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HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XIX. REMINISCENCES

During the Christmas holidays, when Rosine had nearly given up hope that she might renew her acquaintance with Miss Greenwood...

The Colonel, who was somewhat old-fashioned in his notions, questioned once or twice the propriety of so young a miss taking so long a drive alone in an omnibus...

Rosine pressed the hand she held in hers, she could not speak, but she looked with her tearful eyes into the face of her friend, with a look that told at once how fully she reciprocated her warm affection.

"Dear Rosine, I wish you to know that I did not always live as I do now. My childhood's home, for which I sometimes have such a longing as I cannot describe, was in a lovely country town...

Rosine entered after her light tap, but found no one within; though the door to one of the inner rooms was ajar, and she was startled by the sound of sobs and bitter weeping coming from within...

"My sweet child," she said, "I am glad of your happy face today. I have been at my prayers; it is the golden hour, as the Italians call it, but I see I have lightened it."

place made sacred by prayers and tears, no word was spoken as they passed before each representation. When they returned to the parlor a heavy sigh escaped the young girl's lips...

"O, thank you," said Rosine, slipping her hand into her friend's: "I should love to hear more of him; the Doctor once spoke of him in the most affectionate terms, but I never dared to ask any more than he chose to tell."

"Ah, yes," replied Dora, "Edward Hartland could speak of him from the heart as I can, for he loved him well." She paused a moment to recover herself from the agitation some memory had produced.

"Dear Rosine, I wish you to know that I did not always live as I do now. My childhood's home, for which I sometimes have such a longing as I cannot describe, was in a lovely country town...

"About this time my poor mother was taken from me, and I was left, at the age of eighteen, with the care of Harry and the house, my father being no more at home than formerly; you will guess that all could spare went to aid Ernest in his studies."

like a withering blast; it was as if the hot breath of a furnace should pass over these jasper and rose; pointing to the window, and changing them in a single moment of time to dry and withered sticks.

"Go on, please," she replied in a voice almost inaudible from emotion, "you must let me weep with you."

"I want your advice, Father," the man explained, after seating himself in a comfortable chair in the priest's study. "There's a clash out to my house—a clash 'twixt the ol' woman an' the new."

"Well, then, who is this 'new woman,' and what is she doing out at your house?"

"God, noble Ned," replied Dora, "I dare say he longs for your sympathy, but less unselfish than I am, he would dread making you unhappy. Try to comfort him if you can, Rose, for his young life was sadly blighted. But I wish you to know Harry," she added, changing the subject for fear of returning emotion...

mass of grey hair, together with an immensely grizzled beard and moustache, gave his face a somewhat savage look. A broad, self-assured chin, and long Roman nose, told of a powerful will; in his eyes alone, which were very dark and lustrous, Rosine saw a resemblance to his daughter. She was gazing down the bay with the telescope when he entered.

"Well, Dora," he said, coming towards her and clapping her on the shoulder, "do you see him? That's his ship just anchored—wants heavy repairs. I hope we may bring the boy to reason yet before she's ready for service. But who have you here? He added as she laid down the glass and brought Rosine forward to introduce her. At the first sight of the young girl the Commodore's face lighted up, and he prepared as bland a smile as could be painted on so rough a visage...

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CLASH

Father Clement's eyes shone with pleasure and surprise as he beheld his visitor. "Come in, Peter," he cried, "Sit down and tell me what brings you to Warrington today."

"There's a clash, Father," the man calmly repeated. "A clash out to my house—an' 'Marthy's' grievin' 'bout it. She jes' can't get used to them new women's ways."

"Well, Peter, I suppose you'd better tell me all about this clash between Ann Elizabeth and her mother," Father Clement suggested.

"Yes, yes, Peter!" Father Clement's tender heart ached for the grief-stricken man. "Me an' Jake 'greeted on everythin', Father," he went on brokenly. "There never was no clash 'twixt me an' 'im. He'd allow me 'vise an' do things the way I wanted 'em done. It's hard to know that he's sleeping over there in No Man's Land an' ain't never comin' back no more."

"You must become reconciled to God's holy will, Peter. Jake was a good boy—and Ann Elizabeth is a good girl," he added, thinking it well to get back to the original subject.

"The sure is, Father. Ann Elizabeth come back from that school chuck full of new ideas which she learned out of books, an' jes' down turned my farm upside down. Ain't nothin' 'tall done how the way it used to be. I'd jes' take a little dirt in my hand an' crumble it, by the feel of it, tell jes' what we'd plant there; but that Ann Elizabeth ain't satisfied. She takes samples from different parts of the farm, puts 'em in little boxes an' labels 'em like the polyanthus does with pills, an' sends 'em off to Washington. An' there they dissect them, or something like that, an' write back an' say jes' what'll grow best in that kind of soil, or maybe that we should add some fertilizer or lime or something else. An' we got to do 'exactly what their letters say. Ann Elizabeth don't ask my wishes 'bout nothin'."

"I hear you've paid off the mortgage that's been hanging over your farm all these years, Peter."

"Yes, Father, I've got to give Ann Elizabeth credit for all she's done. Not even she could've worked harder nor done more than that girl, even though she wouldn't do things my way; but now that she's got the farm a runnin' her way, she's turned her 'ention to the house, an' I can't stan' to see Marthy grievin'."

"What has she done to grieve her mother?" demanded Father Clement. "I can't believe that Ann Elizabeth would intentionally hurt her."

"That's just the trouble, Father. Ann Elizabeth wouldn't an' she don't dream but what mother an' me's jes' tickled over the changes she's made, an' Marthy won't let me tell her no different cause Ann Elizabeth wants to be kind to us an' make us happy."

"Well 'bout a month ago, my sister off in Min'sota wrote that her oldest girl was goin' to get married an' asked us to come on for the wedding. I tol' Ann Elizabeth she could go, but she jes' laughed, an' said, me an' Marthy had to go ourselves, an' take a vacation an' have a good time, while she'd stan' home an' take care of the house, the farm an' the children. An' jes' cause she would have her way, me an' Marthy went off to Min'sota an' was away two weeks."

"Well the day we got back, Ann Elizabeth met us at the station, an' when we reached the house, her an' Marthy went in an' I drove down to the barn to put the rig away. It was 'bout feedin' time, an' I was busy for awhile. Sometime later, I heard sobbin' over to the other side of the barn where we store the hay, an' 'goin' over, I found all our parlor an' livin' room furniture stacked out there, an' Marthy down among it cryin' as though her heart'd break."

"I took me some time to find out what it all meant, but at last, Marthy managed to explain, 'twixt sobs an' sighs, that while we were away, Ann Elizabeth had moved all her best things—things we had saved up an' saved to buy an' been nigh onto thirty years collectin'—an' put 'em out in the barn 'cause they were ol' stuff, an' stylish, new furniture in the parlor an' livin' room in place of them."

"I tell you Father, I was terribly angry at that girl. I bought that horsehair parlor set for Marthy the first year the peach orchard bore, an' she was proud as a peacock over it, it bein' real mahogany an' shinin' so you could see your face in it like a lookin' glass. An' the things in the livin' room were good, too—some of 'em belonged to my mother an' some to Marthy's folks—an' here they were all dumped out in the barn an' labeled 'ol' stuff.' Why, I felt like cryin' myself! But Marthy wouldn't let me go back to the house till I'd quieted down, an' then she made me promise not to say anythin' to Ann Elizabeth 'bout the ol' furniture bein' in the barn, an' try not to let her see that I was disappointed, 'cause our daughter was tryin' to please us."

"Well, then, after promisin', Marthy took me into the house to inspect the new things, an' when I saw them, Father, I jes' stood still an' gaped in surprise. They were all made out of straight boards, without a speck of carvin', plain as an ol' soap box! I think of such things 'akin' the place of the fine mahogany that cost more'n a hundred dollars."

"It is a Mission furniture, I suppose," put in the priest. "Yes, I remember now, that's jes' what Ann Elizabeth said it was—missionary furniture. It might be all right for the poor heathens out in the uncivilized places where the missionaries have to go, but it don't look right in our parlor! An' the livin' room's worse—a heap worse! Will you believe it, Father, it's all made out of stuff woven together jes' like the ol' wash-basket Marthy's had for forty years."

"Where did Ann Elizabeth get the money to pay for all this new furniture?" he demanded.

"Well, that surprised me, too, when she explained it. Seems that she's been writin' articles 'bout this new kind of farmin'—the pill-box an' book farmin', you know—an' the farm journal pay good prices for 'em; an' with buttar an' egg money—she's raisin' a thousand 'stead of the usual hundred chickens—she had considerable saved up, an' she spent it all for the new furniture!"

"Well, well!" gasped Father Clement. "To think of Ann Elizabeth doin' all that! Why, Peter Harmon, you have a daughter to be proud of!"

"Yes, Father. Ain't that jes' what I allus said? Ann Elizabeth is jes' great! But what am I to do? I can't stand to see Marthy slip off to the barn to weep over the disgrace that's come to our old mahogany."

"Hm!" Father Clement was in deep thought, searching for a possible solution. "When is your daughter going to be married? Hasn't she been engaged to Jim Carlton for some time?"

"They'd a been married long ago, Father, if it hadn't been for Jake a dyin' in France. Ann Elizabeth insisted she'd have to stay with us till the mortgage was paid off an' we're livin' on easy street."

"Pretty fine an' Ann Elizabeth," remarked the priest. "Well, Father, I've got to be goin' now," Peter arose. "Jes' you think over what I've told you an' tell me how to manage this clash 'twixt my ol' woman an' the new one."

Father Clement arose also, and he was laughing as he shook hands with the man. "Peter, there is no clash between Ann Elizabeth and her mother. Ann Elizabeth is a noble, big-hearted, self-sacrificing daughter and Marthy knows it. The clash is all in you, Peter. It is a clash between the old and the new. Take your wife's advice. Be quiet and let Marthy manage the situation. I am sure that everything will be all right."

"But the mahogany horsehair furniture," he protested. "Are you advisin' me to leave that out in the barn?"

"The barn is waterproof, jes' it? The old mahogany will not suffer for a few weeks in the barn. I advise you to keep quiet and let Marthy and Ann Elizabeth solve the problem themselves."

A few days later Father Clement left for a needed rest and it was a month before he returned to his pastoral duties. Often, during that time, he thought of Farmer Harmon and wondered if Marthy was still crying over the old furniture in the barn and if Ann Elizabeth had installed any more new devices to the chagrin of her old-fashioned parents.

He returned on Saturday. The following morning, before High Mass, at which his young assistant would officiate, he was in front of the church holding quite a reception for his parishioners, who loved him and were eager to express their joy at his return, when the Harmon family drove up to the church. But they were not in the ancient carriage with old Dobbin drawing it. Instead of the old-fashioned rig, the Harmon family came in a Ford, a little car with decidedly big possibilities, for in it were packed, in layers it seemed, Peter, Marthy, and the children. In the front seat Ann Elizabeth deftly manipulated the wheel.

"Well, Peter, you surely are getting on," cried the priest as they shook hands. Then he added in a whisper: "How about the clash?"

"I'll come in after Mass and tell you about it, Father," Peter promised, grinning so obviously that Father Clement felt sure that the catastrophe had been averted.

"Now, Father, what do you think of the car? Where do you suppose I got it?" demanded Peter Harmon, when he was comfortably seated in the priest's study after Mass. "You must be making lots of money now, Peter," hazarded the priest. "Doin' pretty good, Father, pretty good!" he laughed. "But don't you ever think I'd waste any of my money that way. I'd be afraid the Lord punish such extravagance, knowin' I got all them children to raise an' eddycate."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

FORGET IT
If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to (in anguish) be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

In his merriment, Lincoln read another chapter, and then, heaving a sigh, he said: "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is upon me, day and night, if I did not laugh I should die, and you need this medicine as much as I do."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN
I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale,—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time to play.

WHEN AT WORK KEEP BUSY
Sometimes an abundance of time
spoils a man for the best work.
It has been noted that most men
do their best under pressure.

WHEN CARL WENT TO MILWAUKEE
The 9.15 train from the north was
in sight when Mr. Bauer's Ford
stopped at the station.

FOCH'S ANALOGY
Marshal Foch has been spending a
short holiday at his home in Brittany
while there visited the holiday school at Kerlouan.

"ARTEMUS WARD"
Artemus Ward was a name much
in evidence in the days of our Civil
War on account of his laugh provoking
writings and lectures.

"A WORD TO THE WISE"
The editor of America's most
widely circulated weekly inveighs
against what he calls the Saturday
morning disease, namely the increas-
ing habit among workers of making
Saturday a day of rest.

Women Discard Twenty Dollar
Washing Machines for this wonderful \$2.00 Vacuum Washer
Regular Price \$4.00. This advertisement worth \$2.00 if you order at once.

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best, two rosy apples, and two pieces
of blackberry pie. He was hungry
and ate nearly everything in the box;
and afterward, to beguile the time,
watched the people who boarded and
left the car, wondering more seri-
ously than was his wont, where they
were going, and why.

THE TEST OF LOYALTY
Each year at this time every
Catholic is called upon by the
supreme authority of his Church to
give practical testimony, a concrete
proof of the loyalty which he profes-
ses. The Catholic Church, much
like the governments of the world,
is not satisfied with mere lip service;

THE MATTER OF RIGHTS
We hear a great deal in these days
of "rights." The individual is insistent
on his rights. Capital has its in-
alienable rights and labor here. There
are rights of small nations, and
rights of humanity, there is the ques-
tion of women's rights, state's rights,
and the inalienable rights to life,
liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

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is adapted to every kind of roofing job, whether
large or small, and gives the same excellent
service if used on a small shed, or for roofing the
largest industrial plant.

When Carl went to Milwaukee
The 9.15 train from the north was
in sight when Mr. Bauer's Ford
stopped at the station. He and his
son, Carl, jumped out quickly. The
boy—a tall, wiry, sweet-faced youth
—turned back to give his mother
three fervent but hasty kisses before
he followed his father toward the
least crowded of the Milwaukee
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