

Mr. Marsham regarded the daughter of Philip d'Arcy Desborough as she sat very much at her ease among the cushions in his armchair, steadfastly returning his gaze with large, grave eyes. The color was stealing back to her face—she was wonderfully pretty, he thought. His own little daughter, had she lived, would have been about her age.

'Tell me,' he said gently, after a pause, 'why did not your father write, or call himself, concerning this business?'

'He does not know about it,' the Eldest explained eagerly. 'I—I thought I would find out the truth so as to save him from being terribly disappointed if—if it somehow came to nothing.'

And she related at length how it chanced that she saw the advertisement, and the subsequent accident to the newspaper; and how she had followed the dark green omnibuses till she had at last arrived at the office of Messrs. Marsham and Reeves, Solicitors.

'And do you know,' she ended with a little sigh of comfort and satisfaction, 'you are not a bit what I thought a solicitor would be. I don't know Mr. Reeves, of course, but you are not a bit like one. I have always had a dread of solicitors as a class,' she amended, quickly, fearing to have hurt Mr. Marsham's feelings.

The solicitor in question looked much amused, despite his concern for the brave little girl.

'But your brothers,' he pursued. 'Could not one of them have saved you this—'

'Oh, I am the Eldest,' she interposed, hastening to vindicate the absent. 'Besides, I don't go to school,' she added, with another and sadder little sigh.

'But about the fortune,' she continued, 'it must have been either Aunt Lavinia or Uncle Hubert. I could judge better which of them it was who left it to father if you could tell me the amount of it—by the year, you know.'

'Let me ask one question before answering you,' he said. 'Where do, or did, these relations live?'

'Shropshire,' the Eldest made answer without an instant's hesitation. 'There are two great country seats belonging to the d'Arcy Desboroughs in Shropshire—seats are extra big houses, as I daresay you know—and Aunt Lavinia lives in one and Uncle Hubert in the other, and they hate each other. Do you know which has died?' she asked anxiously.

'Aunt Lavinia,' said Mr. Marsham. The Eldest was about to speak, when the clock upon the mantelpiece struck twelve. She sprang up in dismay.

'I must go,' she said, beginning to wrap the still damp cloak about her. 'It takes two hours—the walk—and I have not done the marketing yet! Oh, dear, what will mother think?'

Mr. Marsham rose also. 'You must not put on that damp cloak,' he said decidedly. 'One of my clerks shall take you home in a cab—and this will serve to keep you warm.'

He took from a curtained niche in the wall a man's overcoat.

'It is a spare one,' he added, in answer to her remonstrance.

'Do you mean you have another?' she asked suspiciously. 'Or do the two hanging there belong to Mr. Reeves?'

'One is his, but I keep two here,' explained Mr. Marsham, turning away and pulling at his moustache. Then he rang the bell. 'Call a cab,' he said to the young man who attended.

'I am sorry not to have seen Mr. Reeves,' the Eldest remarked politely, fastening on her hat. 'I suppose he is interviewing some one else. Did you say a clerk was to go with me?' she asked wistfully. 'I should so much, much rather you came yourself!' and she slipped a persuasive little hand into his.

Mr. Marsham glanced at the table, with its pile of interrupted correspondence, then at the child's upturned face.

'Very well,' he said. 'Since you wish it, I will accompany you.'

The cab was announced, and the Eldest, enveloped in the great coat, trailed through the outer office, followed by the solicitor bearing the little damp cloak upon his arm, to the profound astonishment of the clerk.

It seemed a long way, even by cab, and the Eldest, sat still, lost in silent enjoyment. Presently they entered the neighborhood of the shops, and she was reminded of her neglected marketing.

'Will you tell the man to stop a moment at the next greengrocer's?' she begged of her companion; 'the rest of the things can wait, but I must just go there.'

She struggled out of her coat, and made her way into the shop, presently to emerge with an enormous cabbage in her arms. 'It will go nicely on the seat between us,' she announced, cheerfully, in answer to the

disconcerted expression of the solicitor, 'and if it bothers you I can take it on my lap.'

A few minutes later there arrived at No. 65—street, to the no small amazement of Martha, the maid, a cab, from which the Eldest sedately alighted, wearing cloakwise a garment the shoulders of which reached nearly to her elbows, bearing a cabbage, and accompanied by a strange gentleman.

'Only half-a-crown, sir?' the driver murmured. 'Give him another,' pleaded the Eldest, compassionately, with a queenly gesture of the hand. 'I have one in my money-box upstairs, if you don't mind all-pennies and halfpennies.'

Which most lordly generosity went to show that the Eldest was beginning to realise the new life that was opening before her, and was prepared to live it worthily.—'Catholic News.'

The Catholic World

ENGLAND—Death of a Venerable Priest

The death has taken place at the Oratory, South Kensington, of the Rev. Charles Henry Bowden, in his seventieth year. Father Bowden was one of the founders of the Oratory in King William street, Strand, which was afterwards removed to Brompton.

Serious Fire in a Church

By a fire which occurred in the Catholic church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, Hastings, the magnificent high altar, valued at £10,000, was much damaged.

The Dominicans

At the Provincial Chapter of the English Province of Dominicans, held on May 8 in London, the Very Rev. Laurence Shapcote, Lector in Theology, was re-elected Provincial for a term of four years.

Papal Honor

Canon Singleton, of St. Joseph's, Seacombe, Cheshire, has been raised to the rank of a Domestic Prelate to the Holy Father, with the title of Monsignor.

Foreign Missionary Society

His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster presided on Thursday, May 3, at a council meeting of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, held at Archbishop's House. There was a good attendance. The secretary presented a long and able report on the work of the various missions, and explained the aims of the eight priests of the Society who recently went to the Philippines. The report, which was described as a record of progress, was adopted. There was a general agreement that there is a pressing need of funds to meet the requirements entailed by the Society's progressive work.

ITALY—Church and State

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan was among the illustrious visitors to the King and Queen of Italy on their arrival at Milan. In addressing the Sovereign at the laying of the foundation-stone for the railway station his Eminence was very happy. With Manzoni, he, at the outset, described the religion of 'the dear Italian fatherland' as 'beautiful, immortal, beneficent, ever accustomed to triumph.' This set the Catholic and local note in his eloquent speech, which was all praise of religion, Milan, and the good in life. Towards the close he said: 'The Prince of the Apostles briefly traced the life of honesty and virtue in the words "Omnes honorantes, fratres diligite, Deum time, Regem honorate."' This quotation and the tone of the Cardinal's address could not escape notice as evidencing the pleasanter times which have come for Church and State in Italy.

SCOTLAND—Death of a Catholic Lady

The funeral took place recently at Lochnell, Argyshire, of Mrs. Annie Constance Campbell, of Lochnell, who died at Taynuilt, on the shores of Loch Etive, after a long illness. The deceased lady was extremely popular in the West of Scotland, and was born in Ireland about 64 years ago, her father, Dr. John Francis Fitzgerald, of Carrick, claiming kinship with the old Earls of Desmond. Mrs. Campbell's first husband, Dr. Richard M'Clymont, died in China, and in 1877 she married secondly Archibald Argyll Lochnell Campbell, who in 1882 succeeded his uncle as thirteenth Lochnell, and died a few years ago.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night, WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE, 1/6 and 2/6 per Bottle.