By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE LAD.

not again! The land was pleasant to

see, but a grievous ill lay over Strat-ford town, and the green and gold fair-ness was but a mockery to the anxious

hearts, "Twas a summer o' smoke, as we knew it would be when the ash budded before the oak, and a great

pestilence was all around. Scarce a house was there that was not held in its

his tiny arm up on my neck as it

the tears that had gathered there, then she went on speaking very tenderly. "There was no shadow on mine, thank

had taught me how to feel for my neigh-

bors in their woe. I wot not if 'twas because o' those dark times that my

little William was dearer to me than any

o' my other children were, though I loved them and love them still with a

true heart's love. But he must ever be first in my affection, for my heart-strings were bound so tightly around

him. "Well, lad, he was the sunshine o' the

house, and he was happiest at my side, though he ever loved to ride on his father's shoulder, but even from there

he would stretch out his arms to me to

be taken and kissed and laughed over. He was the best and sweetest-tempered

cried but rarely, and when he did, marry

his little lip would quiver and the big tears would grow in 's eyes : sometimes they would fall, but oftenest they'd dis-

appear and he'd be smiling again. He was ever smiling, peradventure the

" Tell about the time he was lost "

"Ay, marry, sweeting, thou'lt have the whole loaf: thou'lt not be content

with less. But to the tale. That was

when he had just turned two in the June o' that year; 'twas on a Saturday

and he and I were in this very room, he on the floor at my feet, e'en as thou art, when who should come to the door but

my good gossip Mistress Quiney, and she and I fell deep in talk and paid no heed to the child. When she had gone I

turned me to speak to the little one, and lo ! he was not anywhere to be seen.

On a sudden my heart was like a stone

fairies were whispering to him."

twas not to bellow like most children

babe that ever lived. I warrant me.

BY IMOGEN CLARK. CHAPTER VI. Fo rsince the birth of Cain, the first male child, To him that did but yesterday suspire, There was not such a gracious creature born. King John.

I have liv'd To see inherited my very wishes And the building of my fancy. Coriola

house was there that was not held in its deadly grasp and bore not the red cross upon its door above the words: 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ in a trembling hand. 'Lord have mercy upon us!' How many tires I said that over as I hugged my little babe close to my breast ! and my heart grew faint at the thought that no matter howsoever tight I held him I could not keep him an 'twas not the Lord's will. All day "Twas on Saint George's day, then, " 'Twas on Saint George's day, then, two and thirty years agone, that thy dear father first saw the light," the gentle voice began, "and three days later, as is the custom here, he was christened at Trinity. Twas as pretty a morn as thou could'st wish to see, and summer-like too, for the spring had come early that year. The fields on both sides o' the river were soft and green, and there were blossoms peeping up everywhere. The trees had most o' them put forth their bravery, and the birds sang right cheerily amid the young leaves. I was singing too in my an 'twas not the Lord's will. All day long I stayed within doors—I dared not stir abroad—with the little fellow in my arms. I couldn't bear to have him from me a minute, and every hour he grew dearer and dearer, and every hour the fear o' losing him pressed closer. The air was heavy with sobs, and the passing bell rang slow and solemn, each peal quivering on my heart-strings. Sometimes the little babe would stop young leaves. I was singing too in my heart for joy o' all the beauty in the world as I glanced ever and anon from his crowing and seem to listen to the fearsome sound. Then would I fall to kissing him and crying: 'Thou'lt not go sweet-thou'lt stay with mother?' my open casement. I was above stairs with the little one donning his finery, go sweet-thou'lt stay with motner -And he would look at me e'en a'most as was even helping o'me. She had made a mantle for him, fair with fringe and broidery—a bearing-cloth fit for a squire's child—and when the time came though he understood, and once he threw "Nay, nay, lad, that lack o' trust was "Nay, nay, lad, that lack o' trust was than to me. The studying by candle light-and studying hard-what it didn't take him And besides the Absey rievous wrong, I ween, and yet I could hot help it. Twice had my arms been for them to go, she wrapped it about his head and tiny shoulders and it became not need it. Twice had my arms been lightened of their load and my heart sore burdened, and I could not let this man-child go. But God was good. He did not chasten me. Sure, there was some charm laid upon our threshold, for the him wondrously. Then she took him in her arms and bore him gently, but first she needs must go up the stairs a little way, as is always meet with a new-born child. And what think'st thou she did? Why, quoth she, looking back at me with mischief in her eyes, 'an a few steps up will bring him luck, I'll not mind the trouble o' going the whole flight for his dear sake, for from my heart I wish him all honour and ad-Plague came not nigh us. The summer waned and still all Stratford suffered waned and still all Stratford suffered, and 'Lord have mercy upon us! was evermore the cry. The bell tolled by night and day, until its very voice grew hoarse with grief, but there came no harm to the little one that lay upon my heart. He grew apace, the finest, lust-iest child I ever saw, with eyes like So with a laugh she went up the stairs to the very top, and then, turning, she came down again, smiling softly to herself. And she brought him stars that even then took note o' all around. The woods about here turned to my bedside for a farewell kiss, and saith she, when that she showed me his little peaceful face: 'No matter how to red and gold and still the Plague lingered and the people were wasted with despair. 'Twas winter before it high he climbeth, sweet sister mine, his love will always bring him back to really left us, and in that time-in that time, boy, a sixth o' the Stratford folk were taken and the shadow o' sorrow thee.' Those were her very words Peradventure there be some that would say 'twas only a merry maid's fancy that caused their utterance, but I know lay on many hearthstones." She raised her apron to her eyes and wiped away better. I tell thee lad, those words so lightly spoken fell deep into my heart, and many's the time I've thought on and manys the time I ve thought on them in these later years, and I know, i' faith, 'twas no whimsey on her part, but 'owas an angel bade her speak them. "Then she left me and went down to mhore the granufather God! Only a great joy that had trembled so near the brink o' danger it

where thy grandfather was waiting, here in this very room, with our friends and kinsfolk, and they, with one accord, gathered about her to see the babe, some cautious like and others pushing and crowding; but marry, the manikin Incew not fear. He just looked at them all with something like a smile in 's eyes, as though he wist well what their brave sallies meant. And after they had meand their all then found it. had gazed their fill they formed into a little band and went through the door. little band and went through the door, and I, watching from my window above, saw them troop out into the sunshine and wend their way down the lane. Soon they passed from my sight, but I could still follow them with my mind's eye, faring along by the Market Cross, on and on to Old Town; friends and relatives led the way and then came relatives led the way, and then came my sister Alys carrying the chrisom, made o' fine-wrought linen, white as driven snow. Oh! 'twas a goodly com by but fairest o' them all was the child Joyce's arms, and full well she knew that too, for she stepped as proud as proud, walking between his father and good Master William Clopton, who would e'en stand sponsor to my little

"And he it was that gave him six Apostle spoons and the gilt bowl yonder; thou must not leave them out, Gran.

'Nay, not I, though I heeded them not at the time, I trow; I'd only eyes and thoughts for the babe. Well, they all went along gay and merry—I could almost hear their laughter—until they

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

often dream fond dreams o' our little babes, and how each one holdeth, be-

teach my little son when he grew old enough to commence scholar. Thou know'st I'd never been to school—there

were no dame schools at Wilmcote when that I was a child—but I made shift to

that i was a child - bild i made shift to learn myself, and when Willy was three, though Baby Gilbert was in my arms, I used to give the little fellow lessons from the horn-book."

"E'en so, the very same. First he conned the criss cross row and very soon he could make the letters, both small

and big, and then 'twas no long time be-fore he'd mastered the little words and got the 'Our Father' by heart. All that was done ere he was four years old, and he would have to reach the age o' seven before he could enter the gram-mer school, so the grandforther brought

long to master. And besides the Absey book there was the 'Book o' Riddles ' I

had as a fairing, and there were some ballads printed by good Widow Toy and

the Carols. I borrowed me some books

too, from Billesley Hall, and the lad and me did read them together. 'The Pass-tyme o' Pleasure,' 'A Lytell Geste o'

Robin Hoo^A, and the story o' the small boy and the Frere—I've told it to thee oft, how that the little child with his

magic pipe could set the whole village

dancing to his music, and could e'en

made his harsh stepmother and the Frere

were other books besides, and then there was the black-lettered Bible yonder which he would read and read. But he

was not vain o' what he could do-not he! Thou would'st never have wist

from his bearing that he knew more

than other children o' his age. He was ever ready to be with them at their sports. 'Twas he that taught thy

uncles Gilbert and Richard and thy

sweet aunts Joan and little Nan their

letters, making a play out o' it that took all the sting o' study away. He'd a wondrous way with children both big

and small. They all looked to him as leader, but in their games he never

wanted the best place for himself, still they'd follow him everywhere and listen

to his tales by the hour-he had many

"Yea, that they were. I've seen the birds light on his shoulder, and they

never stopped their singing when he went by. But anything that was hurt, or weak, was dearest to him. His heart

was so large. Yet most o' all, methinks, he loved the dogs. He'd a little beastie o' his own that followed him as Silver

Hamnet bent over his dog and pulled

"He couldn't have loved Little Sweet-

" Marry and amen, that's chop-logic.

heart as I love thee, Silver, not quite as much. There wasn't so much to love."

As well say thy father careth not so much for thee because forsooth thou'rt little, and wert thou twice as big he'd

for love : it knoweth no bounds."

"But Little Sweetheart was not s

roud neither, for Master Silver there

is vain o' his glossy, grey coat; but think'st thou thy father only judged

from the outside? When he was no older than thou art he found the little When he

beast at Snitterfield, harried by some

And the dumb beasts and the birds

merry and sad, at 's tongue's end.'

were his friends too ?"

followeth thee."

his ears gently.

H

There

obedient to his innocent will.

The one I studied ?"

babes, and how each one holdeth, be-like, some great gift that, an we but knew it and could foscer it with proper-est care, would flower into beauty. Only oftenest we do naught ! And so, when I felt this feeling growing and ever growing within me as I looked into my Willy's eyes, I did bethink me 'twas a sign sent from on high, and I resolved to learn from the books that I might treach my little son when he grew old

ways are dark, thou canst get a deal o' comfort out o' a dog's true love." Mistress Shakespeare leaned back in her chair, her fine grey eyes turned to-wards the window, but little did they see of the summer boouts. These see of the summer beauty. There was a mist before them like a soft curtain a mist before them like a soft curtain that shut out the simple room and the boy's upraised face and made other things clear to her mental vision. They were far less bright than the scene before her, but she looked at them daugt-lessly, as she had looked at them at the

time of their happening. "I'll never say that again about my father's love for Little Sweetheart," Hannet broke in after a moment of silence; "I'll think 'twas as great as mine is for Silver and then I'll know it couldn't be greater. But all the same, Grandam, Sweetheart wasn't nearly so

fine-looking as Silver here." "That he wasn't, but I do protest, la, thou makest a very peacock o' thy dog -see how proud he looketh! Nay then, Sweetheart was not so goodly to a suppose yon mass o' vanity was hot so goodiy to see, but suppose yon mass o' vanity was bandy legged and always went a little lame and had great scars on 's body and a queer stump o' a tail—what then ?" Hamnet hugged the dog close. " I should love him with all my heart, because he'd still he Silver."

mar-school; so thy grandfather brought me home an Absey book and Willy learned the catechism and commandbecause he'd still be Silver.'

because he'd still be Silver." "I trow so. Verily, 'tis not his beauty that maketh him dear, 'tis something deeper. They are sorry eyes that can-not see below the surface, but there be many that are thus sand blind and judge nearbed the cateenism and command-ments therefrom, and soon he'd all the reading-matter safely stowed in 's little brain. Learning came easier to him than to me. Many's the night I've sat only from the fine feathers without. W

won't do that, dear boy, we'll look closer and think o' the beauty within." TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TEST.

There was a sudden stir in the dense crowd about the Capitol. The tired men and women who composed it had been waiting all morning, heedless alike of the chilling March wind and the rain that fell in frequent, drenching showers. It was 2 o'clock, and a rumor went around that the Governor elect had would begin at 2.30 pr.m.tly. arrived and the inauguration exer ises

A mighty cheer went up. A with n the second story, on the east side of the building opened, and the man for whom they had waited came out alone. He ooked down on the sea of faces turned up to him, and his eves grew dim. There was another wave of enthusiastic There was another wave or entinustatue greeting of the "people's choice," and then they were silent, that they might hear his voice. He leaned forward, and as he talked each one there felt somehow that the speaker's words were addressed directly to him. He thanked them warmly for their

support, and promised them in return that he would serve them faithfully, renewing once more the pledges he had made, for the fulfilment of which they hadelected him. Th y laughel together over the humorous incidents of the campaign, laughed a little sadly, for the fight had been a hard one, after all. And as they looked at him tenderly, for he had become very dear to them, a beloved comrade, they saw that it had aged him just a little. There was a tired look in the frank, fearless eyes, gray threads in the thick, dark hair. But as he threw back his fine head in an enthusiastic moment, picturing the glori ous future when lawmakers and official not of the nation alone, but of each state should be united in the common desire to make the country the abiding place of truth, honor and peace, they felt with glowing heart that that rugged frame was fit and ready for any rightful struggle, that through him and with him they would come into complete civic At 5 o'clock the ceremonies were

love thee twice as much. That could never be when his whole heart is thine already; and yet, dear wag, he hath room, and large room, for the others of over, and the new Governor went to the flice that was to be his, leaving word us too. Thou canst not make a measure that he wished to be alone for a while But scarcely had the door closed him when it was opened again and Dixon LaVelle, the great criminal /awyer, stood hesitating on the threshold. fine-looking as Silver, thou'st said so of ... "Nay, not so fine, I wis, and not so

"You have your democratic ways to thank for this unseemly intrusion, unseemly intrasion your Excellency, but I have been wait-ing all day for a word with you. First of all, permit me to repeat my congratulations. We are all proud of you. Eight years from now 1 shall be hailing you as Mr. President, I have no doubt."

the people, Harrington, and he is as in-nocent of this crime as you and I." "I will not pardon him," said the Governor coldly.

"Then you are not the man we thought you, not the man for the office." LaVelle was at the door, white-faced, hurt, bitterly disappointed and angry. He was too, a good bit puzzled. He was half-way down the hall when the door half-way down the hall when the door behind opened and the Governor called

im. "I will give you my final decision in he morning," he said, "but hope for the morning," he said, "but hope for nothing," and the door was closed again. The Governor went slowly back across the office, walked as one who is weary in heart and mind, and sank down beside the great table in the centre, burying his face in his folded arms. An hour passed. When he looked up again the gray shadows of dusk had fallen on the room, and the outer chill had crept in with the gathering darkness.

"God," he said softly. "God, and on the very first day !" He had been fac-ing the thing that had lain in his heart all these years, and the mighty grip and st ogth of it terrified him. It was the

I struggle, the great test. He left the office and went out down the long corridor to the street, answer-ing mechanically the graciting of these ing mechanically the greetings of those he met. He took an eastbound car that went out past the city to a quiet suburb. He lifted his face to the cooling rain as he went down the dim avenue to the little house at the end. It was an un-

pretentious dwelling, but the Governor looked at it as if he loved it. There was about it an air of peace and quiet and contentment, and this impression was intensified within its walls. The of its owner cleared and his face regained somewhat its wonted expres-

ion as he went upstairs. It would have been hard to tell wherein lay the beauty of the apart-ment. It was an elusive quality, some-thing that was not altogether in the furnishings or hangings, though these would delight an artistic eye. From its softly tinted walls sweet-faced Madonnas looked down, and at its farther end hung a crucifix, large for so small a room

vet not at all out of place. It was a quiet room, a sanctuary, yet from it emanated the radiant cheerfulness that nade the house a home. The center of it all, the dominant

spirit, was a slender, white-haired, wellnigh helpless woman in a great chair before the open fire. The glow of its leaping flames was the only light in the Mrs. Harrington greeted her son with

a smile that lit up her kindly old face to a rare loveliness.

"So my boy is the Governor," she said, and there was tender pride in the tone " Mother. I think you shall have to be

Governor, too. You remember how used to come to you with my cases You always helped me straighten out the tangles, never failed to find the common sense view, no matter how wrapped round it was with legal sophistries. Things don't get easier higher up, mother.'

" No, Philip, they won't get easier, but you have more knowledge and strength to bring to them."

The Governor signed. " I feel to-night as if I should have to learn your lessons all over again." He sank into a low chair by the side of hers.

"I've run away from the feasting and celebration for a quiet hour with you. They won't mind; they're used to my queer ways. I shall have to go back directly, but I want to forget for a while." "What, weary of it already, Philip? You haven't changed much. You never cared for parties, even as a lad."

" No, mother, there always seemed se much to be done, so much to be done.' His words trailed off into a weary sigh He sat gazing dreamily into the fire a time, and his mother, watching him wistfully, saw that the dreams were no pleasant ones. "I've been thinking of father all after-

noon. How he would have liked all this Tell me about him, about the time be fore the trouble came. It's long since you've spoken of him." She looked at him keenly, noting the

lines that had not been on his face the day before. "You are tired, my son. Can yo u not

But she could not lift him out of the mood into which he had fallen. "When I first learned all the hideous

NOVEMBER 6, 1909.

story, and you could not tell me that it was not true, I vowed that I would never give up until I had roused the people of give up until I had roused the people of this State to oust from office rascals like Mark Gannon and his gang. And I thought that was all of my resolve," he added, half to himself. "I have suc-ceeded beyond my hopes; the last one of them is gone down into bitter disgrace. But it can't blot out the past; it can't bring back the dead." "My dear, my dear, the past is in the hands of God." "All the hideous story," he went on bitterly. "father's ruin and his death

bitterly, "father's ruin and his death. And nobody knows the full measure of And hobody shows one full message of his treachery save you—and father." "Why do you speak of those things to-night, Philip ? It all happened so long ago." There were tears in the dim eyes, and the hand she held out to him trembled. But he was gazing mood-

ily into the fire and did not see "And father forgave him m before he died, and you have prayed for him all these years, prayed for the murderer

" Philip, Philip, that is a hard name. A Christian could do no less, my son." "And he stole our home, the home that you loved, and you have prayed for him all these years, prayed for the thief, the villain, the miserable coward." He caught her suddenly, passionately in his arms. "Mother," he sobbed, "you are a saint ; no one else could do it, one else.'

She put him from her striving to look She put him from her striving to look into his eyes, but he turned his head away, evaded her. "Philip, surely you are ill. It has all been too much for you."

He arose without answering, to pace

the floor with nervous, hurried steps. He paused at the window and laid his hot forehead against the cool pane or which the rain ceased to beat. "Mother." he said, after a little

while, "if your worst enemy was in your power, would you save him ?"

"Surely I would, Philip, what else should I do ?" "Even if it was Mark Gannon, mother ?"

"Even if it was Mark Gannon,

Philip." He stood awhile longer in the deep, restful shadow. The turbulent wind had died down and the moon was rising a pale golden globe into a clear, peace fullsky. His face softened and changed. "I shall have to leave you, mother, sooner than I intended. I promised Dixon La Velle an important decision in

bixon ha vene an important decision in the morning. I thought I could not grant his request, but I have found that I can, so I will go to him before I go back to the city." Absorbed in thought, he was dimly

aware of a soft step on the stairs and that some one entered the room.

"Tessa told me to come up, Mrs. Harrington; that you were alone. It

is a long time, but, you see, I haven't forgotten the way." It was the voice of a girl, sweet and low, and very sad. The Governor turn-ed and saw her standing there in the dim light and his heart leaped and he

"Why, it is Margaret Gannon!" his mother was saying. "My dear I am glad you remembered. Come and sit here where I can see you. It is a long time, to be sure.'

"I cannot stay, only a moment." She went forward as she spoke and stood by the older woman's chair. "I stood by the older woman's chair. "I came from father," she said slowly, and as, if the words hurt her, "he is about to-die. And he sent me to you to beg you to forgive him for the past." She stood straight and slender in the bright firelight, its glancing flames shining upon her dark, beautiful face. "He would give me no peace till I came. I did not like to leave him. He told me to tell you that he would undo it all if he could ; that—that—" A great tearless sob shook her and her voice broke. " Margaret, my child, I forgave him long ago. And Vincent, my husband, forgave him, too. Tell him that, it will

comfort him." "I don't know what it was all about,"

the girl went on drearily: "no one would ever tell me. But I no longer care. I only know that he is the best father a girl ever had, and that I-an

tosing where "N

ringto you There

often "Y

that

sorro am g from Mr

looki " N

was a

stifle thing Velle had

what give

not

forw looki they

was and that that

the hold

troy

so ; coul did

alwa

you.

to I need S to 3 wor at 1 tend froz tern

his Dog

am over entraction he the

me Fr

white petal floated down, but they passed white petal holted down, but they passed beneath them silently. Twice before had they been along that same path with a little child o' mine, and they needs must think o' those times. And to me waiting in my chamber, there came a thought that shadowed the brightness o' that bright day —a thought o' those other little ones loss had left my home so desolate, and my heart was heavy with the remem ance, for a mother always remembers "But they tarried not; they went on to

The church, uttering no word, though mayhap many a prayer was whispered by them for the boy on my sister's breast, as they halted in the porch to let him enter first. In that way the christening party passed up the nave to where Sir John Breechgirdle stood waiting at the font. Thou would'st not think but the little one was not affrighted in the least by the strange face and the deep, gruff voice; nav, he let fall no whimper. And at that Joyce felt her heart misgive her, as I did mine when that she told me, for thou knowest they say 'tis always a good sign an a child crieth lustily at such times. But when she would have been dismayed a bar o' golden light came in through the window and touched his face, and the glory o' it stilled her fears. When 'twas all over, Sir John shook thy grandfather by the hand, and said the babe was a likely one and he hoped 'twould thrive, whereat thy grandfather thanked him for 's kind o'lice and bade him to the gossips' feast, and then they all came back to the house and had a cup o' merry-go-down and some o' the christening cake and a store o' all things fine.' She broke off in her recital and looked

down at the eager, upturned face. "All this thou know'st, little lad."

marry that do I; but go on, come

"Hark to him now! The Plague,"

say'st thou? Ah, those were bitter days that followed; pray God they come be a man wh whole world.' Nay, then, we women

almost hear their laughter—until they reached the pleached alley that leadeth to the church door; then their light talk ceased. The trees above their heads were fair with buds amid the there a done and there a there was no sound abroad save the song o' the birds without in the garden, for the house-door stood open wide. Then I was dumb with fear. Methought the fairies had stolen him away, that 'twas they who had sent Mistress Quiney to lure me from my watch, and then they had spirited him to Fairyland. ran out into the garden half-mazed with grief, and the sunlight blinded me to that I stumbled along the path, not knowing what I did nor whither I went. and then suddenly I saw a sight I shall never forget. There was Willy stand-

ing on the grass by the elder bush. gazing up at a bird that was singing on spray, as if he knew its song. I ran close and the bird spread its wings and flew away; then Willy turned and toddled toward me and seized my gown, and laughed and laughed again. I did and laughed and laughed again. not rate him; instead I caught him in my arms and kissed the dimples in 's checks and the creases in 's fat little neck, whereat he thrust the rose he had in 's hand into my face, and naught would content him b ut that I should take it myself and kiss it too."

"That was because he loved the flower, Gran, and wanted thee to love it.'

"In good sooth, yea. He loved the flowers, and often would I gather them for him and he would use them for his mammets, but tenderly, too, as if he would not bruise them. All that sum-mer, pleasant days we'd sit in the garden or go into the meadows by the river, and he would play with the little things he found there, or he'd listen with all his heart in 's face to the birds' songs. He loved them even then. And when he was forwearied with roving he'd nestle close beside me and I'd talk to him low and

tell him little tales, or I'd sing the old carols and ballads to him, and though

he was but a babe, he seemed to understand. Then I said to my heart : 'Per-adventure my little child may grow to ose dole it is to hearten the

ish face flushed. work, and though he was but one agains the two o' them, he treated them to a heights. good threshing both with his fists and his tongue till they were forced to run away, for they were cowards at heart, as all are who attack poor dumb things, of fight the helpless. When they wer gone thy father searched for the little dog and found him at last under som bushes, whither he had crawled to b out o' harm's way. He litted him gently in 's arms, for the thin, yellow body was covered with cuts and bruises and one small paw dangled helpless-like. The little creature just looked for a momen

out o' his sad, hunted eyes, then seeing only kindness in my Willy's face, he put orth his tongue and kissed the hand that held him.

"So they came home together, and well I remember the tears my Willy shed, him that never cried for his own hurts, as he tended to his little charge nd set his leg with deft fingers. he looked deeper than the outside ; h looked into the heart o' the dumb thing and saw the love and gratefulness there and love grew apace in's own breast And from that time they were always together. We all loved Little Sweetheart heartily, ay faith, heartily ; how could we else when he was so thankful for the least kind word, and his body would wriggle all over did one but take notice o' hin by a glance? But the ough he cared for us all 'twas thy father that was first in 's thoughts, as 'tis to-day with Silver and thee; he would never see him coming but he would catch up something in 's mouth an 'twere only a dead leaf, and carry it to him proudly as though 'twere a gift fit for the king. And thy father now-God bless him !-would take it with a laugh and a fond touch that would make the little crea-ture leap and leap again for very joy. There be some who prize not a dog' affection, but 'tis not so with me. 'Ti Tis

a thing to treasure and be thankful for, methinks, for sometimes when all the

The Governor laughed, and his boy-

'I have no such great expectations LaVelle. I aspire to no such dizzy " Mark my word, you'll be offered the

nomination, and you're safe if you take it. The people love you."

" But we have time enough to think

of that. I came to lay before you a pressing matter, to ask that your first official act shall be one of mercy. Mark Gannon is condemned to death, as you know, and will be hanged to-morrowunless you pardow him." There came into the Governor's eyes

a look that LaVelle had never seen there before. He walked the length of the room and tack.

"Mark Gannon will be hanged to morrow-unless I pardon him," he re-peated slowly as he went. "Then let him hang; I will not pardon him." LaVelle did not know the voice. was hard and shrill, and the blazing gray eyes that looked into his were steely, pitiless.

t you have followed the case Harrington; you believe him innocent? You must believe him innocent with your knowledge of technicalities; and he is not a young man, Philip.

"Innocent of this crime, yes, no doubt he is. La Velle stared at him a moment in

silence.

"And you are the man, you who used to plead in the courts with tears in your voice and in your eyes for some poor wretch's life? God, the pictures you wretch's diff for the pictures vol called up of the hortors of the death while we all hung breathless on your words. Was it all gallery play? Have you forgotten what you said of the awful responsibility of officially taking life? Have you forgotten that only a few hours ago, while we gloried in your sincerity, you promised to serve the sincerity, you promised to serve the people faithfully and with the very best that is in you? Mark Gannon is one of you. You were my own brave boy."

take a rest now, even a short one?" "I am not tired, mother; I canno

rest. Mother, do you remember the old days when I was a boy and we lived in the little house on Lane street in two rooms ?

"Yes, I remember, Phil." "How little we dreamed then of to

"And I love the people," said the Governor, simply. They fell silent a "I did. I dreamed great things for my boy, greater things than you have my boy, greater things than you have yet accomplished, but which will come to you in God's good time."

"You rever told me that before. So I haven't surprised you, then? Mother, I'm disappointed. But why did you fancy I should amount to anything ?"

was not because you were my son that 1 felt sure of your coming to the high places; it was because you were not like other boys. I tried not to let ny love deceive me; I tried to see you my love deceive me; I tried to see you with impartial eyes. You were a born leader, and your leadership was always for the best. The virtues you had were of the big-hearted order, and your faults"—she laughed softly—"well, they were of the big-hearted order, too, You were notice any one proposed if

were neither envious nor revengeful," The Governor winced. "The other boys would try to 'get even,' would do mean little things for revenge. You forgave and forgot." "Mother, you are praising me. I cannot

let you. I do not deserve it." She laid her hand on his head, and

they were silent a while.

"How you used to toil for me in those days; it makes my heart ache to think of it," Philip said presently. "And we were poor and struggling, and you had to face it all alone because of— Mark Gannon. It was because of Mark Gannon, was it not, mother ?

I was not alone; I had my boy.

"I was not alone; I had my boy." "I was little good to you in those days. I can see you yet, toiling, day in and day out, your hair whitening, grow-ing old before your time. You taught me to work and to love it, but I could do



As a Beautifier of the Skin Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment holds a unique position. It does not clog the pores as do unsanitary powders but positively pro-motes a healthful action of the skin and thereby makes it clear, soft, smooth and velvety.

It soothes irritation and inflammation, cures chafing, pimples and blackheads, and all kinds of skin eruptions, including the worst cases of eczema and salt rheum.

Dr.A.W.Chase's Ointment

Stops itching promptly and heals the skin quickly. It is antiseptic and therefore of utmost value in preventing blood poisoning when applied to scald a super and used of applied to scalds, sores and wounds. Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment has a world wide reputation as a cure for itching skin diseases. Imitations and substitutes will only disappoint you. 60c. a box at all deal-ers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for a free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.