

The old man paused again, blew a wreath of smoke, caressed the knee of his trousers, rubbed his hands, and looked into space.

'What next?' I asked.

He appeared to come back from a great distance, and, looking at me as if trying to connect the present with the past, said:

'Oh—I forgot! Well, I stayed all night, and the next morning, after breakfast, the man told me that I had better be moving. It seemed hard to me, but children just accept the inevitable. He wasn't hard and rough about it. He said they were poor people and couldn't afford to feed me; that I wasn't big enough to work on a farm, and so on. The woman cried. They're different, women are. She'd have kept me. Well, I didn't have any trunk to pack, and so I just packed myself, and when I shook hands with the girl I just choked up a little. But I got out in the best shape I could and pushed on, my heart feeling like a lump of lead. I s'pose I'd gone about a hundred rods when I heard a sound behind me and turned around. And what do you think? That little girl was coming down the road with a bundle, her bare feet pattering in the hot sand and sounding like music.

'I thought you might get hungry,' she said, handing it to me.

'Maybe I would,' says I.

'Good-bye,' says she, stretching out her hand.

'Good-bye,' says I, taking it and holding it a minute. I wanted to kiss her, but somehow I didn't dare. I always thought she felt disappointed: her lips kind of pouted out like a rosebud, but when I dropped her hand the corners of them sunk down a little and the tears stood in her eyes. After she turned around and walked home I could have killed myself for a coward, and I feel the same way now. But—well—I'm spinning this yarn out pretty fine. I reckon you've heard enough.'

'Not if there's more,' I said.

'Oh, yes, there's more,' he continued. 'I struck Chicago at last and hustled. I had a notion that I'd get rich and go back and marry that little girl. But it takes time for a poor little chap like me to get rich. I did it, though! But long 'fore I was rich (I think it was when I was about twenty) I'd saved up a thousand dollars, and I went back on my trail to find her.'

He knocked the ashes from his cigar.

'Well,' said I.

'She was gone,' he said, and then, after waiting a moment, continued: 'Her father had died, and her mother and she had left the country. I hunted for them high and low, far and wide, but they hadn't left any more trace of themselves than two birds flying through the air. It nearly killed me; but I got over the worst of it in time and met another girl and fell in love and married her and raised a family and got richer and richer, and lived happy and all that; but I never could get reconciled to the idea that while I was living in luxury that little girl might be poor and maybe suffering.'

At this point he went through that pantomime which had first attracted my attention.

'I'm coming to the point now,' he said, taking a couple of long whiffs. 'This morning I was walking around Indianapolis to see what kind of a town it was, and strayed out into the edge of the city. Suddenly I came on an old woman sitting on a doorstep crying. "What's up?" says I to myself—and then I saw an auction flag hanging out of a window. There was always something about an auction flag that hurt me. You know how a red flag affects a bull? Well, I don't get mad, but I feel sad. Bad luck, you know—trouble, failure. Gracious! I can't stand it! Well, I just stopped and leaned over the gate, and, says I, "Excuse me, madam, can I help you?" She looked up, and I saw that she was old and poor, but decent-looking—might have been handsome when she was young, I thought (I'm partial to good looks and it didn't hurt her case any).

'No, thank you,' says she.

'Being sold out?' I asked (I'm blunt).

'Yes, sir. I've had trouble,' she said.

'What's the matter?'

'My husband was an invalid for five years, and when he died the other day I had to give up the place for the mortgage, and must sell the goods to pay for the funeral.'

'How long have you lived here?' said I.

'Twenty years,' says she.

'Where do you come from?'

'Indiana.'

'Indiana? What part?' said I, pricking up my ears.

'Doddsville.'

'Was that where you were born?'

'No, I was born near Ferguson.'

'On a farm?'

'Yes.'

'On the paddock road?'

'Yes.'

'Was your name Beardsley?'

'It was,' she answered, surprised like.

'Stranger, I'm seventy-two, but I jumped the fence,' he said, rubbing his hands.

'Was it that little girl?' I asked, leaning forward eagerly.

'That's what it was,' he replied, rubbing his knee.

'Well, well! What did you do?' I inquired almost breathlessly.

'Do?' said he, after a minute. 'I bought up the stuff and got the house back and gave it to her, and put five thousand dollars in the bank in her name.'

Once more the old man performed his pantomime. He took off his hat, polished his bald head, then his spectacles, caressed his knee, rubbed his hands, and smiled.

'I guess that will see her through, but if it don't, there's more where it came from,' he said, rising and brushing the ashes of his cigar from his coat.

The Catholic World

CANADA.—A New See

The diocese of Vancouver has been taken from the jurisdiction of the archdiocese of Oregon and raised to an archbishopric, forming a new Canadian ecclesiastical province, having two Canadian bishoprics, with the Right Rev. Bertram Orth, D.D., as Archbishop.

ENGLAND.—Lying in State

It is estimated that between 10,000 and 15,000 people passed through the Westminster Cathedral to witness the lying in state of the remains of the late Cardinal Vaughan.

The King's Sympathy

His Majesty the King and members of the Royal Family conveyed through Father Bernard Vaughan their sense of regret at the death of his brother the Cardinal.

A Remarkable Demonstration

As reported by cable at the time, a remarkable demonstration was witnessed at Charing Cross Terminus on the arrival in London of between 20 and 30 of the Benedictine monks who have been expelled from France. Hundreds of sympathisers with the expelled monks were present to receive the exiles, who were accompanied by 65 of their pupils. They were at once conducted to a room connected with the Charing Cross Hotel, and here was assembled a distinguished gathering, which included their Lordships the Bishops of Southwark, Portsmouth, and Newport. Father Fletcher—formerly an Anglican clergyman—read an address, which was addressed to the Right Rev. Father Abbot, the Very Rev. Prior, the community and students of St. Edmund's Abbey and College, Douai, expelled from France on June 18, 1903, by the French Government in hatred of the Catholic religion. The address, which spoke for the Catholics of England, offered 'sympathy and deep appreciation of and gratitude for the splendid fidelity' with which the Benedictines had carried on the glorious traditions of Douai—the Benedictines, who were looked upon 'as the last of the confessors of the Faith which Douai had sent forth to work and to suffer for Christ'. In his reply the Abbot humorously said that although they had been expelled from France they had had their innings—to use the schoolboys' phrase. That day was the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo—a remark which called forth applause and laughter—and, added the Abbot, we have had a glorious innings, and if M. Combes had not been an underhand bowler we would have done much better.

FRANCE.—Persecution

On the expulsion of the Brothers of St. Viator at Camnil, Rodez, the Government officials found in the convent an old man of 80 years and another religious who was dangerously ill. The octogenarian and the invalid were both forced to leave the premises, being removed to hospital in an ambulance waggon. A few days afterwards the man of 80, Brother Gayraud, died, being unable to bear up under his grief at being torn away from the refuge in which he had hoped to end his days, surrounded by friends. Deprived of the special attention which he required owing to his age and infirmities, he may be described as one of the victims of the policy of M. Combes. The other day at Rouen nine Jesuits who have been secularised were fined 16 francs for having dined together.

Organised Rioters

The Catholics (writes a Paris correspondent) seem to be waking up a little, at least the circular of the Prefect of Police prohibiting processions outside churches on Corpus Christi Sunday was disregarded in most places. At the Madeleine the procession took place as usual outside