LORETTO, OR THE CHOICE.

An Interesting Story for Both Old and Young.

Written by George E. Miles.

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CHAPTER XIII.-Continued.

We must here remark a change in the same she had at Loretto. She Mr. Almy towards Gabriel. Formerly dreamed that she was in the Convent the morchant regarded him with chapel, alone-at midnight that as ill-concealed aversion; he seemed to she was kneeling there, a lady, whose think him an impertinent intruder, face was concealed by a white vell an officious busybody, always bluinspangled with stars, appeared upon dering and always out of place. the altar. Slowly and noiselessly Whenever he spoke to him it was the figure moved towards her and with a scowl, full of hatred, yet not stood over her-the vell was uplifted uomingled with fear. But as soon -it was her Mother!-Not the pale, as the fever left him, it was different; cold body she had seen in the cottin, he loved to have Gabriel near him; -but the mild, warm, bright being he welcomed his pale face to his bedwhose breast had once been her home side, and was never happier than -the living Mother of other days when Gabriel would come and sit by Still more radiant was her smile him and smile him to sleep. Perhaps when she stooped and kissed her the young man's kindness had won saying: 'Now you are minel' his heart, perhaps adversity had taught him forgiveness, perhaps altar—abother Mother, but infinitely there was another reason. Re this more heautiful, infinitely more tenas it may, Mr. Almy and Gabriel der: and from her hands and forewere friends. This meek, benevolent head are streaming rays of giory that creature had never resented the bathe the sanctuary in light. And merchant's insults; at time, he would as she stood, a child appeared upon disappear for weeks, and then return her breast, whose lustre eclipsed her as humble, as charitable, as uncomown-a halo trembled around his plaintug as ever. No wonder, then, head, and he stretched forth his he replied to advances so warmiy little hands to the sleeper and she made; he scarcely knew the meaning awoke with a prayer on her lips and of revenge, and no one ever appealed her heart full of joy and hope. to him in affliction without finding a friend. to break Agnes was kneeling over

It is the bright month of June; Mr. Almy is nearly well. Again that good priest, that diminutive old man, with short gray hair and small gray eyes, is in the house, He had been there more than once-he had brought books there-he had been alone with Mr. Almy, hours at time.

It is a Sunday morning in Julythe bells are ringing for early massit is the feast of St. Vincentde Paul. The good priest is at the altar-and, at the communion railing, Agnes, Gabriel, Lei and Mr. Almy are kneel ing side by side. There are two more stanzas pen

cilled in the prayer book.

not a hero in history with a soul watched it with a sweiling heart as like thine . Yet the world has cust long as it was in sight, for she lovel claimed the folonel. thee of -- it has forgotten thee-even it as it it lived. be, the first and last choice of thy

- Gabriel met them at the cars. heart, may forget thee too, for thou 'Do not leave my father,' said Lel, hast renounced him. But weep not, -'He does not need me now,' whisweep not, Lel; the angels are around pered Gabrial. I serve another masthee, and all the saints of heaven ter,' he added, looking at Melville. are sulling, as thy heavenly Father | Before leaving the carriage, Lel accepts and records the sacrifice they had taken a silver medal from her wrist and thrown it over Melville's And that night Lel had a dreamneck.

> 'Wear it,' she said, and say the prayer whenever you think of me shall be happy if I serve to remind you of heaven.'

The cars are gliding off. Farewell! At ten o'clock Melville wandered up to Mr. Almy's-a red flag is waying from Lel's window. He shuddered-his knees shook-the dreary. blank existence before him was worse than death. But he had a duty had my time in it!" to perform; sad as it was, there was, hope and consolution in it. Lel, he had not, but no other had her-and kirl. no other should have her planc!

CHAPTER I.

"I say, Charley,' chuckled the Col onel, these are fine birds-fine birds I don't think I missed a single shot. The old gentleman spent the after noon woodcock shooting, and his bag was bandsomely filled. Though poor angler, as we have seen, he was a capital shot: in fact he shot well enough to be called Colonel, without any other pretension to the title. He was returning home, a little fatigued, but flushed with success, and longing for some good friend to partake of the supper he promised himself that very night, when he saw a carriage passing along the road towards Loretto, He could see it plainly, though hidden from it by the woods. All at once the dogs, who wese ranging shead, set up a bark and scampered after the carriage. Neither Charley nor the Colonel could whistle them back. Away they went, like those faithful hounds in Burger's ballad.

'That's strange,', muttered the Colonel.

'I'll bot it's Miss Agnes!' shouted Charley.

Taking fire at the suggestion, the Colonel bounded forward and cleared the fence, as though a bullet had never made a hole in his leg. Agnes ought to have written word the very day she meant to arrive, instead of leaving it uncertain. 11 54

Way Cld Des Almy and inless this great truth is real We would ized, where is the folly in living as if have made him a boy again."

eternity a trine" The rigible protent

strong faith, man must live as they

neglecting their souls. In over dove

witness the same speciacio-a world,

for whom God died upon the cross

devoting all their time, all their

We see this every day: we do not

wonder at it. It is all right, all in the

ry is, that some weak, plous souls

and devote the greater part of their

"Why could be not? thought Lal: time were the main thing and but she was slient. And when the stars stoleout, when though brief and bounded by the

grave, is apt to be more toportant the whip-poor-will was beard in the woods-when the grees from bey and than the invisible fature. Without their nightly serenade to their parent stream, our four friends bedo; and all who reprove them for took themselves to the porch. "Why didn't you bring Melville tion to their bodies, will seen only

with you,' said the Colonel, darting fools, or very good people, who have his cigar at a persevering gnat. 'or not weighed well the difficulty of some other young gentleman instead what they propose. Every day we of returning like two old maids?"

the we are, added LeL "Nonsensel simpered the Colonel, contounding his little persecutor with thought to obtain material comfort a prodictous puff. What do you and avoid sorrow -- a prayer at night, think of the world, Agnes? rather al an ejaculaton in the morning-the nice place after all-ch? Oh, Thave rest of the day sacred to the body.

'And so have I,' said Agnes. "You ought to see more of it, my order of Providence: the only myste-

'No, thank you, I have seen guite are absurd enough to guit the world enough.*

"Why, you lade you, what have you lives to religious exercises: this is seen in a month! It takes one years the singular part of it. It would be to see the world as it is in all its an unnatural state of things, indeed, majestically accumulating glory and if all mankind were to make business versatile interest. Pour continued secondary to religion, and speed as the Colonel, 'what have you seen?' much time in praising God. as they I have seen, roturned Agnes. with do in making money.

provoking calmness, that its stand. Why, the hest instructed, the most and of morality is not God'sstandard: editying Catholic parents, onnot that wealth and impudence are its help preferring an auspicious alliance virtues: poverty and modesty its with man for their daughters, to an vices: that money is its god, its sternal union with God in the solitagrand governing principle, to which ry cloister; and how can we expect all else la subservient: that happiness the worldly minder tolonel, who has is measured by the purse, and that a not seen a confessional for forty comfortable if not invurious settle years, to consider the choice made ment in life is the grand goal, in the by Agnes. as any thing else than a chase of which eternity is lost sight burning shame, a living death? How many of us have realized, by parter

'Pohl' ejucalated the Colonel.

and medition, that heaven is all and "I have seen Catholics almost uni- earth nothing? How many of us are versally ashumed of the first prin- truly sick of the vanity of life, much tiples of their faith, and artfully as we pretend to be, and do not mare smoothing them over to attract their ly conclude that our peighbors and dissenting brethren. I have seen ourselves are all doing our duty. them dressing so indecently, even taking our share of enjoyment with when priests are invited, that their sufficent gratitude, and bearing our pastors are put to the blush.* just proportion of affiction with ex-"That's the priests' fault, mumbled emplary resignation?

the Colonel. 1. 24

There was a time when monaste "I have seen,' continued Agnes, rice and obspels were as aumerous smiling at the interruption, that as castles, when the Christian world your happy, merry men and women seemed ambitions to live a Christian with see re only so because they have a is se life, when self-denial and s conscience, which had ceased to ac gation were honored, when the consecuse them; I have seen all who have cration of a Cathedral was of more virtue enough to feel, living in per-moment than the opening of a rallpetual fear of the temptations by road, when them was something which they are surrounded. I have nobler than science and dearer than seen that society is but a hollow farce. profit, when the security of governin which there is not her love nor ment was in the humility of the friendship. I have seen the idol of a people, when the security of the thousand worshipers left without a people was in the firmness and single friend when touched by pos purity of the church-when there was not, as now, a grandwork of igperby.* The Colonel ground and looked norance, pride and envy, which is way from Lel 1. Sec. 4. S. S.

No gentle yet at wind's

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- Elice 24

MARVELOUS JENNY LS

h-mained. Saids of whom John Addington H reminiscences in his rece autobiography is Mine. Goldsehmidt, of who field away for the y like that of all whose played on the ophemeral

stage. He gives a ve econt of this simple. and womanly succes. Who has ast devotion to he to God, " and whose pers were those of atopla womantiness. Jeany Lind h beyond the bloom monda any har, was heatnate her privile and her expression as man lowing in the funpe

ilme. Gold in 'On Mighty P black and lo Indy, with a large beed and at Bhe wore no or drain, with its loose of grindmännna's. At Nie (i bar votes 1 a had her was verying expre that surprised the bet C which as visual soul that many same into a volume of tong the threw t diminication in had not a

I have sought thee, I have found thee, Lamb of mercy, holy guest; Thy eternal love has bound thee Captive in a mortal breast. Oh that I had sooner tasted Joys I never knew before, Oh had I the youth, I wasted,

Back again, to live it o'er!-Oh that I had sooner known thee

Oh could I the past recall:-Yet thou wilt not now disown me,

Father of the Prodigal!

To my breast, thy Son, descending, Sweetly there appeals for me: Let me then, thus humbly bending, Pledge the rest of life to theel-

Mr. Almy's conversion was by no means so great an event as his Never had Lel felt such a transport failure.

Holty, that a falling family should calmer and nobler than it had ever choose an unfashionable religion. been. These are the morning walks And as for Lel,' she said, 'she would that give health and bliss,-that turn Turk or anything else to please lead to a country of perpetual green her father." And these wise remarks and unfading flowers, where the embodied the opinion of the world spirit never sickens or languishes, and hope, darting here and there however, the world ceased to music. have an opinion, and Mr. Almy was or stared at.

were advertised for public sale; Let and walked away, leaving them in was still ready to leap up again, as Lcretta

could not part from her without an where she was born, where her moth- that night, 'I felt sure of heaven: explanation-she was so frail, so er died, where she had first wept and now, I do not. spirit-like, he might never see her smiled, where she had learned to love The Colonel embraced Lei and Agagain.

girl, and uttered the single word-'I love you!'

Lel was calm and smiling; the struggle had taken place, the victory was gained before she went to communion.

'You tell me that you love me, said Lel; 'It may be, and my weak and Mendelssohn's trios, where a fairy seemed to have passed over heart is willing to believe it. I thought so once before; you know how much I was mistaken. I need bert, Schulhoff, Listz clustered like lazily to bed-the night hawk was not say that the gift of your fortune familiar gebli around Aladdin's to my impoverished father, has not Lamp, awaiting the touch of the air-the cows were soberly walking diminished my regard. If I do not mistress; the old house endeared by home as if conscious of human affecadmit that I love you. I confess that I shall never love another. by so many months of pain,---But I cannot accept your addresses where she had nursed her father, sighed in the evenings wind; and the for a year, and not then -her voice where she had heard his story, where distant spire of the Convent was lic!'

While the words were ringing in his ears, she hurried from the room fasted after communion, where she and threw herself into Agnes' arms. had dreamed of her two mothers and ful and profound as the repose of the

education been like vours. I should be a victim and scourge. Even now, I might not relinquish human love, as you are doing. You have been dreaming sweetly; let me kiss this pure temple, in which God is dwelling.

There is another figure on the

The morning was just beginning

What" said Lel, glancing at her

I have been thinking of my past

presumption," replied Agnes, 4t 1s

enough to keep me awake. In the

pride of my heart I came here, think-

ing that I was an an angel commis-

sioned to save and instruct you; 1

regarded you with a sort of compas-

sion, lamenting that you had not

the heart to love God as I did. Oh,

Lel, our Father in heaven has youch-

safed me a glance into my own heart,

and I tremble at the knowledge of

what evil T am capable. Had my

cousin's undisturbed bed—'have you

her friend, her face wet with tears.

been up all night?

'My own Agnes,' said Lel, returning her embrace. I owe all that I am to your example, and so does my father. Had my mother lived, I might have escaped many a sin, but I never would have been what you are. Dear, dear Agnes, you have more to contend with in one hour, than I in a life time! The sun had risen, and the two

friends went forth to communion. of joy and peace; and if Agnes was "It is very natural," observed Mrs. pale with watching, her face was

was made, so many a vow spoken and on the precious birds. broken; where her little fingers had

Meyerbeer, Heller, Thalberg, Schu-

Catholicity, where they had break-Liel! Lel! thou tender girl, there is the divine babe on the sitar! She scene on which she gazed.

And now, my dear reador, you are again at Lorotto. The forest trees are in leaf, the orchards heavy with fruit, the spring flowers have passed away, and the busy bees have exhausted the honey-suckles wreathing the white porches. Agnes is in her mother's arms, and all those anxious moments, all those trembling fears, all those sleepless nights and wenry days are forgotten as the fearful widow strains to her heart her only child. What matters it that she is thinner and paler, that there is no longer a particle of the girl in her face, that the is no longer-young? she had her back again, safe and sound again, and in the joy of the moment she asked no more.

-Lel, too, was in her arms-no longer the thoughtless, merry girl. no longer buoyant with life, health in general. In a few days, where all is freshness, light and like a butterfly; no longer the flattering teaze, the spolled favorite of The carriage was at the door to fashion; but Lel the mourner, Lel permitted to go to his counting perform its last family service-it the Catholic. Yet, to the mather's room, without being cross-questioned was to be sold that morning. Mr. eye, Agnes had changed most for Almy silently folded Agnes and Lel Lel was happy in her faith, and her The dwelling house and furniture to his breast-mutely blessed them, joyous soul, though rudely shaken, and Agnes were preparing to revisit charge of Melville. The old black the youngs tree resumes its place cuachman drew his rough sleeve when the storm that bent it is over It. Melville determined to speak; it across his eyes and drove off. Lel was not so with Agnes. Why? When was Lel's last day in town-he watched the old house-the old house I left you,' she said to her mother

her father, where she had frolicked nes, and Agnes and Lel. He could The moment came-his elaborate as a child, danced as a woman;-the not tell, for the life of him, which he excuses, his long professions all old house where she had first met loved most. They had come just in failed him. He knelt to the injured Melville, and lost and regained him; time for his woodcock; and Charley, where little Clarence had dined and with the big drops of delight dancwondered; where so many a match ing in his eyes, put forth all his skill

After tea, they took a walk down first trickled as almiessly as rain the road-Agnes with her mother, drops over the plano; the old house | Lei with the Colonel, Lei had never immortal with Beethoven's sonatas seen Loretto in summer: the hand of Handel, Hadyn, Mozart, Weber, the place: all around her was beauty and repose. The lark was gliding wheeling and darting through the so many years of toy, consecrated tion'-the sheep were lying down in white groups for the night-the trees faltered-unless you are a Catho- they had taken together the first colored by the crimson clouds on blessed draught at the well-spring of which the sun was still shining from tenesth the horizon. There was a holy calm in Lel's ireast, as beauti-

And I have seen,' said Agnes, gerous slave. Yes! there was a time taking her uncle's hand and modu- when all this was, and when Agnes lating her voice to a whisper, "I have might not have been laughed at, but seon that, in spite of all this, the it was in the dark ages, reader, in quire. world is dazzlingly beautiful, wine those terrible nights before the sun ning, enchanting. And oh, my dear, light of newspapers had illumined good uncles it is not God that makes the earth.

it sol I have felt its insidious fascination. I tell you, uncle, that

A modical authority assorts that I have been wandering along the cloves are a preventive of nauses. Now, brink of a precipice; that I could no! will he kindly explain why so many more live in the world than can the theater seers are afficted with name moth live in the candle; that my between the acta? only salvation is in that Conventi-

The Bluefield brass band has be The old man knocked the ashes mustered into service as a militar carefully from his cigar, slowly company and armed with repeating brushed a tear from his eye and put rifles. We believe this was a mistake: the band was able to de more execution his arm around Lel's neck. berore.

Thank God, you are not a Catho-

lic!' he exclaimed. 'There are no "Gen." Sanders, the commonwoal Protestant convents to take you from leader, is in fail in Colorado for aboaiing a locomotive last June. He should ma have stolen the rest of the salle

With tears streaming down her cheeks, Lel leaned her head on his greas. shoulder. A horrible suspicion ran

A Frenchman has a collection of h through the Colonel's mind. He coled postage stamps which he values raised her head in the clear moonat \$500,0.0. If he ever had any enclose light, and mutely questioned her, ty to see how quickly wealth can take with such a fearful, timid gaze, that wings cad fly away let him offer that collection for sale at auction her heart bled for him, as she said-

'Yes, uncle, I am a Catholicl'

The clgar fell from his hand-his cane rolled on the porch-lis broad chest swelled as if his heart was shops. They had been spotned a bursting-had they both been dead committee to look after the bucket at his feet, he could scarcely have shown more grief, than at this overthrow of all his plans, this defeat of ing the law. They had no trouble in his best diplomacy. "CHECK MATED!" he sobbed in un-

controlled agony-repulsed them sternly from his side-and then, spreading his arms, snatched them both to his bosom. Check mated! perionces described should be discour-Check mated?

One word: the sermon just sectional school would come into conflict preached by Agnes against the world | with the police before he had lived pass has nothing new in it: Solomon put the first chapter. it all in a nutshell long ago: It will Harold Frederic is kind enough to be found better expressed in every mile the information that 'rolf' in prayer book. To the Colonel, it was England is "pronounced just as it is perfectly puerlie, the same old song spoken by the best people, and that which saints and misanthropists only cads and cockneys call it for. have been singing together from ders; re actually beginning That lifts a great weight off our shoultime immemorial. Only by constant fear that the word was not meditation do we comprehend that ed just as it is spoken."

and this : singing to her hird in the foot. a little enza alore to har a one side to He echmidt issait either a withering master or a dan-

To be continued.

Some members of a recent grand jury

in Chicago took a novel method of and.

ing out the true inwardness of bucket

personal investigation.

made ti dim Manao يو فرومان and then he m we if to relia

The Greek word privat boat whole NET WHERE SO VIEL Wethere of a law region of shuth lived in sub nantern side of

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-chily: that the statistic without the fails It has a

shops personally and took a few "flyers" for luck and incidentally to survey hast of determ themselves that the shops were violatsome time and di in the mountainone finding indictments after this unique of the south Orobal The which and and and live in the miden The proposition of some comantic writers to put their romances in the dinary sizes bert is De test by actually living through the eraccept their

aged. Any one trying to live the erberiences of a romance of the modern sen-Conso Dorla Cibe Dor erse in Ca Trank al Comu

that once COUNTY INCOM then they would have sent him to Oos-

