when you are in danger from disease. But Nature ightning flash ng, sour risings, head To neglect trouble for the whole As a complete cure for

disease of the stomach and the organs of 's Golden Medical Discovery without an equal. It purifies the cleanses the system of poisonous unlations, nourishes the starved



Preserve Your + Teeth

And teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S

CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER 6d., 1/-, 1/6, & 1 lb. 5/- Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1/-, and 1/6 Pots.

They have the largest sale of any Dentifrices AVOID IMITATIONS, which are NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS yny Pectoral The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS Large Bottles, 25 cents.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Prop's. Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

New York

Montreal 800000-----000000

110 for 10 cents THIS book

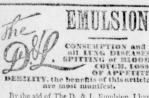
O'KEEFE'S

Liquid Extract of Malt

For nursing mothers O'Keefe's Liquid Ex-tract of Malt is unsur-We have received

reat many letters from eading do: tors bearing testimony to this. - By aiding digestion an

ELT VE W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist Seneral Agent, TORONTO



By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I hat er a year, and have gained consider

T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal. 50c. and \$1 per Bottle
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited,
Montreat.

REID'S HARDWARE

For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sinceperatie, the latest Wringers, Mangles, Cutlery, etc.

118 Dundas St., (North) London, Cnt

HOW TOM CORRIGAN GAVE UP THE FARM.

BY D. M L.

Tom Corrigan stood on the king's high-Tom Corrigan stood on the king's high-way and looked the last on what re-mained of the home of his fathers. A few years before, a cosy homestead looked out on smiling meadows and cultivated fields; to-day the gaunt and blackened gables peeped out from the hawthorn hedgerows, grim sentinels marking the path of the evictor! And it was such a glorious summer day. The broad, swell-ing Tipperary country in which the dis-mantled farm house stood lay baking in a blazing noon sky; but a strange absence a blazing noon sky; but a strange absence of joyous life, both in the bird and animal world, was a dominant key-note of the scene. There was no sound of the lark in mid air, no lowing of kine in the bottom by the placid stream, no cackle of farm-yard fowl. A wicrd peace prevailed over earth and sky, and the shadow of hunger lay on the land! For it was the mid-summer of black '47, and Tom Corrigan, the last of his race, one of the numerous yietims of this cruel time. The rest of victims of this cruel time. The rest of his family had been swept away by the his family had been swept away by the dreaded famine fever, and unable to keep the farm, he was evicted as a matter of course, and his smiling fields given to still forther errich a bigger and a wealthier tenant, who had managed to grow fat on the sale of corn, at famine prices, to the starving creatures around him. And so Tom Corrigan was bound for America. Presently an old man, leading a thin, starving mule, came up the road. His stall figure seemed powerfully built, but it starving mule, came up the road. His tail figure seemed powerfully built, but it as wofully shrunken and pinched, and his frame shook as he assisted Corrigar

plished, by the simple device of tying a large stone to the end of a thick hay rope and thereby balancing the little chest that held the emigrant's belongings. "An' now for Thurles railway station," said Corrigan. "'Tis a grand day, glory An low for harries railway station," said Corrigan. "'I'is a grand day, glory be to God! Paddy, listen to what I'm telling you. I'll have a farm in Ireland agin before I die!" There was no trace of emotion in the strident voice, no sign of moisture in the resolute eyes. be you will, avick! may be you will,"
sponded the old man; but there is on wan farm for me now, an' if it be God's will the sooner the better," and he pointed with a significant gesture to the hollow where the gray tombstones of the old church yard kept watch and ward over buried generations. And so the young man went out to fight the battle of life in

to secure a small green painted box on the

mule's back. This was at length accom

returned to starvation and the peace o ne quiet grave! Thanks to a vigorous constitution Tom Corrigan survived the gruesome horrors of the emigrant packet, and was equally lucky in securing remunerative emplo ment on his arrival in New York. As now his mind was bent on one firm pur

the new world beyond the seas, the other

ose. He saved every possible dollar of is wages, and denied himself every-ning in order that his fixed purpose and ond dream of returning to his native country, and again occupying an Irieh arm, might be realized.

In his endeavor to compass that end,

he finer feeling of his nature were ruth-essly suppressed. The old-time love of country, religion and home implanted in his mind by his dead mother gave place to feelings of scepticism and indifference. Working late into Saturday night was a magnificent excuse for absence from Mass on Sanday, and no good or charitable cause was ever the better for Tom Corrigan's half dollars. At the end of ten an's half dollars. At the end of ten ears he returned to his native country, s bronged and bearded man, with the repu-tation of considerable wealth, and began to look around for a suitable farm. He came back at a period when the national life of Ireland was at a very low ebb in-deed, and his Yankee hat and rquareseed boots attracted no attention from the police. He was free to come and go as police. He was tree to come and go as he liked without any attention on their part, but somehow in his native country he found no vacant farm to his mind. Here a strange sight met his bewildered gaze. Groups of tiny folk in fantastic costumes were seated on the fantastic costumes were seated on the groups of the circular ditch, and on And besides it was winspered that in magnificent Tipperary men looked ask-ance at folk who stepped into the shoes of evicted tenants. And so he changed

the venue to the county Cork.

Several farms were vacant on the estate
of my Lord Muffington. The agent, Mr. rancis Fareley, lived in a heantiful man sion overlooking a picturesque reach of the river Lee. With the position of land agent he combined the lucrative tada agent he combined the incrative calling of butter merchant, and of course the tenantry on the Muffington estate, together with their relatives on adjacent properties, were all clients of Fareley Brothers. In fact it was quite a common arrangement with some of the tenants to secure advances to meet the rent in autumn. This money was advanced by intumn. This money was advanced by he "butter office" and afterwards duly said into the estate office; both being under one roof.

Of course the firm charged usurious in terest, and when the butter was sent on in spring and summer a double profit was reaped by the ingenious arrangement. If my Lord Mufflington was aware of the state of things it is perfectly certain that, until the Land Lesgue cast its shadow over the land, he never interfered. Franover the land, henever interfered. Francis Fareley, the land agent, was waiting in his luxurious drawing room for the new applicant for the farm of the Desmonds. The latter family had suff-red heavily during the famine years, and by the frieadly (?) offices of the "butter office" were saved from the fate that overtook thousands of others. But the relief was of a downtyl shows. But the relief was of a doubtful character, and now the last surviving member of the family, a young and graceful girl, was under notice of eviction. The bargain was seen struck and though Fareley did not altogether relish the independent attitude of the new tenant, yet a substantial fine and a small increase in the rent reconciled him to Corrigan. The latter stood up to depart. "I suppose I'm But the relief was of a doubtful character, reconciled him to Corrigan. The latter stood up to depart. "I suppose I'm quite done now, Mr. Fareley," he said. "Yee! yes!" said the land agent, locking keenly at the other. "If you are done, I'm dote." Then he touched a bell, and, a powdered footman appearing, he said: "James, kindly show Mr. Corrigan the stables!" And Corrigan inspected the wonderful stables, with their wealth of mahogany and brass fittings, and, hesaides, got a delicate hint or two from mahogany and brass fittings, and besides, got a delicate hint or two from



the pompous flunkey. Certain it is that on returning to the city the new tenant sought the confidential manager of Fareley Brothers and gave him a check for £100, receiving in return two £50 Bank of Ireland notes, which were put into a stout envelope and addressed to Francis Fareley, Esq.

And now to take possession of his own!
A farm in the old land! How often
when toiling in the torrid heat of summer, or the Arctic winter of a foreign
land, did his fancy roam back to recollections of his own early days in an Irish
homestead. How he sighted for the odor
of the hawthorn blossoms in May and the
scent of the naw-mown hay in July scent of the new-mown hay in July How he recalled the breezy days when he coursed hares on upland moors; or perhaps, his memory strayed to the Sunday evening dance at the crossroads.

Now it was going to be all real again his mind was not quite at ease as to the justice of his proceeding. Who was this Miss Desmond that the sub-agent told him of? If he gained a home, did not she lose one? And, perhaps, after all, one to which she was deeply attached. But, then, if he did not take the farm someone else undoubtedly would. It was all most looked on as a matter of course, and a a few weeks he would be as popular with his neighbors as any Desmond of them all. Ave! indeed! Tom Corr gan, you are right! There was no mili-tant popu'ar organization in Ireland then to safeguard the rights of oppressed ten ants. The grabber stalked through the land, and there were none to say him

mond farm was called, arrived at the village inn on a fine midsummer evening twilight were gradually sinking behind belt of low hills that half encircled the village in the distance. Corrigan secure a bedroom and then lounged into the bar, where a rustic Hebe was engaged in playful badinage with a bulbous-nosed exciseman and a raw sub-inspector of police. A casual remark led to a general conversation. Then there were brandies and sodas, and finally a game of cards in the little snuggery behind the bar.

It was far advanced in the night when the convival party rose, and Corrigan's brain was heated by his unwonted consumption of strong drink. Then he sud y recalled the curious coincidence on that day exactly ten years be fore he had left the home of his father in Tipperary, and a strange fancy took possession of him. He resolved to go out an gaze upon his new possession in moon light, before he retired for the night Lismoore was situated about half a mile from the village, and a pretty winding road would take him right to the farm.

The stillness and beauty of the nigh awoke no responsive echo in his soul Like a very miser, he wanted to gaze and gloat on his dominion. On one of the elds of the farm, close to the high road stood a "fairy fort," or strong circular rath, popularly supposed to be the home of the "dhaoine sighe," or good people. The entrance to the rath faced the road. and the circular fence was thickly over grown with thorn and gorse. As Corri gan approached he noticed, with aston shment, that the interior of the fort wa brilliantly lighted up, while sad, sweet strains of unearthly music floated on the

still night air!
Thoughts of all the old world fairy stories that he had listened to when a boy came rushing to his memory; but ther again he reflected that it was bonfire night, and that possibly the strange light was some belated celebration on the eve of good St. John. He was not naturally superstitions, and the materialistic spirit of the States had taught him to laugh a hings supernatural as old women's story tales! Consequently it was with a light heart that he climed the roadside fence and presented himself at the entrance to the

the green sward in the centre several more were merrily footing it to invisible music! While he was looking on in music! amazement he was suddenly accosted by a villainously ugly little man, who re-moved a tiny cocked hat and bowed low. "What! Tom Corrigan, the new tenant "What! Tom Corrigan, the new fenant of Lismore, and so you have dared to intrude on our reveis! Not satisfied with grabbing the orphan's farm, you must needs insult by your presence this merry gathering! Know you not the penalty of this audacious intrusion! But we will take you before our glorious Queen Cliona, who has delived to leave her apphantal. who has deigned to leave her enchante. who has deigned to leave her enchanted home of Carrigliona, in order that she may grace our reveis to night. Come!?, and touching the green side of the rath with a white wand an opening suddenly appeared, to which the little man led the now unresisting intruder! Tom Corrigan was amazed and confounded, and it must e confessed that while his heart misgave

be confessed that while his heart missave him, he managed to preserve a bold front, and appeared calm and unruffled before the judgment seat of the fairy queen.

Seated on a throne of gold, on an elevated dais at the end of a gorgeous and brilliantly-lighted hall, the fairy queen did not strike him as being a formidable person. She looked on him with a noble, and, as he thought, pitying smile, and andibly sighed when the ugly little man recounted the offences of which the recounted the offences of which the mortal was guilty. "And so you have taken the orphan's farm, Tom Corrigan?" she said. "For shame! For years you have toiled in America, and now your hard-won earnings are invested in an enterprise calculated to give grievous pain to a helpless girl. Ba a man, and think a helpless girl. Be a man, and think of it. Go to her in the morning

and tell her you will give it up."

Corrigan at length found his tongue.
He protested that if he did so somebody

the protested that if he did so somebody would retake it at once; and, besides, how could a young girl manage a farm? The fairy queen souled again.

"Nathless! you may be right. Somebody, as you say, will, no doubt, do as you have done; but that does not exculpate you. Now mark my words! The Deemonds have been here for three hundred years. Mr. lives on high there have. dred years. My liege subjects here found them good and kindly neighbors, and they will not take kindly to newcomers. So, be

Here the ugly little man interposed. May it please, my queen. You are too enient with this mortal. To-night he boasted in his cups that will he will leve our fort to the ground, and plant corn on

"Ah!" said the fairy queen, with a gentle smile, "when the wine is in the wit is out. That passes methinks for a mortal adage. I pray thee let this poor

deluded man depart in peace. He will do what is right." And then she rose, and intimated that

hall was speedily filled with gay cavaliers and winsome ladies, and Tom Corrigan, ever shadowed by the detestable little man, mingled freely in the scene. Oace the fairy queen, in passing, whispered in his ear, "Oh! mortal, neither dance with hor drink anght from the hands of your nor drink aught from the hands of your nosts to-night. If you do, you are

The warning was heeded, and neither the seductive smiles of the beautiful ladies, nor the rosy wine, offered in golden goblets by the ugly mannikin, could tempt the wary Irish-American. But all things toust have an ead, and the little man in-timated that as the hour of cock crow was at an end, he would guide Corrigan to the entrance of the fort. Very reluct-antly the latter left the fairy mansion, ollowed as he fondly thought by the ad-niring glances of the queen, and when he ound himself in a dark and gloomy pas age he began to suspect treachery on the part of his guide. And this suspicion was quickly verified, for at a turning in the corridor the little man stepped quickly aside, and the next moment the new tenant of Lismoore fell headlong down a steep precipice, losing consciousness as he teep precipice, losing consciousness as he

When Tom Corrigan awoke ying recumbent at the bottom of the dry most that circled the fort. The warm beams of the risen sun were streaming through the greenery of the hedgegrows The bright bells of the lasmore needed above his head. Farry, himy, gossame, webs hung pendant from bush and tree; and the lark sang loudly in a cloudless heaven. Was it all a horrible dream, the result of his last night's potations? Very possibly; but it was a dream that left ar unpleasant impression behind it. He arose slowly, and carefully shook the dew-drops from his clothes.

Standing at the entrance to the fort, he could see the blue smoke curling up from the old farm house of the Desmonds. He would go there and see for himself what manner of woman this interesting

orphan was.

Eily Desmond was standing at the open kitchen door of her ancestral home; and surely the June sun never greeted a prettier type of the Irish colleen. Of medium height and faultiess build, a wealth of brown curls crowning a shapel head; and if, at times, a slight suspicion of archness played about the corners of ner honest gray eyes; yet this morning the bonny face seemed sad indeed. For in a few days she should bid good by for ever to the home of her childhood. The Irish-American raised his hat— "Miss Desmond, I presume?" In after years Tom Corrigan could never clearly

tell how it came about, but he had a ver vivid recollection of the wrathful counter ance of the old housekeeper, when the young mistress of Lismore asked him to stay to breakfast, and afterwards the vil lage quid nuncs were furnished with brave food for gossip when they beheld the stranger in the family pew of the Desmonds. During the progress of divine service the hardened man of the world was touched at the simple piety and faith of the congregation, and a really powerful sermon, a portion of which was delivered in Gaslic, seemed to have special reference to his own barrenness of soul. He left the church with the words of the good priest ringing in his ears, and from that moment he was a changed man. Memories of the dead days when he lisped his prayers at a devoted mother's knees came back to him now. He told Miss Desmond he should not enter into possession of the farm. Yet he lingered round the village, and to the unconcealed dis-gust of the old housekeeper at the farm, he seemed daily to grow in the favor of the gentle Eily Dasmond. And when at length he put it to the test, she bade him stay, and so he entered at last into pos session of Lismore as a husband of the last of the "ould race." Soon his shrewd management brought smiling prosperity to the old farm, and he was speedily looked upon as the local embodiment and exponent of a new school of thought among Irish farmers. Frank Fareley re-sented his manly bearing and independ-ence in the rent office, and through his example and teaching the slavish whine of "your banar" and the defing of the caubeens became less frequent than of caubeens became less frequent than of old. When a blow was to be struck for the old country, and men with square-teed boots was much in evidence, he was the trusted head centre of his district, and in later times when new men and other methods appeared upon the scene—when Davitt unfurled the banner of the Land League on the slopes of North Cork—the successors of Frank Fareley had bitter reasons to curse the day when a returned Irish-American was accepted as tenant of Lismore.—The Irish People.

AN EFFECTIVE EXPOSURE.

Sacred Heart Review. The number of Protestant ministers, even among those that have enjoyed the best education, who can correctly state the dogmas and teachings of the Catholic Church is, as the Review has frequently had occasion to remark, very few. Indeed, if we except our own valued contributor, the Rev. Mr. Sarbuck, with possibly one or two more, we do not know of any other Protestant divine whose knowledge and studies enable him to do so; and very often such ministers make the mos ridiculous blunders when they essay to define Catholic truth and teaching. In the current issue of the Outlook, for instance, the Rev. S. D. McCounell, a worthy Episcopalian, undertaking to state the Catholic belief regarding the inspiration of Holy Writ, says: "The Catholic Church has no doctrine of inspiration. It has the fact. But it has never defined the fact or elevated it into a dogma." The New York Sun very strikingly and effectively punctured that stupid assertion by printing it and then subjoining the following extract from the formula of faith which Cardinal Vaughan recently requested

Dr. Mivart to sign : "In accordance with the Holy Counsels of Trent and of the Vatican, I receive all the books of the old and New Testament will all their parts set forth in the Fourth Session of the Council of Trent and contained in the ancient Latin edition of the Vulgate, as sacred and canonical, and I firmly believe and profess that the said Scriptures are sacred and canonical—not because, having been carefully composed by mere human industry, they were afterward approved by

the Church's authority, nor merely because they contain revelation with no admixture of they contain revelation with no admixture of error, but because, having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their Author, and have been delivered as such to the Church herself. Whereupon, in all matters of faith or morals appertaining to the building up of Christian doctrine, I believe that to be the true sense of Holy Scripture which our Holy Mother the Church has held and now holds, to whom the judgement of the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scripture belongs."

MOTHER'S THANKSGIVING.

"Don't tell me mother's dead, don't! ried the Baby reeling back against the wall and covering his eyes with his hand. Toe day was Thanksgiving, the scene a New England farmhouse kitchen; the circumstances, the unexpected return of the big, blonde, eyed John, locally known as Baby Standish, from the West, whither, five years earlier, his brother's wife had sent him "to grow up with the country.

James Standish, the Baby's elder brother, had been wise in his gener-ation, when, at the time of his father's sudden death, he had promptly married Amanda Jones, a rich neighbor, thus saving from foreclosure the fatally mortgaged Standish estate. In marry ing James, however, the bride of for tune had by no means married his family. Retaining Pete, the second prother, to help work the farm on shares, and even extending continued hospitality to the Baby's sweetheart, Darcas, and adopted orphan, whose able domestic services were a good bargain at the cost only of board and clothes, Mrs. James Standish, Jr., had rigidly drawn the line at her mother in law, whose place she declared to be with her own daughter, Charlotte, mar-ried in Boston, and banished the Baby to the extreme West, as the most dis tant land of exile her limited geo graphical knowledge suggested.

In the early days of his absence Baby had written characteristically hopeful letters to his mother and Dorcas, promising great things when he "strike gold." But as his promises grew less definite and his optimistic spirit qualled before failure, his letters had been fewer and farther between, and finally ceased altogether and it was now more than four years since he had written or heard from home.

In the rushing life of the West the years had been winged; and no pos-sibility of change in the monotony of ths uneventful home life had suggested itself to his sanguine mind. But now. face to face with possible disillusion as his hasty glance about the family circle failed to discover his dear old mother, he cursed his folly for having planned a surprise which might turn the tables with unhappy effect.

The hour was noon, and the family vere just seating themselves about the Thanksgiving board. A big turkey ornamented one end of the table; sub stantial pies of pumpkin and mince the other, while centre dishes of vege ables, a glowing mound of cranberry jelly and two big pitchers of cider completed the festal promise of generous cheer. About the board were some strangers to him. Seated between the sharpvisaged Amanda and a buxom matron, who was evidently Mrs. Pete. were four little newcomers in high chairs. By the side of his sister Charlotte, Mrs. Samuel Benson, who looked stout and prosperous, sat a handsome boy of four or five years. James, at the end of the table, like Pete, at the side, looked prematurely aged and withered. At the foot sat Dorcas, pale, slender, but still pretty young woman, whose sad face was suddenly glorified as she met the Baby's eyes. She recognized him the Baby's eyes. She recognized him at once, yet she could not speak his name, for the sudden beating of her hears. But even as he kissed her the Baby's lips trembled, and the simultaneous family recognition and greeting evoked no responsive smile from him, for the absence of the dear old face he had looked for even before Dorcas' chilled his heart. "Dm't tell me mother's dead.

don't!" he repeated. "Of course, I might have expected it, in all these years: but I never did, not once! No news seemed good news, and I always thought of you just as I'd left you— mother and Dorcas and all! I ought to have written, but was always waiting to fulfil my promise to succeed; and the years are winged when one is pursuing wealth. Don't tell me that dear

old mother is dead, don't! Nobody did tell him that his mother was dead. The deepest of silence had fallen upon the room. Even the children held their breaths, feeling the embarrassed constraint of their elders. It was Dorcas' soft voice that broke the

"No, your mother is not dead," she said. "She is only—in the county poor house!"

The Baby's hand fell from his eyes. Then, for the first time, the family fully recognized the evolution of the family infant. His tall, well set up, figure straightened; his blue eyes flashed; his eyebrows lowered over them in fierce scowl. Yet his voice was low, ominously low, as he

"What?" he cried. "Mother in the poerhouse, and you, her children, here?" He indicated the well laden table with one comprehensive wave of the hand. "James, Peter, Charlotte her sons, her daughter, answer me. Your mother in the poorhouse on this Thank-giving Day?

James Standish stammered incoherently and Pete shifted his eyes. wife suddenly turned and boxed the ears of the child beside her. The prosperous Charlotte coughed protestingly and turned her attention to the cider. Only the moneyed Amanda accepted

"she's your mother, too, isn't she? What right have you to walk in with your airs and call the others to account after deserting her yourself for five long years?'

MARCH 24, 1900

"Deserting her !" cried the Baby, 'I was working for her, I tell you, But repeated disappointments and reverses -

James and Charlotte revived. They glanced at each other with an I-told. you so look of gratified relief, and proseeded to reassert themselves with their original air of superiority. How foolsh they had been to be misled by their brother's presperous appearance. As if the Baby could ever turn out anything but the direst failure. It would be strange, indeed, if in five years of fort he could not earn a good suit to his back, but his clothes were evidenty all. He had frankly confessed to ly all. He had frankly contact one disappointment. Perhaps he had come back in hope of eating the bread of idlaness among them. He would find idleness among them. He would find himself mistaken. They even hesitated as to the wisdom of asking him to dinner. A precedent was a dangerous thing to establish under the cumstances. James tilted back in his chair and slipped his hands in his pockets with an air of nonchalent patronage.

"It's all right, Baby," he said. 'Nothing to make a row over, Mother's as snug as can be, and as Amanda here says, it wouldn't be for you to find fault if she wasn't. You'd in equal right to provide for her, hadn't you? But as it is, it's all fallen on Pete and me."

"My husband simply wouldn't hear of a mother-in-law in the house," interrupted Charlotte, hastily ex-plaining her conspicuous absence from the list of filial providers. " And as for money, we're scrimpted to the last cent paying up the mortgage on our new house on the hill. As Samuel said when the minister re for a raise of salary, 'It's as much as a man of position can do in these hard times to keep a case of wine in his own cellar "No, Sam Benson, wouldn't do

nuthin' for her," agreed James ; " an'

Amanda, who's got ev'rything in her own name, you know, she set down her foot and said she wouldn't have an old chi d as well as a young one to nuss, for mother got ailin' an' feeble. Pete, he did take on a bit an' try to keep her with us, but he'd married Mrs. Pete here, Matilda Davis that was, an' two families of children was makin' us short of room, so one day I jest lifted mother into the wagon an' drove her over to the poorhouse, where, being one of the directors, I got her in as easy an' snug as can be, She's got a room to herself an' half a dezen other old ladies to gossip with, an' Pete goes over ev'ry Sunday her, an' she's never sick but I drive right over to see if she's dyin', my own self; an' as for that young fool Dorcas there, she's had a dollar a week from us ever since she was eighteen. and ev'ry blessed month she's handed over two of 'em to mother, so she's in no need of money to burn for extry tea and fol lols an' sech. Mother ain't the wust off in the world, by a long shot, no, siree; and even if she was you're not the one to cast it up to us. She's as much your mother as ourn, that's plain, an' we've done well enough by her, while she'd have starved out in the fields for all you cared these five long years.

"I made the natural mistake of trusting her elder children to prov for her until her youngest was able to do his part, as he now is," emphasized the Baby with stern significance. "Look here, boys, mother's going to eat her Thanksgiving dinner with her children this day or you'll one and all regret it to the end of your lives. Amanda, you're mistress here, I believe. Put this dinner back on the stove and keep it hot until I drive back with mother. James, you come along to the poorhouse with the red tape You and Pete harness up while I have a word with Dorcas. Go on, I say! Don't be afraid I won't make it worth your while. I haven't come home a beggar.'

Had the Baby come back rich? His mysterious hints and sudden assumpion of authority seemed to transfigure the farm kitchen with a sudden glamor of golden possibilities. The bewildered James went meekly out to the harness. ing, while his politic wife, hesitating between indefinite hopes and cautious doubts, protestingly removed the dishes. The superior Charlotte sat dishes. back in her chair with an air of gracious tolerance. The hungry children. disapproving the removal of the temptdinner, set up a simultaneous howl of disappointment which inspired the energetic Mrs. Pete to shake them all with impartial vigor. Meanwhile the Baby had drawn Dorcas aside and was bringing happy blushes to the cheeks by his gallant whispers.

It was almost an hour later when the wagon returned to the door, and the Baby's mother, with joyfully-tearful face and trembling form, descended. Oh, how good it seemed to her to re turn to the dear old farmhouse! Oh. f her children would only not drive her forth again till her eyes should close forever! Her snow white head bowed under its thorny crown of years and sorrow, her streaming eyes, her chastened old face were a pathetic sight as she kissed her children with deathless mother-love, and meekly thanked them for the happiness of her Thanksgiving home c ming. dinner was served her tollworn bands trembled against the table as she bowed her head in fervent thanks to Him who had remembered her loneliness and delivered her from the desolate house of Only the moneyed Amanda accepted bondage. The slow tears of ago coursed singly down her wrinkled face '' Oh, as to that," she snapped, as she looked eagerly about her at every familiar corner of the farm hitchen; at the dishes she had treasured since her bridal days; at the faces of her sons and daughter; at the little grandchildren toward whom her old heart yearned; and, lastly and the derivers of the Baby's flushed and Dar most tenderly, at the Baby's flushed young face, which seemed to shrine e happy secret. How he laughed joked with his mother
Dorcas; how he teased
children; how he twitted
dignified Charlotte; how he flattwitted tered Amanda and flirted with Matilda; how he told stories of Western adventure and enterprise until his brothers, the wo forgetting their resentment, hung what the spellbound on the Baby's words! Fin. me ago ally, when even the big pies were de-molished and his mother laid down her knife and fork and sat back with a dollars' sigh of thankful content, the Baby rose, and, lifting a glass of sparkling cider, motioned his brothers to follow

A Thanksgiving toast," he said ; it to yo "Here's to mother, boys, the mother two who bore us; the mother who rejoiced late, fo with us in health and nursed us tenderly in sickness; who toiled for us by day and watched by our beds at night.
and loved and prayed for us always! Here's asking her forgiveness for the here's begging her to accept the past: here's begging her to accept the best that love can give her in the pres shall d ent; here's praying that the Lord may leave her here for many a long year yet to enjoy the peace and happiness before

'Amen," agreed Peter audibly; while James drowned a grunt in glass, and divers coughs and sniffs ated to waking feminine emotion. Doreas was weeping visibly, yet not unhappily. The poor old guest of bonor sat in sobbing silence. Her sud-den happiness after her long desolation was almost too much for her. All the cruel past was forgiven and forgotten. She realized only that the Lord was merciful to her and let her live to hear her children call her blessed !

"And now," went on the Baby revently, "thanksgiving to God for a erently, "than Mother will take away with her a pleasant memory of her last Thanksgiving among you. Yes, I mean it, her very last; so make the most of her while you have her. I shall want the wagon around again, James, within twenty minutes; and 0, by the way, this time there will be an extra passenger! Say good-bye to Dorcas, as well as to mother, good people, for she is going back to the ing p with mother and me-as my

Nobody broke the surprised silence. Not even Amanda was capable of speech. The Baby's announcement light had petrified his hearers. There was lishm a retributive sternness in his voice for perha which his pleasantry during dinner had not prepared them. Now they realized that he had been playing a Order part for his mother's benefit. As he had said, he wanted her last Thanks giving at home to be a pleasant mem-

ory. "There's more to be said," he went on, resolutely, "but perhaps the less said the better. You think I haven't done right boys, and I know that you haven't; but the mother here who sits in judgment forgives us all alike, and | pries happily it is in my power to atone materially for whatever wrong I have seemed to do in the past.' He took from his pocket a large wal-

let crowded with bills, and counted

"Here," he said, "is a Thanksgiving peace offering in the shape of a ticu hundred apiece all round, children in- in the cluded, making the sum total \$1,000 : a fair enough figure, I think, to be he he considered payment in full of my part the of the maternal expenses up to date. My future responsibility extends exclusively to the support of our mother and Dorcas. Let it be clearly under stood, please, that all family claim upon me ends here and now, finally

and forever !" There was a general deprecating, resentful, vet resistless acceptance of the precious bills as the Baby's surprised family and awaited further re-

velations in awed stlence, "To-night," exulted the Baby, "I shall take my mother and Doress to Boston, to hang out as long as they like at the biggest, hands mest swellest caravansary in the shape of a hotel that's to be had for Western money. To morrow I'll present them with a little \$5,000 check between them, to lay out in the highest toned shops for fixings, bridal and otherwise, to be found in the city of Boston; and as soon as Dorcas is smartened up a bit she and I will be married and take mother West to share our honeymoon for the rest of her days. By the way, perhaps it will interest you to see what ome folks think of the prospects before her !

With a jubilant twinkle of vengeance in his eyes, he pulled from his breast some cuttings from the press and passed them to his brothers. The glaring headlines fairly blinded the incredulous Standish eyes. The Baby a great mine owner? The family good for nothing a man of millions? Even the \$1000 on the table could scarcely convince them.

John Standish strikes gold. The Baby Mine proves a bonanza. And another: "The John Standish Mining Com-

pany capital five million. The Baby promises to be the richest mine in Cali-

ruthlessly into the eyes of his gasping brothers "it's all true, and what's better still, it's all for mother—the good and loving mother whose child-ren grudged her in her old age a corner in the home in which she bore them, and drove her out to live and die on the bitter crust of poorhouse

such hig both inte " Tha will cov disregar prepare lose, me in," he

Then,

up to th mother bracing as if the know th aroused

mother pleadir not be "D ing. exchar

" Go givin' happy more, HE

"G

Such

from James name to cal that S noble know one Jesui

of up Mass Jesu first(Daff rows pour

The

Yes, boys," said the Baby, looking