

FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY COURTESY OF SARA TRAINER SMITH.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

So, it was told. And this was Thursday! It was very dull in the Ramsey's quarters. But, as they grew used to the idea, the parting took on some hopeful aspects. Mrs. Ramsey talked a great deal to Katharine of the things she was sure the child would see on the voyage to New York and the long railroad journey to Brighton. She dwelt with lively interest on the pleasant things to be encountered. But she was too wise to picture imaginary delights, or to bring into the child's fancy ideal surroundings—above all, ideal relatives who most assuredly would never exist. For neither child nor "grown-up" ever found a stranger quite what he imagined him before meeting, and Mrs. Ramsey was careful not to excite hopes that might be disappointed, or to create by some chance word, or to create by some chance word, a shrinking from the new relatives that would repel an anxious affection of which she had no knowledge. So the aunts nothing was said more than the facts that were known. They were waiting for Katharine, and they would tell her all she was to do or know as they thought best for her father's daughter.

All too soon Saturday came and the little orphan was again bereft. On her part there was a sad acceptance of it that was most touching. It was as if she had grown used to sorrow, and expected it. But Captain and Mrs. Ramsey knew there was neither carelessness nor coldness under the still face and the slow, silent kiss. As for the Yard in general, a sigh of relief mingled with its good-bys, for Katharine had been a sorrowful reminder of most sad things that were possible to all of them.

Throughout the whole trip Mrs. Lynde "had no trouble with her," as she wrote to Mrs. Ramsey. Except that she was quieter than usual, she was like any other little girl, and had a smile ever ready. She watched eagerly all the time for each pleasure and novelty for which Mrs. Ramsey's descriptions had prepared her, and very curiously she pieced together in her mind what she expected and what she found. But she did find many things that were pleasant to her in her childish way, and she lost nothing of happiness that a child could find. She was indeed "a good little thing."

The steamer was delayed, and the gentleman was waiting when they reached the wharf. He must take the train south immediately, if they could reach the station. Mrs. Lynde wrote that he was unmistakably a gentleman, and that he spoke of Mrs. Sara Ramsey Morris and "the others" with great respect and cordiality. But that, without direct questioning, on which she could not venture, she had not been able to discover anything to interest the friends of Katharine's old home.

"There is a Mrs. Thompson, Johnson or Jackson, somewhere among them who has a large family of young folks. I think she is the sister of whom Captain Ramsey talked, but as she never mentioned her name, I cannot be sure."

Mrs. Ramsey read this sentence to the Captain across the breakfast table, and he nodded his head in assent.

"Yes, yes! I am sure she must be Mary," he said. "That sounds like it. Mary, the children's mother!"

The gentleman who had come for the little maid was not very old nor very young. He had a quiet, kind, rather shy manner, as though he were not used to little girls. He was not prepared, in truth, to find her such a very little girl, but he made the best of it, and found the very best very good indeed. She looked out of the window at the passing lights and shadows of the green and pleasant country until she grew very sleepy. Then she put her head down on the arm of the chair for a long nap. A lady who had been watching her quiet little way from the other side of the car, came over at that, and placed her more comfortably on the broad, cushioned seat, covering her with a light wrap, and tucking her safely from all danger of taking cold or of falling off.

When she spoke it was quite dark beyond the black squares of the windows, which reflected the bright lights within in a manner that startled her. She sat up hurriedly, looking about her with very wide open eyes. The gentleman was near her, but every one else had left the car.

"Is it to-morrow?" she asked.

"Was it yesterday when I went to sleep?"

"Well, I think it was!" he exclaimed, and laughed a little.

That made it all right in a moment. After that they were better acquainted and talked quite like old friends.

"We'll soon be there now," he said before long. "I expect your Aunt Sara to meet you, with some of the boys and girls."

"Are they her boys and girls?"

"Bless you, no, indeed! There are two or three mothers, but she is not one of them. There's your Aunt Penelope, you know."

"No, I don't know anybody. Are the children good?"

"Oh, I think so! Good as usual. I don't know much about children. Are all children good?"

"Our children is. But not one boy—he's bad. I don't like him—not much—only all the others."

"Bad boy!" said the gentleman very decidedly. "I know he must be bad when you say that. But here we are! I think you'll like every one at Brighton. I do."

The train stopped only for a moment, and they were too busy gathering up wraps and packages for another word then. Katharine had a very small basket which Katie Lynde had packed with a midge's luncheon of tiny crackers and candy, but the gentleman had bundles and canes and umbrellas without number, it seemed.

CHAPTER IV.

When they were at last out on the platform, away went the train like a flashing and twinkling chain of fire, dragged into the great, dark woods by some giant's car. Then all was darkness around them except where the dim station lamp glimmered, high over the door of a little shed-like room. It was a country station—not a sign of a house or a street or a man anywhere.

"Anybody here from Brighton?" called the gentleman into the darkness.

"Oh, hello there!" shouted some one out of it. "Come around here, will you? I can't leave the horses. They're skittish."

It was a clear, boyish voice, strong but youthful.

"Just stand here a moment, will you? I'll find the carriage and the way to it. You needn't be afraid of anything. There is no one here."

Katharine was not at all afraid. She was filled with wonder and curiosity and thought it very strange indeed.

It was not much more than a moment before the gentleman was back at her side, without his wraps and canes.

"I think I'll just take you up and carry you," he said. "It's so very dark and you don't know the way at all. This sort of walking is rather rough for little feet, even in day-time."

Then he picked her up and carried her into the very blackness of darkness, for the trees came so close to the little station light of the open sky was completely shut out. Katharine—who had never been in the complete darkness of night before, for the Yard was always lighted when there was no moon—wondered how he could see to take a step. She began to feel afraid. Poor little thing! It had not been long since she had not even know there was such a thing as fear, but now—so many things were changed for her.

The gentleman did see, however, and, stepping off the platform, followed a path of some kind. Presently he said: "Here we are!" and there immediately began a great noise of stamping and moving, with a good many odd commands that Katharine had never heard before. But she knew they came from a driver to his horses, and as soon as the noises ceased she was put out of the gentleman's arms into a carriage of some sort, and into a soft pile of delicate perfumed stuff. Someone clasped her suddenly in a pair of strong yet slender arms, and a warm soft cheek was laid close against her own.

"Oh, you dear, dear little thing! Fred's own dear little daughter!" said a sweet and gentle voice.

"Are you there, Miss Sara?" cried the gentleman. "Why on earth didn't you say so before? I thought there was only one of the boys."

"Now, Mr. Courtney! Did you really think I would let poor Fred's only child—all we have left of him, too!—arrive at this hour without meeting her? You are the most—the most—"

"Oh, I'm all right! Well, there she is, just as she was delivered to me, except that she's the better of a good sleep. And I can assure you she is not 'one bit of trouble,' as the lady said who committed her to my care."

The slender arms gave Katharine a

little hug and the warm cheek pressed hers again.

"I know she's just a darling!" said the voice. "When we first heard it—I told Penelope exactly what must be done at once. Of course it was done. And here she is. Jeff, do be careful! You needn't graze every tree between here and the house. There's the great oak to be left. It ought to be on the right."

This was said with the utmost composure, although Mr. Courtney sprang up in alarm, and Jeff suddenly checked the horses. But he was equal to the occasion, and they were soon howling along the open road in the face of a beautiful, still night, a few stars glimmering faintly over the dark line of the mountains.

Katharine lay on the fragrant shoulder and looked away out into the sky. The way she was passed about from one person to another was certainly getting to be very bewildering. Who was this, now, in whose arms she felt so much at home? Could this be Aunt Sara—of whom she had had a secret dread she had not dared to utter? She was getting to know so many people. There used to be only two, "farder" and "mudder." There came a catch in her breath, she did know why.

It was heard, however, and attention was again centred on her, for the voice and Mr. Courtney had kept up such a scattered fire of question and answer that she had half forgotten that they were thinking of her all the time.

"We are almost home," said the voice. "You must be so hungry and so tired! Did you give her any supper, Mr. Courtney? Of course you did not! What are men good for, will you tell me?"

"Now, Miss Sara, Miss Sara!" protested Mr. Courtney. "I do declare reached the station. Now how was she sound asleep until we almost I to get her anything then? And what time had she to eat it? And what would have been the use, at any rate, when she was so near home, where everything is so much better than anywhere else?"

"Of course it was useless to get anything then. But that is just what I mean. Men never do what they ought to do at the right time. Why didn't you get her something in Baltimore, or somewhere else?"

"The next time I bring Miss Katharine Morris from New York to Brighton, if she goes to sleep, I shall wake her up at stated intervals and see that she is rested. I shall be on time for once."

"Oh, ridiculous!" said the laughing voice as the carriage swung round a turn in the road and stopped instantly.

A great door at the top of a flight of stone steps was thrown open, and a household of people seemed to tumble out of a great lighted hall and down the steps.

"Did she come, Aunt Sara?"

"Is she inside or with Jeff?"

"Is Mr. Courtney there?"

"Hello, Mr. Courtney! Tee me! I don't want trousers!"

"Oh, children, do— for goodness' sake!"

"I say! Stop that noise, will you? I'll send every last one of you to bed on the spot."

And the last of this last voice broke out loud and clear, with a ring of authority that hushed all the others. It was evidently the voice of the master of the house and of the occasion, and the next instant its owner had Katharine in his arms. He was a large man, with gray hair and a great gray beard, but he was as strong and straight and firm on his feet as a man in the prime of life. He looked eagerly into the little face as he carried her into the hall, and said, with the same tenderness as the voice in the carriage: "Fred's dear little daughter! You have come home, my dear!"

Then he placed her carefully on her feet. Immediately she was surrounded. So many faces were thrust into hers, so many hands reached out to touch her, so many voices spoke to her, that she could only stand motionless, looking from one to the other. The white-haired gentleman

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stood back a little, and a tall dark lady came to his side, crying softly and saying something in a low tone. On the other side Mr. Courtney leaned against the open door, smiling good-naturedly, hat in hand, and a tall young lady, very fair and lovely, had stopped on the threshold to look down on the group under the hall lamp. They were all little folks—and all merry and jolly and loud and fearless. Some of the faces were strangely familiar, too. There was a look of Fred on more than one face, and the twins—there was one of them! And, oh, the baby! There he was, looking solemnly at her from the protection of the dark lady's sweeping skirt. What did it mean? Where was she?

In an instant the tall young lady was at her side and the slender arms whose clasp she already knew were around her. The voice, too, which she had heard in the carriage was the one which spoke to her, soothing and petting, welcoming and comforting, scolding the children and answering their questions all in a breath.

"Oh, children, she is so tired! You frighten her—you really do. Remember she is quite stranger to you—to all of us, and she is lonely. Stand off! Let her get her breath! Penelope, call off your savage brood, will you?"

"Oh, Aunt Sara! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! And we all love you so dearly, too!"

"I know it, if I didn't know it, do you think I would say anything that sounds so hateful and means nothing but? We all love one another, of course. That's the reason we can do as we please. And I am sure you will all please to make this dear little Katharine at home here. She's only one more of us. You will have plenty of time to talk and to look and to get fully acquainted after I have told her who you all are. Come here, Frederick Morris, Johnstone! Katharine must know him first, dear, for he is your dear father's namesake and he is not so very much older than you are. He is eight years older."

He was a gentle little fellow, who took one of Katharine's small, cold hands in his, and stood shyly smiling at her in a way that encouraged her to smile shyly herself. Then one by one, they were called up and presented, with many gay words and more and more laughing, as the introductions were made, and Miss Sara, who watched the stranger narrowly, saw that Katharine was losing her child's terror and embarrassment amid congenial warmth and merriment.

There were eight of them, not including the baby, who would not leave his mother's sheltering satin and lace for any one, although Mr. Courtney added his persuasions in the form of the silver top of his hand-some cane as a means of support.

"Well," said Miss Morris, "since Johnny won't come to us, we must go to him for just this once," and she moved towards him, holding Katharine's hand.

"Oh, I'm so glad his name is Johnny!"

It was the first sentence Katharine had volunteered, and her happy, contented nature spoke out in it. The baby's mother kissed her heartily.

"Thank you, dear!" she said. "I am glad you like it, for the other children think it very ugly and old-fashioned. But it is his father's name, too."

"And Johnny Ramsey's. I loved him. He was good to me. They were all good."

"Bless the child!" said Miss Morris. "If she wasn't grateful, I should be afraid of her."

"Now, Sara!" cautioned the other. "I am your Aunt Penelope, dear, and—why, where is he? I thought he was here Sara. At any rate he's your Uncle John and the baby's father. Kiss your little cousin, Johnny—a nice French kiss."

that was certainly meant for laughter and happy welcome.

"Supper is ready!" burst in a chorus from the open door of a great room where there had been a noise of chairs, china, silver, and glass ever since their arrival.

"And Mr. Courtney is half starved, Aunt Sara. He says so."

"An' we's dot tates," came decisively from the owner of the new trousers.

"That settles it!" said Miss Morris. And she led Katharine at once into the room, loosening her coat and taking off her hat as they went, for there had not been time to do it before. Then she had to stop and kiss her, and Aunt Penelope, who had followed, must have a kiss, too, and the gray-haired gentleman, who sat at the head of the long table, held out his arms to her, and all the children stood up in their places and clapped their hands and wriggled and jumped with excitement and delight.

"You perceive," said Miss Morris to Mr. Courtney, "the family is small and a cousin is a new thing. Which accounts for the outburst."

(To be continued.)

In Memoriam

On the occasion of the death of the
REV. ANDREW B. JORDAN.

Which took place at
St. John's, N.E., Sunday, Jan. 15th, 1899.

Ah! sad his fate, dear friends, to young and dying, With pain and suffering filled; His angel lyrics, "Oh, fair soul come away And sing before the Throne thy sweetest lay."

The Soldier of the Cross has his reward, For service he well his Master and his Lord; Humble his fame; his memory never shall fade; Our love shall light the ground where he is laid.

The Requiem is sung, the solemn sound, Which wafts the soul from earth to heaven's bound; How grand and solemn, telling Heaven is nigh; And telling of salvation, peace, and joy.

How grandly in his priestly robes he lies; His saintly hands are crossed, his closed eyes; He seems to meditate, and inward pray; And wait in saintly patience for the Day.

The Solemn Mass is over and the last prayer Is intoned by the Bishop and all there Kneel down with streaming eyes and sob aloud; For love and pity was with all the crowd.

How fervently our Bishop told the tale, Of his young life, and sadly did he wail, That life cut short, a Levite true of God, And one whose life was soon to kiss the rod.

Slowly, sadly, tolls the funeral bell, It seems to say, "Good bye my friends, farewell, We part, but for a while, we'll meet again, Where holy joy take place of earthly pain."

The cold dull clay now falls with muffled sound, And sends a thrill through all friends standing round; The Bishop stands with reverent head and bare, Reciting fervently the last and solemn prayer.

Oh thou, good mother of a noble son, Bewail not him, his mission here was done; Bewail not father, thou hast one above To advocate thy cause in God's great love.

R. J. L. Cuddihy.

Montreal, Feb. 4th, 1899.

A CARDINAL'S AVERSIONS.
Cardinal Manning had little love of music and he detested tobacco. Writing to Mr. Arthur A. Becket in reply to a query of the latter as to whether persons should smoke, His Eminence said: "Do not name me or quote me. Smokers and musicians are both dangerous and homicidal."

Society Meetings.
Young Men's Societies.
Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.
Organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 78 Duane Street, on the 2nd Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, RICHARD BURKE; Secretary, M. J. POWERS; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Gallivan, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.
Organized 1885.
Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month at 8 o'clock, p.m. Social Advisor, REV. E. STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

Ancient Order of Hibernians
DIVISION NO. 2.
Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and La Prairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS N. SMITH, 83 Richmond Street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and B. Connaughton.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.
Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 282 Notre Dame St. Officers: B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Hawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshal, John Kennedy; T. Ervine, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening except regular meeting nights for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspapers on file.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4.
President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorimier Ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent Street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomlity; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, E. Geahan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, Geahan; Chairman of Standing Committee, John Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1115 Notre Dame Street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26

(ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.)
Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 97 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month, the regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m.

Applicants for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Order, may communicate with the following officers: MARTIN FAGAN, President, 577 Cadieux St.; J. H. FEELEY, Treasurer, 719 Sherbrooke St.; J. A. GADBOIS, Fin. Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St.; JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325 St. Urbain St.

Catholic Order of Foresters

St. Gabriel's Court, 185.
Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and La Prairie streets.

M. P. MCGOLDRICK, Chief Ranger.
M. J. HEALDY, Rec. Sec'y, 48 La Prairie St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, JAMES P. RYAN; Recording Secretary, ALICE PATTERSON, 197 Ottawa Street.

Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.
Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. M. SHERA, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Horri Street.

Total Abstinence Societies.

ST. PATRICK'S T.A. & B. SOCIETY.
(ESTABLISHED 1871.)
Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 97 St. Alexander Street. Organized after the pattern of the Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. REV. J. A. McCAHILL, Rec. President; JOHN WALSH, Rec. Vice-President; W. P. HAYLIE, Secretary, 251 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. B. Feeley, M. Sharkey, J. H. Kelly.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

(ESTABLISHED 1863.)
Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN; Pres. dent, JOHN KILLFEATHER; Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 119 Chateaufort Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

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