

the child got in his pocket?"

She thrust her hand into Joey's pocket and drew forth a ball of string, an old barlow knife and—a large piece of tobacco!

She sank down upon the bench with a look upon her face that made Joey tremble violently. Then she held up the piece of tobacco to view.

"Do you see this, Solomon?" she fairly gasped.

"I reckon I do. What is it—an infernal machine?"

"None of your foolishness, Solomon Bugford; this ain't no time for sich. I found this piece of tobacco in this child's pocket. Think of it, an' him only eight! Almost a babe an' chaw in 'tobacker! What did I tell you about takin' Jim Skinner's child to bring up? Like father, like son! It's just one step from drinkin' to drinkin', an' one step from drinkin' to the gallus. Joey Skinner, have you got any of that stuff in your mouth?"

"I—I dunno," stammered Joey, trembling violently.

"You don't know?" gasped his aunt. "What did I ask you?"

"As! me if I had any in my mouth."

"Any what?"

"Gallus!" sobbed Joey, bursting into tears.

"No, I didn't. I said tobacker. Has the boy gone crazy? Have you got any tobacker in your mouth?"

"No—m," sobbed Joey. "I—"

"That will do. I don't want no talkin' back. Can you remember that?"

"Yes sum."

"Then come right away an' git the dust washed off your face. You are a sight to be seen."

She led him through the front room toward the kitchen, and stopping, she placed the piece of tobacco on the mantel over the fireplace.

"I'm goin' to put it up there," she said, "an' if you offer to touch it I'll skin you alive! Do you understand?"

"Yes-sum," blubbered Joey.

When the boy had been washed she made him sit on a bench under the shed while she went out and sat on the front porch.

"I do wonder what the world is comin' to," she remarked, "when the very babes are usin' tobacker. I was readin' in a book the other day that it destroys the nerves an' mecks 'tjuts of people that use it."

Solomon leaned over and sat looking at a bumblebee that was buzzing on a hollyhock.

"I've chawed 'er a good while," he observed, "but I reckon she hain't hurt me a bit."

"O, course not; nothin' ain't goin' to hurt a born 'tjutt!" snapped his wife. "I don't want you to be havin' sick talk before the boy. It would be the ruinahshun of him."

Joey would have found life on the Bugford farm much happier had he not stood in such dread of the wrath of his aunt. Once she caught him gazing longingly at the piece of tobacco on the mantel, and her wrath flamed up.

"If you ever dare touch it," she cried, "I'll switch you till you won't forget it as long as you live."

It was nearly a week later. Joey had been at work pulling pursley for the hogs. The evening had been intensely sultry. It was dusk when he carried his last load to the hog pen and crept into the house. His shabby garments were wet with the early dew. His temples throbbled, and a feeling of uneasiness beset him as he found himself alone in the house.

Something caused him to glance in the direction of the mantel. He got upon a chair and stood looking longingly at the piece of tobacco lying there in the dim twilight that came through the western window. He did not hear his aunt's steps on the porch, nor was he aware of her presence till she seized him and pulled him with a sudden jerk from the chair.

He was too terrified to speak, and only uttered a little sob of mortal terror. She pushed him into a chair and stood before him white with anger.

"You remember what I told you," she said, "an' now you are goin' to ketch it."

"I—never touched it," stammered Joey, shaking from head to foot.

"Not another word! Jist wait till I git a good peach tree switch!" And she hurried out at the door.

When she returned Joey was gone. Seized with a feeling of awful fear he had fled from the house, across the yard and into the high corn. The blades struck him sharply in the face as he ran, but he did not pause.

The gathering darkness lay thick about him, and from the gloom strange sounds smote upon his ear, but terror impelled him onward.

He did not stop till he reached the back of the field. Then he stopped in the deep shadows of the corn, close by the road, panting for breath. He listened, but could hear no sound of pursuit. The night was palpitating with myriad sounds. The plaintive notes of the whippoorwill came from the dark woods; the crickets chirruped incessantly, mingling their sharp rattle with the monotonous murmur of the wind through the bladed corn.

Above all these Joey could hear the beating of his own heart. He had not thought of whether he should go. But he could never go back to his aunt's. Of this he was sure. He wondered if he could live out in the fields and woods as the birds did. He shrank from the darkness and loneliness of it. No, he could not stay there. A sudden thought came to him. He would go back to the poor farm. Mrs. Merton, the matron, had been kind to him after a fashion, and—she had kissed him when he was leaving. The remembrance of it brought a mist before his

eyes. Yes, he would go back to her and ask her to let him stay.

He climbed over the high rail fence and stood in the big road that led to the poor farm. There was a little patch of light along the crest of a distant hill, and as it widened a point of the red moon appeared in its midst. As it rose its beams sent long, grotesque shadows into the lane. To Joey's excited fancy these resolved themselves into menacing forms that started up from every clump of sumacs that skirted the road.

Far away, on the next hill, he could see the lights of the poor house. Toward these he ran. His heart beat violently. His temples throbbled, and there was a sharp pain in his side. He stopped exhausted in the hollow, and as he did so a sort of faintness seized him and he sank down among the dewy grass.

There they found him the next day limp and unconscious. He was taken to his aunt's home, but it brought no terror to him now. He did not know, it was pneumonia, the doctor said, something easily brought on when one is recovering from the measles, and he gave but little hope of the child's discovery.

Joey was placed on a cot in the front room, and Solomon remained constantly by his side.

"I had no idee he'd take it so hard as to go and run off," Mrs. Bugford said remorsefully. "Meby I was too hard on him, but I meant it for the best."

When she had gone out Solomon walked the floor, a trouid look upon his face. Joey lay with closed eyes, but now, as he opened them, there was the light of consciousness in them for the first time since he had been taken sick, but it was only the flickering gleam that comes to the spark before it is extinguished.

Solomon saw it and knelt by the cot. He bent and pressed his bearded lips to the pallid cheek.

"I wouldn't 'a' done it if I'd 'a' had my way, Joey," he said in a husky whisper. "I mean the takin' uv yer tobacker. I hain't tched mine since; hain't chawed a bit since she tuck it from me; I couldn't bear ter—"

He got up, took something from the mantle and brought it and placed it in Joey's hand.

"That's yer tobacker, Joey," he said tenderly, "an' of anybody—"

The pallid hand closed over it, but the next instant a sudden look of fear came over the face of the boy.

"She told me I mustn't," he said in a faint whisper.

"Never mind that; I say ye shall," said Solomon in a choking voice.

"Yes, Joey, ye're goin' to have yer tobacker. Taat's all I ken do fer ye now. I war too big a coward ter speak out, but the one who tries ter take it from ye must walk over me!"

The little hand closed about the brown piece of tobacco, and he lay with it on his breast. And thus he died.

Mrs. Merton came over from the poor farm when she learned of Joey's death, and brought a great wreath of white flowers to lay on the coffin.

Solomon was sitting by the still white form when she came in with Mrs. Bugford.

"He was the strangest child I ever knew Mrs. Merton was saying. 'He loved his father so. It was touching to see it. Poor child! his father left him nothing—only a barlow knife and a piece of tobacco, and the boy clung to these. He loved them because they had been his father's, and when I wanted to put them away for him he cried as if his heart would break, so I let him carry them in his pocket. Pure, sweet face," she added, bending over the coffin, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

Mrs. Bugford uttered a half-stifled sob, and kneeling by the still form pressed a kiss on the pallid lips—the first she had ever given him.

But Joey did not know.—Ladies' Home Journal.

AT THE END OF THE CENTURY.

The Genesis and Revelation of St. Alphonse's Parish, Windsor.

"There is nothing that we less realize than the fact that we have everything we enjoy."

"There remains only about twenty five Indians at Mackinaw. Father Carheil, S. J., who is a missionary there, remains always firm. I hope he will fall to the lot of leather in his wing, as I am persuaded that the obdurate old priest will die in his parish with his flock."

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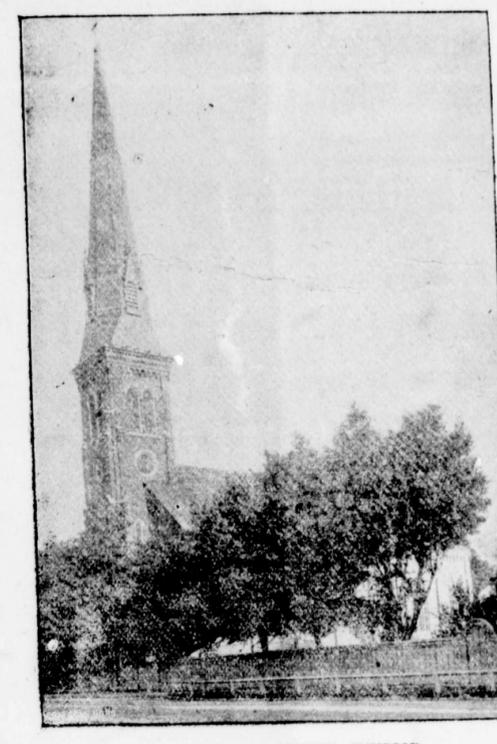
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ST. ALPHONSE'S CHURCH, WINDSOR.

mission, written by Father Richard's (1740) and his assistant Father Peter Potier, S. J. (1731). Mr. Richard Elliot of Detroit has an original copy of this unique manuscript, the last of the Huron missionaries. Mr. Elliot has acquired from this valuable relic. Under date of July 3, 1740, we read:

"THE SUPERIOR OF THE MISSION upon his departure for Quebec, left the following instructions: 'Prayers shall be offered for the safe journey of the Father Superior during his absence. The new church is to be of the same width, but 10 feet longer than the old edifice. The acuity is to be of wood and 10 feet square. The ground to be extended 20 feet by side of old refectory. The kitchen is to be enlarged by using a part of the old refectory, the end of which may be used for the enlargement of the ground. Mr. Menche is to be paid 100 piastres (200 for the carpenter work in the church, refectory and other enlargements. Mr. Denis is to be paid 100 piastres for the carpenter work in the refectory. The exterior is to be rustic and similar to that of the 'Petit Bon' (Father Bonaventure Revolet, Detroit).'

"The names of Melchior contractor for lumber, and the names of the carpenters, are given in the manuscript. Charles 'the carpenter,' (1740) and for the work he is yet to finish, which includes an altar railing, corresponding to the altar, and the antependium of the altar, and one for altar linens, all to be built in the vestry."

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