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THE HIERARCHY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES

EDITED BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, L. L. D., AND RICHARD H. CLARKE, L. L. D.

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A WOMAN'S SPELL.



“You little brown woman, what do you mean by that? Man of the world, he would weary. Tired of life’s battle—a pessimist, yet. Somehow, when he and the woman met, he learned what other there is in life than drifting on a sea of carelessness. There came resolve, and a sense of shame. For she made as his motto, but ‘faith and fame.’”

“The world’s foolish, we care truth. We’re barred by the gates we built in youth. For the woman I love shall be proud of me. But she turned him into the better way. His thoughts were purified even when he chafed and raged at the might he once had learned that living is not what the soul in her became part of him.

“He fights as others—to win or fall. And the spell of the woman is over all. Bravely they battle in this degree. For the woman I love shall be proud of me. And the man and woman the one heart beat. May be buried together, or buried apart. But the strong will battle for his degree. Add the woman I love shall be proud of me!”

He read the poem over, then read it again. Down went the brown head upon the desk and a sob passed the sweet, sensitive lips, shaded by a silly, dark mustache. At length he lifted his head, and the deep dark eyes, with their long curling lashes, were wet with tears.

“It is just like her,” he murmured, softly. “She is just like the woman in this poem. How noble and good she is! It is always the noble and good that is unattainable to me. Look at yourself, Will Summers!”

He arose, and going over to the mirror upon the wall gazed for a few moments upon the handsome face, with its haunting eyes and tender mouth, then he turned away—moody, discontented.

“What am I, to hope to make a woman my friend?” he groaned.

“True, I am young, passably good-looking, possessed of means sufficient for ordinary use. But she—she with her heart of fire, her brain, her warm, generous nature, and above all the talents which make her superior to other women—she would never think of me! Yet her very presence gives me strength—courage. When I am with her I feel a desire—a necessity—to make for myself a name. I had once thought myself talented, believed that the profession of writer was open to me, but now I am utterly discouraged, beset on all sides with obstacles—hedged in by doubts, ill-health, falling ambition—bah! I have no longer any ambition. At thirty I am an intellectual wreck!”

He paced up and down the floor of the pretty room which he designated his “den”—a room whose walls were lined with books, and everywhere indications of taste and refinement. At last, in sheer despair, he sat down and wrote a letter. When it was finished, he addressed it to Mrs. Augusta Story, in a far-off southern city.

For several years these two had corresponded, meeting occasionally, and each had found in the other an ideal companion. She was a writer of fiction—a brave little woman, all alone in the world. In Augusta Story, Will Summers had found his dream fulfilled, of pure, true womanhood; to him she was a star of hope, the only creature in the world who understood him, and read him aright.

Today he had come across the little poem which had so affected him that it brought tears to the eyes of this man—world-weary and sad, trying to make

himself believe in his own uselessness. Yet all the time, within his breast, a still, small voice was whispering of hope—for him—for him. “The spell of this woman was over all.”

She led him onward and upward. Her hand pointed to the better world; her example stirred all his higher nature.

Ambition aroused within him: hope awoke within his breast; and with hope, the desire to make a name.

“He learned that living is not a whim. For the soul of her became part of him.”

Will Summers took up the pen once more, and slowly but surely (it is necessarily slow work, but that makes it all the surer) he began to carve out his own future. His talents were devoted to doing good. His pen was never defiled by an unkind or cruel assertion—no scoffing at honor or uprightness; not afraid to defend a just cause, no matter how unpopular it might be. His name became the synonym of honor, and he was known as the champion of all good causes.

“I want to invent, said the Fiend with a smile.
 A weapon that’s cowardly, fierce, and vile,
 For madmen and rogues to play with.
 More deadly, more brutal, more cruel, more keen
 Than any missile, dagger, infernal machine,
 Or anything Christians slay with!”

“I want to improve on the poisoned pen.
 On the hellish weapons of the black craft.
 It must be the best, and the best of the best,
 Its wounds must torture, while fingers life,
 Is there anything you can mention?”

At last he was able to offer to the woman he loved a name which shown brightly among the stars in the literary galaxy. He had made up his mind that life was empty and dreary, and utterly unlivable without her. So he wrote a few lines:

“I must see you,” he said. “If I do not receive a telegram from you, forbidding me to come, I will be with you in a week.”

No telegram came, and a week later he stood before Augusta Story, in the little parlor of her quiet home. And there he poured out his heart to her unreservedly. She listened, pale and still, her eyes full of something like terror.

“My friend,” she faltered at last. “I never thought of this, believe me; oh, Will! I can never tell you how I appreciate your love, but—why have I kept the truth from you all these years? It was because I had never looked upon you as a lover. Will! Will! do not turn reproachful eyes upon me, the truth must be told: I am not a free woman. I am living apart from my husband. Everybody believes me to be a widow, and I have never taken the pains to undeceive them. But he—my husband, deserted me years ago—five long years.”

There had been paradise in that little home a few moments before now there was hell itself. He could not speak, he could find no words to express what he felt. But if you have seen a sweet hope slain with one cruel blow, then you know how Will Summers felt that day.

“You love him, Augusta?” he asked, at last.

She shook her head. Her eyes met, and in her eyes he read the sad, sweet truth.

“His name was Bertram Story,” she said, slowly. “I might have learned to care, years ago, but his own conduct killed all respect for him in my heart. It was a mercenary marriage, dear. I was forced into it, for I was homeless and friendless, and I made the one sad mistake of my life-time. A woman had better starve in the streets than marry a man she does not love. We parted—he and I. There is no ground for divorce, and I do not believe in the divorce laws. It is the one burden which I must bear until I die. Can you ever forgive me for bringing all this sorrow into your life?”

“I have nothing to forgive,” he answered. “You have been my inspiration, my help, my all. I can never love another woman. If you are ever free, come to me, darling; my arms will be open—come! You will let me kiss you once, dear, will you not? For the first and last time.”

“He took her in his arms, and their lips met in a long farewell.

“My star of hope,” he whispered, “you will shine for me, even in heaven!”

A moment later, and he was gone, and Augusta Story was facing the sorrow of her life.

Only a month had passed when Will Summers read a notice in a Southern paper of the death of Bertram Story.

A few months later he found his way to the old Southern home. Would she be glad to see him, or—his heart sank at the possible alternative. But too well did he know her nature—firm, steadfast, true. His heart leaped up again within his breast, glad and alive once more. He was shown to her study, where, seated at her desk, she was busy writing. She heard the sound of footsteps, and dropping her pen, started to her feet—a black-robed figure, pale and calm. But, somehow, there was something like rest shining in her eyes.

Not one word did he speak. He only held out his arms, and she crept within their shelter, and all was still. It was the complete union of two hearts made for each other; one of the rare and beautiful exponents of the theory of twin souls. It is difficult to understand, and yet there is truth in the belief that each human soul is formed with its spirit mate—its complement, or other half. Some souls go wandering through the world and never find their soul’s mate; but to these two mortals, this happiness was given.

Augusta Story made no pretense of a grief which she did not feel; and so a few months after her widowhood she became Will Summers’ wife, and together, each occupied with their pens in loving sympathy, as they work at their chosen profession, they lead an ideal existence. It is happiness true and pure, and

“The spell of the woman is over it all!”

Changing Their Minds.

A reaction on the separatist question has set in in Norway and the separatist party, who want the union between Norway and Sweden repealed, is losing ground in the country districts. The rural populations are, it is said, beginning to realize that the union is a source of strength to Norway, and while they can see what they would lose by separation, the advantages to be gained are not clearly apparent. Bjornstjerne Bjornson is still actively urging the separatist cause.

Editor Childs Was Fond of Clocks.

The late George W. Childs had an overpowering fondness for clocks. At one time he had thirteen in his private office, some made valuable by their historic associations, others by reason of their fine workmanship. One exquisite specimen composed of lapis lazuli was worth a great sum. In his three residences and at his office he had more than fifty clocks, estimated to be worth at least \$50,000. From the world over he was the recipient of appeals to buy old clocks.

Great Feast.

Mr. Grogan, telling the story of the argument, “An I had to stand there looking at him, showing th’ best of cut, an’ all the bones I was so mad of, was grittin’ me teeth behind me bolck.”

THIRD-STORY CHICKEN FARM.

A Full-Fledged Black Carried on to a Montana City Block.

People passing the Realty block in Anaconda, Mont., were attracted by a novel sight in the window of one of the vacant store rooms. In a shallow wooden box, less than three feet square, their downy bodies in constant motion and their shrill piping sounding even through the glass, are seventy-two chickens, apparently as happy as if they were in a barnyard under the care of a bustling hen. The box is a “brooder” and in the only mother that the seventy-two fluffy youngsters have ever known, and in it they have lived for the week that they have been alive. Prompted by curiosity a reporter sought out Mrs. Childs, the landlady of the building, to learn if possible whether or not she intends to start a poultry ranch in a three-story brick block in the city, and if she is, to learn how she proposes to run it. Mrs. Childs demonstrated very easily that she knows what she is doing, and that she can do it successfully. She has started to raise broilers for the market and intends to do it in her block. Mrs. Childs’ apartments are on the third story and in one of her rooms she has two incubators, one containing 100 eggs and the other 200. Here the chickens are hatched, and as soon as they get the use of their legs they are transferred to the brooder and taken to the basement, which has been divided into pens of convenient size. Here they live in the brooder until they are two weeks old, when they are placed in the pens and allowed to run about and grow. When they are eight or nine weeks old they are ready for market.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

The “Happy Family” Gave a Red Hot Reception to Their Visitor.

“I saw an amusing incident in Central park one day last summer,” said J. W. McClellan of New York. “I happened to be standing in front of the monkey cage watching the antics of the ‘Happy Family,’ when a keeper came along with a big doll dressed up in a bright red dress, which he placed in a corner of the cage. The advent of the new-comer into their abode at first seemed to all the monkeys with astonishment and fear. They huddled themselves together in a remote corner and keeping their eyes on the doll, chattered away at a great rate. Finally one big monkey, a little braver than the rest, began to advance cautiously upon the intruder. When within about three feet of the doll, the monkey proceeded to stamp the floor and chatter, evidently intending to frighten the visitor away. Finding that the doll did not move and that there was nothing very formidable about it, the other monkeys began to approach until they were all collected around their mysterious guest. At last after eyeing it and smelling around for several minutes, one of the largest monkeys suddenly pounced upon the doll and in an instant had torn the bright-colored dress from its body, whereupon the other monkeys immediately fell upon the poor doll and in less time than it takes to tell it had torn it to shreds.”

IN A MONTANA RESTAURANT.

A Waiter Who Knew Sufficient Postonese to Quiet a Patron.

The pampered child of luxury from Boston was caught over night in a rough town in Montana. In the dining room he was waited on by a kindly, easy-going waiter, who had seen better days.

“Have you any lobster a la Newburg?” he asked, when he had been informed there was no soup.

“Now, but their’s some lobster a la can if the eat hain’t et it.”

“Have you any pate de foie gras?”

“Now, the dry weather killed it all off.”

“Have you any sweetbreads and peas?”

“Nary one; hain’t got any kind of bread but sody biscuit.”

“Have you any terrapin?”

The waiter couldn’t stand it any longer.

“Looker here, young feller,” he said, pulling up a chair and resting his elbows on the table very familiarly, “you ain’t built for Montana feed. What you ought to do is to go back to Boston and live on the fundamental concepts of modern philosophic thought and beans,” and the gentleman from Boston was utterly paralyzed.

An Interesting Calculation.

An interesting statement has recently been made by the actuary of an insurance company. It appears from investigations which he has been making, that the oftener a man marries the greater is the difference in age between the wife and the widower. Usually, he says, a wife is barely three years younger than her husband; in the case of second wives the man is, in the average of cases, senior by nine years; while third wives are generally found to be the juniors of their partners by eighteen years.

The Number Forty in the Bible.

The rain that produced the flood fell for 40 days and 40 nights, and after it ceased it was 40 days before Noah opened the ark. Moses was 40 days on the mountain fasting, and the spies spent 40 days investigating matters in Canaan before making their report. Elijah fasted 40 days in the wilderness, and Jonah gave the people of Nineveh 40 days in which to repent. The 40 days of Jesus is known to all readers of the New Testament.

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