







SP  
P  
W  
C  
HE  
HE  
R  
\*  
ES  
SS  
R  
W  
W  
O  
HE  
HE  
R  
\*  
RES  
RES  
R  
W  
W





# THE WITCH OF RIDINGDALE

BY

REV. DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. BAINES

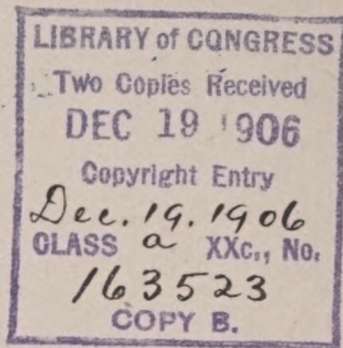


NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO

**BENZIGER BROTHERS**

PRINTERS TO THE HOLY APOSTOLIC SEE

1907



P27  
B3805 Wi

CHARLIE CHITTYWICK. By Rev. DAVID BEARNE,  
S.J. Handsomely bound in cloth. 85 cents.

A book for boys and girls.

A book for grown-ups.

THE WITCH OF RIDINGDALE. By Rev. DAVID  
BEARNE, S.J. With many illustrations and handsomely  
bound. 85 cents.

RIDINGDALE FLOWER SHOW. By Rev. DAVID  
BEARNE, S.J. With many illustrations and handsomely  
bound. 85 cents.

“There is no doubt that Father Bearne hits the style that boys  
love.”



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE WITCH OF RIDINGDALE . . . . .	7
LANCE IN REQUEST . . . . .	35
LANCE'S LOSS . . . . .	63
LANCE'S NOVEMBER PLOT . . . . .	79
LANCE AND MRS. PRAGGIT . . . . .	91
THE COLONEL'S PARTY . . . . .	105
LANCE'S NAUGHTINESS . . . . .	119
LANCE'S CIRCLE . . . . .	155
LANCE'S ROSE OF JOY . . . . .	165
LANCE'S OPPORTUNITY . . . . .	177
LANCE'S DIFFICULTY . . . . .	189

I am a chronicler of little things—  
Comings and goings, children's words and ways,  
Chance guests, new hosts, and single happy days,  
And household legends. These have been the springs  
Of much of my best knowledge: I have striven  
To make my . . . world a glass  
Where shapes and shadows, like a breath, might pass,  
Dimly reflecting motions out of Heaven.

*Faber.*

THE WITCH OF RIDINGDALE



## THE WITCH OF RIDINGDALE.

“I’M scared, I am *that*, Mester Lance; I tell you. Her’s a witch, that’s what owd Miss Bess is. Her can put things on yer what yer canna tek off agin.”

Lance stood on the snow-covered high-road, looking the picture of comical scorn. Jack Barson, the grocer’s new errand-lad, had put down his basket, and was telling his very real fears to one who could scarcely suppress the word “Coward!” and who found “Rot!” somewhat inadequate. Indeed, several more or less uncomplimentary remarks rose to Lance’s lips as he stood there kicking the snow and stamping his foot, and listening to Jack’s story of the poor eccentric old maid to whose house he had been sent with a basket of groceries.

“How can you be such an *ass*?” burst forth Lance, driving the heel of his clog into a piece of ice on the road-side. “Why, Miss Bessie is as harmless as my sister’s doll.”

“It’s all very well,” began the big lout of an errand-lad, picking up his basket and putting it down again — “All very well when yer ’avna got to go theer *yerself*.”

Lance looked up so suddenly that Jack stepped back an inch or two. He had once experienced — not so much the weight as the lightning-like swiftness of Lance’s small hard

fist. To-day, however, Lance kept his hands in his pockets.

“Mean to say *I* daren’t go?” he demanded sharply.

“Nobody likes to go,” replied Barson, evasively; it did not pay to quarrel with Master Lance. Moreover, there was a lingering hope in the youth’s mind that the Squire’s son would accept the half-challenge.

“We’re not talking about Nobody,” Lance rejoined. “Do you think if I were sent to Miss Bessie’s I wouldn’t go like a shot?”

“I dunna think you’d ——” He was going to add, “like it,” but Lance had already seized the basket, and was stepping out.

“D’you go to the front door or the back?” he asked sharply.

“Dunna go to either. Fred Cook says you’ve got to ‘ammer at a winder — t’ one on t’ left-’and side o’ t’ door.”

Legends innumerable clung to the house that stood back from the high-road, and was more than half concealed by unlopped trees and overgrown shrubs — indeed, a wayward and neglected growth of everything that had once made up a garden of loveliness. It is certain that a lonely and a loveless life was lived beneath Miss Bessie’s roof. She was now a woman of sixty, or thereabouts — so said William Lethers, whose knowledge was ample, and whose calculations could be relied upon. Thirty years ago a younger sister had lived with Miss Bessie, and there were many people living in Ridingdale who could remember the shock

of the report of her death. She had left her bed at midnight, and had gone down to the river. On the following day her body was found close to the boat-house belonging to Ridingdale Hall. Rumour said this and gossip said that: the one certain fact was that she was found drowned.

Lance had heard the story, and as he passed through the rusted gates that led over weed-grown flag-stones to Miss Bessie's house, he thought of the suicide, and shuddered. Safely and discreetly, Jack Barson had not only remained outside the grounds, but had withdrawn himself some distance up the road. Lance was going to interview the mad sister of a suicide — going alone. The most charitable in Ridingdale spoke of the old lady as being out of her mind. For generations the family to which she belonged had shown symptoms of eccentricity that certainly bordered upon insanity.

Before Jack Barson explained the mode of making Miss Bessie "hear," Lance had heard of the method — remembered it indeed, in greater detail than the errand-lad had mastered. To knock at the front door was to court silence and failure. To go round to the back was to come across a locked and bolted door that barred the way to the kitchen-yard. Through the left-hand window, and through that only, would the poor lady receive her bread and milk, her tea and sugar, and even her coals. A regular ritual had to be gone through before she would appear. Three taps on the window-pane meant milk; three knocks on the sash meant coals. A knock and a tap were required from the

butcher — he came but once a week — and a shake of the well-bolted sash was permitted to the baker. Strange and casual errand-boys knocked and tapped and shook the sash as the fancy took them. Many a lagging lad made long waiting outside Miss Bessie's the excuse for his dilatoriness.

Snow lay deep beneath the windows: no broom had touched the pathways. Lance's clog-irons made patterns upon the untrodden whiteness. Apparently no one had visited Miss Bessie that afternoon; but then, Lance reflected, it had snowed since dinner-time, and the fair white carpet had just been spread afresh. He trembled a little as he tapped on the pane; but, as he explained later, it was a very cold day.

Three several times he told himself that he was not in the least frightened. He hummed a tune and was not cheered by realizing that he had hit upon the "Mistletoe Bough." Trying to change it into "Good King Wenceslaus" — somehow, he failed. Then he tapped several times upon the window-pane, and kicked a little loose snow from his clogs. After an interval of blowing into his hands — strange that he had not felt the cold very much until now — he shook the window-sash with some vigour. He told himself that it was the standing more or less still that made him shiver so: perhaps it was.

He could see enough of the interior of the room to be convinced that it was not an apartment that was used — saving perhaps as a means of approaching the window. It



was fireless, to begin with, and looked both cheerless and damp. Shreds of paper hung from the only wall he could clearly see. Some Georgian chairs stood stiffly against the wall, and a shut piano of antique shape, an instrument that might have been mistaken for a cupboard with pink silk-covered doors, attracted his notice. Within the house there was no sign of life or movement.

The patience of the average boy has its limitations. Lance did what other boys had done under similar circumstances — he tapped and knocked and shook the sash.

“If she doesn't come soon, I shall put the parcels on the ledge and leave them there,” he said to himself. Then he thought of two things. The groceries belonged either to old Rup or to Miss Bessie. Could he say that he had delivered them if he left them lying on the window-stone? Secondly, Jack Barson was waiting for his basket — waiting also to know how he (Lance) had fared with Miss Bessie. To tell Jack Barson a lie would be an uncommonly ugly thing. All very well to say, “It's only a venial;” but then — there are venials and venials.

Moreover, he, a gentleman by every right and title, would have to tell this lie to a — no, that was a forbidden word at Ridingdale Hall, unless the circumstances were quite exceptional and peculiar. Doubtless there were people in the world who deserved the name of *cad*. They were not necessarily errand-boys. Once, and only once, he had heard that word fall from his father's lips, and it had been

spoken sorrowfully rather than bitterly. And it was applied to a man who had been at Eton and Oxford — a man who deserved a much harder title.

Clearly there was nothing for it but to wait and brave it out. It was just the waiting that Lance objected to. It was getting near the end of the Christmas holidays, and he had gone into Ridingdale to buy a paint-brush that George badly wanted. Returning, he had overtaken Jack Barson. Jack was a donkey, of course, with his tales of witchcraft and “things put on you can’t get taken off.” “But I’m a bigger donkey still,” Lance told himself, “not to mind my own business.” He thought of some lines in *Hamlet* — a passage that he had once had to write out ten times after doing what Laertes is expressly warned by Polonius not to do. If Lance had only given Barson his ear and not his voice; however, “being in,” as Polonius puts it, he must bear it. Here he was and here he must stay. And here too was Miss Bessie.

Through the dirty glass Lance saw her open the door with great caution, enter the room and walk towards the window. For a space she stood there quite motionless — looking down upon him. It was an uncanny experience. The thought crossed his mind that if she shut her eyes her face would look like that of a dead woman. She was gaunt and thin and bloodless. Her lips were tightly compressed, but though she frowned somewhat Lance could not help thinking that after all she was not so very ugly. His experience of witches was a purely literary one: anything

less like a story-book witch than Miss Bessie he had never imagined. It was years since, in the course of a walk, she had been pointed out to him by a nurse, and on that occasion the small Lance had seen very little beyond a big poke bonnet and a blue shawl.

As she raised the window-sash to its full height, Lance braced himself to speak. Removing his cap he faltered something about "these from the grocer's."

"Put your cap on, child," was Miss Bessie's greeting; but all the time she was looking at him with keen curiosity. He said afterwards that at first he thought she was trying to mesmerize him.

"You are not an errand-boy," she said with decision, taking the basket from him half-mechanically, and still with her eyes fixed upon him. Having rid himself of the basket Lance instinctively rubbed his cold hands.

"You are cold," she said; and now that some of the hard lines in her face had relaxed with the opening of her lips, Lance thought her not at all formidable. "Won't you come inside?" she added. "Can you manage to get through the window?"

He was not in the least anxious to get through the window! what he said was — "Thank you very much, but my clogs are all over snow."

"That's of no consequence," she declared, setting the basket of groceries on the floor; "come in out of the cold."

Feeling anything but happy, he placed his hands on the window-ledge and vaulted easily into the room — the tem-

perature of which was only slightly higher than that of the open.

“You are not an errand-boy,” she said again, as she shut the window and handed him a chair. “Shall I tell you who you are?” she asked after a slight pause, during which she surveyed him from head to foot. “You are a Ridingdale.”

“Yes, madam.”

“And why do you bring me my groceries?”

“The — the new boy was afraid.”

“And you are not afraid?” she asked quickly.

“No, madam. At least, not — not in that way,” Lance said with a deep blush.

“In what way?”

“I — I don't quite know, madam. He thought you might hurt him in some way.”

The old lady sighed and clasped her hands.

“Do I look like a person who would hurt others?” she asked gently.

“Not at all,” Lance answered eagerly. “Oh, of course not.”

“Do you know that, if I had the wish and the power to hurt any person, that person would be a Ridingdale?”

She spoke now with a certain intensity; a curious light crept into her pale blue eyes. Lance shot one quick glance at Miss Bessie and another one at the closed window. He told himself that he was not the least bit frightened, but that if anything did happen it might be well to go through

the window feet foremost. He thought his severely-ironed clogs would deal successfully with the glass. He wished she would not eye him so keenly.

“You are Lady Constance’s son, aren’t you?” she asked after a moment’s silence.

“Oh, no,”—and Lance could not help a little laugh. “Lady Constance was my *father’s* mother. She married her cousin, you know, General Ridingdale. She was my grandmother. She has been dead ever so long.”

“Ah!” sighed Miss Bessie, “of course: I remember now. She was very beautiful. You are one of Mr. John’s sons then? Yes, yes. My memory fails me at times. Master John was a handsome man, but—did you know your Uncle Harry?”

“No, madam. He was killed in the Mutiny, you know. That was years before I was born.”

She had risen and was pacing about the room. She was not talking to Lance now.

“Yes, yes, Harry Ridingdale was killed in the Mutiny—in the Mutiny. Of course he was. Ah, my poor sister! . . . On the very night he sailed for India. Yes, the very night. . . . Poor, poor, Harriet! Such a cold night too! . . . And just where the water was deepest!”

For some minutes she continued to walk up and down, muttering to herself—now in a fierce half-whisper and now in low moaning words that Lance did not catch.

Trembling a little with nervousness, he rose at length

and moved the basket in order to attract her attention. The winter afternoon was beginning to wane. In a little while it would be dark. Candlesticks were on the mantelpiece, but no candles were in them, and there was no gas in the room.

“I’m afraid, madam, I must be going,” he began. “The boy is waiting outside for his basket, and I ought to have been at home some time ago.”

Still muttering to herself, but without addressing him, she took the basket and left the room.

“When I do get outside,” said Lance to himself, as he stepped to the window and examined the fastening of the latch, “I’ll make Jack Barson sit up.”

Even as he said it, he was ashamed of himself. “Serve me jolly well right,” he thought. “Always wanting to show off, and pretending I can do things other people daren’t. Why, I’ve hardly done trembling now. Still it is a bit rough being alone in a house with a mad woman.”

Miss Bessie returned so suddenly, and looked at Lance so searchingly, he feared that she might have heard his unspoken soliloquy.

“It’s just like a Ridingdale to do things other people are afraid to do,” she began. “Your Uncle Harry lost his life in doing that. Though why people should be afraid of me I can’t imagine. They frighten me terribly sometimes; particularly the men and boys. You wouldn’t, I’m sure — though you’re a Ridingdale, and some of them have been cruel enough. I don’t think you’re cruel. Some

young men shot my dog and poisoned my cat"—she sobbed at the recollection—"and the boys frighten me to death sometimes by letting off gunpowder and fireworks under my window."

"But," Lance said eagerly, his sympathy for the weeping old woman bubbling up as he spoke, "they shan't do that. I'll tell my father, and he'll set Sergeant Murphy to watch. Would you—would you care for another cat?"

She shook her head mournfully. "I daren't have another one; I should get fond of it, and then it would be killed or stolen. I daren't, my dear. It is kind of you to think of it, but I daren't ever get fond of anything or anybody again."

"But," exclaimed Lance, with some firmness, "it *shan't* get either stolen or killed. I'll—my father'll take care of that. *Do* let me bring you one. We've got three lovely tabbie kittens, and I'm sure mother would spare one. In fact, I would try and get you a dog, if you would let me."

In his excitement and eagerness he had taken the old lady's hand—scarcely aware of the fact until he tried to withdraw it, and found it tightly clasped in her bony grasp. She was weeping quite freely now. Though he had no idea of it, tears were standing in his own eyes. Miss Bessie saw them.

"God bless you, my dear," she sobbed. "God bless you for your kind thought. I don't know what to say. I'm afraid of being fond of anything again. I think you—you'd better not——"

“They’re the dearest little tabbies!” he interjected; it seemed to him that she was wavering.

“It’s not likely that you’ll come here again,” she said, relinquishing his hand, with a deep sigh. “You only came to-day just to show that you were not afraid; isn’t that so? Perhaps you made a bet, or something?”

“Oh, no; I didn’t make a bet,” he said blushing. He could not deny that he had come just to score off Jack Barson. “And I will call again if — if my father and mother will let me.”

“Ah,” she ejaculated, “*if*; there is always an *if*, isn’t there? And you’ll find they won’t let you. That was the trouble years ago. My people were not aristocrats. My father was only a doctor. You belong to one of the oldest families in England. I used to remind poor Harriet of that. She wouldn’t believe me when I told her that Master Harry would never marry her; and, of course, it was only a tenants’ ball we were invited to. To be sure, he danced with her twice; but it may have been only because he saw she did not get many partners.”

“Did — did my uncle propose to her?” Lance asked very shyly.

“No, my dear; oh, no. They were perfect strangers. He was kind to her, and, poor thing, she thought he was in love with her. They never met again. Harriet was romantic, you see. She used to read Lord Byron from morning till night. Poor dear! — I wouldn’t say this to anybody else — but she was always too sentimental — al-



most silly, was Harriet. Your uncle was not the first person of rank she had fallen in love with. But, just to keep up appearances — to have somebody to blame, I have always pretended that she was jilted by Mr. Harry Ridingdale. Her suicide was such a shock to me. I've done wrong, I'm sure. I have always pretended to think that his death in the Mutiny was a judgment upon him. God forgive me! But you don't know, my dear, what a dreadful think it is to lose your only relation. Of course, Harriet's own letter — the letter she left on her pillow that awful night — made it clear that she was in love with him. I knew that he must have forgotten her very name long before the ball was over, and he only stayed at the Hall for a day or two. You see, he was the first real gentleman she had ever danced with, and because he was kind and polite and complimented her on her dancing — she danced much better than the farmers' daughters about here — she thought he was smitten. Poor dear Harriet! It was a terrible shock to me. I've never been the same woman since. Of course she was out of her mind. For months before it happened she had been queer. There's queerness in the family, you see."

Though the tears had been welling in Lance's eyes, this last sentence made him feel inclined to laugh. The family "queerness" was so very obvious.

"One thing I'm glad of"—she went on: "I did not let them put that letter in the newspaper. It had to be read at the inquest, of course: but when the man who was writing

a report of the case asked me to let him copy it I refused. I've shown it to one or two people, and I've got it still: but I know that it is all nonsense. You see, I couldn't bear the idea of her going to the asylum. I was wrong, of course. If she had been shut up, poor dear! she might have been alive now."

Lance had often been wearied by narratives of family history, and long detailed accounts of the real and imaginary ailments of the poor. His was the sympathetic ear that such histories are always poured into. Children and old people seemed by a sort of instinct to turn to him as to one who understood and possessed a feeling heart. They were perfectly right in their judgment, though they little thought how much they sometimes tried his patience. He owned that to knock at certain cottage doors cost him a great effort. But then, mother had said that sympathy was such a rare commodity — ever so much rarer than material help — that to give it on demand was always a gracious act, the kind of task that no Christian gentleman will shrink from.

But he had never so badly wanted to get away from any person as at this moment he wished to get away from Miss Bessie. His feelings were very mixed. He was deeply sorry for her, and he longed to console her in some way; but the case was a difficult one. He would have liked to say something comforting, but he had no formula, no set phrases, and he felt altogether helpless. He did not know that a sympathetic manner is often of more value than

mere words; he did not guess that his shining eyes full of unconscious and unshed tears had worked wonders upon the poor old lady in front of him; he did not realize that he had already brought more comfort to a grief-stricken heart than it had received for many long years.

“But I am almost sure my mother will let me call again,” he said resolutely taking up the basket. “You see, we’re not the kind of people you — I mean we don’t — well, you know, things at the Hall are not what they were when you — I mean years ago.”

He knew that he was floundering in his speech and grew very rosy in his embarrassment. One clear idea was in his mind: he ought to go, and go he would.

“Good-bye, madam,” he said, hastily striding to the window. “I shall not forget the kitten.”

For one moment Miss Bessie took him into her arms: he felt sure that her lips touched his hair.

“Good-bye,” he said again as he raised the sash. “I’m so — so sorry.”

She stood at the open window when he had swung himself through on to the snow-covered garden-path.

“Good-bye, my dear,” she said. “I don’t think you’re a boy at all. No,” she muttered to herself shutting the window as Lance ran through the garden and passed out into the lane, “sinner as I am, the Lord sent an angel to comfort me.”

As he reached the roadway anything less angelic-looking than Lance could not be described. It is sad to write it of

one's hero, but his condition when he found that Jack Barson had disappeared, and that he (Lance) was saddled with one of Rup's grocery baskets, was that state of furious indignation which is often described as "a towering rage." He ought to have been home an hour and a half ago, and here he was just mid-way between the grocer's shop and the Hall.

"Let the beastly thing lie there!" he exclaimed, throwing the basket down and giving it a kick that certainly did not add to its value. Then a sense of shame possessed him, with perhaps a glimmering notion of his own unreasonableness.

"After all," he said to himself, "I couldn't expect him to wait all that time."

He felt half disposed to be angry with Miss Bessie; but that feeling he soon put aside. The person he was indisposed to forgive was himself.

It was growing dark now, and Jack might be somewhere in the neighborhood. "Jack! Jack!" he shouted, and his high voice rang like two pistol-shots in the winter silence of the lane. Perhaps it was just as well that Jack had not waited.

"S'pose I ought to take the thing back," he grumbled, turning his face in the direction of the village. "Jack'll get into a row as it is; but if I take the basket back, I can explain. And George is waiting for this brush! And I shall be a whole hour late for tea!"

The rush of anger threatened to return with redoubled force, but — well, some words that had been whispered into his ear only last Saturday night returned to him. “Tell me, my child, did you *try* to check it?” He had been able to say, “Yes, Father, I really did try.” He wanted to be able to say that again.

He was angry with himself for being angry — a not uncommon experience; but he was no longer in a rage with Jack Barson. With the poor suffering old woman he had just left, how could he be vexed? — he asked himself. And, after all, what a good thing it was that the errand he had gone on originally was for George, and not for Hilary, or even for Harry. George never got into a rage about things of that sort. “Dare say he has forgotten all about the brush by this time,” Lance reflected. “And mother doesn’t mind our being late for tea at holiday-time. . . . Why, who on earth is this coming? Can’t be Jack Barson? Hope it is though. No; it’s not big enough for him. Hello! is that Tommie?”

Tommie Lethers it was, sure enough.

“Oh, Master Lance, I’m *so* glad you’ve come!” Tommie’s tremendous sigh of relief seemed to indicate that a cartload of apprehension had been removed from his mind by the appearance of Lance.

“Why, what’s the row, Tommie?” Lance asked cheerily.

“Jack Barson told me you had gone into Miss Bessie’s

—I mean right in through the window. And he said you'd been there for hours, and pr'aps you'd never come out again alive!"

The lane rang with a peal of laughter that only Lance could produce. Its immediate effect was to remove the panic-stricken, woe-begone expression from Tommie's face.

"Look here, Tommie," said Lance, "if Jack Barson is a nincompoop, *you* needn't be one, you know. Miss Bessie wouldn't hurt a fly. We've had ever such a jolly — well, an awfully long chat, and I'm going to take her a kitten to-morrow, if mother will let me. I'm fearfully sorry for Miss Bessie, poor old thing! and — O, I say, Tommie, could you take this basket back to Rup's for me?"

Tommie would have taken fifty baskets, not merely to Rup's, but to the ends of the earth, at the smallest hint from Lance. Short of actual crime, there was nothing that Tommie would not do for the boy he worshipped. Lance did not know of it at the time; but that afternoon Tommie had spent more than an hour in walking up and down the lane — watching and waiting, crying and praying, while Lance remained under Miss Bessie's roof.

"Thanks, Tommie, ever so much," said the relieved Lance, as Tommie clutched the basket. "I'm awfully late. Ta-ta, old chap. See you at the rehearsal to-night."

The two lads ran their hardest — in opposite directions. On reaching home, Lance's first duty was to find George — not a difficult task as a rule. For George was essentially

the maker of things artistic — from tiny water-colour drawings to stage scenery; from sonnets to five-act plays. Not even the steady, level-headed Hilary had the sticking-power of George — who, once the holidays came, found a score of delightfully congenial tasks awaiting him, and would work from morning till night in a quiet determined way that was the envy and the despair of Harry and Lance. And, if for any reason he was checked in his work for lack of a tool or the right material, he had the faculty of passing quite contentedly to some other task, “without,” as Lance put it, “barging the first chap he meets, or flinging things all over the shop;” a course of conduct that at least two of his brothers were not always guiltless of.

Father and mother often talked over this curious example of a highly-developed artistic temperament wholly devoid of that irritability which is supposed, of course quite erroneously, to be a necessary part of it. They thought it curious that one of their sons should differ so markedly from the rest. To be sure, there was a kind of similarity between Hilary and George, though in the former the artistic temperament, if not wholly absent, was anything but prominent. In Lance it was sometimes too prominent, and carried with it all the faults that were not to be found in George; and yet the latter had not the troop of friends that Lance might have boasted of. Some people thought George a little cold and conceited; I am sure they were mistaken. He was more reserved than his brothers, and often more pre-occupied. His placid temper made for coldness, and his ap-

plication to work made him seem indifferent to everything except the particular task he had in hand.

“You never have to tell George to keep his hair on,” Harry once remarked, “or to brush it either. I never saw such a chap. There he is, messing with paints or ink all day long, yet he never gets himself into a mess, and looks just as fresh at the end of school as he did at breakfast.”

It was so seldom that he incurred punishment of any kind that in order to be like the rest he sometimes half-coveted it. Once, and only once, had Dr. Byrse caned him, and when he was congratulated upon this by his brothers, he complained that it was “only a measley sixer,” and that before the day was over Lance would be sure to put him to shame by getting “a handsome twelve.” Unfortunately, the prognostication was a true one; and Lance’s subsequent remarks on domestic prophets were worth hearing.

On this particular afternoon Lance found his poet-brother sitting alone in a corner of Arts and Crafts lost in thought. He had not waited for the brush Lance was getting, but, taking out his pencil and the MS. book he always carried in the pocket of his blouse, had given himself up to composition.

“I’m awfully sorry, George: I am *really*,” Lance began; “but I’ve had a regular adventure. I’ll tell you about it later. I must get some grub now. Hope I haven’t hindered you, old chap?”

“Not at all,” George said, shutting his note-book. “I’ve



written nearly a whole act of my new play since you went into Ridingdale."

"So glad," ejaculated Lance. "You look just like a young Shakespeare. Well, I've got material for either a comedy or a tragedy — don't know which yet. You must decide. But I say, I'm furiously peckish. I must find mother."

Lance clattered off to the little sitting-room, where after tea she was sure to be found sewing until such time as she went up to the nursery.

"Mother dear," he said as he stooped to kiss her, "may I ask Sarah for some bread and butter? And may I bring it here? Then I can tell you all about it, and what kept me, and everything."

"You deserve a scolding, Lannie," she said, smiling at the eager face and sparkling eyes that looked pleadingly into her own. "Where *have* you been, my darling?"

"It'll take me at least half an hour to tell you everything," he said, kissing her again. "You'll let me bring it here, mammie, won't you?"

She assented, and in a few minutes he returned from the kitchen with a small tray of buttered toast — the fruit of Jane's forethought for her favourite, of course — and a jug of hot milk.

"I'm awfully lucky, mother," he said with a chuckle. "Jane happened to have some hot toast quite ready. Why do you laugh, mother? It really was quite ready: she hasn't just made it."

Mrs. Ridingdale could not conceal her amusement. It was so like Lance's innocence to think that Jane "happened to have" what she had prepared on purpose for him.

Between the toast and the hot milk I am afraid Lance's narrative of his adventure at Miss Bessie's suffered a little in coherency. It took quite half an hour in the telling, and at the end of it mother scarcely knew whether to be pleased or sorry, whether to blame her boy or to praise him.

"You'll let me take her the kitten — won't you, mother?" he asked, bringing his chair very close to hers and trying to coax the sewing out of her hands for a moment. She seemed thoughtful and pre-occupied.

"We must talk to father about it," she said at length. "Yes, dear, we can spare the kitten. But what do you think father will say to your acting the part of grocer's errand-boy?"

Lance had possession of the sewing now, and his mother's hand also.

"Will he be wax — angry, mother?"

"He will be pleased to hear one part of your story: the part that relates to Uncle Harry. There are people in the neighbourhood who still believe that he jilted Miss Bessie's sister. We, of course, always knew that the story was absurd and impossible. Poor thing, she was always very eccentric. Your father remembers that ball very well, and he says that everybody laughed at her quaint dress and manner, and that nobody would dance with her — until

Uncle Harry out of sheer pity asked to be introduced to her. He was just a bright, good-hearted boy — not so very unlike a certain laddie I know something of.”

Here Lance’s head somehow got very close to mother’s.

“I’m so glad, mother,” he said. “Then you think I’ve done some good?”

“I hope so, my darling; though, in a way, the good was accidental. I am not at all sure that you ought to have put your finger in that errand-boy’s pie. We must always be careful not to interfere unnecessarily in other people’s affairs.”

“But he was in a regular blue-fright, mother. She mightn’t have got her grocery stuff for hours.”

“Perhaps he suggested that my son was frightened, too?”

“Well — yes — he did, mother.”

“And, of course, you wanted to show him that you were not?”

“O, mammie, how you cross-examine a fellow!” laughed Lance. “But that was just it. And as a matter of fact — between ourselves — don’t tell the others, will you? — I felt awfully jumpy; ’specially when I got inside that room. But I was all right afterwards: at any rate before I came away. You see, mammie, she seemed — well, of course, I don’t know, but she *seemed* as if ——”

“As if — what, darling?”

“Well, mammie, as if she liked me — just a *wee* bit, I mean.”

To Lannie it seemed the most natural thing in the world that his mother should love him so much, because, as he once explained to me, "I love her, you know, such an awful lot;" but that anybody outside his own family circle should care for him, even "just a wee bit," seemed to him extraordinary, and almost incredible. "But then, as he put it in his naïve way, "all the people about here are so jolly kind."

"Just as if"—Mrs. Ridingdale said to herself, as she gave him a final hug before she hurried to the nursery—"just as if anybody, however eccentric, could help liking my darling."

There was a rehearsal that night at the guild-room, but he thought there would be time to run to the kitchen, and tell Jane and Sarah all about his visit to Miss Bessie. Besides, he wanted to thank them for "happening to have" that toast. The proverb says that "a meal eaten is soon forgotten;" it may be by some. Lance rarely forgot a kindness, however trivial.

When they heard that Lance had actually been inside Miss Bessie's house, the consternation of Jane and Sarah amused him very much. He liked the opportunity of giving these good creatures a mild shock. He found them both inclined to hold the witch theory, and this he combated hotly. They expressed a desire to get hold of Jack Barson, in order to give him that curiously undefined thing known in their speech as "what for." They implored Lance never again to trust himself under the roof of "that mad old

thing," and when he teasingly intimated his intention of taking tea with Miss Bessie on the first possible occasion, Sarah declared she would go straight to his father and implore him to forbid so perilous an act. She said that Lance's going to some of those dirty cottages in the lane was bad enough — Sarah was terribly severe on people who did not live in speckless houses — "but to sit down to tea with a raving lunatic was like putting your head into a lion's mouth."



LANCE IN REQUEST







## LANCE IN REQUEST.

### I.

THE amount of art that William Lethers can put into a pair of dancing-clogs must be seen in order to be appreciated. But when he undertakes to make a pair for one of the Squire's boys — always as a gift, and generally made “unbeknownst” to the recipient — he surpasses himself. His pride in them when they are finished is almost equal to that of the wearer. The scorn with which William rejects one

pair of uppers after another until he gets the leather that is at once stout and supple, strong and soft, is not soon to be forgotten; and the care that he takes in the finish of sole and heel is of the kind that an Academician might bestow upon a favourite picture.

On his last birthday, Lance had been the happy recipient of such a pair, and it is certain that the possession of them had raised his dancing to a high artistic level. Both the Squire and the Colonel were great admirers and encouragers of what they called "the Dance of the County"—as seemly in its way as the Irish Jig or the Highland Fling, and no Guild or School entertainment was ever complete without a competition for the clog-dancing boys of the village. As an exercise for cold winter nights it was more than excellent, and though for the most part Lance and his brothers supplied the music and left the dancing to their poorer friends, there were times when the Squire's boys were called upon to show their skill. The monthly Guild entertainments were always largely attended, and the preparation for them took up a good deal of the winter evening leisure of the working lads of Ridingdale. Rough fellows enough some of them were, but genuinely grateful to the Squire's boys for turning out in all sorts of weather and giving up so much of their own evening leisure for the benefit of the Guild.

It was fairly hard work, this hour's practice, for before the end of it the atmosphere began to smell a little of corduroy and fustian, and of clogs that were not cleaned quite so

often as those of the Hall boys. Lance admitted that he sometimes found it trying to be surrounded and pressed upon by a crowd of lads who had spent most of the day in workshop or stable or byre; but his smiling management of the mob was that of a young king among his courtiers, and it was seldom indeed that the harmony of the evening was disturbed. The Colonel and the Squire looked in frequently, and William Lethers held proud and constant charge of the Guild-room.

The choir-boys had their own nights for practising, though now and then they joined their brothers of the Guild for entertaining purposes. But Concert-nights were looked forward to by old and young. Nobody could say that Ridingdale was destitute of talent, and if every single item of the programme was not always to the taste of each individual member of the audience, the selection of song and dance and recitation and instrumental solo was so varied that nobody ever went away dissatisfied. Concessions to the popular taste were frequently made, and George and his brothers often did violence to themselves in order to give the people what they liked best. Mrs. Ridingdale's brilliant piano-playing was greatly enjoyed, and her appearance on the platform always gave rise to applause that a stranger might have mistaken for an incipient riot.

But if anything could have turned Lance's head — and it really seemed as if nothing could — it would have been the frantic *encores* to the songs with which he delighted his very mixed audience. It had become quite a usual thing

for these demonstrative folk to recall him a third and fourth time, and nothing but the appearance of the Squire himself — with a smiling face, it is true, but also with an uplifted hand and a shaking head — could quell these tempests of applause.

Almost equally popular were the choruses and part-songs of the boys, and the introduction of a little action made these items quasi-dramatic.

It was the opening night of the winter season, and while the people assembled in the big room set apart for entertainments, the performers and their friends amused themselves in various ways in the retiring-room at the back of the stage.

To-night all the choir-boys were, so to say, behind the scenes. Some new action-songs were in the programme, and though there was nothing that required a change of costume, Dr. Byrse insisted upon their remaining together until they were needed. Beyond a tendency to use tables as chairs, and a general disposition to assume easy and unconventional attitudes, there was nothing that necessitated the "Don't" of the schoolmaster — who had made himself responsible for the good behaviour of the waiting choristers. He was relieved from time to time by William Lethers, who, in his turn, was relieved by the boys of sundry tins and paper-packages that one of their number had lately seen him buying in Kitty's shop. William had a theory that "little dicky-birds what sing deserve a bit o' summat swate;" whether these particular dicky-birds de-

served it or not they always got it when William was in the neighbourhood. Equal distribution was a point of honour — Lance and his brothers saw to that — and the lads broke up into smiling groups, well contented to sit still and await the hour of seven. Lance was down in the programme for a recitation, and withdrew himself from the crowd that he might look over his piece for the last time.

Literary and refined tastes were always catered for, and certainly one of the great successes of this particular evening was Lance's recitation of Chaucer's *Prioress' Tale*, or rather Wordsworth's version of it. Judiciously cut down because of its length, and most delicately accompanied on harp and violin — low 'cello tones occasionally introducing the melody of the *Alma Redemptoris* — the beautiful old legend was listened to by young and old with eager attention.

Even during the time of its rehearsal it was clear to those who were fortunate enough to hear him that Lance not only appreciated the ancient story, but that in its recital he had now and again to struggle with his feelings. He had indeed asked advice as to whether he should, or should not, leave out certain stanzas that always "brought a lump into his throat," as he said, but everybody argued against this so sternly that he determined to nerve himself for an extra effort. He did not quite succeed in hiding his emotion when he came to the stanza which describes the grief of the child's mother — "this second Rachel."

Very clearly and distinctly, but with the minimum of

gesture — he could employ gesture so well on occasion — Lance told the pathetic story of the little cleric who hazarded many floggings in order to learn the song that

Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free,  
Her to salute, and also her to pray  
To be our help upon our dying day.

With great directness and simplicity Lance recounted the moving legend of the old-time chorister who risked and lost his innocent life by signing his *Alma* well and fearlessly,

From word to word according to the note;  
Twice in a day it passed through his throat;  
Homeward and schoolward whensoever he went,  
On Jesus' Mother fixed was his intent.

But the unconscious pathos with which Lance delivered the last stanza — actually the last but one, but Mr. Ridingdale cut out every reference to the Jews — seemed to move the audience deeply, perhaps because it also threatened to break down the reciter. More slowly and more softly than before — the music hushed to the faintest possible pianissimo — Lance gave out the beautiful lines:

Eke the whole Convent on the pavement lay  
Weeping and praising Jesus' Mother dear;  
And after that they rose and took their way,  
And lifted up this martyr from the bier,  
And in a tomb of precious marble clear  
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet,  
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet!

. . . . .

The recitation was the second item on the programme, and some time elapsed before Lance reappeared to sing one

of the several songs that were expected from him. Though the speaking piece had almost absorbed his attention, and though the audience was packed as closely as figs in a box, the reciter had been just vaguely conscious of the presence of a stranger. It was not at all an unusual thing for Timington, Hardlow, even Delton people to attend these famous entertainments; but Lance knew all of them by sight, most of them by name. Now that he could venture to glance at the stranger, Lance saw a distinguished-looking man of middle age, whose face showed keen interest and intelligence, as well as pleasure.

A total stranger, and yet, thought Lance to himself during the interludes between the verses of his song, the face seemed familiar. He knew it, and yet he did not know it. He knew it as, for instance, he knew the face of the Prince of Wales, whom he had seen but once, and then only at a distance. It must be somebody then with whose portrait he was familiar! If so, the stranger was indeed a Somebody.

Lance little guessed that not only the song he was at that moment singing, but many another musical number with which he was familiar, had come from the pen of this truly distinguished man.

There was the usual demonstration at the end, and Lance had repeated the last verse by way of *encore*, when, as he bowed himself off the platform, he saw the stranger trying to push his way through the wedge of people that blocked up the gangway. Thinking that the gentleman was going

home, Lance promptly forgot everything but the fact that he himself was not on in the next scene, and that he could take a few minutes' rest.

To his surprise the next item had only just begun, and he had scarcely found himself alone in the retiring-room, when the door opened and William Lethers entered, followed by the stranger.

With just a passing recollection of the two "London Agents" who had surprised him in the wood, Lance rose to greet the unknown visitor. The boy saw at once that here was no seeker of "hartists for the 'alls."

The stranger, who spoke with a refined accent and in the most courteous terms, apologized for his intrusion, and declared that nothing but the keeping of an important engagement could have induced him to forfeit the remainder of an entertainment so much to his liking.

He then proceeded, in terms that made the blood mount to Lance's cheeks, to thank him for his exquisite singing, and to congratulate him upon the possession of so beautiful a voice.

"I should very much like a word with your father before I leave; but I am almost due at the station, and Mr. Ridingdale is not get-at-able. Might I ask you to give him my card, and to say that I shall do myself the honour of writing to him at the earliest opportunity."

With a bow and a smile the stranger vanished, and Lance looked at the visiting card. It bore the name of a well-known English composer.





## II.

“Only fancy, father!” exclaimed Lance a few minutes later. “Sir Alfred, his very own self!”

The excitement among the boys was intense, and for once in his life Lance was glad when the performance came to an end. “Sir Alfred” was on everybody’s lips. Lance could think of nothing else, speak of nothing else. Even the Colonel, who had a way of disguising his pleasure and satisfaction, on this occasion made no attempt to do so.

“I am so sorry I did not see Sir Alfred,” said the Squire to Lance as they walked home, though the latter danced

rather than walked. "I caught sight of a stranger once, and remember thinking how extremely like Sir Alfred he looked; but to imagine the great man being present at our concert seemed too absurd."

"And we had several of his songs!" Lance put in.

"Yes. Lucky for you, Lance, that you did not recognize him while you were singing. But what pleases me most," continued the Squire, "and what I hope pleased him, was your reciting the *Prioress' Tale*. Don't you remember my telling you, quite a long time ago, that he was setting it to music — making a cantata of it? Well, I see that it is to be produced at the next Leeds Festival, and that he is going to conduct it."

Lance became rhapsodical and incoherent in his expressions of delight, and implored his father to say what he thought Sir Alfred wanted to see him about.

"We shall know when we hear from him, shan't we, Lannie? Not much good speculating, is it?"

But Lance could not help speculating. He lay awake that night for nearly an hour, wondering if the letter would come by the morning post, and greatly fearing it would not. Why had the great man visited Ridingdale? And why did he want an interview with his father? These questions pursued the boy during all the school hours of the following day, and led to the commission of some of those minor follies that, under certain circumstances, he was apt to fall into.

When the letter did come, its contents gave the Squire

and his wife enormous pleasure and some little uneasiness. In most graceful terms Sir Alfred explained his presence in the neighbourhood, the delight with which he had heard Lance sing and recite, and the anxiety that was weighing upon him on account of his inability to get an entirely satisfactory boy-soprano to take the part of the "little clergyman" in his new cantata. "It is impossible," he wrote, "that this part should be taken by a lady. I would rather withdraw my work from the Festival programme than have the child's solos screamed by a prima donna. Last week I tested the voices of twelve or thirteen London boys, but every one of them had some miserable trick of production, some taint of the Cockney professional, or some miserable defect of pronunciation which would ruin the effect I have aimed at. I want a voice that is trained, but not overtrained. In short, I want the pure crystal quality of your son's voice, his refined accent, and above all his perfectly natural and artless method of singing."

The letter was a long one. Its writer seemed fully to understand that he was asking a great deal, and made every apology to Mr. Riddingdale for "so daring a suggestion."

Two copies of the cantata had come by the same post, and when Lance burst into the breakfast-room on the second morning after the concert he found his father quite absorbed in the score of the *Prioress' Tale*.

"You can read Sir Alfred's letter, my dear," said the Squire. "It concerns you very much. We cannot decide the matter at once. Mother and I must talk it over quietly."

Harry says that while spelling through Sir Alfred's letter — the great man wrote a very tiny and illegible hand — Lance filled the sugar-basin with hot milk, and spooned up the lumps of sugar under the impression that they were cubes of bread; a species of methodical madness that Lance afterwards stoutly denied. As in many disputed cases, both were right — in a sense; both, in a sense, were wrong. For as a matter of fact, a nearly, but not quite, empty sugar-basin was standing near Lance's place at table, and he, mistaking it for his own bowl, did really pour into it hot milk; but no member of the Ridingdale family will ever know just exactly how many lumps of sugar were on that occasion dissolved.

But if Lance got more than his fair share of sugar, it is certain that it did not occupy much of his attention. His eyes were glued on Sir Alfred's letter, and its contents absorbed him. Once or twice he choked a little because an expression of rapture collided with a spoonful of milk.

Harry was sorely tempted to drop some of those foreign substances, of which he always had a pocket-store, into his brother's bowl; would have done so, if George had not whispered that it wasn't fair to take advantage of Lance's abstraction.

Letter and milk both finished, Lance made a rush for his father, who had just stepped on to the lawn, and was still examining the score of Sir Alfred's cantata.

"It is the principal part he is offering you, Lannie," Mr. Ridingdale said as Lance ran up to him, "and I'm

afraid — yes, I'm sadly afraid it is rather a heavy one, he went on as he turned over the pages of the cantata.

“However, we must see what mother says, old man — eh?”

Lance was shaking with excitement.

“O father, wouldn't it be glorious!” he exclaimed.

“Fancy standing up before all those people! And that great orchestra at the back of you, and the hundreds of chorus singers on each side!”

He had gone with his father and two of his brothers to one such festival, and the memory of it would be always with him.

“It is barely two months off the time,” the Squire said thoughtfully, “and it would mean a serious interruption to all your studies. And you would have to be away from home for a week, more or less, if we reckon the necessary rehearsals as well as two performances.”

The tears came into Lance's eyes as he saw his father's head shake; yet the boy's own feelings in the matter were oddly mixed. Even at Ridingdale he always suffered from stage fright: what would it be to stand up and sing before thousands instead of scores? His heart failed him at the thought of the great hall, the mighty chorus, the wonderful band. Yet, as he had said, if only he could do it how glorious it would be!

“Will it be a very big disappointment, Lance, if mother decides against it?” asked the Squire as he saw the tears in his son's eyes.

“I don't know, father,” he answered a little brokenly.

“I seem to want to do it just awfully, and yet I — I — well, I’m a bit frightened.”

“I quite understand,” said the father, putting an arm round the boy. “In spite of your good health you are a rather highly-strung chap, and I’m a little afraid this business would be too much for you. As you know, I don’t much like your appearing in public anywhere out of Ridingdale; but of course this is a very exceptional offer, and for some reasons I should like you to accept it. For one thing, they would pay you well and the money would be extremely useful to us just now.”

“O *father!* I never thought of that! Wouldn’t it be scrumptious to bring you back — I suppose it would be gold, wouldn’t it, father?”

“It would certainly be gold, Lannie — possibly bank-notes. However, we won’t begin to count our chickens,” the Squire went on, laughing at his son’s excitement. “This composer is a very worthy man, and his theme is a particularly delightful one. The leading motive seems to be a passage from an ancient *Alma Redemptoris*. Some of the little clerk’s solos are by no means easy, but they look very delightful. It was a most daring subject to choose; yet I fancy the attempt is justified by the treatment. We will go through it with the piano to-night.”

. . . . .

The opening chorus of the cantata is descriptive of the Song-school and of the Choir-children learning their “antiphonere.” It is almost amusing in its quaintness, but the

composer succeeds in welding together a number of plainchant themes into harmonies singularly massive and grand, and the chorus ends in a majestic fortissimo passage of eight-part harmony.

This is followed immediately by a duet between the little chorister and his school-fellow — first and second trebles respectively. It is a number of wonderful sweetness, in which the child-clerk begs his older class-mate to teach him the notes of the *Alma*. After this the orchestra takes up the story and presents to the imagination the streets of a mediæval city. There are the cries of sellers and buyers; you hear the tramp of many feet; the sound of pipe and tabor in the inns; the riding forth of knights to battle; the chanting of a religious procession; the chiming of bells in the church towers: the notes of a funeral dirge; snatches of Bacchanalian harmony; the cries of the watchman going his rounds; but again and again, and above all the noise and din of the streets, rises the *Alma Redemptoris* of the little clerk.

The chorus of Jewish Conspirators follows, and a number descriptive of the murder of the child. A solo is given to the boy's mother — a recitative and aria of great pathos; and again for a time we hear the hubbub of the streets, and above it all the *Alma Redemptoris*, sung by the martyred child. There follows the execution of the murderers, and finally the music of the Mass that is being sung for the soul of the little clerk.

One of the most striking portions of the whole cantata

is the duet between the Abbot and the dead boy. In an impassioned passage the Abbot conjures the corpse to speak to him:

O dear child! I summon thee  
 In virtue of the Holy Trinity,  
 Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,  
 Since that thy throat is cut as it doth seem.

The boy answers in an aria of some length and of extraordinary beauty and sweetness, and the cantata closes with a chorus for the Abbot and monks — a chorus that begins in a wailing dirge-like key, but gradually develops into a pæan of joy and thanksgiving.

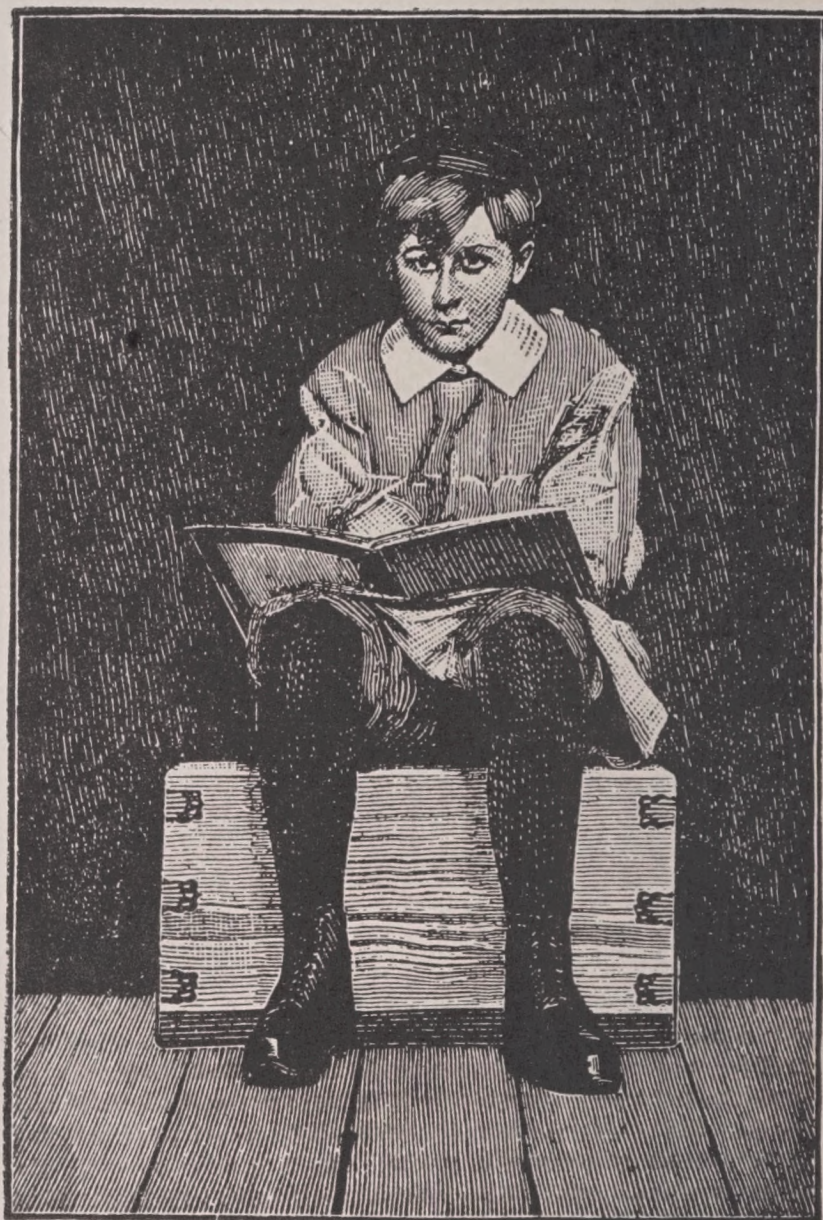
. . . . .

For once in their life Mr. and Mrs. Ridingle could not agree. Both of them told Lance to be patient, since it might be several days before they could decide as to whether he should, or should not, accept Sir Alfred's offer. The suspense would have been more trying than it was but for the fact that they both encouraged him to master the music of the cantata. "Even if you don't sing it at Leeds it is sure to be very useful some day," the Squire had said to Lance. "We may even get it up at Ridingle: who knows?"

Night after night, when all the boys were in bed and asleep, father and mother talked the matter over. The Squire had written a courteous letter to Sir Alfred begging for time to consider a thing of so much importance, and Sir Alfred had sent a reply which very much charmed



Mrs. Ridingdale and made her waver a little in her objection; for from the beginning she had steadily set her face against Lance's appearance as a quasi-professional singer. Not without fear of possible consequences to his son, Mr. Ridingdale seemed inclined to allow Lannie to appear. Indeed, if his wife agreed with him the matter would have been settled forthwith.



## III.

As for Lance, he was having a big struggle with himself. For several days he was more than usually thoughtful and abstracted, going about in his free time with the score of the *Prioress' Tale* under his arm or in his hands, and taking possession of Sniggery at times when his brothers were on

the river or in the park. More than once he was seen sitting on the stage in Arts and Crafts, the music upon his knees and his eyes fixed dreamily upon — well, perhaps upon an imaginary audience. But, in spite of his day-dreams, he was absorbing the music and mastering its intricacies. Once each day Dr. Byrse gave him a lesson in some portion of it, and in the drawing-room at Slipper-time Lance rehearsed what he had learnt. In fact, before the end of a week he knew his own part perfectly, and everything seemed to be going well. Father and mother were pleased, and even the Colonel spoke encouragingly.

*But* — ah, these dreadful buts! As Harry said when, with a mournful face, he told me the story, “There was a whole *buttery* full of them.”

“Of course,” said Harry, gloomily, “we’re used to Lance being *off it* a bit now and then. No, I don’t exactly mean off his head, but — well you know yourself how it is with chaps who paint and sing and do the artist-and-poet business. He’s often like that just for a day or so, and we don’t rot him much about it, ’cause he generally comes up smiling the next morning. But this time the fit lasted a whole week. Hilary noticed it first. He had to, because though we’ve a strong team coming against us the day after to-morrow, Lannie has had no footer since that blessed what-do-you-call it — ’t isn’t an oratorio, is it? — came into the house. ’Fact, he’s had no sport of any kind. You could tell that by the state of his clogs when he took them off at night: they were almost as bright as when he

put them on in the morning. So Hilary rowed him a bit and Lance said, "All right, he'd turn up after dinner;" but he didn't. Hilary went for him of course, and Lannie said he was awfully sorry, but he quite forgot. And I'm sure he did forget. Why one day he forgot to come in for tea, and when Lance doesn't turn up for tea, you know that he's a bit off it.

"Well, Hilary waited after dinner the next day to march him off to the park, but somehow Lance slipped away, and if we'd stopped to cop him we'd have lost all our play-time. Wednesday he turned up all right, but he played awfully badly and made some shocking bosses. In fact Hilary told him that he wasn't to play in the match: he didn't seem to mind a bit.

"But the worst of all was in school. Lance didn't know a blessed lesson. Byrse stood it like a lamb for the first three days. Everything considered, he's jolly patient, I always think, and if you know one subject well he's generally forgiving enough. But I'm blessed if Lannie knew a single thing. You should have heard his Livy! We were all in fits of laughter — at least we wanted to be. As for his Greek, I don't believe he'd even looked at it. And on Wednesday Byrse nearly boiled over when Lance took up his Euclid paper.

"Now, on Fridays, after the Thursday holiday you know, Byrse is always very decent indeed; but last Friday — my goodness! We soon saw how the land lay. Luckily, Hilary and I and the others were pretty well up in everything;

but Lannie was a caution. However, Dr. Byrse kept his hair — kept his temper all the morning: it was in the afternoon that things happened. I saw what was coming the moment we sat down. There was a new cane lying on the desk. It's the third he's had since he told my father — that was on the day he came, you remember — that he'd never use such a thing.

“But nobody can say that he didn't give my brother every chance. I began to understand all about Job when I heard the idiotic answers that Lannie made to nearly every question. If he'd been chaffing the Doctor it couldn't have been worse. In fact I think Byrse must have thought at last that it was just cheek. At any rate, quite suddenly he shut his book and went back to his desk. Then he took up the new cane and invited Lannie to stand out. Lannie clattered out into the middle of the room, looking pretty scared, and held out his hand.

“Byrse took no notice of the hand. He just went to work and gave him over the back some of the most fetching strokes I have ever known a chap to get. I don't like to say how many, because, though we all counted, we all made it different. Of course nobody likes to see a boy thrashed, but what hurt me most was that as soon as ever Byrse began to cut in I perceived that poor old Lannie had no jacket on underneath his holland blouse. And you know what an awfully thin business the back of a waistcoat is! This time of the year we always wear our thickest jackets under our blouse; but, as luck would have it, the day was a very

mild one, and Lannie had left off his old coat; so there was precious little between his flesh and that stinging cane.

“ Well, I shouldn’t like to swear that Lannie didn’t cry: at any rate he cried inside — if you know what I mean. It was plain enough that the flogging hurt him awfully. His ‘ Oh’s ’ weren’t *very* loud, but you could tell that he couldn’t help ‘em. He looked frightfully broken, poor old chap, when it was all over. So did Byrse, if it comes to that: he had hit a jolly deal harder and longer than he meant to. He didn’t badger Lannie with any more questions that afternoon. And I know that Byrse thought Lannie had a good thick jacket on, because only the day before the beggar had spilt ink all over the front of his blouse and had to take it off in school.

“ You may say that Lannie deserved all he got,” Harry continued — though I had said nothing of the sort — “ and, no doubt, he did deserve some licks. It’s a rummy thing, though, that you can’t help being sorry for a fellow when he’s thrashed — even if he does deserve it. I didn’t really *blub*, you know, when I went to see father after school, but I felt choky. You see, I wanted to put a word in for Lannie, and so I made some excuse for going to father’s study. One can always get on with father — he’s so jolly reasonable. And he always listens. Perhaps he saw that I was a bit down; and though he’s awfully busy this week, he took me by the hand and made me sit close to him.

“ So I told him all about the row, for I was afraid of Byrse having the first word with dad, and making things

bad for Lannie. I knew father had only seen my brother at meals this week and at Slipper-time, and that he didn't quite guess how the land lay. It was all that precious music, I told father, and Chaucer's story of the little chap who had his throat cut; for, as you know, Lannie is awfully fond of that tale. You remember his reciting it for the Guild-boys? Not quite as Chaucer wrote it, I think. Somebody else's version, wasn't it? Yes, of course, Wordsworth's. He's the 'We are Seven' man, isn't he?

"Father was as decent as he could possibly be. He said how glad he was that I'd told him, and that he quite understood things. And when I hinted that Lannie had had rather a double extra basting, and that he was looking fearfully low, father got up and said, 'Let us try to find him, Harry, and cheer him up a bit.' I thought that so good of father, considering that he was writing against time, and that he might have said, 'Send him to me;' a sort of doubtful message to give a fellow when he's down, and can't tell what sort of reception he's going to get. But that's just like father, and, I suppose, like all fathers; they don't send for you; they just go after you and find you.

"Well, it was tea-time then, and father and I put our heads into the dining-room to see if Lannie was there. He wasn't, but I thought I could hear his footsteps on the stone floor of the entrance-hall. I can generally tell his walk, even when I don't see him, because, you know, he's always got two sets of irons on his clogs. He was there

all right, walking up and down, and looking very lonely and glum. I dare say he was trying to make up his mind to face mother and father and the rest of us. 'Lannie,' said father, putting an arm round him, 'would you bring me a cup of tea to my study; and some for yourself?' You know just how nicely father would say it. Lance was off like a shot to get the tray and things, and I went to have my tea with the others. Mother rang for some buttered toast — which father always pretends to be so fond of, though he never takes more than one wee bit; but mother knew that Lannie was equal to any quantity of it.

"Father kept him till it was time for night studies, and my brother turned up in the school-room looking quite jolly, though he was a bit red about the eyes. Of course, we didn't ask him any questions; but we could see that everything was all right. Hilary, of course, bossed the show, and was jolly nice to Lannie — helping him over two or three difficulties, and asking George to give him a shove in his Greek.

"But it's all off about his singing at Leeds, and Lannie says he's awfully glad. We're going to have the thingummy here some day, if we can manage it; father thinks we can. But Lannie is sure to tell you all about it."

Lance did tell me all about it; but I shall mention only one remark that he made at the end of his story — which agreed substantially with Harry's.



“ ’Twasn’t quite the same business, I know,” he said; “ but Chaucer’s little chap risked a lot, didn’t he? Said he didn’t mind being licked three times in an hour if only he could learn his *Alma*. I got only one dose in a whole week — though it *was* rather a strong one.”



LANCE'S LOSS



## LANCE'S LOSS.

FATHER HOR-  
BURY had un-  
bounded confidence in the  
power of the Ro-  
sary. What is  
more, he had the  
faculty of mak-  
ing his people  
test the value of  
that power. If  
he met a confes-  
sedly beadless  
man or boy, he  
always said:  
“Nay, don't tell  
me you haven't  
got a pair of  
beads. You



might almost as well say you haven't got a soul. What you mean is that you've left your rosary at home, or lent it, or mislaid it; or perhaps it's broken. But *of course* you've got one. You're a Catholic, aren't you? Well then, you'll find that you have a rosary — somewhere.”

And the man or boy nearly always had a hunt for it. If he could not find it, he generally made his way to old Kitty's shop and bought one, for he knew that Father Horbury was one of those men who have a knack of referring to the previous question.

It was not often that he came across man or boy, woman or girl, lacking a pair of beads. What William Lethers called "half-baked Catholics" were happily not very common in the Dale; now and then, however, one was in evidence. He or she was generally a cadger — always on the look-out for anything that was being given away, from a string of beads to a ton of coals.

It is astonishing how easy it is to maintain a good healthy public feeling in a congregation — once it is created; and certainly the number of poor people in Ridingdale who were anxious and able to dig, but absolutely and consistently ashamed to beg was, to say the least of it, above the average. In the same way, and by the creation of a similar spirit, people who did not possess a pair of beads either concealed the deficiency or took pains to remedy it as soon as possible. The Catholic who could not produce his rosary was not of much account in the Dale.

But among the younger folk of both sexes the possession and the use of beads was as much of course as the learning of catechism. And catechism, both at the High School and the elementary one, was a very thorough business. Unless he was in retreat or unavoidably absent, Father Horbury visited one of his schools every day. The

mere meaning of catechism words and the learning by rote he left to the care of perfectly competent teachers: what he satisfied himself upon was that the boys and girls knew their religion, knew the difference between right and wrong, knew how to prepare for and make their confession, knew how to go to Holy Communion, understood how to fight themselves, the world, and the devil.

One of the Oxford masters at the High School said to him once: "We shall never be able to plead ignorance of right and wrong, Father. I only hope we shall escape the many stripes of the servant who knew but didn't do his Lord's will. You make us all moral theologians."

I mention these things merely because they have bearing upon an October incident which ought to be put on record.

Lance Ridingdale had more than one pair of beads, but the rosary that he always carried was very dear to him because it had been given to him by his mother on the day of his First Communion. Several times it had been broken, several times it had been lost — and found. When he did not wear it round his neck, he kept it in his very safest pocket. Nevertheless, one morning when the public Rosary began in church he could not find his beads.

He was not greatly disturbed, for he knew by experience that both at home and at school anything in the shape of lost property was very soon recovered. Understanding the temptations of boys in regard to "findings," Father Horbury had taken very special pains to show that such things

were not "keepings," and scarcely a day passed that did not see some article or other placed on a master's desk for identification. So scrupulous were some boys in this matter that, until the masters began to refuse them, they would bring clog-irons shed in the playground, and fragments of pencil.

Of course both at home and at school Lance made known his loss, but to his great surprise and sorrow the week went by and the beads were not returned. He did not like to make a fuss about the matter, but he confessed to Maggie that he would much rather have lost his new knife than this particular pair of beads. Maggie said that, unless for some reason or other God didn't want you to find a lost thing, St. Antony always got it for you — if only you went on asking him. So Lance went on saying a special prayer to St. Antony every day.

A full fortnight went by when one night just before supper Mrs. Ridingdale came to the room where the boys were preparing their lessons, and called Lance outside.

"My darling, have you any boy at your school named Turton-Brown?" she asked looking at an open letter in her hand.

"Yes, mother: he came this term. He's the son of that widow lady with a lot of little children. They've taken the Poplars, you know, the house poor Herbert died in."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Ridingdale. "I really must call upon her, though your father tells me she is not a Catholic. Do you know the boy, dear?"



“Not very much, mother. He’s an awfully shy chap; in fact, he seems a bit afraid of us. We’ve just shaken hands and that’s about all. But of course he’s hardly had time to know us.”

“Well, dear, I don’t understand this letter at all. And father won’t be home till late. Mrs. Turton-Brown writes to me saying that she will be *intensely grateful* — underlined — if Master Lancelot will call at her house to-night. She makes ever so many apologies, but no explanation whatever.”

“What a funny thing,” laughed Lance.

“It is a little curious, certainly,” mused Mrs. Ridingdale; “but I think, darling, you’d better go. She, or somebody, is evidently in trouble. George may go with you. It is not very far, and you will be back by supper-time.”

George returned in time for supper, but without Lance. However, when the latter came back mother joined him in the dining-room as he ate his bread and milk and fruit, and in his own way Lance told what had happened at the Turton-Brown’s.

“There’s not much of an entrance-hall in that house, mother, as you know; so I couldn’t help seeing into the drawing-room when the servant took in my name. Well, there was Archie — yes, his name is Archibald — kneeling in front of his mother and *crying* like anything. Of course George and I both turned away, but the servant came out directly and said would I please go in. So I went in. I felt rather rummy, mother, but I thought — well,



I thought of poor Herbert and of *you*. I didn't feel like laughing the least bit. I remembered ——”

“You had been there yourself — hadn't you, dear?” smiled Mrs. Riddingdale.

“I had, mammie. Well, Archie didn't get up. He just

hid his face in his hands, and I heard him say, 'You tell him, mother.' Then all in a moment I understood.

" ' Archie is in great trouble,' Mrs. Turton-Brown said, ' and he's afraid he's done something very wicked. He found some beads a fortnight ago, and kept them. He knows now that they are yours, and he wants to give them back to you, and to ask you to forgive him. He saw you talking to a policeman to-day, and he thinks you will have him taken up. But I keep telling him that I feel sure you won't, because '— well then, mother, she said something about seeing me go by her window, and thought I didn't look altogether a nasty sort of chap, or — well, you know, mother, the kind of stuff she'd talk.

" So I couldn't help laughing then, and I'm glad I did, because that brought Archie off his knees like a shot. I told them that Police-Sergeant Murphy was an awfully old friend of ours and that I always stopped to have a chat with him when I had time. And I said that of course I'd never mentioned the beads to him, and that I hadn't suspected Archie or anybody else. I thought they were just lost, and I was frightfully sorry because they were a present from you on my First Communion. But I said how glad I was to get them back, and that of course I forgave Archie like anything, and he mustn't think anything more about it and — well, all that sort of thing, mammie.

" Then Mrs. Turton-Brown jumped up and thanked me and carried on, and I told her that I ought to be going; but she begged me so hard to stop and have a chat with Archie,

'just to soothe him,' she said — fancy me soothing anybody! — that I thought I'd better. So she left us alone, and she found George waiting outside and had a little talk with him, and then he ran home. She's rather nice.

" Archie told me he'd no idea at first that it was wrong to keep things that you found. He said that he'd never been to a Catholic school before, and at the school he'd had to go to — for when his father died they went to live in London — all the boys said that 'findings were keepings.' I asked him if they ever got into trouble, and he said that the police were often at the school, and that boys were constantly taken out of class and hardly ever came back again. It was this that frightened him so when he saw me talking to Murphy. He said he'd never had a rosary of his own, and he was ashamed to be the only boy at school without one. But it was only to-day when Father Horbury was catechizing us on restitution Archie began to understand that he'd no right to the beads. He'd been frightfully unhappy ever since. His mother had told me that he'd been crying almost ever since he came home, and that he couldn't eat any tea. She said she wouldn't have troubled you with that letter, mother, only Archie was so fearfully unhappy she thought he would be ill. I think you'd like her.

" Well, of course, mammie, Archie and I got a bit chummy after a time, and when he asked me if I thought he had committed mortal sin, and if he ought to go to confession to-night, I told him I was quite sure that it

couldn't be a mortal sin to keep a pair of beads that he'd found in the playground — unless they happened to be very valuable — but that of course it was always a good thing to go to confession, and Father Horbury would be about the church at eight o'clock."

Lance paused to take a rosy apple from the dish in front of him.

"He looked awfully pale, and I could see that he'd been crying heaps," Lance went on, "and so I told him that story you gave us last week, mother, about the little chap who couldn't tell his sin for crying. George has put it into verse and I know it by heart. So I repeated it to Archie, and then I said I thought he'd pretty nearly washed away whatever sin there was in keeping the beads, and after that he got quite chirpy. But just as I was coming away he said he thought he'd go down to the church and make his confession, and I told him that perhaps he wouldn't sleep any the worse for it. So he went, and I came home. And now I've finished my supper, mother dear, and my tale," Lance said, jumping up in great spirits. "May I give you an arm to the drawing-room, madame," he laughed, imitating the Colonel's rather stiff bow.

But mother was not content with an arm; she wanted the entire boy. So he gave her both his arms, and she gave him hers.

"I will call upon Mrs. Turton-Brown," she said as they passed into the drawing-room. "How old is Archie?"

“Can’t be sure, mammie. He’s thin and lanky and I fancy tall for his age, but I don’t think he’s more than eleven or twelve. At the best of times he’s nervous and frightened, but he’ll soon get over that.”

“Instead of that difficult song, dear,” Mrs. Ridingdale said as Lance took up a piece of music, “suppose you give us George’s version of my story—or rather the old mediæval story I told you.”

George’s slight protest was drowned in his brothers’ cheers.

“Don’t blush, George,” cried Harry. “If you are a poet you can’t help it, can you?”

“Mr. Baring-Gould has written a much better version, mother,” said George modestly.

“No doubt, dear,” said his mother, “but I’m afraid Lance doesn’t know it.”

Lance took up his position on the hearth-rug and recited

### BLOTTED OUT.

One morn, with slate and book,

A little scholar took

His way with downcast look

Through lane and square:

Schoolward his steps were bent —

Yet ere that way he went

He wished his heart unpent,

His soul laid bare.

He nears the holy pile:  
Through porch and nave and aisle  
He creepeth slowly, while  
Like winter rain  
Flow fast the chilling tears:  
Nor comes the hope that cheers  
As through the grate he peers,  
Nor peers in vain.

Absorbed in silent prayer  
A priest is seated there  
To make the foul soul fair,  
To bless and heal.

*Confiteor* now said,  
The boy doth bow his head —  
Yet cannot for the dread  
His sin reveal.

With grief his bosom throbs,  
He may not speak for sobs,  
Great storm of sorrow robs  
His power of speech;  
The waiting priest within,  
To whisper all the sin  
And Christ's sweet pardon win,  
Doth him beseech.

“My child the morn is late,  
Shuts soon the cloister gate:

*LANCE'S LOSS*

Write then upon your slate  
This secret sad;  
Thus reading, I'll unbind,  
And, penance meet assigned,  
God's mercy shalt thou find  
And pardon glad."

Sobbing, the lad doth take  
The means all clear to make  
What fault his soul doth shake;  
He writeth all;  
There in the dim low light  
His trembling hand doth write,  
Though tears make morning night,  
So fast they fall.

That slate the aged priest  
Held towards the shining east,  
Yet not one word the least  
Might he there see;  
So to the boy he turned:  
"Thy tears have washed and burn'd  
What only God discerned,  
And thou art free.

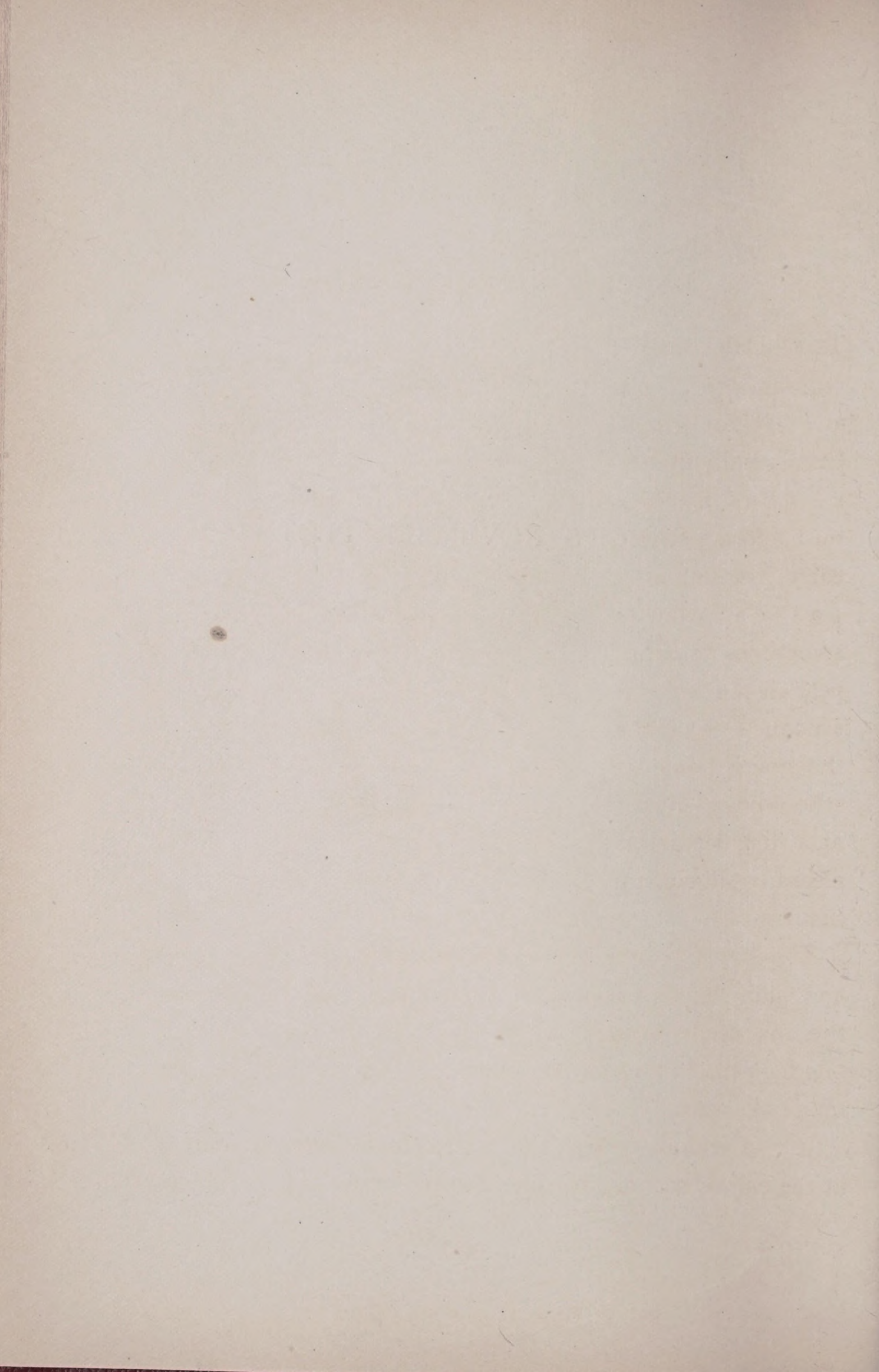
"Go now in holy peace,  
In grace and love increase  
Till all thy life shall cease!  
And do not doubt,



As tears did wash away  
Thy written words this day,  
The sin that on thee lay  
Is blotted out."



LANCE'S NOVEMBER PLOT



## LANCE'S NOVEMBER PLOT.

THE Dale knows nothing of black and yellow fogs. Occasionally in November a white mist appears in the early morning and passes away — sometimes to reappear in the late afternoon and make the going home of school-boys living at a distance a less pleasant pilgrimage than usual.



The way from the School to the Hall is, of course, short and plain enough; but it is astonishing what a difference the mist seems to make in the length of the road. And if one happens to be walking alone, a thoughtful mood comes on quite naturally.

It was seldom enough that Lance found himself solitary at the end of schools, but one November evening he had an

errand to do at old Kitty's shop and — well, Kitty was never to be dismissed with a few passing remarks. Happily, her gossip was always harmless, and often edifying. Kitty can no more help talking of the devotion of the month than some people can refrain from abusing their neighbours.

I used to think that the old lady lived simply to give relief to the Holy Souls; it was certainly one of the devotions of her life. Father Horbury told me once that, in the month of November, he never calls upon Kitty if he can avoid it, because the very sight of him always moves her to give him stipends for Masses. However, he admitted that last year his not calling made no difference to her offerings: she simply brought them to the sacristy. He remonstrated and threatened to refuse them, and then for a week or two a fresh boy or girl came to him every other day with five shillings and a request for Mass (now for forgotten souls, now for the soul that had been longest in Purgatory, and so on), he or she always answering any question with "Please, Father, I wasn't to say who sent it."

Lance and Kitty had had many a talk about Herbert Tillingborough, the atheist's son who at his own urgent request had been baptized just before his death by Lance.<sup>1</sup> To any one else, Lance was most unwilling to speak of it; to him the memory of that death-bed was sad but very sweet. He knew that old Kitty and her partner, the lame girl, had stormed Heaven for poor Herbert's soul, and

<sup>1</sup> See *Ridingdale Stories*, p. 94.

Lance could never be sure if he ought to be more grateful to them for their prayers, or to the Protestant Doctor Nuttlebig for asking him to see the boy before he died.

Though Kitty was perfectly certain that Herbert's newly-baptized soul had flown straight to Heaven, like the dear old inconsistent creature she was she had had three Masses said for him this very November. Strongly suspecting the fact, Lance had put to her a question so straight that she could not evade it.

"Oh, it'll be all right, my dear," she said to Lance. "I've made it all right with our Lord. I told Him that if Herbert Tillingborough didn't want those Masses there was plenty o' poor souls what did. And, Mester Lance, I made so bold as to mention the name o' the husband o' that poor woman what's livin' in the very house where Herbert died. I doubt me he'll get no Masses from a Protestant wife — though she's a nice enough lady by all accounts, and wa' very fond on him. Eh, my dear, but it's a sad affair, that. A Protestant father's bad enough, but a Protestant mother —"

"But she's bringing up all the children Catholics," urged Lance.

"I know, my love. God bless her, she'll do her best I'm sure. I'm not blamin' the poor thing. An' we munna blame the dead. God help the man! She come in t' other day to buy a pair o' beads for that oldest lad" — Lance pretended to look through the window for a moment — "and she began to talk about her husband. She made me

cry by what she told me. She said it was so pitiful to hear him calling out time after time, 'Oh, for God's sake, a priest, a priest! Send for a priest!' Well, she sent a man off on horseback of course; but then, you see, they had gone to live in a place where there was no church and no priest for ever so many miles. When the priest got there the poor man had been dead for hours. Yes, he'd been thrown from his horse out 'untin', and he only lived about half an hour after they brought him home."

No wonder perhaps if Lance felt a little sad as he made his way home through the November fog. He had not seen much of Archie since the night he called upon Mrs. Turton-Brown. Archie was in quite a low class and was several years younger than Lance. Moreover, the shy, nervous boy played games very badly, and did not seem to be making any friends. He was not at all the kind of fellow that Lance cared for, and though the latter thought little or nothing of the rosary incident, he did not feel at all inclined to cultivate Archie's acquaintance overmuch. In fact, once or twice Lance had noticed things in young Turton-Brown that seemed quite unpardonably weak and childish. He wept on very small provocation, and, when, in Lance's opinion, there was really nothing to cry over. He wept if a boy knocked him over by accident in the field; he wept whenever he broke down in a lesson, which was frequently. Lance was not at all anxious to add to the very tiny list of his own antipathies, but the temptation to put Archie upon it had now and then been strong.



But Kitty's account of the death of Mr. Turton-Brown made Lance thoughtful. The circumstances seemed to him fearfully sad and quite inexplicable. Why should a Catholic marry a Protestant wife? Why should a gentleman who could afford to go hunting make his home six miles from the church and priest? Both these questions puzzled him exceedingly. He had been taught never to suppose that any calamity was a judgment upon the sufferer, otherwise he would certainly have thought Mr. Turton-Brown's death a judgment. And now this poor soul had nobody to get Masses said for him, perhaps nobody to pray for him. It was to be hoped of course that, when he began to understand his religion, Archie would not forget his father's needs, but unfortunately the lachrymose boy had never even heard of the catechism until he came to Ridingdale.

As Lance plodded along in the now darkening night, he tried to think if there was anything that he could do for Archie without exactly making him a friend. What the boy wanted was a little coaching in his catechism; but even if Lance had had time for this private tutoring he did not feel much inclination. Besides, he had so many irons in the fire just now that he dared not add to them: his father had cautioned him not to undertake too many duties. The winter was coming on, and the boys' guild with its many meetings and rehearsals and entertainments, to say nothing of the choir practices, swallowed every particle of evening

leisure. Christmas, too, was approaching, and the home plays were in preparation.

Just as he was nearing the park gates an idea came to him. He had noticed that the only member of the Ridingdale family with whom Archie seemed always quite at home was Gareth. Lance did not wonder at this, for Gareth was not only a very sympathetic little chap, but had a quite peculiar faculty of making himself friendly with strangers. He was still young enough not to be afraid of anybody, or overconscious of himself. With great pleasure Lance had noticed lately that his young brother was quite the leader of the first form — not only in their games but in their acts of piety. Father Horbury had begged for just a little extra prayer for the Holy Souls, if only one Hail Mary, and had suggested that during the month of November some boys might be able to say an extra decade of the Rosary. A small statue of Our Lady of Lourdes that had been put up for October in one of the corridors was allowed to remain: Lance had seen Gareth kneeling at it before morning school, rosary in hand, and noted that in a day or two most of the boys followed his example.

Lance did not guess that Gareth was really a small model of himself, and that the same mixture of fearlessness and affectionateness was a part of the moral equipment of both. Many remarked that the ten-year-old Lance had exactly resembled Gareth — who was not by any means the youngest of the family, though the most youthful of the six who were now at school.

"He's the very chap!" Lance said to himself as he turned into the park and quickened his pace. "For a young 'un he's the coolest hand I know."

That night Lance talked the matter over with mother and father, and they were both quite willing that Gareth should give what help he could to Archie. Mrs. Ridingdale had already called upon Mrs. Turton-Brown, to the latter's consolation.

"You see, mammie," said Lance, "the proper thing would be for Archie's mother to hear his catechism every day, wouldn't it? That's really what I thought of. Might do her good, mightn't it? At any rate, she'd get to know something about her children's religion. And if you think I may, I'll just tell Gareth to suggest that to Archie. Of course she couldn't explain the catechism, but that doesn't matter. Father Horbury does that splendidly; but she could hear Archie repeat it every day, couldn't she?"

Mrs. Ridingdale smiled and said: "My darling, I can see that you have some beautiful design upon her soul. God bless you!"

"O yes, I think it'll be all right," Gareth said to Lance as they were finishing breakfast a day or two afterwards. "Archie's a bit slow, but he's not a bad sort. Yes, I like her. She made me promise to have tea with them to-morrow. And of course I told her what you said."

"What was that, Gareth?" asked Lance, a little alarmed.

"Oh, I didn't say you said it, Lannie; but I said mothers

always heard their boys' catechism, and that if she went over it with him at night I'd hear him every morning before school. I said I thought it a good idea, 'cause then she'd be learning it too."

"Gareth!" exclaimed the horrified Lance, "how *could* you? She'll think — she'll think we want to convert her."

"Well," ejaculated Gareth, fixing wide open eyes upon Lance, "so we do — *don't* we?" And the small boy helped himself to a large apple.

The Squire had been an amused listener to this breakfast-table dialogue, and could not forbear quoting to himself a line of Keats —

Oh, what a power has white simplicity!

"Gareth, my dear," said his father as they left the table and he swung the little boy to his shoulder, "you are not yet quite ripe for the diplomatic corps: but there is a better Corps than that — isn't there, old man?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Gareth, "William Lethers says there's a man at Timington who's growing apples that haven't *any* core at all. Won't you get a tree or two, father?"

"Most certainly I will," said Mr. Ridingdale, "if he'll sell me some."

"I don't see anything to snigger at," remarked Gareth as Lance suddenly exploded with laughter.

"That's because you're not yet a Snig," chuckled Lance as he began to collect his school-books.

“Seems to me,” said the Squire, “that for some things a Snag is as good as a Snig.”

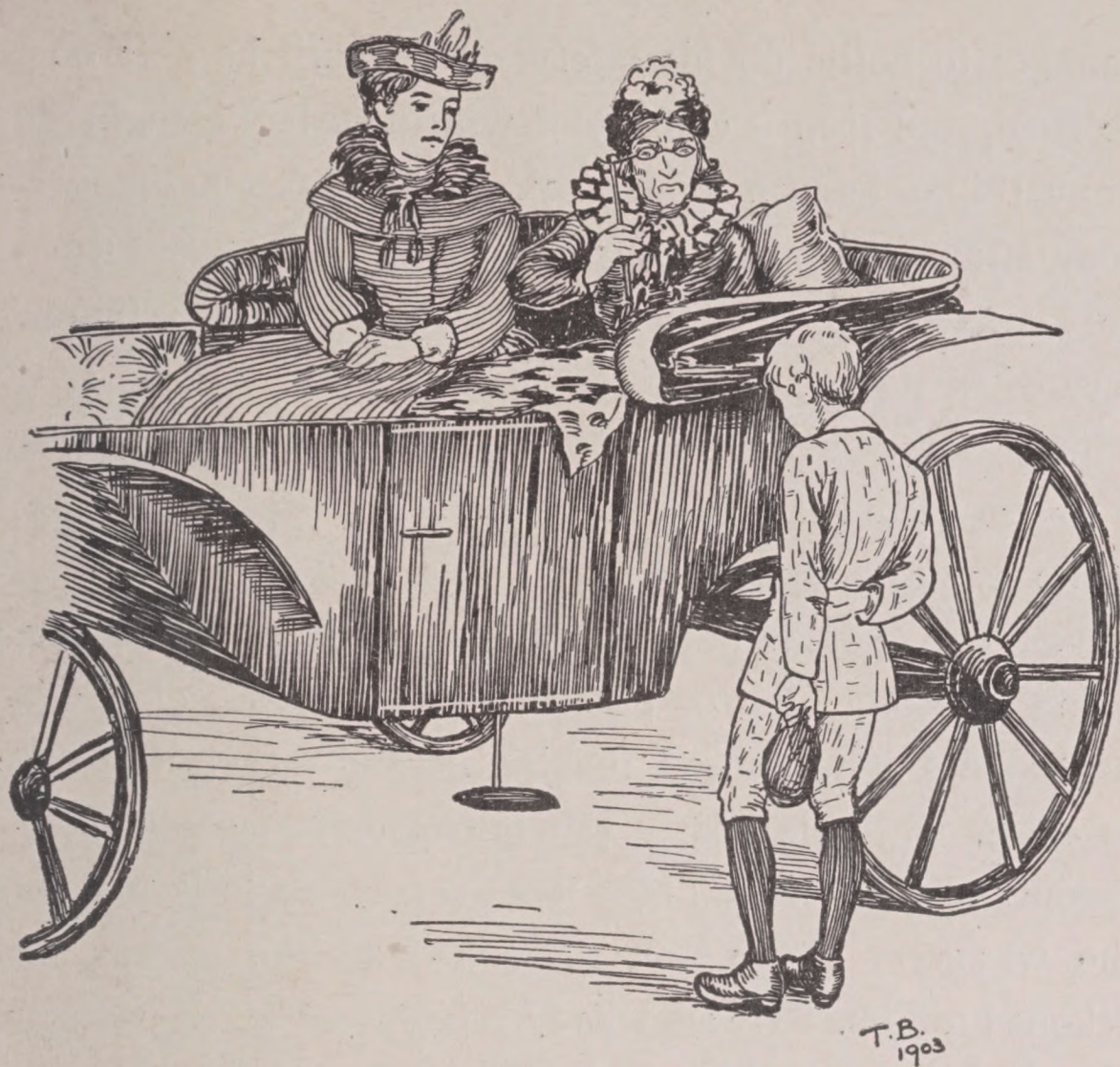
“Better, father,” responded Lance.



LANCE AND MRS. PRAGGIT







## LANCE AND MRS. PRAGGIT.

(BY GEORGE RIDINGDALE.)

PROBABLY we are all very different at different times; but Lannie in church and Lannie in Sniggery appear to have scarcely anything in common. Once he gets a surplice on, his whole appearance seems to change. He might just have stepped out of a Della Robbia picture. And when he begins to sing a solo — well, you generally pretend to have a cold in the head.

But you should see him when church is over. He just

manages to bottle up his effervescence until he gets on to the road, and then it comes out with a rush. Delightfully funny things happen sometimes. In the summer a great many strangers come to our church from various parts of the Dale — partly I think because our music is famous. Very often they wait to catch sight of Lance and to speak to him. Several times people have offered him money, but of course he did not take it. Once a five-pound note came to him by post, anonymously.

Well, one Sunday not very long ago, Lance had stopped behind for something or other and was running down the church-steps at full speed, making no end of a clatter with his clogs, when he nearly ran into a carriage which was standing at the gate. There were two ladies in it, and one who was very richly dressed looked at him crossly and beckoned to him. He snatched his hands out of his pockets, took off his cap and apologized, but she only frowned at him.

“I see quite well,” she began, “that *you* are not one of the angels I have just been listening to; but perhaps you can tell me something about the boy who sang the solos this morning. Do you know him?” Lance said he knew the boy well. Then she went on to say that she felt quite sure that the singer she had heard was a gentleman’s son, and Lance agreed. She talked so much and so fast that she gave him very little opportunity of saying more than “yes” and “no;” otherwise she would soon have guessed to whom she was speaking. He was much tickled of course, and once

or twice he had to hold his head down very low in order to hide a grin.

However, she rattled on like anything about "the darling angel," and hoped Lance would try to model his conduct on so very superior a boy. She was good enough to say that of course my brother could not help it if his parents made him wear such noisy shoes; she only hoped that they had not been put on him for punishment. He seemed rather respectable for a poor boy, she added, but she was afraid he was a great trouble to his mother. She even hinted that at some time or other he must have run away from home, and that he had been put into clogs in order to prevent a repetition of the offense. Then she took out a note-book and pencil and asked Lance to give her the name and address of the singing "angel," and of course he did so. She started a little when he mentioned Ridingle Hall, and asked her companion if Ridingle was not the family name of Lord Dalesworth. The companion said "yes," and added that this must be the Ridingle who had turned Papist years and years ago.

Then the two of them had quite a discussion about the family, and Lance, standing at the carriage door all this time with his cap in his hands, had to turn round in order to hide his laughter. He said it hurt him awfully to keep it in — the more so as they were trying to find some decent pretext for calling upon us. It seemed that the old lady had once met our mother at a ball somewhere, and had known Lady Constance, my father's mother, quite well.

Lance wanted awfully to get away, but the two of them clacked on, taking no notice of him. At last, however, the old lady shut up her note-book, and turning to Lance took out her purse. "If I give you sixpence," she began, "I hope you won't ——" She did not get any further than that.

"Pardon me, madam," Lance said drawing back from the carriage, with his head well in the air — "I don't take money from strangers. Good morning!" Then he was off like a shot.

I know so well how he would do it. I have seen him under very similar circumstances.

The old lady had kept him such a time that though he ran his hardest he did not overtake any of us. But the carriage overtook and passed him very quickly. When he got home he found it standing at the front entrance. The lady and her companion were with my father and mother in the big drawing-room.

As well as he could for side-holding laughter, Lance told us the story. We were all in Sniggery, ready and waiting for dinner.

"If anybody has to go to the drawing-room," said Lance, "it really mustn't be me. I couldn't do it, you know. Besides, it would be so rough on her. You see, she gave me no chance of explaining things. I couldn't get a word in edgeways."

Hilary said teasingly that of course Lance would have to go to the drawing-room. Had not the ladies called on pur-

pose to see him? Harry took up the chaff and suggested that the old lady would probably make it a shilling if Lance only behaved nicely. Lance declared stoutly that nothing



less than a positive command from either father or mother would bring him face to face again with "that old thing."

"No," he said in his determined way, "it really wouldn't

be fair to her. Hilary and Harry are in Etons and shoes: they are all right. Let them go if somebody must."

"Wouldn't take you long to change into Etons, Lannie," said Willie.

"Can't get the jacket on. And if I could the sleeves are halfway up my arms."

"Well that tweed suit is all right," I said, "and if you haven't any shoes you can put on slippers."

"I'm *not* going to be gushed over by those two women, and called an angel, and asked how old I am, and be made to sing when I'm dying with hunger," he declared with some heat. "It just makes me ill when people carry on like that. Besides, when she thought I wasn't a singer, and that I was a poor boy, she wasn't even civil. *Hate* that sort!"

The sudden appearance of Sarah on the lawn acted like an electric shock upon Lance. Before any of us knew what was happening he had vanished. He knew for whom Sarah was coming.

"Lannie is quite right," said Hilary, and we all agreed with him. But when Sarah came up to the door of Sniggery and said to him, "Please, sir, the mistress wants you and Master Lance to go to the drawing-room at once," well, Hilary looked rather rummy. But after remarking to Sarah, "Master Lance isn't here, you see," he rose immediately. "Better look round, you fellows, and see if you can find him. But," he added with a laugh as he began to run across the lawn, "I don't think you'll succeed."

The impossibility of finding Lance when he does not wish

to be found, is a proverb with all of us. Like all really good and great people, Lance likes sometimes to be quite alone. He is exceedingly fond of society all the same, and I need not say that every kind of society is fond of him. But not one of us can efface himself quite so thoroughly as Lance when he wishes to think out something or to have a really quiet time. He had disappeared round the back of Sniggery where there is a regular labyrinth of shrubbery that leads to the big kitchen-garden, and from which you can get to the stable-yard. Once within the fastnesses of the hay-lofts he was fairly secure.

So Harry and Willie and I strolled through the shrubbery in a leisurely sort of way, and not at all keen about finding the "dear little angel" who was wanted in the drawing-room. For the more we discussed the matter the more we were convinced that if mother knew all the circumstances she would not wish us to find him.

Our dinner that day was merrier than usual. The one o'clock bell had frightened away the two strangers. Mother had asked them to remain, but they were staying at the Krumptons, four or five miles away, and said they must be back for a two o'clock luncheon. We boys found it hard to conceal our delight at their going, and I don't think father and mother regretted it very much. Lance had turned up for dinner just as the carriage drove away.

But this is what pleased us most. The strangers were standing in the entrance-hall expressing their delight at see-

ing my mother again, saying how deeply disappointed they were not to have seen her darling singing-boy and hoping that on a future occasion they might be more fortunate — when who should run in from the park but Alfie and Gareth. Hilary says they rushed in like two young whirlwinds, making a frightful row with their clogs on the stone floor of the hall and, except that their blouses and collars were clean, looking about as un-Sunday-like as two small boys could possibly look.

Hilary declares that the old lady's face was a delightful study as she put up her glasses and looked them over from head to foot. It took her several seconds to get over the shock, and though she did her best to gush a little she seemed to become thoughtful and absent-minded. Indeed she must have been reminded of the boy in clogs who had so lately stood before her, and whom she had so severely lectured. However, she got out of the difficulty by making hasty tracks for her carriage, in which she was whisked away from the Hall.

Lance told his part of the story again at dinner; both father and mother were much amused. They agreed that Lance had acted rightly in making himself scarce, though my father laughingly quoted that saying about "living to fight another day."

"But you don't really think she'll come again, do you, father?" Lance asked anxiously.

"Well, she said she would, you know: and from what I saw of her I should say that she is a very determined old



lady. She is staying at the Krumptons for a month or more."

Lance asked for a second helping of beef, but he looked thoughtful and concerned.

"Never mind, dear," mother said, "the embarrassment needn't be on your side. I am sure you were not rude to her in any way — were you?"

"O no, mother. I wanted to explain awfully, only I couldn't chip in — I mean, mother, she gave me no chance. I stood there for nearly ten minutes with my cap off, and she never told me to put it on. Then she and the other lady began to chatter to one another just as though I wasn't there. I did think once of running away when they began to talk about grandmama, but I thought that wouldn't be polite. And you know yourself, mother, how she goes on. It's just like a ——"

"Tornado," put in Hilary as Lance paused to help himself to potatoes.

"Yes, that's it. And of course when she began to open her purse and talk about sixpences, I *had* to skedad — to say 'Good morning.'"

We all knew that Lance could not be rude if he tried his hardest, and though we teased him a good deal during dinner, he saw that we were laughing with him rather than at him. And I must say that our chaff had no bad effect upon his appetite. He says that singing always makes him very hungry; but it was just as well that the old lady did not see her singing-cherub feeding.

Well, two weeks passed by and she did not put in an appearance. However, Lance and she were destined to meet again, unexpectedly indeed, but under more favorable circumstances.

Every summer Colonel Ruggerson gives several garden-parties, and the first of them, as well as the last, is rather a big affair. Mother and father, Hilary, Harry, Lance, Willie and I are always invited: the Snags and other youngsters have one all to themselves the next day. My brothers and I help the Colonel all we can, and he says we are very useful. Lance of course is in request for singing, and though, poor chap, he suffers horribly in anticipation he always manages to enjoy himself before the end. He does not sing out of doors, but the moment people hear that he is going to begin they crowd the terrace outside the open French windows as well as the big drawing-room itself. You should see the poor chap tremble as he stands there facing the crowd, and looking rather small beside so many grown-up people — though he is big for his age. He says his lips get so dry that he is afraid they won't open; but once he begins I think he must forget the people altogether. The stillness is so great that one is afraid to move a limb, and almost to breathe. There is always a lovely string-band on the lawn, but when it plays people seem to talk their loudest. When Lance begins to sing there is not so much as a whisper. Even the bandsmen get as near to the house as they can in order to hear him.

But his worst time is when he has finished. The ladies

clap their hands and tap their fans, and carry on, while Lannie looks for all the world like a hunted hare trying to find covert. He generally gives what they call a song-cycle, or else two or three short songs one after the other, and then he tries to escape. He never succeeds, for people gush over him and hand him about from one to another as if he were — he says “a pet poodle,” but I say, a strayed seraph.



People always try to make him promise that he will go and see them, but he refers them all to mother or father. They want him to go to their own garden-parties all over the place, and some of them implore mother to let him stay with them in the holidays. He gets rosier and rosier as they crowd about him and pet him, and use up all the adjectives in the language in praising him. They fetch him lemonade,

and cakes and sweets, and try their best to make him ill; and all the time he is wishing that they would go to Jericho or that he could slip away for a swim in the river.

Then after a time you see father striding through the crowd — he is generally a head taller than anybody present — and he rescues Lannie from the people's clutches and takes him to some quiet room to rest for a while. And he is so grateful. Once — it is a year or two ago really — Lannie cried when he got out of the room, and begged father to let him go home. But father coaxed and soothed him and told him to be brave, and he came back all smiles and sang some solos from Wagner's operas in a way that made other people cry.

However, this is by the way. I want to tell you what happened at this particular garden-party.

THE COLONEL'S PARTY



## THE COLONEL'S PARTY.

(BY GEORGE RIDINGDALE.)

ON the afternoon of the garden-party we were all at the Chantry in good time, for unless the Colonel happens to have a sister or a niece staying with him he asks my mother to act as hostess, and in various little ways we help her. The Colonel says that if we did not back him up he could not give these big affairs, and that



his guests are really our guests: a very nice way of putting it, for of course we cannot afford to give such parties.

Lannie was in splendid voice that day, and I never saw him look jollier. He wore a new suit of Etons and a new pair of shoes, and certainly no boy at the party looked half so nice as my brother. We were all very proud of him as he finished his songs from *Hänsel and Gretel*, and his audience was, if anything, more enthusiastic than ever. Curi-

ously enough it was only just as he had finished his first performance that on looking round I saw Hilary listening to an elderly lady whose rich dress and excited way of talking put me in mind of our visitor of a fortnight ago. I felt quite sure that it was the lady — her name was Praggit — who had lectured Lance and offered him sixpence, and I wondered very much if she recognized him. For my part I don't think he looks a bit more of a gentleman in Etons than in knickerbocker-suit and clogs; but perhaps people who worship clothes, and judge others by their dress, think differently. I knew that Lance had not seen her, because I had been with him just before he began to sing. She was not sitting in front of him but at the side, and it was unlikely that he would catch sight of the old lady while he was singing his songs.

I was outside the room, standing wedged in close to the big doors that lead to the conservatory. It is a place from which one can get a good view, and as the applause broke out I promised myself some fun in seeing the meeting between Lannie and Mrs. Praggit. However, to my great astonishment, the cheering had scarcely ended when my father came striding through the crowd and taking Lance up in his arms put him on his shoulder and marched him out of the room. I saw that my father was laughing and treating the thing as a joke, but though I heard many people cry out, "Oh Mr. Ridingdale, *don't* take him away!" he only laughed the more and quickened his pace. I ran out of the conservatory and around to the entrance-hall, and



found them in the Colonel's study. Both of them were laughing like anything, and Lance had his arm around father's neck. "That was just splendid, daddie," Lance was saying, "a regular bit of strategy." He leaned against father like a child who is tired but very happy. "Yes," said my father, "I fancy the enemy was routed this time. What do you think, George?" he asked me as I went up to them and congratulated Lannie. I said it was delightful and was just going to ask father if *he* had caught sight of Mrs. Praggit, when I remembered that probably Lance had not, and that perhaps father had rescued him so that he should not meet her — at any rate until he had sung again. Then mother sailed into the room looking so nice in her summer-party dress, and of course father had to give up Lance to her. I need not say what she did to him. Father and I left them alone and went out on to the lawn to hear the band; but just as we left the room I heard Lance say, "O mammie darling, if I must be petted I want it *always* to be by you and father."

We soon came across the Colonel looking anxious, but pleased. "Won't ask you where Lannie is," he said. (When he is pleased with my brother he always calls him Lannie.) "They're asking for him all over the place. Old woman from Krumpton's — can't remember her name — she called on you, y'know — is offering reward to anybody who'll bring him to her."

We all kept clear of Mrs. Praggit, but several people tried to bribe me into telling them where Lance was. When

father left me he said, "Tell them all that Lannie is resting, but that he will sing again at a quarter to five."

The fact was that Lance was going to sing several rather difficult songs from *Tristan and Isolde*, and father knew that as he had never sung them in public before he was a little nervous. My father also knew how Lance hated to be petted by a crowd of people, and how hard it was to go on saying "No, thank you" again and again to the ladies who wanted to stuff him with all sorts of things that are bad for the voice. So father had taken the bull by the horns — at any rate, he had put the bird on his shoulder and carried him off.

The Chantry grounds are always lovely: to-day they were at their best, and the weather could not have been more perfect. The band played some awfully good music — too good, the Colonel said for the chatterers and gossipers who were drowning all the *pianissimo* parts. However, when Tschaikowsky's *Casse-Noisette* was started, some of them began to listen. The musicians had come all the way from Leeds and were really first-rate. The Colonel said that it was like giving cherries to pigs — providing good music for a crowd like this: next year he would get a brass band. This, he said, made an admirable accompaniment to mere clack.

However, when the time came for Lance to sing again, the crowd swept back to the terrace like one woman, and the lawn was completely deserted. The drawing-room and conservatory were of course reserved for ladies; the men

stood in big groups by the open windows without making a sound. Lance came in with Dr. Byrse, who always plays his accompaniments, and made his bow. He did not look at anybody, neither did he hide his face in the music sheets. He looked very pale, I thought, and I could see the music trembling in his hands. There was rather a long introduction on the piano and then he began.

I am not going to describe it because you know the music very well; but the moment he started it was clear that he was master of every bar. He scarcely looked at the notes but kept turning his eyes to the open window. He told me afterwards that there was a lovely bit of sky resting on the top of a big elm on the lawn, and that looking at it helped him a great deal. It was only when he got to one perfectly awful *fortissimo* passage that he followed the printed music very closely. Perhaps it was well that he did so, for just in the most thunderous part a lady fainted. Luckily she was behind the singer and he knew nothing of it. Dr. Byrse was pounding away at the piano like a man demented, but Lannie's voice rang out above it all — grandly — superbly!

Then there came a great lull and it seemed as though Dr. Byrse were playing dream-music. Lannie started again with a *pianissimo* so soft that it sounded like a mere whisper of lovely melody. This was the really difficult part for him, but Dr. Byrse said afterwards that throughout this soft and dreamy aria every note was as true as it could be. It finished so quietly that the last passage sounded like a hushed sigh.

You never saw anything like the enthusiasm of that well-dressed mob. If my father had appeared on the scene he would have had no chance of rescuing Lannie. The moment he had finished, half a dozen ladies rushed forward and surrounded him, but, old as she was, Mrs. Praggit was first and foremost. He was so completely swamped that until, at the Colonel's suggestion, the crowd moved out on to the lawn I could not see what she was doing, but as they came out in a sort of procession with Lance in the middle, I caught sight of something shiny on his wrist and I knew that she had fastened on him her own gold bracelet.

Poor Lannie! William Lethers' expression, "Looking nine ways for Sunday," is the only one that describes my brother's appearance at that moment. He was taking little quick, shy glances at each person who spoke to him — though they seemed to be all talking at once — and then dropping his head, as though he wanted to hide it in the earth. He was no longer pale. Quite a dozen times in crossing the lawn he put his hands in his pockets and took them out again — trying always to hide that wretched bracelet of gold that would not be hidden. A handcuff of steel would not have hurt him anything like so much.

"Jolly hard lines!" exclaimed Harry, coming up to me with Willie. "Collared and fettered, poor chap, by a lot of old ——"

"Couldn't we rescue him?" I asked.

"Father says better let them have him for a few minutes. Most of them will be going directly — it's getting late. It's

good discipline for Lannie, though it's pretty sharp. He tried all he knew to prevent them putting that bracelet on him, but two or three of those women actually held him while the old hag of the sixpence snapped it on. Mother says there are two or three diamonds in it, and she's just consulting with father as to what she shall do. Father's awfully savage."

"Yes," said Hilary, coming up at that moment, "this is a pretty kettle of fish. It's not only the bracelet, you know, they've given him quite a lot of things. I saw them slipping all sorts of rubbish into his pockets while the bracelet was being put on. I don't think Lannie knows anything about them. He was just bewildered. I believe young Mrs. Featherbough gave him a little watch: I know she put something in his waistcoat pocket. And I saw Lady Biddleswell shoving a gold bon-bon box into his trouser-pocket. Dare say he's a regular walking jeweller's shop if one only knew. Ah! thank goodness they're clearing off!"

One carriage had already driven away, and the Krump-ton party, including the bracelet-lady, were just getting into their mail-phaeton.

"I only hope they won't kidnap Lannie"—Willie said it rather anxiously—"I can't see him anywhere just now."

"O trust Lannie not to be kidnapped," Hilary laughed. "I'd like to see 'em try it. They'd find that they'd caught a tartar instead of a cherub. He'd fight like a young tiger. No, they wouldn't play such an idiotic game as that. He's got mixed up in the crowd, that's all."

“Look at all those people round mother and father!” exclaimed Harry. “See father shaking his head. I bet I know what they’re trying to do. They want to carry Lance off to dinner with them, or something. I’ll just stroll round and see the fun.”

We all started round, and without going up to the group we could hear somebody saying, “O Mrs. Ridingdale, *do* let him come! We’ll take the *greatest* care of him I assure you, and send him home in the carriage long before ten.”

Of course father and mother would not hear of it, and though they were both smiling I could see that father was annoyed. Lance was there — his arm well hooked in his mother’s. He seemed to be kicking a hole in the lawn with the toe of his shoe, but I could not see his face.

It took the people half an hour or so to clear off, but as we were all going to dine with the Colonel at seven o’clock, we did not go home. And really in spite of everything we had a jolly night. The first thing we did when we found ourselves alone was to help Lance clear out his pockets.

Hilary was quite right. Besides the gold bracelet — it had three blazing diamonds in it — he had got a tiny silver watch, a gold bon-bon box, a gold pencil-case, and a purse with two half-sovereigns in it. Lance took them one by one and put them into mother’s lap. He had not the least idea who had given him any of the things, except the bracelet.

We asked him if he thought Mrs. Praggit recognized him as the boy in clogs she had scolded so vigorously. He

said he was quite sure that she did. "She just wanted to make it up, you see. And," he continued, "she made Mrs. Krumpton badger mother ever so much to let me go and stay with them for the rest of the week. Thank goodness, she's going away next Wednesday. I don't suppose the others would have given me things if she hadn't started it: they never did before — at least not expensive things."

"Still, Lannie," I reminded him, "you have found things in your pockets before."



"O I know, chocolates and things. Yes, and those half-crowns last year. That was rather fun. I'm sorry Sir Harry Fisher wasn't here this year. He's abroad. I like him — though he can't conjure a bit. I know how all his tricks are done. Fact, I can do some of 'em better than he can. But he's an awfully good sort. He just waited till the ladies cleared off and then came up and shook hands and said, 'Thank you, my boy, thank you;' but I saw tears in his eyes as he turned away. And when he

began to conjure and asked if anybody would hold something for him, I jumped up immediately."

We all remembered this very well, for when Sir Harry had nearly finished, he pretended to take half-crowns out of the back of my brother's neck, then out of his sleeve, and then out of every part of his clothing — just as conjurers do, you know. But the joke was all on Lannie's side, for when the performance was over he found a half-crown stowed away in every one of his pockets!

Well, we had a delightfully cosy little dinner with the Colonel that night, and the question of Lannie's presents was argued out at some length. It was in some ways a difficult matter because, you see, we were the Colonel's guests just as much as the people who had given my brother the jewelry. After a time, both mother and father said that they were willing to leave the whole question in the Colonel's hands. Of course the opportunity of chaffing Lannie was too good to be lost — by the Colonel. He said that if the bracelet were accepted it must be worn constantly, and he thought Lannie ought to put it next his heart. But my brother can stand any amount of teasing when he is at dinner, and that particular night he was very hungry indeed.

In the end, the Colonel decided that the things ought to be kept. The giving of them was idiotic, he said, and under the circumstances, rather bad form; but he was glad Lannie had made such stupid folk enthusiastic. He couldn't go about asking people, "Here, I say, did you give that lad



this or that?" And he was sure my father wouldn't like to do it either. "As for that bracelet woman ——"

We never heard what he was going to say about the lady of the bracelet. I fancy he caught my mother's eye and checked himself.



LANCE'S NAUGHTINESS



## LANCE'S NAUGHTINESS.

### I.

THERE was no denying it. You might palliate it as much as you liked; you might excuse it; you might try to explain it away; but the fact stared you in the face. It could not be concealed. To every eye and ear it was too much in evidence. It met you at every turn and made you gasp. Even Mrs. Ridingdale had to admit it — and this is a serious statement.

What was the fact? It was — and I write it with much more than reluctance — it was that Lance Ridingdale was behaving very naughtily: had been doing so for several days.

“Can't think what's come over him,” Hilary was saying to the rest as they took their seats in Sniggery. “Something's got to be done, you know. A sheet of foolscap wouldn't nearly hold his misdemeanors of the past week. Not that I've written 'em down; I hate doing that. But he's got to be checked, and that's a fact. None of 'em is



serious enough to send him to father about. It's rather the number than the weight of the offences. Only they mustn't go on."

"It's just one of his fits, you know," Harry suggested. He'll come round again all right, you see. He's liable to that sort of thing. So am I, for that matter. You know, Hillie, *you've* come to years of discretion, or something."

"I think it's the sunshine," George remarked with a quiet smile. "There's a lot of the poet in Lannie, and this scrumptious weather makes him giddy. Sort of intoxication, you know; I noticed the same thing this time last year."

Willie Murrington looked concerned, but said nothing. In a private conference with Hilary he had already exhausted his budget of excuses for his foster-brother's conduct.

"When Jane and Sarah begin to complain," Hilary resumed, "it's about time somebody called the young man to order."

"I'll bet they didn't complain to *you*," laughed Harry.

"No, I wish they had. But I overheard both of them saying that something or other was really too bad of Master Lance. And they spoke as if they meant it. By the way, has anybody seen the young scamp since breakfast-time?"

*Bang!*

An explosion in the extremely near neighbourhood of Sniggery was not at all the answer to his question expected by Hilary; it was the only one he received. The four boys

were out of the summer-house in no time. A blinding smoke met them at the back of Sniggery. Lying on the ground was a toy cannon, hot to the touch. Traces of a thin train of gunpowder ran along the grass to an opening in the shrubbery.

“The beggar!” exclaimed Hilary. “And of course he’s hiding in the thick of the shrubbery! Well, look here, you fellows, we’ve got to catch him somehow. If we spend the morning over it, we must find him. I shall have to order you chaps to help me.”

“All right,” responded Harry. “But you’ll put him on trial when he’s copped? We ought to have some compensation, you know,” added Harry, who rather fancied himself in the part of counsel for the prosecution.

“Certainly. But let’s distribute ourselves. We must cut him off from the stable-yard, you know, or it’s all up. You take that end, George. You, Willie, stop here and lie low. He may run back for his cannon. You come with me, Harry, and beat about the shrubbery. If he doesn’t surrender, we’ll play on him with the garden-hose.”

It was not the game that they had intended to play on this holiday morning, but it was one that contained possibilities. Moreover, a trial by jury was sure to follow it — if they could catch the delinquent. The shrubbery was an appalling place to tackle, they knew that very well. There was so much of it, and the central portion was density itself. The shrubs were very high, very thickly planted, and covered an acre of ground. The shape was curiously

irregular, and it was intersected here and there with pathways that ran from the lawn to the kitchen-garden, and from the scullery to the stables. The boys quite realized that they had hard work before them.

Lance — it is of no use my pretending that Lance was not the firer of the cannon — Lance had one policy in regard to hiding — one born of much experience. It was to select the safest possible place and the darkest, and to remain there. He was “fleet of foot as the fleet-foot kid,” and could give his brothers trouble in the open; still he knew that once they sighted him his capture was only a matter of time.

By dint of much crawling on all-fours he had forced his way to the very heart of the shrubbery, and there he intended to remain. He guessed that Hilary would take the lead in pursuit, and laughed as he thought of his big lanky brother trying to creep through places that he (Lance) had had great difficulty in penetrating. It was a pity that he laughed.

“The beggar’s here, I’m sure!” called Harry to Hilary. “Heard him sniggering — didn’t you?”

Hilary’s reply was too muffled to be heard. Ignominiously, on hands and knees, was the big lad trying to force his way to the centre.

“We know you’re here!” Harry shouted to the unseen Lance. “I heard you laugh. Hillie and I are going to play on you with the garden-hose.”

“Do the shrubs good,” chanted Lance in his ringing



treble, and quite unable to resist the joy of answering back. The repartee was fatal to Lance's liberty. The next voice that was heard was not a treble one.

"Now that I know where you are, Lance," Hilary was saying, "I can go back." (The truth being that the big boy could not go forward.) "You can stop there as long as you please, but, remember, you are under arrest."

"I wanted *a rest*," saucily answered Lance.

But Hilary was in no humour for jokes. He could not see his young brother, but they were now well within speaking distance. Harry was also invisible.

"Are you there, Harry?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going in now to see father. I don't know whether he'll let me deal with this case. It may be too serious. We shall see."

At the sound of the word *father*, something seemed to grip Lance at the pit of his stomach.

There was silence now in the shrubbery, save for the sound of bodies pushing themselves through stoutly-resisting growths of laurel and arbutus. Both Hilary and Harry were getting out of the thicket as fast as they could. Lance was wondering what was best for him to do. Hilary meant business; that was clear enough. If father proceeded to extremities — Lance shuddered at the thought of it. A birching to-day — this very morning, perhaps — would be awful.

Harry had said of Lance that, except, perhaps, in the

soles of his feet, you could not have stuck a pin in any portion of his body that was not in some way bruised or wounded. Just at this time nothing could have been truer. Rugger, in its most unmitigated form, had left him with a big assortment of hacks; and a series of minor accidents in climbing trees to look into nests had painted his body in the sombre hues of black and blue. His escapade of this morning had reminded him, painfully and sensibly, of the existence of these sore places. The crawling in the shrubbery and the battle he had waged in squeezing his lithe body through tight places, had indeed added new wounds to the freshly-opened old ones. Protesting boughs had dealt him blows, and indignant branches had swished him fiercely. He knew that there was blood upon his face as well as upon his body; but it was only when, with great difficulty, he dragged himself into the light of day he found that his knickerbockers were in ribbons. There was no need for Harry, who was lying in wait, to ask him if he surrendered. Lance found that he was so stiff he could scarcely walk across the lawn.

“For goodness’ sake, don’t let mother spot you!” exclaimed Harry. “I’ve often seen you in a mess, but never in such a state as this. Do you know that your blouse is in tatters — literally tatters?”

“Is it really?” asked Lance, trying to look over his own shoulder.

“Past all repairs, that’s a fact. You’ll never be able to put that blouse on again.”

“Lucky it is an old one — eh, Harry?” queried Lance.

“And as for your face — well, wait till you see it in a glass!”

“My leg’s bleeding,” Lance said, stooping to turn down his stocking, the knee of which was soaked with blood. “Thought I was bleeding *somewhere*.”

“Better come in through the kitchen yard,” said Harry, sheering Lance off to the left of the terrace.

“Then Sarah’ll faint. She did the other day when I cut my thumb.”

“Can’t be helped. I won’t let mother see you like this. You’ll have to change every stitch of clothing. Take your clogs off here while I fetch your slippers.”

Luckily Sarah was sweeping the drawing-room, and Jane had gone to the kitchen-garden.

“Wonder what’s going to happen?” Lance asked himself as he unlaced his clogs — the only part of his dress that had not suffered. “A birching would come jolly hard just now. Don’t think I could be strapped down without howling. What an ass I’ve been! Hilary can make it hot for me if he likes.”

As a matter of fact, Hilary could have made things very “hot” for Lance, but he had not done so. Knowing that his father was engaged upon an important and a more than usually lucrative piece of literary work, Hilary had hesitated about interrupting him, even for a moment. But the Squire so frequently repeated his wish that the boys should always come to him when they really wanted to see him, on any

day or at any hour, that Hilary thought it best to put the matter before his father in a few words.

"I understand," said Mr. Riddingdale with a smile. "General naughtiness, and so on? Culminating in a burlesque attempt to blow up Sniggery?"

"He only wanted to make us jump, you know, father. The thing couldn't have hurt anybody or anything."

"Except himself," laughed the Squire. "Let that toy cannon be confiscated forthwith. I suppose Williams gave him the powder?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, I shall forbid him to give powder to any of you. All right, Hilary. You can deal with Lannie. I can trust you not to be too hard upon him."

Lance would have been reassured if he could have heard this little conversation; but, while it was going on, he was bathing his wounds, and getting into another suit of clothes. The looking-glass had startled him, for, until a warm sponge was applied, a more scratched and blood-bedaubed face could hardly have been imagined.

"And now that you are looking a little more fit," said Harry, as Lance, having finished lacing his clogs, eyed his brother inquiringly, "I must remind you that you are a prisoner."

"Where is Hilary?" Lance inquired anxiously, as Harry proceeded to lock the handcuffs on his wrists.

"With father, I dare say. Oh, here he is! Now you'll know your fate." Hilary's face looked stern.

"You've given us a lot of trouble, young man," he said to Lance; "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I'm beastly sorry, Hillie." Lance spoke rather hoarsely. "Er — have you seen father?"

"Yes, I have. And I was very much inclined to press for a swishing. But I didn't. You are handed over to the



tribunal of Sniggery. Don't think you'll get off with a light sentence, because you won't. In fact, I strongly advise you to plead guilty."

"Please, Hilary ——" Lance was beginning with some hesitation.

"Well?" demanded the eldest brother, making a move towards Sniggery.

“Won't you let me plead guilty, and deal with me — I forget the right word — it's what that fellow said to father and the other magistrates last week.”

“You mean *summarily*,” Hilary suggested with a smile.

“Yes, that's it. I know you're all busy this morning, a trial lasts such a time.”

“But it's great fun,” put in Harry, who always enjoyed himself when on the stump. Indeed he liked public speaking as much as he loathed writing.

“Not quite such fun for the prisoner,” said Hilary thoughtfully as he glanced at Lance's anxious and repentant face.

“Just this once, Hillie,” pleaded the prisoner. “You can be a magistrate this time instead of a judge, you know, and Harry can bring me up before you — *now*. It needn't make any difference to the sentence.”

“It won't do that,” laughed Hilary. “You'll get hard labour instead of penal servitude, that's all. And you know by experience that they both come to the same thing. But you've got to be punished, you know. There are twenty or thirty distinct charges against you.”

“Are there *really*?” asked the astonished prisoner as he was led into Sniggery.

“Yes,” replied Hilary, taking his seat on the bench, and putting on a magisterial look. “Do you plead guilty to the whole lot?”

“I'd like to know some of them; I didn't think there were so many.”

"But the gunpowder plot's enough," Harry suggested.

"More than enough," assented Hilary. "An attempt to blow up ——"

"Oh, but I didn't want to blow up anything," Lance interrupted.

"Ah, well," began the magistrate, "I suppose we must have a trial by jury after all. I thought officer," addressing Harry, "the prisoner was going to plead guilty?"

"Better say 'yes' to the whole shoot," Harry admonished the culprit.

"Do you plead guilty to letting off a cannon within the precincts of the court?" sternly demanded Hilary.

"Oh, well, if you call the back of Sniggery the precincts of a court — yes, I do plead guilty."

"Do you plead guilty to taking a large piece of candied peel from the kitchen dresser while Jane had her hands in the dough and couldn't prevent you?"

"Guilty," faltered Lance. This time he certainly looked it.

"Do you plead guilty to ripping a suit of clothes to tatters in an attempt to evade the justice of the law?"

"It was only a blouse and a pair of old ——"

"Guilty or not guilty?" the magisterial Hilary insisted.

"Oh, well — guilty."

"Do you plead guilty to playing the garden-ox all over the place for the last week or so?" Hilary asked with less than his usual lucidity, "and to endangering your own life and limb, and the lives and limbs of your brothers and sis-

ters, in a futile attempt to double the parts of harlequin and clown?"

Harry felt inclined to applaud. Lance felt inclined to laugh — and did so.

"This is no laughing matter, sir," admonished Hilary. "I await your plea."

"Guilty, m'lord," spluttered Lance after a little struggle with himself.

"Shouldn't say m'lord to a magistrate," Harry whispered. "Call him 'your honour,' or — or something."

"Guilty, your honour."

"Very well," said the amateur J. P. "The other six-and-twenty charges need not be gone into. They are all sufficiently grave. I need not remind you that to go to Mass in unpolished clogs is an indictable offense; nor need I insist upon the fact that Dr. Byrse's desk is not the fitting place for a hedgehog — dead or alive. To try and persuade Gas that Connie's doll was the bone of a mutton-chop, and to be worried accordingly ——"

"'Twas an awfully old doll," Lance struck in, "and I thought ——"

"Mustn't interrupt a magistrate," Harry reminded him. "Get it all the hotter if you do."

"As I was saying," Hilary resumed with a frown, "or was about to say — the introduction of a pet jackdaw into the sacred arena of classical studies may be funny, but that it is a source of distraction to the average student cannot truthfully be denied. But enough! I do not sit here to



harrow a prisoner's feelings. My duty is to pass sentence. I need not say that under the circumstances that sentence must be a severe one. I therefore order you into solitary confinement until dinner-time. Within a reasonable time after dinner you will be put in irons and conveyed to Siberia, where you will be kept to the hardest of hard labour for three hours. Remove the prisoner!—and, officer!" added Hilary, addressing Harry, "I hold you responsible for his safe custody, and for the proper carrying out of the sentence. I'm going out with mother and father this afternoon."

Hilary left the magisterial bench with alacrity. The first bell for dinner had sounded.





## II.

CONVERSATION at the dinner-table hovered about Mrs. Praggit and the Krumptons.

Harry had been heard to say that although in herself Mrs. Praggit was no joke, she was certainly a fruitful cause of mirth in others. Lance did not at all object to Harry's recalling the church door episode,



when, not knowing who he was, the lady had hectored him from her carriage and offered him sixpence. It was nothing to Lance that she mistook him for a boy of the village, and regarded his wearing of doubly-ironed clogs on a Sunday as the penalty of some inherent naughtiness. He had rather enjoyed the bullying, and was not at all displeased

with the recollection of his own presence of mind in refusing the sixpence. But he found it impossible to forget, and difficult to forgive, the scene at the Colonel's garden-party. To force a gold bracelet upon a boy was, he thought, one of those peculiarly asinine things that only a woman like Mrs. Praggit could be guilty of. But he had comforted himself with the thought that some day the bracelet and "the other rotten things" that other silly ladies had loaded him with after his singing would be very acceptable to Maggie and Connie. Moreover, mother had said that they should be regarded as his gifts to his sisters.

Mrs. Praggit was again staying with the Krumptons, and had called no less than four times at Ridingle Hall without once having the good fortune to see Lance. How he managed to escape her was a mystery that neither mother nor father cared to probe. On each occasion Lance was *out*. Messages had been left for him, and he had replied to them with notes so polite that if Father Horbury had permitted it Lance would have anticipated his fortnightly confession.

"I wonder if we could make room for Lannie?" Mrs. Ridingle asked her husband. "Among other places, we are going to call at the Krumptons'," she remarked to Lance, "and perhaps you ought to say 'Good-bye' to Mrs. Praggit."

Lance had been rather silent during the meal. As his mother spoke to him he flushed hotly, and then glanced quickly at Hilary and his father.

"I fancy, my dear, Lannie is very much engaged this afternoon," said Mr. Ridingdale, trying to look grave but not quite succeeding. "Isn't that so, Hilary?"

"Yes, father. From two till five Lance will be — well, occupied."

Mrs. Ridingdale smiled. She was too wise a mother to ask leading questions in public. Moreover, she half suspected that Lance was in trouble.

"There are some agricultural improvements going on at the north side of the kitchen-garden," Mr. Ridingdale explained to his wife. "Lannie's presence there is, I fear, indispensable."

"Well, we are not quite sure that your friend is still here, Lannie," Mrs. Ridingdale said as she gave him a second helping of pudding. "If she is, can we give her any message from you?"

"Don't know what message to send, mother. Can't send her my love, you know, 'cause ——" Lance hesitated.

"Well, dear, suppose I say that you are sorry not to have the opportunity of ——"

"Saying good-bye to her? O yes, mother, that would be first-rate. Wouldn't be any humbug about that, would there?"

"I wasn't going to say quite that, Lannie," she rejoined laughingly.

"Put in that way it might be misunderstood," remarked the Squire. "However, Lannie, you will be safe in leaving the message to your mother."

"Yes, mother, you'll know what to say," assented Lance, wondering a little what Hilary, Harry, and George were sniggering at. Wondering also if the three hours' hard labour he was going to do would justify three helpings of pudding. A moment's hesitation satisfied him that a third helping would be sheer greediness. Mother seemed to take it as a matter of course, but a second plateful sometimes gave him a twinge of conscience.

"I'd like to see mother just for a minute," Lance whispered to Harry at the end of dinner; for that vigilant "officer" had thought it necessary to remind the culprit that he was in custody.

"All right. But you'll turn up again — honour bright?"

"Honour bright!" ejaculated Lance as he ran after his mother. "And I shan't be long."

He was longer than he intended to be. His multiplied faults were beginning to weigh upon him a good deal; but he was particularly sorry for the ripped clothing. Mother herself had made that blouse — the material of which was anything but flimsy. He wanted to tell her how very sorry he was. It hurt him to think that he had added materially to that never-diminishing heap of sewing to which she sat down every day of her life. He wished he could say truthfully that he was glad of his punishment; but then he was not. Digging, all alone, for three hours was hateful.

Then, too, although he did not want to see Mrs. Praggit, he was sorry to miss going to the Krumptons'. He and Mrs. Krumpton were very old friends. He was always glad

to sing for her, and did not even begrudge the changing into Etons and shoes in prospect of a drive to her house. So, on the whole, he reflected, he was being pretty well punished for his naughtiness, and felt the need of comfort in the unfailing word with mother. But it meant more than a word. It meant the mother's kiss that makes for strength — as well as for consolation.

So, while Lance was having his irons put on, though Harry saw that there were unshed tears in the prisoner's eyes, he noticed also a budding smile, and guessed by what special mother-method the smile had been won.



## III.

Siberia had never seemed so lonely. The brilliant sunshine and the absence of every human sound served to emphasize Lance's sense of solitariness. Moreover, there had been very little rain lately, and the soil was dry and hard. Lance felt grateful to Harry for giving him a fork instead of a spade. During the first hour he had not felt the loneliness; perhaps at that time his back had not ached so much as it did now.

By this time father and mother and Hilary would be well on their way to the Krumptons' — who lived quite a mile beyond Hardlow. The Snags were all in the woods; the Snigs had, of course, gone down to the river. It was just the afternoon for boating and bathing, Lance reflected. If only he hadn't been such an ass! How hot he was, and how thirsty! And the garden pump was dry! He wondered if he might venture to go to the scullery for a drink of water. He could tell Hilary afterwards, and he did not think his big brother would mind.

But he tried to persuade himself that he was not very thirsty; and for half an hour or so he worked on doggedly



—hoping that it was nearer five o'clock than four, but greatly fearing that it was not.

What a fearfully long afternoon it was! The old stable-clock must have struck four long ago, though he had not heard it. And all this time, if only he hadn't played the fool, he might have been sitting in Mrs. Krumpton's big, cool drawing-room, drinking tea and eating strawberries and cream, and singing some of his prettiest, if not his most difficult songs.

“Oh, but it must be five!” he ejaculated when, after what seemed quite a long interval, the stable-clock struck *four*. “It's no good,” he said to himself, driving the fork into the soil, “I must have some water. And I'll take a squint at that clock.”

Now if you knew the intricacies of the big kitchen-garden at Ridingle Hall, you would understand why that squint at the clock led to Lance's exceeding confusion. If he had kept on the main pathway which, after one or two turnings to the right, leads straight to the scullery-yard, all would have been well. But, in order to get a sight of the clock, he had to turn to the left and pass through the orchard. Perhaps, too, if he had not been running, and if his clogs and shackles had not made so much noise, the sound of female voices in the orchard would have reached his ears in time. As it was, he burst through the orchard gate and found himself facing, not only Maggie and Connie, but — of all people in the world! — Mrs. Praggit and her companion!

In every sense of the word, poor Lance was in a tight

place. No sooner did his sisters catch sight of him than each ran and seized one of his hands.

“So glad you’ve come, Lannie!” exclaimed Maggie. “You see, there’s just nobody at home but us. Of course I’ve told Sarah to make the tea. We were looking for you everywhere — weren’t we, Connie?”

The two girls clung to him as though a grubby-looking, shirt-sleeved, bare-armed brother in irons were the most natural and the most delightful thing in the world. Certainly, Lance was glad that they were present.

Both Mrs. Praggit and her companion had given little screams at his sudden appearance; but they very soon recovered themselves.

“My *dear* boy!” the elder lady began, “what a terrible state of perspiration you are in! I suppose you are playing a game of some kind?”

“Not exactly,” was the only reply that Lance could make. But he made a brave attempt to smile as he expressed his deep concern at his mother’s absence, and explained that she had gone to call at the Krumptons’ that very afternoon.

“She will be sorry to have missed you,” he added — cheeks and ears tingling as the hot blood mounted to them, but intensely thankful that by clinging to his arms Maggie and Connie relieved him of the necessity of displaying his dirty hands.

“My brothers will be home at five; and you will take some tea — won’t you?”

“But you will join us directly, my dear — will you not?”

said Mrs. Praggit — “when you have — I mean, when you have finished your game?”

Lance did not know what to say — except “Thank you very much;” but it was a relief to find that the ladies were moving towards the house. “I shall be — at liberty at five o'clock,” he said shamefacedly. “I hope you are not pressed for time?”

“Not at all,” said the lady. “Besides I want to see you and your parents very particularly. You will sing for us before we go — will you not?”

“I shall be very pleased,” Lance said rather feebly, “if ——”

“Gareth is with us,” whispered Maggie, “shall I send him down to the river for Harry?”

“Oh, *do*, Maggie!” exclaimed the boy eagerly. “Send him at once! Tell him to run all the way!”

Lance had often said that “William of Deloraine, good at need,” was “not in it” with his sister Maggie; that night he praised her until she blushed with delight.

He was longing to be off. The ladies were still eyeing him — curiously and wonderingly. He was fearing every moment that some awkward question would be asked. If only they would get outside the orchard — he at any rate would not linger.

“Sarah’s laying tea in Snuggery,” Connie said as Maggie ran off to find Gareth.

“In that case,” said Lance, darting forward to open the orchard gate, “your nearest way is through the shrubbery.”

He waited to shut the gate; then, with a flourish of his cap, he clanked off.

An angry exclamation broke from him when he found himself alone. He had received a big humiliation, and he did not like it. And the thought that, if only he had gone on digging he would not have been seen, did not make the thing easier to bear. What would those ladies think of him? Of course they would pump Connie, who, being younger than Maggie, would immediately let it all out.

“That old woman’s a regular Nemesis!” he growled to himself. “Fancy her, of all people, seeing me in this state! Glad I didn’t take my collar off — though I guess it’s not over-clean. Oh, and hang it! I didn’t get any water after all!”

He laughed a little grimly as he took up the fork and began to dig. His faults were finding him out with a vengeance. And he had wasted quite twenty minutes of his three hours. Would Hilary expect him to make it up? He would tell Harry, of course and, as Harry had him in custody, he could decide.

But the meeting again with Mrs. Praggit! Luckily, even if Harry turned up before five the Snuggery tea would be over. He would get his meal in the dining-room with his brothers. Singing was about the last thing in the world he felt inclined for just now; yet he supposed he would have to make the attempt. He began to wonder vaguely how such a nice lady as Mrs. Krumpton could possibly have a person

like Mrs. Praggit staying with her. Thank goodness, the creature had come to the end of her visit!

“Hello, No. 5!” — it was Harry — “you haven’t done so much amiss. But what’s all this about visitors? Thought mother had gone to call on the Praggit?”

“So she has,” said Lance dejectedly. “They’ve just missed one another. You see, mother wasn’t going straight to the Krumptons’.”

“Well, I suppose she wants to see *you!*”

“She’s seen me.”

“*What!*”

“Fact.” And Lance told the whole story.

“Oh, I say, you know,” laughed Harry, “this is more than a joke! You are an unlucky beggar at times, Lannie! Well, look here — it’s going hard for five, and I really think you’ve done enough. I’ll make it all right with Hillie. You cut indoors and have a bath.”

To have his fetters unlocked — to run to the house — to bathe — to put on a fresh blouse and collar — to have a tea which was not of the drawing-room order — with Lance, at any rate, these matters were anything but the work of a moment; though some heroes of fiction have a knack of doing quite as many things in a wonderfully short space of time. Three-quarters of an hour elapsed from the time of Lance’s leaving the garden to his appearance at the door of Snuggery. He did not hurry because, first of all, he knew that Harry and George were quite capable of entertaining

the visitors; secondly, if the truth must out, he was not at all anxious to interview Mrs. Praggit.

But the bath or the tea, or both combined, made him brave; and he hoped that song and music might be permitted to take the place of talk — at any rate, of cross-examination.

## IV.

Lance not only took pleasure in his singing, but liked those people to whom it gave pleasure. And now he came to think of it, he considered it very good of the visitors to prolong their afternoon call merely for the sake of hearing him warble. However, he thought some apology due from himself — though Harry had promised to excuse him — and he made it handsomely.



“Oh, my dear, we are not at all in a hurry, I assure you,” said the lady. “I cannot leave you until your mother and father return. I want to see them — *particularly.*”

Standing at the door of Snuggery, Lance marvelled. The visitor was talking as though she were an old friend of the family. What could it mean? And she was nodding and smiling at him as though he understood. One glance at Harry and George assured him that they were “extensively and articulately bored.” Fortunately for the credit of the house, Maggie was doing the honours as though she gave

an "At Home" every afternoon of her life. Even while he strung his lute, Lance was considering in what way he could reward his sister for her distinguished services.

Without book or music-sheet he sang two or three pretty ballads, one after another — scarcely waiting for the inevitable applause and the rapturous "Oh-how-sweet!" of the visitors. He was glad to find himself in fairly good voice; the hard labour of the afternoon had not over-fatigued him. All the same, he was longing for the return of father and mother.

He did not hear their footsteps on the grass; but, just as he had finished his fourth song, an arm stole round his neck, and, in another instant, he was lifting rosy lips for his mother's kiss.

"We may go now — mayn't we mammy?" he whispered anxiously. "She wants to see you *particularly*. And father. She said so."

"Very well, dear," whispered Mrs. Ridingdale; "but I don't think she can have anything *very* important to say to us."

Followed by her husband, she hurried towards Snuggery to greet her visitors, and Lance ran into the house to get rid of his instrument.

But for Maggie, wide-eyed and important and bursting with news, I doubt if Lance would immediately have heard of the "particular" matter on which Mrs. Praggit wished to see his parents.



Lance was sitting with Maggie and Connie in serious consultation. The party in Snuggery were just moving into the house.

“I'd run away if I thought mother and father ——”

“Oh, but *of course* they won't,” Maggie interrupted.

“Don't look like that, Lannie!”

“Like what?”

“Like you are looking; it's *dreadful!*”

It really was. He was so bronzed and ruddy that nothing could have made him turn pale; but his face had taken on a look of despair and disgust that half frightened his sisters.

“The very idea of her wanting to *adopt* me!” he exclaimed bitterly.

“I'm sure and certain,” said Maggie, with immense conviction, “that mother won't let her.”

“It's father I'm thinking of. You see he talked the other day about sending me off somewhere.”

“O Lannie, he didn't! He really didn't. He only said — ‘How would you *like* to be sent to some school a long way off — all by yourself?’ And he didn't mean it. You can always tell when father means things.”

“He might mean it to-day, though. You see, I've been worse since he said that. If he had not been so busy this morning, I fancy he'd have birched me. Hilary had me up for such a lot of things, you see.”

“Mrs. Praggit's awfully rich ——” Connie was beginning.

“Rich!” ejaculated Lance savagely, “just as if that made any difference!”

“She said she would make you her heir,” Maggie ventured.

“Oh, *do* shut up!” Lance almost shouted, knocking his feet together with a vehemence that made his clog-irons ring.

It was just the reflection that Mrs. Praggit was very rich that made Lance uneasy. No one understood better than he the poverty of his father, and the material advantage it would be to the whole family if one of its boys were provided for — not merely for a time, but for life. Manfully he struggled against the sickening feeling that his fate was at that very moment being decided. Yet the thought of his mother remained uppermost, do what he could to suppress it. And for many reasons he was trying to suppress it. In the presence of his sisters there must not be the smallest hint of tears.

He jumped up suddenly, saying, “It is no use, Maggie! I can’t stay here. I — I don’t feel very well. At least, I’m awfully tired. I shall go to — I shall go upstairs.”

With his back turned to his sisters, he had spoken; he now ran at full speed towards the house. As he passed the drawing-room door, he could hear the raised voice of Mrs. Praggit. Mounting the broad staircase, he crept to his sleeping-room; but he did not go to bed. He threw himself on his knees by the little altar that stood between his bed and George’s, and — the flood came.

“O dear Lord!” he cried, “don’t let it happen! It’ll break my heart! I know I’ve been bad, but I’m *ever* so sorry. And I really *will* be better. I have tried, and I’ll try harder!”

His whole body shook with sobbing. In his unreasonable grief, it seemed to him as if all the faults of his life — faults long ago forgiven and forgotten both by God and man — were now finding him out. Greatly as he had always loved his home-life, it had never until this moment seemed to be so desirably lovely, so utterly impossible to give up.

He did not hear a carriage drive away from the door. He did not hear suppressed laughter in the hall below. He did not hear Maggie calling to her mother. He did not hear a light footstep tripping up the stairs.

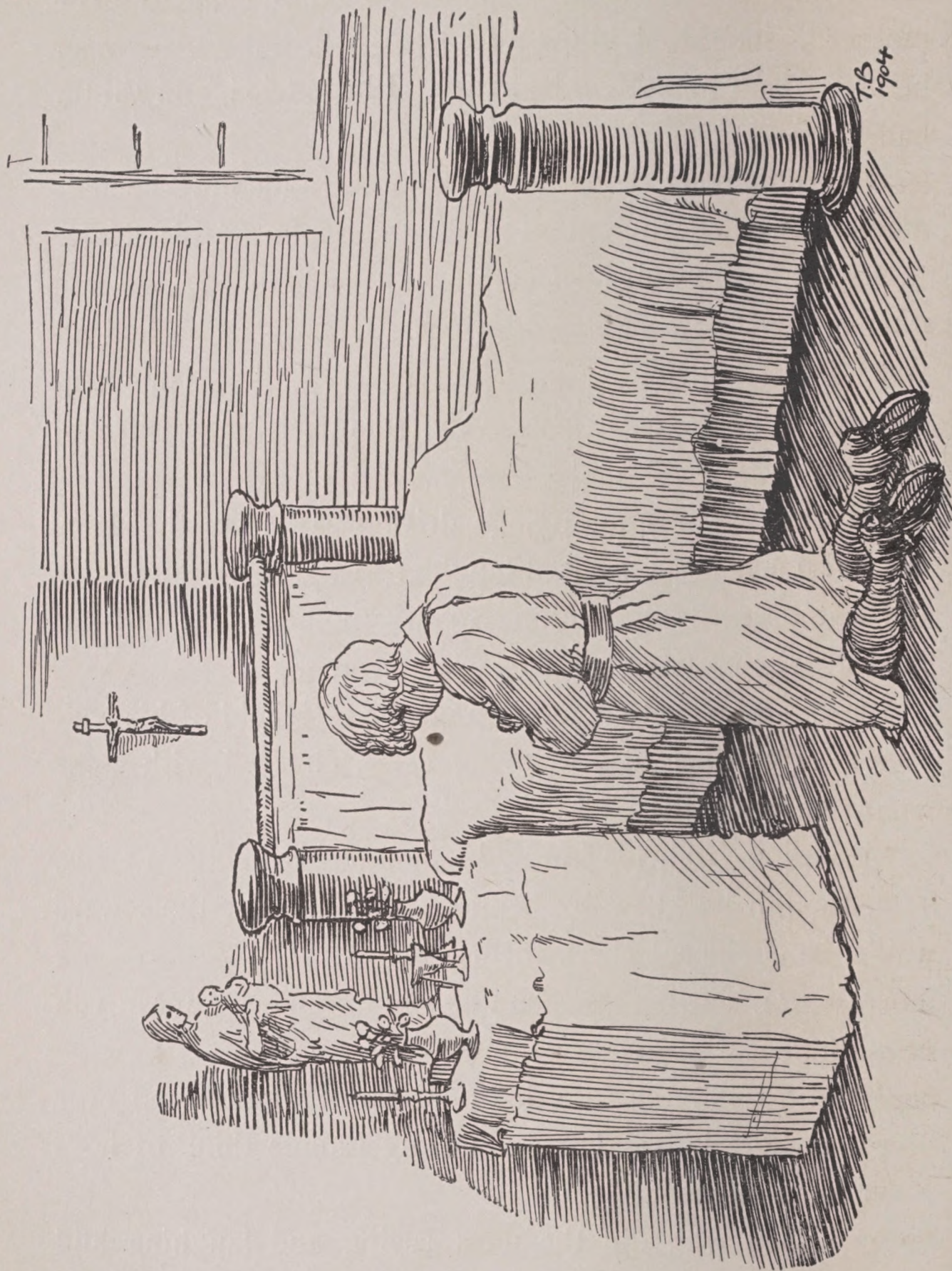
But he did hear that footstep on the threshold of his bedroom. He heard also a loving voice, charged with some surprise, say softly — “*My darling!*”

Springing from his knees, he flew to his mother’s arms, and, though he knew by her look that the questions were futile, he could not check them: —

“Mammy darling! she isn’t — you haven’t — I mean you wouldn’t — would you, mammy?”

“Not for all the wealth of all the Praggits who ever lived, my precious! How could my Lannie think of it — even for a moment?”

And then who did the most crying and laughing and scolding and comforting — may be guessed. I only know



T.B.  
1904

that a boy ever so much ashamed of himself clung to his mother as though he despaired of ever telling her how much he loved her; that the mother clasped her boy as though he had escaped some threatened peril, and as if she dared not let him leave her arms.

“Mrs. Praggit went away in an awful wax,” Harry said to Lance, later in the evening. “She as good as told father and mother that they were lunatics. If father hadn’t been very cool, there would have been a regular row. You see, she had made up her mind that she was going to adopt you, and she thought mother would jump at it. She was frightfully sold when they both told her straight that they couldn’t and wouldn’t hear of it.”

“What a cheek the creature has!” ejaculated Lance.

“Yes, hasn’t she? I s’pose it’s a regular eye-opener to rich people when they find that they jolly well can’t buy what they happen to want most.”

“I wonder Mrs. Krumpton invited her.”

“She didn’t. Mrs. Praggit just telegraphed to say she was coming, and she came. Thank goodness she goes tomorrow. She had the impudence to remind father that *he’d* adopted a boy; just as if that had anything to do with her!”



LANCE'S CIRCLE







### LANCE'S CIRCLE.

VERY shyly one June day, and with the blush that so easily overspread his sunny face, Lance asked me if I would not join his Apostleship circle.

“It’s like this,” he began to explain eagerly, “I’ve only just got my diploma, and though both George and Willie are Promoters, I’d like to have a circle of my own. Father Horbury says there’s no reason why people shouldn’t belong to more than one circle; but — perhaps you’d rather not,” he added hesitatingly, and with the tone of one who thought he might be asking too much.

Though at that time I scarcely knew what the Apostleship meant, I soon made him understand how very glad I should be to join what I called his spiritual team of fifteen pray-ers, just as I had joined his football fifteen.

“Funny I never thought of that,” he said laughing merrily. “A *praying-team* is rather a good idea. Did you hear that, Willie?”

I had found the two of them sitting at one of the several little tables which, together with all sorts of upturned boxes and extemporized seats, were dotted about Arts and Crafts. They were both absorbed in writing, and, though George was absent, I felt sure that I was breaking in upon the labours of the *Bow-Wow* staff. However, Lance had quickly explained that he and Willie were just taking advantage of a passing shower to go over the lists of members of the various circles of the Apostleship.

“My brothers have had the start of me,” he said, sitting down again at the little table and looking over the various papers, “and of course they’ve collared all the best people. I shall just have to go to work and — what do you call it? — canvass, isn’t it?”

“I see Dominic’s name on every list,” Willie Murrington said with a smile. “I should like to know how many rosaries Dominic says every day.”

“Don’t believe the old saint keeps any count,” said Lance. “In a quiet sort of way I once tried to find out, but he hedged so well I couldn’t get him to answer my questions. Then I asked Father Horbury, and he said the

only possible way of getting to know was to make friends with Dominic's angel guardian."

"Well," I remarked, knowing how devoted Dominic was to Lance, "if the old man won't tell you he'll tell nobody. You'll get him on your list of course?"

"Rather! You see, when a chap uses a fifteen-mystery rosary, an odd decade more or less is nothing to him."

"He prays so well," said Willie, with that seriousness which was as much a part of his character as a sunny volatility was of Lance's. "We can *tell* that he's really meditating on the mystery. Farther Horbury told us one day that after a talk with Dominic he sometimes gets quite new and useful thoughts."

"Dominic's a jolly holy old man, I tell you," Lance declared with enthusiasm. "I've put his name at the top of my list, and he's got to join my circle — though he runs two or three of his own. I wonder who else there is?"

"What about the Lethers?" I asked.

"O Mrs. Lethers is a Promoter, of course, and her husband and Tommie are in her circle. Mother says I oughtn't to bother people to say extra decades if they don't want to."

"Do any of the guild lads belong to the Apostleship?" I inquired.

"Ripping!" exclaimed Lance; "never thought of them. Just the very chaps. Let's look through these papers again, Willie, and see how many guild lads are in the Second Degree."

The June shower that had promised to be a passing one now threatened to develop into a steady downpour. Through the open window one could tell that the bowling at the nets had suddenly ceased. Very soon there was a scurry of clogged feet on the terrace outside. The atmosphere of Arts and Crafts became charged with the perfume of countless roses.

“Not a blessed one!” ejaculated Lance after he had compared notes with Willie. “Not one of those guild chaps are in any of our circles, yet I know they all belong to the Apostleship. Look here, I’ll try and get my team of fifteen from them.”

“And you’ll kick out Dominic and me?” I asked mischievously.

“Oh, no: course not.”

“Better try for a cricket-team of guild-boys,” I suggested.

“Yes,” smiled Willie, “you’ll find it easier to get an eleven, Lannie.”

“I’ll get more than eleven — you see,” said Lance with a look of determination. “You wait till after next Thursday.”

Now next Thursday was the great day of St. Aloysius, kept at Ridingdale with much festivity. It was the big fête-day of the guild. And on the following Sunday all the boys would go to Holy Communion.

It was clear that Lance had some plan in his mind: equally clear it soon became that he was not going to talk

about it. In fact he put up his papers and laid down his pen with a gesture of finality, leading the conversation to the subject of cricket with vivacity and directness. The shower ceased, and we went out to look at the newly rain-washed roses.

. . . . .

After Holy Communion, on the Sunday following the feast of St. Aloysius, Lance and George and Willie and I remained to breakfast with the guild-boys. After breakfast, Father Horbury gave us one of his three minutes' talks. One could always remember what he said.

"I need not remind you, boys, that daily prayer is as necessary as daily bread. We can't do without it. Now, if I went round this room and asked each of you fifty or sixty lads, 'What prayers do you say every day?'—I'm not going to do it, of course—I don't think there is one of you who would have to answer 'None.' But if I asked each of you, 'Do you say the Rosary every day?' I feel sure that some of you would reply, 'Haven't time, Father.' Very well. Perhaps you haven't time. All of you work hard, and therefore you have a right to play. But you have also the right and the privilege to *pray*. Now, to some of you, perhaps, a whole Rosary seems a great deal; but what about one decade, lads? Just one mystery of the Rosary every day? Just one Oúr Father and ten Hail Marys? Not so very much, is it, after what the good God has given you? It is only a suggestion, boys. Not one of you need feel uneasy if he thinks he can't manage it. I'm not

going to make it a rule of the Guild, or anything of that sort. I simply recommend it to you. You all belong to the First Degree of the Apostleship of Prayer, and you all make the Morning Offering. I am glad of that, and for many reasons. It brings you into contact with a big army of praying people. It helps you to think of the needs of others, as well as of your own. It is a very unselfish organization; if it were not it wouldn't be an Apostleship. It saves us from being too local and selfish. It reminds us that we belong, not to a sect, but to a Church that is spread all over the world. The daily decade of the Rosary, offered for the intention which changes every month, and for *all* our Lord's intentions — one of these being, as you know, your own salvation — is a great means of grace, and I heartily recommend it to you."

Father Horbury just added that their prefect (Lance himself) would form one or more circles of fifteen, if any of them cared to put down their names; then, giving them his blessing, he left them.

If you had been in the neighbourhood of the guild-room when the lads dispersed, this is what you would have seen: Five-and-forty lads come out, each with a ticket in his hand and a rose in his button-hole. And if you had compared the printed slip with the flower, you would have seen that every holder of a Joyful Mystery wore a white rose; every Sorrowful Mystery bearer a red rose; every recipient of a Glorious Mystery a yellow-golden rose.

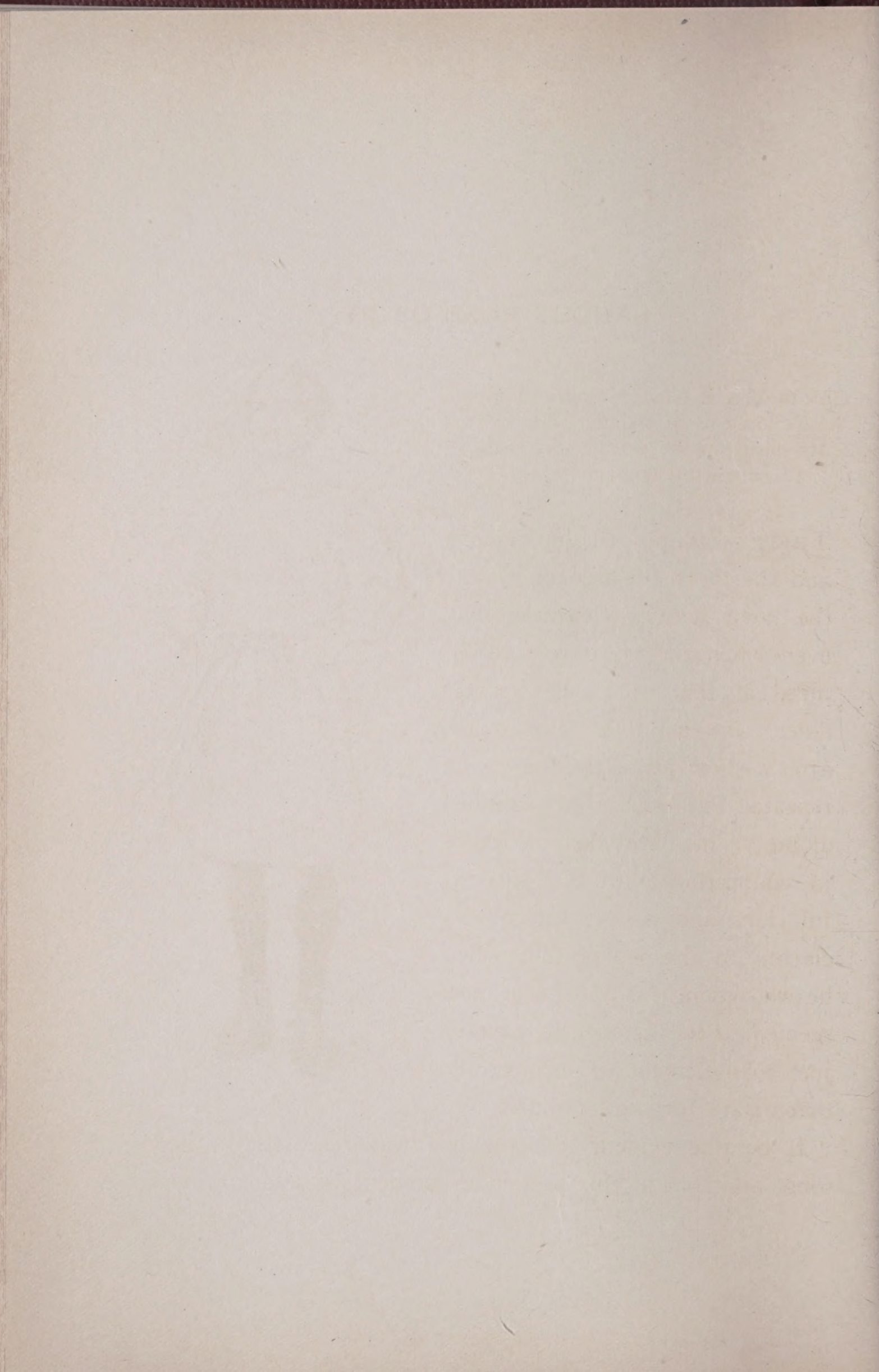
"O it wasn't exactly my idea," Lance protested when I

expressed my pleasure. "We always decorate the shrine with those three colours. Mother suggested it first. We call them the Mystery roses. And this year there's such a lovely crop, mother said I might put a lot on the breakfast-table this morning. And of course I knew some of the lads would make up a circle and so —— By-the-way, I mustn't forget to give you your ticket."





LANCE'S ROSE OF JOY



## LANCE'S ROSE OF JOY.

Ye thrilled me once, ye mournful strains,  
Ye anthems of plaintive woe,  
My spirit was sad when I was young;  
Ah sorrowful long-ago!

THERE was no accompaniment, and the words floated out on to the lawn with a clearness that, even when the voice was recognized as that of Lance Ridingdale, was notable. But when after a short pause the lines were repeated Father Horbury laughed aloud. The bare idea of Lance in connection with a "sorrowful long-ago,"—of Lance declaring to the world that when he was young his spirit was sad, seemed to the listener to contain just that element of incongruity that makes for the laughable.

It became evident that the boy was rehearsing a new song, and that at this particular moment he was far more



concerned with the mastering of a rather difficult interval in the melody than with the words of Mr. Robert Bridges.

Knowing that between tea-time and night studies it was Lance's habit to rehearse both singing and speaking pieces on the little stage which was a permanent feature of Arts and Crafts, Father Horbury climbed to the terrace and looked through the open window into what was at once a play-room and a workshop.

My spirit was sad when I was young;  
Ah sorrowful long-ago!

Quite alone, and with eyes fixed on the ceiling, Lance was evidently going over a recent singing-lesson; and from memory, for he had no copy in his hands, the fingers of which were clutching the leathern strap that belted his blouse.

"How many long years ago is it, Lance?" inquired Father Horbury; "and was your spirit so very sad at that sorrowful time?"

Lance started and swung round on the heels of his clogs. The priest was at a window a little in the rear of the stage, and the boy had not seen him approaching. Arts and Crafts now echoed with a peal of treble laughter.

"Isn't it nonsense, Father?" Lance asked, as he jumped down and ran to the open window. "And the tune is awfully difficult. I'm not at all sure of that drop: it's a seventh, you see, Father, and I'm always stupid at a seventh."

“So am I,” smiled Father Horbury.

“But it gets better as it goes on — both words and music. In fact I really think you’d like the lines that come just after the ‘sorrowful long-ago.’ ”

“Well, suppose you give them to me, Lannie.”

Shyly, but without hesitation, Lance remounted his rostrum, and sang:

But since I have found the beauty of joy  
I have done with proud dismay:  
For howsoe'er man hug his care  
The best of his art is gay.

“Bravo!” called out Father Horbury: “ever so much better. You’re quite right, Lannie, I like that. There are so many people going about the world trying to dodge the Beauty of Joy — you’re not one of them, my child — it is quite delightful to meet with a poet who says that he has found it. Are you coming outside? That’s right. Can you manage to get through the window?”

Lance’s reply was a laugh and a flying leap, and the immediate displacement by his clogs of much terrace-gravel.

“I had come over to have a talk with you, Lannie,” said the priest, as they wandered on to the lawn, “and curiously enough what you have just sung leads up to what I wanted to say.”

Lance looked up quickly and inquiringly.

“About those Apostleship circles,” began Father Horbury, famous for plunging into the middle of things:

“you were rather astonished to find so many ready to join, weren't you?”

“Awfully, Father: it was just splendid.”

“Quite so: I can understand your being very pleased. But tell me now, Lance, were you conscious of passing anybody over, I mean on purpose? Somebody who was showing a certain anxiety to get a ticket?”

Lance began to study the metal toe-caps of his clogs as though he had never seen them until that moment. After a short but uncomfortable interval, he answered, “Yes, Father.”

“Well, now, I'm not going to scold you,” the priest went on, “but I know you don't like missing a chance of doing good. I quite understand your feelings in regard to Jack Barson. I myself find him a bit of a trial. Nearly everything is against him, poor chap — particularly his manner and his personal appearance. I dare say you think him a lout, and that is certainly the impression he gives one. But you see, Lannie, we must look below the surface of things — and people — mustn't we?”

“He's such a coward, Father!” exclaimed Lance, as though he were mentioning the unpardonable sin.

“Perhaps he is,” mused the priest. “At any rate, I remember his bullying Tommie Lethers: I also remember your fighting him for it, and, as I told you at the time, if anything can justify a fight between two boys, a clear case of bullying will do so.”

“He *kicked* Tommie!”

Lance's words, and the tone in which they were said, seemed to imply that by that act Jack Barson had touched depravity at its lowest depths.

"Quite true. And I fully share your view as to the iniquity of kicking. In Ridingdale, happily, a case of kicking is rarer than a white ousel. But do you really mean to say, Lance, that you haven't yet forgiven Jack, in spite of the tremendous thrashing you gave him?"

"Oh, of course, Father, I've *forgiven* him," Lance said, hastily. "But it's awfully hard to forget a thing of that sort."

"It's impossible to forget it, Lance; but don't you see that if you allow the memory of it to make you unfair to Jack, there is at least a danger of something being wanting in the perfection of your forgiveness? Don't misunderstand me. I feel sure your forgiveness satisfies the ordinary conditions: you would not do him any harm, and you do not wilfully exclude him from your prayers: I am right in supposing these things, Lance, am I not?"

"Of course, Father. And I wouldn't be unfair to him—at least not on purpose. I mean, not if I thought about it."

"Well, then, let me tell you something. Last Sunday when you and all the lads had left the guild-room, I found Jack Barson all alone, lounging outside the door. It struck me that he didn't look quite so happy as most of you are on Communion mornings; so as I stopped to speak to him I said, 'Well, Jack, have you got your rosary-ticket?' Of

course you'll think he was a big baby: I merely tell you what happened. He turned his head away and began to cry. Mind you, he didn't pretend; he just sobbed. It was some minutes before I could get at the cause of his trouble. What do you think it was? 'Master Lance wouldn't give him a ticket:' that was all. I thought you ought to know this. I'm not asking you to give him a ticket, of course. Probably they were all gone before he came up?"

Lance again began to contemplate the toes of his clogs as though there was something about them that had hitherto escaped his notice. After an interval of silence he raised a troubled and an ashamed face to the priest.

"It was like this, Father: they were all pressing round me, and though I did see Jack I'm afraid I pretended not to — until all the tickets were gone; and then I told him there were none left, which was true, but I could easily have got some more. If it hurt him I'm awfully sorry."

"There is no doubt that it *hurt* him, Lance: that is the very word. We sometimes forget that awkward, ungainly, unprepossessing people are often extremely liable to be hurt. For, as a rule, they have so few friends."

"Did you give him a ticket, Father?"

"Oh, no: as Local Director I never interfere with the duties of Promoters. Besides," smiled Father Horbury, looking at his watch, "I hadn't any roses. Ah, that's the bell for night studies, isn't it? My time is up, too. And I've a message for your father from Mr. Kittleshot. Good-bye, Lance. God bless you!"

. . . . .



There was no member of the Ridingle family who of his own accord ever missed a moment of that delicious after-supper period which was known to the household as Slipper-time. It is impossible to say at which of the four seasons of the year this spacious recreation hour was most enjoyed. With lighted lamps and drawn curtains, with much music and reading aloud, nothing could exceed the delights of indoor Slipper-time; on the other hand, summer twilight on the rose-scented lawn, with little bursts of vocal harmony now and again rising spontaneously, and often enough Lance's rapturous treble floating to the stars, was a time of gladness that memory could never lose.

To-night, however, Lance would be missing, for the first half-hour at least. At the end of studies he had argued the matter out with himself, and saw his duty quite clearly. In some ways it was an unpleasant duty, but he told himself that it had to be done. Before he slept he must see Jack Barson. Only once had he been in the Barson cottage, and he remembered it as a peculiarly unsavoury place. Now he came to think of it, Jack's mother was bedridden, and her husband was a man of uncertain temper and habits. Jack's environment was anything but a joyous one. The song Lance had practised that day, and had intended as a Slipper-time surprise for mother, came back to him as he brushed the dust from his clogs and exchanged his ink-stained blouse for a fresh one. Jack might certainly have sung, "My spirit was sad when I was young;" but would he ever be able to say that he had found "the beauty of

joy"? Lance was not going to pretend that he had suddenly begun to like Jack Barson; but as the thought of the errand-boy's joyless life began to fill his mind, the Squire's son could not but grieve that he had inadvertently added something to its joylessness. A sound very like a stifled sigh escaped him as he passed into the little drawing-room in quest of his mother; for with Dante he might well have said:

I turned me, like the child who always runs  
Thither for succor where he thrusteth most:  
And she was like the mother who her son  
Beholding . . . , with her voice  
Soothes him, and he is cheer'd.

"For I must tell her where I am going and why," he thought to himself, "so I may as well tell her everything."

In the little confession that he made at her knee he did not spare himself: but when she had given him leave to take Jack's mother a big bunch of roses she said as she kissed him:

"While you cut the roses, dear, I'll go to the larder and see if I can find something the poor woman would like."

Only she did not go quite immediately, because Lance in his gratitude and delight detained her.

. . . . .

Father Horbury really did not call that night at the Barson's in the hope of seeing Lance there; the busy priest looked in about eight o'clock, because he had not been able to come earlier. And indeed he did not see Lance, for the

boy was sitting with Mrs. Barson, who had a bed in the parlour; but Father Horbury could hear his voice.

Jack was radiant. The white rose of joy was in his coat, and a Joyful Mystery ticket was in his hand. So also was a new rosary — one that Lance had been hoarding for somebody's birthday; he had decided to give somebody something else.

“Pinned it in 'isself, Feyther, he did that,” Jack whispered with a delighted grin as he pointed to the rose and then jerked his thumb towards the parlour-door. “An' he shaked 'ands wi' me.” (Father Horbury doubted if any Knight of the Garter had ever been rendered quite so happy in receiving his decoration and accolade.) “An' he's brought mother some soup and some sago and stuff. An' i' this paper there's welly a ounce o' bacca what he's begged for dad. Dad'll be that pleased, for he 'adn't got a smite left. Mester Lance's talkin' to mother iver so nice.”

Father Horbury did not try to conceal his satisfaction.

“I won't disturb them now, Jack: I'll call to-morrow. Don't tell Master Lance that I've been in.”

That night Lance missed the music on the lawn. But when he turned out of the Ridingdale streets and found himself in the lane leading to the park, he sang himself home with an ecstasy that might have shamed a nightingale.



LANCE'S OPPORTUNITY



## LANCE'S OPPORTUNITY.

It was Bank Holiday, and on returning from church Lance could not but linger for a moment in the shrubbery, and smile at the splendour of the morning. He had just served the half-past seven Mass. The sight of so many working-men and big lads asking a blessing on this August play-day had been very pleasing; the thought of all the happiness the lovely day held in store for so many toilers, was a delightful one. It reminded Lance of Browning's *Pippa Passes*, portions of which — and *only* portions — he had heard read aloud the night before. Certainly "God was in His Heaven, all was right with the world." No Ridingdale boy would "squander a wavelet" on such a day as this, or lose a mite of his "twelve hours' treasure."

Standing there laughing in the face of the sun, Lance looked as happy and as fresh as the morning itself.



The August bank holiday was always reserved by the Ridingdale boys for the Guild matches, and quite half a hundred lads made the park their home on this genial festival. Most of them found it far more enjoyable than an excursion, and decidedly less costly. For, with his usual generosity, Colonel Ruggerson provided a very substantial dinner, and the novelty of dining under canvas was in itself delightful.

There was no lack of cricket pitches in the park, and the number of elevens that could be accommodated was practically unlimited. Age and skill of course determined the particular team in which a boy should play, but Hilary and Harry, who were at the head of cricket affairs, paid particular attention to individual prowess.

"Don't you think Jack Barson ought to be in one of the first elevens?" Lance had asked his brothers as they sat in Sniggery drawing up the lists of players. Hilary thought Lance was joking and told him so.

"Why he's just the one chap among them who has no notion of handling a bat," said Harry.

"I know he's a bit of a duffer at cricket," Lance admitted, "but he's such a big chap now, it doesn't seem fair to stick him in among the kids."

"Don't matter much where you put him," said Harry; "he's sure to be out for a duck."

Lance could not well argue the point. At football Jack could hold his own, but cricket required qualities that he did not possess. In fact Lance was only trying to ease his



own conscience. He doubted if he ever could really like Jack Barson. Honestly, Lance had tried to be fair to him, and not without a measure of success; but there was something about the loutish fellow that was eminently unlikeable. It was not merely that he was ungainly, that he had a walk which resembled a double-shuffle, that he managed to make even a new suit of clothes look ridiculous, that both in form and feature he was uncomely; all these things might have been forgotten if he had cultivated a better manner. But he always looked cross and disagreeable, always spoke with an irritating whine, always gave one the impression of a youth with a perpetual grievance.

Yet Jack had his virtues, and in his own mind Lance made the most of them. His visit to Mrs. Barson had revealed some of them; subsequent visits discovered more. "Jack was good to his mother," the poor bed-ridden woman was never tired of saying, and Lance felt that such a colossal virtue ought to cover many minor defects.

Moreover, it was fact to which Lance could testify that no boy was more regular at his duties, none more punctual and constant at the Guild meetings, than Barson.

"If only he'd buck up and be like other chaps!" Lance said one day to Father Horbury who was interestedly watching Lance's struggle with his pet antipathy; "but he won't, Father. He's had the sack at two places because he's so fearfully slow. And no doubt because he always looks so disagreeable."

"Did you ever hear the expression 'born tired,' Lance?"

asked the priest. "It is of course sometimes used by lazy and worthless people as an excuse; but there is no doubt at all that some poor children are born tired — for the simple reason that they are born with much less than the average strength. And how can they make it up? You know what some of them live upon? You visit now and again many poor cottages in Riddingdale, and you know that some of these people live almost entirely upon bread and tea. Yet they do the world's manual work. They are the very folk who need building up with plentiful milk and eggs and oatmeal, if not with meat; yet they are just the people who cannot get these things."

"I ought to have thought of that, Father," said Lance, to whom this way of looking at Barson was new.

"Small blame to you for not thinking of it, Lance. Time enough for you to consider these things when you're older. But it won't do you any harm to turn the matter over in your mind. The other day when you spoke of Jack as a coward, though I did not say this at the time, I could not help thinking that hard work and under-feeding do not make for physical courage. Remember too, my lad-die, that you come of a race of brave men: I might almost say, a family of heroes. You inherit the courage of more than six centuries of fighting folk. It makes a difference, Lance."

Much as the boy thought of these things, and generous as became his intentions towards Barson, Lance could not honestly say that he liked him any better. Jack's little

tricks of speech and manner remained as irritating as ever. His lounging gait, the way he dragged his feet, the querulousness of his voice — nay, I am afraid the very marked devotion that he had begun to show to Lance since the episode of the ticket, all seemed intolerable.

But in Lance's attitude there was one highly important difference. Determined to try and master Father Horbury's principle that if you can't *like* your enemy you must love him, Lance resolved to lose no opportunity of doing Jack a kindness.

"I know it sounds like a contradiction, but it is not," Father Horbury said. "There are some people that we shall never be able to *like*: we can always love them. Not of course with any feeling of affection: that is not part of the bargain. But you know, Lance, love is a matter of deeds more than of anything else. A kind word sometimes takes on the character of an action; but warm feelings and gushing sentiments are not a bit necessary to real Christian charity."

Father Horbury had advised him not to worry about the matter at all. "Opportunities of doing kind things must depend upon circumstances. You can't always create your opportunity. When one comes, seize it with both hands."

Lance thought that this August Monday might furnish him with an opportunity. To get Jack placed in one of the first elevens, he did his very best, but though he returned to the subject again and again, Hilary and Harry would not hear of it.

"Some chance or other 'll turn up to-day," Lance said to himself as hearing the breakfast-bell ring he turned his face towards the house.

There was every sign of great heat. As he walked through the thick grass, left uncut near the shrubbery, he noticed that his shining clogs were bathed in the heavy dew; and although it was only a little after eight, the sun was so strong, he was glad that he had put on a broad-brimmer.

"Some chance or other may turn up," he repeated as at ten o'clock the boys began to arrive at the park, and the business of wicket-pitching began.

But whatever opportunity might do, it seemed as though Jack Barson were not going to turn up. Play started at half-past ten, and at half-past eleven Jack had not arrived. Lance's side had lost the toss, and he was bowling when the Hall bell rang the *Angelus* and for two minutes play was suspended, caps were doffed, and the *Aves* were said in silence.

Lance had asked almost every boy he had come across for news of Barson: nobody knew anything about him; nobody had seen him that day. At the end of the *Angelus*, however, Tommie Lethers ran up to Lance, and told him that Mrs. Barson was very ill and that "Jack couldn't come 'cause he was minding her."

For a moment Lance hesitated. A good deal of timber had fallen to his straight, swift bowling, and he had set his heart upon disposing of the remaining players before

dinner. To run away now, even for half an hour, would just spoil everything. Surely there was somebody he could send? Anybody would go like a shot, of course, but — well, somehow it didn't seem fair. He, Lance, had six weeks of holidays to look forward to, whereas most of these fellows were working lads, and they would not get another clear day until Christmas.

“Look here, Tommie,” said Lance quickly, “you take my place. You're not half a bad bowler. I shan't be very long perhaps, but you just peg away and get 'em ail out before dinner.”

Flying across the park he stopped to look into the big tent where he knew his mother would be arranging the tables.

“I can bike it in a quarter of an hour,” he said when he had briefly explained things; “I may go, mayn't I, mummie?”

“Don't ride too fast, darling, in this great heat,” she said smiling at his eagerness, “and don't go in shirt sleeves.”

The cricket costume of the Ridingdale boys was simplicity itself. Just shirt and knickerbockers and a leathern strap.

Lance struggled into his linen blouse, tied an extra knot in his clog laces, and ran at full speed to get his bicycle.

His great anxiety was that Jack should not miss the dinner. For not only did Father Horbury's words on under-feeding come back to him, but as he rode swiftly down

the lane — I am afraid Mrs. Ridingdale would have thought the pace too fast — it occurred to him that one of the few occasions upon which he had seen Barson looking really happy was at the cricket dinner this day last year.

He found Jack standing at the cottage door, looking more miserable than usual.

“I hope your mother's not very ill,” Lance began as he jumped off his machine. “Have you had the doctor? Has Father Horbury been?”

“She's a good bit better now, Master Lance, thank ye. I thought her wa' deein' early this mornin'. But doctor says there's no danger now. She'd had a baddish night, ye see: it wa' so 'ot. She's dozin' a bit now.”

They talked together in a low voice for some time. Father Horbury had been and was coming again. He had already asked Mrs. Lethers to go and sit with the invalid for a time.

“In that case, Jack, you'd better skin off to the park. I'll wait here till Mrs. Lethers comes. If you go now you'll be in capital time for dinner. And then if your mother goes on all right, and Mrs. Lethers comes, you needn't hurry back home. And I can bring you word how your mother is.”

“But what'll you do, Master Lance? You'll miss your dinner,” objected Jack in such a doleful whisper that Lance had some difficulty in not laughing aloud.

“I'm all right,” he declared. “If I were at home I should be helping the waiters, you know, while you chaps

are dining. We get our dinner when you're finished. So I may just as well wait here. Put your coat on, Jack, and be off."

Jack's face cleared a little. His desire for dinner was strong; at the same time, he scarcely liked to leave his mother.

"Seems 'ardly reet," he was beginning when Lance tiptoed into the house and began to look round for Jack's coat and cap. Returning with them he literally thrust them upon the youth.

"Tell me what to give your mother if she should wake up before Mrs. Lethers comes?" Lance demanded.

"There's some barley-water on t' table, and Father 'Orbury sent some beef-tea, what I've kept warm in t' oven."

"That's all right, then," said Lance. "I won't stir a step till Mrs. Lethers comes. So now you skedaddle."

Jack smiled, and went off at his usual pace; which, however, he quickened as he got into the lane. Lance moved softly indoors and looked round. He hoped Mrs. Lethers would not be very long. The living-room was decidedly hot and smelly. Very gently he pushed open the parlour-door. The sick woman was sleeping quite comfortably. He wondered where her husband was. As a matter of fact, he was "helping" at the Ridingdale Arms.

Mrs. Lethers was not long in arriving. Great was her amazement at finding Lance in possession, and many were the blessings she showered upon him. She was going to

spend the day here, she assured him, and he noticed that she had not come empty-handed. He was to tell Jack not to come home till night. She had seen Dr. Nuttlebig and everything was going well.

Dinner had begun when Lance reached home, looking very hot and happy. He was ready to help the waiters, he said, but Mrs. Ridingdale made him sit down at once.

"How did the match go, Tommie?" Lance inquired eagerly as he took his seat.

"All out for 43, Master Lance," grinned the delighted Tommie.

"Spiffing!" exclaimed Lance, just as William Lethers, who was waiting, placed before him a big plateful of veal and ham.

"You may say that, sir," said William, thinking of the pie he had just brought.

"William," said Father Horbury bringing up the lemonade and beginning to fill Lance's tumbler, "have you ever noticed that when Master Lance gets an opportunity — of taking up knife and fork, for instance — he seizes it with both hands?"

William laughed as though he understood the joke; but he did not. Lance tried to hide his blushes by swallowing some lemonade: he understood.

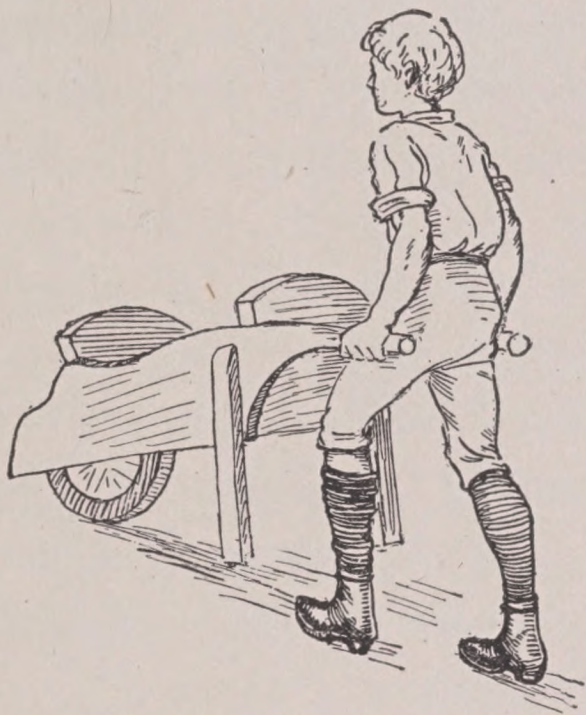


LANCE'S DIFFICULTY



## LANCE'S DIFFICULTY.

SUMMER seemed determined not to pass with the ending of the holidays: the September afternoon was warm and sweet. The roses were perhaps less numerous than they had been in July, yet a stran-



ger taking his first look over the lawn of Ridingdale Hall would have thought that they had just reached their prime. The air was still charged with their scent, mingled with a faint suggestion of ripening fruit; not far off were rich apples, golden pears, and "the perfumed globes of melons."

Mrs. Ridingdale had carried her work to the lawn, seating herself closely to Snuggery. A heap of boys' stockings lay in the basket beside her; in the distance the boys themselves were doing something desperate with brooms, wheelbarrows, and a handcart — apparently tidying up the big lawn.

It was the last day of the holidays, and, smiling at the

thought, Mrs. Ridingdale asked herself if she were really quite glad that school began again on the morrow. She could not feel by any means sure that she was not as sorry as were the boys themselves. Very soon she would have to say good-bye to her eldest born, for the big staid Hilary was going to Oxford. He would be a great loss, and she doubted if Harry were quite the boy to take his place in the household. Happily, now that all the older lads went daily to the new Catholic High School there was not the same necessity for what they called a "boss." Harry was bright and lovable enough, she knew, and substantially very good; but then he always seemed to look upon life as a huge joke — even the big portion of it that he spent in school. He ought to have been named Hilary, his master said; and certainly whenever Harry appeared on the scene there was plentiful hilarity.

An immense clatter of tools, the bump of a handcart, the creak of a wheel-barrow, and a sudden rush of clogged feet in the direction of the kitchen-garden made Mrs. Ridingdale aware of the completion of the tidying-up. She knew that her boys were going to spend the afternoon on the river. Her husband sometimes called her the Mother of the Water-Babies, and she was proud of the title.

"Oh, mother, what a shame!"

Lance was wheeling back an empty barrow, but halted when seeing his mother.

"I thought you had all gone to the river, dear?"

"Yes, mother, they've started and I'm going directly

but I promised Jane I'd bring this barrow back before I went. She wants it after tea."

"And what are you calling a shame, my darling?"

"Why, those stockings, mammie. Fancy having to darn stockings on an afternoon like this!"

"Fancy six boys marching into school to-morrow without stockings!" laughed Mrs. Ridingdale.

"Well, for the last six weeks we've hardly worn them at all, have we? Of course we've almost lived on the river. And then it's been so delightfully hot. I put them on this afternoon because, mother, I want to go and see Mrs. Barson after tea — if I may?"

"Certainly, dear: I am glad you are going."

"I ought to have gone before," he said a little shamefacedly. "I've put it off to the very last night of the holidays. You know, mother, I'm afraid I don't particularly want to go. Of course I'm sorry for her, and all that; but I really don't enjoy going, and I always feel a bit of a humbug when I do go. Don't suppose it'll count as a what-do-you-call-it."

"You mean as a corporal work of mercy, Lannie?"

"Yes, mother," he said, making a seat of the wheelbarrow and clasping one knee.

"Why shouldn't it, dear? You make your Morning Offering, don't you?"

"Oh, of course. Fact I make it twice. Father Horbury recommended us to say it after the twelve o'clock *Angelus*."

“ Well, dear, if we always waited to do kind things until we felt a pleasure in the doing of them, we should often have to wait a very long time. In fact, many of the kind



acts would never be done at all. But I know what you mean, my darling. It costs you an effort to go to Barson's and I don't wonder at it. When the only woman in a

house is bedridden, the place is apt to be neglected. I am not sure that I like going there. But don't you think, dear, that the more a task costs one the greater merit we are likely to get for it?"

"Ye-es," said Lance, a little doubtfully, "I suppose so — if we do it properly."

"What do you mean by properly, dear?"

"I think I mean, willingly and — well, cheerfully."

"But I don't think you go sulkily; in fact I know you don't. Mrs. Barson told me only last week that you always cheer her up and make her quite happy."

"Well, that's just it, mother," he said with a deep blush. "It's just that that makes me feel a humbug. I pretend to be awfully jolly, and I don't feel it a bit. And it's just the same when I talk to Jack. I pretend to be very friendly and chummy and all that; but you just don't know, mother, how delighted I am to get away from him."

Mother smiled silently for a moment as she took up a fresh stocking. Lance's difficulty was one of those common and obvious ones that cannot always be answered in a word.

"My darling," she began at length, "there are times when we must pretend, and there are people with whom we must pretend. There is no actual want of honesty or straightforwardness in a little effort of that kind. Perhaps you don't remember, dear, that in a sermon Father Horbury gave us a month or two ago he told us that there were two ways of telling us the truth — a brutal way and a kindly one.

And he reminded us that though the Greeks were pagans they chose the kindly way. Some Christians, he said, preferred the brutal way. Do you remember, dear?"

"Yes, mother, I do: George and I spoke to him about it afterwards, and he said that he might have mentioned a third way, only he thought it was almost the same as the Greek one. And then he quoted a bit of Horace — something about telling the truth laughingly. George looked it up afterwards, and Harry was so pleased that he wrote it out and stuck it on the wall in Sniggery — in Latin,<sup>1</sup> mother."

Mrs. Riddingdale was much amused.

"That is so like Harry," she said. "He at any rate will always tell the truth laughingly. And you, my darling, will always tell it pleasantly enough. Don't think that when a man smiles and smiles, as Hamlet puts it, that he is always and necessarily a villain. It sometimes costs us a big effort to be genial. Well, if we are genial, or if we make the effort to be so, don't you see, dear, it is a proof that we have at any rate the will and intention to be kind? And, after all, it is just the intention that matters — isn't it?"

"Yes, I think I see what you mean, mother."

"And then, when the intention is put into action, the good deed is really done. For instance: last Bank Holiday when my boy broke off his bowling to go to look for young Barson — yes, dearest, I heard *all* about it afterwards, though I have not praised you to your face — I know you

<sup>1</sup> *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* (Sat. I.) What prevents us from telling the truth with a smile.



did not like going. The point is that you really did go, and Jack did not miss the dinner. I don't suppose he thanked you very eloquently or gracefully, but he told Mrs. Lethers when he got home that 'if he lived to be as old as Confuselem he'd never forget your kindness!'"

"I knew he was grateful, mother, though he didn't say much. He wants to come up once a week and clean my bike. I told him he might — when his mother got better. You see, as he's the only one he has to do all the cleaning at home."

"Quite right, dear. And then my boy mustn't forget that every one of these little goodnesses makes mother very happy."

"To please you, mammie, I'd go to Barson's every day if I could," he said as he stooped to kiss her.

"I know you would, darling. And don't you see that it is just love that helps people to do all sorts of hard things?"

"For instance," he said, "darning stockings for hours together."

"That's not so very hard," she laughed. "But I was thinking of the terribly difficult things the saints did. They did them just to please — *their Father*."

He was silent for a moment.

"But, mammie, you never seem to have any fun," he said at length.

"I have something very much better, my darling," she said brightly. "I have a boy who loves me so much that he will do hard things in order to please me — and others."



# STANDARD CATHOLIC BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

## BENZIGER BROTHERS,

CINCINNATI:  
343 MAIN ST.

NEW YORK:  
36 AND 38 BARCLAY ST.

CHICAGO:  
211-213 MADISON ST.

---

### DOCTRINE, INSTRUCTION, DEVOTION.

- ABANDONMENT; or, Absolute Surrender of Self to Divine Providence. Rev. J. P. CAUSSADE, S.J. *net*, 0 40
- ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. TESNIERE. Cloth, *net*, 1 25
- ANECDOTES AND EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATING THE CATHOLIC CATECHISM. Selected and Arranged by Rev. FRANCIS SPIRAGO, Professor of Theology. Supplemented, Adapted to the Baltimore Catechism, and Edited by Rev. JAMES J. BAXTER, D.D. *net*, 1 50
- APOSTLES' CREED, THE. Rev. M. MÜLLER, C.S.S.R. *net*, 1 10
- ART OF PROFITING BY OUR FAULTS. Rev. J. TISSOT. *net*, 0 40
- BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. By Very Rev. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, S.T.D. J.U.L., Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of Washington. *net*, 2 00
- BIBLE HISTORY. 0 50
- BIBLE HISTORY, PRACTICAL EXPLANATION AND APPLICATION OF. Rev. J. J. NASH. *net*, 1 50
- BIBLE, THE HOLY. 1 00
- BOOK OF THE PROFESSED
- Vol. I. *net*, 0 75
- Vol. II. *net*, 0 60
- Vol. III. *net*, 0 60
- BOYS' AND GIRLS' MISSION BOOK. By the Redemptorist Fathers. 0 40
- CATECHISM EXPLAINED, THE. SPIRAGO-CLARKE. *net*, 2 50
- CATHOLIC BELIEF. FAA DI BRUNO.
- Paper, 0 25; 100 copies, 15 00
- Cloth, 0 50; 25 copies, 7 50
- CATHOLIC CEREMONIES and Explanation of the Ecclesiastical Year. ABBE DURAND.
- Paper, 0 30; 25 copies, 4 50
- Cloth, 0 60; 25 copies, 9 00
- CATHOLIC PRACTICE AT CHURCH AND AT HOME. Rev. ALEX. L. A. KLAUDER.
- Paper, 0 30; 25 copies, 4 50
- Cloth, 0 60; 25 copies, 9 00
- CATHOLIC TEACHING FOR CHILDREN. WINIFRIDE WRAY. 0 40
- CATHOLIC WORSHIP. Rev. R. BRENNAN, LL.D.
- Paper, 0 15; 100 copies, 10 00
- Cloth, 0 25; 100 copies, 17 00
- CEREMONIAL FOR ALTAR BOYS. By Rev. MATTHEW BRITT, O.S.B., 0 35
- CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE DEVOTION. Rev. N. GROU, S.J. *net*, 0 75
- CHARITY THE ORIGIN OF EVERY BLESSING. 0 60

CHILD OF MARY. Prayer-book for Children.	0 63
CHILD'S PRAYER-BOOK OF THE SACRED HEART.	0 20
CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, SPIRAGO'S METHOD OF.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
CHRISTIAN FATHER. Right Rev. W. CRAMER.	
Paper, 0 25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0 40; 25 copies,	6 00
CHRISTIAN MOTHER. Right Rev. W. CRAMER.	
Paper, 0 25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0 40; 25 copies,	6 00
CHURCH AND HER ENEMIES. Rev. M. MULLER, C.S.S.R.	<i>net</i> , 1 10
COMEDY OF ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM. A. F. MARSHALL.	<i>net</i> , 0 75
CONFESSION.	Paper, 0 05; per 100, <i>net</i> , 3 50
CONFIRMATION.	Paper, 0 05; per 100, <i>net</i> , 3 50
COMMUNION.	Paper, 0 05; per 100, <i>net</i> , 3 50
COMPLETE OFFICE OF HOLY WEEK.	0 50
DEVOTION OF THE HOLY ROSARY and the Five Scapulars.	<i>net</i> , 0 75
DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Intended especially for Priests and Candidates for the Priesthood. From the German of Rev. H. NOLDIN, S.J. Revised by W. H. KENT, O.S.C.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
DEVOTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. KREBS, C.S.S.R.	
Cloth,	<i>net</i> , 1 00
DEVOTIONS FOR FIRST FRIDAY. HUGUET.	0 40
DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS, GOFFINE'S. 1 00; 25 copies,	17 50
DIGNITY AND DUTIES OF THE PRIEST; or, Selva, a Collection of Mate- rial for Ecclesiastical Retreats. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
DIGNITY, AUTHORITY, DUTIES OF PARENTS, ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL POWERS. By Rev. M. MÜLLER, C.S.S.R.	<i>net</i> , 1 40
DIVINE GRACE. A Series of Instructions arranged according to the Baltimore Catechism. Edited by Rev. EDMUND J. WIRTH, Ph.D., D.D.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
DIVINE OFFICE: Explanations of the Psalms and Canticles. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
EPISTLES AND GOSPELS.	0 25
EUCHARIST AND PENANCE. Rev. M. MÜLLER, C.S.S.R.	<i>net</i> , 1 10
EUCHARISTIC CHRIST, Reflections and Considerations on the Blessed Sac- rament. Rev. A. TESNIERE.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
EUCHARISTIC GEMS. A Thought About the Most Blessed Sacrament for Every Day in the Year. By Rev. L. C. COELENBIER.	0 75
EXPLANATION OF COMMANDMENTS, ILLUSTRATED.	1 00
EXPLANATION OF THE APOSTLES' CREED, ILLUSTRATED.	1 00
EXPLANATION OF THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Rev. TH. L. KINKEAD.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS, Precepts of the Church. Rev. M. MÜLLER, C.S.S.R.	<i>net</i> , 1 10
EXPLANATION OF THE GOSPELS and of Catholic Worship. Rev. L. A. LAMBERT.	
Paper, 0 30; 25 copies,	4 50
Cloth, 0 60; 25 copies,	9 00
EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS, ILLUSTRATED.	1 00
EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. Rev. M. v. COCHEM.	1 25
EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER AND THE HAIL MARY Rev. R. BRENNAN, I.L.D.	0 75
EXPLANATION OF THE PRAYERS AND CEREMONIES OF THE MASS, ILLUSTRATED. Rev. D. I. LANSLOTS, O.S.B.	1 25
EXPLANATION OF THE SALVE REGINA. LIGUORI.	0 75
EXTREME UNCTION.	Paper, 0 10
100 copies,	6 00
FIRST AND GREATEST COMMANDMENT. By Rev. M. MÜLLER, C.S.S.R.	<i>net</i> , 1 40

FIRST COMMUNICANT'S MANUAL.	0 50
100 copies,	25 00
FLOWERS OF THE PASSION. Thoughts of St. Paul of the Cross. By Rev. LOUIS TH. DE JESUS-AGONISANT.	0 50
FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. THOMAS À KEMPIS.	
With Reflections,	0 50
Without Reflections,	0 45
Edition de luxe,	1 25
FOUR LAST THINGS, THE: Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell. Meditations. Father M. v. COCHEM. Cloth,	0 75
GARLAND OF PRAYER. With Nuptial Mass. Leather.	0 90
GENERAL CONFESSION MADE EASY. Rev. A. KONINGS, C.S.S.R.	
Flexible. 0 15; 100 copies,	10 00
GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. VERHEYEN, O.S.B.	net, 0 30
GLORIES OF DIVINE GRACE. Dr. M. J. SCHEEBEN.	net, 1 50
GLORIES OF MARY. St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. 2 vols.,	net, 2 50
Popular ed. 1 vol.,	1 25
GOD THE TEACHER OF MANKIND. MÜLLER. 9 vols. Per set,	net, 9 50
GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS. 140 Illustrations.	1 00
25 copies,	17 50
GOLDEN SANDS. Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life.	
Third Series,	0 50
Fourth Series,	0 50
Fifth Series,	0 50
GRACE AND THE SACRAMENTS. By Rev. M. MÜLLER, C.S.S.R.	net, 1 25
GREAT MEANS OF SALVATION AND OF PERFECTION. St. ALPHON- SUS DE LIGUORI.	net, 1 25
GREAT SUPPER OF GOD, THE. A Treatise on Weekly Communion. By Rev. S. COUBE, S.J. Edited by Rev. F. X. BRADY, S.J.	net, 1 00
GREETINGS TO THE CHRIST-CHILD, a Collection of Poems for the Young. Illustrated.	0 60
GUIDE TO CONFESSION AND COMMUNION.	0 60
HANDBOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Rev. W. WILMERS, S.J.	net, 1 50
HARMONY OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. Rev. H. J. HEUSER.	net, 1 25
HELP FOR THE POOR SOULS IN PURGATORY. Prayers and Devotions in aid of the Suffering Souls.	0 50
HELPS TO A SPIRITUAL LIFE. From the German of Rev. JOS. SCHNEIDER, S.J. With Additions by Rev. FERREOL GIRARDEY, C.S.S.R.	net, 1 25
HIDDEN TREASURE: The Value and Excellence of the Holy Mass. By St. LEONARD of Port Maurice.	0 50
HISTORY OF THE MASS. By Rev. J. O'BRIEN.	net, 1 25
HOLY EUCHARIST. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. The Sacrifice, the Sacrament, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. Novena to the Holy Ghost.	net, 1 25
HOLY MASS. By Rev. M. MÜLLER, C.S.S.R.	net, 1 25
HOLY MASS. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	net, 1 25
HOW TO COMFORT THE SICK. Rev. Jos. A. KREBS, C.S.S.R.	net, 1 00
HOW TO MAKE THE MISSION. By a Dominican Father. Paper,	0 10;
per 100,	5 00
ILLUSTRATED PRAYER-BOOK FOR CHILDREN.	0 25
IMITATION OF CHRIST. See "Following of Christ."	
IMITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Translated by Mrs. A. R. BENNETT-GLADSTONE.	
Plain Edition,	0 50
Edition de luxe,	1 50
IMITATION OF THE SACRED HEART. By Rev. F. ARNOUDT, S.J. Entirely new, reset edition.	1 25

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, THE. By Rev. A. A. LAMBING, LL.D.	o 35
INCARNATION, BIRTH, AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST; or, the Mysteries of Faith. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	net, 1 25
INDULGENCES, A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO. Rev. P. M. BERNAD, O.M.I.	o 75
IN HEAVEN WE KNOW OUR OWN. By PÈRE BLOT, S.J.	o 60
INSTRUCTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR THE CATHOLIC FATHER. Right Rev. Dr. A. EGGER.	o 60
INSTRUCTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR THE CATHOLIC MOTHER. Right Rev. Dr. A. EGGER.	o 60
INSTRUCTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH.	o 60
INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS. By Rev. Dr. J. SCHMITT.	net, o 50
INSTRUCTIONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD and the Sacraments of the Church. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	
Paper, o 25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, o 40; 25 copies,	6 00
INTERIOR OF JESUS AND MARY. GROU. 2 vols.,	net, 2 00
INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE. By St. FRANCIS DE SALES. Cloth,	o 50
LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. 4 vols., each vol.,	net, 1 25
LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI and General Alphabetical Index to St. Alphonsus' Works.	net, 1 25
LITTLE ALTAR BOY'S MANUAL.	o 25
LITTLE BOOK OF SUPERIORS.	net, o 60
LITTLE CHILD OF MARY. A Small Prayer-book.	o 35
LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY. LASANCE.	o 25
LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. JOSEPH. LINGS.	o 25
LITTLE MONTH OF MAY. By ELLA McMAHON. Flexible,	o 25
LITTLE MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.	o 25
LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. o.05; per 100,	2 50
LITTLE PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. New cheap edition.	1 00
LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With Reflections for Every Day of the Year. Large size,	1 50
LIVING CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD. COPPENS. o.10; per 100,	6 00
MANUAL OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST. Conferences on the Blessed Sacra- ment and Eucharistic Devotions. By Rev. F. X. LASANCE.	o 75
MANUAL OF THE HOLY FAMILY.	o 60
MANUAL OF THE HOLY NAME.	o 50
MANUAL OF THE SACRED HEART, NEW.	o 50
MANUAL OF THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.	o 50
MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY, LITTLE. LASANCE.	o 25
MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY, NEW.	o 60
MANUAL OF ST. JOSEPH, LITTLE. LINGS.	o 25
MARIÆ COROLLA. Poems by Father EDMUND of the Heart of Mary, C.P. Cloth,	1 25
MASS DEVOTIONS AND READINGS ON THE MASS. By Rev. F. X. LASANCE.	o 75
MAY DEVOTIONS, NEW. Rev. AUGUSTINE WIRTH, O.S.B.	net, 1 00
MEANS OF GRACE. By Rev. RICHARD BRENNAN, LL.D.	2 50
MEDITATIONS FOR ALL THE DAYS OF THE YEAR. By Rev. M. HAMEN, S.S. 5 vols.,	net, 5 00
MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. BAXTER.	net, 1 25
MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Rev. B. VERCRUYSSÉ, S.J. 2 vols.,	net, 2 75
MEDITATIONS FOR RETREATS. St. FRANCIS DE SALES. Cloth,	net, o 75
MEDITATIONS ON THE FOUR LAST THINGS. Father M. v. COCHEM.	o 75

MEDITATIONS ON THE LAST WORDS FROM THE CROSS. Father CHARLES PERRAUD.	<i>net</i> , 0 50
MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE, THE TEACHINGS, AND THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST. ILG-CLARKE. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 3 50
MEDITATIONS ON THE MONTH OF OUR LADY.	0 75
MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.	0 40
METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, SPIRAGO'S. Edited by Right Rev. S. G. MESSMER.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
MIDDLE AGES, THE: Sketches and Fragments. By Very Rev. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, S.T.D., J.U.L.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
MISCELLANY. Historical Sketch of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Rules and Constitutions of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Instructions on the Religious State. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
MISSION BOOK FOR THE MARRIED. Very Rev. F. GIRARDEY, C.S.S.R.	0 50
MISSION BOOK FOR THE SINGLE. Very Rev. F. GIRARDEY, C.S.S.R.	0 50
MISSION BOOK OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS. A Manual of Instructions and Prayers to Preserve the Fruits of the Mission. Drawn chiefly from the Works of St. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.	0 50
MOMENTS BEFORE THE TABERNACLE. Rev. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 0 40
MONTH, NEW, OF THE HOLY ANGELS. St. FRANCIS DE SALES.	0 25
MONTH, NEW, OF THE SACRED HEART. St. FRANCIS DE SALES.	0 25
MONTH OF MAY; a Series of Meditations on the Mysteries of the Life of the Blessed Virgin. By F. DEBUSSI, S.J.	0 50
MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY, The Little "Golden Sands."	0 25
MORAL BRIEFS. By the Rev. JOHN H. STAPLETON.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
MOST HOLY SACRAMENT. Rev. Dr. JOS. KELLER.	0 75
MY FIRST COMMUNION, the Happiest Day of My Life. BRENNAN.	0 75
MY LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK. Illustrated.	0 12
NEW MAY DEVOTIONS. WIRTH.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
NEW MONTH OF THE HOLY ANGELS.	0 25
NEW MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART	0 25
NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL COMPANION.	0 25
NEW TESTAMENT. Cheap Edition.	
32mo, flexible cloth,	<i>net</i> , 0 15
32mo, lambskin, limp, round corners, gilt edges,	<i>net</i> , 0 70
NEW TESTAMENT. Illustrated Edition.	
16mo, printed in two colors, with 100 full-page illustrations	<i>net</i> , 0 60
16mo, American Seal, limp, solid gold edges,	<i>net</i> , 1 25
NEW TESTAMENT. India Paper Edition.	
American Seal, limp, round corners, gilt edges,	<i>net</i> , 0 90
Persian Calf, limp, round corners, gilt edges,	<i>net</i> , 1 10
Morocco, limp, round corners, gold edges, gold roll inside,	<i>net</i> , 1 25
NEW TESTAMENT. Large Print Edition.	
12mo, large,	<i>net</i> , 0 75
12mo, American Seal, limp, gold edges,	<i>net</i> , 1 50
NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES. By Right Rev. Mgr. THOMAS J. CONATY, D.D.	0 60
12mo,	0 50
OFFICE, COMPLETE, OF HOLY WEEK.	0 50
ON THE ROAD TO ROME. By W. RICHARDS.	<i>net</i> , 0 50
OUR FAVORITE DEVOTIONS. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. LINGS.	0 75
OUR FAVORITE NOVENAS. Very Rev. Dean A. A. LINGS.	0 75
OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL IN GENAZZANO. Mgr. GEO. F. DILLON, D.D.	0 75

OUR MONTHLY DEVOTIONS. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. LINGS.	1 25
OUR OWN WILL AND HOW TO DETECT IT IN OUR ACTIONS. Rev. JOHN ALLEN D.D.	<i>net</i> , 0 75
PARACLETE, THE. Devotions to the Holy Ghost.	0 60
PARADISE ON EARTH OPENED TO ALL; A Religious Vocation the Surest Way in Life. By Rev. ANTONIO NATALE, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 0 40
PARISH PRIEST ON DUTY, THE. A Practical Manual for Pastors, Curates, and Theological Students Preparing for the Mission. (The Sacraments.) By Rev. H. J. HEUSER, Professor of Theology at Overbrook Seminary.	<i>net</i> , 0 60
PASSION AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
PASSION FLOWERS. Poems by Father EDMUND of the Heart of Mary, C.P.	1 25
PEARLS FROM FABER. BRUNOWE.	0 50
PEARLS OF PRAYER.	0 35
PEOPLE'S MISSION BOOK, THE. Paper, 0.10; per 100,	6 00
PEPPER AND SALT, SPIRITUAL. STANG.	
Paper, 0.30; 25 copies,	4 50
Cloth, 0 60; 25 copies,	9 00
PERFECT RELIGIOUS, THE. DE LA MOTTE. Cloth,	<i>net</i> , 1 00
PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. New Edition, with Reflections for Every Day in the Year.	2 50
PIOUS PREPARATION FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION. Rev. F. X. LASANCE. Cloth,	0 15
POCKET MANUAL. A Vest-pocket Prayer-book in very large type.	0 25
POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON MARRIAGE. Very Rev. F. GIRARDEY, C.S.S.R.	
Paper, 0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON PRAYER. By Very Rev. FERREOL GIRARDEY, C.S.S.R. Paper 0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS TO PARENTS on the Bringing up of Children. By Very Rev. F. GIRARDEY, C.S.S.R. Paper, 0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
PRAYER-BOOK FOR RELIGIOUS. A Complete Manual of Prayers and Devotions for the Use of the Members of all Religious Communities. By Rev. F. X. LASANCE.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
PREACHING. Vol. XV. St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. The Exercises of the Missions. Various Counsels. Instructions on the Commandments and Sacraments.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
PREPARATION FOR DEATH. St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. Considerations on the Eternal Truths. Maxims of Eternity. Rule of Life.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
PRODIGAL SON; or, the Sinner's Return to God.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
REASONABLENESS OF CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND PRACTICES. Rev. J. J. BURKE.	0 35
RELIGIOUS STATE, THE. With a Treatise on the Vocation to the Priesthood, By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	0 50
REVELATIONS OF THE SACRED HEART to Blessed Margaret Mary. BOUGAUD. Cloth,	<i>net</i> , 1 50
ROSARY, THE CROWN OF MARY. By a Dominican Father.	0 10
Per 100,	5 00
ROSARY, THE: Scenes and Thoughts. By Rev. F. P. GARESCHÉ, S.J.	0 50
ROSARY, THE MOST HOLY. Meditations. CRAMER.	0 50
SACRAMENTALS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. Rev. A. A. LAMMING, D.D. Paper, 0.30; 25 copies,	4 50
Cloth, 0.60; 25 copies,	9 00
SACRAMENTALS—Prayer, etc. By Rev. M. MÜLLER, C.S.S.R.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SACRED HEART, THE. Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KELLER.	0 75
SACRED HEART BOOK, THE. By Rev. F. X. LASANCE.	0 75



SACRIFICE OF THE MASS WORTHILY CELEBRATED, THE.	By Rev. Father CHAIGNON, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
SECRET OF SANCTITY.	St. FRANCIS DE SALES.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SERAPHIC GUIDE, THE.	A Manual for the Members of the Third Order of St. Francis. By a Franciscan Father.	0 60
SHORT CONFERENCES ON THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.	Very Rev. J. RAINER.	0 50
SHORT STORIES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.	From the French by MARY McMAHON.	<i>net</i> , 0 75
SHORT VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.	LASANCE.	0 25
SICK CALLS; or, Chapters on Pastoral Medicine.	By the Rev. ALFRED MANNING MULLIGAN, Birmingham, England.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.	By the Right Rev. WILLIAM STANG, D.D.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SOCIALISM: Its Theoretical Basis and Practical Application.	By VICTOR CATHREIN, S.J. Revised and Enlarged by VICTOR F. GETTELMANN, S.J. 12mo, cloth.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
SODALISTS' VADE MECUM.		0 50
SONGS AND SONNETS.	By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.	1 00
SPIRAGO'S METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.	Edited by Rt. Rev. S. G. MESSMER.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE, THE, and the Life of Sacrifice in the Religious State.	From the original of Rev. S. M. GIRAUD. Revised by Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
SPIRITUAL CRUMBS FOR HUNGRY LITTLE SOULS.	MARY E. RICHARDSON.	0 50
SPIRITUAL DESPONDENCY AND TEMPTATIONS.	By Rev. P. J. MICHEL, S.J. Translated from the French by Rev. F. P. GARESCHE, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
SPIRITUAL EXERCISES FOR A TEN DAYS' RETREAT.	Very Rev. R. v. SMETANA, C.S.S.R.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SPIRITUAL PEPPER AND SALT.	STANG.	
	Paper, 0 30; 25 copies,	4 50
	Cloth, 0.60; 25 copies,	9 00
ST. ANTHONY, LITTLE MANUAL OF.		0 60
ST. ANTHONY.	Rev. Dr. JOS. KELLER.	0 75
STATIONS OF THE CROSS.	Illustrated.	0 50
STORIES FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS.	Rev. J. A. KELLER, D.D.	0 50
STRIVING AFTER PERFECTION.	Rev. JOSEPH BAYMA, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SURE WAY TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE.	Rev. EDWARD I. TAYLOR.	
	Paper, 0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
	Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS for the Consideration of Catholic Young Men.	Rev. P. A. DOSS, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
THOUGHTS FOR ALL TIMES.	Mgr. VAUGHAN.	0 90
TRAVELLER'S DAILY COMPANION.		0 05
	Per 100,	3 50
TRUE POLITENESS.	ABBE FRANCIS DEMORE.	<i>net</i> , 0 60
TRUE SPOUSE OF JESUS CHRIST.	By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. 2 vols.	<i>net</i> , 2 50
	The same, one-volume edition,	<i>net</i> , 1 00
TWO SPIRITUAL RETREATS FOR SISTERS.	By Rev. E. ZOLLNER.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.	Her Feasts, Prayers, Religious Orders, and Sodalties. By Rev. B. ROHNER, O.S.B.	1 25
VEST-POCKET GEMS OF DEVOTION.		0 20
VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS; or, the Lives of the Most Celebrated Martyrs of the Church.	Vol. IX. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
VISITS, SHORT, TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.	LASANCE.	0 25
VISITS TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.	By the Author of "Avis Spirituels."	0 50

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE. Hours and Half Hours of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. With a Novena to the Holy Ghost and Devotions for Mass, Holy Communion etc. Rev. F. X. LASANCE.	1 25
VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT and to the Blessed Virgin Mary. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	0 50
VOCATIONS EXPLAINED: Matrimony, Virginity, The Religious State, and the Priesthood. By a Vincentian Father.	0.10; 100 copies, 6 00
WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE. By Rev. Father DE LEHEN, S.J.	net, 1 25
WAY OF SALVATION AND PERFECTION. Meditations, Pious Reflections, Spiritual Treatises. St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	net, 1 25
WAY OF THE CROSS. Paper, 0.05; 100 copies,	2 50
WHAT THE CHURCH TEACHES. An Answer to Earnest Inquirers. By Rev. EDWIN DRURY, Missionary Priest. Paper, 0.30; 25 copies,	4 50
Cloth, 0.60; 25 copies,	9 00

## JUVENILES.

ADVENTURES OF A CASKET.	0 45
ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH CAPTAIN.	0 45
AN ADVENTURE WITH THE APACHES. By GABRIEL FERRY.	0 45
ANTHONY. A Tale of the Time of Charles II. of England.	0 45
ARMORER OF SOLINGEN. By WILLIAM HERCHENBACH.	0 40
AS TRUE AS GOLD. MANNIX.	0 45
BERKLEYS, THE. WIGHT.	0 45
BERTHA; or, Consequences of a Fault.	0 45
BEST FOOT FORWARD. By Father FINN.	0 85
BETTER PART.	0 45
BISTOURI. By A. MELANDRI.	0 45
BLACK LADY AND ROBIN RED BREAST. By CANON SCHMID.	0 25
BLANCHE DE MARSILLY.	0 45
BLISSYLVANIA POST-OFFICE. By MARION AMES TAGGART.	0 45
BOB O'LINK. WAGGAMAN.	0 45
BOYS IN THE BLOCK. By MAURICE F. EGAN.	0 25
BRIC-A-BRAC DEALER.	0 45
BUNT AND BILL. CLARA MULHOLLAND.	0 45
BUZZER'S CHRISTMAS. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	0 25
BY BRANSCOME RIVER. By MARION AMES TAGGART.	0 45
CAKE AND THE EASTER EGGS. By CANON SCHMID.	0 25
CANARY BIRD. By CANON SCHMID.	0 40
CAPTAIN ROUGEMONT.	0 45
CARROLL DARE. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	1 25
CASSILDA; or, the Moorish Princess.	0 45
CATHOLIC HOME LIBRARY. 10 vols., each,	0 45
CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT; or, How the Problem was solved. By Father FINN.	0 85
COLLEGE BOY, A. By ANTHONY YORKE. Cloth,	0 85
CONVERSATION ON HOME EDUCATION.	0 45
COPUS, REV., J.E., S.J.:	
HARRY RUSSELL.	0 85
SHADOWS LIFTED.	0 85
ST. CUTHBERT'S.	0 85
DIMPLING'S SUCCESS. By CLARA MULHOLLAND.	0 45
EPISODES OF THE PARIS COMMUNE. An Account of the Religious Persecution.	0 45
ETHELRED PRESTON, or the Adventures of a Newcomer. By Father FINN.	0 85
EVERY-DAY GIRL, AN. By MARY C. CROWLEY.	0 45
FATAL DIAMONDS. By E. C. DONNELLY.	0 25

FINN, REV. F. J. S.J.	
HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. Illustrated.	1 00
THE BEST FOOT FORWARD.	0 85
THAT FOOTBALL GAME.	0 85
ETHELRED PRESTON.	0 85
CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT.	0 85
HARRY DEE.	0 85
TOM PLAYFAIR.	0 85
PERCY WYNN.	0 85
MOSTLY BOYS.	0 85
FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.	0 45
FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES; or, The Old Tales Told Again.	0 75
FLOWER OF THE FLOCK, THE, and the Badgers of Belmont. By MAURICE F. EGAN.	0 85
FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER. By SARA TRAINER SMITH.	0 45
GERTRUDE'S EXPERIENCE.	0 45
GODFREY THE HERMIT. By CANON SCHMID.	0 25
GOLDEN LILY, THE. HINKSON.	0 45
GREAT CAPTAIN, THE. By KATHARINE T. HINKSON.	0 45
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S SECRET.	0 45
HALDEMAN CHILDREN, THE. By MARY E. MANNIX.	0 45
HARRY DEE; or, Working it Out. By Father FINN.	0 85
HEIR OF DREAMS, AN. By SALLIE MARGARET O'MALLEY.	0 45
HER FATHER'S RIGHT HAND.	0 45
HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. By Father FINN.	1 00
HOP BLOSSOMS. By Canon SCHMID.	0 25
HOSTAGE OF WAR, A. By MARY G. BONESTEEL.	0 45
HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY. By MAURICE F. EGAN.	0 75
INUNDATION, THE. Canon SCHMID.	0 40
JACK HILDREDTH AMONG THE INDIANS. 2 vols., each,	0 85
JACK HILDREDTH ON THE NILE. By MARION AMES TAGGART. Cloth,	0 85
JACK O'LANTERN. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	0 45
JUVENILE ROUND TABLE. First Series. Stories by the Best Writers.	1 00
JUVENILE ROUND TABLE. Second Series.	1 00
KLONDIKE PICNIC. By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.	0 85
LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY. By Cardinal WISEMAN.	0 25
LEGENDS OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS from Many Lands. By A. FOWLER LUTZ.	0 75
LITTLE MISSY. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	0 45
LOYAL BLUE AND ROYAL SCARLET. By MARION A. TAGGART.	0 85
MADCAP SET AT ST. ANNE'S. By MARION J. BRUNOWE.	0 45
MARCELLE. A True Story.	0 41
MARY TRACY'S FORTUNE. SADLIER.	0 43
MASTER FRIDOLIN. By EMMY GIEHRL.	0 23
MILLY AVELING. By SARA TRAINER SMITH. Cloth,	0 85
MOSTLY BOYS. By Father FINN.	0 85
MYSTERIOUS DOORWAY. By ANNA T. SADLIER.	0 41
MY STRANGE FRIEND. By Father FINN.	0 25
NAN NOBODY. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	0 45
OLD CHARLMONT'S SEED-BED. By SARA TRAINER SMITH.	0 45
OLD ROBBER'S CASTLE. By Canon SCHMID.	0 25
OLIVE AND THE LITTLE CAKES.	0 45
OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' LIBRARY. 14 vols., each,	0 25
OUR YOUNG FOLKS' LIBRARY. 10 vols., each	0 45
OVERSEER OF MAHLBOURG. By Canon SCHMID.	0 25

PANCHO AND PANCHITA. By MARY E. MANNIX.	o 40
PAULINE ARCHER. By ANNA T. SADLIER.	o 45
PERCY WYNN; or, Making a Boy of Him. By Father FINN	o 85
PICKLE AND PEPPER. By ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.	o 85
PLAYWATER PLOT, THE. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	o 60
PRIEST OF AUVRIGNY.	o 45
QUEEN'S PAGE. By KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.	o 45
RECRUIT TOMMY COLLINS. BONESTEEL.	o 45
RICHARD; or, Devotion to the Stuarts.	o 45
ROSE BUSH. By Canon SCHMID.	o 25
SEA-GULLS' ROCK. By J. SANDEAU.	o 45
SPALDING, S.J.:	
CAVE BY THE BEECH FORK.	o 85
THE SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK.	o 85
THE RACE FOR COPPER ISLAND.	o 85
STRONG-ARM OF AVALON. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	o 85
SUMMER AT WOODVILLE. By ANNA T. SADLIER.	o 45
TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. F. DE CAPELLA.	o 75
TALES AND LEGENDS SERIES. 3 vols., each,	o 75
TALISMAN, THE. By ANNA T. SADLIER.	o 60
TAMING OF POLLY. By ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.	o 85
THAT FOOTBALL GAME; and What Came of It. By Father FINN.	o 85
THREE GIRLS AND ESPECIALLY ONE. By MARION A. TAGGART.	o 45
THREE LITTLE KINGS. By EMMY GIEHL.	o 25
TOM PLAYFAIR; or, Making a Start. By Father FINN.	o 85
TOM'S LUCKPOT. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	o 45
TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN. By M. A. TAGGART.	o 85
TWO LITTLE GIRLS. By LILIAN MACK.	o 45
VILLAGE STEEPLE, THE.	o 45
WAGER OF GERALD O'ROURKE, THE. FINN-THIELE.	net, o 35
WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT. By MARION AMES TAGGART.	o 85
WRONGFULLY ACCUSED. By WILLIAM HERCHENBACH.	o 40
YOUNG COLOR GUARD, THE. By MARY G. BONESTEEL.	o 45

## NOVELS AND STORIES.

"BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE." Rev. F. J. FINN, S.J.	I 00
CIRCUS RIDER'S DAUGHTER, THE. A Novel. By F. v. BRACKEL.	I 25
CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES. A Novel. By Mrs. W. M. BERTHOLDS.	I 25
CORINNE'S VOW. WAGGAMAN.	I 25
DION AND THE SIBYLS. A Classic Novel. By MILES KEON. Cloth,	I 25
FABIOLA; or, The Church of the Catacombs. By Cardinal WISEMAN. Popular Illustrated Edition.	o 90
FABIOLA'S SISTERS. A Companion Volume to Cardinal Wiseman's "Fab- iola." By A. C. CLARKE.	I 25
FATAL BEACON, THE. A Novel. By F. v. BRACKEL.	I 25
HEARTS OF GOLD. A Novel. By I. EDHOR.	I 25
HEIRESS OF CRONENSTEIN, THE. By the Countess HAHN-HAHN.	I 25
HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER. KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.	I 25
JDOLS; or, The Secrets of the Rue Chaussee d'Antin. DE NAVERY.	I 25
IN THE DAYS OF KING HAL. By MARION AMES TAGGART.	I 25
"KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS." A Novel. By J. HARRISON.	I 25
LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER. A Novel. By JOSEPHINE MARIE.	I 00

LINKED LIVES. A Novel. By Lady GERTRUDE DOUGLAS.	I 50
MARCELLA GRACE. A Novel. By ROSA MULHOLLAND. Illustrated Edition.	I 25
MISS ERIN. A Novel. By M. E. FRANCIS.	I 25
MONK'S PARDON, THE. A Historical Novel of the Time of Philip IV. of Spain. By RAOUL DE NAVERY.	I 25
MR. BILLY BUTTONS. A Novel. By WALTER LECKY.	I 25
OUTLAW OF CAMARGUE, THE. A Novel. By A. DE LAMOTHE.	I 25
PASSING SHADOWS. A Novel. By ANTHONY YORKE.	I 25
PÈRE MONNIER'S WARD. A Novel. By WALTER LECKY.	I 25
PILKINGTON HEIR, THE. A Novel. By ANNA T. SADLIER.	I 25
PRODIGAL'S DAUGHTER, THE. By LELIA HARDIN BUGG.	I 00
RED INN OF ST. LYPHAR, THE. A Romance of La Vendée. By ANNA T. SADLIER.	I 25
ROMANCE OF A PLAYWRIGHT. By Vte. HENRI DE BORNIER.	I 00
ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. Complete Stories, with Biographies, Portraits, etc.	I 50
ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE FRENCH CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. Complete Stories, with Biographies, Portraits, etc.	I 50
ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. Illustrated.	I 50
ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE IRISH AND ENGLISH CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. Complete Stories, Biographies, Portraits, etc. Cloth,	I 50
RULER OF THE KINGDOM, THE. And other Phases of Life and Character. By GRACE KEON.	I 25
THAT MAN'S DAUGHTER. By HENRY M. ROSS.	I 25
TRANSPLANTING OF TESSIE, THE. By MARY T. WAGGAMAN.	0 60
TRUE STORY OF MASTER GERARD, THE. By ANNA T. SADLIER.	I 25
UNRAVELING OF A TANGLE, THE. A Novel. By MARION A. TAGGART.	I 25
VOCATION OF EDWARD CONWAY. A Novel. By MAURICE F. EGAN.	I 25
WOMAN OF FORTUNE, A. By CHRISTIAN REID.	I 25
WORLD WELL LOST. By ESTHER ROBERTSON.	0 75

## LIVES AND HISTORIES.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. Edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'CONNOR. Cloth,	net, I 25
BIBLE STORIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. Paper, 0 10; Cloth,	0 20
CHURCH HISTORY. BUSINGER.	0 75
HISTORIOGRAPHIA ECCLESIASTICA quam Historiæ seriam Solidamque Operam Navantibus, Accommodavit GUIL. STANG, D.D.	net, I 00
HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. BRUECK. 2 vols.,	net, 3 00
HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL.D.	I 50
HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND. By Wm. COBBETT. Cloth,	net, 0 75
LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. By Rev. EUGENE GRIMM, C.S.S.R. Centenary Edition. 5 vols., each,	net, I 25
LIFE AND LIFE-WORK OF MOTHER THEODORE GUÉRIN Foundress of the Sisters of Providence at St.-Mary-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana.	net, 2 00
LIFE OF CHRIST. Illustrated. By Father M. v. COCHEM.	I 25
LIFE OF FR. FRANCIS POILVACHE, C.S.S.R. Paper,	net, 0 20
LIFE OF MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES. BRANN.	net, 0 75
LIFE OF MOTHER FONTBONNE, Foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons. By ABBE RIVAUX. Cloth,	net, I 25

LIFE OF SISTER ANNE KATHERINE EMMERICH, of the Order of St. Augustine. By Rev. THOMAS WEGENER, O.S.A.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
LIFE OF ST. ANTHONY. WARD. Illustrated.	0 75
LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA. By EDWARD L. AYME, M.D.	1 00
LIFE OF ST. CLARE OF MONTEFALCO. LOCKE, O.S.A.	<i>net</i> , 0 75
LIFE OF Mlle. LE GRAS.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
LIFE OF ST. CHANTAL. BOUGAUD. 2 vols.	<i>net</i> , 4 00
LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Illustrated. By Rev. B. ROHNER, O.S.B.	1 25
LITTLE LIVES OF SAINTS FOR CHILDREN. BERTHOLD. Ill. Cloth,	0 75
LITTLE PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. New, cheap edition,	1 00
LIVES OF THE SAINTS, With Reflections and Prayers for Every Day.	1 50
OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL IN GENAZZANO. A History of that Ancient Sanctuary. By ANNE R. BENNETT-GLADSTONE.	0 75
OUTLINES OF JEWISH HISTORY, From Abraham to Our Lord. Rev. F. E. GIGOT, S.S.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
OUTLINES OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. By Rev. F. E. GIGOT, S.S. Cloth,	<i>net</i> , 1 50
PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Cloth,	2 50
REMINISCENCES OF RT. REV. EDGAR P. WADHAMS, D.D., First Bishop of Ogdensburg. By Rev. C. A. WALWORTH.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
ST. ANTHONY, THE SAINT OF THE WHOLE WORLD. Rev. THOMAS F. WARD. Cloth,	0 75
STORY OF JESUS. Illustrated.	0 60
STORY OF THE DIVINE CHILD. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. LINGS.	0 75
VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. H. FAIRBANKS.	1 50

## THEOLOGY, LITURGY, SERMONS, SCIENCE, AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABRIDGED SERMONS, for All Sundays of the Year. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. Centenary Edition. GRIMM, C.S.S.R.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
BLESSED SACRAMENT, SERMONS ON THE. Especially for the Forty Hours' Adoration. By Rev. J. B. SCHEURER, D.D. Edited by Rev. F. X. LASANCE.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
BREVE COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE DOGMATICAE ET MORALIS unacum aliquibus Notionibus Theologiae Canonicae Liturgiae, Pastoralis et Mysticae, ac Philosophiae Christianae. BERTHIER.	<i>net</i> , 2 50
CHILDREN OF MARY, SERMONS FOR THE. From the Italian of Rev. F. CALLERIO. Edited by Rev. R. F. CLARKE, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
CHILDREN'S MASSES, SERMONS FOR. FRASSINETTI-LINGS.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS: A Defense of the Catholic Faith. By Rev. W. DEVIVIER, S.J. Edited by the Rt. Rev. S. G. MESSMER, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Green Bay.	<i>net</i> , 1 75
CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. A Treatise on the Human Soul. By Rev. J. T. DRISCOLL, S.T.L.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY: God. DRISCOLL.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
CHRIST IN TYPE AND PROPHECY. Rev. A. J. MAAS, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 4 00
CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENT BOOK.	<i>net</i> , 0 25
CHURCH TREASURER'S PEW. Collection and Receipt Book.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
COMPENDIUM JURIS CANONICI, ad usum Cleri et Seminariorum hujus Regionis accommodatum.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
COMPENDIUM JURIS REGULARIUM. Edidit P. AUGUSTINUS BACHOFEN, O.S.B.	<i>net</i> , 2 50

COMPENDIUM SACRAE LITURGIAE JUXTA RITUM ROMANUM UNA cum Appendice de jure Ecclesiastico Particulari in America Foederata Sept. vigente scripsit P. INNOCENTIUS WAPELHORST, O.S.F. Editio sexta emen- dator.	<i>net</i> , 2 50
COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE DOGMATICAE ET MORALIS. BERTHIER.	<i>net</i> , 2 50
CONFESSIONAL, THE. By the Right Rev. A. ROEGL, D.D.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
DE PHILOSOPHIA MORALI PRAELECTIONES quas in Collegio Georgiopo- litano Soc. Jesu, Anno 1889-90 Habuit P. NICOLAUS RUSSO. Editio altera.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
ECCLESIASTICAL DICTIONARY. By Rev. JOHN THEIN.	<i>net</i> , 5 00
ELEMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAW. By Rev. S. B. SMITH D.D.	
ECCLESIASTICAL PERSONS.	<i>net</i> , 2 50
ECCLESIASTICAL PUNISHMENTS.	<i>net</i> , 2 50
ECCLESIASTICAL TRIALS.	<i>net</i> , 2 50
ENCYCLICAL LETTERS OF POPE LEO XIII., THE GREAT. Translated from approved sources. With Preface by Rev. JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
FUNERAL SERMONS. By Rev. AUG. WIRTH, O.S.B. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 2 00
GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF HOLY SCRIPTURES. By Rev. FRANCIS E. GIGOT, S.S. Cloth,	<i>net</i> , 2 50
GOD KNOWABLE AND KNOWN. By Rev. MAURICE RONAYNE, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
GOOD CHRISTIAN, THE. Rev. J. ALLEN, D.D. 2 vols.	<i>net</i> , 5 00
HISTORY OF THE MASS AND ITS CEREMONIES IN THE EASTERN AND WESTERN CHURCH. By Rev. JOHN O'BRIEN.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
HUNOLT'S SERMONS. 12 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 25 00
HUNOLT'S SHORT SERMONS. 5 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 10 00
INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. GIGOT.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. Vol. I. GIGOT.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
JESUS LIVING IN THE PRIEST. MILLET-BYRNE.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
LAST THINGS, SERMONS ON THE FOUR. HUNOLT. Translated by Rev. JOHN ALLEN, D.D. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 00
LENTEN SERMONS. Edited by AUGUSTINE WIRTH, O.S.B.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
LIBER STATUS ANIMARUM; or, Parish Census Book. <i>Pocket Edition</i> , <i>net</i> , 0.25; half leather,	<i>net</i> , 2 00
MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE, THE BASIS OF MED- ICAL JURISPRUDENCE. By Rev. CHARLES COPPENS, S.J., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the John A. Creighton Medical College, Omaha, Neb.; Author of Text-books in Metaphysics, Ethics, etc.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
NATURAL LAW AND LEGAL PRACTICE. HOLAIND, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 75
NEW AND OLD SERMONS. A Repertory of Catholic Pulpit Eloquence. Ed- ited by Rev. AUGUSTINE WIRTH, O.S.B. 8 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 16 00
OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. By Rev. SYLVESTER JOS. HUNTER, S.J. 3 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 4 50
OUTLINES OF JEWISH HISTORY, from Abraham to Our Lord. By Rev. FRANCIS E. GIGOT, S.S.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
OUTLINES OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. GIGOT. Cloth,	<i>net</i> , 1 50
FASTORAL THEOLOGY. By Rev. WM. STANG, D.D.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
PENANCE, SERMONS ON. By Rev. FRANCIS HUNOLT, S.J. Translated by Rev. JOHN ALLEN. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 00
PENITENT CHRISTIAN, THE. Sermons. By Rev. F. HUNOLT. Translated by Rev. JOHN ALLEN, D.D. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 00
PEW-RENT RECEIPT BOOK.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
PHILOSOPHIA, DE, MORALI. Russo.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
POLITICAL AND MORAL ESSAYS. RICKABY, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
PRAXIS SYNODALIS. Manuale Synodi Diocesanæ ac Provincialis Cele- brandæ.	<i>net</i> , 0 60

REGISTRUM BAPTISMORUM.	<i>net</i> , 3 50
REGISTRUM MATRIMONIORUM.	<i>net</i> , 3 50
RELATION OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY TO PHILOSOPHY. Mgr. DE MERCIER.	<i>net</i> , 0 35
RITUALE COMPENDIOSUM seu Ordo Administrandi quaedam Sacramenta et alia Officia Ecclesiastica Rite Peragendi ex Rituali Romano, novissime edito desumptas.	<i>net</i> , 0 90
ROSARY, SERMONS ON THE MOST HOLY. FRINGS.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SACRED HEART, SIX SERMONS ON DEVOTION TO THE. By Rev. Dr. E. BIERBAUM.	<i>net</i> , 0 60
SANCTUARY BOYS' ILLUSTRATED MANUAL. Embracing the Ceremo- nies of the Inferior Ministers at Low Mass, High Mass, Solemn High Mass, Vespers, Asperges, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and Absolution for the Dead. By Rev. J. A. McCALLEN, S.S.	<i>net</i> , 0 50
SERMON MANUSCRIPT BOOK.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
SERMONS, ABRIDGED, FOR SUNDAYS. LIGUORI.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
SERMONS FOR CHILDREN OF MARY. CALLERIO	<i>net</i> , 1 50
SERMONS FOR CHILDREN'S MASSES. FRASSINETTI-LINGS.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
SERMONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLE- SIASTICAL YEAR. With Two Courses of Lenten Sermons and a Triduum for the Forty Hours. By Rev. J. POTTGEISSER, S.J. 2 vols.	<i>net</i> , 2 50
SERMONS FROM THE LATIN. BAXTER.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
SERMONS, FUNERAL. WIRTH. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 2 00
SERMONS, HUNOLT'S. 12 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 25 00
SERMONS, HUNOLT'S SHORT. 5 vols.	<i>net</i> , 10 00
SERMONS, LENTEN. WIRTH.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
SERMONS, NEW AND OLD. WIRTH. 8 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 16 00
SERMONS ON DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. BIERBAUM.	<i>net</i> , 0 75
SERMONS ON OUR LORD, THE BLESSED VIRGIN, AND THE SAINTS. HUNOLT. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 00
SERMONS ON PENANCE. HUNOLT. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 00
SERMONS ON THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. SCHEURER-LASANCE.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
SERMONS ON THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. By Rev. F. HUNOLT, S.J. Trans- lated by Rev. JOHN ALLEN. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 00
SERMONS ON THE DIFFERENT STATES OF LIFE. By Rev. F. HUNOLT, S.J. Translated by Rev. JOHN ALLEN. 2 vols.	<i>net</i> , 5 00
SERMONS ON THE FOUR LAST THINGS. HUNOLT. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 00
SERMONS ON THE ROSARY. FRINGS.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SERMONS ON THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS. By Rev. F. HUNOLT, S.J. 2 vols. Translated by Rev. JOHN ALLEN, D.D.	<i>net</i> , 5 00
SERMONS ON THE STATES OF LIFE. HUNOLT. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 00
SHORT SERMONS. By Rev. F. HUNOLT, S.J. 5 vols.,	10 00
SHORT SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES. SCHOUPPE, S.J.	<i>net</i> , 1 25
SOCIALISM EXPOSED AND REFUTED. CATHREIN.	<i>net</i> , 1 00
SPECIAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. Part I. The Historical Books. By Rev. FRANCIS E. GIGOT, S.S.	<i>net</i> , 1 50
SYNOPSIS THEOLOGIAE DOGMATICAE AD MENTEM S. THOMAE AQUINATIS hodiernis moribus accommodata, auctore AD. TANQUERAY, S.S. 3 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 5 25
SYNOPSIS THEOLOGIAE MORALIS ET PASTORALIS. 2 vols. TANQUE- REY.	<i>net</i> , 3 50
THEOLOGIA DOGMATICA SPECIALIS. TANQUERAY. 2 vols.,	<i>net</i> , 3 50
THEOLOGIA FUNDAMENTALIS. TANQUERAY.	<i>net</i> , 1 75
VIEWS OF DANTE. By E. L. RIVARD, C.S.V.	<i>net</i> , 1 25



## MISCELLANEOUS.

A GENTLEMAN. By M. F. EGAN, LL.D.	o 75
A LADY. Manners and Social Usages. By LELIA HARDIN BUGG.	o 75
BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE. The Popular Catholic Family Magazine. Subscription per year.	2 00
BONE RULES; or, Skeleton of English Grammar. By Rev. J. B. TABB, A.M.	o 50
CANTATA CATHOLICA. By B. H. F. HELLEBUSCH.	<i>net</i> , 2 00
CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. Stories by Best Writers.	o 25
CORRECT THINGS FOR CATHOLICS, THE. By LELIA HARDIN BUGG.	o 75
ELOCUTION CLASS. A Simplification of the Laws and Principles of Expression. By ELEANOR O'GRADY.	<i>net</i> , o 50
EVE OF THE REFORMATION, THE. An Historical Essay on the Religious, Literary, and Social Condition of Christendom, with Special Reference to Germany and England, from the Beginning of the Latter Half of the Fifteenth Century to the Outbreak of the Religious Revolt. By the Rev. WM. STANG. Paper,	<i>net</i> , o 25
GUIDE FOR SACRISTANS and Others Having Charge of the Altar and Sanctuary. By a Member of an Altar Society.	<i>net</i> , o 75
HYMN-BOOK OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL COMPANION.	o 35
HOW TO GET ON. By Rev. BERNARD FEENEY.	1 00
LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL. o.10; per 100,	7 50
READINGS AND RECITATIONS FOR JUNIORS. O'GRADY.	<i>net</i> , o 50
SELECT RECITATIONS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES. By ELEANOR O'GRADY.	1 00
STATISTICS CONCERNING EDUCATION IN THE PHILIPPINES. HEDGES.	o 10
SURSUM CORDA. Hymns. Cloth, o.25; per 100,	15 00
Paper, o.15; per 100,	10 00
SURSUM CORDA. With English and German Text.	o 45

### PRAYER-BOOKS.

Benziger Brothers publish the most complete line of prayer-books in this country, embracing

- PRAYER-BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.
- PRAYER-BOOKS FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS.
- PRAYER-BOOKS FOR SPECIAL DEVOTIONS.
- PRAYER-BOOKS FOR GENERAL USE.

Catalogue will be sent free on application.

### SCHOOL BOOKS.

Benziger Brothers' school text-books are considered to be the finest published. They embrace

- NEW CENTURY CATHOLIC READERS. Illustrations in Colors.
- CATHOLIC NATURAL READERS.
- CATECHISMS.
- HISTORY.
- GRAMMARS.
- SPELLERS.
- ELOCUTION.
- CHARTS.

# A Home Library for \$1 Down.

*Original American Stories for the Young, by the  
Very Best Catholic Authors.*

20 COPYRIGHTED BOOKS and a YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to  
BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE (in itself a library of good reading).

Regular Price of Books, . . . . .	\$11.70	} Regular Price,
Regular Price of Benziger's Magazine, <u>2.00</u>		

*Special Net Price, \$10.00.      \$1.00 Down.      \$1.00 a Month.*

You get the books at once, and have the use of them, while making easy payments. Send us only \$1.00, and we will forward the books at once. \$1.00 entitles you to immediate possession. No further payment need be made for a month. Afterward you pay \$1.00 a month.

THIS IS THE EASY WAY TO GET A LIBRARY.

*And remember these are the Best Books that can be placed in the hands of Catholic Youth AT ANY PRICE.*

---

## ANOTHER EASY WAY OF GETTING BOOKS.

Each year we publish four New Novels by the best Catholic authors. These novels are interesting beyond the ordinary; not religious, but Catholic in tone and feeling.

We ask you to give us a Standing Order for these novels. The price is \$1.25 a volume postpaid. The \$5.00 is not to be paid at one time, but \$1.25 each time a volume is published.

As a Special Inducement for giving us a standing order for these novels, we will give you *free* a subscription to Benziger's Magazine. This Magazine is recognized as the best and handsomest Catholic magazine published. The regular price of the Magazine is \$2.00 a year.

Thus for \$5.00 a year—paid \$1.25 at a time—you will get four good books and receive in addition *free* a year's subscription to Benziger's Magazine. The Magazine will be continued from year to year, as long as the standing order for the novels is in force, which will be till countermanded.

Send \$1.25 for the first novel and get your name placed on the subscription list of Benziger's Magazine.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

NEW YORK:                      CINCINNATI:                      CHICAGO:  
36 and 38 Barclay Street.    343 Main Street.    211 and 213 Madison Street.

*Small size reproductions of the colored art pictures appearing in Benziger's Magazine.*



Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—III. Plenary Council of Baltimore.

SUBSCRIBE TO

# BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE

THE POPULAR CATHOLIC FAMILY MONTHLY

With a number of Colored Art Supplements each year.

SUBSCRIPTION; \$2.00 A YEAR.

WHAT BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE FURNISHES IN A SINGLE YEAR:

- Fine Art Pictures in colors, suitable for framing, size 9 x 13½ inches.
- Fifty complete stories, equal to a book selling at \$1.25.
- Three complete novels, equal to three books selling at \$1.25 each.
- 1000 illustrations, including many full-page reproductions of celebrated paintings.
- Twenty articles on travel and adventure, equal to a book of 150 pages.
- Twenty articles on our country, historic events, etc., equal to a book of 150 pages.
- Twenty articles on painting, music, sculpture, etc., equal to a book of 150 pages.
- Twelve pages of games and amusements for the young.
- An unsurpassed Woman's Department, with many helpful suggestions.
- Current Events: Important happenings described with pen and pictures.
- Twelve prize competitions, in which valuable prizes are offered.

*Benziger's Magazine is recommended by 70 Archbishops and Bishops of the United States.*



# BOOKS FOR THE CATHOLIC FAMILY

AT POPULAR PRICES.

- POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON PRAYER. By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R.  
Paper, \$0.25; cloth, \$0.40.
- POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS TO PARENTS ON THE BRINGING UP OF CHILDREN.  
By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R. 32mo. Paper, \$0.25; cloth, \$0.40.
- POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON MARRIAGE. By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R.  
32mo. Paper, \$0.25; cloth, \$0.40.
- INSTRUCTIONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS AND SACRAMENTS. By St. Alphonsus  
de Liguori. 32mo. Paper, \$0.25; cloth, \$0.40.
- THE CHRISTIAN FATHER. What He Should Be and What He Should Do. 32mo. Paper,  
\$0.25; cloth, \$0.40.
- THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER. The Education of Her Children and Her Prayer. 32mo.  
Paper, \$0.25; cloth, \$0.40.
- CATHOLIC BELIEF. By Very Rev. Faà di Bruno. 16mo. Paper, \$0.25; cloth, \$0.50.
- WHAT THE CHURCH TEACHES. An Answer to Earnest Inquirers. By Rev. E. Drury.  
16mo. Paper, \$0.30; cloth, \$0.60.
- SPIRITUAL PEPPER AND SALT, for Catholics and Non-Catholics. By Rt. Rev. W.  
Stang, D.D. 16mo. Paper, \$0.30; cloth, \$0.60.
- CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND EXPLANATION OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR.  
By the Abbé Durand. With illustrations. 16mo. Paper, \$0.30; cloth, \$0.60.
- THE SACRAMENTALS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. A. A. Lambing. With  
illustrations. 16mo. Paper, \$0.30; cloth, \$0.60.
- EXPLANATION OF THE GOSPELS AND OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP. By Rev. L. A.  
Lambert and Rev. R. Brennan. With illustrations. 16mo. Paper, \$0.30; cloth, \$0.60.
- CATHOLIC PRACTICE AT CHURCH AND AT HOME. The Parishioner's Little Rule  
Book. By Rev. A. L. A. Klauder. With illustrations. 16mo. Paper, \$0.30; cloth, \$0.60.
- ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATION OF THE CREED. By Rev. H. Rolfus. With Numerous  
Examples from Scripture, the Holy Fathers, etc. With many full-page illustrations.  
16mo, cloth, \$1.00.
- ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS. With Numerous Ex-  
amples from Scripture, the Holy Fathers, etc. Illustrated. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00.
- ILLUSTRATED EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS. By Rev. H. Rolfus.  
With Numerous Examples from Scripture, the Holy Fathers, etc. Illustrated. 16mo,  
cloth, \$1.00.
- GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS. Illustrated  
Edition. Preface by Cardinal Gibbons. 140 illustrations. 704 pages. 8vo, cloth, \$1.00.
- LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With Reflections for Every Day. Numerous full-page illustra-  
tions. 400 pages. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.
- PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With nearly 400 illustrations. 600 pages. 8vo,  
cloth, \$2.50.

*For sale by all Catholic booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers,*

**BENZIGER BROTHERS,**

NEW YORK:  
36-38 Barclay Street.

CINCINNATI:  
343 Main Street.

CHICAGO:  
211-213 Madison Street.

788







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00024837956