THE LITTLE 'UN

Bix shabby idlers were sunning themselves outside the North Star in Cursitor street. One folled apart ugainst the door; ast, five leaned in a row with their backs set squarely against the front of the public house.

Smoking and blinking thus in the warmth of the attenoon sun they had snoozed to such a blinking thus in the warmth of the attenoon sun they had snoozed to such a blinking thus in the when, at wide introvals, one of them revived sufficiently to mutter a half intelligible remark, none of the others and exert of insert to answer it.

ey were laws stationers' clerks beyond in a long vacation. Law offlees as 0 closed, lawyers were away on their hollying and the lean ertibes of the profession had rarely more than three days, work to do in a week. They were lounging there to-day, these six, as they had lounged there yesterday and probably would lounge there to-morrow.

The man who dozed apart against

The man who dozed apart against the door-post was the oldest and shab-The man who dozed apart against the door-post was the oldest and shabblest of the group. He was a tail, withered man, with a large head, heavy little sacks under his sicepy eyes and a slight bulbous nose. His moustache and beard were scanty and untrimmed, and his general oxpression was moreon and univiting. The large head appeared larger than it was by reaction of his mangy tail hat being a sire-too small for it. He wore a tightly bultoned free! coat that was faded to a greenish brown and gray trousers, very baggy at the knees and very frayed about his boot tops; the boots were dispraced by the sire of the sire

his left siceve where he wiped his pen.
"Yes. When I heard you'd got the
D.T.'s agen, Mr. Funt," drawled the
bearest idler to him, resuming a sonnoient murmur he had commenced and
discontinued a few minutes before, "I
said to young Freddy here—"
"It wasn't D.T.'s this time," Mr.
Fant gloomity interposed, "It was only
pleurisy."

Fant gloomly interposed, "It was only pleurisy."
"Well, we heard it was. 'Freddy, 'I said, 'we shan't see 'im any more. The third go's always fatal. I don't 'old with goin' to excess, I don't let it be a warnin' to you,' I said, 'never to 'ave more'n two.'"
"We did talk," grinned Freddy, laxily cerroborating him, "of subscribing for a little wreath—we felt so sure of it."

Mr. Faut remained nassive and in.

Mr Fant remained passive and in-

Mr Fant remained pusave and in-jervious.

The other two were drifting back into a contented stuper, when all of a sud-den somebody whistled. Instantly six pairs of eyes opened and flashed all in the same direction. A dusty, pallid man stood beckening from the doorway of a law stationer's shop across the road.

road.
"Job for somebody?" growled one of
the six. "Gon o., Frendy. It's your

oroad.

"Job for somtbody?" growled one of the six. "Gon o., Freidy. It's your turn."

Freidy's long legs were galvanized into spasm-ofic activity and he went of the other five, two retired into the North Star for consolation, three sank back into their former listies actitude and relit their pipes.

They were luited by the snore of traffic in Chancery lune, out beyond the end of the street. Now and then an intrusive cart would rritte nelsily past them, otherwise the quiet of the place was undisturbed, except for the monotonous grumble and thump of pinting machines in some adjacent works.

Presently a persphing italian wheeled a plano organ into the street and affably grimacing, drew up exactly opposite the North Star. A weary female who accompanied him attached herself mechacically to the 'sandio' and proceeded to turn out a tune. She scattered the notes of a blithe prelude into the sir, and with the melancholy perseverance of an automatic effigy, dashed on to a rollicking melody.

The loungers were startled into wakefulness. Mr. Fant glanced round about as if expecting to see something or somebody else beside the organ and organist, and all of them looked and listened with a dull enjoyment. The tune was of the music hall variety—a frivolous. Illting air that got him the feet of its heavers as an intoxicant goes to the head. Several heels drummed in time on the pavement outside the North Star. printers' boys, temporarily enancipated from the neighbouring works, ligsed on the curb and sang snatches of the chorus, and in a flath, as if one joyous note of the music hald materialized into risibility, a tiny, golden-haired, dimpled baby girl was out there in the road iluttering her threadbare skirts in a qualnt little dance, her small feet flying so airlly they scarcely scemed to touch the ground at all.

"Here's the little 'un!" chuckled one of the loafers. "Though it would son bring her out."

"Some youngster that lives in the same hous on "dances in pantomines—

"Here's the little 'uni' chuckled one of the loafers. "Though it would soon bring her out."

"I saw her coming down the court. Oon't she do it a treat!"

"Some youngster that lives in the same house an dances in pantomines—she taught her. She told me so."

Mr. Fant said nothing, but his eyes began to sparkle, and he watched her rapt and silent.

And the tiny feet went merrily as if they would never grow tired, and round and round bobbed the happy, bouyant little figure—such a little, little figure, and so lightsome that the first purit of wind might almost have caught it up and carried it floating and wavering away like the downy, feathery ball that is blown from a dandellon.

Half way through a fantastic circling movement she unexpectedly caught sight of Mr. Fant, and with a cry of delight ran straight from the middle of her dance toward him.

"Uncle Fanti" she piped in her pretty childish troble. "Uncle Fart!

Where you bin" They said you wouldn't come back no more."
"Bid they?" Mr. Fant smiled pleasmily, and stooped to plach her cheek;
and when Mr. Fant smiled you wouldhardly have recognized him as the
same man, hal features were so softoned
and humanized. "But I have come
back you see, and here I am."
"Has you bin peorly?"
"Yes, little 'un."
"Uncle Fant" She had taken one
of his hands in her small chubby
fingers and was swinging and leaping
about his feet. "Ain't you geln' tok
ikss me?"
He stooped right down and kissed
her and straightened kimself up again
shamefacedly.
"They said you wasn't coming back."

her and straightened himself up again shamefacedly.
"They said you wasn't coming back.
Uncle Fant," she went on, laughing into his face, "and I cited, I did."
"C'ried." What for "
"'C'o, I didn't want you to go away.
I winted to see you, * * Oh! that's the one I like!"
The time had chinged, and in a moment she had skipped away from himment she had skipped away from himment she had skipped away from again

ment she had skipped away from him, and was shunding airliy in the coad again. While the weary aronan was gaindire, the teallan went on tour with an dyster shelt. Mr Fant dropped a penny into it, not because the little 'un liked it, and the other seribes contributed a ha'penny apiece for very much the same reason. For the little 'un patroized them all, but it was commonly recognized that Air Fant was first favourite. She had taken to him from the outset, and during the twelve months of their acquaintance had shown such a marked preference for his society that the others had facetlously christened him 'Uncle," and she unhesitatingly accepted the relationship. Generally speaking. Mr. Fant was not expandive or genial, but the sight of the little 'un and the touch of her wheedling hands 'thaved the frozen heart of him miraculously, so that he would laugh with her and play with her and chatter to her in baby Engs.

whereams means the second of the would laugh with her and play with her heart of him miraculously, so that he would laugh with her and chatter to her in baby English, and take a lavish delight in insisting on a diminutive little palm, as soft and pink as a rose petal, being opened very wide for the accommodation of a being for sweets.

There had been a time when the little 'un and not been seen about the streets for many days, and by and by it was reported by a neighbour of hers, a dil aphated gentleman whose interest in astronomy brought him frequently to the North Star, that she was dangerously 'll with inflammation of the lungs. And close on this currency was given to a preposterous and incredulous rumour concerning Mr. Fant which shall be repeated for what it is worth.

The little 'un lived down Butler's

lous rumour concerning Mr. Fant which shall be repeated for what it is worth.

The little 'un lived down Butler's court, which turned out of Cursitor street, almost exactly opposite the North Star. Mr Fant did not live down that court, and was never seen to go that it is not been considered against him by indefinite persons that he lidd been observed to lurk in Butler's court and vaylay the parish doctor as he came out of a certain house there. Further, it was represented that, taking advantage of the door of that house being always open for the convenience of tenants, he had been detected dodging in and upstairs in a furtive and guilty fashion, with a bag of grapes a his hands, and his pockets building with oranges. Worse than this, it was said that, in order to justify his visits, he deliberately passed himself off on the little 'un's mother as the School Bond man, and was not discovered in this outrageous hypocingy until the little 'un's got well chough to denounce him.

II.

Atter bending all day over his desk in a cramped, syr-lighted back room

After bending all day over his deak not a cramped, sky-lighted back room. Mr. Fant in the disk to lengthy deals, whech his pen, drew his money, and strolled out in the dusk toward the North Star.

Fant i' It was a loating scribe that called to him. "Heard the news? The difficulties of the money of the called to him. "Heard the news? The difficulties of the called to him. "Heard the news? The difficulties of the called to him. "Heard the news? The difficulties of the called to him. "Heard the news? The difficulties of the called to him. "Heard the news? The seminate of the called to him. "Heard the news? The seminate of the called to him. "Heard the news? The seminate of the called to him. "Heard the news."

"Some old gal who came over for some beer a little while ago. She says the little un's been over to look for you two or three times."

Mr. Fant lit his pipe with a fine callousness, as intimating that it was no business of his anyway.

Then, instead of going to the North star, he thrust his hands into his torousers pockets, and furching off with an air of most profound indifference, the were going home.

Now, there were two ways into Butler's court—one opposite the North star, and one through a pinched anchoway out of Furnival street—and with a casual giance behind him Mr. Fant vanished suddenly into that archway? On the top floor but one of a house in the court in door opened to the sound of his passing tread, and a woman looked out.

"Oh, it's you, sir," she cried, recog izing him; then to some one inside. "Here, dort, here's yer urnle."

In a moment the little 'un bounded out to him, and be stooped and roce with her in his arms, her small class; tightening round his neck, her face, nestling against his, and the little figure convulsed with sobbing.

"There, there, don't cry. It's all right," he stammered, half shyly." Rather sudden, wasn't t?" he said to the woman, with a litt of his eyes toward the floor above.

"Oh, no, sir. She's been going off rapid for some time," she retorted, "The doctor never thou

don't seem to have no friends—her fa-ther died three years ago an' more.

You ahi't a real uncle, so I s'pose ti'll ha' to be the workhouse, foor mite!"

Foor mite!"

"Yes, I am," gasped Mr. Pant, aggressively. "I'm r al enough She ain't going to any workhouse. She'll come with me I-I shall have to have her. The parish will make me It's the law."

"Oh, I didn't know you was really r uncle. Well, I'm glad of it. I'd we 'ad her here wi' 'me sconer than her go to the patish, only I got cen of my own, an' that's a hand-

seven of my own, an' that's a hand-fat."

Yes, said Mr. Fant, frowning sternly. "She'll ha' to come with me, it's the law. I can't get out of it. If you don't mind me leavin' he he re for about in hour while I go and let her aum know about it.—"

'To be sure, mister. She'll be all right here till you come back."

And having quieted the little 'un and comforted her with promises of a quick return, he hurried down stairs alone, and out and along the dismal lamplit streets till in a squalld lane of Hatton Guiden he arrived at his own home.

He lived in two attics over an insertior coftee shop, and mounting to one

rior conce shep, and mounting to one these, he came upon a faded wo in sewing at some sort of tailoring, was a lank, hard-featured wo-in, and her hair was streaked with av.

revior coftee shep, and mounting to one of these, he came upon a faded woman seving at some sort of tailoring. She was a lank, hard-featured woman, and her hair was stitenked with gray.

They gave each other no manner of greeting. Mr. Fant sat down, fumbled in his pockets, and pushed a half crown and some coppers across the table to her.

She ginneed at him curiously.

"You're early to-night."

"Yee," he said, awkwardly, "just—cr—come from the office."

She gathered the money into her purse, and went on sewing. He coughed at intervals, and peered under his brown at her, dubitating.

"I say," he began, abruptly, "you remember that little 'un I've mention-ed? Her mother's dead. That little 'un that dances, you know."

Mis. Fant nurmured, "Poor thing!" but seemed otherwise unmoved.

The silence hardened between them again, and Mr. Fant broke it at last by a desperate effort.

They're goin' to send her to the work-house," he ejaculated Then his words came at a rush, but in so trendious a voice that his wife gazed at him, wondering. 'Chara—she's such a little thing, no bigger than our Min was. She's exactly like Min—when I first saw her it was our little Min come back to me.

His videe quavered into silence, and he turned his face from her. She resumed her sewing with fresh energy, and perhaps it was only some trick of lamplight that made her harsh features seem strangely softened.

"I would be crute to send her to the workhouse," he spoke again "resently" 'Why, indeed "' Mrs. Fant laughed, soornfully." 'At the rate you go

the worknubs, as spoulda't we have her here?"

"Why, indeed" Mrs. Fant laughed, scornfully. "At the rate you go on we don't have enough for two. How should we manage to live at all with three—"

"Look here, Clara," he interrupted, engerly, Twe been better for months past than I used to be, haven't I?"

"You'd good need to be—"
"I know I did. But look here! I was all light till our little Min went, wasn't I? It was that that sent me all wrong. I didn't care and I was miserable."

"An' wasn't I?"

all wrong. I didn't care and I was miserable."

"An' wasn't I?"

"You was as fond of her as I was, but you were a good woman, clara, an' I was a poor fool. It knocked me all I was a poor fool. It knocked me all I was a poor fool. It knocked me all I was a poor fool. It would come back, it 'ud pult me around an' I could be myself agen. An' this little 'un'—the swallowed a lump that rose in his surface, when you was the work of the work of the was the work of the work of the work of the was a was a was a work of the wo

"An' forget it to-morrow," she said,

coldly,
"I swear to you I'll keep it to my
dying day. She'll help me—if she
comes—i'll be all as it our little Min
had never died. I'll do what
that
parson's been worrying me to do I'll
sign the ple'ge for him, and take that job he offered an' get away from the chaps I booze with—I will."

DR. GAUTHIER **ENDORSES**

The statement that Mr. Major owes his life to . . . DR. CHASE'S Kidney Liver Pills

Kidney Liver Pills

Dr. J. T. A. Gauthier, of Valleyfield, Cue, writes. "I, the undersigned, certify that the contents of this letter, in regard to the cure of Mr. Isadore Major, by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Laver Pills, is correct." After so years of suffering from backetic and Latiney diested I owe my life to Dr. A. W. Chase. I had tried an endless variety of rendeeds to no avail, and on the recommendation of a frend began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The content of the conten

Mrs. Fant made no seponse.

"Chara," ne pleaded, "just the same are, an' so like. Come with me an' see for yourself, an' if you don't let !! It's ou! little Min come back to toe." Will you. Chara?"

"I an't come till I've intished tacking this lining in," she cried, littably, "so just loave me alone."

He said no more.

He waited patiently while she completed her tacking without underharte, and when she got up, grumbling vaguel), and tied her bonnet on, he lose and went with her.

They waiked back by the way he had come, in under the arch, and so up and into the presence of the little 'un herself.

She ran to Mr. Fant at once, but he was shrewd and politic, as soon as Mrs. Fant had acc.pited the institution of the woman who tenanted the room and sat down, he placed the child in her lap.

She passed a wandering hand over the tangled golden curls, and looked lintently into the dimpled face and baby eyes that opened wlatfully on her own worn features, then sudenly folded the little 'un to her breast and began to cry with her, and soon three was not a dry eye in the room except Mr. Fant's, and his would not have been dry either if he hadn't kept wiping them on his sleev. He found the little 'un's bonnet and Jacket, such a-indinitestand jacket that he could herdily take hold of it with both hands at once '—he he-pled to put them on her, and attempted to pick her up for the purjose of conveying her home. But Mrs. Fant pushed him aside.

"Leave the child alone," she said, brusquely, "You'll only be dropping it, or something."

Peath of Dector Nedley, the Last tireat Irish Humorist.

Death of Doctor Nedley, the Last Great Irish Humorist.

From the Dublin Freeman's Jo f April 26th :-

From the Dublin Fleeman's Journal of April 26th:—

We regret to announce the death of Doctor Thomas Nedley, a sad event which took place yesterday at his bouse in Ruthapl square Dr. Nedley had attained an advanced age, but enjoyed fair health up to a few weeks ago, when he was select by an illness which proved fatal. He was a physician of ability who filled with success some important public rorts. But is was not as a physician that Doctor Nedley was famous in the generation now passing away. He was the last of the long-lynasty of wits who have set the Dublin dinner tables in a roar. His name will, in our social abnails, be always associated with that of his life-long friend, Father James Healy, of Bray. Both were brillant humorlats, but their gifts wer of a very different order. If a thread-bare but useful phrase may be pressed into the service Father Healy was a wit and Doctor Nedley a humorst. Father Healy it up a conversation with some bright mot which was at once delightful and evanescent. It was impossible to repeat it with effect; all depended on the volce, the glance, the psychological moment at which it was uttered. His good things were

"Like the snow-flake on the river."

A moment white, then lost for ever."

"Like the snow-flake on the river, A moment white, then lost for ever,"

Doctor Nedley was a raconteur, a most difficult role in a tired and impatient age. The only chance for the ordinary story-teller is that his tales should be short, but Doctor Nedley's were of two di-lashloned. length. No man with the slightest sense of humour, however, thought his longest story a second too long. No man ever heard him with any feeling save delight. A profound sense of the ridiculous, a volce rich and mellow, a countenance beaming with fun, a command of a Dublin accent which was at once true to life but glerified by the touch of genius, these were his brilliant glifts. Over the functions at which his tales were related "laughter holding both his sides" presided, and happy were those who assisted thereat.

It has somewhere been finely said by Dr. Mahaffy that the tone of frish humour is essentially pure. Swift was an Irishman only in the accident of birth-Sheridan and Goldsmith were thorough Irishmen, brilliant wits, and the purest of great writers. Such was the note of the innocent fun of Father Healy and Doctor Nedley; the genius of humour was in their cases entirely free from the avil spirits of foulness and malice that too often dog his steps. Nedley could at times "roll and laugh in Rabelaids' cray chair," but the tone of his rollicking story was pure and manly. Gifted with a pleasant volce, he sang his own ballads as well as told his own tales. The Nedley songs have been preserved. It is to be hoped that coples of Nedley's songs have been preserved. It is to be hoped that coples of Nedley's songs have been preserved. Though the events to which they referred are rw forgotten, their humour is still evergreen. A few found their was most absurdly arraigned by the Government of the day for sedition in some almanae he had published.

"Good luck to Frank Thorpe Porter.
That expounder of the laws,
Likewise to Adye-Curry,
Who was counsel in the cause:
They tann'd the hide of long Whiteside
And him did disregard,



And freed our Printer from his claws. In the Lower Castle Yard"

Another famous balled on "The Southers" contained a stanza which has been quoted in England as often as in our own country. It refers to the poor wretches who

"Sold their sowls For penny rowls, For soup and hairy bacon."

"Sold their sowls
For penny rowls,
For soup and hairy bacon."

We have said already that Nedley
was the last of his race; the last great
litish humorist. As we get farther and
farther from the great days before the
Union litish genius grows dull as lish
prosperity wanes. In his young days
prosperity wanes. In his young days
Nedley met old men who remembered
the brilliant period of our Independence, men who, having heard Gratten
thunder, supped with the 'Monks of
the Screew.' Something of the spirt
of this great time inspired his genius,
and his humour smacked of the days
of Yelverton and Curran.
As a man, Nedley had some remarkshile characteristics. No man had less
affinity to the poor Yoricks of fettion
on the Theodor's Hooks of real life. He
was a man of hich spirit, independent
shings to take a liberty with. Courted as no man of his time was courted
by the great, he was utterly unspolled,
his chosen associates and best friends
were men of his own class. With
them he was frests and happlest. He
was pludent in affairs and faultiess
in all the relations of private life.
profound sympathy will be felt with
Dd. Nedley's sorrowing widow, who
mourns a man who was an affectionatt a husband as he was a loyal friend.
The deceased, who was in his seventy-mint year, was attended by Dr.
O'Dayer and Dr. Curron during his
liness. He was for many years physician to the Meteropolium Police. During the Viceroyalty of Earl Spence
he was physician to the Vicereal

A Servant of the Dying.

Rosa Mulholland Gilbert writes in the Dublin Freeman:

An Irishwoman of the noblest type has passed out of the world, leaving behind her a long record of work of the kighest order, successfully done, and assured, of future-development and increase. The Hospice for the Dying is, in the Three Cingdoms, an unique charlity, and Miss Anna Caynor, known in her quality of religious as Mother Mary John, was its foundress and first Mary John, was its foundress and first Superioress, her rentle rule having extended over a lengthy pariod. An earlier scene or her labours was St. Vincent's hospital, in St. Stephen's green, or which she was Superioress for some years before she was chosen to initiate the new undertaking of providing a temporary abiding-place for tione when, with their death-warant having been signed by disease or time, fall, in consenuer, of shelter and cure, and, like the Rederment, know not where to lay their heads. Sich sufferers-ind-litheris been a class apart, ineligible for admission to hospitals reserved for pidients who may be reserved for pidients who may supply, owing to the laca of classification in our workhouse system, a deathbed in any miserable attic or lonely colling was the Poorhouse Infirmary, and unhapply, owing to the laca of classification in our workhouse system, a

Rulely may have been the gardeners, the temporarily better patients (hardly convalencent where there is no vicelihood of recovery) sit in the sun—the fatally "co-sumpted" of other-wise told-off creatures whe are very soon to be put to the proof of man's mortality. That they are witnesses also to the future destiny of the soul of humanity nene and doubt who hear their cheerful outelpations of what they not the boune. The hope of new life, of rising dawn, is there. The breath of a perputual whisper keeps the fiame that might tail alive. Even the come int request of the nurse, that she may not be forgotten by the soul she is tending when that youl is with God, gives repiritual sweetness and dignity to the patient. In the little white chapel, where the dead he before the altar until the time appointed for interment, all is benuty and prece. The spirit of tenderness and joy, most humans, yet supernatural, which takes one like the "mackpected odour of an unseen flower, even at a first visit to the galace, is greatly due to the late Mother of the Hoplee, the namesake of John the heloved. Her light step, her bright, vet soft, dark eyes, the eager expression of questing about for the kindest thing to be done, her lively jest and innocently droil story, brought sunshine to the wards, and often left laughter where there had been tears. Her filmess was gradual exhaustion, the result more of labour than of years, and her passing away was that of an angel housed too long in mertal clay. Death like this, in an age when time is only valued while wedded to pleasure, and futurity deried is more levely than the perfect prime of like.

For the rest, Anna Gaynor was a daughter of the late John Gaynor. Seri, of Roxborough, Roscommon, and Belvedere place, Diblin, and sister of the late John Gaynor. Seri, of Roxborough, Roscommon, and resters of the rise and sister of the rise and sister of the rise and sister of the rise and si

but in her silent chaites among the poor of Dublin.

"Our Boys and Girls' Own," the new illustrated Catholic monthly, be-sides stories by the foremost Catholic writers, contains articles ou inventions, discoverios, science, history, fancy work, new games, tricks, etc., 75 conts in post-age stamps, sent to Beusiger Brothers, 36 Barclay 35. New York, is the easiest way to pay for a year's subscription. Write for sample copy.

Obituary.

Obligary.

The parish of Leesleville, mourns the loss of a devoted and model Christian in the person of Miss Alma Josephine Ducette, de Hamilton. She passed away to the repose that knows no waking on the 19th uit, at the home of her aum on Hourland avenue.

Although in poor neath for several months her nost intihuate friends did not dream that her litness was of a serious nature,

"When fell upon the house-a sudden gloom, a shadow on those features, pale and the standard of the standard of

BISHOP DOWLING'S ANNIVER-SARY.

May 1 was the twelfth anm. sary of Bishop Dowling's conservation and the tenth of his installation as Bishop of the Hamilton diocese. The double of the Hamilton diocese. The double vent was celebrated by His Lordship saying mass at St. Mary's cathedrail at 10.30. He was assisted by the clergy of the cathedrail and all the children of the Separate scheels and the young late. The Loretto academy were presented to the cathedrail and the control of the Separate scheels and the young late. The service of St. Joseph's parish, sang "The New Jerusalem." The cathedrail was crowded.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee bas given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Dolicate and Deblisted Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Take in is mail doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulaut, middly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.