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THE HIERARCHY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

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

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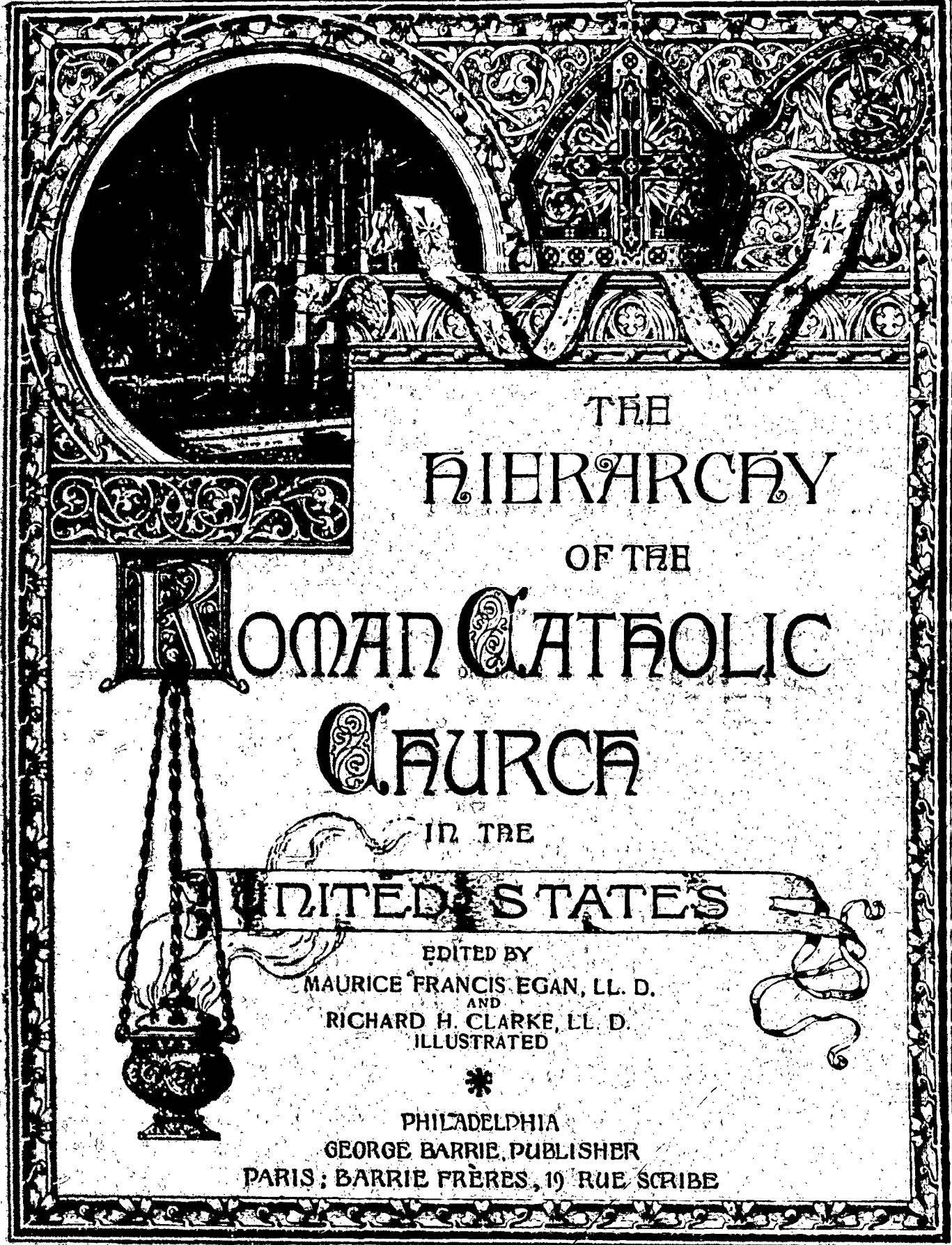
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HARVEY LANGFORD



THE SHRUG WAS UNDENIABLE, AND FOLLOWED UP BY A TOSSE OF THE HEAD AND A POUT OF THE RED LIPS.

"I should not suppose one could judge of the difficulty attending an untried task," retorted the young man. "You know well enough what would please me, Ina, and you are so fully aware that you constantly pursue the opposite path: Will Strong and Joe Dering are good enough fellows in their way, but for all that you need not reserve all your powers for them. Let them know how matters stand between us."

"And how is that?" interrupted the girl with a quick flash of her eye.

"Ina, didn't you give me your promise a month ago? And the young man's honest brown eyes looked steadily at her.

"I told you when you gave me the overseer at the mines I would think about it. There's plenty of time between now and then for me to change my mind. If, indeed, it has ever been made up. At all events, friends and fault-finders won't make me any the more eager for the day to arrive."

"Oh, darling! when that day comes, the frowns will have been chased away forever. Come, dear, tell me if you love me just a little. Perhaps I am unreasonable, but I can't help it, Ina. When I see you with other men, and you seem so cold and indifferent to me, I feel as though I could kill them and snatch you away where no eye but mine could dwell on your beauty. There, dear, I must leave you. Say good-night, and give me a corner in your dreams."

The girl's eyes had softened now. The bright young mouth quivered, and the full red lips were raised to meet the warm, glowing kiss her lover left upon them.

"I do love you Harvey," she whispered. "If you would only not be so cross."

"I know it, dear," he answered.

And gathering her in his arms, as though she had been a feather, he pressed another kiss upon the chestnut-crowned head, and then went out into the night.

Though but a rustic beauty, whose views of life were bounded by the village horizon, she had grown up a willful, petted thing, with her feet as carefully guarded from the rough paths as any high-born lady in the land.

Another month rolled by, and Harvey Langford spent his days in a strange alternation of joyful hope and jealous anger; though latterly the former was slowly dying out. Ina began to treat him with suspicious coldness. She no longer bore allusion to the fulfillment of her promise, and her smiles grew more frequent to others as they lessened to him. He was pacing up the long lane leading to her door on one fine October afternoon, revolving many bitter thoughts



HE BORE HER TO THE SHAFT.

and determining to make to Ina one last appeal, when, turning a bend in the road, he saw two figures a short distance ahead. There was no mistaking the straight young figure, with the pretty hat coquettishly placed upon the night-curled; but the man's heart beat thick and fast, as in the tall, manly form at her side he recognized Will Strong.

No wonder she had grown cold and hard, when she held secret meetings with this man. He could hear no spoken word between them, but he saw that the girl's head was bent low, one little foot tapping the dust and her ungloved hand clasped within those of her companion. He was talking low and earnestly, and when she answered the air of coquetry always with her had disappeared. Her manner was as grave as his own. He could almost see the crimson flush upon her cheek, for her head was raised now, and she was speaking in low, rapid tones. Then she ceased, and Harvey Langford's face grew white with the pallor almost of death, and from his eyes shone a fierce flame, as he watched the man before him bend and kiss the lips turned to him, then turn and hasten in the opposite direction.

A few quick imperious strides brought him to her side. Her head was turned from him, her face buried in her hands; then she felt his grasp

upon her arm, and, looking up, saw in the stern, pale face before her that he had seen all.

"Parting from your lover, were you? For how long—twenty-four hours? A pity any one should have witnessed the tender scene! Child! Woman! Devil! What are you and what have you done this day?"

"Nothing that I have cause to blush for," and the face raised to his was pale as his own; the eyes flamed with an answering flash. "If you had come to me like a man, Harvey Langford, I could have told you all you want to know, but you came instead to spy upon my actions and you have received a spy's reward. From this moment you have lost the right to question or I to answer. I have made a narrow escape from the jealous meshes in which you would have bound me but the tools are broken. I am free, and so are you."

"I am not the first man who hugs a serpent only to feel its sting. God pity the man who takes our fair face and your fair heart to sit beside his hearthstone. Heaven help me! I plucked the opening blossoms, only to find that I had gathered Dead sea fruit. Were you to come to me tomorrow a suppliant for the place I once so proudly offered, I would spurn you as now; and shaking off his grasp from her arm with one look of bitter contempt, he left her where he had found her."

"Harvey," she cried out at last, but his figure was far away, his ears deaf to her appeal, and like a wounded bird she sank upon the ground.

The dull November days were drawing to a close, the trees were stripped of their beautiful foliage which so lately had adorned them, the earth lay cold and bare, waiting for its snowy mantle, when, on a gray, chill morning, a low rumbling sound in the vicinity of the mines caused men to look at one another in anxious dread, which at last found vent in the awful cry:

"The mine's on fire!"

The wall will soon fall in. Some one must go to the rescue," said a voice.

Then Harvey Langford stepped forward.

"Harvey," whispered a voice in his ear, and falling back a step he turned to see the fair beauty of the girl he had once so madly loved.

"Well, what do you want?" he questioned roughly. "To look once more upon your work ere I go to my doom?"

"No, Harvey," the sweet, young voice faltered; "to beg you, for my sake, not to go. I have suffered so, Harvey. Let me tell you how. It was not as you supposed. Will Strong had asked me to marry him, and I—I had told him I could not, because—because of my love for you; and when I said that, he told me you were a good, brave fellow, and since I could not care for him, he only hoped I might be happy; and then, Harvey, he begged me just to give him one kiss to take with him into his new life, and so—"

"Give it—yes, I saw it all. A well-told story, Ina Barlow—a story you will whisper in my dead ears when they bring, on our benches, perhaps, my lifeless body from the mine." And, with a harsh laugh, he pushed away the little hand laid so pleadingly on his arm. "Stand back, man; I am ready." And in another moment the descending shaft hid him from their sight.

Minutes passed which to those waiting seemed endless hours. The smoke came up in thick, hot gusts, and an awful silence fell upon all.

"The old shaft!" at last exclaimed a voice. "I'll be enteringly that, he could go below and warn the men which way safety lay."

But the opening was so small, a child only could effect a passage, and in what childish heart lay the heroism which should nerve it to face such dangers? Into Ina Barlow's pale face came a gleam of color, one glance at the slight figure, one prayer upon the pure lips and she stood forward.

"Take me," she simply said. "I go to save the man I love!"

In her eyes shone a dauntless courage, and no man dared say her "nay." But when she had at last gone into that awful chasm, which seemed to swallow up all in its vast yawning mouth, a groan burst from the lips of those present—a groan, followed by a cheer, as Harvey Langford's form appeared again in sight and one by one the miners followed. In that fearful peril which he had but just escaped, a sweet young voice seemed to echo in his ear, a dim wonderment to pierce his brain as to whether its ring of truth were real, a wild desire to look again upon her face and read therein the secret; but in vain he searched to find her beauty. The chestnut-crowned head was nowhere to be seen, whereas rough whispers, from mouth to mouth passed the knowledge of her deed and his quick ear caught it.

"Cowards!" burst from his white lips. "You would let a woman do this thing!"

"She said she went to save the man she loved," spoke one.

And in Harvey Langford's eyes there shone such joy as hid the misery there written, while on his lips arose a wild prayer, as once again he plunged from their sight. Lying where she had fallen, like a lily blown from its stem, white and senseless, he picked her up and bore her to the shaft. Many strong arms came to the rescue; but the cheers fell on dull, lifeless ears, and for a while they thought death had claimed them both. But life held too much promise, and when, scarcely three months later, the new overseer of the mines claimed his bride, distrust had vanished from both their hearts; and, while kind and cheering wishes fell like hail upon them, in Harvey Langford's simple, quiet words, "My wife" as they stood upon the threshold of their new home, sounded the thanksgiving of a life.

With an Irish Cossack.
Husband—I'm afraid Kathrina is in the habit of telling untruths.
Wife—What makes you think so?
Husband—Didn't she tell you that the policeman who comes here is her cousin?
Wife—Yes.
Husband—Well, Kathrina is German.

The Terrible Truth.
Wife—I have a confession to make. I took your last story and sent it to the Lighttone Magazine, and here's their check.
Struggling Author—What! Did they accept it?
"Yes."
"Heavens! This is awful! I must be getting paroled."

As Good as Dead.
He—What's this terrible thing I hear? I am told that you are not a widow, but a married woman with a husband still living—and yet you have engaged yourself to me.
She—Don't let that worry you, my love. We will never meet him. He does not move in our set.

According to Size.
Miss—Cynthia, how would you like to be as big and fat as Aunt Dinah?
Cynthia—No, ma'am, I don't want to be as big as she is. I'd like to be as big as she is, if I had rheumatism now so I can hardly walk. If I was big as she is I'd be dead.

Not to Be Believed.
"Bagley told a straight story on the stand and I think he had won the jury over to him."
"How was it, then, that the verdict was against him?"
"The lawyer for the other side established the fact that Bagley had for years been a weather prophet."

His Aim All Right.
"You ought to have seen Bagley out shooting with his revolver the other day. He couldn't hit a barn door."
"How did that happen? I thought Bagley was a good shot."
"Well, so he is; but you see, there wasn't a barn door to hit."

Circumstantial Evidence.
Willie—Your father is going to church to-morrow with your mother, ain't he?
Tommy—How did you know that?
Willie—Well, if he wasn't you'd never be digging bait on Saturday afternoon.

Sauce for the Goose.
Illustration of a man and a woman.

Husband—Good gracious alive, Mary! What's the matter with your dress? Have you gone entirely out of your mind?
Wife (complacently)—No. But if you find it convenient, why should it be?—Judge.

No Wedding.
This Easter brings me no content.
The reason's plain to see:
She gave up man things in Lent,
Among them being me.

It's an Ill Wind.
Friend! Then you've had a pretty good season?
Bad Actor—Yes, indeed; people aren't throwing away eggs and vegetables this winter.

A Modest Request.
Young Woman (in postoffice)—Won't you please stamp this letter for me?
Astonished Clerk—Why don't you do it yourself?
Young Woman—I'm afraid to. I read of a dreadful case of poisoning from the gum on a stamp yesterday.

Not an Authority.
First Actor—What has been the prevailing price of eggs about the country this winter?
Second Actor—I don't know. I haven't paid anything for what I got.

Clean Enough.
Policeman—Come, move on, you dirty tramp!
Tramp (who's just been run over by street-sweeper)—Don't get gay, now! Who's had a cleanin' last—me or you? See?

His Capability.
Johnnie—Why don't you go on the stage, like Sandow, Mr. Flusheim?
Mr. Flusheim—Why, Johnnie?
Johnnie—Cause pa says you can carry the biggest load of any man he ever saw.

Disaster.
She went to church in her new Easter hat. But in her weather forecast made an error;
A pecking shower a ruin made of that. And then she realized the rain of terror.

Opening of the R. R. Season.
Now pitchers take the Kessler Cure. And tonics for their nerves.
Fearful lest their managers should get on to their curries.

Her Wonderful Creations.
Juggles—What is your opinion of the collection of things Miss Maul painted for Easter?
Waggie—After seeing them I can never again believe that eggs is eggs.

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