

THE LITTLE OLD SECRETARY

(CONTINUED.) CHAPTER XV.

"To say, He has departed. His voice—his face—his gone; To feel impatient, hearted; Yet know we must bear on." —Leigh Hunt.

We must not fire our readers with the relation of the weary hours which poor Kathleen had still to pass in hope deferred. The whole of the next day slipped away without sign or sound of Mr. Everard. But the afternoon's post brought her a letter from home which quite decided her to return immediately. Her father was very decidedly worse, and had asked for her.

"I do not like to recall you so hurriedly," wrote her mother, "or to break up the party before Lord Melton's departure, but it is a great anxiety to feel the sea is between us, when a few hours might make your father's state so extremely precarious. I think you ought to be at home. Tell my dear brother it has renewed all the old ties between us, to know that he loves my child."

In spite of the extreme anxiety which this letter had caused Kathleen on her father's account, her heart leapt at the prospect of being so soon able to lessen the weight of her heavy burden, by telling her mother everything. Her one painful longing was to see Mr. Everard before she departed, and to know all that could be hoped for in that quarter; but she would not put off returning home even for this.

She carried her letter to her uncle's room and met with the kindest help and sympathy from him. He consulted steamboat and railway guides; and they found she would have to start by the ten o'clock train the next day to catch the next steamer for Ireland.

"I am extremely sorry to part with you, my dear niece," said Mr. Fitzgerald with an affectionate smile, "though I think you are right in your decision. I especially regret that you could not stay to the end of Lord Melton's visit—one doesn't know what my turn up at last."

Kathleen smiled a faint, dreamy smile, as the remembrance of that vanished fancy crossed her.

"Nothing is the least likely to turn up which would make my staying any good, dear uncle," she said. "I hope—if there is any prize to win—it will be dear Eleanor's."

"Ah! you think Lord Melton likes her best?" rejoined her uncle. "Well, she is a dear good girl, and I shall be truly delighted if any windfall comes to provide for her, for I have but little to leave my daughters. But, Kathleen, your ways put me so in mind of Margaret and the old times; it makes me feel sadly how different a home is when the mother is gone—how great their loss has been—"

Mr. Fitzgerald walked to the window, till he could command his voice to continue.

"You must tell your mother," he resumed, turning round to Kathleen after a short pause, "that she must come and spend a long visit here, if, as I trust he will, your father gets better, and being him to recruit in our mid-sea air. If—if things go the other way—which God in His mercy avert—you must come both of you and stay a good six months with us. Tell Margaret, it would be the most cheering event that could happen in my saddened life, if she could come and show my girls what a woman can make of home."

Kathleen felt greatly touched, and much gratified and surprised by this outpouring of her

uncle's innermost feelings. Her visit had not been all in vain, if hearts long separated had been drawn together by it; and she knew that an invitation to her father was a great stretch for Mr. Fitzgerald's kindness; for he had been one of the loudest in disapproval of her father's "mad quixotic conduct," as he called it, during the Irish famine. This expression of genuine affection would be balm to her father's heart, and she thanked her uncle most gratefully for his kindness. Then she ventured to ask the question so near her heart: "Had he heard when Mr. Everard would be back? He had been kind to her, and she would like to bid him good-bye before she went."

"Ah! Everard—he's a thoroughly worthy fellow. I have been so pleased to see you paying him a little kind attention. I am afraid my own girls have rather put him aside. It's poor Eleanor's way; she has so little the habit of self-control; she gets enticed about some one person and forgets every one else. Lord Melton is expecting him back by every train; he seems quite lost without him."

A little longer Kathleen lingered by her uncle's arm-chair, and then she went up-stairs to tell Rose of their approaching departure, and to get her things packed. Rose was so delighted at the idea of seeing old Ireland again, that she fairly danced with glee; so great was her joy that her mind would admit of no fear.

"Oh! but his honor is sure to get better when he sees the sweet face of his daughter by his side again. It's pining for his darling that has made him worse," she kept exclaiming.

Eleanor and Mary were very kind and sympathizing over the cause of their cousin's sudden departure, though they could not quite conceal their vexation at this sudden breaking up of their party, and Kathleen saw they looked upon it rather in the light of another disturbance.

Kathleen, however, was not the only "disturbance" this evening was destined to bring. Lord Melton was not evidently very much surprised and disconcerted at Mr. Everard's non-arrival, when in the middle of dinner a carriage drove rapidly to the hall-door. A tremendous ring at the door bell echoed through the house, followed almost immediately by a message to Lord Melton, that Mr. Everard had arrived and was sorry to disturb him, but that it was necessary to see him instantly on pressing business.

Lord Melton disappeared like a lightning flash, and as the minutes rolled by neither of the gentlemen gave any sign of coming to dinner. At the end of a quarter of an hour a footman was dispatched to ask if they would like some refreshment sent to their private room; and reported that Lord Melton himself had come to the door, and said: "Yes; bring some meat and a cup of strong coffee."

The party in the drawing-room waited and waited, vainly speculating what could have happened; while Kathleen went through agonies of fear, at one time wondering whether her affairs could have anything to do with this confusion, and at another, feeling sure that some great public crisis must have occurred, which had probably driven all private concerns into complete oblivion.

Presently a horseman rode up fast and furious to the door, and a—"Government Despatch, to be delivered instantly into Lord Melton's hands"—was reported by the footman, who found that his stray pieces of information were not unwelcome to the party in the drawing-room. Soon after Mr. Olivier was summoned to attend

Lord Melton. They all besought him to return as soon as he possibly could, and put them out of their suspense.

In about half-an-hour he came back to them with the startling news, that, much to Lord Melton's sorrow, he would be obliged to leave them by the first train the next morning. He wished to bid all his friends good-bye, and to explain to them himself the reason of his sudden departure. Would they therefore favor him with their company in his own private room, where they would be secure from interruption.

The crisis hour then had come. Eleanor and Honor looked at one another and led the way to the south library, the room which had been given up to Lord Melton's private use. Mr. Fitzgerald followed last, leaning on Kathleen, who perceived that her uncle did not walk easily without support.

As they entered, they were all conscious of a table entirely covered with papers and documents, around which the three gentlemen were standing; but at the top, in full dress, with the Star of the Garter and of India blazing on his breast, with head erect and the eyes that seemed full of fire, stood, not the fine stalwart form of Lord Melton, but that of the insignificant and ink-fingered secretary!

There was a start of bewildered amazement, followed by a blank pause, which demanded plainer than words "Who was who?" and "Which was which?"

Lord Melton (for so the erstwhile Mr. Everard really was) evidently enjoyed the fun of their overpowering surprise. Kathleen was more utterly aghast than any one, and tried anxiously to remember whether she had said anything to the supposed secretary which would have been very improper to have said to the noble Lord. Lord Melton, however, left them only a moment to perplexity. He began at once to explain all his proceedings, but in such a tone of mingled decision and grace, with such vigor and command of language, that Kathleen wondered, and could hardly believe it to be the same apparently insignificant little man with whom she had conversed so freely.

"You will regret exceedingly," he began, "to hear that a mutiny has broken out in India, likely to be a worse business than England has had on hand for many a day. Already there is terrible news of the murder of some of our unfortunate countrymen, and the telegrams to-day have been one worse than the other. Of course every one who holds office in India is bound to hasten out immediately. I hoped I had my neck out of the noose, but at such an emergency as this I could not refuse to put it in again. And now, my dear friends and relatives, I have you together to express my great regret at this abrupt termination of my most pleasant visit amongst you all, and to thank you with the cordiality of an old man who will probably never again have a day of light-hearted freedom, for the very great pleasure the warm welcome I have received under this roof has afforded me. You will forgive the deception I have practiced on you in making my good friend here personate me, when I assure you it has doubled the freedom and enjoyment of my holiday, and that, while I have appreciated to the full all the kindness and attention intended for myself, I have yet more appreciated the rare privilege to a public man of being perfectly unnoticed. I had too an object in my visit here which I could better attain incognito. I was very anxious to find a home for my adopted child Eva, in which she would receive advantages that I am unable to afford; and I

feel sure that I shall give pleasure to you all by saying that, from what I have heard, I have fixed upon Mrs. McDermot as in every way the woman I should choose to take charge of a motherless girl, if I can only persuade her to accept the trouble of such a charge. Eva will be the heiress of an estate in Ireland which belonged to my wife, and I am glad that by residing in Ireland she will have an opportunity of learning how to deal with future responsibilities."

Lord Melton stopped, and Mr. Fitzgerald rejoined with a graceful little speech about his sister, in which he echoed warmly Lord Melton's praise, and heartily approved of his choice.

This speech gave the rest of the party time to recover from their feeling of blank astonishment, while the incorrigible Jack muttered, under cover of his uncle's voice:

"Just the smallest mistake in the world—a home wanted for the heiress—instead of an heiress for the home!"

As for Kathleen, she was transfixed. She seemed walking in a dream. Here was an offer which would both tide over their present difficulties and provide for the future. But who was this strange man who was making it? The metamorphosis was so great from the quiet, retiring manner of the secretary to the firm, decided tone of the man of position and power that she could not take in all at once the change of identity. It was not till, turning towards her, he spoke and looked in the accustomed kind, familiar manner that she could feel reassured that her old friend had not melted into thin air.

"It is true, my little friend," said the great man with an amused smile, "though you look as though you could scarcely believe it. Dora's little ink-fingered secretary, whose battles you have fought so strongly, is really Lord Melton." And Lord Melton laughed outright; but a sudden gravity chased away the laugh from his lips as he continued: "But now, my dear child, this horrible business has precipitated everything; there is no more time for holiday-making or amusement. Would that I had brought poor little Eva home with me! But there were difficulties at the time, and a lady in Calcutta offered to take charge of her and bring her over to England, along with her own children in another six or eight months. I accepted the arrangement as seeming much better for her. Now, I have dispatched a message by the steamer that left Southampton yesterday, that she is to be sent off immediately, with or without a chaperone. It is all I can do, and I hope to God," he continued an expression of horror passing over his countenance, "it will be in time. Do you think, Kathleen, if the poor child should escape all the dangers that surround her and should reach England in safety, that you can answer for your brother that she will accept the charge of her? She is very dear to me, for my poor wife's sake. Eva was her one only solace during the last year of her life, so saddened by her failing health and by the loss of our own two little ones."

Tears stood in the eyes of this man whom they had all thought so dry and unwinning, and a great tenderness trembled in his voice as he looked at Kathleen and repeated the question more earnestly. "Do you think your mother will receive her; for there is no time for correspondence?"

Kathleen managed to gather voice to answer the appeal, but she could only get out, "My mother will be very, very happy, I am sure." Her dewy eyes and look of unspeakable gratitude spoke the rest.

John Mamer Muenster, Sask.

Dealer in Farm Implements.

Deering and McCormick Machinery, Mogul and Titan Tractor Engines, Hamilton and Oliver Tractor plows, drills, harrows and disc harrows, binders, mowers, and hayrakes.

Wagons of all kinds on hand. I also handle the Oliver sulky and gang plow and keep all kinds of repairs and shares on hand.

Oliver, Parlin & Orendorff, Emerson John Deere and Moline shares.

I will repair all kinds of binders and mowers and guarantee to give satisfaction. Bring your machinery in early so I can have time to fix them up in good shape.

Dry Cleaning and Dyeing Pressing and Repairing.

Humboldt Tailoring Co. Practical Tailors and Cutters.

We make Clothes to Order. See our new Spring Samples. Customers own cloth made up in any style.

We also dry-clean, dye, press, and repair garments of every description.

Country Orders have special attention.

All work guaranteed satisfactory. Send your parcel by post and address it to

Humboldt Tailoring Comp. Practical Tailors Main Street Humboldt, Sask.

Advertise in the St. Peters Bote.

Spring is Coming! WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF PAINT House paint - Implement paint - Floor paint - Wall paint - Kalsomine - Floor Varnish - Linoleum Varnish - Floor Wax and all colours of Automobile Paint and Varnish in fact everything to brighten things up and make them look like new. Call and see, and get colour cards. FORMALIN at right prices. Garden Seeds, Grass Seeds. Gopher Poisons, all known makes. A full line of Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines. Marlatt's Gall Stone Cure always on hand, also Ad-ler-i-ka. School Books and School Supplies in any Quantity. Send us a trial order. Mail orders a speciality. Write us in your own language. W. F. Hargarten Pharmacist - Chemist - Bruno, Sask.

For Gifts in Gold and Silver see E. Thornberg Watchmaker and Jeweller Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Main St., HUMBOLDT, SASK.

Fullness of Tone! Adaptability! Beauty! Let us explain, why these three outstanding qualities produce new and increased pleasure when you listen to the MELOTONE With the Melotone, the music of any Record is expressed most harmoniously. Delicate upper tones which formerly were lost, are now made audible by the sounding chamber, which is constructed of wood on the principle of the violin. The Melotone is able to play all kinds of Records BETTER than other Phonographs. The Melotone Factory in Winnipeg is the only one in Western Canada. This Instrument is fast taking the lead over all other phonographs, and, as to construction, durability and low price, it is now excelled by none. It offers the largest selection of Records in Western Canada, at from 20 cts. upward. All instruments are guaranteed, and you get your money back if not everything is as represented. M. J. MEYERS Jeweller and Optician HUMBOLDT

You are safe in a threefold way, if you bring your prescription to us: 1) We use for the prescription exactly what the doctor prescribed, every article being of standard strength, fresh and pure; 2) We examine and reexamine the prescription, whereby every error as to drug or quantity is excluded; 3) We are satisfied with a reasonable profit and charge the lowest prices for the best quality. These are three reasons why you should buy from us. G. R. WATSON, HUMBOLDT, SASK. DRUGGIST The Royal Sars STATIONER

FOR SALE: 1/2 Section of good Farm land, 1 1/2 miles from BRUNO, good House, 140 acres under plow, lots of hay. Possession immediately. If sold quickly \$6800. Call or write to W.F. Hargarten, Bruno, Sask. FOR SALE: New House, six rooms, nearly completed. For sale together with lot in the village of Bruno. Sold cheap if sold at once. Call or write to Curt Hempel, BRUNO, SASK. FARM for SALE 60 acres under cultivation, 9 acres woods, extra fine hay meadows. Situated two miles west of DEAD MOOSE LAKE P. O. Price \$20. per acre, you make the terms. Apply to owner, I. F. Seckinger, D.V.D., Box 300, Humboldt, Sask.

Vol. 16 "God blessed Lord... I must see... business m... about the p... at Southa... "I an... row," inter... shall see my... ter. Will t... telegraph b... "Going b... inquired Lo... "Then, Eve... Liverpool b... you shall g... for me. Th... opportunity... to explain... my wishes... rtn, up from... don by the r... you at the... next mornin... 76 Fifteen From No. On the edi... of March 29... the C.N.R. T... Melfort. Th... the C.N.R. r... and is the b... built in one... of rail were... reaching Mel... a "Y" for tur... will undoubt... road to Y... latter is com... talk of a b... Melfort, to j... that is to pa... ter's Colony... 40 miles fr... and many... their grain a... Hieronym... homestead... was in town... for Nic. Gass... in the Colon... At Lake Lew... up to now at... either at De... Anna, have... church of th... and to com... spring. Nic. Schm... Sask. on th... when in 189... there was o... about a doz... in the neig... whom had s... in their pock... settled for m... of the farm... ten thousand... itself has o... tants at the... intends to l... and move to... L. J. Lind... Moose Lake... that Mr. Pe... house by fir... visit to nei... sustom came... tery Saturd... next day. the Sacram... of J. P. Lud... jously ill at... again on th... Monday he... born girl of... Lange was... day evening... Nenzel an... here from... left early e... Tuesday, s... way when... along—The... was filled w... day last we... Ph. Wint... that instru... Communica... The Young... was organis... some time... meeting la... attended.