By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER II .- CONTINUED. "Ob, Tom!" she said, "she isn't what you said—she isn't nice; she isn't kind; she won't like me, and I can't like her; and they're all so funny here,—and I'll die before I ever see you again; I know I shall; oh, Tom! Tom!"

Herrick's "Palace Emporium" wa stretched in immense gilt letters over the front of the straw-colored frame building before which Miss Barram alighted from before which Miss Barram alighted from her buggy. Mr Herrick recognizing her from the rear of the store hastened for-ward, and the two clerks who had also ward, and the two cierks who had also simultaneously hastened to receive her gave way respectfully to their employer. "Miss Barram out such a morning!" and Mr. Herrick's tones indicated won-

and Mr. Herrick's tones indicated won-der, admiration, and even mild grief at his customer's brave defiance of the weather, though to his certain knowledge the weather never kept Miss Burram within doors, when she felt like going

without.
Miss Barram smiled enough to show her handsome teeth.

"I have come to ask you to get me some outfits for a little girl."

outfits for a little girl."

Herrick bowed.

"A little girl has come to live with me;
I want to have her suitably dressed."

The storekeeper bowed again.

"I want rich, handsome goods; bring me several samples with fashion plates from some one of the large dressmaking establishments in the city. I shall send the measurements of my Charge by Jim, directly after lunch."

directly after lunch."
Herrick bowed a third time, and as his customer turned to depart he said :
"Of course you have heard of the latest

"Of course you have heard of the latest intended improvement in Rentonville?"

She answered quickly, remembering Sarah's information of the morning:

"You mean the electric lights, I suppose "I"

Pose ?"
The storekeeper nodded.

"And I suppose you have also heard that there was a flaw in the title of Pear-son's property that Renton's agents bought last week?" No," said Miss Burram; " how was

Well, that I can't tell, but I expect to find out. Of course you have heard that old Rhett has at last consented to sell to

No; when did he consent?"

"Yesterday, I believe. I think myself there must have been very strong press-ure brought to bear, but what it was no-body, knows, and rebody, confirm bear, but what it was no-body knows and nobody can find out. Rhett himself was in here last week de-claring that he would hang before he would sell a foot of his place to Renton or his agents, but last night Mrs. Herrick heard from Miss Rhett herself that her father had consented to sell and the dead father had consented to sell and the dee

father had consented to sell and the deed will be made out early next week."

"The fool!" εjaculated Miss Barram.
"It is all the stranger," went on Mr. Herrick, "that the pressure brought to bear is not poverty, for we all know how secure old Sam Rhett's means are, and also that it ign't an increase on the price. also, that it isn't an increase on the price that was offered before, for Miss Rhett said that the sale was to be made for ten

said that the sale was to be made for ten thousand, and that's jist the amount Renton's agents off-red six months ago." "Didn't Mrs. Herrick ask the cause of this change in old Khett's disposition to sell?" asked Miss Burram with some asperity.
"To be sure she did; Mrs. Herrick is

"To be sure she dut, ings by halves; she always goes to the root, when things have a root, which this thing in this particular case did not have, for Miss Raetteuld not give any reason for the sale."

"Or would'nt give any," said Miss Barram sarcastically.
"No, that is not it; Sam Rhett's daugh-

ter isn't capable of any such astuteness or reticence as that. Everybody knows what an open, simple, and I might say foolish mind, shallow Virginia Rhett

Yes, but Mr. Herrick, the shallowest water sometimes runs over pretty deep places, and in this case Miss Rhett's foolish mind may have sense enough to

keep a certain counsel."

Herrick laughed—a sort of feminine laugh, light, high and slightly shrill; then he said with an air of admiration: what I often say to Mrs. Herrick 'Bessie', I've said, 'it is a thousand pitter that Miss Burram wasn't a man; she has the mind of a statesman, the keen-Pardon the liberty I take in repeating ness of a lawyer, and the wisdom of a

Miss Burram felt constrained to smile then as she turned to depart she said with a little more suavity than usual:

"Before bringing the samples and the fashion plates to me, you might show them to Mrs. Herrick; tell her I am willing, as she has little girls, to trust to her taste in selecting the styles for the mak-ing up of the goods."

ing up of the goods."
And Mrs. Herrick will deeply appre "And Mrs. Herrick will deeply appreciate the honor," was the storekeeper's reply, as he accompanied her to her buggy regardless of the rain that beat upon his uncovered head. Immediately, however, that his customer had driven off he went back to his private office in the store, and laughed to himself.

store, and laughed to himself.

His mirth arcse from several causes, not the least of which was the proposition of Miss Burram to have Mrs. Herrick select the styles for the dresses of her Charge—Mrs. Herrick, who, in Mr. Herrick's opinion, had not judgment enough to dress her own children, and to whom he never spoke of any matter save those which related to domestic economy; another cause of his mirth was the readiness with which Miss Burram accepted his flattery; it gave him an opportunity his flattery; it gave him an opportunity to congratulate himself on the success of to congratulate himself on the success of his treatment of women. His own wife was a pattern of this treatment; she had was a pattern of this treatment; she had no views nor thoughts of her own; she never dared to ask her husband a ques-tion, save on purely household matters; she never objected to do his bidding; she never objected without remonstrance and she accepted without remonstrance his oft-repeated saying, that every woman was the inferior of man. She seemed to be wedded to her domestic duties, and in an indifferent way to be duties, and in an indifferent way to be happy in them—her children, thanks to their father's example, were growing up to feel themselves very much superior to their mother, but, if their mother realized that, she neither resented the spirit, nor attempted to cure it. Nor did she dream how in her shearce she was nor attempted to cure it. Nor did she dream how in her absence she was quoted by her husband; his associates, and even his customers, believed Mrs. Herrick to be an honored and trusted partner in all of her husband's opinions, and the no less able sharer and abettor of

asked for an introduction to Mrs. Herrick, Mr. Herrick always answered with a little and shake of the head:
"Mrs. Herrick's one peculiarity much to be regretted is her refusal to make acquaintances—she lives solely for her husband and her children, and if she were obliged to receive, or to make social visits, she would be positively unhappy."

happy."

Consequently, no one who called upon Mr. Herrick at his private residence, which was at some distance from his store, ever saw Mrs. Herrick, and Mrs. Herrick's obedience to her husband prevented her from making any but the most casual acquaintance on her own account.

In her presence her husband was for the most part a grim, silent autocrat, and though he often relaxed to his childrenthere were just two; twin girls of eleven
—sufficiently to smile at and talk to them
on topics that interested them, he never —sufficiently to smile at and take to them on topics that interested them, he never granted any such condescension to his wife. Consequently, when after dinner, which he took in the middle of the day, Mrs. Herrick saw him making a toilet which indicated that he was going farther than the store, she did not dream of asking more than would he come home to supper, and he did not dream of giving any other reply than a laconic "No!" He was preparing to go in person to the city with Miss Burram's order for her Charge, which order he felt confident would arrive at the store shortly after his own return there, for Miss Burram in his five years' experience of her had never failed to keep her word. He was conscious of some rather numanly curiosity as scious of some rather numanly curiosity as

saled to keep her word. He was conscious of some rather unmanly curiosity as
to whom this Charge could be, but he was
not without a certain confidence of
speedily learning all about her, not from
Miss Barann had all about her, not from Miss Burram—he did not expect that—but from Sarah Sinnott, whose gossip he was sure to hear either directly or indirectly.

CHAPTER III.

How long Rachel lay upon the floor where she had thrown herself she did not know, for after her grief was spent she had fallen asleep, and so soundly asleep, that Sarah's repeated knocks on the door failed to awaken her; the knocks were in obedience to Miss Burram's erder. On that lady's return from Herrick's she had that lady's return from Herrick's she had told Sarah to bring the child to the par-

White and sacred looking, Sarah hastened to her mistress:
"She's locked herself in and I guess
she's dead."

"Or obstinate enough to pretend she is," said Miss Burram, arising from the chair in which she awaited the coming chair in which she awaited the coming of her Charge, and leading the way to the room on the top story. She did not knock nor even touch the knob of the door, but she called "Rachel Minturn!" in a voice so loud, hard and stern, that it seemed to reach the child instantly; she awoke with a start, gathered herself up in a dazad way, but one look at the window was enough to recall her while the loud voice was reneating:

was repeating:
"Rachel Minturn, open this door!" Rachel shook herself—very much as a dog might do—in order to adjust her clothes, smoothed her hair with her hands, shut her teeth hard together, and hands, shut her teeth hard together, and closed her lips upon them as firmly as she could get them, and then passed her hands over her eyes to make sure they were dry; by this time Miss Burram was a third time calling, louder, harder, sharper than before, and with the added threat that if the door were not immediately opened it should be broken in.

The threat did not hasten Rachel's

opened it should be broken in.

The threat did not hasten Rachel's movements; she walked slowly to the door; both women heard the deliberate footfall, and it was a full minute when footfall, and it was a full minute when she reached the door before she unlocked she reached the door before she timeseed it; then she stood a most pitiful picture of recent grief despite all her attempts to conceal it. But Miss Burram was not moved to any sympathy; instead she was crimson from anger at being in a measure defied by this child whom she had com-mitted herself to support. "Why did you not open this door be-fore?" she asked.

"Because I was asleep, and when I "Because I was asleep, and when I woke when you called I had to wait a moment to smooth my hair and my dress." Her voice, trembling so much at first as to be almost indistinct, was quite firm before she had finished.

Miss Burram felt there was nothing for the to say just then, so, repeating her

her to say just then, so, repeating her order to Sarah to bring Rachel to the parlor, she herself went to her own room parlor, she herself went to her own room which was on the floor below, shut the door and seated herself to think in what manner she would best manage and master according to her idea of management and mastery—this self-possessed, determined Charge of hers.

Miss Burram's parler was a very odd-looking room; there was no need to tell

Miss Barram's parler was a very odd-looking room; there was no need to tell that it had been furnished by some one who had been fond of the sea and who had been to foreign countries; everything in the large square apartment told that from the sextants, compasses, shells and marine plants, to the Datch sofas, French chairs, and even two porcelain stoves, which in this case were turned from their original purpose and made to serve as original purpose and made to serve as cabinets for keeping small preserved animals of the molluse tribe, and also as animals of the molluse tribe, and also as pedestals for vases of southern moss. There were pictures on the white walls by Spanish artists, and from the windows hung curtains of the finest, softest cream-colored silk; on the floor were rugs rich and heavy, but no two alike in either color or taxture.

and heavy, but no two alike in either color or texture.

Even Rachel, as she waited for Miss Burram's coming, half forgot her heavy heart in the strangeness of her surroundings, and her eyes wandered to the stuffed birds and marine plants with an expression that showed her desire for a closer inspection; but, despite Miss Burram's charge of ill manners, when Rachel seated herself without an invitation, she had manners enough to feel that it would be impolite to do more than look as she was doing, without special permission. Sarah lingered also in the parlor, feeling it to be her duty to remain till her mistress came, and she said to the little girl:

"Sit down!"

"Sit down!" But Ruchel remembering the reproof of But Kachel remembering the reproof of
Miss Burram for having seated herself
that morning, felt that an invitation from
Sarah was not sufficient in this instance,
and so she neither took the chair Sarah
obligingly pointed to, nor did she make
any answer.

any answer.

"Ever seen anything like these before?"
said Sarah, pointing with a sort of sweep
of her arm to the various ornaments.
The child did not reply, and she looked
as if she had not heard the question, for

all his views. When some of them in this delusion, desiring to make the acquaintance of \$2 estimable a woman, asked for an introduction to Mrs. Herrick, Mr. Herrick always answered with a little sad shake of the head:

"Mrs. Herrick's one peculiarity much to be regretted is her refusal to make acquaintances—she lives solely for her

"Have you lived near the water before?"
ventured Sarah again.
"What do you want to knew for?"
asked the little one suddenly, and with a
look that disconcerted the woman as
much as the speech. But in a moment
she was comforting herself with her
favorite solilequy:
"May I never be burned nor drowned
aliye!"

Her mistress entering just as she had

concluded she hurried out; but when she got to the top step of the stair which led to her domain, she sat down, threw her apron over her head and chuckled behind Miss Burram seated herself before she

seemed to pay any attention to her Charge, then she said:

"You may sit down, too; I have some

questions to ask and I expect you to answer them very frankly; do you under "Yes," answered Rachel from

depths of a great armchair into which she had sunk at Miss Burram's invitation.

"Yes," repeated the lady sharply, "have you not been taught to say, "'Yes

"have you not been task."

"Tom said 'yes, ma'am, and 'no, ma'am,' was only for servants in this free country of the United States, and he didn't want me ever to say it, because I wasn't any servant;" the last words were said in a tone that indicated defiance should there be any indication on Miss Burram's part to make a servant of the

Barram's hand that rested on the arm of ner chair grasped it tightly, and her lips set themselves together with a snap, but almost instantly she said in the same tone she had used before:

"It seems to me that 'Tom'; with a prolonged smphasis on the name—"has

"It seems to me that 'Tom'" with a prolonged emphasis on the name—" has been a very successful teacher, and that you have been an apt pupil; I trust that you will be as apt and as dutiful in carrying out my wishes. You know that everything you will have in the future—your clothes—your food—your home, here—will come from me; that I shall pay for it?" pay for it?" said the child simply.

"Will it?" repeated Miss Barram, angry at the manner in which her Charge

angry at the manner in which her Charge seemed to receive the announcement of all these gifts as if they were her natural due getting the better of her self-control; "didn't this 'Tom' who, according to your own account, has told you something about me, tell you that too?"

"No." was the answer given very slowly, as if the little speaker were trying to remember in order to be very exact in her reply; "Tom only told me that I should live with you and that you was a lady, and that you knew who I was; he didn't say no more," gravely shaking her head. "And did nobody else say anything

more?" asked Miss Burram.
"Only Mr. Terry; he said you was a
lady too, and that I was to be a good "Umph!" said the lady, thinking at

the same time with secret indignation how "Tom," whoever he was, and Terry took it for granted that she would not refuse the Charge they had thrust upon her the charge they had thrust upon her; then, she resumed:
"Tell me some more about yourself."
Rachel straightened herself in the

"Ask me what you want to know

Tom said I was to answer any question you asked, but I wasn't to tell you any-thing you didn't just ask."

Miss Burram arose so quickly it seemed as if she sprang from her chair, and she was so angry that her thick and half indistinct. that her voice sounded

"Don't you ever mention Tom to me ain. Do you hear?"
"Yes," said the child, her face growing so pale that to the heated and mo-mentarily distorted imagination of the angry woman it seemed to be like the faces of the drowned sailors that had farther aside the silken curtain and look-ing forth on the bay. The weather was clearing rapidly, and though the waters were wild and black looking still, there were rifts in the clouds and a promise

even of speedy sunshine.

When she turned back to the little girl there was no trace of her anger, but it was with a very firm, severe, cold manner: "How old are you?" she asked.

"Ten years, one month and seventeen days by 6 o'clock to-night."
"Who instructed you to tell your age in that way?

No answer. Miss Burram sharply repeated he

Rachel replied:
"Him what you told me I mustn't men tion no more."
"Umph!" said the lady, angry at herself for seeming to have forgotten her own instructions, and though she was curious to know how and why Rachel had been to know how and

told to answer so explicitly, she would not again infringe upon her own order by asking; instead she drew a tape measure asking; instead she drew a tape measure out of her pocket, and telling Rachael to stand she proceeded to take her measure for the clothes she was going to order. When the measurements were completed "Dinner is in the evening at 6 o'clock

she said:

"Dinner is in the evening at 6 o'clock; luncheon at 12. I shall expect you to be punctua'. During the rest of the day you are free to go anywhere through the house except into my apartments, which are just above this room; you may also walk on the grounds or upon the beach, anywhere you choose, so long as you do not go outside the fence." And Miss Burram left the room.

Rachel sank again into the big armchair, a lump in her throat, and a weight on her heart; she had no desire now for a closer inspection of the interesting things about her. Homesick and heartsick as she was, they all seemed to be a part of the cold, cruel woman who had just gone. Having exhausted her tears that morning, she had none to shed now, but she dropped her head on the arm of the chair, closed her eyes, and thought of "Tom," whom she was fo bilden to mention; that was the most cruel order Miss Burram could have given. Not to mention "Tom;" the little girl wondered how she could always be on her guard sufficiently not to disobey; she who was always thinking of "Tom," how could she help mentioning him? Her very

age was given with such exactness because Tom and she together in the last days before their separation had spoken of her age in that way, so that Rachel every day might count how many days must pass before they should meet again.

about him; I'm glad to have some one to speak about him to. Miss Burram said I mustn't mention him no more to her. I lived with 'Tom' and his blind mother for seven years; I was a little over two years old when my mother died, and somehow 'Tom' and his mother took me. They wasn't no relation but they knew my mother someway, and they took me; they didn't have no nice place like this to live in, but they wasngood, nice people. Tom's mother wasn't like 'Tom'—she was cross sometimes, and I used to thread lots and lots of needles for her because she sewed all day; she could do it, you know, when all the needles were threaded for her; but oh, he was good!' Her voice began to tremble and she had to stop for a moment. must pass before they should meet again.

Tom had said he would come to her in five years. Mr. Terry, though knowing of that promise, had prudently withheld his knowledge from Miss Burram, and Rachel herself had been instructed to say nothing about it. Now she thought of it, and it was her only comfort in the awful coldness and strangeness of her new home. She felt at her neck for the cord which was fastened to Tom's last little keepsake—two twin golden hearts with Tom engraved on one and Rachel on the other. She drew it forth and pressed repeated kisses upon it, trying as she did gan to tremble and she had a moment.

"He just got everything for me that he could, and he used to teach me to spell and to read, and to write too; I can write a little, I you know. But Tom's mother died, and then came Mr. Terry. He was a nice man too, and he and Tom talked and talked; and Tom told me it was all about me, and that they had to make up their minds to send me here because Tom would have to go to sea. Mr. Terry knew Miss Barram and he told Tom about her, Tom engraved on one and reased repeted kisses upon it, trying as she did so to infose courage into her poor little forlorn soul by remembering her promise to "Tom"—to try with all her might not to feel lonesome, and to be such a good, brave girl that when Tom came to her at the end of five years, as he promised most sacredly to do, and with a strange conviction within himself that he should be able to keep his promise despite the most sacredly to do, and with a strange conviction within himself that he should be able to keep his promise despite the untoward circumstances of illness or death—she could be able to tell him that she had kept her word. But five years!—they were like five centuries to a little girl who had but justentered her eleventh year, and at the thought of the days, and days that must be counted before those fivegyears should pass, her heart sank till it seemed to her as if she wanted to lie down and never get up. She had not even the certainty of hearing from Tom during that time—his promise for some reason of his own to send her any word being more among the possibilities than the probabilities, nor could he tell her any way by which she could end news to him. To be sure she could write a very little, being indebted for even that to "Tom," for she had never gone to school, and her penmanship was not very legible; still "Tom" could make it out, if only he could have told her where to write. But then, he couldn't, because he wasgoing to sea, and he shouldn't be long enough at any port would have to go to sea. Mr. Terry knew Miss Barram and he told Tom about her, and they both told me that she would take me till Tom could come to me—he's to come in five years, but they told me not to tell Miss Barram that, and don't you tell her."
"No, Miss; I shall not," said Jim gravely. "I don't know why M ss Burram don't want me ever to speak of Tom never no more, do you?" asked Rachel simply.
"No," answered Jim; "but I suppose she's got her reasons and we've got to abide by 'em."
"Well," went on Rachel, "I promised Tom to be brazelend, god, not to mind Tom to be brave and good, not to mind, you know, if I did feel very bad and lonesome, because he's coming in five years, and I want to be able to tell him I have kept my promise — but it's such a long time." The last words were spoken with a sob, that she could not keep back. couldn't, because he was going to sea, and he shouldn't be long enough at any port

to get a letter.
All these thirgs she said over and over All these thirgs she said over and over to herself as she repeatedly kissed the little keepsake, and seeing nothing beyond it till a sudden burst of sunshine flooded the room and lit up the waters without. The child started, and her spirits rose in the bright change which the sunlight made. She went to the window and looked with delight at the broad expanse of water: she had never broad expanse of water; she had nevel been so near the ocean before, and she could just make out in the distance the could just make out in the distance the outlines of a great ship—such a ship as "Tom" might even then be on, and she felt thankful in her childish way, that since her home for the next five years was to be away from "Tom," it was at least near the sea, some part of which, even though it were on the other side of the world, "Tom's" home was to be for the next five years.

asked:
"What was"—hesitating,

then he was Mr. Tom Cheller,

somewhat amusing decision—"he wasn't Tom Cheller; nobody ever called him

TO BE CONTINUED.

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

AUGUST 15.

Oa this festival, the Church com-

memorates the happy departure from life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and

her translation into the kingdom of

her Son, in which she received from

throne above all the other Saints and

heavenly spirits. After Christ, as the

hell, ascended into heaven, his blessed Mother remained at Jerusalem

persevering in prayer with the dis

ascended into heaven, His Bles-

common debt of nature, none

among the children of Adam being

exempt from that rigorous law. But

the death of the Saints is rather to be alled a sweet sleep than death; much

God soon after her death, and taken

up to glory, by a singular privilege,

pefore the general resurrection of the

dead. The Assumption of the Blessed

Virgin Mary is the greatest of all the festivals which the Church celebrates

in her honor. It is the consummation

of all the other great mysteries by

of all the virtues of her whole life,

which we admire single in her other

Reflection-Whilst we contemplate

in profound sentiments of veneration

astonishment, and praise, the glory to

which Mary is raised by her triumph

Be Ye Therefore Perfect.

We are all called to be saints.

are called, but not all to the same office,

or grace, or reward. They will all re

ceive of the free sovereign gift of God, —eternal life. But they will not all

have the same grace here nor the same glory in heaven.—Cardinal

which her life was rendered derful; it is the birthday of her true greatness and glory, and the crowning

torial Lives of the Saints.

festivals.

nced age, but finally paid

Him a crown of immortal glory, and

THE ASSUMPTION OF

THE

"he and Mr. Terry only said going to sea"
—going tolive on a ship for five years."
"What was his other name?" asked
Hardman again to relieve the silence.
"I never heard him called anything
but Tom—they used to call his mother
Mrs. Cheller." CHAPTER IV. As Rachel had permission to go where she would except to enter Miss Burram's private apar'ments, or to go without the fence, her first visit was to the stable in said Hardman.
"No, he wasn't," said Rachel with fence, her first visit was to the stable in in search of Jim Hardman. She had been drawn to him somewhat, and with a kind of childish instinct of trust in him, she went to him now for information she would not ask of Sarah Sinnott, and for companionship in her loneliness, that she neither expected nor wanted from Miss Barram. Jim greeted her kindly, showed her the horses, and took her all over the well-built stable, explaining things to her as he went—it was all novel to her—without asking a question about herself. Then as he went—it was all novel to her—without asking a question about herself. Then
he took her to the carriage house which
was adjoining and in the upper part of
which he had a sleeping room. Everything in the carriage house was as neat
and tidy as in Sarah's kitchen, and as
well polished, for the metal part of the
harness which hung upon the walls shone
like silver, and the very runners of a
handsome sleigh that occupied a corner,
were as bright as Sarah's well-scoured
tins. Jim seemed to have a sort of pride
in the carriage house; possibly because he faces of the drowned sailors that had looked up to her from the sands, only with the additional peculiarity of taking on the features of one whom she had known long ago. To dispel the illusion she walked to the window, drawing farther aside the silken curtain and looking forth on the bay. The weather was learing rapidly, and though the waters as he explained to Rachel when he showed her the corner containing a table and chair, and just above the table a half-

and chair, and just above the table a half-dozen neatly-painted shelves filled with newspapers and some books.

"And it's as cozy as I'd want, Miss; especially in the winter when I have the stove up and a bright fire going, and I have an hour or two for myself."

"I guess it is," she answered, feeling more and more drawn to him and wanting to tell him about "Tom," and yet half afraid todo so; but when she reached the door of the carriage house on her way

ing to tell him about "Tom," and yet half afraid to do so; but when she reached the door of the carriage house on her way out, she had quite made up her mind to confide in him, and she was about to begin when there appeared in the turn of the path Miss Barram. She was dressed as if for a walk or a drive, and she bore herself in her wonted haughty, erect manner, addressing herself to Jim when she reached him and his companion, without paying any attention to the latter.

"Take this note to Mr. Herrick, directly after lunch," holding out an envelope sealed with an orange-colored wafer and addressed in masculine-looking penmanship. And Jim having taken the note and having said respectfally: "Yes, ma'am!" Miss Birram continued on her haughty way in the direction of the beach it was evident that her Charge was not to be admitted to any more intimacy than was absolutely necessary for a mere "Charge." But her lip curled as she thought with a certain sarcasm:

"Rachel is more at home in the society of servants."

Rachel, in her childish way felt that

of servants."

Rachel, in her childish way felt that she had been humiliated, and stung, so that angry tears rushed to her eyes. She looked at Jim; he was looking at her, a kindly pity in every feature of his face. The pity came very near to making her tears come forth with a gush, but her pride kept them back, and after a moment she said tremulously:

"Miss Burram told me I could go anywhere I wanted to so long as I did not go to her rooms nor outside the fence."

Jim nodded.
"I sort of liked you," Rachel continued,
"you ain't cold like Miss Barram, and
you ain't queer like that woman Miss
Burram has." Jim's face broke into a smile; Rachel

went on:
"You're just a little like "Tom "; I
don't mean you look like him, but I guess
you're kind, like him."
Jim laughed aloud, venturing to sak:
"Might I sak who Tom' is, Miss?"

A FAMOUS CRUSADE

Glorious Example of Fine Christian Chivalry. ST LOUIS - AUGUST, 25.

The dauntless king, St. Louis, than whom no tenderer character is known to history, displayed his piety as simply as the most devout religious. He always recited with his chaplain the office of the Blessed Virgin daily, even on his journeys and forbade any one to interrupt him; he fasted on bread and water on the eves of the bread and water on the eves of the feasts of Our Lady, and gave great alms on Saturdays in her honor. "When he resolved to undertake the crusade he came to Notre Dame, Paris, accompanied by his barons, barefoot with the scarf on his neck and the there with great devotion. On arriving in Egypt the King

found, at the spot where he proposed to land, a Mussulman army, drawn up in order of battle. The air was dark. ened by the clouds of arrows disharged at the French boats by the Saracens, whose lances glittered through the dust raised by their horses, like fire behind a dark curtain ; their commander wore "armor of fine gold o bright," says Joinville, in his simple "that it seemed, when the language, un shone upon it, that it was that neavenly body itself." were surmounted with that ancient gold crescent which was the emblem of the Tarkish kings long before the days of Cyrus; and their warlike weapons made a "noise frightful to hear, and very strange to the French." But Louis IX. and his brave men were not so easily daunted. As they were but a short distance from the shore, the holy king, after commending himself to God and the Blessed Virgin, springs with a sob, that she could not keep back and to Hardman's distress, which was all first into the sea; the foaming waves cover him to the shouland to Hardman's distress, which was all the greater because he was powerless to give any comfort, she broke down utterly in a wild burst of tears. In a moment, however, she had recovered herself, and more to break the silence that followed than to gain any information, Hardman ders; a cloud of arrows falls around him; but neither waves nor arrows can arrest him ; with his shield hanging from his neck, his helmet on his head and sword in hand, he rushes upon the Saracens with a true furia Erancese; the whole army pour on "What was"— nestating,
"Tom" did not seem respectful enough,
and Rachel had given no other name,
and Rachel had given no "what was after him, and the Africans are completely routed to the loud cries of "Mont Jole Saint Denis!" When the but finally compromising on—"what wa this gentleman going to do at sea?" Rachel looked at him in innocent won Egyptian horsemen had vanished, driven by the wind of fear, the gates "I mean," said Jim, "was he going t of Damietta, the key of "I mean," said Jim, "was ne going to be a cap'ain or a mate, or a—" He stopped short at sailor, as being certainly too low in the scale for any one who had the care of Miss Burram's Charge. "I don't know," she answered simply; "he and Mr. Terry only said going to sea going toliva on a ship for five years." opened to the crusaders, whose first care was to make the triumphant chant Te Deum resound in the mosque of the

our Lady of Damietta. The fame of the glorious day soon reached Syria, where they attributed the glory to the protection of Our Lady of Tortoea, a celebrated Syrian Madonna, whom even Mahometans implore, and, which was became to lieved to have left its sanctuary to pro tect the landing of the French crusad.

Mussulmans, which was consecrated

by the Roman legate under the title of

The disastrous termination of this crusade in Egypt, so brilliantly begun, is but too well known. After paying an enormous ransom, St. Louis turned the prow of his vessels toward Syria; the Christians, who had become masters of Palestine in 1099, possessed nothing there then but a few strong among which was Nazareth, places, among which was Nazareth, the birthplace of Mary, which had peen transformed into a feudal fortress, and the first Frank lord of which had been the bravest of the brave, Tancred, of whom Tasso has so nobly sung in his Jerusalem Delivered. Louis rebuilt the walls of the Galilean triumphant Conqueror of death and fortress, and being there on Assumption Day, had the office sung, accom panied by organs and string instruments, in the Church of St. Mary, ciples, till, with them, she had received the Holy Ghost. She lived to a

where he communicated with great solemnity.
As King Louis IX. was leaving the Holy Land with his Queen Margaret, stress of weather drove their vessel beneath a high promontory, which cast its shadow far over the waters. When the tempest abated, they anchored behad been exempt from all sin. It is a traditionary pious belief that the body of the Biessed Virgin was raised by by the low murmur of the subdued waves, the religious sound of a distant beil was heard coming with the sweet

scent of marjoram and wild thyme. "What is that?" eagerly asked St. Louis, who was still watching. Phoenician sailors who manned the ship answered that it was the convent of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The holy king landed at the first rays of day, to go and hear Mass at the monastery of Mary, whose religious, clad in the striped Arab dress of brown and white, lived on fruits and vegetables, fasted half the year, kept rigorous silence, and worked with their hands; the fervent and cenobitic spirit of the ancient olitaries of the desert still reigned there. Penetrated with respect for on this day, we ought, for our own advantage, to consider by what means she arrived at this sublime degree of this austere piety, St. Louis took away with him six of these religious who were called Friars of the Order of Our honor and happiness, that we may walk in her steps. No other way is open to us. The same path which con-Lady of Mt. Carmel, and established them at Paris on the banks of the Seine. They removed subsequently to the place Maubert, and
their new church, consecrated
under the title of Jur Lady of ducted her to glory will also lead us thither; we shall be partners in her reward if we copy her virtues .- Picthe Carmelites, was built principally by the liberality of Jane of Evereux, third wife and widow of Charles II., surnamed the Fair. This princess offered to the Blessed Virgin of Mt. that are saved must be perfect before they can see the face of God. But all Carmel her crown of diamonds, em carmel her crown of diamonds, and rubies; she added to it her rich cincture set with pearls, and the are not called to the same perfection, no to the some degree of perfection, nor by the same way. As in the kingdom of bliss there are many mansions, so bouquet of golden lilles set with pre-cious stones, which the king had given to her on her coronation day. Fifteen hundred gold florius accompanied this in this order of grace, there are many ministrations of the Spirit of God. All

royal present.—Catholic Columbian. If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy, we want you to try Nerviline. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvellous. Nerviline is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

AUGUST 17, 1901.

THE SLAVE GIRL'S STORY.

BY HENRY MARTIN.

CHAPTER I.

My first recollections are of a small village only a little distance from a yillage only a nutle distance from a great river which in our native language was called "Mighty Waters."
Many horrible monsters, such as white people would call crocodiles and alliging in the master. people would call crocodiles and alli-gators, lived in the marshy creeks formed by the wash of the river, and other terrible living things, such as you perhaps had never heard of, also had their haunts in the tail reeds and rushes of these swampy nooks. We children of the village used to play about the open banks of the river, and elder and more daring would, when the waters were quiet, go out a long way in the canoes of their parents but we never went too near the great rushes, for well we knew that they re the home of that most terrible of

all kings—Death.

Many were the dreadful tales we Many were the dreadful tales we used to hear of boys and girls—ah! and men and women, too—who had been seized by some of the fearful animals that dwelt in the dense thick. ets of reeds and had been seen no more. Many were the death dances (a of our village) for those who had left us in the morning in all the bloom of youth and strength and who had never come back again. Patiently those who loved them would wait, thinking perhaps they had traveled much in the great forests near us in search of wild honey (which was a precious delicacy with us simple folks) d had been overtaken by the night. Ah! many nights would come, but the bonny young hunter would not come and then we knew that the wild beasts we feared so much had devoured his body and that he had gone to the home

of the Great Spirit.

Although our fear kept us away from the thickets of rushes, we played entere about the trees that skirted the forest under near us. Sometimes we had heard of fierce lions prowling about the village by night, but by day they seldom came near our huts, for our men were brave and cunning, their spears were sharp and the pits they dug were deep.

Some unwary or overdaring beasts been entrapped by our braves, and perhaps the savege animals find ch things, but however that may be, they rarely came too near our thus we used to play without fear near the great trees, chase the bright-eyed squirrels and the many birds-golden purple, blue and many other colors - these last are very beautiful in our country-from bough to

Ah me! My first great sorrow in life was under those same tall trees. It happened thus: A number of us merry children were playing on the borders of the forest: my only brother, an affectionate little fellow (we 'say. ages" have the same feelings as you white folks, you know) of about six years old was with me. Ah! how I loved him, my brother! The customs of our tribe made my father cruel and crushed out much of the natural tenderness of my mother: but my brother was too young to have learned any. thing but what nature taught, and he was very dear to me and I to him.

was very dear to me and I to him.

We were playing at some native game—something very like what your little child has described to me—one hides and the other seeks him.

Uwatha (that was my brother's name) had to hide himself and left my side. had to hide himself and left my side laughing merrily, saying words that would be on your tongue: beautiful hiding place." He trotted away and as he reached the trees just turned round to see if we were watching him. He gave me such a loving

After a time we heard the childish cry, which was a sign that the hider was hidden, and we all scampered off laughing and shouting to seek him. It was customary with us to im itate the cries of birds and animals, and then the child in concealmen would reply from the distance in the same cry. We were so clever at these sounds that it would be impossible for many people to detect the true sound from the imitation. As we raced through the long grass and examined the bushes in our path one of the lads gave a lion's roar, and we wailed for my brother's reply so that we might be guided by the sound as to what direction in which to seek the hider. The answer came quickly and clapping our hands with glee, we raced at full speed towards a clump of short, thick trees some little distance off. As we got nearer a sound was heard that made each one of us stop and tremble with

ing as of bones! We all stood stock still, and the with many shricks my companions le me and fled for their ltves, for we they knew that the mighty king beasts was there! And I? I was pa alyzed with fear, but I could not ru away and leave my little broth Uwatha to his fate. Love gave n courage and I hurried towards the trees; before, however, I reached the an immense beast came slowly or

in anger perhaps at being disturbed I hardly noticed the huge brute, t rible as it was, for there was somethi it was carrying in its cruel mot which fascinated and appalled me; there, crouched into a bleeding she less mass, was my brother Uwat I knew him by a piece of colored c I had tied round his neck to please in the morning. I gave one shrie agony and fell senseless on the gr that cry may have frightened the

Years pas death nothi our lonely among us been born

away, for w

and had be time back we had no rely upon Lately ma rounded tribes, an dealers we great nut heard of t trouble small trib and hith worth wh

sidered that, alth features There at tinct ra tribe, I to the w for his with y towards worthy strong. more c So we custom to be m about & errd so

the rig ers, t togeth short other. youn from pleds atlib float

ne, sissie, for I know a a look-it will remain in my mind until I leave this world-and disappeared.

We were so clever at these fear. A second roar and a frightfu growl was heard, and then a crunch

lashing its tail fiercely against its sid