

# FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

BY COURTESY OF SARA TRAINER SMITH.

"What is to be done with little Katharine Morris?" Every one in the Yard was asking this question, and no one answered it. But whether they asked it or did it, all alike looked very sad and said, softly and kindly, "Poor little thing!"

Only one week before, few of them had known her except as one of the Morris children. She was just a merry little girl like many another in a full and happy home the world over. People smiled pleasantly on her when they met her running about, rosy and they met her running about, rosy and smiling herself, but she was neither "that magnificent boy," as they spoke of Fred, nor "that great, splendid fellow," the baby, nor even one of the twins, so they forgot her as soon as she was out of sight. Now—now she was too sadly well known in the Yard, and out of it wherever the papers carried the news. She was now the lonely little orphan, left fatherless and motherless, sisterless and brotherless, in one bright, short day.

No wonder every one said, very softly and very kindly, "Poor little thing!"

The yellow fever had been very bad in the Yard that year from the first, and the other officers had hurried away on leave, or sent their families North without them, as soon as it appeared. But Katharine's father was the surgeon, and his place was with the sick. He had tried to arrange for the going away of his wife and children, but one disappointment after another altered his plans. It ended in waiting quietly in their own quarters for a long leave, when it should all be over in the cooler weather. At any rate, his wife did not wish to leave him to the lonely horror of such a summer in the midst of suffering. She was so bright and strong and loving that she feared nothing, and believed, with care and peace, they were all safe in the place where it was "home" and where his duties kept him.

It had been a pleasant summer to the children, who only saw that their father was very busy, out a great deal, and very tired and quiet when he came in. He was not so ready to play with them as usual, and very often he "forgot" to get them in his gentle way. They missed some of their little playmates, too, but "mudder" was better than any one else to "make a good time," and now she had nothing to do in her "playtime"—no ladies to visit, no dinners to go to, and no dances to get ready. They had her all to themselves, and they asked for nothing better. They were not afraid, for they did not know the meaning of the word, and they never fretted. "Mudder" kept them always glad.

At last it seemed all to be over. Some of the officers and their families were back at their quarters, and Dr. Morris had begun to think of rest and freedom from care and responsibility of helpless men's lives, which always weighed upon him, when these came an unexpected outbreak of the pest, and it swept the Morris' home like a swift, sharp sword. Fred, the eldest child, was the first to sick, but the doctor himself was the first to die. A few hours after the fever had shown itself he fell at the bedside of his wife and baby, never rousing again. They carried him to the grave at sunset, with the dead baby in his arms, and through the room where his wife and Fred lay dying. The twins lived only until midnight. In the dim dawn of the next day Katharine crept noiselessly from her little white bed in the dressing closet of her mother's room, where she had cried herself to sleep, only knowing that everything was strange and sad, and peeping timidly from the window at the silent funeral. Three coffins—the twins were scarcely more than babies and had never slept apart—and a few of the officers and men were all she saw. She was too little and too ignorant of all sorrow to know how fully what it meant to her, and there was no one at all—to tell her anything. But the empty room in wild confusion, the empty beds in the disordered nursery which she saw through the open door, the silence where she had always heard at least a gentle breathing or a child's soft, restless murmur, were quite enough to chill and frighten even merry little Katharine. She began to cry pitifully and to run from room to room, calling for Charlotte. A vague and awful certainty that her father and mother could not answer; that, if they could have helped it, they would never have left her "all alone" drove her thus to the nurse for comfort. But Charlotte had gone hours before, terrified in helplessness by the very name of the fever. The

other servants never slept in the house, and had not returned after the doctor's funeral, even the best and most stout-hearted among them appalled at the misery they could not combat or relieve. In vain poor little Katharine called and screamed. The house was empty, closed and locked, and, more than that, avoided Katharine was forgotten.

It was several hours before a thought of her occurred to Mrs. Ramsey, the Captain's wife, as she sat in her own room holding her sleeping baby, and thinking with a softened heart over the sorrowful emptiness of the once charming home. The Morris' had been such a loving, joyous, beautiful family. Father and mother and children had all been so handsome, and he so tender, she so wise and glad-hearted. The baby was just about the age of her own dear little son, and the dear little twins! And Fred! And—oh, what had become of the other little girl? No one had thought of her.

Mrs. Ramsey dropped the baby on the bed and rushed down to her husband in the dining-room. A party of the officers were with him, already discussing and arranging the affairs of their brother officer, for whom they were so suddenly called to act. Mrs. Ramsey burst in upon their grave consultation in a way that startled them, and brought the Captain to his feet.

"My dear!" he exclaimed—he was much older than she was and had not been married many years—"Are you ill? What has happened?"

"Oh, the little girl!" cried Mrs. Ramsey. "Little Katharine Morris. Does any one know—has she been taken care of by any one? Oh, do you think she can have been forgotten in that awful house?"

The look of consternation was general on all faces.

"There is another child, you know," continued Mrs. Ramsey. "There were five Morris children I am sure."

"Well, really, I don't know," said some one, looking helplessly around him.

"If Mrs. Birney were here, she could tell all about it," put in her husband, "but I can't say, although the children were often in with our little ones. But they were all of one size."

"So they were," assented the youngest man among them, "but I remember this little thing. She was a good-natured little mite—not so pretty as the others—with dark eyes and hair."

Mrs. Ramsey burst into tears at the mere thought of the horrors she had imagined for the child if forgotten. She was a tender-hearted mother, who had not seen nothing of trouble or sickness of any kind, and this had been a terrible first experience. The Captain had to leave the others to soothe her, suggesting to them that some one go at once to the house and find out if the child were there. The chairs had been pushed back from the table where they were bending over reports and notes when Mrs. Ramsey entered, and writing and revising had all been scattered to the winds in the shock she had administered. They were ready to walk out into the open air, at least, although the kindest hearted among them shrank from the thought of the fever-laden atmosphere of the deserted house and its distressing memories.

But they walked on, silently and steadily, the short distance that lay between them and the pretty, vine-shaded porch. The man with the keys followed them quickly, and a group of spectators gathered at a distance, already whispering among themselves of noises heard and "white ladies" seen at the windows. Captain Ramsey, walking rapidly, overtook them at the door, and it was thrown open.

No sooner had they entered than a

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small, white-gowned dishevelled creature flew towards them down the stairs. With outstretched arms and trembling, silent lips little Katharine appealed for protection to every manly heart before her. Captain Ramsey made one step forward and took her in his arms. "My dear little girl!" he said, "My poor little one! Will you ever forgive us? The child is as cold as ice even on such a day as this!" he said indignantly, turning to the others.

She could not speak. She had cried and called until she was hoarse and weak, and she was hungry and thirsty and—oh, so frightened! She thought they were never coming—that no one was ever coming, "not ever any more." And oh, what had they done with "farder" and "mother?" In the agony of her terror and her longing she looked and gasped the beloved names.

Captain Ramsey folded her closer. The others turned and went out on the porch.

"I can't stand this!" said the youngest man among them, and choked on the words. The others shook their heads, and one of them silently raised his hat.

"My dear little girl!" was all the Captain could utter.

He took up a plaid that lay on a chair in the hall, and folded it about her, tucking it over her little bare white feet, and covering her poor little tangled curls with its soft warmth. He wanted to wrap her from head to feet in love and sympathy and protection, to be father, mother, sister, brother—all that the lonely little thing might want or miss.

"Come with me to Mrs. Ramsey," said, "She will know what you want, and how to tell you all you don't know. She will do—will do as your mother would like to have it done, my dear."

And there was something in the Captain's grave speech and quiet strength that Katharine understood and took comfort from. When he unfolded the plaid from her little flushed face in his own parlor five minutes later, and looked from it to his wife's gentle eyes, the little orphan was sleeping, tired and at rest in a child's confiding trust.

And then it was, after that rescue from the empty house, that every one began to ask the question, "What is to be done with little Katharine Morris?" The Ramseys might take her into their hearts as into their home, and the others might all grieve with her and for her—and they did too, for they were deeply and unselfishly moved. Her father's life had been too noble, and too regardless of self, not to leave its mark, and her mother had deserved well of all women and all men—but there were many things to be considered. Had she no relatives? Were there no homes any where upon which there had fallen a shadow with that death-stroke which she might help to lift? Might there not be some prospect, some future that was her due, to which they might help her?

Certainly there was something to be done with little Katharine Morris. The question remained, however, what was that something?

(To be continued.)

## Two Kinds of Givers.

"My dear brothers and sisters," remarked the venerable pastor of the only colored church in town, as he carefully cleared the broad table in front of him so that every nickel, cent and button laid upon it would stand out in startling distinctness, "dere is some of de folks in dis chu'ch gives accawdin' to deir means and some accawdin' to deir meanness. Let's not have any of de secon' class heah dis mawnin'!" After which the procession commenced, and everybody reached for his bottom dime.

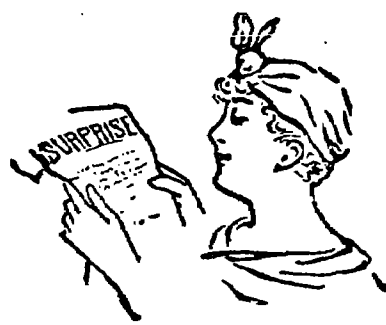
## The Same Profession.

In a well-known College in the United States an old negro called Tim had waited on the students for many years. He was not without his peccadilloes in the way of petty larceny, and caught tripping on one occasion by one of his employers, he was gently reproved. "Ah, old fellow, you are bound for the devil! What are you going to do, sir, when you get down in his regions?" "I dunno Mars Ed," answered Tim, "douten I jes keep on waitin' on de students!" —Household Words.

## War Deaths.

Casualties of the Spanish war, as officially reported to the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, at Washington, were:

Officers killed, 26; enlisted men killed, 257; officers wounded, 113; enlisted men wounded, 1,467. Deaths from disease, May 1 to December 31: —Officers 111; men, 4,854.



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## RANDOM NOTES

### For Busy Households.

It is said that New York women may in time go to Dublin for their fashions as they do now to Paris and Vienna, though that time may not be in the near future. There seems to be a general feeling that for really good taste in gowns one must go to a woman who is by birth or ancestry from Erin's sunny isle.

"There is no one who can make a gown like an Irishwoman," said a woman who knows good gowns, speaking about their making the other day. "They have perfect taste, and they seem to have a special talent for putting things together. Take some of the best modistes in New York, and you will find that they are Irish. When I want a satisfactory gown made I always go to an Irishwoman if I can."

"Come to think of it," said another woman, "I think my dressmaker is an Irishwoman, and she certainly has a most wonderful knack. She never measures and puts down a whole lot of figures, as some dressmakers do, but she slashes out something, puts it on me, and some way it always comes out all right."

Thomas Jefferson once wrote the following excellent little piece of advice:

"Harmony in the married state is the first thing to be striven for. Nothing can preserve the affections uninterrupted but firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the other of more value than any object whatever on which the wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life. And no opposition in a single instance will hardly itself produce alienation, yet every one has his pouch into which all these little oppositions are put, and while this is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he or she finds his or her affections wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles.

Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife in common conversation; a disposition in either to criticize and question whatever the other says; a desire to always demonstrate and make him feel himself in the wrong, especially in sympathy. Nothing is so goading on the part of either. Much better, therefore, if our companion views on things in a light different from what we do, leave him in quiet possession of his view. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant? and if, important, let it pass for the present and wait for a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of revising the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these simple rules of prudence."

"Our best friend may not be exempt from suspicion," writes Josephine Hill in the December Woman's Home Companion, discussing the injustice of "Circumstantial Evidence," "when through carelessness on the part of ourselves or others absent-mindedness, or a fatal coincidence, some article of value or association has become mysteriously missing. Maybe it didn't amount to much—it is usually the case—which serves greatly to magnify the annoyance. We know exactly where, where and how we last did it, the chain of evidence is complete, and we are positive in our minds that our convictions are just as well as correct. Women are more given to hanging on to circumstantial evidence than men. It

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may be owing to their intuitive powers, which are supposed to be infinitely superior to those of the other sex; but they form hasty conclusions, and adhere to them with a pertinacity that neither love nor friendship has power to change. And the amount of mistrust, uncharitableness—nay, positive venom—which an erroneous suspicion can generate in the average woman is appalling. It requires no special acumen to detect the foibles and failings of others, but to tolerate them with a silent forbearance marks the truly noble character. It is distressing when a friend, an equal, falls within the pale of our unjust suspicion. But what can be said of those unfortunate creatures whom the accident of birth has placed beneath us in the social world, who are daily obliged to shoulder the responsibility of our belongings? Remember a chance word against a servant, and the reputation of a whole life may be ruined, for a stigma of that kind leaves an odor which time itself can scarcely eradicate. Many a faithful heart has grieved itself to death under the burden of a false accusation.

That physical exercise is necessary for the development and well being of the body is recognized by most persons of intelligence, but that it is also necessary for the proper development of the brain will be news to many, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Dr. Luther Galick, an eminent scientist and close observer, makes the latter point in an article entitled "Physical Aspects of Muscular Exercise," in the The Popular Science Monthly.

He further says that, in order that a man's brain may be fully developed by exercise, his instinct to of liberty or opportunity to play is play as a child must be indulged without restraint. To deprive a boy to deprive him of a chance to become a sane or intelligent man.

Dr. Galick analyzes the play instinct of man from infancy to early manhood. He finds that during this period man lives over the life history of the race. Up to seven he merely plays games that involve muscular activity, but no skill or competition. This represents the life of the most primitive man. From 7 to 12 our boys play games involving competition, but not much skill. This brings them to about the period of the stone age in human history. From 12 to 17 they indulge in highly organized sports, such as baseball and football. From 17 to 22 they are devoted to the same sports, but with a passionate earnestness, devotion and skill which they rarely surpass in the serious business of after life. In this age they represent the highest type of savage, such as the American Indian or the south sea islander, who lives only for fighting, hunting, fishing and other sports.

In order that a child may start on the business of civilized life properly equipped his brain and body must have been built up in this way. If we fail to provide school children with proper playgrounds, we shall wreck the race.

Very Rev. Father Vere, in a recent course of sermons dealing with the prevailing evils of the time said:

"The devil would induce men to live for the pleasures of this life, for ease, for eating and drinking, which, if they looked around the world, seemed to be the end and object of so many men's lives. 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we may die,' seemed to influence all they did. They gloried in their shame, their god was their belly, and their end, if they continued this kind of life, was damnation. And did not Catholics frequently spend money on unnecessary things, on luxuries, while poor people were starving and schools and churches languishing for money? If they did were they not to a certain extent influenced by the spirit of society, which was the spirit of the devil? What a want of modesty there

was in the boys and girls of the present day, and for this were not parents largely responsible in not bringing up their children properly? There was forwardness about the young women in these days which was awful. Could it be wondered that while young women, who should be models of modesty and purity, conducted themselves in this way, young men were dragged down with them? Freedom from control and love of dress and pleasure amongst girls was the beginning of much evil. Impurity was rampant and was found in the newspapers, in novels, on the stage, and in music halls. And in married life they had divorce and infidelity. The spirit of gambling, too, was abroad. Upon this the Lord Chief Justice had spoken plainly the other day. Men seemed willing to go to any length to acquire wealth. Even the boy in the streets and the loafer at the street corners made their bettingshops, trying to make money by the vice of gambling, and to pay their betting debts young men robbed their employers. Catholics should ask themselves what they are doing to prevent this awful work of Satan.

Rev. Father Nicholson, S.J., speaking at Birkenhead, Eng., recently referred to the indifference and irregularity which was to be seen in many forms. An effort he said, was being made to wipe out, to extinguish Christianity, and it was surprising how those who professed to believe in God yet differed with one another on certain points of doctrine. There was a decay of faith at the present time, and in the future it would continue to be a growing evil under the system which at present prevailed of educating children under a system in which God had no place. In spite of their boasted progress the system of educating now in force was no better than that which was carried on before Christ came. The object of their modern education was not to prepare the child by a knowledge of religious truth to enable it to become a citizen of Heaven but by a secular education make it a creature of the State.

"The Unmanliness of Profanity" was the title of Rev. Daniel Curtin's address, delivered at a public meeting held in Albany, N. Y., the other day to protest against the detestable habit of profane language. He said:

"That he wanted truthfulness and not the false idea that was generally current, which fostered the vice they were trying to eradicate. The speaker drew a picture of the true man, a tender, loyal and strong one who never falters in his work and never allows any habit to overcome him. The true man, who is far above the false com around him, and goes his way, doing for himself, and by example to others. He then spoke of the false man who mistook profanity for manliness, and roughness for manhood."

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