

Ralph Fenton's Wife.

The breakfast room at Fenton Hall was a pleasant apartment. It was wainscoted in old oak, and somewhat plainly and substantially furnished; but two large windows looked out on an expanse of lawn where in flower beds were cut; and through an opening in the woods that partly surrounded the mansion, a view of undulating pasture land met the eye. The birds were singing musically from shrub and tree, and butterflies and bees were flitting about, and the scent of sweet pea and mignonette came with the breeze that slightly stirred the lace hangings of the window.

The party at the breakfast table numbered three. Mr. Fenton was a man of well over sixty years of age, whose square jaw and chin bespoke determination and perhaps obstinacy. His wife was slightly younger than he. She had been a handsome woman in her youth, and ill-health and some sorrows had not entirely deprived her of all her charm. She had finished her breakfast, and was attending to the wants of a tiny kitten, while her husband and his nephew were still engaged with their knives and forks.

"You'll see Jackson to-day, Harold," the elder man said. "Make him understand once and for all that I won't lower the rent of the farm." "Very well," Harold said quietly. "I wonder why the post isn't here?" Mr. Fenton grumbled. "The man gets later and later. I shall really—oh, here's the bag at last—a bulky one, too!"

The greater part of the contents of the letter bag were retained by Mr. Fenton. Mrs. Fenton had few intimate acquaintances, and fewer relatives; while Harold Fenton received the bulk of his correspondence in another way.

"Catch me acting again as executor for any one!" Mr. Fenton said angrily, after a few minutes, and he pushed a large packet to one side. "I thought I had finished with poor Forrest's affairs, and now there's a new complication. His son, you may remember, died in India some months before his father. He was an extravagant young man and died in debt. That packet contains letters and papers sent to Captain Forrest by the Great Britain. The vessel was lost, and it is only recently that the mail she carried has been recovered. I'll have to look into the papers, I suppose."

Mr. Fenton devoted himself again to his letters. "The impertinence!" he ejaculated suddenly, his voice shaking with passion. Mrs. Fenton looked up from her work of feeding the kitten.

"What is the matter?" she asked gently. "It is some doctor who writes to me," Mr. Fenton fumbled with the sheet. "Yes, Philip Norton. Well, Dr. Norton tells me it is my duty to see after his patient, Mrs. Ralph Fenton."

"Oh, is she ill?" Mrs. Fenton inquired, with evident solicitude. "I don't know. How should I. Probably it is only a plan to extort money from me. The woman has no claim on me—none at all," Mr. Fenton went on.

"Certainly not," his nephew agreed. "No," the elder man stormed. "She bewitched, befuddled the lad into marrying her. When I think of Ralph married to an Irishwoman and a Catholic! And he couldn't stand it long. He died, poor boy! He paid for his folly by his early death."

"Our dear Ralph's death was due to an accident," Mrs. Fenton remarked gently. "He was knocked down by a street van, you remember."

"Who knows exactly? That was her story. And now this Dr. Norton suggests I should see after Mrs. Barrymore! How dare he!"

"Put the child!" Mrs. Fenton said. "The child! Didn't I offer to take the boy if she would give up all claim to him? She wouldn't!"

Mrs. Fenton sighed. "Neither should I in her place," she answered, with quiet firmness. "And thereby she showed her stupidity and selfishness. Eh, Harold?"

"Yes, uncle," Harold assented. "The child would have led a different life here from what he must be leading in London."

"Well, I'm not going to do anything," Mr. Fenton said decisively. "Nothing whatever. You can't deny that Ralph went to the bad from the time of his marriage?"

"Oh, no! At first he was really happy," Mrs. Fenton replied. "His letters seemed so cheerful."

"And didn't I give them a fairly decent sum of money? What became of it all? Didn't Ralph die in beggary? And now you plead for the woman that ruined him. If he had married Grace Morley, things would have been different. I told him plainly I should never countenance his marriage to an Irish girl. He married her, all the same; and I gave him what I considered proper, and washed my hands of them utterly. I am glad I did so—glad I never set eyes on the woman's face."

"But surely you will do something," Mrs. Fenton began. Her husband interrupted her. "No, and neither shall you," he chuckled. "I'll take good care you shan't have the address, Agnes. Now Harold, don't forget about Jackson. I am going to my study to look over these letters of Captain Forrest's."

"They are probably not very important," Harold said carelessly. "No, I dare say not. Had poor old Forrest lived, they would have been read by him. Now it is my duty to at least glance over them."

Mr. Fenton's study was by no means as cheerful a room as the one he had quitted; and he sat for some minutes staring at the book-lined walls in gloomy thought. Stern as he was, he had loved the boy whose marriage led to his expulsion from his father's house; and, as he sat, there came to him memories of far-off days, when the patter of tiny feet and the beating of impatient childish hands on the study door had often roused him. Perhaps Ralph had done spoiled a little, he thought.

He had once laughed at his son's determination to have his own way, at his open-handed generosity, his love of games of chance, his forgetfulness of more serious things. But Mr. Fenton, bred in the olden school, had hated both the sister and Rome, and his son's marriage was never forgiven. His nephew Harold had been brought to the Hall to take up the position of heir.

"And I can't like the fellow, after all," Mr. Fenton muttered half aloud. "I can't like him, somehow." He turned resolutely to the table where lay the letters that had gone down in the Great Britain, and opened the packet containing them. The letters were little injured by their immersion beneath the waves, nor were the first batch he read of any particular importance. He lifted one—almost the last—and started.

"How like Ralph's writing!" he said, and opened it. As he read, his healthy-hued face blanched slowly; he gasped as the paper fell from his hand, and then sat motionless for a second or two.

"I must read it again," he muttered. "I have read it wrongly. Ralph could not have done such a thing."

He lifted the discolored, closely-written sheet and read once more: "Dear Forrest—I am in no end of a hole, and you must do something to get me out of it, seeing that it was partly through you I got into it. You remember the bill we were owing to old Bathby, the Jew. Well, he came down on me for it at a very inopportune moment. You know the pater discarded me on my marriage, and I found a situation in the big commercial house of Bennet Bros. My salary is fairly good, and Mrs. and I were joggling along comfortably enough, down came Bathby, the old wretch! And then the devil put in my way the very sum I needed. It was paid into Bennet's and was not likely to be missed till the half-yearly audit. I took it all the faster that I was on for a good thing in the Grand National. Well, my horse never saw the winning post, and now disaster is ahead."

Wire me all the money you can lay your hands on. There is no good in applying to the pater. He has washed his hands of me. I don't like to think of Mary, poor girl. For God's sake, send what money you can. Faithfully yours, RALPH FENTON.

The man groaned, "O my son, my son!" and folded up the paper mechanically. "I must go to London and see the Bennets. There was no public disclosure, or I should have known. O, Ralph, Ralph, I thought you were at least honest!"

An hour later Mr. Fenton set out for London. Harold was away interviewing the discontented farmer, and Mrs. Fenton was rambling in the grounds. He merely left a message that he had gone to London, and did not know when he would return.

"They'll think it has something to do with Forrest's affairs. Poor Agnes! She must not know." The house of Bennet Bros. lay far out of town in London, and it was some time before he procured a private interview with Ambrose Bennet, the head of the firm.

"I have come," said Mr. Fenton, more awkwardly than ever he had spoken before. "I was my son, Ralph Fenton, once a clerk of yours?"

"Yes," Mr. Bennet briefly assented. "Did he have any money from you at the time of his death?"

er, who merely glanced at it. "I see you know. Yes; your son fraudulently retained a sum of almost three thousand pounds belonging to the firm. It has been paid, however, long since."

"Paid! By whom?" "By his wife, the bravest little woman I have ever known."

"But—" "Wait, please! I shall tell you all. Your son took the money, honestly intending, like many another weak-minded mortal, to pay it back. The loss was discovered before he could do so. We ought naturally to have prosecuted and so we should have done but for Mrs. Felton. You are lucky in your daughter-in-law, sir."

Mr. Fenton did not speak, and Mr. Bennet resumed. "She came to us as soon as she knew, and neither wept nor moaned. She was Irish—any one would have known that by her eyes—and I presume belonged to an old family. She had no money to speak of, but she had a few old family articles of jewelry—the Irish value such things highly. These she sold, and in one way or another, realized more than half the money her husband had taken. It was a most unusual thing to do, but I took the money and held my tongue. Her husband was killed in an accident soon after, and that plucky little woman, sir, being at concert a day after day and night after night till she paid me the balance of the money. And she could sing like a bird, though her heart was broken. I went—I'm not ashamed to say—to as many of the concerts she sang at as I could, paying my guinea or half guinea freely. Oh, she was a rare one! But I've lost track of her—I haven't heard of her lately."

"She is dying," Mr. Fenton said slowly. "Dying! Ah! Well, yes, one would expect that. She had plenty of grit but little stamina. I should say. Poor thing—poor little woman!"

It was evening when Mr. Fenton reached the house where his daughter-in-law resided. She was lying on a sofa near the window when the landlady ushered him into the tiny room; and the first thing Mr. Fenton was conscious of was the light in the blue-gray Irish eyes that looked far too big for the small, drawn features. Then he was kneeling by the couch, telling her who he was, gently stroking the wasted hands, and brokenly speaking of the beauties of the country round Fenton Hall.

"But," Mrs. Fenton said, "I can't give up my boy." "You need not. No; you will come and grow strong and well among us. His grandmother will welcome you both warmly."

"But"—the pallid face flushed and paled—"he is a Catholic, and Mrs. Fenton may not like us." "I shall never interfere in your religion."

"But," tears were rising in the woman's eyes. "I don't understand. Ralph—poor Ralph—always said you would never—"

"My dear, we will never speak of the past. I have learned much to-day. You and your boy shall be perfectly free. And, on my wife's part, I can promise you a royal welcome. What's the baby's name?"

"Bob." "Ah, poor Ralph! Now, that will do! Don't cry—don't cry!"

In spite of the doctor's predictions Mrs. Fenton did not die. Perhaps it was, as Mr. Bennet declared, her natural grit, perhaps the balmy country air and freedom from stress and anxiety; but, at any rate, Mrs. Fenton slowly fought her way back to health and strength. She and her mother-in-law were the best of friends and old and young Robert the closest of companions. The latter couple enjoy themselves at all seasons, but never more so than during the two summer weeks in each year when Mr. Bennet of Bennet Bros. allows himself a short holiday at Fenton Hall—Magdalen Rock, in Ave Maria.

PEOPLE SAID SHE HAD CONSUMPTION



Was in Bed for Three Months.

Read how Mrs. T. G. Bunk Brasbridge, Ont., was cured (and also her little boy) by the use of

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

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Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting the original. Put us in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark.

The Stabat Mater.

Sad Story of Its Composer.

A great many people whose devotion to the Way of the Cross is helped by the hearing of the "Stabat Mater," would like to know something of its origin.

The "Stabat Mater" was written by "Jacopone" da Todi—Italian for "Silly Jack." He was born of a good family in Todi, a village in the province of Umbria, in the year 1200. He graduated with high honors at the University of Bologna, taking the degree of doctor of law. He at once entered upon the practice of his profession, and although he led a dissipated life, soon became one of the most successful and wealthy young men in the province. It was then he married Vanna di Bernidino di Guidone, a beautiful, highly accomplished and most virtuous young lady, in whose veins coursed the blue blood of the Ghibellines. He had not been married one year, when, at a celebration of public games, on a certain fine day, which both he and his wife attended, he, in the capacity of one of the participants in the game, suddenly the temporary structures in which the audience was assembled fell in ruins, and most of it, including the fair Vanna, was crushed beneath the debris. Almost frenzied with grief, the young husband sought his wife whom he found bleeding and fatally injured. It was when he discovered that she wore beneath her splendid gown a shirt of hair cloth. "It was for you," she told him, and with these words she died. Poor Jacopone, for the first time in his life he realized that he had been trading "the primrose path of dalliance, not reckoning his own rede."

Thereafter, having sold all his possessions and given the proceeds to the poor, he wandered about his native town bare-headed, barefooted and in rags. The boys gathered around and mocked him. He feigned madness in order to punish himself for his love of vainglory and pride of intellect, and he was called "Jacopone"—the silly one. But often when his deriders hemmed him in, he turned upon them and preached to them, admonishing them to give up their sinful ways and lead better lives. For ten years he led this kind of a life, until he entered a Franciscan convent as a Lesser Brother.

He had hoped to find peace but having become involved in difficulties with the Pope, he was excommunicated and imprisoned. It is pleasing, however, for Catholics to know that three years before his death he was absolved from excommunication, and died fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, on Christmas night, in 1306, just as the priest in the convent chapel was intoning the "Gloria in Excelsis."

It is not known just where he wrote the "Stabat Mater." It is more than likely that it was the work of years, for such masterpieces are not usually dashed off at one sitting. We have said masterpiece for such it is, as unique in its way as any of those painted by Raphael or chiselled by Angelo. "The Catholic liturgy," as we are told by Ozanam, "has nothing more touching than this sad lament whose monotonous strophes fall like tears so sweet that there can be here recognized a sorrow wholly divine and consoled by the angels." And Ludwig Tieck says of it: "The loveliness of sorrow in the depth of pain, the smiling in tears, the childlike simplicity, which touches on the brightest heaven, had to me never before risen so bright in the soul. I had to turn away to hide my tears, especially at the place, 'Vidit suum dulcem natum.'"

It has, moreover, been illustrated by some of the greatest painters, and set to music by some of the world's leading composers. Guido Reni, Salvi Sassoferrato and Carlo Dolci, each devoted a canvas to the Mater Dolorosa. Titian added two, and Murillo and Brockman each one. Lazzero devoted a canvas to the illustration of the poem which he calls the "Stabat Mater;" this is the only painting by that name which we know of. As to the musical settings, there is first of all the old Gregorian Chant tune, to which the words are usually sung in our churches. Palestrina was the first to set it to more elaborate music; he wrote it for double choruses, with an occasional quartette but the words of the hymn are never repeated, consequently the work is not of any considerable length. Rossini's melodious music is beautiful in itself but it is rather operatic in its character, and but little in keeping with the spirit of the text.

The "Stabat Mater" of Anton Dvorak comes nearer to this; it is one of the best creations. The concluding number is especially effective, and we are told by an eminent musical critic that "for rugged power and drastic energy it reminds us of Beethoven in one of his loftiest moods." It has also been put to music by Pergolesi, Hady, Bellini, Neukamm and Meyerbeer.

It may naturally be asked whether this was the only poem its author wrote. We are told by his biographer that he wrote a number of prose articles in which he attacked the corruption of the society in his day, and also wrote a number of other hymns. But the "Stabat Mater" was his masterpiece, and it is sufficient to immortalize him.—Cork Examiner.

Communications to Congregations

With the coming into force of the regulations laid down by the Constitution "Sacerdotii, Consilia" and the subdivisions of the Congregations, those having business with the various departments of the Roman Curia will have to address their communications to the several con-

gregations interested, instead of to Propaganda as in the past. The various offices with the subjects under their control are given as follows:

Communications are to be sent to the Holy Office, Palazzo del Santo Uffizio, concerning indulgences; to the Consistorial, Palazzo della Cancelleria Apostolica, concerning all matters relating to the government of dioceses, diocesan reports, Apostolic Visitations and the Seminaries; to the Congregation of the Sacraments, Palazzo della Cancelleria Apostolica, concerning the discipline of the Sacraments, dispensations for Holy Orders, matrimonial dispensations and cases; to the Congregation of the Council, Palazzo della Cancelleria Apostolica, for dispensations for fasting and abstinence, and for all matters concerning tests, confraternities, associations, alms, Masses, benefices, ecclesiastical property and the examination of local Councils; to the Congregation of Religious, Palazzo della Cancelleria Apostolica, for all matters concerning Religious as such, to the Congregation of the Propaganda, Palazzo della Propaganda, for all matters concerning Prefectures and Vicariates Apostolic; to the Congregation of Sacred Rites, Palazzo della Cancelleria Apostolica, for dispensations, requiems and relics; to the Penitentiaria, Palazzo della Cancelleria Apostolica, for dispensations in foro interno; to the Tribunal of the Rota, Palazzo della Dataria Apostolica, in all contentious matters of appeal to the Holy See; to the Tribunal of the Signatura, Palazzo della Dataria, for the special cases submitted to the Supreme Court of Appeal; to the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, Palazzo del Vaticano, documents regarding the selection of new Bishops, the division or creation of new dioceses are to be sent; to the Secretariate of Briefs, Palazzo del Vaticano, for matters concerning the appointment of domestic prelates, papal chamberlains, knightly orders, titles of nobility and all pontifical distinctions.

A Pill for Brain Workers.—The man who works with his brains is more liable to derangement of the digestive system than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only to his muscular strength. Brain fog begets irregularities of the stomach, and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parneelee's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for such cases and all those who use them can certify to their superior power.

Further Nominations in Roman Curia.

In addition to the appointments already noted in the True Witness, the Holy Father has made the following nominations necessitated by the going into force of the new constitution, and the change in the apportionment of the work of the various congregations:

The Holy Father, by biglietti of the Secretariate of State, has been pleased to make the following nominations: Consultors of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation; (Besides Mons. Assor of the Holy Office and Mons. Secretary of the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, Consultors ex officio); Mons. Tommaso Maria Granelle, O.P., Archbishop of Seleucia of Syria, Commissary of the Holy Office; Mons. Abele Gilbert, Bishop of Arignano; Mons. Basilio Pompili, Luigi Vecchia, Michele Lega, Francesco Faber, Giovanni Bonzano and Revs. Francis Xavier Wernz, S.J., and Henry Le Flock.

Consultors of the Sacred Congregation for the Discipline of the Sacraments: Mons. Domenico Taccone-Gallucci, Titular Archbishop of Castanza, Very Rev. Seraphim Many, C.S.S., and the Revs. Pio Bucceroni, S.J., Pie de Langone, O. C., Vincenzo Fernandez y Villa, O.S.A., Giovanni Moraleta, O.M., Pietro Vidali, S.J., Terenzio Moretti, P.S., Alexis Lepicier, S.M., and Gioacchino da Sam Simone Stock, C.S.

Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of the Council: Mons. Augusto Sili, Archbishop of Caesarea; Mons. Carlo Lombardi, Luigi Sincero, Salvatore Talamo, Bernardo Colombo and the Revs. Americo Devalacqua, Angelo Rotta, Alfonso Eschbach, C. S. S., Paolo Smolkowski, C.R.D.N., Benedetto Giotti, S.J., Bernardino Klumper, O.M., Giovanni Muzzitelli, C.R.S., Alfonso Fabre, O.M.V., Pio da San Giuseppe, C.S., Giovanni Marengo of the Salesians of Don Bosco, Raffaele Santafrocca, S.P.

Adjutors of the Tribunal of the Sacred Roman Rota: Rev. Emanuele Cecchiari for Mons. Leg. Dean; Rev. Giacomo Sols, for Mons. Contini-Riccardi; Sig. Avv. Attilio Agliardi for Mons. Sebastianelli, Sig. Dott. Arturo Benedetti for Mons. Lombardi; Sig. Avv. Ettore Liberali for the Rev. Henry Many, C.S.S.; Sig. Avv. Paolo Nardini for Mons. Ferrer; Sig. Avv. Renato Galli for Mons. Prior; Sig. Francesco Persani for Mons. Martini; Sig. Avv. Ivo Canali for Mons. Sinero and Rev. Pietro Rossetti for Mons. Persiani.

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TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 85 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant, No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1906.

Constantin M. had an inspiration. He wrote a poem. Her old been studying "Longfellow; why only the sweetest character, but his self?"

"I'm sure I could Constantine in the little bedroom that braided her soft rhythm of "Bell numbers." "She ing to select a lyric."

"Next morning and early; and composed her first

"Connie!" came a pleasant voice. "Yes, mother; I'm sorry, dear, man hasn't come have his milk. To Margherita, and is just time before Connie gave one sil and paper, and them up in her w

"Yes, mother, cheerily. "I'm con There was no no it was a bright M the grocery w

away. Just stop morning kles, while her mother ever off like a sunbeam sently with the down to her break prosaic appetite.

Morville think was repeating "A duty, do your duti her breakfast dishes, and Bob t school with lunch tied neckwear, th start for school he

It was hard work poem out of her n hours, or to refrain "I'm going to writ Longfellow" on and passing it to particular girl fric solved to learn the then to practice ve had decided upon rhyme with "duty.

At recess she con to Lizzie, who was "Where will you she asked, in awes "I don't know," stantia, dreamily, cided. Harper's m or the Ladies' Hom "Oh, that will be it in the Journal. M —so I can see it. V out?"

"Let me see. T comes next week; I have to wait for I haven't told mother "I'm going to-night story for a paper c scrap-book. So she "The bell rang an rush for the school followed recitation, ments and the bou quite drove out all poem.

As soon as dinner the dishes washed, her little pink hand her room. But alaculations, and flight "Connie, dear," b vale, in a rather ab she placed the last on the closet shelf, thing special to do hour?"

"Why—why, I no, that I can't put off, thing you want me "Bobbie tore a g trousers coming ho He climbed a tree at down too fast, he se a lot of work to do and, if you could se —it's just a three would help me very such a nice little me it just as neatl really don't see h the time. At 3 o'e over to Brookville in meet your father."

"Oh, I can do it die," said Constan "And I can be mak myself, without writ reflected.

A warm kiss was reward, received in soon she was bindin trousers, repeating t

"We must always do Though it's often v Then our lives will b

That doesn't sou are too many words

Then our lives—the Well, the hour pa sera were mended; an came down in bonnet the front door bel Connie was already c stairs, but she recall her's voice.

"Connie, it's a mes old Mrs. Means, you two weeks ago, and She's too poor to ad and her niece who tal has an errand in to noon. She wants me sit up with her for a Now I must go over ther, he'll expect me