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IN TREATY WITH HONOR A Romance of Old Quebec.

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CHAPTER VIII.

TWO WOMEN.

When I came to myself I was in a hut When I came to myself I was in a nuc on one of the Thousand Islands of the Ottawa, cared for by a lady and two attendants. My chief nurse was no other than the desolate widow of the

patriot hero.

How strange are the ways of life The hope of performing my promise to him, of protecting the woman he loved, had been the one thought that spurred me to struggle toward the bridge. Yet now it was not I who was shielding Madame Chenier from the brutality of the soldiers. but she who, assisted by Jacques the habitant and his wife, was aiding me Never have I met so courageous a woman. Young, beautiful, and alone, for the little light of her child's life had gone out during those terrible days, she still had strength to devote herself to ministering to the wounded who had ministering to the wounded who had been hidden away by their friends. Nor could I induce her later to accept my escort to her relatives in the city of Quebec.
"No, no," she said, "I will stay here

No, no, sne said, I will stay here where I was once so happy, and cherish my husband's memory. Even those who believe him to have been mistaken and reckless must acknowledge that his aim was noble. Encouraged by the success of the Americans in achieving their independence, he and those who fought with him thought, if they were only fearless and self-sacrificing enough, they

would surely win."
"Madame," I answered, "in Jean
Olivier Chenier were united the highhearted chivalry and valor of the old French seigneurs and the spirit that, sixty years ago, led on the minute-men Who shall say he gave

his life in vain?" After a few days, having measured my strength sufficiently to feel that I might venture upon a journey, I took sad leave of this brave lady. For years I have not heard of her. Yet I, and the one I love best in the world, still pray that, whether she be living or dead. God will reward her for her goodness to me. For to her care, under Providence, I owe my life.

eautiful Feu Follet had beer carried away by the redcoats. But when I sought out Monsieur Paquin in the cottage where he had taken refuge, he said to me,-

"My son, since you must go, you shall have my horse. If you cannot send him back, sell him and use the money. Here is a small purse I have for you, too. Treat it as a loan if you wish, but take

"Monsieur le cure, you are too good," I replied, accepting his kindness, of which I indeed had need. "Ah, after all you were right in saying the inhabitants vere not well prepared for resistance! t St. Benoit, St. Scholas

tique, and Carillon every house dis-placed the white flag at the approach of placed the white flag at the approach of the troops," he answered, "the men were taken prisoners, the villages burned and the women and children driven out homeless upon the snowfields or into the woods. But we must h ve courage better times will surely come."

Setting out, I was soon riding through

the forest guided only by a pocket compass, the most precious of my possessions, which consisted besides of only the clothes I wore, the cure's horse and three gold coins and some silver in and three gold coins and some siver in the purse, almost all the good man had left after the fire. "How I wish I might ride back to the Richelieu! How I long for a glimpse of

Jacque te, to hear her sweet voice, to look into her beautiful eyes, to speak a word that might bring a smile to her red lips," I said aloud, speaking my words to the snowbirds and the squirrels amid

But since to return to the north was impossible, I set my face toward the southwest.
"Somewhere in that great country I

may meet Ramon," I continued, communing with myself. "Together, perhaps we may still struggle for the Patrio Cause, which I trust may yet grow Many were the adventures of my way.

In order to avoid the bands of soldiers now marching up and down the province making arrests, I took a round-about route. There were, however, a few French in the region through which I passed, and these good people sent me on from one to another. Among them the repetition of the magic words conte qui coute invariably procured for me food

and lodging.
Once I was stopped by a farmer wh Once I was stopped by a tarmer who took me for a horse thief. To get out of the pred cament. I was forced to acknowledge myself a refugee. Luckily, the man was a friend of our people.

After this I sold the horse, since

there was no chance to send him back. At another time I had to strip and swim across a stream thick with floating ice, carrying my clothes strapped on my back.

Again, disguised as a farm labourer, I had the pleasure of watching a party of soldiers as they searched a house for

At first I kept away from the St Lawrence, although to cross it would mean liberty; but I had heard that the border was closely watched. One day, I came out of the woods to find myself near the banks of the river, just above

a small village.

Before me extended the blue waters ice-bound along the edge, but in the centre a strong sweeping current. Be-yond was the sunlit American shore. could I but reach it I should find safety

friends, and freedom. But of what did it avail me to gaze upon that shore with such delight? still alone; at any moment my flight might be cut off; I had eaten nothing all day; and to attempt to swim the great stream at this season would be simply

to commit suicide. "Eh bien, I may as well take my life in my hands as die of cold and hunger,"

Emboldened by my laborer's disguise, I knocked at the kitchen of a house hard by, a more pretentious place than I would voluntarily have chosen; but it

was the only one in the vicinity. As the door flew open, schooled as I was to meet emergencies, I started. For there before me stood a pretty girl whose sudden appearance sent my thoughts back to Jacquette and the settle in the

living-room at St. Denis.

It was only because her curls were dark and her eyes bright, however, for she was not even French, but a hand-some English girl who, brought thus face to face with an unkempt and ill-looking stranger, stared at me in frightened astonishment.

Among the habitants I had thought it no disgrace to demand hospitality, but now, I must confess, I found it hard to

ask for food. I began, and stopped short, partly for the reason that my pride rose up in arms, but more because I was really faint.

"I am sorry, we already have a serv ant-man," she said, recovering from her alarm and flashing at me a roguish glance. "But come in, my good fellow, and I'll set out a dinner for you by th fire. You are in the nick of time. We have dined well to-day, having for company an officer from the garrison at Prescott, who is now smoking a pipe with my father in the parlor. He has been sent away up here to interce refugee from Lower Canada, who thought may attempt to cross to the With as little show of haste as might

be I drew back. "Thank you, madame," I said, turning away nonchalantly. "I spoke only of employment. Since I cannot obtain it

from you, I would better go on.

But she laid a hand upon my arm.

"My father does not entertain in the kitchen, and to-day I would make one welcome here," she insisted.

I saw that the room was unoccupied. To enter, even with the knowledge that an enemy bent on my capture was only a few feet distant, was hardly a greater risk than to seek to return to the wood risk than to seek to return to the woods.

A man who needs bread is desperate. I looked into the girl's eyes; they seemed to me kind and true. I suffered her to draw me inside the house.

My pretty hostess was as good as her ord. Not since I left St. Denis had l dined so comfortably, while her banterdined so comfortably, while her bancer-ing conversation cheered and enlivened me. Ungratefully I let many of her sallies pass unnoticed, as I debated whether I should ask her help to get

over the river.

I had just got upon my feet to take leave, when a hearty English voice called out from across the hallway,— "Phoebe! Phoebe, I say! Here is

the captain chafing because you are so long out of his sight. E2ad, captain, Phoebe's a famous housekeeper. No doubt you will find her in the kitchen." A younger man's voice laughed gayly, and a firm step sounded in the passage.

Muttering an oath under my breath, I turned sharply to the girl. But the curses which, regardless of consequences, I was about to hurl upon her for betraying me, died upon my lips.

For her face was released. For her face was pale as death,

felt at once that if there was a plot to trap me, she had not known of it. "Wait a moment," she said in a tense

whisper. Then, springing forward, she opened the door and met the officer in the hall.
"Were you looking for me?" I heard

A ripple of girlish laughter mingled with the deeper tone of his reply, and I knew he had turned back with her to the parlor.

chance to escape was before m Many who read this history will think I

was a fool not to embrace it.

Yet in lingering I did not ill.

After a few moments Phœbe reap-

peared. "You are still here! Then you be lieve I did not mean to entrap you, sir," she said, clasping my hands in her earnestness. "I knew you as the man the captain sought. But I too have Luckily for you, he is fond of his cups. Our rowboat lies beside the house. Leave it at the boathouse on the opposite shore, and it will be restored to us."
"How can I ever thank you, Phoebe?"

olied. "I abhor the rebellion, but my mpathy goes out to a man who, having failed in an attempt to aid his friends, finds himself friendless. The captain is bound in honor to do his duty, but I am going to save him from the unpleasant luty of sending a fugitive to the gal-

Bidding me exchange my coat for nother which she took down from a peg in a corner, she made me tie down my cap with a gray knitted scarf that also belonged to the bibulous servant-

man. "Now go," she said, "while I return t entertain our visitor. Whatever hap-pens, put off boldly, like one going about his affairs."

"In effrontery I have never been backward." said I.

And after pressing her hands once nore I walked out.

The boat was beside the house, as she

had told me. Laying hold of it, I began to shove it down the bank to the river. While I was thus engaged the officer came out of the front door and paced the veranda. My heart beat faster than usual, I

will admit, but I continued to push the oat, at the same time stealing a glance at him. He was a good-looking fellow, and his appearance was strangely fami-In another moment I recognized him,

and my astonishment almost betrayed me. He was Captain Weston, whom Ramon had arrested at St. Denis, the Dr. Nelson had sent to St. Charles, where, probably, at the arrival of the soldiers he had regained his liberty.

"What ho! Who are you, and what are you doing there?" he cried out, and I heard the click of his pistol as he

covered me with it. Fut I kept on, as

At this critical moment Phœbe, wrapped in a red cloak, came out of the house and spoke to him.

"Captain, please!" she cried. "Do you want to frighten our old servant out of his wits? Peter has no more hearing than a post, and he is not over out of his wits? Peter has no more hearing than a post, and he is not over clever. If you object to my sending him across the river to buy some bits of woman's finery which cannot be had in the village, I will recall him." "Oh, if the man goes on an errand for

you, Phebe, I have no wish to restrain him," answered the captain, lowering his weapon, "but I thought—"

know, you officers will see "Yes, I know, you officers will see a political refugee in every country bumpkin until you have caught your fugitive," she answered with a laugh.

The wind fluttered the red cloak. Weston thrust the pistol into his belt again. What he said I do not know, but I saw that his thoughts were of Phoebe

As I pushed out from the shore, sh began a merry dispute with him. Pre-sently I was well in the current. I could see the girl's scarlet cloak as sho and the captain walked up and down the veranda. He had apparently for-gotten both the boat and the boatman A few days later, I dare say, the report went to headquarters that no refuge had crossed at this point; for Pheebe,

CHAPTER IX. A SHIP OF FATE.

Steering the little dory through the floating ice, I succeeded in reaching the opposite shore. Here a farmer lent me a horse, for which I paid well afterwards nor did I forget the cure of St. Eus tache. The next day, after landing once more on "American soil," I reached Ogdensburg, where I was warmly we comed, and found rest and refreshment I learned too, that large and enthusias New York, and the cities on the chain of Lakes, at which sympathy was expressed for the patriots and money sub

pressed for the parriots and money sub-scribed to the cause.

Disappointed at not obtaining news of Ramon, however, and eager to push on, I took a place in one of the sledges of he merchant train bound for the region that promised me a chance to distin onish myself.

It was a clear, cris pmorning. The sunlight on the snow was fairly dazzling. The drivers, in their fur coats and caps, stamped about with their heavy raw-hide boots, and cracked their whips as they awaited the signal to start. The strong, deep-chested horses, as impatient gone as were the men, tossed their handsome heads and pawed the snow, while all the bells of their harness tinkled, and the scarlet streamers that tied their braided manes fluttered gayly Enlivened by a cheer from all the boy

of the town, we at last set out.

During the days that fo lowed when wrapped in bearskin robes, I was borne swiftly across the icy crust of the snow or in the evenings when I sat in the bar of some hotel where we put up, my thoughts often wandered on in search of my comrade or reverted to the time when we were together at St. Denis.

Still I marvelled at his forwardne in snatching at the mission to St. Albans, his eagerness to leave the Richelieu; and still I could discover no reason for his strange conduct. Naturally, from these cogitations my

reverie turned to Jacquette. I recalled how piqued she had been at his going way so willingly, and at last a solution of the enigma dawned upon me.

"Yes, that is it," I said to myself. Ramon must have discovered Jacquette's girlish fancy for him. In the ductive girms tanged to the beginning I thought his heart was stirred by her beauty and goodness, even as mine was. Evidently I was even as mine was. Evidently I was nistaken; he felt for her only the admiration of youth for a pretty and charm ng girl. He did not love her; therefore he felt bound to go away.

"Another man might have lingered.

accepting the flattery of her innocent affection, basking in the sunshine of her smiles, yet giving nothing in return been on the watch. I sent our maid-servant home to visit her people, and the man-servant lies in a besotted sleep. In the life for way he is feed of his never was chevalier worthler of title. If Jacquette imagined in courtesy a tenderer significance than the language of compliment, it was not his fault, I know." Nevertheless, I was inclined to be angry with him actually I whispered, raising her rosy fingers to my lips.

"Do not misunderstand me," she replied. "I abhor the rebellion, but my there in the whole world another girl so beautiful, so lovable, and so warm hearted as Jacquette? He is not wor thy of her. Ah yes, he is—there's the pity of it. He is and she knows it; therefore his departure wounded her cruelly. It must be that his word was pledged before he came across the sea. In Poland, perhaps, or one of the capitals of Europe he met and loved some noble woman. Brave Jacquette! spirit she strove to conceal her sadness. yet her apparent indifference and gayety were but as the jewels and laces beneath which many a sweet woman hides an unhappy heart. Ah, how true is the 'Love one who does not love you, answer one who does not call you and you will run a fruitless race! Here am I loving Jacquette with all the strength of which my nature is capable et she cares not at all for me, but fo Ramon, who does not love her. What a play it is, half tragedy, half comedy!" I made up my mind to one thing, how-

"If I come through the war unmaime and with my health," I decided, "I will go back to Jacquette and tell her of my great love. I will be patient, and after a while her love may turn to me. Had any one else come between us I would hated him. God help me, I am insanely jealous as it is. But how can hate my friend because he has involuntarily won the treasure I long to pos

After a week of travelling I reached Fort Schlosser on the Niagara River near the town of Buffalo. It was late in

the evening. "Is there a boat in which I can take passage to Navy Island, where Lyon Mackenzie, leader of patriots of Ontario, is drilling volunteers?" I asked of the keeper of a tavern on the water-front.

"The Caroline, lying at the wharf be

I lodged with him, therefore. came readily enough, but some time in "the wee sma' hours" I was awakened by a voice crying through the darkness

"Boat ahoy? Answer or I fire." It was the sentinel of the Caroline

challenging some one. I rose, and groping about, began to get into my clothes. "The countersign ? Halt! I must have the countersign!" continued the

Hush, I'll give it to you when we

get on board," came the answer, cau-tious and low, "there are British boats As I peered through the window I saw

the outline of a rowtoat astern of the The report of a musket broke the still ness of the night, and the next moment

ness of the night, and the next moment all was uproar on the little vessel.

By this time I was dressed. Thrusting my pistols into my belt, I ran down stairs and out to the wharf, on which the other lodgers of the house and the few neighbors also gathered. Few of them were armed. We, who were, fired into the gloom. A party of redcoats were trying to land after an attempt to deceive the sentinel, but as we heard, rather than saw them, our shots had rather than saw them, our shots had ittle effect, I fear, except to drive them

back momentarily.

Before we had time to reload they leaped upon us, being more than three times our number, and force i us back at the point of their swords.

Upon the steamer the crew made a gallant fight. They were finally over-powered, however, and forced ashore.
"My God! What are the enemy go-

ing to do next?" exclaimed the man who had fought next to me, as we were driven against a wall, where short work night have been made of us but for the darkness.

"They are casting off the steamer moorings," I said.
Other villagers, aroused by the firing

came running to the spot. Already the redcoats had cast off the Caroline, and presently she began to float down the A few minutes more and a lurid light

shot from her lower deck and began to climb up her sides.
"They have set her on fire, and there are wounded volunteers on board," cried

my companion, in horror.

Now she was enveloped in a sheet of flame and drifting rapidly down the cur-

It was an awful scene—on the shore a handful of men who had plunged into a fight before they were more than half awake and been worsted by the force of numbers; the blackness of night, which a pall upon the water rendered lay like and aided the escape of the invaders, who had at once taker again to their boats; and the doomed vessel, at first a spectral shape of smoke and now a blazing meteor, drifting onward with its already dead and dying

Presently, by the light which now shone from her, we saw that she had stranded in a bed of rushes. Before ong she drifted loose again and forged down the river, a ship of flame which ecame like the reflection of a star upon

the water in the distance.

Then, as we watched her in dazed Then, as we watched her in dazed horror, all at once her burning hulk dis-appeared as suddenly as though the spirits of the deep stretched up and dragged her down beneath the swirling

rapids.
Something as terrible did indeed happen. Borne onward by the mad water which every moment gathered strength and passion, she had leaped with them over the brink of the Great Falls of the Niagara into the abyss of mist and rock and spray, like the Indian goddess Papukee, the lightning, leaping into the arms of her lover the Storm Cloud.

It was a grand sepulture for the volunteers whose funeral pyre the burning craft had been, a tomb in the sublime chasm with the stupendous ice-bridge formed by the frost and mists for their

The next day I got over in a rowboat to Navy Island and had my interview with Mr. Mackenzie. I was surprised to find the lion of the Patriot Cause, as he was called, a small man with reddish and beard. From his reputation for boldness and activity I had fancied

him a giant.
"Major Adair," he said, giving me the title by which I soon became known, "the violation of the neutrality laws in this burning of the Caroline will start a conflagration throughout the United States. After you have told the story States. After you have told the story of St. Denis and St. Eustache in this vicinity, I want you to repeat it farther up the Lakes."

A week later, accordingly, I set out

for the city of Detroit, which was settled by French chevaliers from Mon-treal more than a hundred years ago. Again the journey was to be by sledge, but this time the horses had neither bells nor trappings, and our

train departed as quietly as possible.

We had not gone many miles before I liscovered the reason for this absence Under the robes and blankets of every sledge were secreted so many muskets and as large a share of powder and bullets as could be thus powder and outlets as could be dute carried. During the days when we pro-ceeded along the shore of Lake Erie and thence up the American bank of the Detroit River, we left a supply of these war-like presents at many farm-houses and the farmers hid them in the cellar or garrets.

It was late in the afternoon of a January day when the conductor of our par y awoke the echoes of the leafless woods with the notes of his horn, as signal that we were approaching the

"The sledges, the sledges, from Sar dusky," vociferated a rabble of urchins, bandying their news in French and English, as they swarmed around our caval-

Several blanket-coated, fur capped idlers, who lounged by the tavern wall in the last rays of the sunshine, woke up and ran toward us. Our drivers flourished their whips.

"Whoa!" they cried to their horses.

The snow crunched under the runners The snow crunched under the trained of the sledges, and the train drew up before a peaked roofed two-story inn, over which was the sign in large letters, "Woodworth's Steamboat Hotel."

A small wiry man, whose swart skin and shock of black hair proclaimed him French Canadian, rushed out to receive the other two passengers and my-

self.

"Ha, ha, it is a hard journey up the Strait," he said with bustling politeness.

"Maintenant, les m'sieurs will ness. "Maintenant, tes me du charbon find a fire and a mug of cidre au charbon find a fire and a mug of cidre the wind has or a petit verre good, after the wind has cut like a whip all the way from San-dusky. The dinner will be served in narter of an hour."

Glad enough we were to alight and stretch our limbs. I was, however, in no hurry to enter

Was, nowever, in no nurry to enter the house, but lingered to the last. When the smiling waiter who had wel-comed us turned toward me I called out to him. ' Toussaint !"

The little Frenchman started as though shot, and stared at me with widely dilated eyes.

I nodded to him, reassuringly, and he broke out into a volley of delighted ex-

clamations in his native tongue.

"M'sieur Adair! Do I see him in the flesh? We have heard he was killed

the flesh? We have heard he was killed at St. Eustache."

"Happily, I am still very much alive, Toussaint," I said, laughing to conceal my emotion, as the warm-hearted fellow actually embraced me. "But how comes it you are so far from Chambly?"

"Ah, m'sieur, Louisonne is bien sage," he explained with a sigh, which might be taken as an expression of content or

be taken as an expression of content or dissatisfaction, as one chose. "After the redcoats raided the village hoping to capture m'sieur and M'sieur Rycerski. who were known to have rescue the two patriots, she said, 'Toussaint, you are so brave you will be going off to fight unless I take care of you and 'tit Louison. I have cousins at Le Détroit. We will go there.' It was a long voyage, but Louisonne is not to be daunted, m'sieur. We got across the country to the St. Lawrence without going to Montréal, and once on a batteau we were safe. So now I am a waiter as well as a barber. Says Louisonne, 'Let the barber. Says Louisonne, 'Let the patriots serve the cause and you serve he patriots. Is it not the same, m

What thinks m'sieur ?' "I think Louisonne is a wise woma and it is certainly pleasanter to be in Le Détroit than under the snows at St ler the snows at St Denis or St. Eustache."

'Ugh! Will m'sieur come in where warm?" stammered Toussaint it is with a shudder. Laughing again I followed him into

the bar. Here the great hearthfire, sanded floor, the small tables, and the row of gleaming decanters and glass attractively arrayed, presented a pic-ture of comfort a traveller could hardly fail to appreciate after having been long on the road. "Welcome, gentlemen," roared "mine

host," old Ben Woodworth, rising from his chair by the chimney and putting aside his pipe.

He was a broad shouldered, gray-haired man of about sixty years of age with firm lips, and eyes that now beamed with kindness, but might on ceasion blaze up with anger. When we were thawed out we proceeded to the drawing-room. It was rude, indeed, but the same could not be

rude, indeed, but the same count hat be said of the dinner whose especial glory was a plump, wild turkey, for which game the locality is noted. Never, even at Christmas, do I desire a better As I was too fagged out to wish to

inger downstairs, Toussaint showed me to my quarters. In going thither we passed a very

"It is also used for patriot meetings," he significantly told me.

The carpets of the hostelry were not but through softened by velvet, but three-ply, softened by avy linings of hay. The furniture heavy linings of hay. was f pine, not mahogany. At table the forks were steel, not silver, the knives had bone handles, and all the appointments of the place were absolutely plain ; yet every roo its guest year in and year out. The old hotel was famed through the pion-

eer west of that day.
"M'sieur will be pleased to hear that the town is all for our people who are fighting for independence," continued my valiant barber and waiter, as he put another log into the wood stove by which my room was warmed.
"Last night the manager of the theatre gave all the money he took in at th play to buy arms and ammunition for the patriots. Not long ago, too, the armory was broken into and five hun-dred muskets were taken by the volun-

"Then not only the descendants of the seigneurs who settled here a cen-tury ago, but others are interested in

our struggle?"
"Others? Ma foi, it is so," continned Toussaint in French. "Why, all the people of the northwestern frontier are with the patriots heart and soul. The young men want to enlist at Navy Island. Not only Dr. Theller sland. Not only Dr. Theller, a countryman of m'sieur's, but the mayor and many prominent gentlemen of the town are hot for our cause; the United marshal finds it well not to see many things, and some say even the governor is in sympathy with us." "Toussaint, I am glad to know all

this." I said. While we spoke the sound of music arose from the bar, a man's voice sing-

ing in a clear rich baritone.

"It is Mr. Sam Woodworth, Mr. Ben's brother," Toussaint ran on. "He made the song he is singing, and the guests like it, for it gives them a chance o join in. But m'sieur will excuse me I must go. There may be more news to hear, and parbleu, as Louisonne says, it is well to keep one's ears open."

When he was gone, I seated myself by the stove, for though weary, I was not inclined to retire. He had inadvertently left my door ajar; I did not ris to close it. The merriment below buoyed up my spirits, and anon there borne to me on the air, fragrant with the piquancy of the various in-gredients that went to make up a cor-dial for which old Ben was renowned. the words of the song, trolled by its

author to a little knot of friends in this western tavern, but since known far and wide.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child hood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangied wild-wood.

And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,

The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,

The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,

And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

Then came the chorus, rolled out by heavy voices, several of which w

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bour That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure

Again the swelling voices took up the

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bot The moss-covered bucket arose from

"How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As, poised on the curb it inclined to my lips; Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.

And now, far removed from the loved hal And now, far removed from the loved habitation.

The tear of regret will intrusively swell:

As fancy reverts to my father's plantation.

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well.

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket.

The singers who thus celebrated the joys of temperance even while they sipped the strong punch of old Ben's brewing at last were silent. The frequenters of the tavern departed : the guests tramped upstairs to their rooms. Gradually the house became quiet, except for the sonorous echoes aroused by those who slept audibly. But still the refrain of the song lingered in my

mind.
"The old oaken bucket, the mosscovered bucket that hung in the Its melody lulled my senses. several hours afterwards, when I awoke to find my fire gone out, did I realize that I had fallen asleep in my chair.

CHILD AND THE BURGLAR Father Clancy leaned back in the

easy chair in his study and heaved a sigh of wholesome contentment. It had been a trying day in many ways—as what Sunday was not ?-but the priest had borne all the labors and the petty vexations of the day with the patience and a cheerfulness that came naturally to a clear mind in a sound body. While he sat there musing, a little curly-headed girl, about six years of age, rush d into the room.

"Oh, Father Clancy," she cried. please play house with Veronica!" The priest laughed and shook his head

risively. Father Clancy is too tired to play house just now. You may amuse your-self with this book for a while," and he tossed her an illustrated volume that lay on the table nearby.

As the little one turned the pages he

looked down at her with good-natured perplexity. Veronica was the adopted daughter of his brother, Henry Clancy, out of the largeness of his heart, had year before, and in that short ound herself about his heart with the silken cords of love. She had b for the privilege of spending a week at the rectory, in spite of Father Clancy's laughing protests that he had no facilities for the entertainment of young

ladies.

While he watched the child at play it occurred to him that there was one part of the day's work still unfinished. He got up, went to his desk and took out of it a large bag filled with silver and banknotes-the collection which had taken up in the church that day for the benefit of the orphans. He walked over to a small safe that stood in the corner of the room and deposited the money there and closed the door. The little girl locked on with an intense interest

"That is the collection that taken up to day in church for the bene-fit of the little orphaus."

"What are you putting it there for ?" "For safe keeping," he responded.
"Will it do the orphans very much od ?" she asked in her innocent way. "Oh, very much good," he responded rnestly "It will buy them food to earnestly eat, clothing to wear, and beds to sleep

"When will they get it?" "To-morrow, God willing," he replied. And then he gave the knob on the safe a final turn and arose and went about his duties. In the meantime it had grown dusk, and the housekeeper coming down stairs, had pushed a button and turned on the electric lights in the little apartment which was half study and half sitting-room. Father Clancy was simplicity itself, but in the manage-ment of his household and his church and school he was the most progressive of men. The telephone, electricity, and all of the modern contrivances for savall of the modern contrivances for saving time and labor were in evidence about his premises. Veronica noticed the turning on of the light with childish glee, and when she discovered that another push of the button would extinguish the light she was soon engaged in playing a game of her own, which she called "Light and Darkness."

Tea was served about 6 o'clock, and an hour or so after that Veronica was tucked away in bed in a little room off the second floor landing. Father Clancy retired early himself that night, and before 11 o'clock the house was in darkness. Sometime between midnight and morning a little pattering sound was heard on the stairway and Veronica, with her snow white nightgown and cute little cap, appeared at the head of the landing. There was a mischievous look in the bright little eyes as she made her way slowly down the stairs, which were way slowly down the stairs, which were dimly lighted by the lamp in the hall-way. Her purpose was quite evident. She was making for the switch which controlled the electric light. It was evident that she proposed a continuation of her newly invited game of "Light and The house was wrapped in Darkness. gloom, and she wished to see for if a mere turn of the button would fi the place with bright light. Slowly would flo

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