

YVES' PENANCE.

TEN LIVES FOR ONE.

EDITED BY

LADY GEORGINA FOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER II (CONTINUED). THE HARVEST HOME.

Marthe opened the book of Gospels and taking a pen, she wrote in a bold, firm hand:

"The day of our harvest home, 18—, Jean and Marthe Patriarche have adopted Armelle, the straw-cutter's daughter and taken her for their own child."

The farmer kissed her gravely and silently, and Marthe said in a low voice: "May our Lord have mercy on Yves!" Then she opened the great oaken cupboard, saying: "I have all Jeanne's things here, and now that God has given me another daughter they will do for her."

So Armelle was washed, combed and dressed. Marthe put a gold cross round her neck, replaced the garland on her head, and then sat down in the great arm-chair by her husband's desk, while he threw the door wide open, and made a sign for his sons and servants to enter. Then he rose, took off his hat, and said: "Before God and before our own conscience, we promise to bring up Armelle as a good Christian girl. Love her, all of you, as you love us for His sake who has loved us all."

Poor little Armelle! she could hardly believe that it was all true. The only cloud was that Yves did not look at her as kindly as Aubin did; she was afraid she should have only one brother. But troubles are soon over at her age; and besides, why should Yves not like her? The story of the goose was four years old.

At the end of the evening, Jean spoke with honest indignation of Daniel's conduct.

"Patience," said Marthe; "the child will save him yet."

"His wife tried, and it cost her her life."

Marthe answered, "What is that as the price of a soul?"

CHAPTER III.

THE STRAW-CUTTER'S BARGAIN.

Armelle's business was to keep the sheep; Aubin had charge of the horses and cows. The two went out together, the boy carrying the basket containing their dinners, the girl with a book in her pocket, and her distaff stuck in her girdle. In winter, the first thing was to make a fire. Aubin managed capably with heather and dead branches, and the children sat before it on two large stones, chatting merrily. They baked their potatoes and chestnuts in the ashes, sang songs, and talked about Marthe's kindness and Jean Patriarche's generosity. Sometimes Maclou joined them. When Finaud was playing with Labrie, Maclou was never far from Aubin and Armelle. His love for them was a passion, a worship, as it is apt to be with the forlorn and desolate; he would have died for either of them. After their dinner, they fed the birds, which were so tame that they came to pick up the crumbs under their very sabots. Sometimes Aubin read stories to Armelle. She conceived a great idea of the dignity of her occupation when she heard that Paris had been saved from a terrible king by a shepherdess, and a king of France restored to his throne by another. What a pity her name was not Genevieve or Jeanne, instead of Armelle!

When the day of her First Communion came, she wished to see her father, and her adopted parents took her to his cottage; it was empty. Marcotte, who was passing, said: "Go to Maclou's tavern."

The child turned away with a shudder, saying to Marthe: "Mother, let us go home."

But there was a trial in store for her on the way.

Her father met them, singing, shouting and cursing. Armelle trembled from head to foot, but without hesitating a moment, she went up to him and said: "Father, I have been to your house to ask your blessing. God is giving me a great grace, and I want you to share in it."

"Is that what you are all in white? You are a fine lady now, fed and clothed with the best."

She took his hand fearlessly.

"What do you want?" Daniel asked.

"I want to say just one word to you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Father, what you say is true; I am well fed, and clothed, and loved at Jean Patriarche's; and yet, for all that, my heart often aches. I should like to share your poverty and your troubles. I want to be back in the house where mother died. Send away La Gervaise, father; they say she is not really your wife—and let me come back, and take care of you and love you. O father, you don't know how sweet it is to be loved! May I come to you?"

The man burst into a loud laugh.

"You want to preach, I suppose."

"No," answered Armelle.

"Well, then, to cry, as your mother did."

"I will not cry," said the child.

"Children are only a trouble. La Gervaise suits me best."

He went away, and Armelle clung to Marthe, weeping bitterly. By and by she said, "Mother, it would have broken my heart to leave you, but—"

"I understand, child; but don't you suppose I should have been sorry to lose my daughter? But there are only two roads, you see—a wrong and a right one—and when you took the right one, I wasn't going to stop you. Why, Armelle, I couldn't love you so much unless you did your duty!"

So there was a heavy cloud overshadowing that blessed day—the brightest and fairest in a child's life. She was never again the same merry, laughing creature as before; she grew very thoughtful—almost gloomy at times; she knew too much now. It was well for her that she could rest on the tender and faithful heart of Marthe. She felt so safe under her motherly wing—so sheltered by her love. The conduct of Yves was another grief to the poor girl. This indifference had turned to positive hatred. He tried to wound and humiliate her in every possible way. He told her that he had met her father at the tavern, or that he had seen him fighting; he grudged her the clothes she wore, and the bread she ate; he would sit smoking by the well while he made her draw heavy pails to fill the trough. She never refused to do anything; she never complained. This cruel Yves was the son of one who was both her master and her father, and she obeyed him in silence.

Armelle was turned fifteen. Pretey, pious, and the adopted daughter of the rich farmer, she had plenty of suitors; but she refused them all, saying simply that she was much too young, and wished to stay with Marthe.

One winter's evening it was snowing fast as Armelle was bringing her sheep home; the wind was very high and she could hardly keep the hood of her cloak over her head, as she struggled on, blinded by the thick flakes. Presently Labrie barked furiously, and the sheep pressed closely together, shivering more from fear than cold. Something red, glaring, was a few steps before her. The terrified girl fell on her knees, unable either to cry out or to run away. The two flaming eyes—for such they were—came nearer. She felt as if they drew her irresistibly toward her. Then she saw dark, shadowy things like great, hideous rough dogs. Labrie leaped gallantly on one of the creatures, the other sprang upon Armelle. She felt suffocated; a hot fiery breath was on her cheek. She had a dim consciousness of a struggle around her, and then all was darkness. When she came to herself, the farm servants, holding torches, were kneeling beside her. On the snow was a pool of blood; beside it a dead wolf. "Hush!" said Marthe, as she tried to speak; "you shall hear everything presently." She was taken into the great hall at the farm. There sat Aubin, pale as death, leaning his head on the table; beside him stood Yves, his hand bleeding, and his forehead bound with a handkerchief.

"O," cried Armelle, "what has happened?"

"It was a wolf, two wolves, rather," answered Yves, shortly.

"You were all but devoured by one," added his mother.

"And Yves saved my life?"

"I only killed the wolf."

"The wolf that was going to kill me?"

"Well, and if I did save your life, what would that prove?"

She went up to him, and said, in a voice thrilling with emotion: "It would prove that you have a tiny bit of love for your little sister. No one can give more than his life for any one."

"I don't know," answered Yves brusquely. "I think plenty of people give their lives, or their deaths, if you like, easily enough, from love, or hatred, or whim, or because they are fools; but to sacrifice one's life, one's whole life, day by day, hour by hour, that's different."

"It is much sweeter," said Armelle.

"Now, look here; if you knew that you could save Daniel from sin or damnation by throwing yourself into the flames, or under a mill-wheel, would you not do it?"

"O, yes."

"But would you consent to live with him—close to him—always; to see him jealous of your services, of your love? Would you agree to let him tyrannize over you, when all the while there was a peaceful, happy life ready for you elsewhere?"

"Yes, Yves; I would."

"Why, it would be a hell!"

"No, a martyrdom."

"But without any one to force you to it."

"There is duty, Yves."

"And would you sacrifice everything to duty?"

"Everything. But," she said, after a

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pause, "Your hand is not properly bound up, the blood is coming through the linen. Yves, let me see to it." And she gently undid the handkerchief, bathed and dressed the gaping wound, with a light tender hand. "You will not hate me any more, will you?" she asked winningly.

"Do you love me, then?"

"Certainly I do."

"I know what that means—just nothing." Then, all at once, he broke out passionately: "And have I not reason to hate you? You have taken from me my place in the house; you are slowly stealing away what little love my mother has left for me; you are robbing me, of my birthright!"

"Be silent," said Aubin. "I will neither have you ask her whether she loves you nor say that you hate her."

Angry words were rapidly exchanged, and Armelle with difficulty quieted the brothers. Soon after, Aubin went out; and when the farmer and his wife returned, Yves and their adopted daughter were talking together happily enough.

From the day when the straw-cutter's daughter had stood up so bravely in Maclou's defence, Yves had disliked her from his heart. When his parents adopted her, this dislike became positive hatred. But gradually another feeling came; I can scarcely say to replace the other, for even the love which he was beginning to cherish for Armelle was so strange, so vehement, so absolutely without any softening influence, that it seemed still to retain some of the elements of the old hatred. As to the simple happy child herself, she guessed nothing of all this, but went on quietly feeding her sheep, singing her songs, and reading the stories of St. Genevieve and Jeanne d'Arc. When the Abbe Kerdrec spoke of her to Jean and Marthe, he called her his "saintly little shepherdess."

(To be continued.)

A Brave Nun.

Sister Maria Caprini, who was made a prisoner in 1882 by the Mahdi, and remained in the hands of the Sudanese until some native Christian aided her to make her escape, with her face painted black, that she might be mistaken for an African, has arrived at Verona, Italy, whither she traveled to see her mother and brother, who had given up all hope of ever seeing her again. Notwithstanding her terrible experience in that region the nun intends to soon return to the African mission.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

An Interesting Cyclopedia Shortly to be Issued by the Pope.

Advices from Rome are to the effect that the Pope has finished the draft of his encyclical upon the social question. His Holiness has been working upon the subject for over a year, and at his request the most competent economists and bishops of different countries, including America, have furnished memoranda. The Holy Father considers the question the greatest of the present time.

The encyclical will review and expound the whole question affecting wage workers. The document will comprise three parts. First, His Holiness will develop the general principles upon which social economy is founded and the dominant idea of distributive justice which should regulate the intercourse of men and the spread of wealth. The Pope says that distributive and restorative justice is needed to prevent misery and "sweetening" on one side and exorbitant riches and tyranny on the other.

The second part comprises the origin and cause of the present condition of the social problem. On this point His Holiness takes a new thesis, first developed in his encyclical on socialism.

The third part contains the views of the Pope regarding the remedies beyond religious and moral influences, to be advocated. His Holiness expresses himself again in favor of intervention by the State within the limits previously set forth. He condemns capitalism as now organized, and advocates a more equitable and just distribution of riches.

The date of its publication has not yet been fixed. The Pope is in the habit of carefully correcting and polishing his writings.

The Pope's physician says His Holiness may live for some time yet, as he has a robust constitution and is suffering from no infirmity.

Catholic Missions Pillaged.

Advices from Madagascar say that a number of Hovas, paid by the Malagasy premier, have pillaged the Catholic missionaries' premises at Antananarivo. Father Montaut was wounded while doing his utmost to protect the property of the missionary station. In addition to this outrage the Hovas attacked the house of the French vice-resident, the Comptoir d'Escompte and other prominent buildings. These attacks were repulsed by the occupants of the buildings referred to. The Protestant missions were not molested by the Hovas.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

THE People of the State of New York, by the Grace of God free and independent: To Michael Larkin, John Larkin, Ready Larkin, James Larkin, Michael Larkin and Maggie Larkin, next of kin, heirs at law, creditors and persons interested in the estate of Michael Larkin, late of the City of Rochester, in the County of Monroe, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of our County of Monroe, in the Surrogate Court, on the 21st day of January, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Surrogate's office in the City of Rochester, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the accounts of Bernard O'Reilly, as the administrator of the estate of said deceased. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty years, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings for the settlement of said estate.

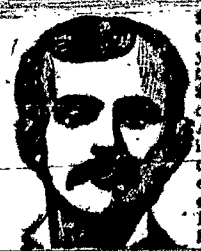
In Testimony Whereof, We have caused the seal of the Surrogate's Court of the County of Monroe, to be hereto affixed. Witness, Hon. J. A. Adlington, Surrogate of said county, at the City of Rochester, this 2nd day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

E. A. MARSH, Clerk Surrogate's Court.

O'BRIEN & FAIRBANKS, Attorneys for Administrator, Rochester, N.Y.

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