

THE LITTLE BROTHER

The hacienda was a dark continent... The hacienda was a dark continent...

She lingered but a moment; her years of Eastern schooling and of European travel had not divorced her from the deorous customs of her mothers.

"Good night," he said, because he must. "Yes," she answered playfully, "a good and beautiful night."

"I am tired of earthlings and earthliness," he said, "all day long at the ranch I weary of it. Out of sunshine and dust storm alike they swarm about me—men of the earth, earthy. Chinks, greasers, or cowboys, they are dusty all; browner than the alkali, dust on their sombreros. Chiquita, I am sick to death of all the South—save you."

"Greasers," Chiquita said the word slowly, with inflexible softness and with absolute suggestion of reproach.

"Chiquita," he cried, "you are a Castilian. I am thy cricketer; the lonely night flies are my sisters. Are not the dusty greasers and cowboys your little brothers?"

"No," said Northcott gently bred gentleman that he was, answered somewhat curtly. "No, Bianco here is my only brother." And turning he called into the shadow: "Come old fellow."

A magnificent collic, slender and perfectly formed, but like a heavy plume for snowy whiteness, rose and came at the moment of his throat, and swayed his tail from side to side. His feet were set lightly on the moonlit soil as though ready to move at the man's command, but his head was proudly held, and his eyes alert.

"Are there, then, no men worthy to be your friends in the valley? What of Manuel?" She hesitated before speaking the name, and lingered on the sound of it when she did so.

"Which Manuel?" asked Northcott. "There are probably as many as ten or fifteen of the name of Manuel." From yet a little further off Chiquita answered:

"Why, the dark-eyed, broad-shouldered Manuel; the very young Manuel, with the soft, curly hair, and by its side that describes accurately any one of the fifteen," laughed Northcott. "No, Bianco is their better. Good-night, my star."

One of the many Manuels presented himself at the superintendent's desk next morning as a somewhat unimpassioned moment. "Senior Northcott was lost in thought of the Senorita Rosas; but, then, there were few moments of the day when he was not. How ingenuous she is!" he was thinking. "How innocently she said 'thy cricketer' when she would have repudiated the possession fiercely enough had I presumed to it."

vanous towards friendship on your arrival."

Northcott was both surprised and amused. "I have not noticed," he replied. "Yes," said the other, "I did many little kindnesses and courtesies to win you to be my friend."

Well, I had no particular need of friends then—and since—I have had Bianco. He is a splendid fellow, and certainly does credit to your training."

"Yes, yes!" eagerly. "I trained him for all in all. Now may I not take him for a while?" The superintendent's mood changed.

"Manuel," he remarked, "It is time for us both to be about our business. I want Bianco. You must take another dog, and train him to your needs. Good day."

The Mexican dropped his hat from his bosom and straightened his bosom, and straightened his shoulders as he turned toward the door.

"Stay here, Bianco," said Northcott, in a low tone to the collic, which was moving restlessly. And the dog went no farther than the door sill, though he sat there for a long time looking out into the sunshine.

After the obstructive Manuel was gone, the superintendent found that he intruded still in memory. His glance, his bearing, the musical monotone of his voice, were continually present to the other's thoughts. Could this be the other's thought? He wondered, of whom Chiquita had spoken the night before; at first with reluctance, then with growing enthusiasm?

He pushed his own work and that of others with avidity that day. Philip Northcott was not the man to slight a moment of his time. Early Saturday noon found him with time free and heavy upon his hands. The day was hot, even as days went in that torrid sun flame. The offices and bunk houses were deserted, and most of the corrals empty, the drought having driven sheep and shepherds to the lower meadows.

Strolling idly, with Bianco at his heels Northcott decided to walk toward the Needle Rocks in the Upper Canon, a place generally conceded to be the most desolate in the whole barren prospect. The only man he saw as he went was the Manuel of the morning interview. The young shepherd was busying himself about the flock with which he was to fare forth upon the morrow.

At the moment when Northcott came upon him, Bianco had bounded forward to join at sight of the flock, and Manuel Northcott did not see his greeting, but he did see Manuel begin to put the dog through the movements he had taught him with such painstaking, months before, and in which the splendid animal had had so little practice of late. The superintendent paused to watch them, not wholly pleased and Manuel's directions to the collic were in soft-spoken Spanish, caresses rather than commands.

"Go to the head!" he said, and Bianco plunged forward; or "Back and follow!" and the graceful collic obeyed at the word. He curvetted and leaped about the snowy eyes in pleasure that was beautiful to see.

When he applied Northcott's approach, he stood alert and saddened. At the word however, he followed him again. There was something he loved, but did not understand in this man. He served unhesitatingly the voice of either master, for such was his store of faithfulness, that he could serve two who lived as truly as he could one.

Manuel was troubled. He walked to the edge of the corral, and called after the two with a tremor of some emotion in his tone. "Senior Northcott," he said, "are you walking to the head of Dry Bones?"

"That sandy hollow between the Needle Rocks? Yes, I was making that way." "Do not beg of you!" cried Manuel earnestly. "Remember the panther—that cruel, creeping beast."

Northcott laughed. "Believe me, my man. Even if that beast exists outside of your imagination, it will hardly venture so near to the houses in the broad daylight."

As Northcott raised his eyes after a moment from the collic's face, he saw a slight that paralyzed him with terror. Over their heads some fifty feet in air, on a pinnacle of rock, stood the great panther that had for a week terrorized the ranchmen by its daring.

In the moment Northcott realized his peril to the full. He was absolutely helpless, without weapon of any kind. He noted the animal's pose, the rhythmic swing of the shoulders, the set of the merciless jaw, the satisfaction in the eye of the monster cat that marked him as his own. He saw that he had one moment for strategy, and only one. One more crouching swing, one more oscillation of the burning eyes, and that last chance was gone.

What Northcott did then, he did without further pause for thought. Leaping from where he sat he chose a piece of the crumbling wood by his side, and balanced it in his hand.

Fixing the unsuspecting eyes of the collic with a masterful glance, "Bianco," he said. Bianco stood at attention, loyally ready for work or play, whichever it might be.

"Get it!" Northcott cried, in a low, tense tone, and tossed the bit of wood from him to the open air. Bianco went after it like a flash. He had retrieved for Northcott before in an idle hour. The movement distracted the panther's gaze, as the man meant that it should. She settled lower on her haunches for a new sighting and another aim; she was famished, and indifferent to the sort of prey.

The dog had caught the fragment in his teeth, and turned. "Stand!" Northcott commanded. "Stay where you are!" He knew he must keep the dog in the open till he could shrink to the deeper cover himself. He would try tactics of training; he would try to get the dog to the head of the corral. "Put it down!" he commanded. "To the head! To the foot now! Now to the head!"

Bianco took to the game as a child might have done, proud to show that he too, could fancy a bit of wood to be a naughty lamb. As Northcott spoke quickly, he moved, silently and more quickly than it can be told—and so gained the trail in the shelter of a shoulder of the rock. From that vantage point, he turned to look at Bianco, scapogate that he was, dancing faithful and gay upon the shining sand, and at the peril on the pinnacle above.

Even as he looked, he saw the panther launch into the air with a birdlike swoop, her great claws spread. Then, when it was too late, he realized in a frenzy of remorse, the despicable thing that he had done: the craven he had done voluntarily, he did not believe that he had done so. He was at the moment when the chance of choice befell, his better self had not held away.

"Bianco!" he cried, and rushed forward. The faded dog cowered to earth, and did not heed. The sharp report of a gun reverberated among the rocks. From midway in air the panther hurled heavily to the ground, a dying horror that had been a living menace. It missed its prey by a few feet, and lay pawing the air in the agony of its death wound.

Northcott saw then that a man stood between the two animals. It was Manuel, who, reversing his gun, leaped upon the lion and clubbed it, while its flanks heaved and its jaws stiffened in death. When it was over, he stood and wiped his brow, and seemed not to heed Bianco, who was bowing to him in adoration.

It was some time before Northcott presumed to venture near and speak. When he did, he took off his hat, and made a broken voice: "Manuel, I desire to ask pardon, to make some sort of reparation for the thing I have just done."

The younger man looked at him, but turned again to the dog. "Manuel, I am a craven and a coward and a knave," he said, "and I want your friendship. I want you to want mine."

"I cannot withhold my friendship from the lowest," the boy replied gravely. "Many a worse dog enjoys it." They turned to leave the place together presently.

"Come, Bianco," said Manuel, and his ownership was undisputed by any of the three. Northcott looked at the young Mexican as they walked silently side by side. His tread was regal, his mien gentle, and his beauty shone forth through his dust of conflict and through his servile grace.

When they parted a little later, he proved that he could give royally the royal gift of love. At the corral he held out his hand. "Senior Northcott," he said, "as I told you this morning, I have long wanted your friendship. Could you like me for a friend, do you think?"

Bianco had believed before that all men were brothers, but something in that sunset scene confirmed his faith; and he kissed first the hand of one, and then of the other of his master.—FLAVIA ROSAM in Ainslee's.

HIS LAST MISSION

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary. All day long, the heavy train rolled westward under the August sky. The sun beat down fiercely, and the passengers counted the hours until they should reach the "Golden Gate."

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"Yes, and now stop, you blockhead!" "Don't get hot professor. It is not our fault that history is full of these black devils." Moreover, I read that a monk by the name of Schwartz invented gunpowder; a monk from Bavaria the process for glass making; the Jesuit schools, especially distinguished for his discoveries in spectroscopic analysis and in solar and stellar physics; the Jesuit—

"Shut up! You are geying me. Do not take me for a lightning rod." "You're right, you're right, professor. The first lightning rod was not made by Franklin, but it was invented by the Premonstratensian monk Diviac. You can read that in any up-to-date encyclopedia.

"For heaven's sake, hold your tongue. You are too talkative." "Ah, the greatest polyglot of modern times was Count de Maffei. He was a talker! He knew only seventy-eight languages and dialects, and talked fifty six."

"That'll do, you silly goose. Get out of here." "In what direction? The deacon Flavia Gioja, who improved the compass about the year 1300, could certainly tell me."

"What's the matter? You're getting the brain fever, fellow." "What, if I have the brain fever, go and get the fire engines which were first introduced by the Clerical monks, and the Capuchins were the first to use them in the seventeenth century the first firemen of Paris."

If you don't shut up now, you'll fly out the window, you infernal rascal. "In aerial heights. Oh, truly. The first balloon was made by monk Bartholdi, who lived sixty years before Montgolfieri, and in 1720 this monk ascended with his balloon in the presence of all the lords and courtiers of Portugal. What do you clean your eyeglasses for professor? They are also an invention of the black devils and were invented in the thirteenth century by the Dominican Alexander Spina. Are you in a hurry, that you look at your watch? You shouldn't do that, because it is an invention of the priests. The first clock is from the ecclesiastical writer Casiodorus (505).

But his invention was improved by the monk Roger Bacon, who invented the gas light. The first watch was made by the Abbot Wallingford in 1316. Now I'll go. I see you're hot professor, and the gas lights downtown are turned on. Oh, yes, professor, I almost forgot to tell you that the Jesuits invented the gas light. The Jesuits in this nation have never attended your lectures. Will you kindly help me to remove them?"

"Why not, dear friend, with the greatest of pleasure. Certainly I will." "Only some questions, professor. Who preserved for us the classics? How is it possible that those valuable writings of the Greeks and Romans did not get lost during the barbarism of the Dark Ages?"

"Monks copied them, and thus they have been saved." "What, professor? Monks, you say, copied them?" "Yes, my friend, and especially the Benedictines."

"So, monks copied the old codes and saved them for us. Indeed, that must have been a very troublesome work. Was it not? And pardon from the monk caught our attention from the library of Alexandria. Well, I am surprised. Strange times and curious monks to spend their lives copying letter after letter from Livy, Orosius, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Homer, Demosthenes, etc. And how those codes look! Carefully written just like printed matter, and the initials are in fact, the initials of the monks! Wait, professor, is it true that without the priests we would not have a Columbus and a Vasco de Gama? A monk, Fra Mauro, history tells us, made that costly map which gave Columbus the first impulse to the discovery of the New World."

"At that time, but somebody else could have drawn such a map, too." "Of course. Why should the monks and priests alone, have those great ideas? Listen professor, I also read that a Pope introduced the first Arabic figures in arithmetic and abolished those clumsy Roman characters."

"Well, my boy, Pope Sylvester II. introduced them, but somebody else could have done the same thing if the Popes were not always so ambitious." "Again, history teaches us and the microscope invented the first impulse to the microscope. The monks want to claim all inventions."

"Well, my boy, it is believed by many authorities that the theory of both the telescope and microscope was known to the Franciscan Roger Bacon, but remember, he was an exception and what we style a modern Franciscan, and not one of those bigots and cowboys."

"He died in 1292." "He, then, was up-to-date very early, wasn't he? Besides that, professor, I long ago I read of the man who first taught that the sun is stationary and that the earth revolves about the sun, and even you, professor, do not know whom I mean."

"Copernicus, I suppose." "No, sir. Copernicus was not the first one. Before him the Bishop of Radibon, Regimontanus, was teaching that theory of planetary revolution."

"That may be possible." "Excuse me, professor, why do we call the age in which literature arts and science flourished the golden age of Leo X?"

"Why? Because Leo X. was an ardent admirer of classic literature and a magnanimous patron of the arts and sciences." "You don't say! Leo, a Pope, and at the same time took a great interest in fine arts. Well, I declare, you are fooling me, fellow, you are fooling me!"

"Not at all! Those are only doubts, intolerable doubts! I would kick against the monks if I had reasons, but these doubts do not let me rest. Now, professor, is it true that the first free schools were opened by De la Salle?"

"Yes, by the Frenchman, De la Salle." "I understand you mean to say by the Catholic priest De la Salle. And the first monk who cared for the deaf and dumb was not that Spaniard Pedro Ponce and after him the priest L'Epée?"

There was once a professor who used to close his lectures with the pathetic cry: "Priests and monks are good for nothing; they always hated science, art and progress; their schools are poor and all the books published by Catholics are of no value, and when a young man cannot become anything else, he studies for the priesthood."

One day, after school, a student by the name of Sepp called on the professor. Sepp was a bright and intelligent young fellow and could not be easily bluffed. He went to the professor's room and said gently: "Professor, I have some difficulties that worry me ever since I attended your lectures. Will you kindly help me to remove them?"

"Why not, dear friend, with the greatest of pleasure. Certainly I will." "Only some questions, professor. Who preserved for us the classics? How is it possible that those valuable writings of the Greeks and Romans did not get lost during the barbarism of the Dark Ages?"

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RAILROAD MAN HAD TO LAY OFF

Buffalo, N.Y. "I have been a Pullman conductor on the C. P. R. and Michigan Central for the last three years."

About four years ago, I was laid up with intense pain in the groin, a very sore back, and suffered most severely when I tried to urinate. I treated with my family physician for two months for Gravel in the Bladder but did not receive any benefit. About that time, I met another railroad man who had been similarly affected and who had been cured by GIN PILLS, after having been given up by a prominent physician who treated him for Dialates. He is now running on the road and is perfectly cured. He strongly advised me to try GIN PILLS which I did—with the result that the pains left me entirely."

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WHAT THE CHURCH TRIES TO DO. This knowledge and love of Christ, our faith tries—in the home, the church, the school—to instill into the mind and heart of every child that her holy hand has blessed with baptismal grace. As Christ took His stand beside the child, so does she. At every stage of her existence, she stands beside Christ's little ones—she stands beside them like an archangel with a flaming sword, protecting her hand, sheltering the outcast in her peaceful home, educating them in the knowledge and love of God, guarding them, as far as she may, against the philosophies and the dangerous school systems that would imperil the precious grace with which heaven has endowed them. It is in childhood and youth—that is, in the school period—that the most important stage of human development takes place. The school-period is, then, a time of tremendous importance in the training of the child. In the home and the school we do the winter seeding and the spring seeding of life; and that kind

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