

# WHEN THE WHITE ROSE FADED

His scarlet uniform glowing against the dark green of the old oak and beeches, through which streamed shafts of sunlight, a young officer came whistling down the avenue from Rosslee Castle. Brown cavalier curls hung over his neck and shoulders, but his cheeks were as smooth as a girl's, for he was a mere boy, and boyishly proud of his bright new coat, resplendent with gold lace, and his plumed military hat, jauntily turned up at one side, of his shining high boots and the long sword that clattered at his side.

"Master Nicholas—ho, Master Nicholas!" called a low, stealthy voice as the blithe young militaire reached an ivied bridge which spanned a dark stream flowing away into the woods.

"Lieutenant D'Arcy, if you please, whoever you are," said the young man, halting and looking around. "Lieutenant D'Arcy of Lord Bophin's Regiment of Foot. Who spoke?" he demanded.

"An unfortunate, in danger of death," a man came forth, looking cautiously around him. He was pale, bareheaded, his face and clothing were torn with thorns and stained with mud.

"Why, John Blackwell, neighbor Blackwell," exclaimed the young officer, "what brings you in this plight? Ah! I think I know," he added, with sudden remembrance and perception.

"Yes, you do, Master Nicholas—I beg your pardon, lieutenant," said the other. "It is on account of this new trouble, drat it! You are a Catholic, I a Protestant, you are for King James, I for King William. Some days ago I set out with others and joined the party of Sir Thomas Southwell, coming north from Munster, about one hundred strong. At sundown last evening we were surrounded near Loughrea by the posse of the Sheriff of Galway and compelled to surrender, all save myself, who escaped in the darkness. All night I have been pursued by a band, led, I believe, by your brother Pierce. They must be close at hand now. My horse dropped dead two miles from here, and since then—the indicated his torn and soiled appearance—I have been hiding in the woods and thickets."

"Neighbor Blackwell," said the lieutenant gravely, "it strikes me you have been in much haste to join the enemies of the King."

"I was pressed, forced into it, Master Nicholas," pleaded the fugitive. "For the sake of the old friendship between your family and mine I beg you to aid me."

"If brother Pierce is on your track may heaven help you!" commented young D'Arcy. "As for me, well, it seems too bad if I must commit an act of treason—as sheltering you will be the very first day I don't the King's uniform."

A sound of galloping hoofs was heard down the avenue. The Williamite's look of fear increased and his voice trembled.

"There they come," he gasped; "don't give me up, lieutenant."

"Get down under the arch," said the young officer; "down with you and make yourself as invisible as an octopus," and the fugitive plunged back into the bushes.

"Ho, brother Nicholas, so you are already in the full glory of your regimentals—brave soldier of the King you'll make!" ironically commented a florid-faced, light-haired young man, leader of a troop that drew rein at the bridge a few minutes later. "Pray tell us have you seen a runaway follower of Dutch Bill hereabouts this morning?"

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Lieutenant D'Arcy.

"Our neighbor, Blackwell of Stone Hall. We captured a hundred of his fellow rebels last night, and they are now safe in Galway prison. But our local fox escaped though he cannot be far away, for his horse is lying dead down the road, and if we only catch the cunning rebel—"

"What then, my dear Pierce?"

"The rope is ready for him, in ten minutes he shall be a swinging traitor."

"Ride on, Pierce," cried the lieutenant, banteringly, go your gallant gentlemen, and catch him if you can. My province lies not in hunting and hanging, but in fighting."

"Sneer not at loyal men on the King's business, whose honest zeal is not at gold-laced coats," growled Pierce. "Ride on, friends, to Rebel Hall, perhaps we may find the rebel Blackwell in his home."

The pursuer rode away, and an hour or so later, John Blackwell, released from his shadowy hiding place thigh deep in the cold stream, was safe in the secret "priest's nook" by Rosslee Castle, conveyed there by tactful arrangements of Lieutenant D'Arcy and with the knowledge and hearty approval of old Sir Gerald D'Arcy himself, generous, broadminded and hospitable, who hated to see a neighbor in distress and peril. So the little unsuspected chamber in the massive walls, which had afforded a refuge to many a hundred Catholic priest and monk during the religious persecutions under Elizabeth and Cromwell, was now in turn occupied by a Protestant attainted of treason. That night and many another Blackwell and his chief pursuer, Pierce D'Arcy, slept unconsciously within a few yards of each other.

had fought for James against his son-in-law, William of Orange, who was supported by England, Holland, Denmark, and the Huguenots of France. The Catholic gentry raised many regiments to serve the cause of the Stuart King, who cared little for them as Irish, but was glad to utilize them as Catholics. The regiment in which young Nicholas D'Arcy held commission was raised and commanded by Lord Bophin (John Bophin) son of the Earl of Clanrickard. Pierce D'Arcy, with marked absence of fraternal feeling, took service in a different corps, that of Colonel Henry Dillon, son of Viscount Costello. Both sad and glad was the memorable day when Lieutenant Nicholas bade tender adieu to his father and Evelyn Daly. Old Sir Gerald's face had a pained, yet proud look that it had never worn before; his voice was husky as he gave his departing soldier son his blessing. Fair Evelyn, her sweet eyes like bluebells wet with dew, bore white roses on her cheeks pinned on the hat of the lieutenant—the White Rose of York being the emblem of King James.

"God's blessing with you, father and sweetheart," said the heir of Rosslee. "Have courage—the King shall have his own again, and we will soon return victors, to enjoy peace and liberty. My brave boys, a cheer for King James!"

"Right Shemus about!" (King James to victory) shouted the arrayed recruits he had levied in the district. Then at the word of command, they wheeled about from the hall door of the grey old castle and marched away down the shady avenue, the fife and drums playing the lively Jacobite music of "The White Cockade"; most of them, poor fellows, thus marching away so lightly and gayly to red war, destined never to return.

Pierce D'Arcy seemed in no particular hurry to join his regiment. He lingered about the castle for many days after the departure of his elder brother, conducting in a most leisurely manner his warlike preparations. One day his father, who had been laughing heartily to himself—a most strange thing for Pierce—and inquired the cause.

"Well, father," he said, "it's about the best war story I've heard since the trouble began. Our namesake, and maybe relative, George D'Arcy, of Dunmow, in Westmeath, entertained one King James, retreating, and the next night King William, pursuing. He treated both Kings most hospitably and made them feel pleasant and comfortable, and now he says—"

"Who shall be king I do not know, but I'll be D'Arcy of Dunmow."

"That's sensible D'Arcy," added Pierce, laughing again until his florid face grew purple, "and that's the kind of D'Arcy I think I am."

"Pierce, my boy, I fear you are the making of a traitor," said Sir Gerald severely. "How dare you utter such sentiments in my hearing! Bring me and yourself not dishonor by playing the laggard any longer, but go forth at once like a true man and a D'Arcy and fight worthily for altar and hearth, for your country and for your country's King."

"Fighting is good and glorious for them that have faith to gain in it," muttered the youngest son; "but I think D'Arcy, of Dunmow, is right, and I'm inclined to rhyme on my own account."

"What care I what king there be if I'm not heir to old Rosslee?"

However, a few days later he said a brief good-bye, mounted his horse and rode stolidly off to join the headquarters of his regiment, in the county Roscommon.

Hope and sorrow, joy and despair alternately visited that old tower among the whispering trees of Rosslee, as passed the thrilling events of the war of the Revolution. The Boyne water was triumphantly crossed by King William, and the coward King James fled to France. Then came the memorable first siege of Limerick, its heroic defence by the Irish, and the repulse of William. Nicholas D'Arcy rode a volunteer, with the gallant Sarsfield when the latter dashed across the Shannon and captured a formidable English siege train.

But then came 1691, with its record of black disaster. Athlone fell, and the English army poured into the western province of Ireland. Soon came the day of Aughrim, when a regular Irish army, drilled and disciplined, for the last time took the field to fight for the country's liberty. But St. Ruth, the able and arrogant French General who commanded, kept his plan of battle all in his own haughty head, and when that head was swept from his shoulders by an English cannon ball the plan of battle went with it. Confusion ensued; the Irish army, bereft of its commander in the very moment of victory, tumbled back and melted away over the hill of Kilmomkand, whose green slopes were soon matted and mottled with corpses, and William III. was King of Ireland as well as of England.

From the ivied battlements of the tower of Rosslee the anxious listeners heard during that momentous Sunday in July the booming of the cannon and the surging roar of the musketry. It was about sunset when the fugitives from the battlefield began to stream past. Few or none tarried, for the castle was untenable, and the Williamites, flushed with sudden and unexpected victory, were giving little or no quarter. Pierce D'Arcy arrived fatigued and gory, he had lost part of his ear in sword combat with an English officer.

"But the fellow who took it gave his life for it," he said. "Yes, father and Evelyn, the game is lost. This, poor this is all I have got by glorious soldiering." He drew from his pocket and threw on the floor a handful of King James' brass money and laughed grimly as a kitten playfully chased the rolling pieces.

Evelyn screamed as there appeared at the door a ghastly presentment of former Lieutenant, now Captain Nicholas D'Arcy, his cavalier locks clotted with blood, his uniform in tatters.

"No need for alarm," he tried to say cheerily; "only a few scratches, I assure you."

He had been in the terrible melee on the Irish left wing, at the old castle of Aughrim, where Colonel Bourke's Mayo men, treacherously supplied with bullets that would not fit their muskets, had to load with choicer ramrods and buttons from their coats. Among the prisoners to the enemy was his colonel, Lord Penrhyn, whose elder brother, Lord Galway, and Colonel Moore were after surrendering, killed in cold blood. His father, Admiral Stairford, fell ere long in hand, while encouraging

"Wine, there, wine," cried old Sir Gerald. "My dear, brave boys, you have both fought well, and I thank the Lord that you have come back to me fairly safe—though, Nick, you look as if you had been dragged through all the furze of Slieve Bawn. But this of to-day is an awful blow; I fear me our cause is lost."

"Evelyn, my queen of beauty, your parting favor," said Captain D'Arcy. He held forth a faded white rose. "Withered, but not dishonored in your keeping, my gallant knight," said the spirited girl, kissing the crumbling petals. "I will give you another in its stead. Perhaps the sun of success will yet cheer the fair flower of our love and loyalty."

"Flower of fidelities!" ungallantly blurted Pierce, smarting from the sting of his wounded ear. "Not the White Rose, but the White Feather, is the proper emblem of James, the runaway."

Sir Gerald's lips were quivering on an indignant reproof, when an alarmed domestic rushed in saying that English cavalry were dismounting in the courtyard. By request of the father the two brothers secreted themselves in the "priest's nook." But not long were they there when the door or slide of their retreat opened, and an officer in English uniform entered with a bow and a smile. To their surprise, and rather to Pierce's chagrin and uneasiness, they recognized in the intruder their former neighbor, John Blackwell, now a major in the army of King William.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have grateful reason to know this little recess, and our position being changed, I have come to tell you not to fear. No, Master Pierce, I have no rope for your accommodation, as you once had for mine. I am here to do a well-earned neighborly act in protecting this good household from spoil and outrage." He bowed politely and withdrew.

At Limerick the brothers rejoined the remnants of their regiments, and there was fought the last battle of the Revolution. At the beginning of October the white flag was hung out and the treaty signed guaranteeing the Irish Catholic gentry undisturbed possession and enjoyment of the estates they had occupied under Charles II. and the Irish Catholics generally the free exercise of their religion. The 11,000 Irish troops in Limerick got their choice to enter the French service or to go home. The march out took place October 6, 1691, after the bishops had given the departing Irish army their blessing; those volunteering for France were to march straight on, the others to wheel off at a certain point. Among the 11,000 tattered and war-worn veterans who marched straight on was Nicholas D'Arcy, heir of Rosslee; among those who wheeled aside were about half the regiment of Colonel Henry Dillon, including Pierce D'Arcy. These deserters of their colors were mustered near the English commander's tent and liberally treated to food, brandy and tobacco and given two weeks' subsistence to induce them to join them.

"Selling themselves for sale of their stomachs," commented their departing comrades, whose bayonets were soon to flash victoriously on Continental battlefields.

"These last two months' bother and starvation have filled up my cup of military glory, and I want no more of it, either at home or abroad," plegmatically observed Pierce to some of his fellow recruits, as he sat smoking on the tumbrous of a cannon that had lately been battering Limerick, with a canikin of brandy in his hand.

Dull and dreary was the time that ensued in Ireland, with the flower of her manhood gone and her absent nobles doing in vague hope at the checkbook of their exiled king. Particularly dreary was it to Rosslee, both to Sir Gerald D'Arcy and his ward, the sweet and pliant heirless of Rathmore, in summer, when the primroses shone along the arching avenue, where never came the step of the young master, and in winter, when the howling wind swept the snow wreaths from the woods and raised them in clouds round the old castle.

As for the stout and saturnine Pierce he found ample recreation that suited him, especially in gambling with the Cromwellians squire of the neighborhood. Some of these covertly admired Evelyn Daly, both for herself and her property. One of them happening so make a remark about the lady which seemed insulting, young D'Arcy challenged him and shot him dead, after which the others were more tender of the sensibilities of the bull-necked young man with the sullen blue eyes under yellow lashes.

As years went by Evelyn came of age and entered into possession of the estate of Rathmore. Pierce proposed for her hand, indeed maintained a continuous proposal for if he was slow, he was also persistent.

"Why wait for a man who thinks more about what he calls military glory than he does about you?" was his usual plea. "You'll be a very old maid, Evelyn, before he returns. Besides, any day may bring news of his death in one of those great battles he writes to us about, and then I'll be heir of Rosslee."

"Calm!" she would retort. "I see what is in your heart. I will remain true to Nicholas even if I have to reach unmarried the age of Queen Meave."

length the Treaty of Limerick was foully broken by the English government, and persecutions were renewed against the Catholics of Ireland. Ingenious and malignant enactments were devised to drive them by the spurs of oppression, plunder, poverty and degradation into the Protestant ranks. Catholic priests had to go in hiding or disguise as peddlers or tradesmen. Catholics could not be guardians of their own children or have them educated at home or abroad except by stealth—or by Protestant teachers. They could not carry arms, they could not be doctors or lawyers. If the son of an estate save as life tenant, the apostate religion the father was deprived of all right or interest in his estate save as life tenant, the spoliated son to inherit it at his death. Finally Catholics were prohibited from owning land at all unless they swore that they were not Catholics and that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was "damnable"—to escape which sacrilegious oath many Catholics adopted the plan of signing over their lands in trust to friendly Protestants, giving the latter legal title, and in few instances was this pathetic confidence abused.

Little did the penal laws affect Pierce D'Arcy beyond setting

sat lightly on him. About once a year he heard Mass, when with his father and Evelyn Daly and the servants he rode out on Christmas midnight to the lonely glen, where the candles twinkled on the prohibited altar and the bullets of the priest-baiters might any moment come singing through the darkness. But he did this mainly to conciliate Sir Gerald, to whom his demands for money wherewith to gratify his gambling habits became steadily more persistent and annoying and at length insupportable.

"Not another guinea this week, Pierce," at length said the old baronet, to a specially bold and importunate appeal, "and not another guinea at all unless you separate from that gang of rakish and worthless squires."

"If I cannot get money one way or another," retorted Pierce, "I can readily get it another. You know what I can do."

Sir Gerald laid down his pipe and rose from his arm chair, his eyes blazing and his spare, age-worn frame quivering with indignation.

"Yes, sir, you can sell your worthless soul, in order to rob your father and brother, by taking the oath of abjuration. You can swear that the religion of your ancestors is idolatrous, and that the Holy Sacrifice is 'damnable,' and that prayers to the Mother of God are folly. But there is one thing you can most truthfully swear, and that is that you are the most contemptible scoundrel in the county Galway. Now leave this room."

One summer day great were the rejoicings at Rosslee, for the long absent heir had returned, Colonel Nicholas D'Arcy himself, cheerful, stalwart, soldierly and brown as with the cannon smoke through which he had passed in the great conflicts of Landen, Cremona and Almanza. A bonfire blazed on the castle lawn, and there were pipers, fiddlers, dancing and tables of refreshments surrounded by peasant merry-makers, with many anxious parents who had come to inquire after their brave departed wild geese, as were called the recruits for the Irish Brigade in the service of France. Sir Gerald, suddenly grown many years younger, danced a lively jig with Miss Evelyn Daly, of Rathmore, who was dressed in the picturesque Irish costume, pretty and graceful, and defiantly wore the Jacobite white rose in her dark hair.

Some Protestant neighbors, including Jolly Major John Blackwell, of Stone Hall, sat smoking their pipes, drinking native usquebaugh and otherwise enjoying the occasion of festivity.

Such was the spectacle that presented itself to Pierce D'Arcy, as, all dusty from a long journey, he came riding up the avenue. With a look of surprise and speculation he dismounted and gave his horse in charge to a groom. Then, with a supercilious look of inquiry in the blue eyes under the yellow lashes, the younger son strode leisurely toward the bonfire.

"Ho, there, Mr. Pierce come hither and sit by me," called Major Blackwell, "you need a good cup of usquebaugh after your long ride; and Pierce perfunctorily obeyed."

"I know where you've been, my boy," whispered the major—"at the Cathedral of Tuam, reading your recantation, taking the oath of abjuration, and all that. Please let me look at your sacrifice."

With an unwonted tremor in his fat hands Pierce produced from his breast pocket a document, which the major opened and read—a sample of many that were issued in that crucial time of temptation and coercion.

"John, by Divine Providence, Lord Archbishop of Tuam, to all whom these present may concern, greeting."

"We do certify that Pierce D'Arcy, now of Rosslee, hath renounced the errors of the Church of Rome; and was by our order received into the communion of the Church of Ireland, on the 24th inst. of June. And that the said Pierce D'Arcy is a Protestant, and doth confirm to the Church of Ireland, as by law established. In witness whereof we have caused our manual seal to be affixed to these presents the twenty-fourth day of June, 17—"

"JOHN, TUAM."

John Blackwell smiled as he refolded the document and handed it back. "It's all right and correct, Mr. Pierce," he said, "and as a Protestant I welcome you into our church. But, outside its being proof that you have formally changed your religion, have you any idea of the true value of that document?"

"I have, Major Blackwell," declared Pierce, exultantly; "it is as good as a title deed covering all, and it makes me the true heir and future owner of Rosslee."

"Not so, for it makes you no heir of mine, and I am the present owner of Rosslee," said Major Blackwell, and he laughed heartily at D'Arcy's look of bewilderment, which quickly turned to a pallid one of deepest dismay and chagrin.

"A bumper for Mr. D'Arcy—he looks very tired," called the jovial squire of Stone Hall. "Understand," he continued, in a low tone, "you may throw your certificate of conformity into a bonfire for all the good it is likely to do you. Your father and I are old friends so, suspecting your very kind and filial intentions, he has turned over all his property to me, and you cannot touch, stone or sod of it. As it is, you are now a trespasser! Being an honest man, I have, and a faithful friend, John Blackwell, will keep his trust inviolate until fairer times arrive."

"Therefore, Mr. Pierce D'Arcy, I would advise you to turn over a new leaf and be a man. There is some good in you; try and let it come out. Go and welcome home your good brother—there he is talking to his intended bride. And remember that

SECOND MONTH 28 DAYS February THE HOLY FAMILY			
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	
1	W.	r.	S. Ignatius.
2	T.	w.	Purification of B. V. Mary.
3	F.	w.	S. Dionysius, P. p.
4	S.	w.	S. Andrew Corsini.
Fifth Sunday After Epiphany			
5	Su.	r.	S. Agatha.
6	M.	w.	S. Hyacinth Mariscotti, Virgin.
7	T.	w.	S. Romuald.
8	W.	w.	S. John of Matha.
9	T.	w.	S. Zosimus, Pope.
10	F.	w.	S. Scholastica.
11	S.	w.	Our Lady of Lourdes.
Sixth Sunday After Epiphany			
12	Su.	r.	S. Telesphore.
13	M.	w.	S. Gregory II., Pope.
14	T.	w.	S. Agatha, Pope.
15	W.	w.	S. Martina, V. M.
16	T.	w.	S. B. Gregory X., Pope.
17	F.	w.	S. Hyginus, Pope.
18	S.	w.	S. Raymond.
Septuagesima Sunday			
19	Su.	v.	Septuagesima Sunday.
20	M.	w.	S. Cyril of Alexandria.
21	T.	w.	Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.
22	W.	w.	S. Peter's Chair of Antioch.
23	T.	w.	S. Peter Damian.
24	F.	w.	S. Mathias, Apostle.
25	S.	w.	S. Felix III., Pope.
Sexagesima Sunday			
26	Su.	v.	Sexagesima Sunday.
27	M.	r.	S. Anthonis, Pope.
28	T.	r.	Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord.

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despite vicious laws and lawyers, true gentlemen can live peaceably and honorably together in this beautiful country—although the White Rose has faded."

Pierce silently rose and quitted the scene of gaiety. Next day, without waiting for his brother's marriage to take place, the unhappy young man left the old place, never to return. Rumor said he sailed for America. But Rosslee knew him no more.—P. C. Smith, in Donohue's.

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## The Spider's "Busy-body"

Jamie was making good use of his eyes. It was his first visit to the city, and he was riding uptown with mamma in the trolley car. They were going to see grandma.

At the second-story windows of many of the dwelling-houses the little boy saw something that looked like a little box held to the window-sill by a flat, elbow-shaped iron rod. "Mamma, what are those funny things at the windows for?" he asked.

Besides mamma and Jamie there was only one old gentleman in the car, and he was asleep.

"They are window-mirrors, dear," answered mamma. "A person looking into one of them from inside the room can see up and down the street. And when the door-bell rings, one can look into the mirror and see who is in the doorstep. Sometimes the little glasses are called 'busy-bodies,' because they tell so much."

When Jamie got to grandma's house he learned more about the busy-body. For grandma had one at her bedroom window. Jamie would often stand at this window when grandma and mamma were talking or sewing, and when the door-bell would ring he would say, "It's only a huckster," or "It's a man selling brooms," or "It's a lady."

Jamie had a great deal to tell about the wonders of the busy-body when he got home. "At grandma's you can sit at the front window upstairs and know everything that's going on in the street!" he told papa. "You can see everybody, and nobody can see you looking. They're awful cunning—those busy-bodies."

In September Uncle James, who was a naturalist, came to Jamie's home in the country to study the habits of spiders. Jamie thought spiders were ugly. He wondered how his uncle could spend so much time looking at a common spider's web.

"Say, uncle," he asked one day, "did you ever see a busy-body? Wasn't it a pretty smart man who got them up—invented them, I should say?"

"Yes, it was," smiled Uncle James. "But long before the idea of the busy-body came into the head of the inventor of them, the little common spiders had their busy-bodies."

"Oh, uncle, you're joking," laughed Jamie. "How could spiders have busy-bodies—real ones?"

"No, I'm not joking," said uncle. "Some spiders have a cunning little arrangement that answers all the purposes of a busy-body. Come along with me to the garden, and I'll show you something."

Jamie got his hat. He was eager to see the busy-body of the spider. As they walked toward the fence uncle told him how the net of the spider caught and held flies and other insects on which the spiders fed.

"Because we don't want to scare Mr. Spider if he should happen to be around," said Jamie under his breath.

"That's the idea," said uncle. "When you want to get acquainted with timid living creatures it doesn't do to frighten them. Now I want you to look closely at that web."

"I'm looking," said Jamie, who was on his knees close beside his uncle.

"Do you see that loose strand attached to the middle of the web, slanting upward to a leaf of the bush?"

Jamie had not seen this outside line at first, but he saw it now. It was woven into the web like the other lines. The far upper end of it seemed to be attached to the under side of the leaf. "Yes," said Jamie. "What is that for?"

"It's the spider's 'busy-body,'" said uncle. "Very likely Mr. Spider is hiding under that leaf. By means of the line, one end of which is fastened on the spider's body, the cunning little fellow knows when an insect is caught in the net. By the busy-body he would know the difference between the touch of a fly on the net and the stronger jerk of a wasp."

Sometimes Mr. Spider doesn't care about taking too much trouble to secure his dinner. When he is afraid a large insect caught in his web might sting him, he concludes to stay hidden under the leaf, and to wait for prey not so hard to manage. That's where his busy-body comes in handy. Naturalists call the little contrivance a "draw-line." You see it answers the purpose of a busy-body to the spiders. Only, instead of seeing through it, they feel through it."

Jamie was interested. "I never supposed spiders knew so much," he said.—Jane Ellis Joy in S. S. Times.

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## The Sorrowing Mother

Last night I dreamed he came to me; I held him close and wept and said, "My little child, where have you been?"

I was afraid that you were dead. Then I awoke; it almost seemed As though my arms could feel him yet.

I had been sobbing in my sleep; My tears had made the pillows wet.

I cannot think of him at all. As the bright angel he must be. But only as my little child Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise, Angels—ye who know; I am dull and slow to learn, Toiling here below, Do not fill his heart too full With your heavenly joy.

Lest the mother's place be lost With her little boy.

Last night the air was mild; The moon rose clear, though late, And somehow then it did not seem So very hard to wait.

There seemed so much to learn, So much for me to do, Before my lessons here were done And I was ready, too.

Those may dare to doubt who have Their loved ones here below; For me, I do not hope to believe, I do not hope—I know.

—Katharine Pyle in Harper's Bazar.

No man fighteth unless he is resisted. Willie had lost his jackknife. Time and again he emptied his pockets and carefully examined the amazing contents. Finally, with a sigh, he said: "I wish I had another pocket."

"Why do you particularly wish that, just now?" his mother asked. "My knife might be in that," he said.

