## Miss Canary's Legacy.

BY F. L. BACON.

The wind was blowing in high and from the sea. It always sounded with that peculfar wail when it came sweeping over the foam-touched waves they lashed up against the beach. It was very strong tonight, and there was a dash of sleet with it. Miss Canary and drawn her striped shawl closer about her shoulders and stirred the

fire into a brighter glow. She was a thin, angular woman, of 30 or more. Her face was hard with many lines of care. She had not taken tife easily; though, (iving alone in the little cottage, her simple, uneventful life had had seemingly few grievances. Miss Canary tended her flowers, kept her hotse in order, and owed no one.

What cause had she then to worry? Tonight she held in her hand a lettar, and more than once settled her spectacles to re-read it. Joel Canary, her only brother, was at the point of death. How she had loved him! It seemed, tonight, that she could see him so plainly—a little lad, when she was already a woman grown, running to her for everything, his sunny curl tossing brightly over his white fore-head; could see again his laughing

eyes.
She had loved him with all the strength of her heart. But she had not forgiven him for loving and marrying as he had done. She had opposed it from the beginning. A pink and white doll face, that was all! It had been a grim satisfaction, when the news came that the foolish little woman had run away from home to join some opera com-pany, deserting child and husband.

That was what the story had been. She had not cared to investigate it further. It was nearly five years ago, and she had not forgiven Joel. He had but met his deserts, she had said sternly. Now he was dying. He had not prospered, the letter said, and there was nothing to leave, "nothing save the little lad—Joel." And the writer begged in her brother's name, that she, his only sister and kinswoman, would care for the child. She, Eliza Canary, who had no dealings with children, who dreaded their approach as some unknown species of untamed animal! She had suddenly the care and responsibility of one thrust upon her!

Her untasted tea stood on the little round table. Mousey, the big Maltese, rubbed herself against her mistress' iress, vainly desiring notice. Miss Canary had indeed forgotten that she had no tea, and that Mousey's saucer of milk had not been poured. She sighed heavily and folded up the let-

"It's got to be, I s'pose," she said. Much living alone had given Miss Canary the habit of talking to herself. "I spose I know my duty; the Lord's spose I know my duty, the Lord's always made it plain enough for me, whatever folks may say 'bout not knowing what the Almighty wants 'em to do. That's just shiftin' the responsibility, I'm thinking. Joel's child! I-I almost wish I'd seem him afore he went; but I told him I'd never speak to him again if he married that girl, an' I never broke my word yet, an' never intend to—but oh, I wish to mercy the child hadn't never come! How ever I'm to keer for it, I don't know. There'll be dirt over everything—my carpets an' clean floors; an' noise like the Fourth of July all the year round. An' he'll be certain to tease Mousey."

This last was evoked by the fact that Mousey had put up her paw and was gently patting Miss Canary's lap. The old woman rose mechanically, and, with hands that trembled a little, poured the milk. The wind outside blew the curtains at the windows. It sounded like a voice of distress afar

that way and bring anybody luck," said Miss Canary; "an' it sure has brought my share of trouble," she ad-

ded with a groan. For the next few days Miss Canary her new charge. She had repaired a little white bed in a small but spot-lessly clean room. She carefully laid pieces of drugget by its sides for the baked an overwhelming number of pies, and even made doughnuts. She had not made any for so long that they were rather a failure. "But boys' stomicks can stan' most anything," she said, "an' Joel used to

love 'em so.' When finally the boy arrived, having come in charge of a comparative stranger traveling in the same direction, Miss Canary was not prepared for him. She was in the back yard hanging out her modest array of washing, when the vehicle stopped, and a tiny-such a tiny-little figure was lifted out, and then the driver whipped up his horse and was off, leaving what looked like a bundle of rags at the gate.

Miss Canary's hands were wet, she wiped them hastily upon her apron as she hurried forward. Two grave blue eyes—Joel's had been blue—met hers. But what a baby! Surely she need not fear dirty carpet and general destructiveness from such a child as this. She gathered the little bundle arms and carried it swiftly in from

the keen east wind.

The child was indeed very small for for his age of nearly six years. As he sat eating thick slices of bread and butter and drinking rich, sweet milk, the like of which had never before the like of which had never before been his share, Miss Carney looked at him in a sort of stupefied amazement. To speak to him, to expect a reason-

able reply, did not occur to her. He his requirements seemed to call for it and with great satisfaction she watched the mouthfuls disappear. When Joel had finished he got down from the tall chair very gravely, and came to her, folding his little hands together.
"I fink I'll say my prayers now,

Aunty 'Liza."
"Mercy, child!" gasped Miss Canary, completely overcome by this familiarity and the startling announcement.

"Who told you to call me that?"
"Papa; he tol' me how you loved little boys, an' how you were goin' to buy me a rock'n' horse an' a sailboat, an' a canary bird an' white mice; an'

now, Aunty 'Liza, I'll say my prayers."
"But it isn't time; it's not night yet."
"Oh, that's noffin," responded Joel, 'On, that's nomn,' responded 30st, cheerfully. "Papa always let me say 'em in the daytime—God'll hear."

Miss Canary was mute while the little face buried itself in her apron,

and a smothered voice gabbled over,—
"Now I lay me," and added, "P'ease
b'ess mamma, papa, Aunty 'Liza, an'
little Joe." Then the tightly closed
lips relaxed and Joel sprang to his
feet. "Now let's play horse, Aunty
'Liza"."

So the days went on, and Miss Canary's charge thrived and grew like the pink and white hollyhocks planted against the kitchen wall. But things did not go exactly as she had expected. For instance, the very first night Joel had flatly refused to occupy the little white bed arranged with so much

"I allus slept with papa," he pleaded; and Miss Eliza found nothing to do but let him crawl into bed with her. where he slept soundly and his head resting constantly against her arm. She found berself counting over her scanty hoard, to see what might be spared for a rocking horse. She would compromise upon that; the sailboat would keep her in endless terror, and how could she insult Mousey by installing white mice and a bird in her do-

Joel was very happy. As the spring advanced he spent hours down on the beach collecting treasures hitherto un-known to him. Miss Canary was si-lett when he showered jellyfish and "flådlers" on her parlor floor. Nay, she even permitted the building of a "pond" for his "fam'ly," as Joel called them, in the corner of her sitting roompond formed of a dish pan surrounded by bits of stick, rocks, and sand. She used to pause every now and then in her baking or cleaning, to go to the front window and look for him on the beach.

she said, apologetically.
So time passed on, and Joel had been an inmate of the little cottage nearly two years. It was a day bright with the May sunshine, and Miss Canary had set herself to work at cleaning the cellar. "The brighter the day the bet-ter to see the cobweds," she said, as she tied up her head and drew on a

pair of cotton gloves.

Joel was playing. He had put prepared glue on Mousey and his own hair was sticky with it. Miss Canary

did not know that.
Suddenly she heard his voice calling Suddenly she heard his voice calling her name excitedly. What was the matter? She scrambled up the steps, not waiting to remove her gloves. She hastened to the front of the house and flung open the door, drawing back

in horrified amazement.

Just outside, bending over the child, the long plumes of her hat mingling with his curls, was the slender, almost girlish figure of a young woman. The rich silk of her gown glistened in the sunlight; there were bright colors in her hat, and the soft hair under it shone like gold. Joel's arms were round her neck, and he turned, saying

with an air of pride,—
"Aunty 'Liza, this is my mamma; I'se long, 'cause papa said she'd come Joel's mother unfastened his arms, but still clasping the child, turned her pretty, half-defiant face to Miss Ca-

"You are surprised to see me," she said, looking gravely at the other's be-wildered face. "I have known my child was with you. I owe you a great deal. I was with my husband when he died, but I could not take Joel then. I came up from Boston this morning to get him. You will no doubt feel to be relieved of him; you are un used to children; Joel must be a trial

Miss Carney was still silent. She felt as though a sudden paralysis had seized her. She tried to speak, but the words choked her. She put out her hands as though to ward off a blow.

"My position has not justified my the child before," continued vife. "Now I have an assured Joel's wife. one which will enable me to amply care for him. Oh, my baby, my baby!" she cried, smothering him with kisses,

"how I have hungered for you!"

Miss Canary's grim face did not re-

trembled on her lips. Words of pas-sionate reproach, of hate, of anger, arose within her. Still she stood sient, the wind blowing the skirt of her flimsy dress and the straggling locks of her gray hair. With it all came her stern sense of justice. This was the boy's mother, who had the right to him; how dare she question it? But she made one last desperate effort.

"Joel," she said, and her voice trembled and shook, "would you rather go with this lady, or stay with me and -an' all your things?" She clung to the last inducement as to a straw of

The child looked at her with his grave, questioning eyes, and, not loos-ening his hold on his mother, put out a hand to her.

"I loves you an' my fam'ly very much, Aunty 'Liza; but you see, this is my mamma-my truly mamma; I couldn't help goin with her."

Mrs. Canary showered kisses upon him, and Miss Eliza turned away with a sickening sense of defeat and misery

"I'll go pack up his things," she said. The waves were rolling inward, and the wind was blowing high and from the sea. The air was full of its wail, as she stood and watched them as they

She went about like one upon whom some heavy blow had fallen. The people missed her from the church. They missed her active figure in the village, and on the sands. She performed her duties mechanically. It seemed to her she had grown so old. How empty the bed seemed! How doubly empty the room! The "pond" was undisturbed. A jellyfish sprawled on the floor beside it. Miss Canary did not remove it. To herself she dealt her

words sternly.
"It's retribution. I wouldn't forgive

Joel; I vowed I never would an' now the Lord's punishing me."

At the end of the third month, the moon, looking down, one night might have smiled to see Miss Canary stepping cautiously out of her front door. She was not wont to venture out at night, and felt a certain sense of awe and looked around half fearfully. She locked the door and put the key in the little worn satchel she carried. Every window blind was drawn at front and back. Without doubt, Miss Canary

was going away, but there was only the sea and the wind to know it. It was quite early the next morning that she found herself in Boston and at the door of the house to which, after much inquiry, she had been directed A neat maid admitted her, and with shaking limbs and trembling lips she sat stifly on the high carved chair is the hall. She was conscious that she was squeezing a jellyfish or two, which she had put in her pocket, but she felt

incapable of moving.

There was the soft rustle of a woman's skirts, and then a graceful figure in a pretty morning gown came

leisurely towards her.
"The servant told me," she began then stopping short, "why—why if it isn't Miss Canary—Sister 'Liza, I mean —why how do you do?" She held out both hands, but Miss

Canary rose up solemnly.
"Wait er minute," she said. "I want

to tell you something. I didn't forgive Joel fur marry'n you; I sa'd I wouldn't, an' I didn't, an' so the Lord punished me by lettin' me have Joel's child, an' then, when I mos' depended on it, taking him away: Joel's dead, an' I can't tell him, but mebby his sperit 'ill know of it, if you forgive me, an' lemme live here—jus' as—as er housek ep-er—or somethin', My salt riz bread is good, an' jus' lemme—lemme see the child." She broke down sobbing, her withered hands covering her face.

"Joel, Joel," called his mother softly. There was a patter of little feet, a sound upon the stairs, a glad cry, and a curly head rested upon Miss Canary's breast: her tears fell upon it.

"It wasn't altogether as you thought," Mrs. Canary said, as she poured hot, fragrant coffee for Miss Eliza, while Joel smoothed and patted his flabby and flattened fish. "I didn't desert Joel-" her eyes filled with tears—"we couldn't make ends meet, and I—I had talent and could sing; he was willing I should go, and when he died, we both wanted you to have the child until I could take him. I didn't mention that when I wrote, because—well, because we were not friends then, and felt you would not understand. And now I have a place assured me in a large church here, and I do not have to be away from home. Joel, tell Aunty 'Liza she's never to go away any more-except in home and spend it there on the beach, with all the jellies and the nettles-and what else?

"An' my fam'ly," said Joel.-Good Housekeeping.

The Birds' Morning Toilet. There is no prettier spot in Greater

New York on a summer morning than the center of Union Square park, where the fountain plays and pond lilies float

lake is bordered with a bed of brightly blooming flowers and the water's sur face is nearly covered with pink and white lilies and their smooth, round leaves. But this is not all. On almost every one of those green leaves is

The birds fly down from the trees, alight on their fairy boats, tilt their little heads daintily and lean over and take a drink. Then they consider whether they want a plunge or simply a sprinkle. If the former, into the water they go, flopping vigorously in their gigantic bathtub. If they feel they do not need an all-over bath, they find a lily pod which sinks just below the water's surface and perform their ablutions there. Then, shaking the bright drops from their dainty little

and ready for breakfast. It is a pretty sight right in the hot. cobbles.ened. steel f : m : e ty, and well worth going a few way to see. Nev York Mail and Ex-

shirtwaists, they fly to the grass which

here flutter and lounge about until dry

the morning sun, and

is warmed by

You might as well put down a foundation ten feet by five and expect to rear on it a great cathedral as to put down on it a great cathedral as to put down or racted character in a child's soul and New Hebrides.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

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## THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE

Alcoholic Heredity—History of a Family of Eight Children, Whose Father Was a Hard Drinker—Every Member But One a Degenerate—An Awful Warning.

a Hard Drinker-Every Member But One a Degenerate—An Awful Warning.

I can possibly better illustrate what the term nervous diathesis means by detailing the history of a neurotic family. Its father was a man of vigorous personality, strong of brain and in excellent bodily health. From early manhood, in order to more easily accomplish his work, he had indulged excessively in alcoholic stimulants, yet never to the extent of intoxication. The mother was a gentlewman of delicate, nervous organization, and refined mental temperament, worrying over trifles, excitable, and, at times, suffering from the milder forms of hysteria. A family of eight children was born to them. In childhood high and frequent fevers without adequate cause were observed. Their dentition was frequently complicated by convulsions, and at the age of two years epilepsy developed in one of the children. Another child, delicately molded, and extremely precocious, could read at the age of three, and displayed considerable ability as a musician. She was sent to school when six, and was soon regarded as an infant phenomenon, advancing rapidly in her studies. She failed to develop physically, and early suffered from astigmatism. At the age of twelve, owing possibly to a slight fright, she became choreic, improved, relapsed at the end of three months, and finally recovered except for slight habit spasms. A third child, apparently normal and giving but little evidence of any unusual nervous or physical disturbance, yet developed a megrim at the age of sixteen. Another daughter had always shown a certain weakness of body, a poor appetite, digestive disturbances and constipation. Like the mother she was nervous, and at times morbid. An unhappy marriage and too frequent bearing of children resulted in a permanent melancholia. The oldest boy was fairly bright, but proved decidedly unruly in the school, and refused a university education. He worked faithfully and untriragly, and rose to the head of a large business establishment, manifesting no bodily or menta of children resulted in a permanent melancholia. The oldest boy was fairly bright, but proved decidedly unruly in the school, and refused a university education. He worked faithfully and untringly, and rose to the head of a large business establishment, manifesting no bodily or mental peculiarity. The second son was excellently endowed. At an early age she exhibited marvelous activity, rapidly passing through the various grades of the common schools, and entered the university when barely sixteen. His university course was most brilliant. He was the honor man of his class, was an excellent debater, and led in religious work. What was given him to do he did well, but his mentality was one of doubt, and he could not decide upon his life work. He went to Harvard for a post-graduate course, then to Germany. While there he found brain concentration impossible, worried much over trivial affairs, and became very despondent. There soon developed serious stomach derangements, and he suffered greatly with intestinal dyspepsia. He returned to his home depressed, overwhelmed with morbid fears, incapable of prolonged mental efforts, and remains a confirmed neurasthenic. Another son, with very much the same history, studied law, rose rapidly in his profession, and, except for occasional dipsomaniac outbreaks, is fairly successful. The fourth son was not bright, took but little interest in his studies, shirked when possible, left school at an early age, consorted with evil companions, and seemed unable to comprehend his moral delinquencies, wandered from place to place, gambling and dissipating and finally became a confirmed criminal. In this family group only one became insane. The reason for this development the family could not possibly conceive, honestly denying insane heredity, yet every member of the family, except one, presented either physical or mental stigmata of degeneration.—Dr. Robertson, in Occidental Medical Times.

Drink Habit Among Women.

Some surprising statements were made at the late State Convention of the Conceticut Catholic Total Abstinence Union by the Rev. Walter Shanley, the President of the organization. In his annual address to the assembled guests of the State societies. The priest talked on the projects of temperance in the State, and said that he regretted to say that while habitual intemperance among men was decreasing alcoholism among women was becoming more common. He said in part:

"Considerable comment has been made lately concerning the drink habit among society women and the danger of this growing custom among the women. According to competent authority, drinking is decreasing among men, but increasing among women, and among women of the wealthier classes. It is to be regretted that women who are leaders in society imitate the drinking customs of English society, and that the old American ideas of respectability in this matter are fast disappearing. It is to be hoped that Catholic women will not be brought to adopt this dangerous drink fashion."

Mince Pies Under a Ban.

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Mrs. Cornelia B. Forbes, President of the Hartford Branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has made the discovery that the required fee of fifty cents is not the stumbling block that bars the way of new recruits to that organization, but homely and provincial cider. On account of this subtle and "dangerous" beverage, the society has relegated mince pies to the black list, and the New England housewife who considers cider the essential element to the success of her pies refuses on this account to join the ranks of the white ribboners. Such was the report made at a recent meeting in Hartford by those who have been striving to increase the membership.

Salvation For the Slave of Drink

Salvation For the Slave of Drink. What is the price of freedom for the slave of drink? Self-denial! Is this hard? Oh, husband! Oh, brother! take in hand that glass of liquer, hold it before your eyes and see therein the tears of a loving wife, dear children, and blasshemies, woes and miseries of which it has been the cause, then tell me how you can deal it out to others, or take it yourself. Oh! think of the souls damned through the means of it, who will rise up on judgment day against the drunkard and the vender of drink, and then with all the horror of which your soul is capable dash away the fatal cup forever from your lips.

A Town Without Saloons

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The Great Northern Railroad has won its fight to prevent the incorporation of the town of Hillyard, near Spokane. The contest was rather pectilar in some particulars. Hillyard is a town established and owned by the company. In order to secure entry for the saloons an attempt to incorporate the town was made, but has failed, and the railroad will continue to run the town without saloons.

## The Crusade in Brief.

At Bayonne, N. J., twenty saloons were fused renewal of license and closed. The Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church is operating fifteen ice-water fountains.

The trend in the direction of temperance is so marked in the South that the daily newspapers are beginning to take notice of it and discuss it editorially.

Draking on the police force is not to be allowed in San Francisco. H. R. Smith was fined \$100 for being drunk on July 4, and barely escaped dismissal from the force.