## Loretto. On the choice

An Interesting Story for Both Old an Young.

Written by George E. Milea.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART L

CHAPTER L

There once was—where many still remember—a neat farmhouse, not large, but tastefully built, with dormer windows projecting from the -a little Eden.

perhaps, but sparing its dignity. There he could always be found durand all his tackle around him fishing away with so much temper and so little skill, that rare indeed was it when the proprietor of Loretto feasted on trout of his own catching.

sagacity or internal organization, and from careful study of his master's

The Colonel was never jealous. So completely had be merged Charley's individuality in his own, that the idea of Charley's having caught a fish never entered into his speculationsit was perfectly ridiculous. Why Charley belonged to him quite as much as his own hair line—and what mattered it whether he used his tupering English tube, or his less clastic black boy as a rod-for Charley to be changed before she could forwas but a rod in the case-all the difference being that one was of foreign the other of native origin. Over and over again, when not a trout had twirled his reel, and when a dozen noble prisoners floundered in the tink it was too plain. It puzzled and pan at the little fellows heels, would annoyed the Colonel-she had albeauties as their clear scals glittered in the sun, exclaim-'Ah, you litt'e rogues, you could not escape me!'and so firmly was the Colonel persuaded of this, that to all the juries in the county he would have sworn that he had caught those fish. This was one of the Colonel's eccentricitiesfailing would be too hard a name for his innocent and confirmed delusion; and so fervently did he believe it. that Charley himself was to the full as certain of the proposition as his master, and would have resented any insinuation of the truth as a most unfounded calumny.

Through all the country round the proprietor of Loretto was a favorite; men, women and children celebrated the purity and benevolence of his character, and, as is frequently done. magnified even his peculiarities as virtues. At wedding, christening and wake he was the principle man in all the neighborhood; in all matters of etiquette, an oracle. If any doubtful point of precedence occurred, if any knotty question of konor arose, if any nice shade of interest was to be decided, on which the doubtful light of the law was unso-Moited, -the Colonel was sure to be invoked; and he gave his responses forth with so much sagacity, sincer

ity and pointed brevity, that his reputation rose with every decision and he stood arbitrator par excellence for the county. Even his title, the Colonel, was a mark rather of love and honor than any military service past or present. True it was that in the late war he had been Captain of a company and that his knee had been stiffened by an enemy's ball,but this had happened long ago, and his gallantry, though noticed in the prints of the day, was all unchronicled in history.

The Colonel was a bachelor-but high, sharp roof, and a double portico he did not live alone, his sister Mary running around it. It was a vener- divided with him the empire of able house, rather emblamatic of Loretto. Mrs. Cleveland was under comfort, than afficience, beautifully fifty—some ten years younger than situated on the clear slope of a well- her brother. She was a shade over wooded hill. In winter, it was some the medium size of woman-rather what dreary to those who passed and slightly made, and her shoulders knew not the fireside joys within; but curved a little forward by age or in summer, the birds and the flowers, care. Her hair, which she wore the vines and honeysuckles peopled drawn straight from her forehead with busy bees and lestooning the behind her ear. was in blendid lines porches, the rich herbage rolling of black and white; her eye was large, over the fertile plain, until changing calm and clear, the expression of color in the distance, it grew blue as her face habitually sad and reserved. the vault it seemed to kiss, the elms. There were lines of thought and dethe oaks and the maples, all united termination about her mouth, but to make Loretto-for so it was called smoothed and softened as if the hand of resignation had touched them. A clear, quick trout-stream ran! She had the true mother look in through the lawn, to the north, giv- which infant innocence first reposes. ing that fine finish to the lanscape, and which manly virtue most reveres. which running water only can impart. Her brother loved her more than his In the misty spring mornings at life, and well was his love returned. break of day, you could always see She knew how to ward off his occalooming through the fog along this sional fits of petulence and how to stream, an elderly man with a broad most them, when in spite of her, felt hat drawn over his cheeks to they came in momentary gustiness. keep off the flies, dressed in a close. Loretto was a happy house, and bodied grey coat and breaches of especially happy when the third and permanent pepper and salt. He was last of the family left the convent tail and portly, and though not ab- school, whose small spire just rose solutely lame, there was a decided shove the neighboring woods, -when halt in his gait, injuring its grace, she left the good sisters and young friends with whom her youth had gone by like a sweet, sweet dream, ing the choicest hours of the legiti- to join her own family circle and mate season, with his rod fast in hand, spend the year-the whole yearwinter and summer, ave. life itself. so it seemed, at Loretto.

Agnes Cleveland had just completed her studies at the convent, -she had gone through the prescribed But the Colonel never angled alone: course brilliantly and well,—she had in spite of old Isaac, he wastar too staid even a year beyond the re- an impulse which might only be wise for that. A bright-faced mulat quired time and now there was transient, advising me to consider it to boy named Charley was his in sep- nothing more to be learned, nothing more maturely. erable companion in all these matinal more to be gained by remaining. At excursions. From his own intuitive least, so thought the world and the advice. Think not of me in your de-

She left school in the bright month soul, of Him who will one day judge mistakes, Charley had become an ext of July with the blessing of all who it, and of your spotless Mother, who pert in the art in which his preceptor knew her, with her tears falling fast sits in heaven, exalted above the remained a bungler. Whilst the on the load of honors she held with angels. Please her, and you will not Colonel bustled about to the mortal both arms. She had always left be fail to please me. You are young terror of every fish within twenty fore at the required season to spend, and a lew months in society may feet of his fly, Charley, breathless in the summer at home, but then it undermine your purpose. But, my the bushes, patiently cast his wrig- was different, - then it was only for own Agnes, you must be happy now gling earth-worm and drew out with the short vacation -then the future -you have not pained me, nor can a quiet smile the unsuspecting vic- was to be but a repitition of the you ever pain me, my child, so long tims that dreaded the more tempting past, filled by the same long, sweet as you hold the call of God your first prayers-by Mass in the morning, duty.' by Angelus at noon, by Litany at Yes, mother, I will be happy-it night At first she did not feel the will not cost an effort.' change so keenly. It was impossible have another occupant, her flower room. bed another mistress; but when the summer melted into gorgeous autumn and she still remained at Loretto, when she felt that her heart was get the girl and become a woman, her tears were less frequent indeed. but far more painful.

She endeavored to conceal her sadness from her mother and uncle, but apparently unobservant, the Colonel the Colonel, eying the speckled ways been so cheerful, so free from all the melancholy of thought. though thoughtful too. He never inquired the cause, but his conjectures were multidunious and inces-

It was a bright winter afternoonthe snow was lying deep and well beaten over the road just hardening after the mid-day thaw, as the sun went down without a cloud about him. Agnes had returned with her mother from vespers at the convent chapel. They were sitting silently in the twilight before the generous wood fire that kept the parlor bright and warm. The Colonel had gone to take an airing on horseback, which, in other words, was a visit of benediction to the poor.

For many minutes they sat, each steadily gazing into the fire, which sparkled and crackled as though it loved and welcomed them.

'Agnes,' said Mrs. Cleveland at last without raising her eyes, 'you must be unbappy.'

There was a long pluse and the fire burned loudly and the sigh of the wind was plainly heard from with-

'Are you not?' asked the mother; for the first time hazarding a look at her daughter.

Agnes was leaning back in her

chair, her bead thrown forward almost on her breast; her hands clasped and resting between her knees, her tears glancing down her cheeks.

'Are you not?' repeated Mrs. Cleveland, touching her straightened

The touch was electric. Without a word the young girl rose and cast herself on her mother's bosom.

Tam! I am! she sobbed again and again. 'Oh, mother!' she said, 'I love you, and yet I wish to leave you-I must leave you! she added with more energy, kissing her parent's pale for chead as she spoke.

'Leave me for what, Agnes?' said Mrs. Cleveland, amouthing her daughter's bair, which had fallen oose in her agitation.

'For the conventi'

Louder and louder burned the fire, and louder was the sigh of the wind without.

Mrs. Cleveland was not unprepared for this; she had long since read her me weep to chain up one of my daughter's heart. The habitual halfsmile of quiet resignation played about her lips. Agnes was surprised at her calmness.

'And you would really leave me then, my child? resumed the mother; tenderly pressing the small hand she had taken in hers.

'Leave you for God alone!' said Agnes, for God alone, mother. Do not think me insensible to all your cannot, you do not doubt it! I have been unhappy because I c. eaded your opposition, and knew the trial I was preparing for you; unhappy, because was resisting an impulse which I recognized as from heaven, and which, in spite of every human obstacle I must obey!

Mrs. Cleveland was still unmoved. or if there was any change, it was only in her clear eye, in which the tear hung and trembled; only in the slight movement of her lips, playing with a happier smile. Have you spoken to your confessor!

Thave. 'And--'

'He cautioned me against obeying

And I, my daughter, repeat cision, but of your own immortal slow,

'God bless you!' Mrs. Cleveland to realize that there was no return held her daughter close to her heart, to the convent—that her desk was to and Colonel Cleveland entered the

'A quarrel and a reconciliation, I take it, ladies, he said, as he threw an enormous overcost into a corner and took off his spurs. Whow this bill's as cold as an icoberg, and would freeze a polar bear, but for a friend like this, and he thrust both hands into the cheerful blaze that rose joyously to hall his coming. But though had his eyes about him, and saw he was just in at the close of a

At tea he was struck with the altered manner of his niece. Her eyes would swim at times, but there was a world of joy in her face of calm. deep, holy joy joy that made him wonder. After the cloth was removed, she lit his cigar with a smile such as he had not seen for many a day. She played backgammon with him until after nine, and in the exoftement of the game, her even glit. tered, her laugh rang, and she shook her hair from her temples as joyously as when he held her on his knee and gave her sweet things to win her love. And when the old mahogany clock struck ton, and sle presented on one knee a brimming mug of brown October.

'Agnes,' said he, as the creaming ale touched his mouth, 'thank God! you are yourself again.

Before the tankard descended. Agnes had left the room.

'Mary,' began the old man, looking steadfastly at his sister. 'Is that young girl in love with anyone but

'Not that I am aware of.'

You have had a conversation with her, be continued with the nir of one who defles contradication. T have

'And you discovered the secret of her unhappiness"

.. I know Mi-this almost

you will to a challenge. "Vestitation, you had better know at once. Agree wishes to miuro the convent

The Colonel shuddered. To spend another year there! To spend her life there!" 'As a count'

'Good God!' thundered the Colonel, counding from his chair and knocking his stick with terrible emphasis against the floor. Agnes a nun And you permit it sister! The old man paced rapidly up and down the room, whilst the perspiration gathered in large drops on his forehead. You permit iti and all there as comtentedly as if she were coing to ball-and speak of it calmly speak of it to me calmly -as if I had no heart-as if I could see the immolation of one of God's fairest crestures without a tear. Why it would make hounds for life—but this young flower, this Agnes-Madam, you are stone!

Mrs. Gleveland was slient. Oh. I did not think it of her! muttered the Colonel, in Tain at tempting to arrost his tears. I did not think it of her. To leave her old uncle-I who have loved her-loved her as age alone can love youth-I who have pade myself a boy for her goodness; do not doubt my love you these fifteen years to leave her old uncle-oh, this is bed enough! But to leave her mother-

He stopped short and turned upon his sister with a flashing are and heaving breast.

Mary is she not your child - your own, only child-bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh—has she not your own image stamped upon her faceare you not a mother and oan you calmly see her out down in her youth, her hopes and beauty blasted-oan you calmiy see her walking a willing fanatio into a direary, lonely dumerous Tell me sister, can you see the sine descending on her neck, and smile like an Indian executionar? Tell me! -there is the same blood in our

veins!-But not the same falth in our hearts.

mered the Colonel pale with pas-

I do, brother, and hear me. There's nothing under heaven so dear to me as Agnes. I lived for her when I would have died without her. I have nothing else on earth to love, save you, brother wave you may pest and first friend! But, if I find that I have nursed her for God and not for man-for the cloister and not for the cold, indecent, hollowbearted ball-room, -I tell you, brother, there's not a mother living, beshe slave or be she queen, war will be as proud, as happy, as thankful

Ahl you are leagued to kill me. Strike, I can bear no more! He sank back in his chair.

Did woman ever marry with a fairer chance of happiness than If exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland, rising to her full height, whilst her face glowed. Oh! I looked forward to a future such as lew can fancy; and when I thought it in my reach, it turned to burning sand.

There are few such villains as-Hushi Man is too corrupt to be judged by his fellows. We need a more merciful tribunal, and she pointed above.

The Colonel paused a mement. then changed his tactics. But this young creature, acarcely twenty, knows not her own mind; and know of nothing more dangerous. more trescherous, more outrageously abominable, than to wreat this momentary inclination to ber own destruction, before she has time

She shall have time! 'How long' One years

To be continued.

Always Koop to the Bight. The polite dodging that some times occurs between passers in a parrow passage was happily solved once by a tail. ungraceful, bulky Vermonter, who extricated both from the position by say ing, 'Il you will stand still, maden, I will go home. Joseph Ritchis of Roxbury used to tell an experience of his in the days when ladies gowns trailed on sidewalks and in street ours, and their tempers finalisd out if any lody trod upon them. Looking straight at the fushed cheeks and wrinkled forehead. "I excuse you, ma'am," said like Rischie, with old school politeness. Hos

The sea maller in tropical seas is very dangerous to bathers. One of these orestures fastemed to the body conses a pain so intense that swimmers have been known to faint ere they could reach the shore. The pain has been compared to that of a very soute attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER DOBBUT AL WAYS SEE THE HUNGROUP SIDE

MAN NAIMTS IS Necessary.

"Ob, by goodsom gracions. alivet That's borrid. Why, I wouldn't sompe gira a picture like that to me of not bot bee friends for worlds." "But Miss Blank, you forget that

this is only a proof." "A proof, is it! And what were you trying to prove by making me look like that? That I am 100 years old or had been through a fever before the picture

wes taken! "Miss Blank, I think you are a limbe enreasonable. This is nothing but a been swobule drab seeds to its has Jacons hard lines will be toned down. Ladmit

me it is, it does not do you justice". "Justice? Well, I should my not. 1 ainst very ocasolted about my looks, best if I shought I was as hideous as their Picture makes me I'd wear a mask. This, in substance, is a dislogue in a

photograph gallery a few days ago. A roman had "come in to see her proofs."
and the clerk had blanch bended the exame of all the commotion over the showens, behind which she had in transhed becasif. The contenter or 'subjust," as the photographent turn that: PARTIEN, WAS MAD AN ADOR AS AND MAN she proof. But the diplomany of the prompt woman behind the shower would have given points to a politiciane. this was thoroughly in service or confidential or friendly or a little bit monbled, all in one breesh. It was appare demonstrated that she was well as quainted with the premium. And she was truthful. The know that it want't fair to judge the pipes by the proof, and, what is more, the encouded to convin ing the subject that this was the car

"Very well, Miss. Blank," a when the structubers and obtain what "We will finish south of " and you doing is and see how and if you feel them as you do now we would mak you to take 'on.

An the door cloud the clurk year ranged some photographs of purity gowie on the abovenes looked away later apare for a fay measurets and property seed. meople look a little last and

"Do you have many enough a

anyway. But I have actions he terest subjects, and nexticularly the ma-mon, who have ever place and interest try constitutions with the billion. frost pulled as to have a protect a the photographer, because in all of the best mallaries piotures are taken by about exposure, which is practically instant, neone. The people who knew nor about good deal of amusement. "In deciding upon a pose for the face," constanted the processing the processing

meter exercises green verse and the calciumber of the provided provided as a look of the calciumber we wrong decide provided as allowed to decide white waters of the calcium are allowed to decide white waters of the calciumber o the face will give the bag til is true of almost everybody that marked of the face is quite markedly better role ing then the other, and for the period comparent ruly inv full his of lines will photos are salted. But the other will be the other than the other will be the other than the other profile. He said he wanted in places of nimed in energy that position. Best implement that the model stricture submilited had an unusually good profile.

and consequently the ploture wall gates gight in a serious was gates. But my subject a profile was faculty. Induct he trade 2000 takens pose ' li was signific de see de away that a profile of his face would be anything but flattering to the organ. Y and I tried to break it to him gantity. So that, he said, you sound that this I

is a five photo, and I know that the like his pers is excellent. Why can't you got the same results from my facel. Lith Lam quite as good looking as he'le don's

"That isn't the point," mile I to control I didn't wars to page the manted that toulings. 'You know that one sto faces, Ale specifice, and I am puly telling you that a profile is not your best view.

'But he wasn't actisfied and feetened. Che.(85)

on a profile, so rather than apper him of histories the coll that ries of his lace and allest the same and attach want once which is secured with the case of the same and attach with a court day by cause the same are the same stage bigging proofs. I showed him the profits link of Chere was no overlooking that home. It, all proves recomed up like Montal Com Companies in 1905 of Sparry Tratise his poor camp its long. It is ed up from the proof as me and said.
"Good Lord! Dis I look like that!"

"The camera doser's lie about such tkings." I replied, at the same libra-handing him the ciber proof. If spoked a good dast relieved when he saw the second proce. But louid on that he cocked at first one and hen he sthat seek back to me and said in a neurole was 'You may develop the other was And I didn't need to be teld which m

Boothy Law Edition

ADDA STATE which is covered by pools. In moch more emposed to the produces it. When the frigory does goone in a most invertably in

with which she had glotter Dr. Chabbert offer the expe-eral physicists. To edding