

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND

(By J. S. Fletcher.)

Mr. Sanderson had breakfasted rather later than usual that morning; and it was quite ten o'clock when he lighted a twopenny cigar and strolled out to the front of the Brown Cow in order to make his first observation of sky and earth. As he viewed them—a good digestion waiting on a healthy appetite in his case—earth and sky were alike in good condition; there was a pleasant springlike feeling in the air, the promise of a fine day in the heavens, and a smell of newly-turned soil from the ten-acre across the green. On the green itself there were the woodman's donkey, a herd of geese, and Mr. Sanderson's own dozen or two of ducks, some of them sailing in high state upon the bit of pond in the centre. For anything that the landlord of the Brown Cow could see to the contrary, the world was wagging in pretty much the usual way; and he accordingly placed his hands under the tails of his coat, set his gaitered legs wide apart, and smoked his cigar in great peace and contentment.

The strident note of a railway-engine, shrieking at some little distance, was the first thing that roused Mr. Sanderson out of his meditations. He frowned, and consulted the dial of a large silver watch which he drew from his fob.

"That's the 10.5 from York," said he; "and eyther she's a minute late or 't'owd-friend is. I wonder if there's onny passengers this mornin'?"

The knowledge that whatever the train might have brought in the shape of passengers must necessarily pass his own door on its way to the village predisposed Mr. Sanderson to permit this question to answer itself. He waited with one eye on the corner of the lane which led to the railway-station, and the other on the woodman's donkey, until such times as something should have in sight. Occasionally the train drew up at Ashby Green without discharging passengers; and as several minutes passed away, and left the highroad innocent of life, Mr. Sanderson formed the opinion that there had once more been reasons for animadverting upon the folly of railway directors who ran six trains a day where two would be quite sufficient.

"There's nobody come bi that train, at onny rate!" exclaimed Mr. Sanderson, when several minutes had elapsed. "Chance who may ha' gone bi it!"

At that moment, however, the first stage of what appeared to be nothing less than a procession came out of the station-approach and advanced into the highroad. First of all came one of the two porters employed at the station; he carried a handbag on one side of him, and an armful of wraps, rugs, walking-sticks, and umbrellas on the other; and there was something in his manner which suggested to Mr. Sanderson the idea of possible festivity and rejoicing. Behind him came the other porter, wheeling the only hand-barrow which the station possessed; it was encumbered by portmanteaux of a character and pretensions that were evident at the distance of two hundred yards. Alongside it, resting a hand upon the topmost portmanteau, as if to establish a claim upon it or its owner, walked the ticket-clerk, a young gentleman of uncertain age, whose chief avocation was to stroll about the station with a pen in his ear. And behind the barrow, at a proper interval, came two persons, one of them easily recognizable as the stationmaster, the other a stranger.

The stationmaster was walking and talking with deference well all over him; the stranger walked and talked as the Lords of the Earth use to do, he swung a stick and glanced here and there, and Mr. Sanderson could hear his voice, loud, confident, self-assured.

"It must be a gentleman for 't' Hall," said Mr. Sanderson wonderingly. "Come on a sudden-like, and nobody to meet him. But what's the whole lot o' th' station folks turned out 't' that way for? They'd ha' sent down thro' 't' Hall for his luggage."

It appeared, however, that the Mecca of this pilgrimage was not the Hall, but the Brown Cow. The Head of the procession, looking mightily well pleased with himself, made for the rest of it came on with a resistless impulse. And the gentleman who swung his stick and talked in such a loud voice came from the back to the front and held out a gloved hand to Mr. Sanderson.

"Well, if that isn't John Sanderson himself, and not a bit changed!" he exclaimed, shaking the landlord's surrendered hand with great cordiality. "You don't look a year older, John—not a single year!"

Mr. Sanderson steadied himself, and stared at the stranger with an honest endeavor to recognize him. He saw an individual of about his own age, who, like himself, bore the weight of fifty years uncommonly well, and wore an eminently prosperous, satisfied look. He was a somewhat short, round sort of man, inclining to paunchiness. He wore a well-made suit of grey tweed, a Panama hat, and brown boots. There was something about him that suggested the well-to-do city man out for a holiday.

Mr. Sanderson noted the massive gold chain which adorned the stranger's white waistcoat. He also noticed the bundle of fishing-rods which reposed on top of the portmanteaux; and he came to the conclusion that this was some enthusiastic angler who had stayed at the Brown Cow in bygone years, and who he was unfortunately enough not to remember.

"How do you do, sir?" said Mr. Sanderson. "Your face is familiar to me, sir, but the name seems to ha' slipped my memory, like, just at present. I think I've had the pleasure of entertaining you before, sir?"

The stranger and the stationmaster began to laugh.

"Nay, come!" exclaimed the former, suddenly developing a deep acquaintance with Mr. Sanderson's own dialect, "thou shouldst know an old friend a bit better nor that, John, my lad! Surely thou remembers Jim Holliday?"

Mr. Sanderson uttered a sharp exclamation, and retreated a step into the sandstone hall of the Brown Cow.

"Nay, for sure!" he said. "Well, I never! Jaames Holliday! Yes, an' it is an' all. Well, well, well! Why, it must be five-an'-twenty years s'ince I set eyes on Cee, Jaames."

"Ay, an' five more to that," responded Mr. Holliday, with great cheerfulness. "But come, we can't keep these lads standing there all day with them 'trunks. Is there accommodation for a gentleman in the Brown Cow, John?"

"Ay, for sure," answered Mr. Sanderson, suddenly remembering his professional duties. "Bring the luggage inside, mi lads. Come this way, sir—Mestur Holliday—come this way."

Mr. Holliday stepped inside the stone-paved hall, heaved a great sigh of satisfaction, took off his Panama hat, and mopped his forehead with a silk handkerchief of very strong colors, and seemed to intimate that he was pleased to find himself once more beneath the roof of the Brown Cow. He superintended the removal of his impedimenta from the barrow to the hall, and was very lavish with a handful of silver, which he withdrew from the pocket of his trousers. The two porters and the young man with the pen in his ear worshipped him.

"Now, then, John," said Mr. Holliday, "give these lads whatever they like to drink and let 'em have a handful o' cigars to smoke. Which is the best parlour—this here? Come in, Mr. Lindsay, come in, sir, and John'll join us for a friendly glass as soon as he's attended to these men o' yours."

The stationmaster lingered in the bar to say a word to the staff not to stray so long at the Brown Cow, lest something unusual should occur at the station. Then he followed Mr. Holliday into the best parlour, and found him gazing around him with the delighted air of one who sees the faces of old friends.

"It's one-and-thirty years since I was in this here room," said Mr. Holliday. "There's things on the walls 'at I can remember as well as if I'd seen 'em yesterday. That there sampler, now, in the black frame; it were worked by old Missus Sanderson, John's grandmother. It's been in the Sanderson family a sight o' years has this here glass."

"I'm sure I'm glad to see ye in the room, Jaames!" exclaimed Mr. Sanderson, who entered at that moment, and insisted on going through the handshaking process again. "Nay, ye're sich a fine nabob-looking sort 'at I don't rightly know how to call yer, like. Mun it be 'sir, or 'mestur, or happen it's 'mi lord' bi this time?"

"Nowt but plain Jaames," said Mr. Holliday, wagging his old friend's hand. "Jaames Holliday's good enough for me, John. Not what I could put summat in the way of a title before it if it seemed good to me, you understand. But that's neyther here nor there, just now. Bring in a decanter of the best whiskey you have got, John, and some soda-water, and we'll just take a friendly glass together, you and me and Mr. Lindsay. Dang me, but I'm glad to see th' old place again. It looks just 't' same as it allus did," cried the returned traveller, rubbing his hands.

"'T' last thirty years mun ha' been a staa'still time i' Ashby Green, I think, John."

"Nay, thur' been a few o' changes," observed Mr. Sanderson, as he produced the desired refreshment from a private cupboard. "There's one or two dead, and there's two or three been weel, and we've had a christening or two since ye went away, Jaames. But wheer ha' ye been, like, all this time? I never heard word on yer sin ye shook 't' dust ofen your feet at 't' old place."

Mr. Holliday wagged his head. He smiled a little in a knowing fashion, and maintained a provoking silence until he and Mr. Sanderson and the stationmaster had all pledged each other and lighted cigars; and when he spoke he seemed to swell out and to assume a dignity that made his companions think of the magnates who sit on the bench at petty-sessions.

"Ah!" said Mr. Holliday, wagging his head again. "I've seen a deal of the world since I left this here village—one-and-thirty years, since—a young man of five-and-twenty with his fortune to make."

"Here's hopin' it's made, Jaames," said Mr. Sanderson, raising his glass. "Nowt 'ud gi' me more pleasure nor to hear on't."

Mr. Holliday smiled in a self-satisfied fashion.

"I've naught to complain of, John," he said. "The world's used me very well—very well indeed. I've worked hard, gentlemen, very hard; but, as I say, I've naught to complain about. I'm a warm man, gentlemen; I've not come back empty-handed; not by no means."

"That's right!" said Mr. Sanderson. "There's a bit o' pleasure in hearin' news like that," said the stationmaster. "Here's my best respects, Mestur Holliday, and long life, sir."

"And wheer might ye ha' been, Jaames, and what doin', like, all this time?" inquired Mr. Sanderson.

Mr. Holliday shot his cuffs and squared himself.

"Now I'll tell you," he said. "I've seen a deal. I'll not say over-much about what I did at first. Small beginnings, John, small beginnings, you'll understand. I'd a deal of twen-in' and molin' at first. But in the end I went in for contract work; my last contract was a million pound job; out in Egypt that was, gentlemen."

"Dear me!" said the stationmaster. "My best respects again, Mestur Holliday! 'T's a sight o' money, is that?"

"Money," remarked Mr. Holliday sentimentally, "has its responsibilities and its drawbacks as well as its advantages. I might be a knight or a baronite, if I so wished. I'm very well aware that it's been talked of in high quarters. But I don't know! I'm all for a bit o' peace and quietness—at present, anyway. 'A breath of the old air,' I says to myself, 'and a sight of the old place, and a crack with old friends; I says, 'I'll do me some good just now than Aches-le-Bang or the Ryveerer, or anywhere 'at I've been used to going of late years.' And so I packed a trap or two together, not forgetting a fishing-rod, and come North. And I'll take your best rooms, John, at your own price, for as long as my affairs 'll permit. And now we'll have another glass—help yourselves, gentlemen—do!—and I'll hear the news of the old place."

In spite of a prolonged absence, Mr. Holliday had not forgotten the names of his former associates in the village, and he made strict and particular inquiry as to the fortunes of each. Some were dead; some had married. One or two had left the district. This man had been unfortunate, and "broken"; that had prospered, and retired on a competency. The history of Ashby Green, during the previous thirty years, was as the history of all similar places—a certain amount of slow change, a certain amount of unchangeableness.

"When you take out weddin's, and buryn's, and chris'nin's, and 't' like," said the stationmaster, in whom three glasses of whiskey-and-soda, and the comfortable knowledge that there was nothing to do at the station until afternoon, had induced an inclination to talk, "there's not much to chronicle i' th' history of a rewral communewity, as you might term it. Marryin' and givin' i' marriage, dyin' and bein' committed to th' tomb, presentin' children at the baptismal font—that's about all 'at there is to set down i' th' rewral chronicles, if we except g'in' up farms and rare occasions like them ther. It reminds me o' 't' Scriptur' sayin' 'at—"

"How ha' ye come on about 't' marryin' state, Jaames?" inquired Mr. Sanderson. "Is there a Missus Holliday, or no?"

No," replied Mr. Holliday, shaking his head. "I never married, John. I've been a deal too busy wi' the active affairs o' life to think o' such things. No, gentlemen, I'm still a bachelor."

"I think ye mun ha' kep' single for one o' your owd flames' sake," said Mr. Sanderson, with a sly laugh. "Ye wot a bit of a rover among 't' lasses i' t' owd days?"

Mr. Holliday laughed—the allusion to his partiality for the fair sex pleased him. "I always had a weakness for feminine beauty, John," he said. "If I'd been a less busy man I might ha' been a Luthario. Dear, dear! I can remember some very pleasant adventures i' my young days. Where's Bella Simpson got to, I wonder?"

"Married 't' miller at Norton," answered Mr. Sanderson.

"An' Susan Doughty? She were a fine maid, were Susan?"

"Married a chap through t'other side of York."

"An' Polly Stubbs? Eh, the fun I've had wi' Polly!"

"Shoo's wed an' all, is Polly, though I can't lay mi tongue to th' name o' th' chap 'at got her," said the landlord.

"They all seem to be married," remarked Mr. Holliday, with a gentle sigh. "Of course, they naturally would be," said Mr. Sanderson; "them 't' Peckitt lasses is still unthem, Jaames and Lewcy. At least, they are noan lasses now, for they're fifty if they're a day. Ye used to be a bit sweet on Lewcy Peckitt, Jaames."

"I believe I was sweet on a good many on 'em!" sighed Mr. Holliday. "Eh, dear, there were summat very pleasing about those days, John, very pleasing indeed. But they're over and done with now—quite done with!"

"Ay," sighed the stationmaster, "lovenakkin' and them sort o' gamin' is all very well when you're young and lusty, but quite a different matter when you begins to descend into what you might term the vale of life—not 'at I'm implyin' 'at you're an old man, Mestur Holliday. No, certainly not, sir."

"You'd be wrong in you did," remarked Mr. Holliday. "I'm young enough, and energetic enough, an' all."

He proved his energy during the next few days by renewing his acquaintance with the folk of Ashby Green in his own fashion. He held a continual reception at the Brown Cow. Old friends were invited to pick a bit of breakfast, to take a snack of lunch, or to join Mr. Holliday at dinner; and the women folk of the inn were kept busily employed. Mr. Sanderson was also busily employed in the bar and the taproom. Within forty-eight hours of Mr. Holliday's return to his native place every man in the village had drunk his health—most of them several times. It was agreed that Jaames was generous with his money; reports of what he meant to do for the parish flew about like sparks from an anvil. He was going to give a thousand pounds to the church restoration fund; he had declared his intention of rebuilding the school; he was thinking of establishing almshouses for old men and women. One thing was absolutely certain; he was going to entertain everybody, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, at a grand series of festivities which were to be held in the clubroom at the Brown Cow.

The news of Mr. Holliday's arrival sounded in the ears of the Misses Peckitt on the second day of his coming. They lived a little way out of the village, in a small house, to which they had retired when their father gave up his farm; and as they were home-keeping in their habits, news came to them somewhat tardily. In this instance it reached Miss Lucy first. She heard it at a neighbor's fireside; and as soon as she could get away conveniently, she hurried home, dropped into an easy-chair, and gave Missus Peckitt a distinct notice that she was about to disturb the usually serene atmosphere of Rosedale Cottage.

"Mercy upon us, Lucy Peckitt!" exclaimed Missus Peckitt sharply. "What on earth's ailing you?"

Miss Lucy gasped, wriggled, and finally giggled.

"Oh, Jemima!" she said at last. "Oh, Jemima! Though of course, one never can tell what will happen next, and they al'ays say 'at it's th' unexpected that does happen; but deary me to-day, to think 'at it should happen after all these years! Well, I never!"

"What are you talking about?" snapped Missus Peckitt. "You'd never guess, sister, if I was to let you try till next week," said Miss Lucy. "So I'll tell you. Jaames Holliday's come back."

Missus Peckitt dropped her knitting and her needles into her lap. Her face, sharp, gaunt, and resentful of a world which in her opinion was no better than it should be, assumed a fierce aspect—she looked like a hawk who sees its quarry within striking distance.

"Jaames Holliday!" she exclaimed. "Nonsense! It's over thirty years since he left these parts."

"I don't care," answered Miss Lucy. "He's back again, Jemima, and they say he's a millionaire. He's a great contractor—makes railways and suchlike—and he's been all over the world, and had titles offered him, and I don't know what else. Quilt the gentleman, he is. He's taken all the best rooms at the Brown Cow and they say he had champagne wine to his dinner last night."

"Umph!" said Missus Peckitt. She resumed her needles and began to knit at a quicker rate than usual. "Let's hope it's half of it true," she continued, after a ruminative pause.

"Oh, I don't think there's any doubt of it," said Miss Lucy. "I wonder if he's ever been married?" remarked Missus Peckitt.

"No-o, he hasn't," answered Miss Lucy, with a faint heightening of color. "No; he told John Sanderson that he was still a bachelor."

"I wonder how many women he's made a fool of since he made one of you?" said Missus Peckitt. "You'd ha' married Edward Summers if it hadn't been for Jim Holliday. Soft enough you were, too, to wait with all them years for a chap 'at never came back, and never wrote a line!"

"But, you see, he has come back, Jemima," replied Miss Lucy. "He al'ays said he would."

Missus Peckitt glanced sharply at her sister. She began to wonder if a woman of fifty-one could really be such a fool as to believe that a man would come back to look for her after an absence of thirty years. Something in Miss Lucy's face informed her that her sister was not too old to be feminine, and she sniffed with surprise and contempt.

"I do believe 'at you're fond enough to believe 'at Jaames Holliday's come back to you, Lucy Peckitt!" she said.

"He al'ays said he would!" murmured poor Miss Lucy. "He promised me true and faithful the last time we ever walked out together; and when he was working at York that winter before he left he used to write every week, and say that he'd never wed any maid but me."

"He must like his maids, as some men like their mutton, then—old and strong," said Missus Peckitt acidly.

"I'm sure I'm not so old as all that, sister," said Miss Lucy, bridling. "You're a good ten years older nor me."

"Ye gre't soft thing!" exclaimed Missus Peckitt. "Ye're nearly fifty-two, and every tooth in your head's false 'un! Maids, indeed! I'll lay every penny I have i' this world to a china orange 'at Jaames Holliday's forgotten all about you long since!"

In this slight particular, however, Missus Peckitt was wrong. A few days later she and her sister had occasion to walk into the village together, and they encountered Mr. Holliday near the gates. The situation seemed full of grace of embarrassment, of strange emotions to Miss Lucy; to Missus Peckitt it was productive of a certain grim joy; Mr. Holliday, quite at ease, took it as a matter of course.

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and a list of feast days for the month of March 1905, including Quinquagesima Sunday, First Sunday of Lent, and Second Sunday of Lent.

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Sanctions Filiae Fidei

By the receipt of a personal letter of approbation from Pius X. commending her for the work which she has done in organizing the "Daughters of the Faith," Miss Eliza O'Brien Lummis, of No. 35 East Thirteenth street, has received such encouragement that she will now continue the work of organization and extension which was for a time abandoned after several members—women prominent in New York's fashionable set—had resigned because they thought the society's views on social evils too radical.

At a meeting of the society, held at the Archbishop's residence a few days ago, Archbishop Farley read the following letter from the Pope which he had translated from the Latin:

THE POPE'S LETTER. "To our beloved daughter in Christ, Eliza O'Brien Lummis, Moderator of the S. Filiae Fidei:

PIUS P. P. X. "To our beloved daughter in Christ, particular those whose position, wealth or name gives them a most health and apostolic blessing. It is with a feeling of sweet consolation that we have learned what you have made known to us concerning the society which you have founded, its organization and its excellent results. Indeed, we cannot but rejoice greatly when we see most worthy ladies, in powerful influence in society, uniting for the purpose of reviving, particularly among those of their own rank, the perfection of Christian morality, and by striving, according to resources at their command, against naturalism, which is the ever increasing evil of the present day, and which, breathing only the love of pleasure and sensuality, weakens and enervates the minds of men and, even in the conscience of Catholics themselves, effaces the sense of the most sacred obligations.

URGES GREATER ARDOR. "Among these duties we mention particularly that of protecting Christian marriage against the disgraceful stain of divorce, of providing for the education within the domestic walls, as well as in the schools, of checking those pests of human society, namely, the shameless license of spectacular representations and immoral books, of idly and wanton conversations and gatherings, and the shameful extravagance of dress. Therefore, beloved daughter in Christ, the work you have inaugurated, not without divine inspiration and guidance, and which you have prosecuted with the approbation of the head of your diocese, that work we wish you to continue henceforth with greater ardor, while relying on the support of our authority.

"At the same time we trust that many more stirred up by your example and that of your associates may be led to join your organization, and that your noble association may, under your leadership, be diffused in other dioceses also and that it may induce even Catholic men to bind themselves by a similar compact and to tend to a similar purpose. In the meantime, as an augury and assurance of divine blessing and a token of our paternal benevolence, we very lovingly impart to you, beloved daughter in Christ, and to your whole society and to all those who in any way forward the same, our Apostolic Benediction.

"Given from St. Peter's November 22, 1904, feast of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr. In the second year of our pontificate. P. P. P. X."

RESIGNATIONS THREATENED SOCIETY. While in the manual of the society, which was formed a year ago, it is specifically stated that the object of the organization is the strengthening of the bond of union between Catholic women, it is added that it will not advertise social sins by denunciation, but will quietly make them unpopular, and that the Catholic divorcee who remarries will be socially ignored and also divorcees of other denominations whose lives are open scandals.

Miss Lummis visited Rome last fall and had a private audience with the

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Holy Father, on which occasion she presented to him a manual of the society which by letter he has approved. Letters of approbation have also been received by her from Archbishop Farley, Mgr. Falconio and Cardinal Gibbons. With the commendation of the head of the Church, for which she has been waiting, Miss Lummis will now begin active work in carrying out the principles of the society and of extending it throughout the country.

A Successful Medicine.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parnee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsement of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.

Japanese War Toweling

As might have been expected, military and naval subjects occupy a large place among the year's designs for toweling. The towel designs celebrating naval victories have been practically successful; they are mostly in white, on a blue ground; or in black, on a white ground.

Besides towels decorated with artistic sketches of this sort, there have been placed upon the market many kinds of towels bearing comic way pictures, caricatures or cartoons which are amusing without being malignant. It will be remembered that at the time of the first attack made upon the Port Arthur squadron, several of the Russian officers were in the Dalny theatre, never dreaming that the Japanese would dare to strike the first blow. This incident had been made the subject of a towel design. At one end of the towel is a comic study of the faces of the Russians, delightfully watching the gyrations of a ballet dancer. At the other end of the towel is a study of the faces of the same commanders when they find, on returning to the port, only the masts of their battleships above water. Another towel shows a procession of fish in front of a surgeon's office—waiting their turns to be relieved of sundry bayonets, swords, revolvers, and repeating rifles which have stuck in their throats. A third towel picture represents a Russian diver examining, with a prodigious magnifying-glass, the holes made by torpedoes in the hull of a sunken cruiser. Comic verses or legends, in cursive text, are printed beside these pictures—Lafcaid Hearn, in The Atlantic.

If we have faith, let us believe that there is a death, a judgment, an eternity; and let us endeavor, during the days that yet remain to us, to live only for God. All things upon earth have to leave us, or we have to leave them.

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When drugs and doctors fail to cure you, write to me and I will send you free of charge a simple remedy which cured me and thousands of others, saving them many of our 50 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception, but an honest remedy, which enabled many a person to abandon crutch and cane. JOHN A. SMITH, 419 Chicago Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

