WHEN PAPAS SICK

When papa's sick, my greatness silk Such awful, awful times it makes, He speaks in, oil is are nonesome time. And gives such glastiv kind or grow And rolls his cover and tolds like here And makes ma neigh him up to teel, While Sis and Bridger ran to lead. Hot water rigs to warm his cost. And I make get the doctor quick. Wa have to jump when papa's sick

Whon pape's sick man has to stand Right side o. the bed and hold his h While Sis sice has to fan as' fan, For he says his' a dayn' man, And wants the children board him he there when so the birth paper.

through".

He says he wants to say good bye And kiss us all and then he'll die.

Then means and says his "breather

Whon paper's sick he acts that way Until he hears the do-tor say, "You've only get a cold, year know, You'be all right in a day or so"; and then -well, say, you cught to see, "esp different as he can be.
And growls and swears from noon to

## A DAUGHTER OF NATURE THE WEEKLY FREEMAN.

There are many who bollow with me than mature—the visible nature of hill and tale; of running water and flecting clouds, of sunshine and storm and suppost—when it gets the chance of moutining a character, shapes it to its own image, and makes it in very truth an interpreter of all its own unysterious passion. Often the interpretation goes no farther than to the neart of the being himself whom nature has thus nursed in her hin, for ke, having no volce, cannot sing to the world the wonderous songs over throbbing through hills brain; but sometimes her nursing becomes, as it were, a sharp to chant her melodies, weird and othersal, to care that wonder and but vagooly understand.

Annu Dalues had been motherless from the hour of her birth, for in that how her mother's soul had loosed its bonds, therefore her upbringing devolved entirely upon her romaining parent. He was a rugged, silent man, who had married late in life. How to manage the buby was a problem to him; he solved it by procuring an olderly woman, silent and phicganatic as himself to nurse the child and with that task to act as housekeeper. From the moment of her coming in seemed to forget the existence of his little daughter, and as the years passed away man of the coming in seemed to forget the existence of his little daughter, and as they are passed away now had anna morged him for expert or a smile. I do not doubt he loved the girl in split of all his grin ways, but some there are who know not how to show their love. They lived in a farmhouse in a remote corner of a southern shire. The moarest inditation was miles away, beyond the gray mountains which shut in their little valley from the world—those same gray mountains that towered and kept gun? over the dark and gloomy lake, int whose deptils annow was wonto gace with an indiffusion of the loved in a farmhouse in a remote of the force of the lake and gloomy lake, int whose deptils annow she would be great the summary of the horor's wing by the reedy her beginned to the late of the remains of the late

in the winter she was always grave and wont about with a serious blow, yet the oright, frosty days brought back her cherefulness, but not the hight gaiety of the summer. Thus with eace, change in the maniman world tunn changed too. She was presionate with actives onesion can with her settled calm, joy ous with her settled calm, joy ous with her samp poy, and langald with mer heavy languer. And through it ail an inward force was constantly arging her to unburden herself of thoughts with which the chooks and the winds were charging her mand, but she, being only an untutored nadden, hat she, being only an untutored madden, her she would be and the winds were charging her mand, but she, being only an untutored nadden, her she could be and the world with the chooks the which she could learn the manner of writing down her dreaming, and, everpt a ly mn or two she had learned from Lesbeth, she had becomes for the third sounds paradoxleal. Is poetry ever practical y-but of the poetry which goes no farther than the imagination she pox-seed a vertable mine.

This way it was in which anna's life was passed up to the age of nineteen, when her father, who was very old, fell tuto his death sickases. Towards the end he seemed troubled about his drughter. He said this one evening to the girl herself, but she, not understanding that he was referring to the manner in which she had been brought up to the girl herself, but she, not understanding that he was referring to the manner in which she had been brought appeared to the girl herself, but she, not understanding that he was referring to the manner in which she had been brought and heavy the world to his brother, and determine the wind him pen and paper, as he without to be at peace with her which though but the kent to cought on the brought him to be at peace with he was dring he bade her bring him pen and paper, as he without to be at peace with he with the house of the him and the heavy to world her him to the him to come to have a second to be a second him to be a second him

from its clay prison quietly, peacefully, as the yellow leaf drops from the tree in autumn.

Ann's grief was intense, for though he had ever been cold and indifferent towards her, yet he was her father and one of the two human beings that made all her world, and on whom, the mode all her world, and on whom, the cold the comfort now.

Ann's grief was the mode of the content of the confert now. The cold to the comfort now the content of the confert now. The content is the confert now the content now the confert now the content now the confert now the content now the confert now whose lands who had received first communion and every communion since, she allowed herself to be soothed and consoled with higher, holler thoughts than even unture can haspire.

They laid the body to rest in the

nigher, hollor thoughts than oven na-ture can inspire.

They laid the body to reet in the shady churchyard by the lakeeld, where the short lap of the wavelets is heard the softest, and where the storm chants its wierdest funereal dirge.

dirge.

Chapter II.

Imagine, render, if you can a girl brought up as Anna ind been, transported to the busy, tirrobling heart of a busy manufacturing town, and reflect how such a change would affect her character. Yot it was so. The doctor, despite her pedadings to be left at Benlevin, had brought her to live with him. He could not, be said, leave her there slone with Lieboth; her father had given her into his charge, os it was necessary that she should come wany. He had into the girls startled entreathes he consented to retain it for a time at least, leaving it in the care of old Lieboth and to retain it for a time at least, leaving it in the care of old Lieboth and to shepherds. The dector was a kind man, not at all dark and stern like her induce, and really liked his niece. But he could not understand why a large had been a consented to stain the could not understand why a large had been a consented to be a consented to the course of the could be a poor, immelsoned lift, peoping in a first a poor, immelsoned lift, peoping in a first at the continual stream of peopin in the street beneath her window. In spite of her uncle's uniform kindness her spirits drooped lower day by day. She longed to brathe her own pur mountain sit gagain, to hear the listel lambs bleat on the slopes, to watch the light ripides and access the like

Compared with all these thengs that she had lost the conforts with which she was surrounded were as so much ashes in her eyes. The large richly furnished house scene to her a prison shating her in from all she horse. One morning she was sitting at the window, gazing as usual up into the little patch of sky discernible above the housestops. Her face hooked strangely white and wan. Presently for used to the consection. The face hooked strangely white and wan. Presently in our cannet, pulling on his glovos. Softling her weary look he had his hard kindly on her host so misorrible. An are a face of the consection of the c

an, em repues vieta noga, it is pretty, no doubt, but there is no freedom here."
"Freedom: What do you mean, ehild?"
"Wilk uncle, you must surely know what it is to teel you are along on a mountain to the condition of the condi

But I don't want to—I could not."

But I don't want to—I could not."

"But you must, Anna. It is for your
own good. Don't you see that?"

Dr. Danlose had numeroes friends in
B.—. His wife, dead these ten yeare,
had been a native of the place, and
her reintires were only too willing to
introduce Anna to their little set, and
went about the task hopefully. But
they soon discovered that the child of
nature was as a caged bird in the
midst of a flock of harn and fowl. She
did not understand them, nor they her.
Her extreme sansitieness to every
passing emotion they regarded with
wonder. She shrank from meeting
people and never ventured out into the
street every! from sheet re-cessity. At
first the doctor's friends laughed at
her tindity and said she would soon
grow out of that, but months gilded
with the doctor's friends has would soon
grow out of that, but months gilded
with the doctor's friends has would soon
grow out of that, but months gilded to
with the doctor to the months gilded to
the tindity and said she would soon
grow out of that, but months gilded
with the doctor friends has would soon
grow out of the anne longing in her
heart for the heautiful Benlesin.

"My dear." said Mrs. Rice-Smith to

with the same yearning look in her eyes, and the same longing in her heart for the heautiful Benlevin.

"My dear," said Mrs. Rice-Smith to her confidential friend, "that niece of Dr. Daines is incomprehensible. She is hopeless, in fact. Why, the girl trembles if you look at her, and when by dint of tact you succeed in making her talk, she only romances away about rocks and clouds and lakes. Nothing close seems to interest her."

"Poor child! What a pity!" said her Iriend, good-naturedly, "and she is so pretty, too, only she does not seem to know it."

The doctor, too, was beginning to seem to know it."

The doctor, too, was beginning to see that his second plan was a failure. He was sorely troubled about Anna. He had resolved to take her back to Benlovin in laugust, his vaccitom month. That he knew would please her, but would not the second coming away be more painful than the first? To Anna's unfolgned rollef her own devices. Then one ovening an idea struck him. It was curious that it had never till now occurred to him to question Anna as to the education she had received. He walked struight to where she was atting passively in the garden sent and sat down beside her had a select a direction of the garden sent and sat down beside her and a select a direction of the second?"

She looked at him inquiringly, then answored simply:

answored simply.

"Dit yes, of course, I rend my pray."

"Dut do you not care to rend nny."

"But do you not care to rend nny."

thing else—poetry, for instance, or stories?

She shook her head.

She shook her head.

But provided the should should the notion occurred to me that I should like to rend. But perhaps if I could me the story occurred to me that I should like to rend. But perhaps if I could me the should be should

Ministrol." The doctor was right. Anna followed his slow, clear utterances with the most rapt attention. He soon found she had no trouble abent grasping the poet's meaning. He got through one whole canto at the first reading. Clesing the rolume he looked at Anna as if to read her impressions on her face. He had never seen her look so happy. "Oh, it is enchant-

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"See," she crited, "I know it off now." and to his undisguished astonishment has repeated the whole canto from he gimme, and the modern guessed he was on the right track at last, and an his secure moments he devoted to fostering in the girl a taste for literature. He was not fong in noticing that passages in which nature was represented as soing admitted and relating everted her utmost enthusiaem, for example, the opening three of the fifth out-of-the "Lay," in which all nature is depicted as moorning a great poet's death-lines which she marmined over and over with Lond symptim.

From Scott, having onserved where her taste hav, he led her on to Wordsworth. If she had been charmed before, she was tasticated, spellibound, now. She receled in the raim yet passaguate the second of Natures treather the was tasticated, spellibound, now. She receled in the raim yet passaguate was no longer necessary, and satisfied that a deep and growing interest was tilling by mind to the excellibours which is not marked the control of the relation of the result.

She became an omnivorous result, had yet the words with the statement of fantaset. It has glings he left her to herself.

She became an omnivorous result, had yet, we come he with the taste of the result. The poet is not all yet the her to herself. What a hururlous imagination he possessed it sho sail, "yet he lacked the nowing her so well, was not surprised. One day they were discussing Sheles," spooms, which Anna was reading lust then.

"What a hururlous imagination he possessed it sho sail, "yet he lacked the nowers whence, he said thoughtfully" Anna, it seems to me that you must be a poet; your mind is so full of poet. "Write it!" she choed, in surprise "but I don't know how. And yet," meditatively, "often there are for expression. If I only know how to he poetle in me, But I will instruct you in the rules of versilication, if you like."

And having made clear the path, at the simplicity of which she wondered, he left the rest to herself as before.

way, I can earrely team, vol to or a poet, Inna, for there is nothing of the poetic in me. But I will instruct you in the rules of versification, if you like, and the rules of versification, if you like, and in a part of the path, at the simplicity of which the wendered, he left the rest to herself us before, in any of the divine (tien hurself in her broast, he argued, she required no guiding hand to give it life. Nor was published to unburden her mind of the weight of passing, tender and gloomy, with which nature had been charging it since childhood. It volled forth he a continuous stream of poesy, now clear and peliuded, now avoiden and turbid, but invariably beautiful with the surpassing beauty of the teacher from whom she drew her inspirations. And the doctor, to whom alone these written thoughts were submitted, marveited at the depth of the girl's genins and the richness of her imagination. He clearly saw that she was a born poetess and often thought that if her thindity, ould be overcome and she could be induced to publish, the volce of the literary world would vote her at once among the first ranks of ling poets. But for the most part his only feeling on the matter was one of kindness for the happy change that he would not be the country of the most part his only feeling on the matter was one of kindness for the happy change that he weighing down her splits, and this knowledge was so precious and enabled for to bring forth such delicious fruits that it banished every feeling save that of happiness.

that it banished every feeling save that of happiness.

Chapter III.

Five years slipped away and Anna atill lived with the doctor. She had developed into a tender, sympathetic woman, very different from the untutored girl we have known, for reading and study and writing had broadened and cultiwated her mind and toned down her unusual character. But in one respect she was still the same. Her years of silent intercourse with Na-



## The Only Fault with

Is that its so good that it is a host of imitators di preying on the public and all done up in lead packets to resemble the genuine.

Is that its so good that it as a he at of imitators di preying on the public and all done up in lead packets to resumble the genume.

The third packets to resumble the genume.

The third packets to resumble the genume.

The third packets to resumble the genume. The control of the third so are that a strong average to a the packets of the control of the third third

she reflected, must have a very poor opinion of her, must think her very supid, and she knew she was not that. But Rupert Weyman thought far otherwise. He had been watching her closely unobserved, studying her face, noting how she spent her timo, remarking the books sho took with her other rambles, noticing oren that she norer went without notebook and pencil. And he haddrawn his own conclusions therefrom. This yeas no ordinary woman he was convinced. It was worth while trying to break that barrier of timid shyness to discover what lay beneath.

One day she sat writing on her old favorite rock she saw Rupert seramiling up the steep ascent from the favorite rock she saw Rupert seramiling up the steep ascent from the like, She would have stood up, but she felt that he had aircady seen her, and doubtless he would turn uway prosently. To her surprise he approached her. "An I recepassing upon your domain, Miss Daines?" he sakel, taking off his hat. "The view sheel, taking off his hat he would have been to she day and wished he would not be high of the kind, however, but presently surprised her by beginning to takik in an easy tone, as if had han how her all his life, of the lake, and the cliffs and the grasses—thing a was right. for talk too. Once the local was broken to talk too. Once the loc was broken the conversation flowed in a natural, east strain. The experience was so now to Anna that it was only the rays of the setting sun in her eyes that reminded her how long they had spent thus. "Oh," she cried in alarm, "uncle will be distressed about me," and an hurried down the hill.
"But he will soon be glad, too, for you and I are friends. Is it not: so?" said Rupert, looking into her eyes.

"Il Why do you imagine that?"
"Decause it must be so! Because it is! No two minds could be ac exactly alike. Come, Anna, tell me, is it not so?"
She stood trembling for a moment, then, putting her hand in his, answered, "Yes."
"I knew it!" he cried, joyfully. "I knew my darling's intellect was beautiful as her face. Oh, Anna, my tender, shrinking Anna, what genius hides behind those timel eyes!"
She noted what in his excitement had excaped his lips. She turned pale as she heard his endearing terms. She knew what he had been saying. "Well, what if it is so?" he cried, hotty. "Anna, is the knowledge that you are dear to me so repulsive to you?"
"Repailive! What do you mean, Rupert?" she stammered.
"Us not thame me, Anna. How could I help loving you—loving your grand pathotic nature? You told no Il was your first friend; but, Anna, I want something more. I want your whole heart."
She stood silent and trembling while

A woman likes to be teld he she is and how homely a women are.

The wise individual we to bet on a sure thing out enough coin to pay home after it happens.

bome after it happons.

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