AN ORIGINAL GIRL. By Christine Faber CHAPTER LVIII.

said :

CHAPTER LIX.

From Russell's home Notner took his

there to recover from the indignity which had been put upon him by Miss

Burram's servants, and to recover als

from the bitter disappointment result-ing from his visit; and to think what

ing from his visit; and to think what his next move should be. He wondered

both, or whether she should rent

give it anonymously, of course, with a challenge to disprove it

it had been buried for an hour.

was hand and glove with Russell in the

that case, should Notner him

first elected him Supervisor.

character.'

Alida.'

stantly to hed '

rance, he locked it.

natter of Reform. But why, even in

for flight.

'clock ?

to Herrick's house.

When Dr. Burney returned, which he did shortly after Herrick's depart-ure, Sarah, who admitted him, gave him an account of the intrusive visit. Herrick. Concern for his patient left the doctor neither time nor inclination to express an opinion on what he had heard ; in-stead it sent him in hot haste to Miss way to Herrick's house. Herrick, on his return from Miss Bur-ram's, had shut himself in his own room Burram's rooms, where he found her in a very much worse state than when he had left her.

Naturally a choleric man, he had to do violence to himself in order 'o sup-press al signs of his anger, in which he felt inclined to blame even Rachel, until he saw her quite alone and ques-tioned her. She told him briefly how and why she had given ear to Mr. Her-- he having come, as he had said, with an important message for Miss Burram, which she, Rachel, was to deliver.

What the message was, with natural delicacy she did not say, nor, of course, did the physician ask, but in his note to Noter he stated all that Rachel had told him, adding :

"I must have been a very important mes sage to bring the man here, but it also has been an unfortunate message, for it has placed my patient in a very preserious state, and it hu had such a disastrous effect upon Miss Min turn that I have ordered her to bed where shall be able to get an additional surse to morrow-two more-should they be necessary and that will releve the situation Also. shall see that in future Miss Burram's spart ments be sufficiently guarded. "I BURNEY."

Notner, reading that note by the light of his tiny lantern, looked grave, but he had another note still to read ; he had taken two from under the stone that night.

The second note was from Hardman, not very well written and containing some errors in spelling, but legible enough to put Notner in possession of the tenor of Herrick's communication enough to put to Miss Rachel, at least that part which Sarah had overheard, and that had caused her to ask the aid of Toussel and Mrs. McElvain. Notner read that note a second and a

third time then he put it with the other note into his pocket, extinguished the light of his tiny lantern, put that also away, and walked with a brisk step to the bachelor apartments of Solomon Russell.

Russell, the wag, wit and reformer was an enigma perhaps to everybody except Notner and Father Hammond. He was always in good humor, but to most people it seemed to be a cheerfulborn of the amusement afforded him by the foibles of human nature He was generous to a degree that pinel el himself, and were it not for his propensity to see the ludicross in the aknesses of his best friends, and to be unsparing in his witty depiction of the same, he would have been vastly more popular. What his religion was nobody knew, though it was surmised both from his Christian name and his appearance, that he came from Jewish stock. He was on the friendliest terms with Father Hammond, and so well known was his practice of truth, that everybody, even his political enemies, agreed that "Sol Russell's word was as good as his bond.

Why he did not marry, was a puzzling question, unless, as some said, he gave away so much of his means he could not afford to support a wife. His celibacy certainly was not due to any isolation of himself, for, unlike Notner, he was open to every invitation, and he was always an acceptable guest to the very best fam-ilies of Rentonville.

He met Notner now with a smile of childlike delight, and at once invited him into his private sanctum - a room which was both library and smoking room, apologizing for its miscellane contents and their very untidy distribution, laughingly putting the blame of the latter on Molly, his housekeeper.

"But, to do her justice," he adde l, ' it isn't quite her fault,

rather novel idea came to the latter ; but he would not mention it yet; in-stead, he shook Russel's hand and

ner, as if he had not been interrupted, " So do I hate shams, Mr. Russell, whether it be false, it must reand I think with our united efforts we shall be able to put down this sham, main as utterly unpublished and unspoken by you as though you had never eard the same.

Indeed; may I ask again by what authority you dictate such terms to

By the authority which a knowledge -mind you, Herrick, a knowledge-of your last issue of bonds gives me. Your exposure is bound to come, but even before the people find it out for themselves, if one word of the matter relative to Miss Burram or her Charge is published or spoken, my knowledge shall be published." In spite of himself Herrick quailed

if the publication of the statements Mrs. Hubrey had sent him might not efore Notner's steady, determined compel Miss Burram to withdraw hereyes. Suppose," he said, mustering a kind

Self and her Charge from Rentonville. In any case their publication was the only revenge left to him, and whether of bravado to his manner. "that not I, but those who have furnished me the Miss Burram should defy the scandal and disgrace which would result, and information, give it to the public?

"It must be your basiness to stop them; since they have given you the should remain in Rentonville to face information, they will probably follow property and take herself and her Charge to other parts, he would have his revenge—but it would be revenge your advice about it.

Well, Mr. Notner," and Herrick straightened himself in his chair, "I have no hesitation in denouncing your alone, for unless she should sell her property he would hardly be able to business with me to-night as an out rage. I have no reason to fear your avert his own disgrace. She might di--the shock his presence in her apart-ments must have been, might be enough threats, nor can I imagine from what lying source you get the excuse to make them. All the work I have done to cause death, and in that case, the property might have to be sold; thus in my capacity of public officer is fair and square. Consequently your rant is there was hope yet. In any case he would give to the public print all that Mrs. Hubrey had written relative to of little moment to me. I am free to , and I shall do, with the information Miss Burram and her Charge; he would have received as I think best to do."

hut Then, good night, Mr. Herrick, was up from his seat, and nd Notner could, and afterward, he would take his out of the parlor, making his way to the chance till the last minute in which discovery of his fraud would be un-avoidable; for that supreme moment street door, before Herrick quite real-ized that the interview was ended. He hastened after, being in time to open he would have everything in readines the door for his visitor, and Notner without another word descended the Having thus decided upon his plan of

The Supervisor went back to his room. When he made his defiant ction, he felt much more hopeful, and he lifted his face from his hands, where room. The speech to Notner, he was not prepared he took from his breast-pocket the to have that gentleman accept it in s paper which contained such strange disclosures about Miss Burram's Charge summary and conclusive a manner, and was rather bewildered as to what and spread it open on his writing-table. Now that he had made up his mind, he such an acceptance of it might mean. In any case he deemed it better to de fer for the present his intended was not going to lose a moment; the contents of that document must appear publi cation. So he wrote to Mrs. Hubrey :

n the morning on the front page of the "I am indeed convinced, as you, my deal Mrs. Hubey, sail I wild be, after reading th entire concens of your lett, of the truth o the statements there is contained, and they ar mos.extraordinary. When Rentonville know them, wast a sensation will be produced, and now amply you shall be revenged. my d-a Mrs. Hubers, for the shight Mrss. Burram pu upon you, by the disgrace and numitation which through your discovery shall be put on on Miss. Burram And now, since you hav trusted me so muon, I shall piace equal con du pee in you Rentonville Times. Just then there was a knock at his door. Throwing his handkerchief over the open paper he ent to the door and admitted one of his darghters. "Mr. Notner," she said, with a kind of a ve-stricken surprise, "is in the parlor to see you. Here is his card. What can he want with you, pa, and at this time of the night—it is almost 10

von Miss Burram Annual, I shall place equation to the solution of the solution But her father, without answering her, took the card and turned it over and over. Mingled with the utter surprise which he felt at the visit, was n. In order to have it entrap h moment, and not to fail of its of be wary and not too precipitate also a troubled foreboding. What old incluster that end $B \gg p$ and informed of even inclustance that happ na. Be as accurate emembering all that M^{rr} Gasket may 8ay. Rhett had told him of Russell's statement about the last issue of bonds might you were in remembering the document. In permitted you to read. I shall keep you faith fully informed for all the bappenings on thi side. "Yours very faithfully. have been, and probably was, imparted to Notner, who as all Rentonville knew

" BILBER HERRICK.

CHAPTER LX.

to see him, Herrick? He could not im-agine, and he continued to turn the card over and over, almost as if he ex-For a fortnight after Herrick's visit Miss Burram's life hung in the balance pected to find something on it which while Rachel, though not dangerously sick, was so prostrated as to be obliged to keep her bed. Bat there were three would give him more information. His daughter, never having seen him act in that manner before, looked at him in utter amazement. At length, having trained nurses now in the house, and one of them was assigned entirely to assured himself that all Russell's Rachel.

Dr. Burney did not leave the home of ut the bonds was only that his patient again, and he hurled many sharp-witted gentleman's own surmise, and that nothing as yet could be abso-lutely known, he braced himself and deep mental invective on the head of Herrick, of whom he knew nothing save the disastrous effects of his visit. went to meet his visitor with the same big, forced smile that he had given to second crisis in Miss Burram's illness. nearly everybody since the town had dangerously near as it was to a fatal end, passed safely, but it left her so

But Notner did not smile in return; weak in body that she could not move a finger without help, and the physician nstead, he was very grave, and so on had a me Instead, he was very grave, and so inger while her equally weak in mind. business that he was almost curt. Be-fore taking the chair which Herrick drew forward for him, he said: "It would be well, Mr. Herrick, to the man that died in the carriage-house, and thinking also what news it would be for Mrs. Gedding's cook. be confident that no one can overhear passing about her, the physician was in us; my business is of a very private doubt, she showed so little interest, THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE. save when some one entered the In a small village in Brittany Jean ad Suzette lived. No morning passed Thereupon, Herrick returned to the then her eyes opened widely and fixed and Suzette lived. door, and opening it suddenly, he came upon his daughter endeavoring to make themselves upon the person coming in with a strange look of expectation. without the attendance of both at Mass both joined fervently in Holy Commu Dr. Burney, noting the look, knew its ion every Sunday and holyday. God had blessed them with several chil-dren, but had seen fit to deprive them he called sharply, "go in- cause-she was looking for Rachel, when Rachel, permitted at length to leave her bed, came, Miss Burram at the first sight of her lifted her head Yes, pa," she replied, obeying with of all as soon as they had learnt to lisp His Name or join their hands in alacrity, and congratulating herself that her attempt at eavesdropping fared no worse. Then her father closed the done for days; but it speedily fell back; no worse. Then her father closed the door, and to give his visitor further and her eves alone continued their painafter another Notaer began immediately :

"It is entirely true," interrupted Herrick, I have absolutely incontro-vertible proofs of it." "Whether it be true," went on Not-non as if he had not here intervention Not-

Yes, and maybe, too, it was because of the part I took in helping to turn Mr. Herrick out of Miss Burram's room," his mother added between her tears of joy at seeing her son again, and which she wiped away with an end of her shawl, "but I couldn't help it; he was trying to say something about herself to Miss Rachel that she didn't want to hear, and that made Miss Bur-ram get out of her sick bed. I thought of you at the time, John, dear, and t you and I were beholden to Mr. Herrick for, but I could see the sick soman insulted in her own house, and the dear angel, Miss Rachel, made to listen to Herrick when she didn't want

" Mother "-the sick man's voice became suddenly strong—" I must see Miss Rachel ; I must give my message to her—she ought to hcar it before she hears other things-the things that perhaps this man Herrick wanted to tell her. The effort that it required to say all that made McElvain paler than he was, and caused him to gasp for breath. His poor old mother hung above him, her tears now flowing like rivers, and her voice, as she endeavored to soothe him, so thick from grief and natural huski-ness as to be hardly intelligible. "Don't, John, dear; don't mind about

message so much-wait till you're the He shook his head, and after a long

time he wispered, feebly: "Couldn't you bring Miss Rachel to

His mother started: such an idea could never enter her mind, and now that her son had conceived it, it seemed to her more like a vagary of his illness than

practical thought. John, dear, how could I? The likes of Miss Rachel coming with me to a place like this—sure you can't be in your right mind to think of such a thing

Then, mother," he whispered again. "I must drag myself to her, even if I die when I reach her." He turned his face away wearily and

closed his eves. His mother was distracted. He might drag himself from his sick bed long be-

fore he was able to do so, and die in consequence; to prevent that, why might she not tell Miss Rachel, who was an angel of kindness. She leaned over him "John, I'll tell her; I'll tell her when

I go home, and perhaps the next visit-ing day she'll come with me."

He opened his eyes, and putting up his wasted hands pulled her with all his feeble strength to him, until her wrinkled, tear-staired face rested quite on his own, when he whispered:

'My fond old mother ! But Mrs. McElvain could not keep her promise to her son when she went me, for on her return there were many doctors in the house holding a nsultation with Dr. Burney over Miss Burrum, and there was no opportunity ror seeing Miss Rachel all day.

propriety of asking the young lady to nake smch a journey. "Miss Rachel herself won't have any

bjection," said Hardman, after think ing for a moment, and, as far as it looks to me, I think she'll be eager enough to go, but she'll want Miss Burram's consent to it. Miss Rachel never does anything that ain't first got Miss Buram's sanction, and as Miss Burram is not in any condition to say yes nor no I don't know what she'll do about it. But Sarah was thinking alone of the trange facts just related, and which up o this time she had never heard, owing to Mrs. McElvain's pledge of seerecy given to Herrick, but which pledge because of recent events, that conscien-tious woman felt no longer bound her; and Sarah looked at Mrs. McElvain, thinking could it be really true that her

TO BE CONTINUED.

she could speak plainly she would, of her own accord, kneel before the little tened to follow, but her veiling set wooden crucifix or image of Our Lady ing in the cottage and lisp one which h of the little prayers her mother had

taught her. Then was she not happy when, allowed by the nuns of the convent school, she walked in processio with the other children on some feast day and helped to carry a tiny banner For nearly five years after her birth all was happiness in this humble home ; but at the end of that time a change gradually came over Jean.

Little by little his devotion fell off ; his practice of going to daily Mass was abandoned, and he contented himself with attending on Sundays.

Then his Communions became infre quent, until he discontinued them altogether ; and needless to say that prayer n any shape was unthought of by him.

It may be easily imagined how deeply his pious wife grieved at all this : the change in her husband was incomprehensible to her. He had been in every way so exemplary, and now, not only had he grown irreligious, but he was often unkind to her and indifferent to his child

The little girl, now nearly six years old, old, was the only comfort the poor woman had; and when she could spare time from home she would take her to the church, and, kneeling before the altar, would pray for the conversion of her husband. Little Marie would also say some little prayer to our dear Lord, who, as her mother told her, lived in the tabernacle and was the same Infant Jesus whom they had worshipped as a Babe at Christmas.

The anxiety and grief of the brokenhearted wife began at last to act upon her health and enfeeble a constitution which had never been strong, until it was apparent to all but her husband hat she was slowly fading away. The Cure of the village did his best

to comfort her, and said many a Mass for her husband, who to him was an ob-

ject of the sincerest pity. At last the time came when poor Suzette had to keep her bed and become dependent on some kind neighbor to do the necessary work in her little

cottage. She would then daily talk to her little girl of the goodness of God and how He was sure to grant her petition if she would not cease to pray. She had such confidence in a child's prayer that, although not liking to draw the little one's notice to her father's life of sin, she felt compelled to urge her not to rest until she had obtained her father's conversion.

And little Marie would reply : "Oh, yes, mamma, I know the will make my papa good again, and

will ask Him every day." Jean would at times seem touched by the illness of his wife, but if he felt any remorse for his indifference to her and his child the sorrow was but short-lived; and even with regard to Suzette's illness he would tell her that when hot weather came she would be better, and that it was merely the early spring days still very cold at times, that were ying her. Time went on, and at last the night

But Mrs. McElvain opened her mind to both Hardman and Sarah, expressing at the same time her doubt as to the bed of his dying wife, and little Marie was lying beside her mother, whom she was kissing and imploring, with tears streaming down her own little face, not to go to heaven and leave her be hind.

In the early part of the day the sick woman had received all the last sacra-ments, and the cure had visited her again at night, and had just finished the pravers for the dying, in which all had joined, when the husband the room. The kind cure took entered the room. The kind cure took him by the hand and led him to the bedside; but his wife's strength was bedside; but his wife's strength was ebbying fast, and with closed eyes she appeared unconscious of his presence He, with a choking voice, pronounced her name, and then, opening her eyes she turned them on him and smiled. He threw himself on his knees by the bed begged her to speak to

FEBRUARY 29, of the cross, which sign

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tened to follow, but her veiling catching in a nail in the passage detained her, and she was some minutes extricating it, and before she had done so she heard the sacristy door open and shut.

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Descending the stairs she made her way into the chapel and saw little Marie mounting a chair, which she had taken from the sacristy and placed in front of the altar before the tabernacle The Superioress, fearing that the child might be frightened or perhaps fall if she spoke or let herself be seen, half hid herself behind a pillar. She wished to watch the outcome and to consider how it would be best to make her presence known should it be necessary check the child's movements, th ough feeling sure from her own knowledge of the little one that no evil motive a

ated her. From the chair Marie managed to kneel on the altar, and tapping gently on the tabernacle door, said, i sweet-toned French, "Are you there, little Jesus ?" Putting her ear close to the door she seemed to wait for a reply. Getting none she again asked the question, and then after a few minntes of attentive listening she said an animated voice, of course in French, "Ah, yes, dear little Jesus. I knew you were there." And then after a short pause, during which she put her little lips to the tabernacle door and kissed it, she continued. "My mamma told me you would listen to me and do what I asked about my poor papa; bu have never been abl to you before or be sure that you heard

me; but now you will make my papa good, won't you, little Jesus?" Again she bent her head to listen and then turning round, her fac ing with happiness-as if she had heard our Lord's assurance, which evidently was her belief—she got down from the altar and carried the chair back into the sacristy. The good nun follo her, and without referring in any way what she had seen she took her littl hand, and, speaking to her kindly and gently, led her up to her bed, sitting

by her until she was fast asleep. Next morning Jean Pichon called at the convent and asked to see the Rev-erend Mother. He told her that the evening before, when sitting alone in his cottage, he had been evidently struck with horror at the irreligious life he had been leading, and as sud-denly he felt the deepest contrition for it, and determined to change his life With these thoughts came a having sent his little child away from him, and he came now to the convent trusting that the Superioress would al

ow him to take her home. It is needless to say how thankful the kind religious was to hear the poor man's recital, and how gladly, under the circumstances, she acceded to his wish to have his little girl with him again. That his conversion was owing to the prayers of his child she could not but believe, but she thought it better not to tell him of the incident in the chapel.

was sent for to the parlor. Upon entering and seeing her father she bounded to him, saying, "Are you good now, papa? Little Jesus told me you would be ?"

Jean said nothing, but taking her in his arms, kissed her, whilst the tears ran down his face. From this time Jean resumed his former life of piety. The good old cure again heard

ly confession, and every Sunday him at Holy Communion. Each weekly saw day in the week before going to his work he took his little girl to Mass, and every evening, upon his return he would say the Rosary before the little statue of the Blessed Virgin, and teach Marie to sav it with him.

The beautiful fete of Corpus Christi arrived, and Marie amongst other children to carry a little basket of flowers and scatter the lovely ossoms before the Blessed Sacrame as It was carried in procession through the village. In those days this festival was a religious holiday in France (and t on the day) and all, from the ric est to the poorest, strove to show their homage and love, and Marie and her father were among the most devout. Soon after this feast the roses i Marie's cheeks began to fade, and the once active little child grew tired with any slight exertion. These signs of weakness alarmed her father, although he tried to make himself believe that he was needlessly anxious, and he would ask the neighbors their opinion, trembling and yet noping for a favorable re-But, alas ! all he heard was confirmaon of his fears, and all agreed, many with tears, that the child was daily los ing strength and becoming really ill. But she still went to Mass with her father, though not, as formerly, danc-ing by his side and running off from time to time to pick a flower to adorn her little altar. No, her steps daily grew slower and her breath became short and quick, until at last her little feet refused to take her to the church and she, longing to go there, was the lovingly carried thither by her father. whose distress it was pitiable to wit ness. He saw his one treasure, the one m God had given him to be, as he had hoped, his life-long comforter, slowly passing away. Masses were said, novenas made, the prayers of the nuns and their Commun ions were daily offered up for the res-toration to health of the little one, the child whom Cure, nuns and peasants all loved; but God's hand was not stayed. Difficult, indeed, was it for the afflicted father to bow his head resignedly under this cross, now so heavily laid upon him. No complaint ever passed the lips of the dying child, and it was hoped that she suffered no pain. She would sometimes say, "I'm so tired," but smiled as she said it, and then when so tired,' weakness kept her altogether to her bed her only trouble was that she could not get up to tidy the room for father or to go to meet him as he came from work. Sometimes she lay so still, with closed eyes, that the neighbors with her (she was never alone) would think her spirit had really fled. But present-ly they would see her little hand up-

knew that his darl ering on the brink nearer to heaven th as he watched her ook which seems the loved one's flig over her face that which is never se once, and he stoo

forehead damp with The kiss disturbed ing hereyes, she sa disjointed, words tinctly on her fathe Are you there-

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she arranges papers and books and things, I distribute them in the same old places. Have a smoke ?" pointing to a half-dozen colored pipes on a stand in the centre of the room ; then as Not ner smilingly shook his head, he said "I forgot, you do not touch the weed. But, at least take this chair," drawing forward the most ample-looking one in the room. Notner seated himself; then he looked back at the door as if to be issured that it was fast. Russell un-

derstood him. "You can be quite confidential there is no one to overhear us except Molly, and she is 'a wee bit deaf.'"

I have come about the bonds," Notner began. Russell nodded to as sure his visitor he very well knew what bonds. Is the time ripe enough for me to threaten even an earlier exposure than we anticipate, in order to deter Herrick from a piece of villainy he ap-pears to have on hand ?" ation ycu were about to give Miss Bur-

pears to have on hand ?" "Yes; ripe enough for a threat— there is no doubt about the exposure; that is coming, as you know; it is a question of a little time." "His party may win again this spring," said Notner. "But no victory of theirs can cover Herrick's disgrace." realied Based than before

replied Russell, victorious or not, w him out of their "By the authority of my knowledge Horrick's disgrace," replied Russell, "and his own party, victorious or not, will be glad to spew him out of their of your despicable meanness in hound-ing Miss Burram to sell her place-by

maw when all is known So I believe, Mr. Russell, and you certainly are to be complimented and congratulated on the work you have done. Every bit of ground that the Reform Party has gained is due to you, and this last achievement of yours, when it becomes known, ought to rewhen it becomes known, ought to re-sult in placing you in a public office where you can accomplish much more good for the people." Russell threw back his head and

may expect anything. Proceed, laughed

You give me too much credit, Mr. Mr. Notn he said, " all that I tried to I shall proceed, Mr. Herrick," said Notner,' do was brought about by my utter de-testation of that sham, Herrick, I de-tected the living lie he was the moment Notner, suppressed anger betraying it-self in his tones; "proceed to say to you, that, by whatever means you have I came in contact with him, and to show him in his true colors will be re-ward enough for me. I hate shams." traced the placing of that wreath to me, it is an additional proof of the vile-

ness of your character. As regards the information you were about to give Miss Burram's Charge, whether it be He put down his pipe as he spoke nd he stood looking so earnestly and candidly at Notner that a new and true

wreath of

fully eager stare. Rachel tremblingly advanced, her own Mr. Herrick, what was the informphysical weakness and her emotion at again seeing the sick woman causing ram's Charge relative to herself, this her limbs to totter.

The doctor placed a chair for her be-side the bed, saying, as he did so : The Supervisor smiled more largely "Your presence will do her good ;

has been watching for you. "That is a very singular question to

Beyond the same look, howeverput to me, Mr. Notner. I may say a very extraordinary question. Permit me to supplement it by asking by what look growing momentarily more intense would ever fill the vacant cradle which and seeming to Rachel as if the sick woman would pierce her very soulstill stood in the corner of the room and both Suzette and her husband prayed that if it were God's will He there was no further recognition-not even when the girl took up one helpless hand and rubbed it softly; but when she stooped and kissed the clammy forehead, a single tear rolled down Miss Burram's in their old age. the authority which my manhood gives me to defend and protect, as far as I cheel

" Ah !" the doctor said, on seeing it, " that is encouraging."

can, that lady and her Charge." "I perceive," said Herrick with a scarcely concealed sneer; "the same manhood which leads you to have a fresh For all that encouragement, however, his patient did not improve ; she did immortelles put daily on the not grow worse, but it was a question also be granted. whether the improvement, being grave of that most suspicious stranger who was buried from Miss Burram's house. From such a *devoted* manhood long delayed, might take place at 110

The infectious disease itself having quite gone, and the house having been fumigated, all quarantine was removed, leaving Sarah once more free to make her old gossiping visits, and Mrs. daily, won for her the name of "the little Mrs. There was indeed something angelic McElvain to go to the hospital to see

in the little child, so that her father her son. There, to her surprise, she learned that he had been sent back to and mother often trembled lest she also the public hospital, Herrick having remight leave them for heaven, for which fused to be responsible any longer

place alone she seemed fit. his expenses, and there, at length, she never so happy as when at church with found him, so weak that he could not one or both of her parents, and before

angel.'

ould entrust another child to the

Miss Rachel from one word, to say she forgave him. Her lips moved, but no sound came from them, and with one sigh her soul re-turned to the God Who made it.

From that night until after the funeral the poor man was in a state of apathy. Even the sight of his child appeared to annoy him. He said she was the last who had received an embrace from his wife, who, he appeared to think, had died without forgiving

The idea made him reckless, and very soon the little penitence he had at first evinced disappeared, and he returned to his former course of life.

Though looked after and cared for by prayer, which their good parents taught them to do at a very early age. after another faded away, until the neighbors, little Marie naturally One carved for love and sympathy from her poor couple began to look upon each father, and would, during the short babe as it came as one destined soon to leave them : to become, as their kind time he was at home, try with her art-less little ways to rouse him from his old cure told them. an intercessor, for moodiness. But the child angered him them in heaven. And with this the by this, and he looked upon her as a spy upon his actions and a silent rethey tried to reconcile themselves to the idea of giving it back to the good God who had lent it to them. proach, so he determined to ask the Reverend Mother to receive her into In their loneliness, however, they ften wondered if a fresh occupant

the convent where she had been a day pupil before her mother became so ill as to need her at home. Although on boarders were taken as a rule, the Reverend Mother consented to Jean's request, making an exception so that Marie should not be in the hands of her who would grow up and comfort them godless father. So the little girl was taken to her new home amidst the tears

To their great joy the first part of and regrets of the neighbors at losing "the little angel." As there were no their prayer was heard, and they were blessed with a little girl who, not show-ing the same delicacy as their previous infants, gave hope to her parents that cther children in the convent, and also because little Marie had never slept from home before, the superioress placed her in a tiny dormitory, which had been the latter part of their petition would partitioned off from her own cell. Be-

Little Marie was the joy of her parfore, however, taking her to bed, one of the Sisters took her into the convent ents' hearts, and not only was she loved by them, but she became the pet chapel so that she might say her prayof all the neighbors. Her docility and amiability, which seemed to increase ers there in the presence of the Ble Sacrament.

A short time after the child was in bed the Reverend Mother heard from her own cell a movement in the little

dormitory adjoining, and then the opening of the door and the pattering of naked feet passing along the cor ridor. Before she had time to open her own She was

door the little feet ran quickly down raised to her forehead to make the sign