REING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN GOMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN M'OONELL KNOWN AS SPANISH JOHN, WHEN A LIEUTENANT IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES F THE REGIMENT IRLANDIA, IN THE BERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN OPERATING IN ITALY.

EY WILLIAM M'LENNAN.

1743-1744.

Of the soldiering Father O Rourke and I did in the Regiment Irlandia together; how we fared at the Battle of Vellett, and until the army divid a under the walls of Rome, during which time I won more than one promotion.

Thereat the King laughed heartily and said he believed him capable of it and put an end to all further discussion by saying the General had acted under his orders, which was a very handsome way out of the difficulty, and highly approved of by our force when spread approved of by our force

skirmishing and maneavring and con-stant harassing of each other, with daily loss and daily distress on each

It was like living in a great city in this camp nearly four miles in length, resting its left on the town and its right on Monte Artemisio. Across on the other side of the valley lay our enemy, and if we suffered somewhat for lack of water, we knew they suffered still more from scarcity of provisions, as most of the prisoners we took were always eager for a meal; but our great suffering was from the incessant heat, for there we lay all the summer smooths amid the dirt and other discomforts of a great crowd cut off from all water save for the most absolute needs. peasants gave us of their stores enough, not because of their loyalty, but that any resistance to our foraging parties would have been use-less, and have served only to aggra-nte their distress; so there was little vate their distress; so there was opposition beyond outeries and black looks The part of the peasant is a one in the time of war; but, after all, there must always be some to feed the soldiers, and if there were no peasants, doubtless we would have lived on some one else. I never would have fallen into this train of thought had it not been for Father O'Rourke, who gave himself much concern for them and their affairs, and went so far as t preach one Sunday that all men are equal in the sight of God, a holding have never been able to make head or tail of, as it is clear against the common sense of any man who goes throug the world with his eyes open.

In the beginning of August it wa evident some great move was on foot by the enemy ; there was constant march counter-marching, and we learnt from our spies that of whom there were many, had been moved to a great distance e from the

Our brigade in its encampment lay : little in rear of our left wing and faced the town. It was then the 10th of and I was to go on guard be fore daybreak on the outposts. night was a sweltering one, rendering sleep wellnigh impossible; so, in com-pany with a young follow, come piping bot, from Ireland to enter himself as a from Ireland to enter himself as cadet in our regiment, I threw myself down fully dressed under an awning prepared for Divine Service on the morrow. For some cause unknown me I was not called for guard at the proper time, but was awakened before daybreak by a couple of shots; then came half a dozen, next a couple of volleys, when, on starting up, I told "Whatever shall I do?" he ex

" Never mind, fall into the ranks : you are killed at the first discharge you won't need any; if not, you will find as many as you want.

"But I have not yet been reviewed," he objected.

"No, and ten chances to one you never will be," I called back, as I rushed to order the generale sounded, which was soon repeated by all the drums in the army.

And then began such a confusion as hope never to see again. Our men and officers turned out as they were, trying to slip into their clothes and find their arms. It was impossible to make out anything clearly, but we did our utmost carry out the orders we heard screamed in the darkness.

From the sounds which came to us. it evident the enemy were attempting to force our front, and so cut through our line. We had not half formed b fore we were nearly crushed by the dragoon regiments in our rear, many of which broke away before the men could saddle them; and these were immedia-tely followed by a regiment of Petits Walloons and a great body of cowardly Neapolitans who gave way before the enemy. In spite of it all we formed again, wheeled about, and faced the memy, to find our army was cut in two, our left was on an impassable ravine, and General Browne with his successful troops in our front. There was nothing to do but retire towards the nothing town, which we did, leaving a number

of our officers and mea on the field.

For my own share I was one of the east to give way, but when I turned my back I imagined the enemy all fired at feeling as though a weight were tied to each of my legs, till I out-distanced every one, when on looking back I saw whole coming up. I halted, and every one as he cam up did the same and we soon formed a regular line. were now joined by our senior officers, who restored order and resolved us to revenge our dead comrades and eight to the last. Our situation we be as bad as before. wheeled to the right and endeavored to enter the town by the nearest gate, in order to defend ourselves by the help of an old Roman wall which surrounded the town; but the guard at the gate and those on the wall fired at mistaking us for the enemy in the uncertain light, and just then a column of Browne's men coming up gave us

To extricate ourselves from this very

wheel to the left to recover our forme ground, which with great loss we ac-complished, only to find ourselves in a worse chance than before, for now a body of the enemy was between us and the ravine, by which means we were attacked on both flanks and in front.

The slaughter was terrible, and, being reduced to extremity, we offered to capitulate on honorable terms; at this there was a lull in the action and time to look about. by our dea and wounded that a regular formation was almost impossible, but this we set about righting with all ossible haste. Our Colonel sat straight and erect in the midst of us, in earnest talk with the French Major-General, who was in command. Lieutenant But ler was near me, and O'Reilly I saw at tending to the removal of some of th wounded. The men, half-dressed, and many of them covered with blood, were resting as if the affair were entirely over, and already were talking and jok-ing with each other in their usual way if our lives did not hang on the an swer to our terms. At length brought that our offer was refused, and we must surrender at discretion. Our chiefs whispered a moment, then Colone MacDonnell rose to his full height in his stirrups and called in a voice deep with feeling. "Officers and gentlemen of the Company of St. James! The refuse us the only terms which honou

answer back to our ungenerous foe. There was no shirking, as every man grew worse from the beginning. French General was shot down, the Colonel MacDonnell, crying, "I'l open a way for you, my lads! Come on!" spurred his horse straight at the enemy, only to go down torn with bul lets, while on every side our officers and men were falling fast. So far I had not a scratch, but now a

able men can accept without disgrace

Officers, Gentlemen, All! I call o you to fight while a charge of powde

and ball is left to living or to dead!

And the cheer we gave him carried ou

ball went through my thigh which prevented my standing. I crossed my fire lock under my leg and shook it to see if the bone were whole, which, finding to the three standard myself or one large be the case, I raised myself on one knee and continued firing. I received another shot, which threw me down, but I still made an attempt to support my surviving comrades until a third wound quite disabled me. Loss of blood, and no way to stop it, soon reduced my strength. I, however, gripped my sword, ready to run through the first

who should insult me.
All our ammunition now being spent and not a single cartridge to be found even among the dead, quarter was called by the few who remained alive. Many of the wounded were knocked on the head, and I did not escape; for observing one approaching, I made ready to run him through, but seeing five more were close to dropped my sword, only to be saluted with "Hundsfott!" and a rattle of blows on my head, whereupon I fainted.

On coming to myself, I found I was lying with my clothes stripped off, weltering in my blood, twisting and turning with pain in the dust under a blistering sun, and no one alive near

me to speak to.

The first who came up to me was Croat, who, spying my gold-laced hat near by, clapped it on his head, and then had the impudence to ask me how which was short, he turned me over on my face and, cutting off my queue with his sabre, marched away, saying he would remember me by it.

Shortly after this i was visited by another with cocked pistol in hand, who demanded my purse in very bad

"Where do you think I have hidden I asked, angrily, for I hadn't on me what would have covered a sixpence. "If you can find it about me

Is that an answer for me, you-" nough for a living man, but to the last degree insulting to one in my condition, and with this he pointed his pistol straight between my eyes. I thought no one near, but the word

"Quarter" was scarce spoken by me when I saw his pistol arm seized by a genteel young man, dressed only in his waistcoat, who cried, "You rascal, le the man die as he pleases: you see he has enough. Go and kill some one to resist," and the fellow made off.

"Pray sir," said I to the young man, own if you take it?

"Keep it if we can; if not, burn it."
"Then, sir, if you will have me born o your camp, and my wounds dressed. will reward you with fifty crowns.'

Off he went, and in a few minutes came back with four stout German sol diers, to whom he said something in their language. They seized me by the arms and legs, but no sooner had they raised me from the ground than I fainted with the pain, and on recovering found myself where I formerly wa The young man was still near, who told me shortly that I could not be removed. "But, sir," said I, "if you set the town on fire I shall, infallibly be burned here," for in our struggle we had been

driven back on the walls. "If I am alive," he returned, "I will prevent that; but I must attend

to my duty, as the firing in the streets continues very hot," and with that he left me, and I saw no more of him. I now observed a regiment of horse drawn up about half a gun-shot from if they advanced a few paces more I was afraid they would crush me under foot. But they faced to the rear, retired a little, and then faced the town

again. This manœuvring surprised me; I listened attentively and heard the cannon and platoons approach, and raising my head on my hand, looked towards the gate nearest me, which was quite full of our men running out tween me and the horse; they were followed by another sortie of our this case between me and the town wall

I looked upon myself then as certain

my power to preserve what little life was left to me as long as possible. I seized two of my dead comrades, for they were thick around me, and with great difficulty dragged myself between them, so as to have some shelter

straggling balls.
I did not remain long in this danger I did not remain long in this danger, however, as the enemy, at the second fire from our people, left their ground and galloped out of sight.

I now began to suffer the torments of thirst in addition to my other pains,

and called to every one who panear me for a drink; but from the of the day, and the length of the action, their canteens and calabashes were all empty. At last I saw a grenadier of the Swiss guards, whose uniform was very much like ours, with a large cala bash, and asked him if he had anything in it. "Yes, brother," he said, mis taking ne, I suppose, for a Swiss. I took a hearty draught of excellen-wine and offered it back to him.

"No, no, brother," he said, "I am unhu: t and you cannot help yourself,

and thereupon he left me.

I was greatly refreshed, and on look ing about me saw poor Lieutenant Butler, whom I had not before observed, lying near me on all four. He wounded, and begged me in the of God to let him have a drink I drew myself a little nearer him, for he could not move, and handed him the calabash. He seized it eagerly and would have certainly finished it, not I, observing from the horrid nature of his wound it was only a question of minutes till the end, pulled it from him saying, "It is easy to see, my poor tellow, that your bread is baked. cannot let you waste this when I may perish for the want of it." It is not that war makes men unfeeling, as many have urged, but in it they attain a judgment in the value of life not so

eadily acquired elsewhere. It was now getting towards evening, and I must have fainted or slept some what, for the next I remember was feeling what I took to be rain falling, and, on opening my eyes, there was the big face of Father O'Rourke over me. He was crying like a child, and the first words I made out were: "Oh, Giovan-nini, darling! My poor boy! You're not dead-you're not dead, after all ! "Who's beaten, Father?" I asked, soon as I could speak.

Faith, we're all beaten! First we were smashed into tatters, the King all but taken, and would have been had it not been for have Sir Balthasar Nihel. We were beaten at every point of the compass, only w didn't know it! But now we've the town again, and sent General Browne off with a flea in his ear, and all the Croats and Hungarians, Pandours and Talpathians, bot foot after him. But oh, the poor souls that have gone to glory this night! Faith, promotion will be the order of the day now." And all this order of the day now." And all this and much more he gave out, half cry-

ing, half laughing.

And there the good man sate, talking his nonsense to keep me up, holding me in his arms covered with his cassock which he had stripped off when first h found me, in no little danger from the rascally camp-followers and the miserable peasants, who were prowling about to put a knife into any on offered the least resistance. the peasants killed, resistance or not for each soldier dead, no matter what side, they looked on as one enemy the

I was too weak to think of such things, but he told me afterwards his heart gave a Te Deum of rejoicing when he saw Lieutenant Miles Mac Donnell, of the Regiment Hibernia, looking over the bodies for any chance of saving friends. He at once hailed im, and I was soon lying on the leaf of a door on my way to the hospital.

Some idea may be gathered of th importance of this engagement when I say that there were near two hundred officers alone in the hospital, which was one of the largest convents in the town. As Father O'Rourke foretold tion was rapid and easy, and Captain Ranald MacDonnell was named as Colonel, commanding the regiment in the place of his brother, killed, as already related. He went through the He went through hospital twice a day and never failed to visit me, inquiring particularly of my condition by order of his father, the General, and also brought me news of many kindly wishes for my speedy recovery—and I know no more grateful cataplasm for a mending wound than promotion.

It was wonderful how we all improved in spite of the heat, our crowded con dition, and the scanty fare. My great est suffering was from dreaming; weeks I could not get the awful experiences of that day out of my poor head, and no sooner was I asleep than I was at some part of it again, only to be awakened with a scream and a start which often opened my wounds afresh and left me almost fainting with pain. My experience was only that of other many of whom afterwards said they too dreaded the coming of sleep, which only increased their torments.

Many a story we had of the day, and gradually we gathered something like a fair idea of the whole. General Novati had carried out his attack on the town successfully, but had been prevented from seizing the person of the King through the obstinate defence of the Irish troops; indeed, we came in for no small share of compliments. for no small share of compliments. Even General Browne, who cut our own detachment to pieces, said he was sorry for our loss, though he admired our gallant behaviour. This was the word brought by Mr. O'Reilly, who saved his life by a stratagem; for being down like the rest of us in our last stand, and fearing lest he should be trampled under foot by a squadron of horse just preparing to charge, he called out to the Germans, "Would you leave the Duke of Alba to perish?" and so was picked up and carried out of danger. When brought before of danger. When brought before General Browne and his staff, he confessed he was only Mr. O'Reilly, a Lieutenant in the Irish Brigade, and had borrowed the Duke's name when he thought it would do him most good. He was abandoned by the enemy in critical situation, we made another of death, but used every precaution in their retreat and carried in, and after-

wards made his apologies to His High-ness for the liberty he had taken, who graciously assured him he was glad it served as good an one erved so good an end.

The day had ended by a loss to the

enemy of near three thousand men, and General Novati a prisoner, besides many other officers of high rank; our loss was near as heavy, but, then, were victorious, and the enemy

foiled in every point he attempted.
Father O'Rourke was untiring in his care of us all. indeed, for weeks he hardly seemed to have any rest, but poor fellow whose time was short, comforting another in pain, or letter writing, or listening to complaints, he had always the same lively humor that brought many a laugh from the long

In about six weeks I was on crutches but sadly incommoded by want of clothes, for I had not even a shirt I could call my own. "Faith, don't be so mighty put out on account of a few rags and tatters," was father ORourke's comfort; "'tis a blessed state of inno-cence I found you in! Not even Adam in the Garden of Eden could have ha less on him, or been less put out by it. You may thank Providence you are here in this blessed sunshine, instead of skiting about barelegged in your native land, where I'm told on good authority the men wear petticoats even in winter." But I was superior to his in winter." But I was superior to his gibes a day or so later, for the General, hearing of my straits, most obligingly sent me a suit of clothes and half dozen of shirts. And to add to his many kindnesses, in a letter he wrote o King James giving an account of the late battle, he mentioned my condition to His Majesty, setting forth my services n terms of such commendation that the King was pleased to order a pretty good sum of money for my immediate

Weary as I was of the hospital, I dreaded leaving it, as ordinary court-esy, let alone my heavy obligations, necessitated an immediate visit to the General, which I much dreaded, as I had not seen him since the day the battle, when his son rode at our , as gallant an officer as there was in the service. But when I stood fore that fine old soldier there only welcome in his look, and he said, ocosely:

" Are you still alive ?" "I hope Your Excellency has sent no one to kill me," I answered, falling

in with his humour.

"No, by gad! I thought you had enough. But I know what has brought you here to-day; you have come for a good meal after being starved in the hospital. But be careful, I have seen many who have been carried off by overeating in like case."

Dinner was served, and I sate down nearly opposite the General, who eye me anxiously from time to time; at last he got up, took my knife and fork from and, ordering away what was be fore me, said, "You young devil, you'll kill yourself!" and his roughness meant to me than soft words from any

From this out I recovered rapidly and soon was myself again and back in my Company with full rank as Lieuten There was no fighting now of any importance, and we wondered what the would be. But our spies xt move and the deserters brought us news of value, and on the last day of September we lay down while our out-posts watched those of the enemy, their fires burning as usual across the valley; but in the morning we thought it strange we heard no drums and saw no ent and then it dawned upon us that their whole army had withdrawn during the night, and now were in full

retreat by way of Rome.

All the available force started in pursuit, with the hope of bringing them to an action at Torre Metia, about halfway between Albano and Rome, but they outmarched us. Both armies had engaged with His Holiness not to enter so the enemy passed under its walls, where, our advanced guard coming up with their rear, there was warm skirmishing until they crossed the Tiber at the Ponte Mole and encamped on the far side until the next morning. when they continued their retreat. Our army now divided, one division going forward under the Count di Gages to harass the enemy, while the re-mainder followed King Carlo back to

A PLEDGE WELL KEPT.

It was the prettiest little bird box of home around the busy factory town of Barboursville. The patch of grass was the greenest, the bit of geraniam bed the brightest, the rose vine clambering over the rustic porch the sweetest and fullest of bloom. Two great elms just far enough apart to swing a gay Mexican hammock, shaded the tiny yard where Dick Dernent, Junior, lay on a rug, kicking and crowing, while his pretty mamma bustled in and out, busy as only a little wife-mother and housekeeper of twenty can be. At forty, even with a dozen children, mother can afford sometimes to take : nap or so between the acts; but at twenty life's drama is two stiring for even a wink.

And it was all such a brand-new experience for little convent-girl Kitty whe had captured Dick's honest boyish neart in her graduation dress, married him six months later, and found life a series of glad and wonderful revelations ever since. There never was such a husband, never such a home; never—oh, never—in all the history of man and woman kind, such a blessing of a baby

True, Belle Morris, stopping to her old classmate on her way to Newport, had found the small parlor so inadequate for her flounces that she inadequate for her flounces that she had to allow them to sweep the tiny hall. Belle bad glanced commiserat ingly over Kitty's home-made toilettes. and vowed she wouldn't do her own work for any man under the sun. Much more had Belle said that savored of rank heresy to the love that reigned in the little cottage under the reigned in the little cottage under the elms; but Kitty was far too happy to

hear or heed. Until one beautiful evening Dick

ame home with a strange black shadow on his handsome young brow, and was blind to her new muslin dress with its six lace trimmed ruffles; utterly regardless of the baby's new tooth; kicked the cat and swore at the

the bitter spell.

coffee. Then indeed Belle's warning returned to Kitty, and she could fine returned to kitty, and she could have neither heart nor voice to question the appalling change. Not until she had stolen away in the twilight and sung the baby to sleep with the old con-vent hymns that had always been his lullaby did the explanation come. For the sweet Ave Maria, floating out into the sweet Ave mana, the lay stretched the starlight while Dick lay stretched the hammock, had broken

Little Kitty laying a caressing h upon her young husband's cheek felt it was hot and wet.

"O Dick! what is it?" she whispered.

"You might as well know first as ast," he answered, bluntly.

"Tired!" she gasped, misapprehending the word and growing suddenly ick and faint.

"Yes, 'fired.' Old man Barbour and I had hot words this evening, and -I've lost my place.
"Oh!" murmured Kitty, with a sob of relief, "is that all, Dick? I

thought-I thought it was something 'Worse!" he echoed, grimly.

"What would you call worse than los ing your living, Kitty?"
"Losing your living!" she answered, half laughing through her tears. I thought you said you were tired, Dick—tired of me, of home, of the baby. Belle Morris said you would be

are."
"Tired of you!" Dick started up in dignantly from his moody stretch in the hammock. "Belle Morris is a meddling idiot. Tired of you, Kitty, my precious

And then the little wife, still trem

before long; that young men always

bling betwixt joy and grief, was drawn close to her husband's side; and the Mexican hammock swung off into paradise again, even though Dick had a tale to unfold that might have carried trepidation to wiser heads and older hearts. For Mr. Barbour, the proprietor of the great cotton mills in which Dick was shipping clerk, was old and testy and high spirited and venturesome; and there had been more than one differ-ence about business methods before now. But this afternoon had come a final clash. Dick had made some hasty remark about "old fogies," and Mr. Barbour had retorted very forcibly

bout "young fools."
"He blazed out at me in a way no man could bear," said Dick, loftily "and I put on my hat and walked out." "And—and—can't you take off your hat and walk in again?" suggested

hat and wash Kitty, innocently. "Never!" flamed forth the young "Never!" flamed forth the young lord of creation, flercely. "I should think you would have too much pride and respect for your husband to think

of such a thing. Toady and cringe to that vile-tempered old tyrant! Never, There are six little gravestones in the Barbour lot," continued the pretty peacemaker, softly. "And the last girl died of consumption when she was ust twenty. There is a memorial win-

say it was this last sorrow that Mr. Barbour such a savage and dear old Mrs. Barbour such a saint. 'And I want you to be done too. won't have any purse-proud old tyrants lording it over me. We have 60 or

dow to her over St. Joseph's altar.

lording it over me. \$70 in the bank." Sixty-seven dollars and forty-two cents. said the little house

proudly.

"And I'll get another job in a day or two, I am sure. Ridgely, in the mills across the river, hinted to me six months ago that he would take me if I felt like changing my place. So don't worry, darling! All will come out worry, darling!

And though Kitty assented, there was a faint tremor in her tone that told the mother bird felt her nest quiver in the breeze that precedes the storm.

For the days went by and there was no other "job." The Barbours were the leading people of the little town, and Dick found that the loss of their favor went dead against him. Even Ridgely's, the rival mills across the w looked askance at the likely young fellow, who came without the testimonial or recommendation that Dick was too proud to ask.

Something wrong about him," said the long-headed Yankee proprietor; "or 'old Pepper' " (the sobriquet Mr. Barbour had borne these latter years) would never have let such a clever young chap go.

Day after day Dick scoured the circle of little towns within reach of the elms; but all in vain. It was a du l season, and for a young man without re ommendation every place was filled Then, being a plucky young American, he went across the hills and took a hand at the late harvesting, and con-

tracted a malaria in the swamp lands hollow eyed, trembling, the mere gaunt ghost of the Dick of long ago. For "long ago" now, indeed, seemed the bright, happy summer to the little The warm sunshine had paled; the

late autumn was upon them with its chill and gloom; the last leaves of the elms were drifting in dead showers over the tiny lawn and garden; the Mexicar hammock swung empty in the frosty air. And there was no fuel in the ting cellar, no groceries in the little pantry,

no money in the pretty purse.

And Dick? Ah! the demon of malaria had laid its grasp upon bright handsome Dick; and he was as moody, as petulant, as unreasonable, as only a man with malaria poisoning the spring of his young life can be.

Hope and Love seemed to have failed

Kitty : only Faith was left-the sweet childlike faith that, kindled in the sanctuary of St. Clare's sent the troubled little wife and mother every day to kneel before St. Joseph's altar

and let her tears fall where only God

But other eyes were upon her-ten. But other eyes were upon ner—tender human eyes, that, though dimmed by time and sorrow, were keen to see and pity all earthly grief and pain. Good Mrs. Barbour though busied with "many things," at Thanksgiving time not get the picture of the tear - stained young face out of her mother mind. For at Thanksgiving by good woman household saints, this turned the bitterness of her own lation into a fount of sweetness and joy to all within her reach.

True, there were no glad home-c ings in the big, hospitable Barbour mansion: no gathering of sturdy sons and fair daughters to make the m heart glad : no lisping little bring the joy of a second spring to that fairlyland of childhood, "grand-mother." But, for all that, hecatombs of fat turkeys browned in the spacious kitchen: ,the great porcelain kettles brimmed with cranberry sauce; extra help were summoned to bake and boil, while Mother Barbour herself, in white cap and apron, weighed and measured and stirred and sitted and sweetened and spiced according to good old re cipes that had come down from days when housewives were with their t's and wrote y for i in their recipe books, but gave measure that never failed.

And then, what pies—pumpkin mince, apple, custard—came in rich flaky ranks out of the Barbour ovens! What mounds of frosted cake and sugared gingerbreads rose in the pantry! What cookies and jumbled boxes and baskets until they could hold no more! What jars of pickles and gla of jelly and bottles of home made w ought out from hidden storeroo For every lonely, cheerless, ho motherless creature within Mother Barbour's reach was remembered her "Thanksgiving," — from go her "Thanksgiving, Father Barry, whose simple bach board was always graced by her fit turkey, to poor crazy "Chris," came grinning from his haunts on the swamp lands to eat his dinner for once in the year like a Christian on her kitchen porch.

But it was of "good-will," that could not be baked or brewed. Barbour was thinking to-day as she glanced through her pantry window to smoking in the sunset. Grim and grey and rugged was "old Pepper," with frowning brow and firm set lips; but Mother Barbour's hand had been on this "lion's mane" for forty years, and she knew no fear of his roar. She slipped out into the sunset to her old rs's side.

"I saw little Mrs. Bernent in church this morning, Silas," she said. "I am

afraid they are in great trouble,"
"Glad of it!" growled "old Pepper." "An insolent young puppy.

Deserves trouble !" Deserves trouble!"

"She is such a pretty little creature," continued Mother Barbour, net in the least abashed by this inauspicious opening. "Not a day older than our Ellen, and with the same soft wavy hair—you remember Ellen's heattiful hair. And the proof child beautiful hair. And the poor child

"Let her cry!" snapped the old man, flercely. "Serves her right for marrying such a hot tempered young

"I hear she has been looking for work at Meyers'."

Silas gave an angry grunt. Meyers' shirt factory and its sweat shop prices were justly his abomination. "It seems the young fellow himself has been down with a fever. He went

out in the fields for the harvesting—" at in the fields for the national the old "Harvesting! exclaimed the old path. "Dernent man, with a startled oath. working in the fields! With his brains! They must be addled completely."
"No; but there seemed no work for

them, so he had to try his hands, for there is the young wife, you know? and the baby,—the dear little baby (The old mother's voice trembled me ories) "I am going to send them a Thanksgiving basket; I thought, dear, perhaps you might send a friendly word with it. Young men are natur-ally proud and high spirited. Our own boys would have been, I am sure. You remember how little Silas used to fire up when he was only seven, and—"
"Thunder and lightning, woman!"
"Old Pepper" started to his feet, while

his pipe fell from his hand and smashed into pieces upon the porch. "What do you take me for? A soft hearted addle-pated old idiot! A friendly word indeed-a friendly word! I am to coax and wheedle and cringe to every young upstart that chooses to fly in my face like a gamecock if I chance to ruffe his pinfeathers! had my eye on that boy to take take our boy's place," continued the old man, with a gulp, "when he turned continued the on me. Send him your dinners—all the dinners you please—out he may starve or beg or die before he gets any soft words from me. I'll be hanged higher than Haman first!" And "old Pepper" struck his cane savagely of porch and turned into the house as if the sunset hurt his eyes.

But Mother Barbour smiled—smiled even through the tears that had gathered as she spoke of her children; for she knew "old Pepper," and that

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and Economical.

MARCH 4, 1905. her last shaft about little

erced the rugged heart to It was a dreary Thanks, the cottage under the e little cottage u cause Dick was down in with a shaking chill, not l was little in the larder an was little in the larger ar purse. All these thing: little Kitty would have smile. But this morning letter from Belle Morri place and a pass to far-a where young Morris wa mine. It told Kity to mine. It told Kitty to little bird's nest and come city, where she would fin ars. It spoke of years separation, as if love were gold were all. And Die kindled feverishly at t hope. Dick's burning i

We must take it."
And then indeed to the wife and mother the lig go out of earth and sky gloom, in which even the vanished. It was a ha Kitty, too wretched for ers, who was stirring the when a knock came at t grinning negro boy pres covered basket.
"Mrs. Barbour's co

she wishes you a happy Thanksgiving! Kitty of the mocking word.

with home and love melting from her gras waste of desolate years fore her; with her your of all it; blooming joys ing! And then sudden blackness of her own rashed the memory of gravestones in the Barb memorial window over altar; of the sweet sain its halo of silver hair. late Mother Barbour st giving!
The tears burst from

a saving flood, weeping ness, all bitterness, as the friendly offering. fat brown turkey rep of crisp lettuce, a fit tumbler of jelly, a bot But it was no made Kitty's eyes of the tears in their dept rainbows. On the top envelope directed in ousiness hand to Mr nent; and, opening it, breathless amazement Dear Madam : Encl

cheque for \$225.00, am band's unclaimed sa It is our custom to family of employees du Trusting that Mr. will soon permit him duties of his position. Yours truly,

And thus had " of his vow to the letter spirit, as his good " What in thunder

said Dick, flushing an flew to his side with "It means you have place!" sobbed his breast, It means lo happiness for us again God is too good to pa

husband. And it me breaking into girlish that 'old Pepper' match his darling w love them and serve our lives, and try to And so well did Di this pledge that they son and daughter to couple in their decli is no lack of merry keep Thanksgiving r household, where Di

broad-shouldered ce cellege team, comes his winning game.
Silas Barbour Der
namesake's failing already a baby El name gentle Mothe hoped to hear-Mary T. Waggaman

A TRUE STORY O TER (COUNTESS I A little more th France was, as or prey to what has just

Reign of Terror. Throughout the

of the country thou ruthlessly sacrifice supreme : the " gui rank and age merci without even the o tice. Among the Nantes, the ancien which being situat Vendee, be came t survivors of the r army, whose heroiduring many many soldiers of the Rep who at that time solved to crush th a province, where the King was mor their purpose the man whose figure peculiar horror ex stained tyrants o at Nantes by Car hideous nightma years ago crueltie openly perpetrate try. Other men try. Other men Robespierre in

Arres, equalled h for human life, played the refin now, is spoken the homesteads of Br

Carrier, who proofs of his re-