

SPANISH JOHN.

BEING A MEMOIR NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN COMPLETE FORM OF THE EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF COLONEL JOHN McDONNELL, KNOWN AS "SPANISH JOHN," WHOSE BROTHER WAS IN THE COMPANY OF ST. JAMES OF THE REGIMENT IRELANDIA, IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING OF SPAIN DURING 1810 IN ITALY.

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

11.—CONTINUED.

1740-1743.

How, out of a school boy's quarrel, it came that I kissed the hands of His Majesty James III.; that I met with H. K. A. the Prince of Wales and other company, both high and low, until, from one thing to another, I took leave of my Books to follow the Drum.

We waited until the King had left the church, making his way on foot and alone to his place alongside, when we took coach again and drove towards the College. I could see that Father Urbani did not wish to be disturbed, for there was a troubled look on his face, so I said nothing, but leaned back with my head full of the glorious vision I had just seen. Had any one dared say there was nothing in meeting with a sad-faced, elderly man alone in an empty church—a man who claimed to be a king and had no throne, who claimed to be a king and had no country—I would have held it little short of blasphemy. To me he was a martyr for honor's sake, the head of my nation and the hope of all loyal hearts. So I leaned back, I say, with these things running riot through my head, jumbled with old stories of Killarney and 1715, with old songs I had heard from a child, and with thoughts of my Uncle Scotto's until I was suddenly brought back to earth again by one of Father Urbani's thin old hands, quietly closing over mine.

"And now, Giovanni, do you not think you can go back to school again?" he asked. "I will, father, I will; for you I will do anything I am able. But you will not ask me to take either the Mule or the Horse?" I asked, my old trouble coming back on me again. "Have no more fear, my dear child," he said, quietly, "they will never be put to your offer. You have been punished enough by attending on an old man like me for three days." And as he embraced me tenderly as parting in our hall, he bade me, pointedly, not to attach too much to anything we had seen.

So I went back to my tasks quite content, and continued to make good progress and give satisfaction, though I could not altogether obey our good Rector's bidding and forget that lonely figure of the Santi Apostoli. And Angus and I whispered our secret to each other as we lay in the quiet of our room at night.

Now, there was a privilege which our students had above those of all other colleges in Rome, which was that, any day of our night, at certain hours, go wherever our business called us. And Angus and I found that the shortest way for all our business, as well as between the Quattro Fontane, was by the little street of the Santi Apostoli, whence we could least our eyes on the Palazzo, and were more than once rewarded by a sight of His Majesty and one of the Princes, whom our steward discovered to be the Duke of York, going forth to take the air with a modest following.

Our schooling might have ended here had it not been for Mr. O'Rourke. One day, when we went to visit him at the College of the Propaganda, he said: "I hear you take a great many walks in the Santi Apostoli, young gentlemen; at which we would say nothing of it, for, although we had not been forbidden, we felt there were good reasons against its being mentioned. But he received us with his merry laugh.

"Faith, no! I would not dream of interfering with the leanings of two gentlemen such as you, the more so that they have a bias in what I consider to be the right direction. Perhaps you do not know I am a descendant of kings myself, I went on, in his lively fashion, "and, having royal blood flowing freely in me, can enter into your feelings better than the best non-royal who ever ruled over your honorable College."

This was a bit at Father Urbani—and I suspect there may have been a certain jealousy between the Propaganda and the Jesuits for the army is now the only fighting body in the world—so I broke in with, "None of your innuendoes, if you please, Mr. O'Rourke. We have never asked Father Urbani to enter into our feelings, but I hold him qualified to enter into the best thoughts of the best man in Rome!"

"Sit and easy, Signor Giovanni McDonnelli," says he, always laughing; "your stomach is tight, even for a Highlander! I was only about to propose, on my first free day, a visit to your lodgings, the Palazzo of the Santi Apostoli, where, thanks to my royal ancestry, I have some small right of entry." And with the words he took the anger out of me at once.

It seemed an eternity until his first cough, or day of liberty, came, and we were in waiting long before the appointed hour. We lost no time in setting out, but, to our surprise, did not take our way to the Palazzo direct, but went in-stead round by a little lane leading off the Piazza Pioleto, and so to a small wicket, whereon Mr. O'Rourke knocked in a private manner, while we held our breath in expectation. The door was opened presently by an old man to whom Mr. O'Rourke had never been admitted, not to the Palazzo itself, but into the bare and mean hall-way of a very ordinary house. Before we had time to betray our disappointment, however, we passed through this hall, and by means of a hidden door—hidden, that is, by a seeming closet or wardrobe—we stepped out into the sunlight again, and, to our great delight, found ourselves in what we did not doubt were the gardens of the Palazzo.

As we walked up a path, I pulled Mr. O'Rourke by the sleeve. "What is it?" he said. "Oh, Mr. O'Rourke," I whispered,

"I wish we had our Leghorn hoes." At which he stopped, and, to my horror, laughed aloud, until the high, empty court seemed filled with the roar of his burly voice.

"Don't, Mr. O'Rourke—pray don't! some one will hear you!" I cried, much distressed.

"Hear me? Lord bless you, they wouldn't give a rotten fig to hear me, but you are worth a whole garden of figs, with the whole of them! For a mix-up of bare-legged Highlander and a half-feathered priest, you are the most prodigious Bird o' Paradise I have yet met with, Mr. John McDonnell, of Scotto's!"

"I am neither a priest nor a peacock yet, Mr. O'Rourke," I said, indignantly, "and I was not thinking of myself at all, but only of what was fitting towards His Majesty."

But he only laughed at me the more. "Your consideration does honor to your heart, but His Majesty has not as yet appointed me his Master of Ceremonies, though I have the Privilege of the Back Stairs. No, no, Giovanni, I will see no majesties to day, and the cloak must serve for when you are in a poor better company than that of the Irish student, whose only riches is the same loyalty that warrants yourself."

And that last touch melted me, and, so, hand in hand, we went on together. Then Mr. O'Rourke explained that the King and the Princes were to attend an audience given by the Pope that afternoon, and we were free to go over the Palazzo under the guidance of Mr. Sheridan, tutor to the Princes.

We entered the Palazzo with awe and almost worship, and were made well come by Mr. Sheridan, who most kindly endeavored us to satisfy our curiosity about his Royal Charges, telling us much that seemed almost incredible, for I believe we had an idea that a Prince must have some Divine Right of Learning by which he was excused both table and syllabus. In the Prince's waiting room we found Mr. Murray, son of Sir David Murray of Brough-on, a young man of pleasing address, afterwards so widely known as Mr. Secretary Murray, and then in some position about the Prince. He made much of us, asking us about our people, but had not that knowledge of our families I would have looked for in one in his position. However, we did not attach overmuch to this, as his welcome was hearty, and he lifted us to the height of expectation by saying: "Well, young gentlemen, you fall on a lucky day, for His Royal Highness has not left, and I doubt not will see you; and, before we could make any reply, he withdrew, leaving us in a state beyond my poor powers to describe."

Before we had recovered, the door opened, and His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales stood before us. He was dressed in full court costume, with all his orders, his handsome face bright with a smile of welcome; and as he came forward and then paused, Mr. O'Rourke gathered his composure first and knelt and kissed his hand.

We were about to follow, but the Prince would have it otherwise, restraining us as he said, laughingly: "No, no; a hand-grasp is ceremony enough between us. In a meeting with Highlanders I feel I am among comrades with whom I may stand back to back some day, and that, perhaps, not so far distant. But tell me of Clanranald," he said, quickly, to Angus: "his son is a gallant gentleman, I hear, and you, I understand, are his cousin."

Angus gave him such information as he had received of late, whereupon the Prince questioned us on both our families, calling them all properly by name—Scotto's, Glengarry, Bardsdale, and others—without a single mistake. "Do not be surprised I should know you all," he said, smiling; "His Majesty and I are never tired hearing of the names that are dear to us."

Then he questioned us somewhat—but not too closely—of ourselves, and we were able to answer without confusion, so gracious was his manner and so friendly his disposition. He then, changing with whom I may stand back to back some day, and that, perhaps, not so far distant. But tell me of Clanranald," he said, quickly, to Angus: "his son is a gallant gentleman, I hear, and you, I understand, are his cousin."

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of no time when life and fortune was not regarded as their rightful due from their adherents. I had been brought up to believe in them and to hope for them until hope had grown into faith and faith into worship.

My heart was full and my head ringing with excitement, so I can recall little or nothing of the remainder of that memorable afternoon save my wonder, when we stepped out into the street again, to find men and women gazing at their business just as if nothing had happened. It did not seem long when my whole life was possible, when my bewildered I could change. I was so the same world scarce believe it was the same world again. I could not talk or even listen to Mr. O'Rourke; for for Angus, I paid no heed to his chatter at all, and it was only when we pushed in the Piazza di Spagna to bid good-bye to our friend that I found some words to thank him, and promised to see him again on the following Thursday.

Was there ever so long a week? My lessons were poorly committed; not that I was dull, but my head was so full of other thoughts I had no room for anything else, while ever between me and my books there came that glorious figure, brave in silks and velvet, with jeweled sword by its side and flashing orders on its breast, till I could no longer see my task, and in my ear rang that clear, pleasant voice forever calling, calling. Surely was for I gave no thought to turn them into rebel drawings on one of the walls of the Propaganda.

My former record alone kept me from losing my holiday, and as soon as I was off to the College of the Propaganda, though Angus was not altogether set on pushing another holiday within doors, I was dreaming of another visit, though I hardly dared hope for it; but Mr. O'Rourke put an end to such thoughts by his first words.

"Welcome, my Highland gentlemen! Can you put up with the poor hospitality of this withered sprig of royalty instead of talking real treason face to face with exiled Princes? Were I King George I'd make it a crime to send little Highland bastards to Rome to turn them into rebel drawings on one of the walls of the Propaganda."

But I saw he was in no expert, and an exercise to him great pleasure—and so, refusing to be angered, I answered with much good-nature: "Indeed, Mr. O'Rourke, I believe you to be as great a rebel yourself as any in the Three Kingdoms."

"Why should I not be, boy?" he asked, sternly. "If I and mine had remained at home, no matter what souls God gave us, we would be forced to herd with the swine and die with the swine. Abroad we can at least wear with some honour the names our fathers bequeathed to us, and when death comes we can die like gentlemen in the faith into which our mothers bore us. But as for your politics," he said, changing to his usual manner, "I would not give a fig for the whole box and dice."

"I had my rights," he said, in an independent kingdom I'd crown Prince of Bretani I'd be myself, or perhaps a kind of a Pope of my own, and when I'd speak to the likes of you, 'tis weeping so hard for joy you'd be that you'd take the shine out of all my jewels!" And so on, with a brogue as broad as if Tipperary was in the next room, and macaroni and Italian had never replaced the potatoes and the speech he had left behind.

He would take no offence, he was somewhat dashed and gave over his attempt; so we went off for a stroll and were all merry together.

When we parted he told us with much emphasis that Mr. Murray had sent particular word that we would be admitted by the same door on the following Thursday, showing me the key, and bidding me give the word "Già!" to the porter.

It proved a quieter week for me, and Thursday found us in the little lane, whence we made our way into the Palazzo gardens, as before, where we found Mr. Sheridan awaiting us, who led us to Mr. Murray's chamber. He was wonderfully busy with his writing, but turned from it to entertain us, and showed us such attentions it was no wonder our heads were nearly turned. He questioned us much about our plans, and when he found I had no leaning towards the Church, made no scruple to belittle the calling of a priest and seemed much pleased when I told him of my mind to take up arms as my profession.

That same day he made us known to a Lieutenant Butler, a younger man than himself, who was in what was once known as "Baker's Foot," now serving King Carlo Borbone in Naples and styled there the "Regiment Irelandia," the very name of my Uncle's old regiment was an intoxication to me, and any man who had to do with it had a claim to my worship; so when Lieutenant Butler very obligingly told me I might wait upon him at his lodgings in the via Bocca di Leone, my heart beat with gratitude and delight; and so off we went to wait through another week.

At Lieutenant Butler's another and a greater surprise awaited us, for there we were introduced to Colonel Donald McDonnelli, in command of the Company St. James, of the Regiment Irish dragoons, a very tall and handsome man, but so warlike that he looked more like to a Spaniard than an Irishman. But Irishman he was in spite of his foreign looks, for his father, the Lieutenant General commanding the regiment, was direct in his descent from the Mayo McDonnells, and as pure a Jacobite as ever drew sword for the Rightful Successor. Here, too, I met the same service, whom I looked upon with much envy, as he was not greatly my superior in years.

Colonel McDonnelli at once began to question me touching my Uncle Scotto's, and very willingly did I tell the story of his campaigns, especially those of Italy, where, at the defence of Cremona, he was thanked before the regiment and received his first promotion. I told also of Alicante, in Spain, where he was

joined to the dragoons under the Count O'Mahony, and where, battered and started beyond belief after twenty-seven days' active siege and storming, thirty-six dragoons, with as many French and sixty-eight Neapolitans, surrendered, and marched out with all the honours of war—drums and flags, and playing, colours flying, and matches lighted—dragging their four cannon and two mortars after them.

They let me talk on, like the boastful boy I was, until I ended with the at the temple of 1715, when my Uncle Scotto's left the service until such time came as he might take up the quarrel once more.

"'Tis a good song, well sung," said the Colonel, smiling at my heat; "but how comes it a lad with such a backing behind him is content with a long robe and a book, instead of dancing a blue coat and gaiters to the rat-tat tat of the drum?"

"Oh, sir, 'tis what I long for more than all else in the world! Let me follow you, and see if I am not a soldier born! I know something of fence now, and as for the rest, I will study at it night and day."

"You would prove an apt pupil, no doubt," said the Colonel; "and what says Angus?"

But to my shame Angus said nothing save "that we would see," and I knew what that meant—it just meant: no in the most unsatisfactory and weary a manner a man can put it; but he proffered nothing further, and I was withheld by the presence of the company from expressing my thoughts.

But the Colonel only laughed with great good-nature, and said: "Well, when you make up your mind, let me know if it is favorable to me. As for you, young fire-eater," he added, turning to me, "I won't have any runaways about me!" At which I was much abashed, as I could not protest that such a thought was foreign to me, for I was plotting at it even as he spoke. "If you join," he went on, "you must do so in such manner as will not shame your Uncle Scotto's. I will see Father Urbani myself and give you his say about you; and if he gives you a good rating, as at his permission, then you shall join like a gentleman. So with this I was forced to be content."

"Well, Angus," I began, the moment we were in the street, "a pretty showing you have made for yourself with your 'we will see' before gentlemen! I hope you are well satisfied?"

"I'm not exactly put out," says he, very dry. "Indeed? And you call yourself Clanranald!" I snorted, full of scorn. "My father always told me I had every right to!" says he, provoking me to the utmost with his pretended quiet. "And what is more, he never yet heard that any of my name must needs take up with the first recruiting officer he comes across."

"Angus McDonnelli!" I cried, "if we weren't in the open street I'd thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, nor yet with a mile of it! I'm no more afraid of you than I am of the Irish officers you're so hot after."

Fortunate it was for the good name of the college that we caught sight of the Superior at that moment, for I do not believe human patience could have held out longer than mine had done. Indeed, so much was I exercised that the Superior saw at once something was wrong, and it was with the greatest difficulty we contrived to keep our cause of difference from him.

I was burning for Father Urbani to send for me, but one day after another passed without word, and when next I saw Lieutenant Butler he could give me no hint of when Colonel McDonnelli was likely to speak, for he had already left Rome and his return was uncertain. Had I not been so busy the waiting would have been weary work indeed, but every day I was making new acquaintance—for in a measure I was made free of the Palazzo, being readily admitted by the little door and made welcome by Mr. Murray and Mr. Sheridan and other gentlemen. Every day I saw new faces, and soon lost my backwardness, learning to bear myself without blushing or stammering, or any such school-boy tricks. Angus was seldom with me now, and, indeed, I was not sorry, for he seemed to have but small stomach for the business and preferred to stick to his books.

At length, one cold day in winter, as I was hurrying across the Corso, hugging myself every close about me, on my way to the Santi Apostoli, I caught sight of Colonel McDonnelli and eagerly accosted him.

"Well met, my little church mouse!" he said, passing his arm around my shoulder in such a manner as took the sting out of his jest. "Where are you scurrying to on such a cold day as this?"

"To the Santi Apostoli, sir," I answered. "To the Church, or the Palazzo?" "To the Palazzo, sir," I said, with some pride.

He stopped short, and putting his two hands on my shoulders, said, very gravely: "I am sorry to hear that, my lad. How did this come about?"

I told him all without hesitation. When I had made an end, he heaved a great sigh and then moved on again. When he spoke it was in a slow, thoughtful manner, as if to himself. "At it already! Well, well, I suppose it could not be helped. But, upon my soul, lad," he said, suddenly, as if waking up, "I would nearly as soon see you a priest as in these gentry!"

"How so, sir?" I said, in surprise. "You would not understand, he said, more gently. "When the day comes, on with your sword, if you must, and strike! I would be the last to say you nay—but this chamber-plotting and convert making, I despise it all! Whom have you met there?"

I told him, and of how kind many of the gentlemen had been to me, in particular Mr. Murray and Mr. Sheridan.

"I know nothing bad of either of them," he said, in a disdainful way. "But you have no call to be in such company at your age. I shall speak to Father Urbani before I leave Rome this time, and, if he permits, you shall

have a training that will fit you for something better than any one of this secret-whispering pack will ever come to. I will make a soldier of you, McDonnelli, which is the best use God ever made of man, and the best use you can make of yourself for your King. But come, I am going to the Palazzo myself, only you must go through the Piazza and not by any back door, like a lackey or a priest."

So we went on together across the Place and through the main entrance, where the guards saluted the Colonel as we passed and in hand, and I could not but feel I had shared in the honor. I was left in a waiting room while the Colonel was closeted with the King, and when he joined us again we went through to a large room where quite a company of gentlemen were gathered.

After greeting some of them, and bowing somewhat haughtily to the room at large, the Colonel seated himself at a table, while I remained standing near him looking round the company with some curiosity, for there were many new faces, and the Colonel's words had set me to wondering why he should hold so lightly these men whom I had believed most devoted of all to the King.

I was thus engaged in my survey and speculation, when I caught sight of a face that struck me like a blow and sent the blood tingling through every vein in my body. There, only separated from me by the width of the room, modestly dressed and smiling, stood Captain Creach conversing with two gentlemen. He saw me at the same moment, but his white face gave no more sign than a face of stone, and he went on with his talk as quietly as if I had been at Aquapendente and he alone in Rome.

I did not hesitate a moment—indeed, hesitation has seldom been one of my faults—but making my way across the room, in as calm a tone as I could command: "Captain Creach, I am surprised to see you in Rome!"

The three gentlemen all faced me at my speech, and Creach, without a change in his wicked face said: "Young sir, is your address intended for me?"

"I spoke to you by name, sir," I said with distinctness. "Then am I famous, indeed," said he, laughing lightly.

"You may laugh, Captain Creach," said I, and was going on, but he interrupted me, speaking very civilly, but angering me all the more for it: "I see by your dress you are of the Scots College, young gentleman"—for, as usual, I had on my purple soutane with its crimson sash, and over it my black, sleeveless soprano, with my three-cornered hat under my arm—

"as yet learned, and that is, how to address a gentleman. I am not Captain Creach, as you imagine, but Captain Graeme, late of the Hungarian service, and, to the best of my belief, this is the first I have ever had the honor of addressing you."

He was so quiet and cool that I was dumfounded; but I knew he was lying though I had never heard a gentleman lie before.

"Not Captain Creach? Not Captain Creach?" I stammered. "No, sir, 'Not Captain Creach,'" he repeated, mocking me, whereas some of the gentlemen laughed, but one of them broke in with:

"Damn it! this comes of bringing brats where they have no business. Creach! You little fool! This is no more Creach than you are. This is Captain Graeme, late of the Imperial service. There, big his pardon now, and don't put your foot on it again, like a wise lad." His tone was kind, though his words were rough.

"Your pardon, sir," I said, "but this is Captain Creach, of the Regiment Irelandia; I have reason to know him only too well."

"Here, MacDonnelli," called out my new acquaintance, "this bantling of yours is doing you no credit; come here and smooth him down."

The Colonel rose, frowning and came over to where we formed a centre, Creach standing on one foot and tapping the other with his long, fashionable cane.

"What's the matter?" he said, severely. "Colonel MacDonnelli," I cried, "may I say a word to you in private?" and seeing I was in deadly earnest, he took me into an ante-room and bade me speak.

Then I told him the whole story of our adventure at Aquapendente, and that I was as sure this man was Creach as I was I had a soul. "I don't care what he says, sir, that is Captain Creach, of the Regiment Irelandia."

"My dear lad," he said, firmly, "got that notion out of your head at once. We have not, and never had in any day, any Captain Creach, or any man of the name, even in our ranks. There is a Captain Creach in Lord Clare's Regiment, whom I know for a gallant gentleman, but he has not seen Italy for many a long year. Now, what a moment—will you apologize to this gentleman?"

"No, sir, saving your presence, I will not."

"Very well; that is settled. Will you give me a promise?" "Yes, sir, I will promise you anything I may with honor."

"That is right. You cannot be too careful of that last," he said, smiling, and then went on gravely: "My boy, I hope some day to have you under my own eye in my own company, and till then I want you to do what is best to bear yourself with credit. Now promise me again you will do as I ask, on your honor."

ERNESTINE'S WORLD.

Hat and veil were on—a very becoming hat and veil the mirror said—and with jacket at hand to don at the last minute, Ernestine was ready to begin her journey. While she waited for the carriage she stepped out on the balcony, with hands resting on the low railing, looked off at the world she was going forth to conquer. A sturdy little figure came round the corner of the house—a tangle of yellow curls showed under the torn hat rim pushed back from the flushed young face, and a pair of small hands, decidedly muddy, carried a hor.

"It seems to me that you are a very dirty boy, Tommy," remarked Ernestine, judiciously.

A pair of brown eyes flashed up in aggrieved wonder at her want of discernment.

"Course, I've been making garden," explained the child. "I'm going to plant 'tatoes and lots of things for mommer. She hasn't anybody but me to take care of her now; she said so. I'm going to do things for her like father."

He marched proudly on with his implement of industry, and the faint smile which the girl had watched him fade from her face. It was true that Mrs. Barclay had no one to take care of her now; nor had any of them since Ernestine's father died. But for that she might not be going out to make her own way in the world—certainly not as she was going now, the daughter reflected. Still she was young and strong, she had always looked upon teaching as her vocation, and she had no fear of earning her success. She was free to go where she chose, and the outlook was not unpleasant. It was, of course, different with Mrs. Barclay, but Ernestine gave scant thought in that direction. She had indeed always given scant thought to her father's second wife, after the first days when she had been so distressed by the announcement of his marriage. She had been with an aunt at the time, where much of her childhood had been passed since her mother's death, and her views on the subject were colored by that worthy relative's lamentations.

"The idea of Dr. Barclay's marrying again after getting along for five years! I suppose it's been lonely for the poor man with no place that could really be called a home, for Ernestine hasn't been old enough to take charge of anything, and, anyway, she's been with me more than half the time. But to marry a widow with two little children! What could he have been thinking of? Two children to provide for! Men do the strangest things!"

But the doctor did not concern himself with explanations. He had chosen for himself; the old house blossomed into a cheerful home again, and in the depths of his loving heart there was a sore pain of disappointment that his young daughter did not become an integral part of it, he himself had hidden many another word, and made the best of what he had. The children were his joy, Ernestine acknowledged that, when she was at home—which was much often than of late, partly because of the inviting place and partly because of the removal of her aunt to a distant State—but she always viewed the relationship rather wonderingly, and not as anything in which she had much personal interest. She appreciated the improved conditions, was dutifully polite and kind to the step-mother, who made no demands on her in any way, and she grew accustomed to the little ones' affection for her father and to hearing them call him by the name he had taught them. She had lost all regret at the new alliance; she was glad to have her father happy, but she viewed his family much as she did his practice—as a necessary and vital part of his life, but scarcely a part of her own.

He had kept his little household in comfort, but the busy, useful life was brief. There had been but four years of the new home, and then he was taken away where no need of theirs could reach him more. Ernestine had been at home for weeks, ready to assist where she could, willing to advise when her advice was asked, but quietly laying her own plans for her own future, as one apart from any arrangements of her father's had not left her wealth, he had given her an education that would enable her to provide for herself, she reflected gratefully. Her step-mother aided her in packing her belongings, acquiescing in her plans so far as she knew them—if that can be called acquiescence where one has no voice in the matter—but sometimes the girl found the sad, gray eyes watching her wistfully. It occurred to her now, as Tommy scolded out of sight, that she really knew very little of what Mrs. Barclay proposed doing, or of how she could care for the children with "father away."

The sound of carriage wheels and the call of the driver dispelled her thoughts. She hastily donned her wraps and gloves and ran down stairs to find Mrs. Barclay and little Mabel waiting in the hall.

"Good-by, good-by! Tommy isn't here. Bid the little rogue good-by for me," she said.

"I hope you'll always feel that this is home, Ernestine—to come back to—always while we are here," said the little woman earnestly, yet half timidly.

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ERNESTINE'S WORLD.

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