"Uncle Ben"

How hot it was that August dayhow intensely gloriously hot! The
fields shimmered in the torrid glairand the new tin roof on the torrid glairand the new tin roof on the old court
house seemed a burnished reflector to
increase the general discomfort.

Something more than heat, however,
would be necessary to cause the absence of the ever-in-resigns growd
that since early mornling had traveled
over the dusty white r ds and having
tied their horses in the moss-sheltered
spots, had gathered in groups in the
stores and on the court house steps to
talk over the session of Circuit Court.
Exoltement of any kind was scarce in
that little inland town, and this semiarmual break in the monotony of
everyday life was a general holiday.
Men met to talk over crops and prices,
to sell horses on the public square, and
to hear and relate all the news of the
county.

The women, too gathered in to trade.

county.

The women, too, gathered in to trade eggs, butter and dried fruit for calica and "trimmins," and incidentally to note the tyles and prices in the one millinery establishment the town beauty.

Twice a year the diagy court house was filled to its utmost capacity to hear the speeches of opposing lawyers and the summing up of the judge. The offenders themselves were a secondary consideration, excepting in the case of relatives, and the various sentences to jail, or more frequently the penitentiary, caused but little comment; nor did the white faces and despating looks of the condemned elicit much compassion.

Duil and heavy this inland com-

spairing looks of the condemned elicit much compassion.

Dull and heavy this inland community, undisturbed by momentous events, apathetic to the great world of unrest and sorrow and striving, living only in the present, carelees and indifferent of others' joy or sorrow.

The big watting-room of the "Halliday House" is filled with the watting crowd, which, while listening somewhat impatiently for the court house bell to announce the opening of the second day of court, employ the time in exchanging opinions of the previous day's proceedings of the presiding judge, who had been newly elected, and of the stranger who had accompanied him.

and of the stranger who had accompanied him.
"Some says his son," remarked Bob Halliday, the land, "but I know he sin't got a son that old. Some kin, I reckon, but they don't favor much. And last night I heard—"Clang! clang! The opening bell caused a general rush for the most available seats and what the landlord heard was not told.
The first case is soon disposed of, settled out of court the lawyers an-

settled out of court the lawyers an-nounce, to the great regret of the clowd.

The second promises to be of interest.

second promises to be of interest. The second promises to be of interest. The jailier brought into the dock an old regro, heavily handcuffed, who, without a giance at the surprounding sea of feets, dropped wearly and despendently upon the bench and buried his gray head between his manacled

his gray head between his manacled hands.

A very old man he is, with face lined deep with marks of suffering and care, and forlorn wratchedness expressed in the drooping attisude of the body.

Even the judge, accustomed to misery, in every form, looks pittully at him, and the young stranger, who sits near, isams forward and gases long and carnestly at the accused man. The charge is theft-of breaking into the corn-orb of William Hill, a wealthy farmer, and stealing therefrom several sacks of oor.

"I see," said the judge, glancing over his papers, "your name here is given as Benjamin Rout, or Rouette. Which is it?"

(edom."
"Have you any one to represent you this case—any lawyer, I mean?"
"Yo' Honah, I don' need no lawyeh me's if I wus guilty. I doen nuthin ned a lawyeh for. I'd ruther, suh, ut ies look into this thing yo'self."
An audible laugh ran through the

"Keep order, sheriff, or clear the

The stranger here leaned forward and spoke earnestly to the judge, who, evidently surprised, turned to the pris-

spore estimately to the priscear and saddi"This lawyer will do all he can for
you; you must have some one to
represent you before the court."
So the trial began. The prosecuting
witness told his story clearly and definitely. He had been cropping with old
Uncle Ben for two seasons, on the
swall terms, and it had happened in
both cases, when it came to a settlement, that there was nothing due the
old man, he having taken it up in provisions and necessaries during the
year. Then his corn-crib had been enterd and several socks of corn stolen.
The thert had been traced directly to
the prisoner and the matter was before the court. The succeeding witjustian. In answer to the prescenting
the prisoner is an expected with Hill in every purtioular. In answer to the prescenting
the same agreed with Hill in every purtioular. In answer to the prescenting
the same agreed with the same agree, and
the same agreed with was known of him in the
lamatic; that was known of him in the
lamatic; that he himself admitted he
have a deserter these he would not feerner in any angular stranger, and research pair. Hittle was known of him in the liminative, that he himself admitted he lies a deserter from his resiment during the war, and that he would not rese tall the name of his former owner, in that the public generally thought he had been been guilty of other refused below setting there. The older overtainty was against The older overtainty was against the college over the colle

address the court at all. For a few minutes he stood shent then asked permission for his client to make a statement in his own behalf.

This was unusual. The crowd was disappointed. Suppeae, after all, they had no speech in this case either?

The subdect murrant qued into silence as the old man stood up

"Yo' Honah," he began, they is very little I can say, but as the law, elsays to tell how things is, I will. Two yeah ago me and Chloc come up from Tenhessee. We was alone in the world and foor, and all we winted was a noof wash our head and a place to work to earn our livin. We foun an ole cabit on a place of wash our head and a place to work to earn our livin. We foun an ole cabit on a place of wash and what he head he hadn't an use for it, so him'n me make a 'greement that if I cleah the triar bushes off the groun' and work the ctop, he would give the seed, an' what was raised would be divided 'twen us, share and share aike.

"I work the first yeak clearin' off the groun' and I do odd jobs for the man that keeps the stood at the columb, and Chloe she helps there, too; so we you 'long pretty well. At the end of the fus yeah Mistah Hill say I owen him ten dollohe for the use of his horse, to break up tie groun' for fall plowin, and so that is to go out of the crop when I raise it.

"The secon' yeah I worked that groun' faishful. I has no crittur to jlow with, an' Chloe she hirde out an' washed and took her pay in the use of his horse, to break up tie groun' for fall plowin, and so that is to go out of the crop when I raise it.

"The secon' yeah I worked that groun' faishful. I has no crittur to jlow with, an' Chloe she hirde out an' washed and took her pay in the use of his horse, to ground faishful. I have not only the groun faishful. I have no could see to work by monilight. By'mby the crop commenced to show itself and the fiel' loked fine, but Chloe she worked ton hard, I mistrusted, for she got peeked and low, and I hay to miss it dat way. I raise nigh ten acres ob cawn—fine time the best fould.

"I' he has

justice could not be hampered by these tilings.

He dwelt long on the fact that theft was becoming too prevalent throughout the district, and the crime of the prisener was all the more helmous because of his agre. An example was reeded, an outraged public required no better one than this old man robbing Ils berefactor, a man who had by his was showing provided him and his wife with the very necessaries of life. The tide of feeling that for a fow short moments had turned toward the prisener now ebbed away, and the crowd felt that the votes had not been wasted which had given the county so able a reoresentative as the Commonwealth Autorney.

The young luwyer slowly rose to his feet, and for a few impressive moments looked over the room in silence. He began his argument by saying that he, too, like his client, was a stranger among strangers, but justice was ever an impertial protector, and the homeless poor as well as the influential and wealthy fund safety in her sheltering arms. Trusting as he did in the innocence of his client, he would ask a patient hearing white placing before them a few facts bearing indirectly upon the case.

"Long ago," he said, "before war devastated this fair birthright of ours, there shoot in the midset of fertile and smilling fields a home known far and wide in Louisiana as "Glem Mary." At the first sound of his voice the old man gased long and e. nestly at the speaker, but sighed and spook his head as the effort to call him to memory were unavailing.

"Glom Mary was proverbial for its hospitality and for the laylah wealth in home on every hand. The owner, respected by all as a man of the highest integrity, was inflashly severe to the vast number of slaves that lived on his sectates: they faced the sound of his voice and the look from his keen and piercing eye worse than a blow from the laws.

"Bow many times bad, the seved as a being from another work."

"Bow many times bad, the seved as a being from another work."

record of love and gratitude borne in every untuitored heart.

"There was among the slaves one man who had in some way incurred his some way in the first cardigation a second was no mere, for him, so in the dead of night she freed him from his bonds and provided him with food, told him to seek refuge in the swamps. A tender heart was hers, too pitying and kind for the heavy weight of sorrow she was called on to ondure.

For months this man cluded pursuit, helped always by the mistress he diolized, until the long-threatened war became a reality, and he left his refuge to fight for freedom.

"The war brought many changes to

suit, nespect aways by the matrices in dollized, until the ions-threatened war became a reality, and he left his refuge to fight for freedom.

"The war brought many changes to that fair Southern home. The slaves at the first whisper of liberty left it and made their way to other and more hospitable States. The owner fell, as idd many of his neighbors, on the bloody field of Antietam. Fire and pilage reduced fife stately home to a linekened ruin, standing in the midst or uncultivated fields, and the home-less whow sought shelfer and refuge in the call in of the one faithful slavenew wife of the runaway solder. Hore for months she lived dependent, as was her only son, a boy too young and childish to understand on the exertions of this woman whose only the loher helpless guests was love and gratitude. Away from the old home, the hone-time fugitive had gained praise and honar for sourage on the field of hattle, but meeting by accident one of his former companions he learned the sad fate of Glen Mary and its mistress.

"The records of the War Department show that on a certain day in April, 18—, this brave soldier turned traitor to the flag that had sheltered him and deserted from his post, but they do not show how in the darkness of the night se came weary and footsore to the door of the carb under the sad face of of his braves of the show he and his wife worked and watched and thought until they found a way to convey her and her boy to friends who sheltered and provided for them. They cannot tell, because they do not know how deep the strugle in that man's heart between duty and honor on the ene and and orative of sympath he resig sed without a thought of the future, all hope of honorable distinction for all that he had done.

"He himself does not know that the ide lised mistress is dead, and dying transited the har as a second duty

orable distinction for all that he had done.

"He himself does not know that the id-lised mistress is dead, and dying by queathed to her son as a sacred duty to seek out and provide for those faithful friends who had come to her in the dark hour of her affliction at the utter acrifice of all the human heart holds dean.

"And I, for I am that son, have sught them for years until at last, almost discouraged, I stumbled by clanes upon a clue only to find my by clanes upon a clue only to find my brave old Chioe filling a pauper's grave and Ben, my dead mo'ver's friend and irotector, accused here in a felon's dock for robbing a man who plundered him. Gentlemen of the jury, who is the robber?"

him. Gentlemen or the jury, who is the robber ?"

The whole scene was so unexpected, so dramatic, that during the closing servences the crowd had eyes only for the impassioned young speaker.

"Look at Den!" whispered some

"Look at Ben!" whispered some one.

The cld man stood in the dock, his chained hands clasped convulsively.
"Fo God, if it ain't the young mer-ster!" he cried, his face irradiate, and leaning forward he fell into that mas-ter's outstrutched arms.

The joy was too sudden, too over-whelining. He had joined Chioe-Terese F. Spencer, in the Midland Re-view.



All disorders or true and the property of the

maker and measurement of near whom a service and the brain active and the brain of near whome. Thousands to its merita solution for the little entra reverse to many afford.

The state or women who neglect essentiation in gradering in the system a state of disorders that will columnsts in some serious and possibly that maskey. The receive Pleasant Pelletts are a min, serious and possibly that maskey and possibly that maskey are a min, serious and possibly that maskey are a min serious and the serious and t

Frà Pacifico

A Story From ' Temple Bar."

Just as I opened the hail door to go out into the street, the house bell rang apologetically.

The door was darkened by a figure whom I had no sort of wish to encounter, of whom I had perhaps a sort of vague fear and dislike. But I could not now withdraw. This kind of figure had become very familiar to me in Tuscan streets. All my life long I had seen familiar with it in the world's heritage of religious pictures. But I had never exchanged a word with such figure, nor had I hitherto heard the sound of human speech come across the lips of any of them.

It was a Franciscan friar who humbly darkened my door, and he had come to ask an aims. As I stood gazing at him curlously, it seemed to me, by one of those psy-shological freaks which visit us at all times, that I had enacted this scene in another existence. But I was wrong. Reason and memory came to my aid. It was not I who had enacted this seem in another life, but Laurence Sterne who had enacted it in this, and he had described it for all time in "The Sentimental Journey." Blessed be Laurence Sterne, who, having sinned the sin of discourtesy against the most courteous of all mankind, has, by the moving confession of his orline, made It impossible that any gentleman should ever again treat a monk with discourtesy. Leastwise he saved me from the sin that day. "Pacilico was the frair's name, and "Pra" his designation. He was no

saved me from the sin that day. Pacilico was this frint's name, and "Fra" his designation. He was no priest or father, but a simple lay brother of the Franciscan Observantins. His habit was of coarse brown stuff, faded and threadbare; a knotted cord was girded around his weist, his sandaled feet were covered with fine, white dust of a Tuscan highroad; at my appearance he had lifted the small black scull cap, which was his sole protection against the fierce sun and stood bareheaded, twisting it apologotically black scull cap, which was his sole protection against the fierce aun and stood
harcheaded, twisting it apologotically
between this fingers. The more I looked
at him the more did I wander back
in fancy to the room in Dessetir's Hotel
at Calain, where Yorick met the same
'attitude of entreaty,' the same'thin,
spare form,' the same 'mild, pale pentracting face,' the same freedom from
all 'commonplace ideas of fat, contenal incommonplace ideas of fat, contendignostance.' And his face, too,
'looked forward and looked as if it
looked to something beyond this
world.'

The friar's embarrassment was great
when he found the door thus suddenly
opened upon him by the signore of the
house, a manifest foreigner, too.

"Buon giorno, signore," he began,
with a quaintly demure courtesy.' If
demand a thousand pardone—'
'He voice was very musical. I looked
him. Then I had never spoken to
a friar, and there was cabout this friar
as about Father Lorenzo so simple a
frace, such an air of deprecation in the
whole cast of his look and figure that I
should have been bewitched had I sen
him empty away.' I said, "come in, won't

should have been bewitched had I sent him empty away,
"Pased," I said, "come in, won't
you?"

Fya Pacifico held back diffidently,
and his eyes lit up with a chiddlike
wonder.

"I had but called to ask an aims of
your obarity," he answered.

"Pased, pased, prego! Let me entreat you." I said, "to come in."

I held the door open wider. The
frigr finde me a low obelsance, and
with a smile that acknowledged my
powers of persuasion, entered the hall,
and stood expectant on the door mat.
"In there," I went c., as I pushed
him before me; "into my study."

"O quanti libri! What a lot of
books!" he cried in unfeigned surprise.
"I almost reminds me of what our
convent library used to be!"

"Used to be?" I asked, mightily
pleased at his praise of my books.
"Have you no library now?"

"Alas, no, signore, not over forty odd
volumes or so. They took our books
from us when we were suppressed, and
put them in the town library, where
nobody, says the prior, ever looks at
them because they are all in Latin
and treat on theology."

"But how can you have been 'suppressed' when you are still in existence?" I asked, laughing.

The friar latushed, too. "We died,"
he answered, "and came to life again.
They turned us out of our convent, and
put it is against the law now for a
religious body to own property, so two
of the fasthers hold it in their own
names as shelr own property, so two
of the fasthers hold it in their own
names as shelr own provate and personal possession."

"Then it these two fathers turned
traitor chey could turn you
all out
again, and sell the convent."

It was an inconsiderate remark,
I was as his mind that
might bear and workers pitchels out
when yolsonous seeds in his mind that
might bear distruss. "Portunately for
me, they ded, upon pround is willen no
rank or poleosassa seeds would grow.
"But sit down," I continued, for we
had been standing all these treats of sus
respective. It was a time the was
before it with hands clasped in strong
remotion. It was a instr

gazing he turned to me, and his blue eyes were moist.

"The signors is Catholic, then," he said, "that he has a picture of our holy founder." I surveyed the property of the product of one Church, if the founder of one order is the inheritance of the world, and the beloved of all mankind."

Fra Pacifico opened his eyes wide in surprise. "Is he so great as that?"

The excitamed. "So great that even the Protestants by him? I had not known it. Mas' in my dear country, so changed from what it was, there are those wine revile the holy faith he prosessed!"

How musical his voice was, and how innocent, how empirement when, and I made him sit down, and I made him discuss a glass of vermouth, but an English bis wift, though it greatly excited his curlosity, he would not touch because it was the season of Lent.

My mind wandered as he talked

Iont.

My mind wandered as he talked curteous commonplaces to me, and I took instead to gazing at him, and speculating about him. What was he before he put on that habit? What was the rank of life from which he sprung ere he had become transmuted by the maste wand of St. Francis? Was he of patrician family, or was he a prince or duke, if gentle manners are an index of noble birth. It was a quality that might have been attained by peer or peasent, but not easily either by one or the other. For want of a better word if must call it spirituality. And then a sudden explanation of it all rushed into my mind—this was a religious man, and I had never been face to face with such a one before. "It your convent far from home?" I asked prosently.

"Some twelve miles or so along the coast."

"And do you come into town often?"

"Every week or ten days, according to our necessities, for we live entirely by alms."

"But there is no train or other conveyances along the coast."

"Walk," answered Fra Pacifico, simply, "If I start at 4 in the morniser I am here by 8 o'clock, and have the whole easy before me to disturb (incomodars) the good and kind."

"And you-breakfast on the way," "Fra Pacifico busined when he saw that I had discovered his act of merification. "Fraskfast is not a meal," he said, but there are kind friends who give me breakfast in the town."

"Then you walk here without having eaten anything!" I cried. Fra Pacifico bushed when he saw that I had discovered his act of mortification. "I hope," I resumed. "that you will sometimes do me the pleasure of breakfasting in this house."

The friar rose from his seat, and made me a bow. "I shall drive, though, and not walk," I added, laughing.

Again the humble friar rose and bowed to me "The father prior will be honoured to welcome you, signors," he said. "But our convent is a poor place, and we have neither plotures nor marbles to show. It is the linfimary of the order. The old fathers who are past work go there to die; those who are sick occur to seek health from the st

"I will certainly come," I said, "and that very soon."

Fra Pacifico rose to go, I came to the front door with him, and held it topen for him. "Expect me very soon," I said. He smiled upon me, and bade me a polite actieu. Then only Jid to occur to me. "Why, santo cleio!" "I red, "I am sending you empty sway." Fra Pacifico only smiled again. I produced my pocketbook, and offered him two francs. He was covered with confusion, and I afterwards learned that I had given ten or fifteen times as much as any frar would expect.

imes as mech as any frar would expect.

About ten days later Fra Pacision called again, and left with many measures of the measures for me, a mightly gitt of vegetables grown upon the convent grounds excardoons, tomatoes, endive, fennel-stalks, and the appetising salad knowr as barrba de/Capuccini. Suoh a great quantity, surely, I could not have bought it, the market-place for the dole I had given him in chearky. My cook told me that he always did his long walk into town laden in thas way with a sack of vegetables as a thank-offering for those who had been kind to his convent. So difficult is it to do an the for nothing in Tuscary. Do but do a kind act, and the recipient of the transgrivers were

and personnel of the property of the state of the personnel of the personn

and temporal. It represents the holy tasher, St. Francis, in the cave at wild La Verna, where he received the stigmata, in the act of giving his famous trivile benediction to poor, tempted Fra. Leone. The benediction is in the form of a x-roll, which Fra. Leone was to carry about him, and on the scroll is written:—
It signore to benedica e it custodisca; It mostri is sun faceta e abbia miseriordia;
Volga at tell sun faceta e abbia miseriordia;
Volga tell is no faceta e abbia miseriordia;
Alcaven forgive me l. There is superstition in the air of Tucany, it penetrates the veins of the most complacent Pyrrbonist, it sits the soul of the doughtlest Protestant, it puts to conjuste on the most rabid anti-clorical. I do carry the pir a about me, and no grave evil has befallen me since, true as it is that no grave evil ever befell me before, asve once.

I go to bed late and ile abed late. Fra

I do carry the pr "e about me, and no grave evil has befalian me since, true as it is that no grave evil ever befall me before, save once.

I go to bed late and llo abed late. Fra Bacifico came in the early morning at "breakfast" time, and so, wrapped in sloth, I never chanced to see him. Six months went by. Either .t was hot of it was wet, or it was windy, or I fancied myself mightly busy, or, truth to tell, not seeing bilm, his image and his influence grew faint: but certain it is I did not pay my visit to the control of the seeing bilm, his image and is unidenly became aware that I was no longer having cardoons for dinner. Twelve months passed or more, and I suddenly became aware that I was no longer fauring in my accounts, and it must now be quite a long while since I received a new santino. Could the humble friar be offended because I had never paid my visit. That was impossible in one who had so perfectly moulded his soul to ancient. Christian models. Like Father Locenso, nature in him, too, must have done with her resentments. Could he be ill then? I ordered around Benlamino, my cabman, at once, and drove off to the convent, twelve miles slong the hot, white, dusty const road.

The convent was no convent, but this poorest kind of a house; the church beefde R was barer than any conventicle. But there was a crose upon the top of the church, and there was a majolica. Annunciation over the door of the house, and if you looked narrowthe slone porch of the garden site you would have seen a rude, discoloured fersco of a crose of Calvany traversed by two human arms in eakire, one is bend naked, representing the sem of the saviour, the other in bend sinister, clothed in the habit of fit. Francis, for above the sione porch of the garden site you would have seen a rude, discoloured fersco of a crose of Calvany traversed the summan arms in eakire, one is bend naked, representing the sem of the Saviour, the other in bend sinister, clothed in the habit of fit. Francis, for above the sione porch of the garden site you

he most of all desired.

"Is Fra Pacifico in ?" I asked.
Then that beaming face all of a den grew woefully chaptallen; twinkling eyes started with tears, at my heart there came a sore p He need not have spoken.

at my heart these came a sore p aag. He need not have spoken.

"Alas! he is doad, dear signore. He ded close upon two months ago. We are all distracted and suffer the sorest privations. He was such an excellent beggar, was our dear borther, we wanted for nothing. But he news write down anything. We do not know who his friends were in the big city. I, who am his unworthy successor, do not know whom to go to, and have no success. We are like to die of hunger, and our only hope is in God Almighty, and our holy father St. Francis."

"I was one of his friends," I answerded; "an altogether unworthy one. Come to me when you come into the city, and I will double my aims for the sake of his dear memory. Is see buried here?" I continued, again remembering Yorick and again blessing him.
"Over yonder, aismore," replied the

buried here?" I continued, again remembering Yorick and again blessing him.
"Over yonder, signore," replied the lay brother, indicating a tiny campo sands not a quarter of a mile distant. His mute, astonished look seemed to ask, if it could be possible, that I, a forastiere, reasky wished to see the grave of a lay brother of St. Francis? But I did not tell him, and bidding him cordishly added begged him to call upon me regularly when he came over to the "big city."

I found the grave for myself, a mound of earth with the grave for myself, a mound of earth with the grave for his content of the content of the standard of the content of the standard of the standard

Qui reposa.

Nel bacio del Signore
PAUTFUO.
Frato Laico dell'Ordina dei Minori Ossevanti
Nel Secolo Raimondo de' Nobili Cianciani
di Aresso.
Visse santamente anni 22,
Nastamente mori.
Saltamente mori.

Where the in the Lard's embrace. Fact-free, a key bretter in the Order or the Observations, however to the Chicago-munic of the solid beings of the Chicago-munic of the solid being of the Chicago-te's years. He lived a bety distinc-tive years and their a bety distinc-tive years. He lived a bety distinc-tive years.

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