can no more continue being the mystery she's been, than this town of Rentonville could have kept from grow-ing once it was begun; it'll all come ont: himself:

"She's riled ; she's heard something. Herrick was somewhat disappointed he had not expected his communication to be received in that silent manner; he to be received in that stient manner; he had presumed that it would at least encit some expression of his patron's feelings, an expression that might strengthed his scent foe the trail that he fancied he was now op, of finding out who Miss Bar-ram's Charge was. His cariosity regard-that small person was at white heat.

Miss Barram had seated herself to re-cover her composure, which, truth to say, had been disturbed by the story of cld Pearson's property. She knew his daugh-ters; she knew even idle, rum-drinking Lubec; they had all been pointed out to her at one time or another by Hardman, when she had driven through Renton-ville, but she had never spoken to any of them; and she remembered how at the time she had been impressed by the firm, prond bearing of Catharine Pearson, a that small person was at white heat. But his communication produced an effect upon Miss Burram that he did not dream of, and during heride home she sat up very erect, and she looked so hauphty and defiant that she seemed to

attract more attention than usual. "Jim," she said, as soon as she had alighted at her own door, " have the carriage ready promptly at 9 o'clock to-mor-

time she had been implessed by the prond bearing of Catharine Pearson, a young woman of twenty-five. She could see even yet the glittering black eyes and cold handsome face, all in startling con-trast to fragile, gentle looking, blue-eyed morning." Jim answered, "Yes, ma'am," in his respectful way, but he whistled as he drove to the stable; he always whistled when he didn't know, but only suspectthe cup—will I get a letter soon "" Sarah bent to the cup: "Yee, Mrs. McE vain; you'll get a let-ter, and I think there'll be good news in it—see for yourself—there's the bird fly— ing with it, but I can't say justhow soon something too, and you'll have words with somebody." "I don't care as long as I get the let-"I don't care as long as I get the letwas superseded by the exclamation, "Bless my ribs !" Bless my ribs!" His whistle and his exclamation seemed the place of a confidential com-munication, for he was naturally a silent munication, for he was naturally a stient man, and despite the stupidity Sarah accredited him with a shrewd one in de-tecting mean character. He had divined Herrick's character in the very first days derrick 8 character in the very first days of his mistress' acquaintance with the shopkeeper, and he disliked him accord-ingly; nor was Harrick long unaware of this dislike, for Hardman's short, though this dislike, for Hardman's short, though respectful answers, always accompanied by a solemn, searching look directly into Herrick's eyes, made that gentleman un-pleasantly aware that the wiles he so successfully used with other people would be utterly useless with this man, servant though he was. Later in the day Rachel came to him for comfort and nossible enlightenment. day internet came to nim for comfort and possible enlightenment. "I am to go to school," she said with a perplexed, troubled face. "Miss Bar-ram told me that the carriage would be at the door to-morrow morning at 9 clock "

He did not say so, however, nor did he mention his fear that she might besent to a boarding school at some distance per-haps, for, strange and lonely as her life was with Miss Barram, he feit she would "Bat let's stop thinking about the school till to-morrow morning," he went "Bat let's and san the second till to another strange home. "Bat let's stop thinking about the school till to-morrow morning," he went

prefer it to another strange house. "Bit let's stop thinking about the school till to-morrow morning," he went ou, "and come and see the little boat; it came down last night." That invitation did make her forget about the school for a time; fall of de-light, she danced by his side till the beach was reached where, fastened by a rope to a stake driven deep in the sand, there was floating in the shallow water a grace-fal looking little white boat with locked oars. Several feet away, at the foot of a little pier adjacent to a boathouse, was moored Miss Barram's much larger row-boat, and as it swayed with the motion of the water, the sunlight flashed upon the gilt letters of the name, "The R im"? Rachel never had been invited into that boat, nor at the same time had she been

boat, nor at the same time had she been forbidden to enter it, but she would as soon have thought of going into Miss Bur-ram's private scartmants as of antime ram's private apariments as of putting her foot into Miss Barram's boat.

man. The Principal said again very kindly: "I have never heard any little girl tell her age like that; have you some reason for being so exact as to the months and her foot into Miss Burram's boat. Hardman had for his own use a swift little scull just capable of holding himself, and it was because he wanted to teach Rachel to row, and to give her the pleas-pre of a give new the water that he had "That's just how old I am," answered ure of a spin upon the water, that he had gone to the expense of having this second He intended also, when he should be

"That's just how old I am," answered Rachel desperately, "that's the true truth," with a vehement emphasis on the last two words "just what I told you." "Well, we shall not dispate the mat-ter," said Miss Ashton pleasantly, and she wrote opposite "Rachel Minturn," tan years; then she asked where Rachel was born. Rachel didn't know-she guessed down at Cove.Cove being the vil-lage where she had lived with "Tom," certain that it would give no offense to his mistress, have the boat called "Rachel." But this intention of his misreachel. But this intention of his mis-trees to send her Charge to school, if the school was to be at a distance, seemed to dash his scheme of any boating pleasure for the child. He felt sorely disappoint ed and her her successed down at Covercover being the vi-lage where she had lived with "Tom," but in what State Cove was, or whether it was in a State at all, Rachel was lament-oble investor ed, yet he had some compensation when he heard her exclamation of delight as ably ignorant. "Well, your father's Christian name she caught of the graceful little skiff Hardman began to pull the boat into the then?" asked [Miss Ashton, determined to get some bearings on this sea of ignorbeach, saying: "am going to teach you how to row."

" am going to teach you now to row." She drew back, the glad, look fading a little out of her face. "I can't go into the "I can't," she said, "I can't go into the boat because Miss B irram didn't say so; che colir said now how more them formather boat because Miss Birram didn t say so; she only said, you know, when I came here first that I could go anywhere on the beach or the grounds. She didn't say the water; so it wouldn't be right for me to go-it mould it beloas "Own won know". it would'nt please Tom, you know." Hardman scratched his head, and said

to himseilf: "Bless my ribs!" Then he said aloud:

Then he said alord: Maybe you're right. Miss: but it doesn't seem that way to me Miss Burram wouldn't mind so long as I'm with you she never says anything against your she never says anything against your your coming to the carriage house and talking to me-it doesn't seem to me there's much difference between a carriage house and a boat; that what's said in one can't

per, she

hung her head.

younger

be said in the other." Bat Rachelshook her head. "I can't do it, jim ; Tom wouldn't like it. Bat let me see you make the boat

Without another word he stepped into the little skiff and pushed cff rowing two or three buddred feet away. When he re-turned Rachel seemed as pleased as she could have been had she been with him but she was concerned for his disappoint

Do you mind much ?" she asked, "be cause you know, if you had a little girl, you wouldn't want her to do anything you didn't just tell her to do, would you?" Jim laughed, and his laugh reassured her.

"Ob, it's all right, Miss," he answered, "and besides, we can fix the thing by ask-Miss Barram-you ask her, Miss; I feel pretty sureshe won't say nothing agen it."

Her face feil. 'I couldn't ask her, Jim; I never ask her anything I can help, and I couldn't ask her that."

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning at 9 o'clock the carriage was at the door, and Sarah and Mrs. McElvair, watching from one of the windows of the lower apartments, saw Miss Burram and her Charge come down

THE SCULPTOR'S STORY.

Marie Dongan Walsh in Catholic World for August.

The world is growing a small place

AUGUST 24, 1901.

nowadays; for with their discoverie they are bringing together the fur-thermost parts of the earth ; and we in being that of her age, caused the Princi-pal to suspend her penmanship and look up as if something had caught her breath. "Ten years two months and twenty-six days by 6 o'clock to-night," Rachel had answered promptly and distinctly. "Why do you give your age in that manner?" asked the Principal. Rachel did not answer; she could not without mentioning "Tom," and, despite the old, old city, which has seen the birth of countless nations and king. doms, feel the change most of all. Men have come indeed, throughout the ages, to gaze on the wonders of eternal Rome and pray by the Tomb of the Apostles; but not in their thousands, sa they do now, from lands unheard o Bachel did not answer; she could not without mentioning "Tom," and, despite the favorable impression the lady made upon her, she was not sure how any com-munication about "Tom" would be re-ceived; and, since the issue of Miss Bar-ram's command never to mention his name to her, the child seemed to regard it as a sort of duy to "Tom" himself never to name him to any one save Hard-man. and unknown to our grandfathers. These strangers linger by our art treaspres; then carry away copies to their distant homes, where they learn to love and appreciate them better, perhaps, than our own people, whose ancestors fashioned them and who have grown up among them from

childhood. And not only do I speak of the "capilavoli;" of our Raffaello, our Michelangelo, and our Fra Augelico; but of our modern statues and paintings, poor and inferior as are the best of them compared with those of the golden age, But to those eager northern eyes, keen with the enthusiasm of nations still in their youth and promise, our art is touched with all the ineffable charm and romance of an Italian sky. Even when they have come to my studio, down there in the Via Margutta, their admiration for my poor efforts has shamed me into wishing it had been bestowed on a more worthy object. Once, indeed (a day I must ever remember, for the incident led me to the decision of putting this all too true story on paper). the shame was more than momentary. I was passing through the Sculpture Gallery of the ance. Bat Rachel shook her head. "His first name, I mean," said the Principal, "was it John, or Richard, or Joe, or Tom?"—thinking, in the heat of her desire to get an answer, that it might Palazzo Morosini, on my return from an interview with Cardinal Morosini, who had called me to consult about be as well to me tion one or two diminusome statuary. A group of strangers stood there before my statue of St. tives; the strange child might recognize them belter than the full names. But at the sound of "Tom" Rachel sprang to her fest. To have that name mentioned so Barnard; and as they turned away a young girl with a spirituelle face (who needed but the lamb to render her a flippantly went to her little soul. She an perfect copy of Carlo Dolci's Sant Agnese) said enthusiastically to her swered with a passion that amazed Miss Ashton: "I told you I didn't know what his name is, and I don't know." Then, as if abashed by her involuntary show of tem-per, she sank into the chair again and father, in English (I know the language fairly well, so I understood all they were saying): "Father, it must have been not only a great but a good The Principal did not say what she man who carved that statue, don't you thought; instead, she calmly put the next question, but with little hops of any more think so? Surely he gave the world a little of his own goodness in complet-ing such a work." My God ! what a question, but with little hope of any more success than heretofore: "What was your mother's first name?" Rachel shook her head, but in a sad, gentle way, as if she were very sorry for ing such a work." My God ! what a mockery ! I great, I good ! Poor child, if she had only known the truth, and the history of the man who passed beside her, she would have shrunk from me The Principal asked no more; instead and from my statue as a thing polluted. But no ! perhaps I wrong her; for in she wrote a note to Miss Burram, telling her it was the rule of the school, when their unspotted innocence the angels pupils were entered, to record their age, place of birth, and names of parents; and as in this case her charge was utterly ignorant of everything but her name and age, it would be incumbent on Miss Bur-ram to supply the necessary information. And having signed, sealed, and ad-dressed the note, she gave it into Rachel's keeping to deliver when she went home at noon; then she proceeded to examine Rachel. The examination was short, Rachel's acquirements beyond inability to read and write a very little, consisting mainly of fairy-lore learned from "Tom," pupils were entered, to record their age pity and weep over earth's sinners; and this maiden surely carried the mark of the childlike purity of heart. But in the sense of guilt and utter unworthiness with which the comment left me, and the consciousness that this, perhaps, was the impression I gave the world, the idea took complete possession of me that I owed it to myself and to my neighbor, as some feeble reparation, to put my story in writing and to read and write a very little, consisting mainly of fairy-lore learned from "Tom," and stories of the sea told by Hardman, and it resulted in placing her in the next to the very lowest grade in school. But if there were many in the advantage of the school and the second se leave it after me, so that at least my memory may not be like the living

man-a hypocrite acting a deception, pretending to be what I am not. if there were many in the class who were I know what men would say-men younger than she, there were also some who were older, and as there were none who have never known the white heat who were older, and as there were none old enough to concern themselves about anything more than that they had a new classmate, and as the teacher was a bright, pleasant young woman, the little new scholar felt for the second time as if school were not so bad a place after all. At noon Rachel found, not Hardman, as she had honed and expected waiting of passion and its life long remorse: that if guilty of a crime, it should have been proclaimed long ago in a court of justice ! But human nature is weak ; and now in my old age, when my little world has learned to know 188 80 honest man, I am not equal to divulgas she had hoped and expected, waiting for her, but solemn-looking Sarah, with her inevitable apron covering her dress ing my secret for the few short years that remain, especially as by its revel-

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had been but boyish follies with no grave consequences. Afterwards things began to look more serious, when I had set up my own studio to begin work as a sculptor in earnest (if the work I did then could be said to have anything earnest about it). True I had a certain ability-great ability, friends told me (if I had only chosen to use it ; and I knew within myself I was born for a sculptor and nothing was born for a baby I done naught but model, in sand, in clay, in whatever could be found. Bui I wuold only work when the spirit moved me; now fevershly, then lazily; then not for weeks at a time ; for in a fit of irritation] would often destroy the work of months. As time went on the natural

result of my ill-regulated life followed. I drank, I gambled with the money carned by an occasional fit of hard work; and little by little I fell into bad company and the way of a thoroughly dissipated life. Religion I had lost long ago; the tendencies of atheism found a ready reception in my proud brain and overwhelmingly arrogant will, impatient of all control and self-restraint. I fully agreed with the demag og ues who preached the doctrine that no men of brain and spirit should be under the guidance of priest or church. Casting off every restraint, went as far as the worst of them, reck less and impulsive in this as in every thing, without belief in God, a future, or anything else pure and noble and Gradually the mode of life beholy. Gradually the mode of 116 be-gan to tell on me and on my art; un-certainty clouded the power of ability, and I knew myself, what I never would have acknowledged to others (for 1 hold -what many people do not-that a culptor or artist, if not deluded by too much modesty, is the best judge of his own efforts), that the quality of my work was going down. It was a faith ful reflection of myself; wayward, un certain, doubtful; now apparently ful of strength and power, then feebland futile as a girl's first efforts Good people, nay, even respectabl people, began to look askance at m wild doings and my idleness, but wors of all (to me at that time) sculptor friends would look at one of my gess odels critically; then turn away from it without the joking, yet often fran and true, criticism of its badness or th tribute of jealous praise for its perfect tion. It was a bad sign, for I kne the fraternity and what that silen meant-utter disappointment, and ma

be pity for my inability. Only one man of the better set ha until now no blame but encourageme for me always-a man who had bee my friend from boyhood, and who h first started me on an artistic caree Every one knows the sculptor Fran co Lorenzi and his work. His sple did statues have gone over the wor farand wide; and his name was alrea celebrated when he lent a hand to passionate, headstrong boy, whom always declared " not only had the tistic face, but still worse, the artis temperament-all ups and down Figlio mio, it is not good, but y can do better," he was wont to say first, when my failures were only result of boyish carelessness or neg gence; for his faith in my talent as unbounded as his generosity. when he saw my life was going fi bad to worse, my art in conseque following its footsteps, Lorenzi sp to me seriously, and rebuked blamed me unsparingly for the will losing of talent and soul. Arrog always, I brooked control or ad from no man, even my life-long fri First contemptuous, then passiona angered by his plain speaking, I him to leave my studio ; that I va no saints or preachers there, and he could keep his wisdom for pries

with somebody." "I don't care as long as I get the let-ter," said Mrs. McElvain, "for I'm get-ting very anxious about John. It's four months since I had a line from him." "And where was he then?" asked Sarah.

Sarah. "Oh, on the other side of the world en-

"Oh, on the other side of the world en-tirely; somewhere near where the nagurs come from-Africa, I think it is." Just then the bell of the upper en-trance sounded, and Sarah went in haste to answer it, admitting Mr. Herrick. That gentleman had made occasional visits to Miss Barram's house when he world show her the unnaual courtage of

would show her the unusual courtesy of bringing in person for her inspection samples of goods that she required, and errand to-night was on the same siness. He had amply provided himself with fashion plates and samples, all of which he displayed on the table in the of which he displayed on the tart which he room adjoining the parlor into which he was ushered by Sarah to await the comand denoted by Satah to awart the Shi ing of Miss Burram. Through the open door of the parlor he saw Rachel, or rather Rachel's back, for she was standing with her back to him, just under a ing with her back to him, just under a hanging lamp, and looking at a staffed bird that she held. Sne was either much interested in her inspection or she had little curiosity, for she did not even turn her head, though she must have heard him enter, and afterward, she must also have heard the rustle of his paper de-signs as he spread them on the table. Mr. Herrick's curiosity was not so limit. signs as he spread them on the table. Mr. Herrick's curiosity was not so limit-ed, and not having Miss Burram's presence to restrain him he looked with all his might, even craning his neck to get a hetter view ; but he could see no more than her head and the back of her plamp When Miss Barstraight little figure. straight little ligure. when sliss bur-ram entered, after greeting the storekeep-er, she closed the door that opened into

"You have lost no time," she said,

she opened the door; her Charge was there still but seated, and with her head leaning on her hand in a listless, drowsy

"You can go to bed," she said in the hard, harsh voice with which she had bade Herrics "Good night,"—"I shall ring for Sarah to attend you."

satisfaction: "I had no idea that story about Pear-

Rentonville could have kept from grow-ing, once it was begun; it'll all come out; and that Charge of hers is going to help it come out." And Herrick, being yet on the lonely, secluded road that led to the gate, laughed aloud.

gate, laughed aloud. Miss Barram had seated herself to re-

CHAPTER V.

Dressed in the fine, well-made clother Dressed in the line, weir-induc choices of Miss Barram's ordering, her Charge looked like a very different little girl; in-deed, when she made her first visit in her new clothes to the carriage house Hardman felt as if the fine dress had pu a sort or barrier between them, and he could hardly talk with his old ease to her,

could hardly take with his old ease to her, being restrained by what he felt to be his duty to his mistrees in the matter of proper respect to her Charge, now that if was evident the Charge was to be fitted for the second second second second second second second for the second sec for the same social station as his mistress occupied. Bat Rachel herself had no such thought, and her manner to Jim the same in her elegant silk dress

that it had been in her plain little cotton When she found, after many conversawhen succound, and many observations, that Hardman had once been a sailor her delight was intense; it formed a new bond between them, and he had to tell her everything he knew about a ves-sel. Sne never tired of hearing about the forecosite our transdeck howsprit, royal forecastle, quarter-deck, bowsprit, royal topasile, and even the gaskets and some seemed to comprehend with wonderful quickness his homely explanations of the

"Won't Tom be surprised," she said "won't form be sarprised," she said "when he hears how much I know about ships!" and she wrote all the teams that Hardman could give her in her cramped httle hand, helped in the spalling to the best of his ability, by the ex-sailor, and what he couldn't halp har with (his adp. what he couldn't help her with (his edu-what he couldn't help her with (his eduhave lost no time," she said, to the array of designs and the transition of the said of the said of the said of the said puzzling out herself, till her list was

'clock.'

o'clock." "Where ?" asked Jim. "I don't know, she didn't say only that, and then she went out of the room. I never was to school you know, I don't know what it's like, and Tom didn't say

know what its like, and form didn't say anything about school." She leaned wearily against the upright post that formed part of the doorway of the carriage house, and looked toward the sea in a way that told Hardman, who had learned to internet the seating. had learned to interpret the expressions of her face, how passionately she longed for "Tom," that he might help her in

this difficulty. As for simple, sympath izing Hardman, he did not know what t say, being perp'exed as to what kind of a school Rachel was to be sent; whether to a boarding school at a distance, or to a day echool in Rentonville; consequently he was silent till Rachel spoke again : "D.d you ever go to school, Jim ?" Jim laughed.

Jim laughed. "Not much, Miss; my people were too poor, and I had to turn out young to make a living; but, bless you, Miss," throwing a hearty tone into his voice in order to cheer up, " school ain't anything Barram, is one of my motices, and I went I hewitated to buy as you desi.ed, this you should first see what I have selected. " 1 am very well satisfied," she and week." " 1 am very well satisfied," she and the using that hey clare of the girls' could reply that of the surrant's abrupt departure; in term samples of cashmere and silk and week." " 1 am very well satisfied," she and the using that hey clare of the girls' could reply that of the surrant's abrupt departure; in term samples of cashmere and silk and week." " 1 am very well satisfied," she and the using that hey clare of the surrant's abrupt departure; in term samples of cashmere and silk and week." " 1 am very well satisfied," she and the using that there was in term samples of cashmere and silk and week." " 1 am very well satisfied," she and the using that there was in term samples of cashmere and silk and week." " 1 am very well satisfied," she and in term samples of cashmere and silk and week." " 1 am very well satisfied," she and in term samples of cashmere and silk and integirls' could reply, and for a moment she seeded to be able to do nothing but look hat taint likely," hethonght to himself, were interm samples of tashmere and silk and week." " that yon'll go to that school." integirls' traint likely." hethonght to himself, were interm samples of tashmere and silk and interm samples of tashmere and silk and were interm samples

Miss Burram and her Charge come down the steps together. As neither of the working women had heard about Rachel going to school, neither could guess the object of the journey, but, as no baggage was taken, both concluded that the jour-nep would not be long, and so Hardman concluded too, and he was more perplexed than ever, till just as Miss Burram was about to follow Rachel into the carriage she paused a moment to tell him to drive about to follow if achei into the carriage she pansed a moment to tell him to drive to the public school. He nearly let the reins fail in his surprise and in his satis-faction also; the public school would not remove the little girl as a boarding school

would do. Not less surprised was Miss Ashton, the Principal of the female department of the new and handsome Pablic school in Ran-tonville, when Miss Burram announced herself; for Miss Burram had been too much there is to be a home home boot much talked of not to have been heard of by Miss Ashton.

by Miss Ashton. "I have brought my Charge, Rachel "I have brought in her hauguty way, Minturr," she said in her hauguty way, and slightly pushing forward her shy little companion, "to be entered as a pupil. You will assign her to a class, let Minturr,' pupil. You will assign her to a check the her know the rules, and I shall attend to the rest.

Miss Ashton, a very comfortable look ing, self-possessed lady of middle bowed, and smiled slightly; then broader smile upon turned a much broader smile upon kachel but Rachel had dropped her eyes.

Miss Barram continued : "Do your pupils go home to lunch?" "These who desire to do so are permit-

ted to go." The soft, pleasant tones of the Principal in such agreeable contrast to the hard, cold voice of Miss Barram, caused the cold voice of Miss Burram, caused the little girl involuntarily to look up, and Miss Ashton fairly flashed upon her a look that made her feel school might not be such an unhappy place after all. "Then 1^{n} —a most marked emphasis that it decise we Charve" an emphasis

an empha "desire my Charge," on the I sis only a little less marked on the last two words, "to come home to lanch, and to day, either Sarah or Jim will call for you," turning to Rachel, "at noon. Good morn ing!'

She had swept from the platform before Miss Ashton, who was not prepared for this sudden and summary "Good morn-

down to her ankles, on her should down to her ankles, on her shoulders a short, scanty black silk cape, and albig gingham son-bonnet on her head. Many of the pupils seemed to know her, and they said as they passed her, much to Dasheld comprised.

Hey said user of the service of the school, Rachel overheard one of the school, Rachel overheard one of the young ladies of the school say to her com-variant in a tone of great wonder:

young lades of the school and other is panion in a tone of great wonder: "Why, that must be Miss Barram's Charge that is with Sarah Sinnott," and her companion said, also in a tone of great wonder: "Is it?" And then both hurried so as to corretate Rachel, and when they did

overtake Rachel, and when they did overtake her, both turned and saluted Sarah, but Rachel knew that the greetin was given that they might get a good ook at herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIVING FAITH.

Long centuries have come and gone The world has plunged forward through many revolutions. Almost all things are changed. Time move but eternity stands still, and thus amid perpetual change, Faith, which is the representative of eternity on earth, remains and is at rest, and its unchange ableness is our repose. The Bethlehem of that night has never passed away. It lives not only in the memory of faith, but in faith's actual realities as well. It lives a real, unbroken, un suspended life, not in history only, or in art, or in poetry, or even in the energetic worship and hearts of the faithful, but in the worshipful reality of the Blessed Sacrament. Round the abernacie, which is our abiding Beth lehem, goes on the same world of beau. tiful devotion which surrounded the newborn Baba.

Sure Cure for Sea Sickness, Nausea Sure Cure for Sen Stokness, Nausea. Maladies of this type yield instantly to Polson's Nerviline, and if you suffer period-ically from these complaints, just keep Ner-viline at hand. A few drops in sweetened water gives instant relief, and in the course of half an hour the cure is complete. A large 255 bottle of Nerviline in the house will save doctor bills, and a vast amount of suffering every year.

tion no human atonement can b for the sin of long ago. It is an effort even to write of it ; for though its remembrance has burnt into my mind like a searing iron; though youth and manhood and failing years, time-one of God's mercies to the aged-has softened the spot; and though the scar remains, the wound has healed ; only to be reopened as I write these memories

with a sting of keenest pain. They say every statue has its story ; but I trust few possess a record like the statue which critics are pleased to call my finest work (in which criticism entirely agree with them; for though the work of my chisel, it was the inspiration of another, a purer and more gifted soul and genius than mine could ever have been, even if undefiled by crime) I shall try to write it all calmly; not softening, exculpating, or ex-aggerating; for God knows, I would not appear worse in the eyes of my fellow men than I am, for the reality is bad enough. But the task is difficult Now and then my feelings overcome me, and the pen is all too slow for my thoughts, which ran like lightning to accomplish the hateful task of unearth ing a past laid underground for years. It seems strange to think that my hand could be slow and feeble-I, who always had such a contemptuous pity for weakness, and whose vigorous strength was a by-word, in the days of the youth I am about to record. There are few, perhaps none, of the old comrades now, who remember me in my youththe wildest, maddest lad who ever plagued the art schools, but whose pasionate temper was over near the surface, surging under the reckless galety like a whirlpool. There was never t place of daring or of folly too wild for ne, never an adventure that smacked of enterprise or danger but that I must be in it; and Guido Guidi was another name for deviltry among all my artist comrades. But wos to the man toused my evil jealousy or vibdictive

passion ! for then I was indeed the diavola" they called me in sport. These, however, were the merry, careless days, before the real stress of life had begun; and so far my exploits

old women, instead of wasting i men of the world, who had throw the trammels of conscience once forever.

After my curt dismissal Fran Lorenzi never came to my studio a An estrangement arose betwee and we seldom met ; for his way (and his companions were very d ent to mine, Indeed, I tried to him, for somehow or other I dr the full, honest glance of the kind and with the capacity of an nature to corrupt good into I was beginning to hate the sc as much as I had loved him form On the rare occasions on which w he had looked at me wath a gray most pitying look which mad me. Then poor blind fool that I would redouble my reckless ing, and pile on all the bitter, ing cynicism I was capable of tent if I could, as I fondly ima shock him into turning away, and serious. But now I know "Maestro !" you with your great-hearted knowledge of the men and things, were not sh aor even yet impressed, with m rot-like puerilities, but you heart yearned with unavailin for a foolish lad who, like se other young idiots, was rui men believing themselves I atom of the foul doctrines they yet leading others to the brink nation. Certain it is that friends did little for me in ret my devotion to their cause : one commission I obtained fro tavorably known as a promisin ber of the advanced anti religi came like a thing accursed life ; bringing me, through blind jealousy, to the deed v repentance can blot out from avenging record. My first large commission

monument for a public squ an important one for a young just beginning his career. ination for its execution cau considerable amount of grat for it showed a confidence in ties I had begun to lack sadly