EEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IS COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE ANI ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'DONELL KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN, WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST JAMES F THE REGIMENT HILANDIA, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OPERAT

BY WILLIAM M'LENNAN. IV.

## 1744-1746

How we met old friends and an older enemy in Rome with whom I was forced to subscribe to a Truce, having passed my word to the Duke of York; how it came that I resigned from the Company of St. James.

Such was the enthusiasm that we were all ready to volunteer, but as the Gen eral said, dryly enough, "What is to become of the Austrians if you all leave? You might as well desert to the enemy at once and have done with

While we awaited with impatience an answer to our application, word came to me from the Duke that I was on no ount to apply for leave until such as he sent me certain word him-It was a bitter disappointment but I was not alone, as the military authorities saw fit to refuse all applica tions until the matter was further ad

At last, in the month of January letters came saying the Duke was about starting, that leave was granted me as well as certain others, with instructions te report to Mr. Sempil, the King's Agent at Paris, who would direct us

further.
Conceiving my future duties called for freedom from immediate service, I sent in my formal resignanation, and received from our Colonel, Ranald MacDonnell, a certificate testifying in flattering terms to the services had performed, to my honor as a gentleman and my conduct as an officer while under his command in the Company of St. James :

" Nons. Colonel du Régiment d'Infan terie d'Irlande de St. Jacques, certifions que le Sieur Jean McDonell de Glengarry, sous-lieutenant au dit Régimen 'est tonjours comporté pendant tout le temps qu'il y a servi en Gentilhomme d'honneur, brave officier, et aves un conduite irréprochable à tout égard en foy de quoy nous lui avons donné le présent. Fait a Plaisance le douzième janvier, mil sept cent quarante six.
"MacDonnell."

To my surprise I found the name of Father O'Ronrke, amongst those allowed to volunteer, and when we were alone l said, rallying him :

I was not aware you were so strong

a Jacobite, Father."
"Well, to tell the truth I am not, except in the way of sentiment; but sentiment, my dear Giovannini, as you will induce a sensible to do more foolish things than any other power in the world. Still, I regard my in the path of duty, for I con ceive there may be some Jacobites who will be none the worse for a little extra morality dispensed by even my unworthy hands.

I did not question him further, as I dreaded one of his usual redomentades

We left at once with the good wishe of all, too barge at Genoa as far as An tibes, and thence by post to Lyons, where we put up at the Hotel du Parc. Here we met a number of French ficers, who brought news of the Battle

of Falkirk, wherein Prince Charles had beaten the English cavalry and infantry off the field; and though, at the same time, we knew he had retreated from England, it did not serve to dash our spirits, and we supped merrily to gether, drinking toast after toast to

the success of the Cause.
All the old songs were sung lustily and the French officers were much amused at our enthusiasm; but it was Father O'Rourke who carried off the the evening fellowing, to an air that was new to

On the water, the water,
The dun and eerie water,
Which long has parted loving hearts that
west-i-d for their home!
Oer the water, the water,
The dark, dividing water,
Our Bonnie Prince has come at last, at last—to
also his Own

Our Bonnie Prince has come at last, at last—to claim his Own
He has come to hearts that waited.
He has come to hearts that welcome.
He has come though friends have wavered, with the fee upon his track.
But what loyal heart will falter.
When our Bonnie Prince is attending.
With his banner blue above his head and his claymere at his back?

Then gather ye, Appin, Clanrauald, Glen

The Cross has gone round! Will a single The Cross has gone round! Will a single use its ty.

When we march with our Prince against G-ordes Dutch carles!
We are out for the King!
We will conquer or swing!
But the bonus brown broadswords will klink and will kling
From the Tweed to the Thames for our Bonnie Prince Charles!

nie Prince Concles!

On! the waiting the waiting.
The cruel night of waiting.
When we brake the bread of sorrow and drank our bitter tears.
It has broken at his coming Like the mist on Corryvechan,
In the sunlight of his presence we have lost our midnight fears.
When the Prince unfurled his standard in the green vale of Glentinan,
Beneah a sky as bright and blue, blown clear of storm and wrack
The Layal chiefs came througing
To where their Prince was standing
With his banner blue above his head and his claymore at his back.

Then gather ye, Appin, Clanranald, Glen Then gather ye, Appin, Clanranald, Giengary;
The Cross has gone round! Will a single min tarry
When we march with our Prince against Geordie's Dutch carles?
We are out for the King!
We will conquer or swing!
But the bonnie brown broadswords will klink and will kling
From the Tweed to the Thames for our Bonnie Prince Charles!

Oh! the heather, the heather,
Our modest hill side heather,
Hath donned her royal robe again to welcome
back her Own,
The roses bloom once mere in hearts
That hope deferred was wasting
That will merch with Bonnie Charlie, to halt
only at his Throne!
We have suffered, we have sorrowed,
Busbort jy has come with moraling.

nour joy has come with morning.
all is shining gloriously that late
drear and black.

Then up and out, ye gallant bearts, To where your Prince is standing. Vith his banner blue above his head and his claymore at his back!

Then gather ye, Appla, Clauranald, Gler

garry!
The Cross has gone round! Will a single
man tarry
When we march with our Prince against
Geordie's Dutch caries?

DAMES HARRIST TO

We are out for the King!
We will conquer or swing!
But the bonnie brown broadswords will klink
and will kling
From the Tweed to the Thames for our Bonnie
Prince Charles!

When he ended we cheered and cheered, breaking our glasses, half cry-ing, half laughing, until we made the room ring again; and the people in the square listening to us began to chee in sympathy, and, unable to contro myself, I jumped up, and, catching the fairly hugged him in my arms, Father O'Rourke! How could you ever do it and you not a Highlander at

?" I cried, in my wonder.
Faith, I could do the same for a Hottentot if I could only manage his irregular verbs," he shouted, struggling out of my embrace. "And now, gemen! If you don't stop this hu loo, you'll be arrested for disturbing peace of this good town of Lyons if you don't stop cracking those bottles your heads will be as easy cracking for the Eaglish when it comes to hard knocks!" And off he went with a storm of cheers after him.

1746.

How Father O'Rourke and I met with the Duke of York who charged me with a secret mission towards Prince Charles; of our voyage to Scotland, and the dismal tidings that there met us.

The next morning Father O'Rourke fords came true, for there were many aching heads amongst us, of which my own was one, and the jolting of the Paris diligence did not in any way im-prove their condition nor their owners empers. It is surprising how mightily the bot enthusiasms of overnight will cool down by daylight—and here was an example. Last night there was not one f us but would have embarked to the Prince's support without a second thought of the chances, and not one would have admitted that the chances, if any, were aught but rose-colored but with the morning everything too on a different complexion, and th whole of our way to Paris was filled with nothing but the most dismal fore

I addressed myself to Mr. Sempil. and found that the Duke would expect me in about a week at Boulogne; and in the mean time I did what I could to raise the spirits and determination of

my companions.

At length we had a general consulta on, and, much to my disgust, they one and all began to plan, not for our nost excellent reasons why they should then and there return: "the Prince had retreated from England; the pas age was dangerous on account of the nelish fleet; the French could not be relied upon for any material aid; and lastly. Spring was approaching, and ould lose their chances of promo tion in the ensuing campaign," and so

"In short, gentlemen," I said, out of patience at last, "you all came here prepared to sing the same song, and you do it to perfection. Your arguments do more credit to your heads than to your hearts. If the Prince were safe in London you would be the first to flock after him; but now, when he most needs your assistance, you are like a pack of old women inventing terrors to excuse your covardice.

There were some of them who pre tended to take exception to my words but as I assured them I would be onl too pleased to make any or all of them good, and the sooner the better, they lid not go beyond their protest.

But if they found my words uppalat able, Father O Rourke gave them some thing more difficult to digest.
"I object to the gentleman's manne

of putting it myself," he began; is altogether too mealy mouthed, which comes no doubt from his diet in boy If he were only a blathering Irishman like the rest of you, he would Jacobite toasts, and whispering Jacobite treasons, and never venture an inch of his precious carcass, until the moon turned into a Jacobite cheese and was ready to drop into his mouth. I'm ashamed of you all! Go back to your macaroni and polenta, and brag about Cremona and other battles you never fought, and see if you cannot breed some mongrel mixture that will make you ashamed of the way you have behaved this day. There! that's what I say to you; and if any of you don't like it, get down on your marrow bones and thank Heaven that the rules of his Church prevent Father O'Rourke, late Chaplain of the Company of St. James, wearing a sword, or, by the Powers!
you would go back like so many pinked

And to my surprise, these men, who were wont to smell an insult afar off, and whose courage in the field was unquestioned, received this intolerable tirade as quietly as school-boys after a

whipping—and so the matter rested, and they went their way and we ours.

I wrote to Mr. Constable, then Secretary to the Duke of York, of the resolution of my comrades, and, by return of post, I received orders from His Royal Highness to repair to Bouwhich I immediately complied with, accompanied by Father O'Rourke

On reaching Boalogne, we enquired our way to Mr. Constable's lodgings, and upon knocking at his chamber door it was opened by the Duke himself.

"Welcome, Mr. McDonell, welcome; and you, too, Father O'Rourke. You see we are so few we have dispense with ceremony here in Boulogne," he said, giving a hand to each of us.

"We curselves dispensed with it, and most of our following as well, in Paris, your Highness," said Father O'Rourke, laughing, "though I don't know that we'd have been any more had we need all the case of the control of the case of the had we used all the ceremony of the Court of Spain;" and then, without waiting to be introduced to the other gentlemen present, he began the story of his farewell speech to the volunteers from Italy, and set them all a-laughing

heartily with his impudence.

I was somewhat taken aback, but thought it best to offer no remonstrance; indeed, I could not imagine any company which would have put Father O'Rourke out of countenance. I felt ill at ease, not having shifted myself, as I had not expected to see any one

Mr. Constable; but O'Rourke talked and moved them all in his rusty cassock withou an apology for his condition. How ever, I soon forgot such trifles in my interest in the company gathered Besides His Highness, there were the Duke of Fitz James, son of the great Duke of Berwick, and many noblemen of distinction and general officers among whom I was introduced to the Count Lally-Tollendal, whose unjust execution at the hands of his enemies

execution at the names of his enemies some years later aroused the sympa-thies of all Europe.

The plans of the Prince and hopes of aid from King Louis were discussed with the utmost freedomand with much hope, for it was confidently expected an expedition for Scotland would be equipped immediately, which the Duke was to command, as it was on this promise he had come from Italy.

But one week went by, and then another, and yet we had no satisfaction from the Court, not even excuses, and I could not but observe that, though others still had implicit faith in some action by King Louis, the Duke began

to lose heart.

"Ah, the poor young man," said
Father O'Rourke, "my heart is sore
for him. He has more sense than the
rest of them, and faith, I think, has more heart, too, and so takes it harder. Do you know, Giovannini, 'tis a great nisfortune to be born in the ranks of know of that are untrustworthy as whole. King David knew the breed well, and did not he write 'Put not well, and did not he write 'Put not your trust in princes' (Nollite confidere in principibas?) and here is the Duke eating his heart out because he is learning the bitter text King David preached thousands of years ago." We were seated in a lonely place

outside the town, overlooking the sea and watched the lights below us gently rising and falling on the fishing-vessels and other craft at anchor, and marked among them the bright lanthorns of man-of-war which topped all the

Presently we heard footsteps, and the Duke came up alone; it was not s dark but he could recognize us, which he did very quietly, and, advancing seated himself between us, saying, "Do seated himself between us, saying, 'Do not move, gentlemen, and forget I am the Duke for an hour. My heart is sick of empty forms which mean sick of empty forms which mean nothing," and he sate in silence for a long time with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands gazing

out over the sea.

At length he said, slowly, as if to himself, "I would give ten years of my life to be on board that frigate wit the men I would choose and a fair wind for Scotland. To think of my poor brother longing and wondering why some support does not come, and I idle here with empty hands, and some

thing like a sob ended his words.

Then Father O'Rourke spake in a voice as gentle as if he comforted a woman. "Your Highness, when we were children, the story we loved best to hear was the one our mother never told us—about 'The little Red Hen. Who 'The little Red Hen' was, or who 'The little Red Hen' was, or where she came from, or what she did. we never could learn. She was just 'The Little Red Hen,' and had no story at all. But her story which no one ever heard was better than that of 'Brian Boru,' or 'Malachi of the Collar of God,' or 'Rookey the Water Witch,' any of whom would come out without much coaxing and parade up and down until we knew them throng and through, while the very name of 'The Little Red Hen' would quiet the biggest trouble that ever broke ou hearts. My own belief is that she stayed at home and kept the breath of life in the family by laying her eggs and scratching up food for the chickens; but wherever she was, there was no cackling to lead us to her. She just doing her work, helping the tired hearts and healing the sore ones, and all these years no one ever set eyes on her, more than on the dew that falls at night on the thirsty land.'

And that was all; no beginning, no end, and I wondered what he was at, with his silly stories of Red Hens, fit only for a lot of bare legged children but the Duke must have seen some thing else, for after a little he broke into a more lively humour and said, half laughing, "Upon my word, Father O'Rourke, you Irish are a wonderful

We are all that, your Highness, he returned, with great complacence. "We are a terrible convenient people to have about when everything is going right, and, for the matter of that, when everything is going wrong as well, if we only have some one with a strong hand to lead us; but make us all equal and we are no more use than of chickens with their hoads cut off.

" Father O'Rourke." said the Duke suddenly, "sing me that song I heard of your singing at Lyons." "I will with all my heart, your Highness," and, making his big voice as soft as a girl's, he began without

any further words.

"Oh the water, the water,"

When he had finished, the Duke sate silent a little, then he rose and said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for the first hour of quiet I have had for weeks. Come, let us go back." And at the door of his lodgings he bade us goodhight, saying to Father O'Rourke, 'Don't be surprised if I should come night. to you some day to hear the rest of the story of 'The Little Red Hen.' '

The forebodings of the Duke came true; no expedition was forthcoming, and he was obliged to send in single vessels such aid as could be procured One left Dunkirk in the beginning of April with three hundred men and many officers, but I was still bidden to

Shortly aiterwards the Duke commanded me to repair to Dunkirk and there await him. He there sent me the grateful assurance that I was to start almost at once charged with considerable monies, which he was about raising, and also letters for the Prince. and at the same time confided to me that he had almost transmitted a large sum by the hands of Creach, or " Mr.

as he styled him-news! was sadly disappointed to hear, for I could not bring myself to trust the man in any particular. In a few days the Duke arrived, and

In a few days the Duke arrived, and the next day was invited to dinner by my Lord Clare, then in command of the French troops in and a bout the place. As Father O'Rourke and I were considered to be in the Duke's retinue, we were also asked. Lord Clare, ob serving my uniform, enquired of the Duke who I was, and was informed was a Higland gentleman named Mc Donnell, a Lieutenant in the Spanish Army in Italy. After some further conversation with the Duke, he addressed himself to me, saying, without

any introduction:
"Mr. McDonnell, I have a company now vacant in my regiment, and if you will accept, it is this moment at your

I rose, and, commanding myself as well as possible under this surprise said: "Your Excellency has my most humble thanks for your handsome offe but I only left my late service, where I had gained some recognition, in order to devote myself to my protectors and benefactors, the Royal Family, to whom I am bound by the strongest ties of gratitude."

The Duke looked at me with a real pleasure in his eyes, and I was proud that I could afford him even a passing

gratification. Presently the Duke requested his Lordship to grant him a favor.

"I am sure your Highness will not ask anything beyond my poor powers,"

he answered. There are no political complications laughed the Dake. only ask that my friend, Father O Rourke, be requested to sing for us a song which has been running through my head since I first heard it from him

other night Whereupon Lord Clare requested him to sing, and straightway he began for the fiftieth time that I had heard him, at the same old song. And herein lies the poverty of these rhymers, for if by any chance they hit something that tickles the ear, they must be harping on it until the patience of their intimates is wearied beyond words. But I could afford to let him win his reward r I considered I had cut no inconsiderable figure before the company

Two or three days later we left Dan kirk for St. Omer, where I at last received my orders. I was to return Dunkirk and there take passage in a swift sailing cutter, lately captured from the English, and carry sum of three thousand guineas, to-gether with important despatches and

letters for the Prince.

The Duke was very down the last night we spent together, and once or twice repeated :

"Oh the waiting, the waiting, The cru-I night of waiting, When we brake the bread of sorrow and drank our bitter tears." "Mr. McDonnell," he said "i is impossible to tell how things may turn, but should they prove against us, give me your word not to desert the

TO BE CONTINUED.

## IN THE THIRD WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

The old station baggage man put scuttle of coal in the big Cannonball stove, went into the telegraph office and then returned to the baggage

"No. 4's losing time," he said;
"won't set here under three hours
late. Did you have any baggage

"Well, that's why I've been waiting here for the last thirty minutes," said, with some little impatience.

the train wuz late, and most people set

'round here in the baggage room on cold nights, and I s'posed you wuz doin' the same. Where to, please?"
"Knoxville," I said, cooling off some. He adjusted his glasses and looked clear over them for the pigeon hole of the Knoxville checks, and, finally get-

marking:
"Been over to the mines, eh?" Purty cold drivin', wa'nt it? Coldest night we've had this winter, 'cept one; that Ben said suddenly, 'Don't the Scripwuz the night Ben Spillman's mother come. Know about that, I s pos said I, "I never heard of

ting one, he placed it on my trunk, re-

that; I'm a stranger here." "Well, sit down thar by the stove an' I'll tell you bout it, if you care to hear. Shows you're a stranger these parts not to know 'bout it. . think of it, a lookin' for his mother for thirty five year 'fore she come !"

"Wait till I light my pipe and put a trunk agin that door; that wind from the mountain is mighty searchin'. I tell you, stranger, it's mighty lonesome 'round here tonight. Not another passenger to go, and none of the neigh bors out visitin', and that train But you want to hear 'bout Ben and his mother.

Well, Ben wuz here when I took charge of the station in '67-one of them awkward, shy boys, always get-tin' in the way, but not meanin' to. Nobody knowed whar he come from, just found him here one day on the platform after the eastbound train come in, a-peerin' into every woman's face that got off. He looked at all of 'em and then turned away, sayin' jest thes four words: 'She said she'd come. bout five or six then, they said, and all kinds of questioning only brought out those four words, and his Ben Spillman. It was believed wan't a child. Years don't make you a man; it's knowin' and doin' things that his mother had brought him down from the mountains and had got on a westbound train, a tellin' him she'd be back on the next eastbound one. wuz just at the breakin' up of the war and nobody thought anything of strangers bein' about, and not one of them ever remembered of seein' the mother. The child wuz kinder weak in his head sorter daffy like. Whether he wur always that way, or the shock of losin his mother wuz the cause of it, nobody never knowed. But thar he wuz when I come, the saddest faced little chap I

down to bass when the train had gone

there had been a big wreck up bout Lebanon at the time the young out showed up, and that thar wuz two or three dead ones, one bein' a woman, that nobody ever knowed who they wuz. They 'lowed maybe 'twuz his wuz. They 'lowed maybe 'twuz himother. Others said that some woma wanted to get rid of a crazy child, and give him the slip, but I never believed that, 'cause the kind o' mother that would want to give her child the slip could never have impressed him such confidence in her. True, he wuzn't just right in his head, but my experience is that that's the kind that knows the most 'bout some things. They've got somethin' in 'em that tells who's who. Some say it's instinct, but whatever it is, the Lord Almighty put it thar; so I says, that boy's mother wuz intendin' to come back.

Well, Squire Heartsill takes the bo to his house, and he makes himself useful 'bout the place, runnin' errands but no matter what he wuz doin', when the evenin' train from the West gav the signal for the station here, h came as fast as he could; and then if and wait for it : didn't matter whether he'd had any supper or not, he'd stay here till the train come. Many a time, when he wuz a kid, I'd tuck him in when he wuz a kid, I a tack him in here behind the stove on a cold night, with my overcoat, while he waited for the train. I used to try to get him to tell me what he wuz lookin' for, but he would look so wild and scared like that

I stopped. He'd mumble a whole lot that I couldn't understand, but always ended with, 'She said she'd come.' If he had dropped off to sleep when the train would whistle he'd be sure to wake up, and his eyes would sparkle and he would go runnin' out on the platform, a clappin' his hands-then purty soon, as the train pulled out 'd see him goin' slowly down the path

to the Squire's.
"You'd think he'd 'a gotten tired, wouldn't you? But he never did. As he grew up the Squire wanted to se him to school, but he wouldn't go. I always thought it wuz 'cause pot, so he stayed on thar in the shop, and come to be a pretty fair workman. Henever had had much talk for any body, and after he got to be a man he had less. He would go for weeks with ou sayin' a word to a sou!, and I be-lieve he would have forgotten how words to say to hisself every evenin' train left. He 'em to anybody; just sad like, as he turned away, he'd say, 'She said she'd

"He made purty good wages in the shop, and saved his money. When he wuz a kid we wuz real good friends, but as he got older he got more distant toward me. True, he'd nearly always come in the baggage room just 'fore the train come and roll the truck of trunks up to where the express car stopped,

but he didn't talk none.
"So matters went on this way year after year. One summer night the train wuz

late, and there wuz no passengers to get on, and nobody at the depot lookin' for anybody to come, 'cept Ben. He wuz a grown up man then, I'd say about thirty, and he come out and set down on a truck with me. It had been an awful hot day and some thunder heads had gathered up in the west. Ben set there and watched the lightnin' without saying a word. The train was 'way late, and by and by the was 'way late, and by and by the clouds got to comin' closer, and I said, Ben it's goin' to storm. Are you scared of storms?" He waited some time 'fore he answered, then he said that she won't come.' You could'nt get his mind off of it at all. I asked him why he didn't go and hunt her, for gent like. 'Bout a year ago he quit him why he didn't go and hunt ner, lor he'd saved his money and could travel everywhere and find her. He said he'd thought of that, but then she he'd thought of that, but then she couldn't do anything for him, but that might come while he wuz gone, and she'd feel just like he did, when she didn't find him here a lookin' for her. He thought he'd best stay here and wait for her, for she'd said she'd come. I didn't say no more and we sat thar watchin' the comin' storm. Most an

she'll come some time away in the night; might be tonight.' "When the train come, 'Way long in the mornin,' the storm had burst, and the lightnin' and thunder wuz makin' things lively. I didn't have anything to put on the train, and the only thing that wuz put off wuz a little bull calf. and when the train left I found myself thar a holdin' to a rope with the calf at the other end. Ben had been back to the coaches, but he see in the lightnin' flashes my perdicerment, and he come to help me. The calf wuz a rearin' and bawlin' terrible, but Ben says, 'I'll take him, he's for the Squire. I heard him a sayin' as somebody wuz goin' to send him a calf by express,' so he goes up to the bawlin' critter and says somethin' to it and it gets quiet. He takes the rope from my hand aud goes down toward the Squire's barn. ee 'em 'way down thar when the light nin' played 'round, the calf follerin long like a dog; and, as he'd sprung the Scriptures on me, I says to myself. 'And a little child shall lead them.' Course I knew that bull calf wa'nt no lion, but I wan't sure that Ben

that are wrong that makes you quit bein' a child. "That same summer a young feller from Kentucky came a courtin' Squire Heartsill's daughter Bessie. Bessie wuz only a slip of a girl, born and growed up since Ben went to live with him. He'd carried her 'bout on his shoulders all over the hills when she wuz a kid, a gatherin' sweet Williams and wild pansies. She always did the talkin' and the orderin', but she was mighty fond of Ben. After she grew ever saw, with his expectations 'way up up she went away to school, and when every time the train come in, and 'way she come back she wuz the loveliest,

and his mother hadn't come.
"Some of the old residents here said

liveliest girl in these parts. While she wuz away Ben had done nothin' but work and come to meet trains; so when one day she got off the cars and, comin into Ben's arms, kissed him. the poor fellow wuz awfully taken back. He looked at his great rough hands and homely figure and grew awavers, somehow he avoided her after that, somehow he did come close to him he'd turn red and amble off. My wife, she goes up to the Squir's a whole lot and she sees how things were goin and she sees how things were goin, and she says to me, 'Tom, he's in love with Bessie,' but I didn't take no stock in that, and neither did Bessie treated him just like she always had when he give her a chance, and I don't when he give her a change, and a don't believe she ever thought about it, until one night six years after, when Ben's mother came, and she found it

out. "But that summer when the flat young feller come out from Kentucky, and got off the train and asked where Squire Heartsill lived, Ben wuz thar, of course, and said he could show him of course, and said he could show him, and the two went down to the house together. I saw 'em a goin' and saw Bessie when she met 'em at the gate. I don't know what wuz said, but Bea come back up to the depot and stayed for the night. aroun' till I closed up He never said a word, but it so as if somethin' wuz troublin' him that he couldn't quite make out, sorter like your dog looks when yon hurt accidentally. He knows you didn't mean to do it, but it hurts him just the "Well, Ben spent lots o' time with

me for the next two weeks, until the young feller went home young feller at first was inclined to make fun of Ben, but he found out mighty quick from Bessie that that wouldn't do at all; so he tried to be friendly with Ben, and other times when he come down they got right chummy-that is, as chummy folks can get when one of em won't talk. They went huntin' and fishin' together, and one day Bessie em over to the lake, and Ben wuz quite happy a settin' silent in the end of the boat a pullin' of the oars while the young folks fished and talked. they were mighty kind to Ben never talked anything but wha could hear. The young feller tried his best to get Ben to let him row, but it wa'nt no use. Ben just clung to the oars and watched 'em, or, That day back in time to meet the train.

"'Long next spring the weddin' come Providential that they married just in time to take the evening course, Ben wuz at the train and didn't see the weddin'. He was dressed in his best, tho', and just as he wuz lookin' at every woman that got off the train, still expectin' his mother, Bessie comes up to him and puts her little hand on his shoulder and says, 'Ben, I'm goin' away, and I hate mighty bad to leave you. I'm awful sorry for you, and I wish so much that your mother would eome. Ben, kiss me now, and God The poor fellow kissed her. bless vou.' but when they wuz gone Ben watched the train puffin' round the curve vonder and says-he'd forgot to say it -'She said she'd come,' and then burst out cryin' for the first and only time I

He never seemed the same after that, tho' he wuz, if anything, happier than ever before. But it was a kind of resigned happiness. He grew thinner and got tired easier. He didn't work regular, but would wander off to the hills where the sweet Williams grew, and would bring back great bouquets of them to the train, thinkin' maybe, that one of the two women he'd leave might come back. The Squire's folks just let him do as he pleased; so No, I ain't scared of anything, except year followed year, and Ben grew thinner and more holler eved, but somehew it wuz best for him to quit work. "Well, Ben had a purty lonesome

time, till long last fall, Bessie come back foom Kentucky to spend a couple of months with her folks. It wuz worth a good deal to see Ben when she come, and he sawfor the first time that other Bessie, her little three-year-old girl. hour passed without a word, and then ture say 'bout 'em comin' in the third Seemed as if Ben didn't know 'bout her watch of the night? It kind o' startled me, and I said, 'Yes, b'lieve it does.' Well,' said he, 'I b'lieve and he was trumped, I tell you, when he saw thar toddlin' on the platform a little chap, the very spirit of his old playmate of twenty years before. She went right up to him, and he set her up on his shoulder without a word, like he used to do her mother. Thars somethin strange 'bout children and animals they know their friends quicker than us that reasons and suspicions. He carried her on down to the Squire's, and me and her mother follered on behind. This wuz the first time he ever failed to say 'bout his mother a promisin' to come. When he put the child down she puckered up her lips to be kissed, and she kind o' hugged him, but Ben never said a word.

Them wuz happy days for Ben for the next two months. That child and him were together all the time; over the hills, through the brownin' woods and acrost the stubble fields they went. He made her all kinds of things punkin whistles to cornstalk fiddles, and he got so he talked to her. I ex-

complete without

## PPS'S

admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

and Economical.

peet he said more to weeks than be ever before. We could se talkin' to her in a low but somehow we never what it wuz about. V on she stayed most his room, and he neve ome to the train. Well, the night child wuz to go bac such a night as this the Cumberlands had day long, and as d turned a sleetin' just and the train wuz l

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now. Ben had come on time, but when I wuz late he went b This was the only tim five years he hadn't for it, no matter ho five years ne hadn't for it, no matter ho knew they wuz going guess he wanted to Well 'bout a quarter the train come they the Squire's, Ben a high on his shoulde high on his shoulde high on his shoulde here in the baggag wan't a good fire in Ben set right over where he had curled waitin' for his moth the child. His eye stars and his face te he had a fever. I Squire and the chil had a sort o' silen-to notice the two ov "Directly old No all made for the plat with the child's h

engineer wuz a con like somebody — no beatin' tanbark. B off, and he looked the headlight with a flyin' in the wind for twenty year or in The old baggage and went into the see the last reportrain. When he train. When he c then went on with had been no interr

We never know

pened, whether the scared the child or her fancy, but she track. The engine her, and we all sa clappin' her hands. alvzed with fear brakes and revers late: he couldn't s onfusion I aw B fall sprawlin' on t side. When the 'round, and thar v sound, but scared i pilot had throw wheels, but his wuz just one big him here in the ba for the doctor. H without pain, seen closed. shook his head; givin' out. For way, with his he mother, Bessie, a Finally his eyes crazy look wus a thar a hoverin' and we heard him me, Bessie,' and H again and again, a she wuz. He lo

'Don't be sorry any time in the you, or for—one-his eyes closed a and waited a wav " Bout the t and tried to get u The train's con She's comin' ba don't you see i they are comin' Look! She said his arms uplifted. the poor old hear back limp and life " So that's h

and said, between

like Ben, when I but me and Ber face when he h neither of us h that Ben's mot said she would. stranger. Hope with my talkin always makes me Ben's mother co the platform; slippery."— Ho Independent.

back. My wife

ST PATRICK MOST REV.

(Continue There can be Patrick suffered on the Reek. I for his people, of paganism had demons resolved to tempt and why not try t They covered t black birds, so neither see sk They swooped of him with savage screams, making with their cries

> Patrick char against them t in spirit, and b his cheeks, and priestly chasul rayers and tes it was said its to drive away rout, he flung them, and the over the wide

ROUTING

great deeps, s