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## A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER XIX.

OUR PREITY COMMISSIONERS.

The red men had attacked us, and bastions of Fort Pontebartrain the fleur de-lis still waved, and the little colony of Le Detroit, far from being annih lated, was already planning to extend

its boundaries.

\* It is true Mesdames Cadillac and De Tonty and the Chatelaine of Chateau-guay, left without shelter by the in gay, left without sheller by the in-cendiary fire, were compelled to spend the winter in huts scarce better than the lodges of our Huron neighbors; but this they endured without com-plaint. Our Sieur designed to build in the spring a manor more imposing than the first ; De Tonty too was to erect larger bouse, and the new church and a residence for Frere Constantin were o be upon a more extensive scale that the structures that had been destroyed.

One afternoon at the beginning of the Moon of Beavers, while on through the settlement, I chanced to find myself upon a secluded path that lay behind the storehouses, which were already rebuilt in a temporary fashion.

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As I passed a cabin that had remained a ruin since the fire, I noted there was water in the cellar and, peering into the stagnant pool, caught a glimpse of a furry object which I took to be the yellow gray breast of a wolf.

" If it is a whelp, I will tame it as present for Miladi Barbe; if an old one, still I will take it alive if possible," I sollicquized, as rapler in hand I entered the cellar. Twas as well to be on guard against a sudden spring from the creature, should it prove so from the creature, should it prove so ferocious as to be unmanageable other-

Ha, ha, ha, it moves me to mirth to think of the adventure, and of upon myself. The furry animal stirred not, and concluding it must be dead, I poked it with the end of my blade. Chut, how I had been fooled! Miladi would not have for a plaything a cub of this breed; it was not a thing of flesh and blood at all that I fished out of the water on the point of my sword.

was a beaver skin, and bore mark of the company, together with the number 229. I found another also, like to the first. They were not spoiled by the water, and the discovery of them in so strange a place convinced me that the storehouse had been robbed.

Accordingly I availed myself of pretext to go there, and quietly made an examination. The result was—I reported the matter to our Sieur.

It is as I anticipated," he said, to my surprise, and presently proceeded to give me further instructions.

The river being still open and free ice save at the margins, that evening with Jolicear and two other soldiers, crossed it in a canoe. The night was dark, and the paddles of our Indian an scarce made a sound as our craft of cedar bark shot swiftly across the current of the strait. We landed in silence, yet the savages, ever on the watch, knew of our coming ere we stepped ashore, and at the entrance to their village we were met by the chief Quarante Sols, in a quarrelsome mood.

"If you are come upon a peace where is your necklace of wam

pum?" he demanded sullenly.
" Quarante Sols," I said with sternness, " you know the French have no need to give branches of porcelain as pledges that they mean to keep faith. It is only the false Indian who must give them, else he will not be believed. The word of your Father Monsieur de Cadillac is worth many branches of porcelain, and as binding as many necl laces. When I tell you, in his name, we are come with no evil intent to you, this should suffice. If you seek to prevent us from carrying out the orders of Father Monsieur de Cadillac, he will think you have a part in the crime he would unearth, and you will share the punishment of the other wrong-

The warning had its effect; the attitude of Quarante Sols from defiance, nay, even menance, changed to a surly acquiescence. All the braves of the village had gathered about him, glow ering upon us in a manner that augured that we might resign ourselves to a speedy despatch to the better world if the chief gave the sign to his followers.

Afterwards Jolicour averred that my boldness had much to do with ing us; but I scarce thought of our danger, being intent on the mission on which we were sent.

Waving back his warriors with the majesty of a prince, Quarante Sols now asked in a more conciliatory tone what ould have of him.

I explained our errand.

"Chief of the Swan's Quill, you who send the words of my Father Monsieur de Cadillac across the seas," he made answer, "neither Quarante Sols nor his people have to do with this wrong whereof you speak. They will not cross the will of their Father. Go, do his bidding in the matter." Without hindrance, therefore, we

proceeded on our way until we reached the farther extremity of the settlement. Here was a hut that had apparently Here was a but that had apparently been abandoned by some Huron for a more commodious ledge. Into it we would have plunged, but at the moment there rose up before us a man whom, even in the semi-darkness, we recog

nized as not an Indian. The light of a pine torch which one of our soldiers quickly flashed upon him showed him to be a servant of the commissioner Arnaud. Seeing that resistance was useless, he surrendered himself a prisoner, and acknowledged that he was there by command of hi

In the hut we found a great quantity of beaver pelts which we brought back with us. Thus we had done a good

night's work. On our return I presented myself store our Sieur. "Monsieur de la Mothe," I said, before our

"I have the honor to report to yeu that in the Huron village we found nineteen packs of fine etter and beaver skins,

concealed by the commissioners Arnaud

"They are most audacious; I did not expect so much from there," he exclaimed. "In truth, Normand, after you were gone, I regretted sending you upon so hazardous an expedition."
"Tee, I had no fear of the Indians,"

I cried. "I have never done aught against then, and have been much mong them with Frere Constantin. Moreover, do they not always hold in respect those who maintain toward hem a confident bearing?'

La Mothe sighed. "Sometimes think the good Recollect over rash, he said musingly. "It is not always safe even for a saint to thrust his bead

"Who would injure Monsieur del Halle?" I protested lightly. "Why, the flercest warriors become with him as docile as children; and he is as deneophyte as to the French at the fort But as to these dishonest commissionarily they will need all their influ powers that be when their peculations become known!"

My brother laughed sardonically.

This is by no means the limit of ir stealings," he declared. "They their stealings," he declared. "They have defrauded the company of furs to value of fourteen thousand francs. They have relatives among the ors of the company, but this fact shall not save them. It is my duty to report the matter to Ville Marie and to de It is my daty to report mand their recall. To morrow morning ng to my dictation.

After much delay, Arnaud and Nolan were summoned to Montreal, and Rad seen was instructed to follow them the arrival of the successors of the three.

The Moon of Flowers was come. sister Madame Cadillac with her young son Jacques and the little infant Therese, born in the Moon of was to go to Quebec upon a visit to her older daughters at the Ursulines. The Chatelaine of Chateauguay was, of course, to accompany her. But ere course, to accompany her. But ere they left for the St. Lawrence, Miladi Barbe, perchance for old time's sake, went amaying with me upon the prairie of Le Detroit.

Never were the waters of the strait of so fair a blue as upon that morning. From the woods came the fragrance of the wild honeysuckle, the arbutus, and fleurs-de lis; the green banks of the river were dotted with violets and boutons d'or (buttercups); were serene, and here and there across their azure meadows strayed fleecy white clouds, like flocks of sheep driven by the gentle shepherdess the South Wind, with a sunbeam for her crook.

The prairie was gay with the seadow-lark and the robin, the brown thrush and the bobolink. wild pigeons of the woods were so nu nerous that any evening after sunset I could have knocked hundreds of them off the low branches of the trees with the back of my blade; the wild geese returning from the south flew so low over the settlement that their notes could be distinctly heard. The deer too ventured from their haunts in the depths of the forest, to gaze at us in gentle wonder.

Ah, that day of days, when I sought to beguile the time for Miladi by tales of Indian romance I had learned at Michilimackinac!

Barbe was in a gay and captivating mood. Nevertheless, perchance be cause of Ishkodah, she lent but an inattentive ear to my description of the beauty of dusky maidens, and was bent upon bantering me anent my old fancy for her friend Madeleine de Vercheres who was still unwed.

This I relished not, and, abandoning these jesting themes, I fell into an earnest tone. But sacre! at this moment who should cross our nath but ? In his hand he swung a spray of budding eglantine which he must needs present to the young Chatelaine of Chateauguay with many compliments, beauty made

no attempt to cut short. The sun dial records only sunlit ours. Miladi Barbe and Madame hours. Miladi Barbe and Madame Cadillac went to Qaebec. From the hand of fate the sorceress of the Chat au St. Louis had read darker days for our Sieur, and they were fast ap proaching

By the first summer convoy from Montreal came the company's three new commissioners. To my surprise, Monsieur de Radisson was not at the landing-place of the canoes to greet these officials, but at the request of De la Mothe, I went thither to extend to them the civilities of the Commandant.

As their chief stepped ashore, so ludicrous was his appearance, I with difficulty preserved my gravity, being near to laughing in his face. He was a slight, effeminate-looking man, attired in the height of the fashion as they knew it in New France; his eyebrows were of a reddish color, and I surmised that beneath his fine peruque was plentiful shock of tawny hair. He ha not spoken many words, however, ere l judged that under his drawling tone there lurked a shrewdness like to let no chance escape which might be turned to his own advantage, and his sharp ferret eyes lost nothing of what These last

took place around him. These observations I made a little later.

As he came up the beach, I met him with a courteous salutation.
"Monsiour le Noyer?" I said; and for my life I could not help that into my voice crept a note of interrogation so amusing was his self satisfaction an conceit, as though the whole world must at a glance know him to be some

great personage.
"Yes, of course I am Monsieur le Noyer," he replied. "But," he stopped short, looked me over from head to feet, and then added insolently, -"But who, may I ask, are you, mon

sieur ?' I am a gentleman, deputed by Mon sieur de Cadillac to receive a gentle man who was expected by this convoy. If no gentleman has arrived, I am re-leased from my commission," I answer

ed with haughtiness.
"Phouff! How hot-headed are yo officers here ! Believe me, in Montrea such testiness is no longer the mode, he returned in a deprecating manu

"Eh bien, I am Monsieur le Noyer, nissioner for Le Detroit ; and since I bring letters to your Com-mandant, Monsieur de la Mothe, I trust I may have the pleasure of meet-

ing him as soon as may be."
"The Sieur Cadillac has requested me to invite you to breakfast," I re plied with more amenity. "Permit me to conduct you to the new manor, some ooms of which are ready for occupancy.

The little man concluded to unbend a degree of his dignity. Doubtless in his self complacency, he had expected my brother to be on the strand him; but the hospitable invitahumor for the time.

Monsieur de Cadillac received him

with much courtesy in the salon of the manor, where upon a table laid with snowy damask and such silver plate as had been saved from the fire were set forth the best of meats, and bread and wine that the post afforded. Monsieur le Noysr presented his etters, and then De la Mothe, after an

interchange (f compliments with the stranger, said, glancing at the bulky proportions of the packet he still held in his hand-

"I ask your pardon, Monsieur le Noyer; I am a prompt man by nature and by habit. In this packet no doubt are instructions that require immediate consideration. You will hold me excused if I withdraw to read these documents. Monsieur Goyon will ably fill the role of dispenser of the best hospitality my poor house affords. Au revoir. Were it not that I must give my attention to the letters, I should ask no greater pleasure than to spend the remainder of the day in listening our news of the doings in Montreal and making inquiry for my friends in that good town of the King." Therewith he retired to examine the

bodget. Whether Le Noyer had assumed the breakfast to be a formal feast prepared in his honor, to which all the gen of the post would be invited, I do not know. At all events, though I strove know. to my utmost to play well entertainer which was assigned me, the guest grew sullen and silent. Yet his or in no way interfered with his relish of the viands, or so it seemed.

I ate more sparingly, but was ready to leigthen out the repast, esteeming it easier to cater to the palate of the gourmet than to divert him with con-

Within the hour our Sieur returned. We were just risen from the table, and Monsieur le Noyer had gone to a win dow and was looking out upon the river, that lay, a fair expanse of blue and silver, shining in the sunlight of this perfect day in June.

'Monsieur le Commissionaire,'' began Cadillac, in his courtliest tone, dare say you are eager to be about the affairs of the company. I will not detain you from them, therefore. Be assured you shall have all the protection you nay need from me as Commandant of this post, in the discharge of your daties. I would advise you to execute as quietly as possible any order wherewith you may be charged. Monsieur Guyon will give you whatever informa-

tion you may require regarding our treatment of the savages."
"Thanks, Monsieur le Commandant," returned his guest with ill concealed im-patience. "I have need to ask no informtion, save to be shown the way to the house of the retiring commissioner. I marvel he has not come to greet me

Of Monsieur Radisson's acts I can make no explanation, not being on terms of amity with him. I am sure, however, that Monsieur Guyon will be

happy to conduct you to his house."

My brother glanced at me, a flash of amusement in his eye, for he knew I would be gladly rid of the duty of host.
"Monsieur," I said, turning to his
guest with a grave bow, "I shall be

pleased to do you a service.' Accordingly we went out together, and down the street of Ste. Anne, toward the dwelling of Monsieur de

Radisson. "I presume my prefecessor in office is ready to deliver over to me at once the keys of the company's storehouse, remarked the little commissioner pompously, as we proceeded; despite his announcement that he wanted to be told nothing, here he was immediately

questioning me. From his manner one would have thought he had been appointed Com-mandant of Le Detroit, at least, and I

"No doubt Monsieur Radisson is pre pared to give into your hands whatever insignia of office he may possess. It may be well for you to understand before meeting him that the storehouses have keys indeed, yet they are never locked, excepting only the cellars, where are stored the casks of brandy. The Indians have never seen seals placed upon coffers nor caskets, nor even upon the doors of the buildings; neither has a guard been placed there They would consider such locks or seals an infringement upon the liberty which

is so precious among these nations."
"What, what, what!" exclaimed the new commissioner. "The company's goods are not kept under lock? This is laxity, indeed! Of a truth, we must

change matters." "If you make the attempt to do so you will incur the enmity of the savages," I curtly responded. "Their likes and dislikes turn as a pair of scales, according as they have free range or are watched in their visits to even our dwellings. They come and go as they please, and, although persistent beggars of gifts from their white brothers, they have never stolen from our stores; they hold the goods of an

other sacred. "Ah, ha, ha! trust an Indian, never "Ah, ha, ha; trust an indian, never unless he be a dead one," laughed Le Noyer, boisterously. "No, no, rest assured I shall lock up the storehouses. And these lazy red dogs, what need is there to curry favor with them by presents? Let them fish and hunt, and buy what they require of the company at a what they require of the company at a good profit to the directors. I shall not good prone to the directors. I shall not waste the company's goods in presents."
"'Give to the birds crumbs, God gives you loaves," I rejoined absently.
"A Recollet saying, I am willing to wager, a maxim of the Saint of Assisi,"

broke out Le Noyer, clapping me on the shoulder, and shouting hilariously, as though he found in my words much wit, "I have heard, Monsieur Gayon, that you were once minded to join the good Fathers, and they would not have I'll venture you are clerk to the e here, as well as to the Command.

Howbeit, let me tell you, in future birds that come thus for grain to the company's granary are like to be

caught in a snare "Save only the birds of prey that feather their nests therein," I made answer scornfully. "Here we are at he house of Monsieur Radisson, and or, I have the honor to wish

He laughed again, and I stalked away, angered at myself for having come so near to quarrelling with him, since this on good-day rould be to act contrary to the inter ests of our Sieur. Yet his consequen-tial air was most irritating, and his rude est was more than I could tamely hear.

Monsieur le Noyer lost no time ere

he put into effect the policy he solved to adopt in trading with the He and his colleagues prompt-83V2Z68 ly told the Indians through an inter-preter that they had come to send away the furs, not to bring any more me Moreover, they locked the chandise. storehouses, and price upon the goods of the company.

after their arrival a delegation savages came to the fort and demanded the resignation of the new commissioner by the presentation of a necklace. La Mothe, hoping to pacify them, begged of him to pay no heed to their request; but Le Noyer in a rage ac-

The result was that within three days

cepted the token.
"Ol a truth, I should die of ennui in this wilderness," he averred passion ately; "with joy will I return to Mon-

ately; " Giving over his papers to his col-leagues, he was not to depart as speed-

ily as might be.
A day or two later our Sieur and I came upon the ex-commissioner as he stood on the strand directing the lading

of a canoe for the voyage.
"How now, monsieur?" inquired the Commandant, justly indignant that these preparations were begun without wledge; "what is the meaning

of this?' "It means," responded Le Noyer, surlily, "that I shall remain no longer in this place, where I have been treated with scant courtesy.

When courtesy is all on one side, it cannot last long," answered La Mothe; "trouble not yourself over much with clans for an early departure, monsieur nce you are not to go at present. Le Noyer grew red in the face and welled with choler, as does the wild

turkey when enraged.
"Monsieur de Cadillac," he cried Monsieur de Cadillac," he cried, catching at his rapier, "I would remind you I am chief commissioner of the Com-pany of New France at this post." My brother laughed in his sarcastic

fashior. "Not so fast, and have a care, for you should draw your sword you would complete your own undoing, Monsieur le Noyer," he said. "You were chief commissioner, but I will recall to your

nemory that you have resigned your authority."
"But—but—" stammered the other. "Nevertheless," continued Cadillac, now cool and inflexible, "were you still in possession of the privileges deputed to you when you came hither, were you the embodiment of the fulsome powers of the company itself, they would avail you nothing in this matter. You are not to depart until the demand of the Indians for your resignation has been submitted to the company and I have received instructions from them as to

whether it is to be accepted."

"And who or what shall detain me since I am resolved to go?" queried Le Noyer, with haughtiness.
"You are not to set out because I

will not permit it, monsieur."
"You, Monsieur de Cadillac," repeated the ex commissioner. you no obedience."

Pardon, monsieur," answe Sieur, with ironical politeness, "either you have been ill instructed or you are wilfully insubordinate. Every one a Fort Pontchartrain owes obedience to the Commandant, and it is a standing order that no one shall leave the post without my permission. See that you do not disobey it. Any further insubordination on your part will be strenu-ously dealt with. My powers are ously dealt with. My powers are ample; they give me authority to punish, according to circumstance, by reprimand reprimand, arrest, imprisonment, sus pension, or, in case of a clear and posi tive disobedience of orders, to run my sword through the body of the offender.

Therefore be warned. With these words Cadillac passed on down the street of St. Louis, and I fol lowed, leaving the discomfited commis sioner in an unavailing fury.

Thereafter he retired in high dudgeon to his lodgings, and for the nonce our

Sieur saw ne more of him. TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE POSTMASTER'S TRUE STORY

WHICH CENTERS ABOUT AN APRIL FOOI JOKE

"No letters for you to-night," said the little old postmaster, in his cheery voice. "Come in, won't you? It's most closing up time." So I went inside the little office, though it wasn't just in accordance with the postal reg-ulations, and took a seat on the table. "First of April jokes? Well, I ought to know something about 'em.

ought to know something about 'em. Didn't you ever hear the one about the degs? Queer if you didn't. Every-body in Sellersville knew about it. was the laughing stock of the town for two months. But that was before your time. Ha, ha! Jim Snedaker never sees me to this day without saying

sees me to this day without saying.
'Hey, George, don't you want a dog?'
"Well, it was like this. It was when I was a young man. I've held this office, you know, from one administration to another going on thirty years now. I got the idea into my head that I wanted a dog, a Newfoundland dog. I asked every farmer that came to town if he knew where I could get a likely pub. But no one knew. get a likely pup. But no one knew. Finally, I told Dock Bird what I Finally, I told Dock Bird what I wanted. He was a horse doctor in

pup.' But the pup was foundland never tound. The boys began to joke never tound. The boys began to joke me about it, and they kept it up until me about it, and they kept it up until at last I was so sick of hearing ' New-foundland dog 'that I wouldn't have

had one as a gift.
"One night—I was just a clerk in the post office then—when I was dis-tributing the mail I found five letters in it for myself. I had never had so many before. Charlie Stone, who postmaster then, saw them and smiled. You've got a heavy mail, to-nig George, said he, and I heard Jim S -night. daker and the other fellows snickering outside. I opened one of the letters. It was dated New York and it ran something like this :-

" ' Dear Sir :- I saw your advertise I have got seven ment in the Herald as fine Newfoundland pups as you ever saw. Say the word and I will ship them. Price for the litter \$100.

'Saw my advertisement in the Her-said I to myself. 'What can he a. It must be the letter was inmean. tended for someone else. I opened the other four. No, they were all evi-dently meant for me. They were all like the first, and they offered me from two to a dozen pups each. Meantime the boys had been watching me through the window, and when I had finished they all broke into a laugh. I knew they must be at the bottom of the joke, but I pretended not to notice their hilarity. As soon as they were out of the way, however, I took a Herald out of someone's box, and waded through the want columns. At last my eyes rested upon this announce ment: (And here the postmaster got down his scrap-book and showed me a yellow clipping in it that read :)

Wanted-Seven Newfoundland pups, price no object. Address George Andrews, Sellersville, N. Y.

"Then I saw it all. I know some those boys had gone to the expense of that advertisement simply to worry me. I made up my mind not to be worried. But the next day brought a larger number of letters, and the next more yet. For a week the current kept up, and at one time I found I was receiving nearly half the mail of the office. Letters came from Louisiana, Texas and the far West, offering me Newfoundland dogs at prices ranging from \$15 to \$125 each. Several correspondents said correspondents they had no Newfoundlands, but could sell me terriers, bulldogs, poodles and what not. Then came a grist of culars and letters about dog food, dog collars, chains, flea powder and a hun

dred things of that kind. " At the end of the month, when out the money order report to send to Washington, I saw where Snedaker had bought a money order for \$1.50 in favor of the New York Herald. That confirmed my suspicion, but I said nothing to Jim, as the thing had by that time about blown over.

"In a day or two, however, I re-ceived a telegram from some dog ceived a telegram from some dog fancier in New Jersey, saying that having seen my advertisement he had sent me by express seven young New foundland dogs, price \$150 c. o. d. It never occurred to me that young Rogers had gone from our neighborhood to New Jersey to teach school, probably and that Snedaker had probably prompted him to send the telegram. The telegram worried me nearly to death. 'What am I going to do with seven Newfoundland pups?' I kept asking myself. I canvassed the town and neighboring country to see couldn't find some one who would take the other six, for I had concluded to keep one. After much work I induced Jim Snedaker, Abe Short and some of the other boys to agree to take them off my hands and pay their share. I had them sign a paper to that effect just as a memorandum. They didn't for they knew the telegram was fictitious. Several days passed and my dogs didn't come. I began to worry about their being fed on way, and I pictured to myself arrival of a crate full of dead dogs.

"While I was in this state of sus-pense-with the boys all making life miserable for me-I received another contribution to the subject of dogs from Rochester. It was from a young lady there by the name of Baker, whose father had been very fond of New foundland dogs. He had recently died and she found herself in possession of six fine pups which were a nuisance to her. She had tried to give them away. but none of her acquaintances wanted the bother of a dog in the city. Fin ally someone remembered having read ally someone remembered having read my advertisement, and gave her my address. If I wanted the dogs she would be glad to present to me, she said. I telegraphed her to have them shipped to me at once, and in turn I began now to chuckle under my breath at the other

fellows.
"The next day the pups arrived, and I sent word to Jim and the other I sent word to Jim and the other fellows that I was ready to fill my part of our cortract Pretty soon Jim came into the post office and asked me what I meant. He thought it was a joke of mine. But no, there were the dogs still in the crate, as frisky and hand-some little fellows as you ever saw.

"There was no way out of it. Jin There was no way out of it. Jim had to take his dog and pay for it, and the other fellows followed suit. I let 'em off for \$10 apiece, which made \$50 out of the deal, with my dog into the bargain. This turned the laugh on them, and for a while I had the advantee. "But one day they got that con

firmed joker, Andy Smith, the printer to print five hundred postal cards and address them to newspapers all over the country, inquiring how much they would charge me to run an advertisement of my alleged patent dog churn. As a result mail came pouring ir upon me again, and the stream kep up for two weeks. Nearly twenty edit ors said they would insert the 'ad return for one of the churns. A num per of the papers gave me editoria notices to show their good will, and they spoke of my dog churn with such convincing praise that I began to get letters from farmers and dairymen in of the faithful. various parts of the country who

wanted the machines, and from merhants who wanted to sell them

Dog-churns were a novelty at that time, and with these orders to start on I made up my mind to start a deg churn factory. I furnished the money and Bill Sims did the work. and Bill sims and the work, We started to make the churns in the back part of Bill's tin shop, but the business soon forced us into a big factory, and it grew till the time of Bill's death there was hardly a farmer in the country who hadn't heard of Andrew's & Sim's dog churns. I sold out my share in the business for a nice round sum and the factory was moved away.

But the best part of it, as I look at it, is yet to come. Soon after the dog episode I went to Rochester on busi ness. Meantime I had sent Miss Baker the \$50 I had got of Jim and the other jokers for her dogs. She was an orphan, and it came handy to her. It turned out that she knew relations of mine is Rochester, and so I was taken to call on her. We had such a good laugh ver the dog story that we felt acquai ed with each other right from the start It wasn't many months before Miss Bake. came to Sellersville as Mrs. Andrew and the boys saw I'd got ahead of 'en again, for there wasn't a girl in town who could hold a candle to her. was thirty years ago, but to this day Mrs. Andrews and I have our laughs at the dog story. Jim Snedaker little thought when he played that April fool on me that he was settin in business and introducing me to my future wife.
"Come up some time, Mr. Hobs

and see us. Good night !" Pathfinder.

## THE CATHOLIC SON OF AN ANGLI-CAN ARCHBISHOP.

FATHER ROBERT HUGH BENSON AND HIS

Catholics have not forgotten the sensation caused in England a few years ago by the conversion of Robert Hugh Benson, son of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Catholic faith. Young Benson studied for the priesthood, was duly ordained, and, in addition to effective work in his high vocation, has recently taken a notable place in the ranks of contemporary novelists by his two remarkable

The King's Achievement," and "By Whose Authority?" The first of these is a story of the time of Henry VIII. of England. It is several generations since we have heard much of "bluff King Hal." Dickens describes him as a spot of blood and grease on the history of England. The dvanced Anglicans condemn him as severely as did ever the Catholics more severely, perhaps, for the wreck and ruin he wrought among the archi-tectural glories of their land offend their artistic sensibilities, and their religious feeling is up in arms at hearing such a monster of vileness and cruelty acclaimed as the founder of what is now known as the church of England. Ralph Adams Cram, in his "Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," calls him "the Scourge of England."

In Father Benson's story, the tyran is described without passion or prejudice. The author has simply re cre ated Henry's epoch and has made us feel as none other has attempted, the dreadful but undeniable personal fascin ation which the man exercised over his contemporaries. Next to Henry in life-like portraiture is Henry's minister, Cromwell, who, heeding not the advice of his deposed predecessor, eventually came to the pang without

the palm of martyrdom. The romantic interest of the story overshadowed by these two evil men is supplied by the careers of the two sons of Sir James Torridon of Overfield Court-Ralph, a man in his early thirties, when the story opens, high in Cromwell's service and confidence and Caristopher, ten years younger and with his mind turning to the monastic life. There is a married daughter, Mary, whose manly, ou is one of the most lovable characters in the book; and a young maiden daughter, Margaret, finishing her schooling with the Benedictine nuns at Rusper, her heart set on becoming one

of them. Anna Boleyn has just been crowned Queen. As yet, there is no general presentiment of the inevitable consequences of this wicked union. Heary hears Mass and discusses theology as of old. The great morasteries litt their stately spires all over the land, and the "Opus Dei" is chanted and the poor are fed, and the people ministered to a from time immemorial. Sir James Tor ridon lets Christopher and Margaret go in obedience to the call of God, feeling that their respective monastic homes

are abiding cities.

It is true that the grand old Catholic gentleman had his sorrows; for the ills regotten of Henry's divorce from his lawful wife had entered Overfield Court in the destruction of Lady Torridon's faith, and the ascendancy of Cromwell over Ralph. The gradual corruption of Ralph by his unscrupulous reaster is marvellously told. We have hope for the man for awhile through his love Beatrice Atherton, the ward of Sir Thomas More— and the author gives us, by the way, another of those charming glimpses into the home life of that most lovable man, best of husbands and fathers, merriest of hosts, broad-minded scholar, incorruptible statesman, and finally martyr of God. But ambition is the strongest force in Ralph Torridon's character, unless, indeed, his extraordinary devotion to Cromwell, and we find him gradually losing all faith, manly honor, and regard for the ties of

when Henry suddenly becomes scruplous for the spiritual perfection of the monks and nuns of his lingdom, and orders an investigation of the houses with a view to correcting what-ever might be amiss, Ralph, with the unworthy priest Layton is the ready instrument of the royal will, knowing full well that he must find pretext for enriching the royal coffers from the treasures dedicated to God through the labors of the monks and the piety

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