

Wechel-ter-zandé. It was a mottled calf—a dear little thing!"

Meanwhile the girls had moved a few paces, each in her own direction.

"Well, a kind greeting to your family, Trien," cried Kate, as she walked away; see that you manage your letter properly; and send John our compliments."

"Adieu till Sunday, after church; then I shall tell you how I have got on with it. Kind remembrances to your sister."

Kate's voice already sounded in the fir-wood; merrily and clearly she sang the burden of a well-known May song:

"See! with wreaths and flowers adorn'd,
The village May-pole, planted high,
And the boys and peasant girls
Dancing round it merrily.

Up! maidens! seize the hour,
Up! and join the gleeful throng;
Youth comes but once, and when it goes,
Go with it dance and song."

Trien stood dreaming till the beautiful voice of her friend died away behind the wood. Then she bounded along the road, half skipping, half walking, and soon reached her dwelling.

Here sat both widows at the table, and waited impatiently for Trien's return. The old grandfather, who had taken cold, lay in bed, and pushed his head through the curtains, that with eye and ear at least, he might be present at the great work in which they were engaged.

So soon as the girl made her appearance, the women hastily cleared off everything that lay on the table, and wiped it clean with the corner of their aprons.

"Come here, Trien, seat yourself on grandfather's chair, it is more convenient."

The girl seated herself silently at the table, spread out the paper, and then stuck the end of the pen thoughtfully in her mouth.

Meanwhile the women and the grandfather looked at her with the liveliest curiosity. The little brother had spread out both arms on the table, and fixed his gaze on her mouth and eyes, watching what she would do with the pen. But Trien rose from her seat, took a little coffee-cup from the shelf, poured the ink out of the bottle into it, and set it on the table, where she kept turning the paper this way and that, nine or ten times.

At last she dipped the pen in the ink, and disposed herself to write. After a few moments, she raised her head, and asked:

"Now, tell me, what am I to write?"

Both widows looked inquiringly at one another, and then to the sick grandfather, who had pushed out his head far beyond the curtain, and kept his eyes fixed on Trien's hand.

"Why, write that we are all well," said the old man, coughing; "a letter always begins so."

The maiden smiled, and said:

"Ah, that were fine, to be sure! That we are all well, and you have been lying ill in bed this fortnight!"

"But you can say that at the end of the letter, Trien, all the same."

"No, child, do you know what you must do?" said John's mother. "You must first ask how he is, and after you have written that, we shall add all the other things."

"No, child," said the other widow; "write down first that you take the pen in your hand to inquire after his health. That is the way the letter of Peter-John's last began, which I heard read at the miller's last night."

"Yes, that is what Kate the wooden-shoemaker's daughter said too. But I'll not do it for all that—it is far too childish," replied the maiden, impatiently. "John knows, without being told, that I can't write with my feet."

"In the first place," said the grandfather, set down his name at the top of the paper."

"What name? Braems?"

"No no—John!"

"You are right, grandfather," replied the girl. "Go away, Pawken, take your arms off the table. And you, mother, pray sit back a bit, else you may jog me."

She put the pen to the paper, and, while seeking for the place at which she should begin to write, she spelt, in a low tone, the name of her absent friend.

To be continued.

The Dandelion.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who said he would like to get acquainted with dandelions. But the other children said scornfully: "Who cares about dandelions? They're nothing but weeds. Besides," his companions insisted, "there are no dandelions: they're all dead, because it's winter."

But Anthony felt sure there must be dandelions somewhere, because his mother had told him there would be some very soon. They must be somewhere, and they must be coming. Daddy was away, but he was coming soon, too. And, sure enough, a few weeks later Anthony came hurrying home from school and excitedly assured his mother that daddy was coming home. And his startled mother discovered, after much questioning, that Anthony had associated his father's coming from away off, with the coming of the dandelions. And there was a tiny golden sun in a sheltered spot in the lane.

Then she took the little fellow on her knee and told him all she knew about the little brother to the sun. The dandelion is such a very common flower that most of us miss both its beauty and its inspiration. Only to imaginative children and to poets does it reveal its secrets. Lowell knew it well:

"Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
Thou art the type of those meek charities
Which make up half the nobleness of life,—
Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
Love's smallest coin,
Bringing forth many a thought and deed;
And planted safely in the eternal sky.
Bloom into stars which earth is guided by."

Anthony was quite right in believing that dandelions are always somewhere and coming. Deep down in the earth, Mother Dandelion has her big taproot and is working, planning, resting. And when the spring sun begins to warm the earth a little, she sends her sap blood through the little tendrils, and they begin to uncurl, pushing slowly and gently through the brown soil until they reach an opening, white, pale and tired. Then after a little rest, just far enough up so they can breathe, they begin to unfold. One tiny white leaf loses its pale colour and grows stronger and longer; and another and another follow. Then in the centre of the bunch of leaves a little flat knot forms and grows and unfolds. Presently there comes an especially bright, warm day; and, although the wind may still have a sharp edge, there on the grass is a tiny blazing emblem of the sun and humble good deeds.

AN EDITOR'S SAVINGS.

An editor who started about 20 years ago with only 55 cents is now worth \$100,000. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business and the fact that an uncle died and left him \$99,999.

—Editor and Publisher. S. N. P. O. on the 25th of May that

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 17 of St. Peters Bote

Rosthern reports on the 21st of June that train service between their town and Regina is again regular. Passenger trains run daily, and freight trains are arriving every day. All trains from the south come direct from Regina without any transfer of passengers or baggage. It will, however, take some time till all the delayed freight etc. is delivered at points of destination.

Father Dominic held the first services at Lake Lenore on the 29th of May in the house of Bernhard Gerwing. At a meeting held after the services it was resolved to build a church on Sec. 32, T. 39, R. 22. Bernard Gerwing and Peter Wolsfeld will each give 5 acres for a church site. The new church is to be 24x40, and is to be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

A correspondent writes from Leopold on the 5th of June that their parish celebrated a double feast; namely that of St. Boniface, the patron Saint of the parish, and the feast of Corpus Christi. Father Dominic of St. Anna sang the solemn High Mass, assisted by Father Meinrad, the pastor of the parish, as deacon, and Frater Casimir of St. Peter's Monastery as sub-deacon; Father Dominic delivering the sermon. After services in the church the procession was formed and proceeded to the altars erected in the open air. Owing to the favorable weather there was a large attendance. In the afternoon at a meeting of the men of the parish, the St. Boniface Aid Society was organized. The following officers were elected: Nic. Arnoldy, president; Caspar Walarius, vice-pres.; Mich. Renneberg, financial-sec.; Anton M. Gaspar, secretary of the minutes; Jacob Grausch, treasurer, and Father Meinrad, Honorary President, Frank Green jr., as marshal, to be assisted by Carl Spani and Mat. Arnoldy. Fifty men joined the society. Prior Alfred was elected as the society's spiritual director and delegate.

On June 10th Rev. Fathers Schmid and Voisin, both members of the Canon Regulars, or "White Fathers" were in Rosthern. They are called White Fathers from the white habit and surplice which they wear. They have established themselves at Crooked Lake, about 12 miles north of St. Peter's Colony. Father Schmid is erecting a church there 26x50.

M. S. Washkoski jr. writes from St. Peter on the 20th of May that he is now over a year in the Colony, having come to Rosthern last year in the beginning of May. On the 13th and 14th of the month the weather was so disagreeable that he nearly turned back home. Soon it changed for the better and he began to like the country. He was charmed with the beautiful flowers with which the prairie began to be covered; but he found the mosquitoes more than a nuisance. The winter, although cold, he found bearable, working outside during the whole of the winter.

Another correspondent writes from St. Peter on the 5th of June that on the Tuesday previous the third wedding in the parish was solemnized. Father Mathias united in Holy Wedlock Mr. Clemens Kohle and Miss Mary Lutter. On the feast of Corpus Christi Father Peter celebrated High Mass at 9 o'clock and afterwards gave Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament, followed by the singing of the "Te Deum". Owing to the rainy weather the procession could not take place. To-day it is warm, 84 above zero. Four small boys of Geo. Bauer were sent to the Catholic Orphanage at Prince Albert.

Henry Meyer writes from V. S.

their district is making rapid progress. During the past month many new houses were erected. John Wickenhauser is helping Emil Dorfner to build a large house. On the 18th of May a little girl was born to Peter Bartsch. The Schwindt brothers went this week to St. Peter to make some purchases.

The warmest day so far was June 17th, 87 above zero. There was a light shower nearly every night during the week.

STRAYED.

Our large red-and-white-spotted cow. Large horns, has calf at foot. Suitable reward given for information leading to her recovery. Mrs. Mary Waldbillig, Leopold, Sask.

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