THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLIER.

CHAPTER II. THE TWO SCHOOLS.

Next morning when Harry Blake Next morning when harry blance came down stairs, ready for school, his mother, who was busily engaged pre-paring breakfast, could not help ex-pressing her vexation at sight of the patch which disfigured his handsome

face.
"Well, now, isn't it too bad—it's a downright shame, so it is, to see you with that ugly patch over your eye! I wish to goodness, Harry, that you'd, try and keep out of these scrapes; what you do?"

"Why, religion, mother, to be sure —don't every one know that?" and Harry laughed in a way that, somehow,

his mother didn't like.
"Oh! religion!" said she, "that's
the old story, and it goes down very
well with your father, but it doesn't altogether satisfy me. Does it never come into your head that you'd show more respect for religion by keeping out of brawls, and trying to 'bear patiently with the troublesome,' which, you is one of the eight beatitudesch, Harry ?'

Nonsense, mother, what have I to do with 'beatitudes?'—a pretty thing it would be for a fellow like me to hear such coons making their game of Papists, and talking about 'the dirty Irish,' and looking at me all the time,

as much as to say—you're one of them. I'll be hanged if I stand it."
"Why, Harry," said the mother,
"one would almost think you were asbamed of having Irish blood in your veins! I declare you talk very strange-ly at times!" Yeins: I declare you tank very strange.
If at times!"

Harry only laughed, and asked if the breakfast were near ready. "There's Eliza," said he, "I guess she slept too long this morning, and now she's spend.

so much time at her prayers that 's sure to be late. I wish she'd cut them short for once !

"It would be well for you," said his mother, sharply, "if you spent a little more time at your prayers—if you did, you wouldn't be so ready to quarrel with your schoolmates."

"Oh! never mind, mother, never mind. I'll get religion some of these days, and leave off my wild tricks. Are those cakes ready yet? Do make haste.

se cakes ready yet? Do make haste, here comes Lizzy. So you have got through with your prayers at last. Ain't you a pretty girl to be praying for most half an hour, and it so near school-time? I guess you'll catch it this morning." or I shall be late for school! Hillo!

what if I do?" returned his sister, " you know Father Power tells us not to neglect our morning or evening prayers on any account. I learned lessons yesterday evening, and I'm ready for school now, only just to get my breakfast. Can we have it now,

"Yes, my dear, I'm just a-going to put it on the table. I'm well pleased to see that you're particular about saying your prayers. As for Harry, I don't know what to say to him. I'm atraid that school is making a lad of him!"

"Hush, mother, here's father coming in." And Harry began to place the chairs around the table with a great show of making himself useful.
"Well, Harry," said Miles, as he took his place at the table, "how is the

cut this morning? do you feel it Yes, father, it feels pretty sore, but

it don't amount to much. I guess I gave Sam Herrick the worth of it, and more, if it goes to that. If I didn't give him his own, no confounded Yankee

That's right, Harry, that's rightshow them what Irish mettle is. your plate for some of these hot cakes. What ails you, Eliza, that you look so pale this morning?"
This roused the mother's anxious

Why, then, sure Miles, she does look pale. I was in such a hurry getting the breakfast that I didn't notice her. Are you well enough, Lizzy, dear?"

Oh, yes, mother, quite well—in d 1 am," and she smiled faintly please, tather, give me another of hose buck-wheat cakes—there's no fear of me being sick while I can eat so heartily," and the affectionate child did force herself to eat some of the cakes, in order to deceive her kind parents as to the real state of her health. Miles and his wife exchanged glances, and the mother sighed deeply, but no more was said upon the subject. When the young people were gone, Mary went out to her husband, who was

tying up some parcels in the store.
"Now, I tell you what it is, Miles, they're killing that child by inche " How is that, Mary ? who do you

Why them teachers that she has There they have her learning whole pages of books that's of no earthly use to her, and she so delicate as she is, Sure it's enough to bother one's brains to hear the poor child rhyming over the long cramp words that's in them books. fong cramp words that's in them books.

There she has her trigonometry lesson and her geometry lesson, and her philosophy lesson, and her rhetoric lesson—whatever lessons they are, I'm sured whatever lessons they are, I'm sured that the sheet is the same and the same are the sa don't know; if I was listening for year I couldn't make head or tail of them ; and there she is, day after day poring over them books till the very

flesh is worn off her bones."

"Pooh! pooh! Mary, it isn't that that makes her so thin and pale—you know she's been always sickly.

" And that's just the reason why she shouldn't be made to study too hard. What good, I want to know, is in them s that I was speaking of with the

"Why, Mary, if we want Eliza to get a good education, we must let her learn such things. Sure everybody learns them here, and we can't have our chil dren behind others.

Nonsense, Miles, I'd rather have them taught more of religion and less of them foolish ometries, or whatever they are. I wish they mayn't be devilories. I'm sure and certain they are, as far as Harry is concerned, for he's every day

getting more sturdy and resolute on our hands. Perhaps, after all, we're doing what's wrong in sending the chil-dren to that school—eh, Miles?" Miles laughed at the troubled, anxious, look of his wife, so different from her usual cheerfulness reflected from her mind. "Why, Mary, what magget has bit you this morning that maggot has bit you this morning that you're making such a fuss about schools. you're making such a fuss about schools. Don't you know, woman dear, that most of those same branches that you're talking about are taught in the Catholic schools, and if they were 'deviltries,' as you call them, the priests wouldn't have them taught—so make your mind easy about that."

But Mary could not make her mind easy; her maternal anxiety was aroused with regard to Eliza's health, and she was about to make further remonstrance.

was about to make further remonstrance, when a customer coming in put an end to the conversation for that time, and

to the conversation for that time, and sent Mary back to her kitchen.

Let us now follow Harry Blake to school, just to see how it fared with him on that particular morning. The teacher, Mr. Simpson, was a very smooth, sleek-faced man, with long, fair heir carefully brushed back, so as its smooth, sleek-faced man, with long, fair hair, carefully brushed back, so as to show off the intellectual conformation, of which Mr. Simpson was not a little vain. He had a pair of small gray eyes, that were continually glancing round from one object to another, in a queer, restless way, probably the effect of long years of "watching the boys." No one had ever seen Mr. Simpson in a shabby-looking coat, such as teachers No one had ever seen Mr. Simpson in a shabby-looking coat, such as teachers are wont to wear in school-hours; he was always seen, like the Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, in

"A coat spick and span new, without e'er a

-new, and smooth, and glossy as Mr. —new, and smooth, and glossy as Mr. Simpson himself, head teacher of the Fifth Ward School—a gentleman whose dexterity in "handling" the faith of young Papists was well nigh equal to our friend Pat, of Donnybrook notoriety, in handling "his sprig of Shillelah." This smooth-spoken gentleman had no particular love for Harry Blake, who was, as his mother expressed it, for particular love for Harry Blake, who was, as his mother expressed it, for "too sturdy and resolute" for the refined notions of Mr. Simpson, and gave that personage more trouble than all the other boys put together. But Mr. Simpson knew better than to make a display of his aversion—if aversion it could be called—indeed, it was quite contrary to his principles to have an aversion for any Catholic boy; to them he was even smoother and more oily than to any one else. Accordingly, Mr. Simpson chose to take no notice of Harry's entrance that morning, because the bell had rung some ten minutes before. So Harry some ten minutes before. So Harry stepped softly to his seat, much re-lieved, though still troubled with certain misgivings as to the effect of his disfisgured face, in connection with the combat of the previous evening. His next neighbor, Hugh Dillon, was also a next neighbor, Hugh Dillon, was also a Catholic, or rather the child of Catho-lic parents, but the boy had been going to the Common School ever since he was five years old, and now, at fourteen, he Catholic in name, nothing more. In fact, he began, of late, rather to take sides against Harry in his polemico

pugilistic compaigns, on the ground that fighting for religion was "too Irish like," and only fit for "Paddies like Harry Blake!" This used to rouse like Harry Blake!" This used to Fouse Harry's ire, and he would retort with "no more a Paddy than yourself. Wa'n't I born here as well as you?" "Then what do you want, fighting for "the want want in the part of the want want." the Irish and their religion, if you a n't Irish yourself?" "Well, now, if you a'n't a queer one! a'n't your father and mother Irish and Catholic as well as mine?" "Why, yes, I guess they as mine?" "Why, yes, I guess they are, but that is no rule for me. I'm an are, but that is no rule for me. I'm an American born, and, as for religion, I have as much right to choose for myself as any one else. If I were you I wouldn't fight for the name of a country wouldn't fight for the name of a country you never saw, or for any religion in particular; just wait till you choose one for yourself, as a free-born Ameri-can ought to do." So this was the precocious "native" who sat next to our friend, Harry, on the morning in question. Talking was, of course, for-hidden but the two loves explanated bilden, but the two boys exchanged significant glances, and Hugh put his finger on his own brow, with a comical expression of mock sympathy that brought the blood to Harry's cheek. brought the blood to Harry scheek. His sense of humiliation was nowise lessened by the suppressed titter which ran along the benches, and the furtive looks of derision and contempt meeting him on every side. To a light spirited, sensitive boy like Harry this was bad to suppress the but the warst of all was yet.

ome.
"Master Henry Blake!" said Mr. Simpson, from his place behind his desk, "come here. I want to speak with

enough, but the worst of all was yet to

Harry instantly obeyed. "May I ask how you came by that patch over your eye-brow?" He knew well enough, but thought it prudent to make a show

It was Sam Herrick, sir, that gave me a blow of a stick.' " Master Herrick—come here, sir !

Master Herrick went accordingly. "How did you come to strike Master Blake with a stick? what sort of con

duct is this?"
"It was all his own fault, sir, I assure you. He would insist on it that I had insulted him because I happened to say

that St. Peter was an old fisherman, for all Papists make so much to do about

"Yes, and did you not say that the Pope was anti-Christ?" put in Harry; "you needn't try to get out of it."

"Have patience, my good boy, let us hear him out," said Mr. Simpson. Go on, Master Herrick.' "And so, sir, he called me some ugly names, and finally gave me a push

hat sent me reeling against the wall "Yes, but didn't you say that all the Irish were low, mean people, the meanest set in all the world?" And Harry unconscicusly imitated Herrick's peculiar accent to such perfection that the boys within hearing all laughed,

to Sam's great mortification.
"And what if I did-a'n't it true what I said !--you can't deny it, do as

Harry was about to make an angry when the master interpose

school-room, religion is a forbidden theme; in fact, it is always wrong, and theme; in fact, it is always wrong, and everywhere wrong, for boys to quarrel about religion, as religion is only for men—full grown men. At your age, religion is wholly unnecessary—it will be time enough for each of you to take your stand on that question when you have come to the age of maturity. The Great Creator of all things left man to his own free will, in order that he his own free will, in order that he might choose a religion for himself, but he is not in a condition to choose until he is not in a condition to choose until he reaches man's estate. Behold now, my dear pupils, how silly a thing it is to fight about religion, before you can know what religion really is. Samuel Herrick, go to your seat, and I trust I shall never again hear of you inveigh. shall never again hear of you inveighshall never again hear of you inveign-ing against any form of worship. Even the Roman Church, though corrupt and far behind the age, has still some grains of the Gospel seed. She is not wholly idoltrous, I believe, but still professes to worship the true God. Those who belong to her communion, my dear Master Herrick, are rather to be pitied Master Herrick, are rather to be pitied than condemned. I beg, therefore, that, for the future, you will never again take upon you to fight for a thing which you do not understand." Her-rick made his bow, and retired to his seat; but Harry felt so indignant that he could not refrain from several seat; but Harry felt so indignant that he could not refrain from saying, "Sir, my religion is the best; I don't care what any one says, and I'll stand up for it as long as I'm able." Another titter from the boys.

"Your religion, Master Blake?" said Mr. Simpson, mildly. "I don't understand your having a religion; but if you have, you must keep it to yourself: no religion is best or worst here,

understand your having a religion; but if you have, you must keep it to yourself; no religion is best or worst here, for we have nothing to do with any."

"But, sir, you spoke against my religion," persisted Harry, "and it a'n't fair—you didn't say anything bad about Sam Herrick's, and mine's better

than his any day."

"And do you not see the reason, my good boy?" said Simpson in his blandest voice; "I said nothing about Master Herrick's religion, because he

Master Herrick's religion, because he does not profess to have any."

"No!" said Sam manfully, from his seat, "I ha'n't got any."

"There, you see," resumed the master, "you are almost the only boy in the school who makes a fuss about religion, and as you thereby act con-trary to the spirit, if not the letter of trary to the spirit, if not the letter of our regulations, i warn you, once for all, not to repeat the offence. Here you are all on the same footing—at home with your parents, you may, of course, be whatever you like, whatever they wish you to be; but here, mark me, you have only to mind your lessons

they wish you to be; but here, mark
me, you have only to mind your lessons
—leave religion out of doors. See,
there is your neighbor, Master Dillon;
his parents are, I believe, attached to
the Romish superstition—I beg pardon,
they belong to the Church of Rome—
you he is as orderly and well-conducted they belong to the Church of Rome-yet he is as orderly and well-conducted as any boy in the school. You never hear him brawling or fighting about re-ligion. In the words of the sacred text, I tell you, my dear young friend, 'go thou and do likewise!" Mr. Trimble (to his assistant), call up the first class for methomatica."

first class for mathematics."
So Harry had to take his place in 'the first class for mathematics,' and soon forgot his honest indignation in the all-important struggle to keep his

the all-important struggle to keep his place, and get a higher one, if possible. Leaving Harry intenton his parallel-ograms and conic sections, let us just step into St. Peter's school, to see how the young Flanagans are "getting on" under the tuition of their old-fashioned Catholic teacher. Mr. Lanigan was a master of the old school, precise and formal in manner, and, unlike our acquaintance of the Ward school, his acquantance of the ward school, his ordinary habiliments were rather shabby, for, so long as Mr. Lanigan could make a respectable appearance on Sunday in his pew in St. Peter's, he cand little about draws on work days. nobody saw him but the boys Like most Catholic teachers of his stamp, worthy Mr. Lanigan was far more anxious for the improvement of his pupils than his own personal adorn ment, and, if truth must be told, he was more akin to Dominic Sampson than to the polished, well-dressed, unctious, Mr. Simpson, the beau-ideal of district-school teachers. The boys were all afraid of Mr. Lanigan, for he held them in strict subjection, and was a sort of autocrat in his way. He was as staunch an Irishman as ever left " the old sod," and if his pupils were not as thoroughly Irish as himself it was not his fault, a he used to say, but their own and their parents. "For I maintain" he would adds " that if the parents took pains to keep the traditions of our race constantly before their children, we should have little reason to complain of the demoralization of our youth, and their backslidings from the faith. Apply the backslidings from the latti. Apply the rod, sir, when your boys are young, and keep a tight rein on them when they begin to grow up, and my name is not Jeremiah Lanigan if you don't have them as Catholic as your heart could wish. That's my doctrine, sir, founded on the experience of five and twenty years' teaching. It is not for nothing that I have been all that time teaching the young idea how to shoot.' is a world of truth in the simple old lines :

'Tis education forms the common mind, Just as the twig is bent, the tree's incline and that is precisely the axiom on which and that is precisely measured which is a look of the boys. I endeavor, sir, to 'bend the twig' while it is a twig, for when it grows up to be a great, strong, sturdy oak, it would take a stronger arm than mine

would take a stronger arm than mine, ay! even the omnipotent arm of God, to bring it into subjection!"

Such were the opinions of Mr. Lanigan, somewhat antiquated, I must coness, at least in this go-ahead country but they were based on good, sound Catholic doctrine, and will never go out of fashion while there are on the true believers, who regard s fallen state" as something ' man's fallen state

more than a speculation.

When the three young Flanagans entered the school-room they found

and his tones were so mellifluous, so full of unction, that no angry passion could have withstood it.

"My good boys," said he, "you are both wrong—yes, both wrong" (the boys looked at each other)—" in the school-room, and in the vicinity of the school-room, religion is a forbidden specified by the school-room. The school-room is a forbidden specified by the school-room. spective seats, Edward Fianagan approached the old gentleman, who was ar too deeply engaged to notice him. He was just in the middle, as he after wards explained, of a great speech of O'Connell's, and as Edward was too dest to interrupt him, there is n modest to interrupt him, the stood, knowing how long he might have stood, had not the school-bell just then rang, have non Mr. Langan dropped his whereupon Mr. Lanigan dropped his paper, for he was the life and soul of

netuality.

punctuality.

"To your places, boys, and prepare your lessons. Well, Neil, my fine fellow, what's the matter with you?"

"My father wants you, sir, to come down a while this evening to our house. He has something to tell you, and he says, if you please, sir, to bring the Irish paper with you; he heard you got one vesterday."

one yesterday."

"Yes, Ned, I did; tell your father I'll go if I can at all. How are all at home this morning?"

"All well, sir, thank you."

"Well, go to your seat now—I'll call up the grammar class in a few minutes." Then raising his voice, and laying down his spectacles on the desk: "Boys, if you all get through your lessons to my satisfaction this forenoon, I have a great secret to tall you and

I have a great secret to tell you, and one that I know you'll be glad to hear."

The boys all brightened up; some of the younger clapped their hands and laughed, while a few of the secret was a secret with the secret with the secret was a secret was a secret with the secret was a secret was tured to say, in a coaxing tone : Mr. Lanigan, won't you tell it now,

Mr. Lanigan, won't you tell it now, sir? Do, if you please sir, and we'll work twice as hard after, if it's any good news."

"No, no; go on with your lessons—you'll have it before you. Mind, it all depends on how you acquit yourselves of your duties."

Matters went on, it would seem, as well as even Mr. Lanigan could wish; for, no sooner had the last of the forenoon lessons been recited, than the old

noon lessons been recited, than the old gentleman stood up, and placing his right hand on the desk, said:

"Boys, do you know what day to-morrow will be?" Several voices answered, "No, sir !" but the greater number called out

sir-to-morrow will be "Oh, yes, sir—to-morrow will be Patrick's Day." "Saint Patrick's day!" said Mr.

Lanigan gravely,
"Yes, sir, St. Patrick's day, sir!"
"Well, as you have all been good boys this afternoon if you continue as good during the afternoon, I purpose giving you a holiday to-morrow, in honor of our illustrious patron. That is, on condition that you will go to Mass. There will be high Mass in St. Peter's, at 10 o'clock, and then you can all go to see the procession afterwards."

Oh! thank you, Mr. Lanigan!thank you most kindly, sir!—Yes, sir, to be sure we'll all go to Mass, sir!" were the glad responses from every part of the room, and as the boys, large and small, threw up their caps, and shouted in the exuberance of their glee, Mr. Lanigan laughed too, and glee, Mr. Lanigan laughed too, and felt as if he, also, could throw up his hat, in the fullness of his sympathy. "There, now," said he "that is all very well in here, now that the school is out but remember to keep quiet when you go on the street. Act like good Christian boys, remembering that you are all the sons of St. Patrick; don't disgrace him by any had, rade condisgrace him by any bad, rude con-

"Oh! never fear, sir, never fear! was the quick response, and away went the boys to their several homes, to com-municate the glad tidings. Very few municate the glad tidings. Very few of the youngsters forgot the old man's injunction to go home quietly, and if any of the lesser ones did seem disposed to forget it, some older one would call him to order with, "Hold on, there, Patrick," or "Michael" (or whatever the name might be) "didn't we all service Mr. Larican to a home with promise Mr. Lanigan to go home quietly?—look sharp, now, or he might rue about giving us the holiday, to-mor-row. How do you know but it's look-ing after us he is?"

And so he was looking after them exalting in the happiness he had him-self created, and thinking, as N. P. Willis has since written:

"I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play.
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey.
For it stirs the blood in an old man's veins,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a mirthful eye."

"And is it possible," said he to himself, with a heavy sigh, "that half a century is gone by since I was like them? What a strange thing is this life of ours, and how imperceptible the transition from youth to age! it is a melancholy thing to feel our-selves growing old, yet, thanks to our divine faith, we are still on the same level. Here am I, an old man of sixty, looking forward to the celebration of St. Patrick's Day with as much eager

ness as I did forty years ago. Blessings on his name, but it has the magical power on our Irish hearts!" So saying, Mr. Lanigan carefully closed the doors, and took the well

known way to his own domicile. When evening came the old man paid his promised visit to Tim Flanagan, whom he found seated in the midst of a joyous, noisy group. The room in which they sat, half kitchen, half sitting-room, had no pretensions to either luxury or ostentation; it was "the room of the household," where the family was wont to assemble at es, and in the evenings, when neal-time the day's work was over. Tim had the youngest girl on his knee when Mr. Lanigan entered, but, no sooner did Susan perceive the "master" than she jumped down and ran to "climb his claiming, at the same time, the performance of a certain promise made

some time before.
"Well, Susan, I really forgot all about that picture-book, but you'll see

wind up her ball of yarn, ravelled by a mischievous kitten, who was gambolling

about the room.

The boys got into a corner, rather behind Mr. Lanigan's chair. "If he was after giving Susan one of his dressings," whispered Edward to his brothers, "I guess she wouldn't take to him so!"

to her than her poor, sick mother, who could not work to support her. And when—"

"I remember the very day," broke in the second speaker. "Old Bailey had been on a terrible bender; hadn't been sober for a week and was sleep-

us has ever had one yet."
"And I hope we'll be so," responded
Ned; "hush! hush! he'll hear you.
Listen to what father and he are say-

"Well, I'm heart sorry for Miles." observed Tim, "but, after all, Mr. Lanigan, it's his own fault, sir. If he's Langan, it's his own tautt, sir. If he's sending his children head foremost into the pit with his eyes open, he has nobody to blame but himself. Even his wife—she's my born sister, sir—is as much against the thing as I am, only she doesn't like, you see, to interfere be-tween him and the young ones. For my

part, I think the man's bewitched."

"Bewitched!" said Mr. Lanigan, laughing, "yes, he is bewitched by the spirit of worldly wisdom. He thinks, in common with many others, that the temporal interest of his children is best promoted by sending them to Protestant or mixed schools. The poor testant or mixed schools. The poor man is welcome to his own opinion. Time will show him its fallacy, better

than any human reasoning."
"God grant that the knowledge may not come too late!" said Mrs. Flana-gan, with a heavy sigh. "Poor Harry and poor Eliza! may the holy Mother of

God protect them !"
"Can Father Power do nothing with Miles?" inquired Mr. Lanigan.
"Surely he wouldn't stand against his Miles ?"

advice?"
"Well, I don't know as to that,
"Well, I don't know as to that, sir," said Tim hesitatingly. "I have heard Father Power reasoning cases with him, and he'd always manage to with him, and he'd always manage to get out of some loop-hole or another. Of course, his reverence never laid his commands on him, for he doesn't like to go so far if he can help it, but he said enough to make him ashamed of himself, if he had any shame in him. Nelly, you didn't ask Mr. Lanigan if he'd take a glass of punch. You'll be the better of something to warn you, sir, the night is cold and raw." sir, the night is cold and raw."

"Well, I don't care if I do avail my

self of your kind offer. I'll take a little gin and water, if you please, Mrs. Fianagan, just to 'drown my shamrock for to-morrow. You'll walk, of course, Mr. Flanagan?"
"Oh, then, to be sure I will! It

would be a bad day if I didn't. You know I belong to the old Hibernians. Here's your health, Mr. Lanigan—may

you live to see many returns of the great anniversary!" ' Many thanks to you, Mr. Flanagan

I wish you the same! and allow me to add another good wish: may you never have a son a worse Catholic or a worse Irishman than yourself!—Don't you take anything yourself, Mrs. Flana gan? " No, sir, thank you, I never take

any thing stronger than tea or coffee. Children, I think it's time for you to go bed. Bid Mr. Lanigan 'good night.''
The children obeyed, and after some further conversation on indifferent topics, Mr. Lanigan returned to his home, his head full of the approaching tenting. festival,

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE KING FISHER'S DAUGHTER.

igan washed itself into white foam as it rolled in against the breakwater and broke into a thousand shattered rainbroke in the morning sun. Lower down on the shore it spread its great waves out over a long, wide stretch of sandy beach, and with gurgling laughter sported with the strong men, the timid women, the venturesome young folk and merry children who swam, floated, dived and waded in its cooling depths. Out water was dimly outlined a fast-disap pearing steamer. There, a little nearer, the glass revealed one or two private yachts; still nearer, and visible to the naked eye, were smaller crafts and vessels, looking like butterflies soaring against the blue; there, a tug boat puffed out a long plume of trailing smoke as it steered shoreward with its burden. Over on yonder pier, aban-doned by the larger vessels for the more pretentious one on the above, sat silent fishermen with their baskets, nets and tackle; some few wer out in skiffs, with their nets droppe low; near in, close hugging the old and moored secured to it, rested a typ ical, queer-looking houseboat. ical, queer-looking houseboat. That some pretestions were made toward gentility by its occupants was evident from the freshly painted doors and windows and the presence of two or three potted genaniums that stood about on the one deck, and the songs of a canary singing in his cage, telling in his way, perhaps of his captor's life in this drifting home.

The general silence on the farthe end of the pier was broken when Old Bailey hauled in his lines and drew a catch the size of which made less successful ones envious, placed it in his big fish basket, and, after arranging the reat, red handkerchief about his neck, started landward with his load along

"Somethin' wrong when Old Bailey quits this time o'day," said one fisherman to anoth r. "Thinks he'll get a 'corner' on fish.

"He don't mind what ye fellers say," said a third. "That gal o' his has a birthday to-day, and he has promised her something, and it would take a typhoon to stop him from gettin' it."
"Birthday? How does he know

when her birthday is? He picked her up on this very pier when her mother had left her to the tender mercies of his world; while she searched for a better one by skinin' herself under the blue,"

the time the baby was found; maybe the one who found her could be better to her than her poor, sick mother, who rather could not work to support her. And 'If he when—''

him so!"

"I guess not," said Thomas, "but then he never gives 'a dressing' to any one that don't deserve it. None of any one that don't deserve it. None of here ever had one yet."

been soper for a week and was sleeping it off out here. Nobody thought the days. We have here to tell ye. He wasn't aristocrate here to tell ye. He wasn't aristocrate here to tell ye. been sober for a week and was enough to own a houseboat, although I guess he had seen better days, for when he was sober he could tell about places he had been and wind off stories a

he had been and wind on stories a yard long that he had read out o' books."

"And when, as I was tellin' ye," said the third voice again, "when he found her he jist took that day for her birthday. The gal's happy.

"And," said the second voice, "it's been ten years, and King Fisher hasn't teached a dron of light or since that

touched a drop of liquor since that little brat toddled over to where he was asleep and — the Lord knows how long he was asleep—kept pullin' his hair and pattin' his face, sayin' in her baby way, 'Det up, det up!' until the old man did get up and come to himself jist to find he was owner o' a baby with no place to keep it. But he kept it, he did. He's stubborn as a mule, and when I told him to put it in an orphan asylum he looked at me like thunder and told me to mind my own business. So I let him dead alone ever since, though I ain't got nuthin' agin him."

though I ain't got nuthin' agin him."
"An' kept her well, too," continued
the third voice again. "I'd like to
know what he'll bring her. She's
powerful on books an' readin' an' pictures ever since he sent her to school
in the city, an' she has mighty purty ways for having no mother. An' as to the housekeepin', them two rooms look like parlors. Old Bailey has learned er now, and she can fry fish and make

her now, and sae can try usa and make coffee good as anybody."
"Hey! Here, you fellows! What's the matter with that line out there? Pulls like a sea monster, by jing!" And all eyes were turned toward the dancing line, and the King Fisher and his adopted daughter were forgotten.

Shortly before the noon hour a young girl appeared at the door of the houseboat and looked eagerly and thoughtfally toward the busy city. Not seeing the object of her search, she went in, and in a few minutes re-appeared wear ing a muslin hat half shielding her olive-brown face from the sun's glare. Dark eyes glanced again along the pier, then turning, she went to the aft of the boat and proceeded to feed and water some chickens that were kept in an en-

"Poco, you're greedy; let Biddy have a little," to the great yellow rooster as he helped himself somewhat too liberally to the rations to suit his closure. too liberally to the rations to suit his young mistress. "Daddy will put you in a pen by yourself if you don't be careful. Be good and I'll tell you a secret. Now, listen. I baked a cake—my own birthday cake—and daddy doesn't know it. Won't he be surprised when he comes from market? And there are twelver and candy drops on it. there are twelve red candy drops on it, for I am twelve years old, and I'll soon be a woman. Daddy says I am getting big too fast, but he has gone to get me a present and we are going to have a

She didn't finish her tale to the chickens, for a stout man with a smooth sun tanned, wind browned face and

eyes was coming down the steps from the pier, carrying a wonderful parcel. "Daddy! daddy!" cried the girl running to him, throwing her arms around his neck and giving him two resounding smacks.
"Easy, easy, my cherub, or you'll

snap the boat rope, upset the Ark and give us a ducking. I'll untie this in a minute; better lay it on your bed, I reckon, where it will be safe. We'll have a look at it and then I'll tell you its story.'

Very carefully were the outside wrappings removed, showing a long green cloth bag. "Oh, daddy! a mandolin!" cried Dot.

excitedly, and dancing around for joy. less again, my cherub.

Dot clenched her hands as the cover came off and the snapping of a fasten-ing disclosed to view a fine old violin. Tenderly as he had handled Dot in her baby days, did the old man lift it from the case and bend lovingly over it as he drew the bow across the strings and the old air of "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt" floated through the little boathouse and out over the water. Dot sat transfixed, unable to speak, delirious in the future that in that moment she had mappe out before her. She pictured herself a great musician who could tell again in concert halls, through speaking strings, the song of the waves she knew so well-Daddy could teach her. daddy know? Again she became con-scious of her surroundings, and there was daddy, who seemed to have forgotten her, playing on and on, with a mist in

"Stop! stop daddy! I cannot bear it. You make me cry."

He laid down the violin and took a sobbing child in his arms. They were

quiet for a while and then the rebound-

quiet for a while and then the rebounding nature in youth spoke out.

"Oh, thank you! I thank you! And
I shall be a great player and make
money for us both; and you can teach
me—but, daddy, how did you know?"

"How did I know?" said the King
Fisher, reflectively. "Well, I played
once, and well, many years ago. But
that was before things went wrong. that was before things went wrong. cherub; things I don't even now care to tell you, though you might know. So I threw up the sponge, as they say, and drifted up here; went to the bad generally until I felt your tiny arms around my neck one day, as I have told you. But you anchored me, Dot, and I've tried to be good to you. I've done. I want you to live better, to be educated, and live as you deserve to

live. Music will aid you and you love it. So I decided to buy back the old violin I had pawned once with the promise that the man would not sell it out giving me notice. She's a fine one, and I have saved little by little until I about that picture-book, but you is see
I'll have it the next time I come.'

Susan began to pout, and would keep
talking about the picture-book, till at
last her mother was forced to take her
away, under pretence of having her

one by skinin herselt under the blue,
said the first speaker.

'It was this way,'' was the reply of
the third. There was a tag on her,
tied round neck; her father dead and
away, under pretence of having her
mother wantin' to be; would be by

one by skinin herselt under the blue,
said the first speaker.

out giving me hotice. She's a interior
and I have saved little by little until I
could be in the first speaker.

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and I have saved little by little until I
could be in the first speaker.

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"Difficu Potter, "t instance a for my m Helwig, bu opera sing I prostrate suppliant liard, but, the numb meant pos new star presents : reasonable and — as may judge number." The ap away when nette to t occupied a er," was ... He se

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