



GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER BOOK II CHAPTER II AN ENEMY DECLARES HIMSELF

The sky was still overcast, though a slight coolness had crept up from the Bay, relieving the sultriness of the previous day.

Soon after dinner Evelyn set forth, walking by the banks of the stream towards the Collect Pond and the Indian encampment.

As Evelyn came walking through the woods, with the fragrance of pine and sassafras and other woodland odors in her nostrils,

The great chief of the Sank-icanin [the fire-makers], the old squaw was saying, "had sailed over the big sea water, and had seized upon the war canoe that came thither from beyond the setting sun."

Evelyn knew that the speaker was here referring to a point on the Eastern point of Sewanaka, which had an unenviable reputation amongst the Indians.

Evelyn could not repress a shudder as the gruesome history of Captain Kidd was thus recalled to her mind.

Evelyn's mind was, however, much more fully occupied just then with the possibility of danger to her father, herself, or the missionaries who had implanted the seeds of faith in the minds of the Widen.

When she left the Collect Pond that morning, passing an instant to survey the tiny island on the water's glassy surface, where already one or two bits of local history had been enacted, she turned her steps to the Broad Way.

The young man so addressed felt the warm color rise to his face, and there was a light in his eyes at that moment of praise, which Lady Belmont saw with amusement, not untinged with pique.

"Captain Williams does insist," Her Ladyship continued, in a whisper, "that this Mistress Evelyn de Lacey is but a naughty little Papist."

But Captain Ferrers knew that she spoke thus, rather in opposition to my Lord than from any special sympathy with the class of people who, in the mad excitement following the accession of King William, were persecuted everywhere in the British dominions and everywhere reviled.

Evelyn, turning, saw beside her Captain Prosser Williams, bowing low with plumed hat in hand. Instantly her face, which had been so soft with smiling interest, grew cold and distant.

"Who has been at such pains to prejudice you against me?" "No one," replied Evelyn, "since I have scarce so much as heard the mention of your name."

"So it is merely that something has ruffled my lady's temper this morning?" Evelyn deigned him no reply, the man added in a tone that was full of malignant meaning.

"I beg that you will not detain me longer, Captain Williams. I am in haste."

CHAPTER III GLADNESS AND TEARS

Evelyn was undecided as to whether or not she should communicate to her father the anxiety which had been consuming her since Prosser Williams had so broadly hinted at his knowledge of her religion.

"I should be glad," said Evelyn at last, "yet I feel as if my heart would break."

But Evelyn was not joyful, for this man whom Polly was about to marry had never seemed to her worthy of such a wife.

"Have you considered the step well, Jack?" As Evelyn descended the stairs she reflected with relief that the other's news must needs be of a pleasant nature.

"Yes," answered Polly, though her face at the instant was sober enough. "I believe I am more joyful than at and yet."

"Do you remember, Evelyn," said Polly suddenly, lapsing into that vein of reminiscence in which the former had been indulging as she came down the stairs.

"Oh, my dear," cried Evelyn, "why will you talk such nonsense?" "But nonsense that is true," declared Polly, nodding in support of her words.

"So I am to be married soon, and we shall have as great a wedding as ever was seen in New Amsterdam, and you will be first of the bridesmaids."

"But, even as she announced this intended festivity with all her wonted gaiety, her voice suddenly broke, and, turning aside, she wept openly and unrestrainedly.

"How selfish and how ridiculous I am!" declared she. "Your betrothal will please most people, and your best friend should surely be joyful."

Morning, the pure bright morning of the west, broke over Denver. The air seemed athrill with life and hope and promise.

A MODERN PRODIGAL

"Have you considered the step well, Jack?" As Evelyn descended the stairs she reflected with relief that the other's news must needs be of a pleasant nature.

"Your mother and I will miss you, my boy. We're getting old now, you see, and we thought—"

"I was so elated with the notion of meeting all those strangers who had come from overseas to relivien our old Manhattan. How exciting it was! And yet, my dearest, with a dependent little shake of the head,

"So I am to be married soon, and we shall have as great a wedding as ever was seen in New Amsterdam, and you will be first of the bridesmaids."

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freights, he would go back to his mother and father and Rose. They would forgive."

Then like a blow came the thought of his elder brother. Tom wouldn't want him around.

He suddenly stopped short, attracted by a soiled American flag, flapping lazily from a lower window, and surrounded by posters, announcing the need of volunteers in the United States Army.

"The merciless sun beat fiercely on the Arizona desert, and the little town of Nogales lay listless under its burning rays."

"No, Mr. Layton, I am happy to say that I think your son is cut of dauger."

The voice pierced his sleep. He almost feared it part of a happy dream.

"Father," he said. "Jennie M. Marvin, in the 'Messenger of the Sacred Heart.'"

THE NEOPHYTE AND THE ROSARY

The writer recalls a trip to Florida in the winter of 1902 when he was a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Down in the groves of De Soto County he feasted on the golden fruit without stint.

It was in something of the spirit of a Columbus or a De Soto, then, that the return trip, northward, was made from the easy-going land of squatters.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"I'M SORRY; I WAS WRONG"

There may be virtue in the man who's always sure he's right...

It's hard for any one to say that failure's due to him...

And so, I figure, those who use this honest, manly phrase...

WATCH FOR YOUR CHANCES

Every young man has chances coming his way constantly...

AMONG THE NEVERS

Never betray a confidence. Never wantonly frighten others...

OPPORTUNITY

In conversation with the president of one of the oldest banking firms...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SHORT SKETCH OF LIVES OF SAINTS OF THE WEEK

JANUARY 29.—ST. FRANCIS OF SALES

Francis was born of noble and pious parents, near Anney, A. D. 1666...

FEBRUARY 1.—ST. BRIGID, ABBESS, AND PATRONESS OF IRELAND

Next to the glorious St. Patrick, St. Brigid, whom we may consider his spiritual daughter...

FEBRUARY 3.—ST. BLASE, BISHOP AND MARTYR

St. Blase devoted the earlier years of his life to the study of philosophy...

CONTRASTS OF RESPECT AND JOY

The sight on which Kildare now stands appearing to be well adapted for a religious institute...

CATHOLICS THE FIRST

TO BEAR THE RED CROSS ON AMERICAN SOIL IS THE RECORD

One of the most important figures in the history of missionary effort in the United States is the saintly Bishop Baraga...

IN THE NAME OF THE LORD

At the head of the year Holy Mother Church writes in bold characters that Name in which alone there is salvation...

MYSTERY

God's providence is a mystery. So is His grace. The mystery of God's providence often involves annihilation...

FEBRUARY 2.—THE PURIFICATION

The law of God, given by Moses to the Jews, ordained that a woman, after childbirth, should continue for a certain time in a state which...

LOST SYMBOLS

One of our ambassadors extraordinary has just returned from Russia and offers some first hand explanation of the turmoil and muddle that have come upon the great Slavonic nation...

POWER OF MAN TO DESTROY

For the Russian is deeply and passionately devoted to his Church. When this latter symbol, which he would gladly exchange for all others...

VALUABLE SMALL DEEDS

Even little actions are great when they are done well: so that a little action done with a desire to please God is more acceptable...

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