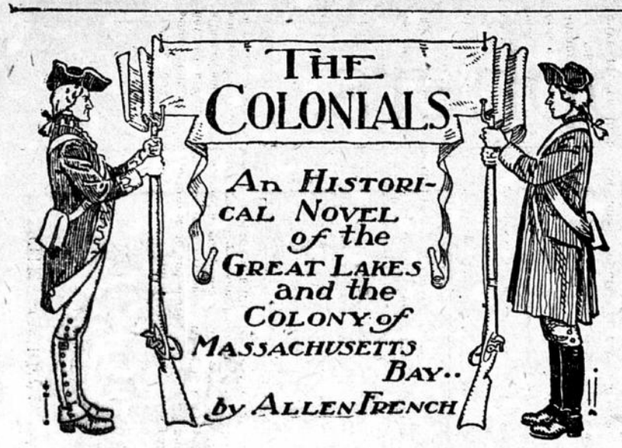

Chapter VII.

A NEW ALLIANCE.

To carry a jaunty front; to live as well as the best in the town; and to be, among his political associates, admired and trusted, had long been the aims of Dr. Benjamin Church. The first was natural to him; the last he had won by his address and tact; but the second he had bought dear.

Equipped with the best education the colony could afford, his training finished in London hospitals, the doctor stood high in his profession. But with a desire for expression, a clever pen, and a talent for verse, he was not the man to keep himself from the public eye. He early saw the popular side and willingly embraced it. For the sake of his professional standing (since a whig would as soon employ a tory lawyer as a tory doctor), it was wise to go with the majority, and the admiration of the many was dearer to Church's heart than the friendship of the few. He won the fourth place in public esteem; the members of the caucuses took oath at each meeting to reveal their deliberations to none but Adams, Warren, Hancock and Church. Able to steer with the wind, for a number of years he enjoyed himself to his heart's content.

But sailing, even on a summer sea, is not always smooth, and the winter of colonial politics was approaching. The doctor found himself in troubled waters, with contrary winds. His extravagant life had led him deep into debt. Gaming, his favorite pastime, almost a passion, turned suddenly against him. He trusted to it to bring him out of debt; it failed, and thrust him deeper. The time came when he was very closely pressed.

Captain Sotheran came to him at the right moment. Fortune acted as with a set purpose; the final loss at cards was the last straw. The doctor sold himself in the way that pleased him most. His stunted, worn-out conscience was no bar. But now that he had surrendered himself, the dread of discovery—not his own shame, but public disgrace—was unbearable. He shrank at the thought of the finger of scorn; he used every endeavor to shield himself. His idea was to earn his pay while saving his reputation—a delicate, juggling task, to contemplate which drove him to the bottle or the gaming table—or both together.

Therefore, it was not strange that at the end of a week he was in search of Captain Sotheran. He met him walking in the street alone, and joined him with outward flourishes and gestures from which any looker-on could see their acquaintance was merely ceremonious. But between the words of formal greeting he thrust in other sentences: "I have something for you. And I need money. This place is too public; will you go with me to the tavern?"

As they went they met on a narrow side street a lean, tall man, with threadbare coat unbrushed, and with apprehensive aspect. His eyes were shifting quickly, and as he passed he made no response to the doctor's greeting of "Good-day, Mr. Ellery."

"Ellery?" asked Sotheran, halting. "Did you call him Ellery?"

"Ay," answered the doctor. "Thomas Ellery, the uncle of—your friend."

"Turn back," said the captain quickly. "You shall introduce me."

But Mr. Ellery, after bowing and smiling mechanically, begged to be excused. "I am not well," he said. "My old complaint. You must pardon me."

"He is quite spiritless," whispered Church to Sotheran, as Mr. Ellery started on.

"By your leave," answered Sotheran, "I will inspirit him. Wait me here a minute, good doctor, while I have a word with him."

He caught up with Mr. Ellery and walked at his side. "Sir," he said, "although of such brief acquaintance, I wish to recommend myself to you."

"I will remember you," replied Mr. Ellery.

"Nay," said the captain, studying the wrinkled face; "but you have not yet observed me, nor can you repeat my name."

"I pray you," begged Ellery, hurrying on, "let me go."

"Let me speak," replied Sotheran, keeping pace with him. "I will not delay you. I wish to speak of your nephew."

"Which?"

"The older, Frank."

"Well, say quickly."

"I am his friend."

Mr. Ellery cried out suddenly: "I wish nothing to do with you!"

"Such a friend," continued Sotheran, "that I wish he were in the harbor; that I would put him there again."

He finished with a sudden snarl of hate. Mr. Ellery stopped, and stood staring at him.

"Now, look at me," said Sotheran. "Remember my face. Shall we not be friends? We can serve each other. We have the same purpose, you and I."

Mr. Ellery put a trembling hand on Sotheran's arm. "Your name?" he asked huskily.

"Sotheran of the Fourth," he replied. "Courage, sir. You are not alone. I will wait upon you. We shall see what we can do together, eh?"

"Yes, come and see me," agreed Mr. Ellery. "No, he might be there. Let me come and see you. When and where?"

"Soon," answered Sotheran. "Soon—I will let you know. Meanwhile, remember me. Good day."

"Sotheran of the Fourth," repeated Mr. Ellery, and stood looking after him.

"Well," said Dr. Church, as the captain rejoined him, "whether or not you have put spirit into the old fellow, he is changed."

They went again to their former place of meeting, called for cards and wine, and presently money and a folded paper changed places. After a proper interval, warm with his wine and satisfied, the doctor rose. "Do you stay here?" he asked, seeing that the other did not move.

"Yes, I wait," said Sotheran. "I expect my servant. Good day."

The captain remained after the other had departed; he sipped his wine and drummed on the table with his fingers. He thought, and his powerful face displayed unusual traces of his feelings, as in his dusky corner he felt himself free from observation. Ideas were coming to him, his plans were moving forward, and he say in the future not merely success, but triumph. It was not long, however, before Tabb entered the room and stood at attention before him.

"Well, Tabb?" said the captain.

"Nothing new to-day, sir. Christine says Mr. Ellery has not been to call on Mrs. Tudor for two days."

Sotheran drummed again on the table. "Does he still give you the cold shivers when you pass him on the street?"

Tabb's military aspect took on more individuality. "Aye," he answered.

"Especially when you remember," added his master, "that a word from him——"

"Don't, sir," begged Tabb, raising his hands. "I can't bear to think of it. Everybody hating us, turning us out of the regiment—it's too horrid!"

"Well," muttered his master slowly, "perhaps you'd be willing to do something to preserve it?"

"You won't ask me to tackle him, sir!" asked Tabb, uneasily.

"You're not afraid?" sneered Sotheran.

"Aye, that I am," returned the servant. "Ever since that time I ran in and found her gone, and you lying in blood——"

"That will do!" commanded the captain sternly. "Tabb!"

The servant came back to his military position. "Sir?"

"Christine pleases you?"

"Oh, yes. Nice little thing. Sort of innocent."

"She likes you?"

"I think so."

Sotheran leaned forward and looked in his eyes. "Make her like you more," he said. "Play with her. Turn her head."

"Sir?" asked Tabb, a stare and a smirk contending on his face.

"Make her yours," commanded the captain. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain placed a guinea on the table and left the tavern. The servant called the landlord, ordered wine, and began in his turn to play the officer.

Chapter VIII.

PETTINESS.

That corner in the tap-room of the Silver Ball, where Sotheran and Church already twice had sat, was destined before long to see another meeting. The captain sent word by Tabb to Thomas Ellery that on such a day, at such an hour, he could be found at the tavern. But to his surprise and disgust, at the appointed time there entered, not Ellery alone, but also Brush.

The world at that moment was not going well with the New Yorker. He was out of money, he wanted more, and on the street he clung to his brother-in-law for the purpose of extorting it. He began to drop hints. The boy—oh, Ellery knew well enough what boy—there was a secret about him which Ellery would like to know. Would he pay to know? Ten guineas—eight guineas? Never; and Ellery marched on.

"Well, then," said Brush at last, "the boy has run away. Now, will you pay?"

"Run away!" cried Ellery, between delight and unbelief. "When? Where?"

"A year ago. But where?—as if I knew."

"Couldn't you find him—catch him?"

"No," answered Brush; "and tried my best, too. Now, won't you give me something, Tom?"

"Why should I?" grinned Ellery, resuming his walk. "He's gone."

"Ah," responded Brush, "but where is he?"

Ellery stopped in alarm. "Will he come here and find me?"

"Fool!" sneered the other. "He doesn't know of you, or his own name."

The father was relieved. "Don't call me a fool, Crean," he directed, walking on. Brush still followed.

"Now you'll give me something, won't you, Tom?" he asked. "Just for the news."

Ellery had reached his destination. "No," he answered. "Now, I'm going in here, Crean, to meet a gentleman. I don't want you. Come to me to-morrow," he added, as a propitating afterthought, and entered the tavern.

But Brush, like a bulldog, shook his surly head. "To-morrow!" he repeated, angrily. "I'll see what sort of a gentleman he is to meet." He entered after Ellery, and stood lowering at him and Sotheran.

"What does he want?" demanded the captain haughtily. "Why did you bring him? Send him away." But as Ellery turned he found Brush at his side, about to accost him again.

"Tom," said Brush, "I'll tell you something now, by Gad! that will make you pay. That boy—"

"Go away," cried Ellery in an agony. "Crean, you've been drinking."

Brush had been drinking; just enough to make him stubborn. "Not with money of yours," he retorted, angrier than ever. "That boy——"

"Go away!" repeated Ellery.

"Is here in Boston."

Ellery actually reeled. The captaain, scornfully settling himself to wait, saw the dismay on his face, and at once was attentive. "In Boston?" gasped the unhappy parent.

"In your own house," added Brush.

"Mine? What!"

"Your nephew's servant."

"Roger!" sighed Ellery, and sank in a chair.

He was but a panting, timorous creature as he endeavored to collect himself. His shaking hands, his open mouth, his rounded shoulders, even his grizzled hair betrayed agitation. The other two surveyed him, Sotheran with cold amusement, Brush with contempt.

"What!" cried the New Yorker, as Ellery did not speak. "He does not know you. He will not hurt you, Tom—not bite. A boy, a mere shaver. Brace yourself."

"But if he knew!" exclaimed Ellery, hoarsely.

"I will see you again about that," answered Brush with meaning, and turned to go.

But the captain, his scarlet blazing in the dingy room, raised an arm. "Stay, friend," he commanded lazily. "Come, sit down. Here is wine."

"I must go," stammered Ellery, beginning to scramble to his feet.

"Nor you, either," returned the captain. "Sit still. Now, friends, what is this pretty little mystery?"

He looked from one to the other as they hesitated. Brush inquired of Ellery with his eye: "Shall I tell?" Ellery, with a face of dismay, signalled "No." But the captain, seeing some new thing connected with Frank, meant to understand it.

"Come," he said slowly, "drink, Mr. Brush. It seems there is a boy in question, whom I think I remember to have seen. He turns up unexpectedly in the house of Mr. Ellery, who, it would seem, would prefer him in Tartary. He knows the boy, but the boy does not know him. He fears harm, but the boy cannot harm him unless Mr. Brush says a certain word. What is that word, Mr. Brush?"

But he received no reply.

"The word," said the captain genially, "sticks in Mr. Brush's throat. But let me examine. There is something that Mr. Ellery does not wish the boy to know. It would seem—" he eyed Mr. Ellery, smiling—"as if there were—some—hidden relationship."

"No!" cried Mr. Ellery, starting from his chair.

His pale face was spotted with red, his eyes showed fear, his breath, as he stood and panted, came rasping in his throat. Brush looked up at him in apprehension, but the captain quickly smiled.

"Oh, sit down," he drawled. "There is no cause for agitation. The secret is safe with me. Pray sit down: that is right. And so this handsome stripling is yours—son?" He read the correctness of his guess in the downcast looks of both, and languidly smiled.

"A little wine, Mr. Ellery," he said, filling a glass and pushing it across. "The weather is cold. Pray do not regret my discovery of this interesting secret. Perhaps I can make good use of it. Come, let me inquire a little further." And he presently drew from them a few more particulars.

"The boy knows himself only as Mr. Brush's nephew," he mused. "Supposes his father dead; doesn't know his own name. For some time he has been Mr. Frank Ellery's servant. I understand there is a strong attachment between them. Now, how can we relieve Mr. Ellery of the lad's presence, which will be painful to him?"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Ellery eagerly.

"Come, Mr. Ellery, what do you offer to be rid of the boy?"

"Rid!" cried Ellery, leaning forward, both hands held out. "Oh, if you——"

Then he realized his mistake and stopped petrified, his face ashen. Sotheran was looking at him in cynical understanding, Brush with a sturdy disgust.

"Gad! Tom," cried his brother-in-law, "why do you hate the boy so? To wish him out of the world is unnatural—it's unnatural."

"Nay," said Sotheran. "The instinct of a father is always true. But—I surprised a secret desire, Mr. Ellery. Now, how much do you bid?"

"Nothing," gasped Ellery. "You're wrong—quite wrong, truly."

"Then let us forget it," went on the captain smoothly. "Mr. Brush, we were both mistaken. Let us begin again. How much, Mr. Ellery, will you offer Mr. Brush to relieve your house of the presence of the boy?"

"Five guineas," proposed Mr. Ellery, willing even at a high price to buy his former words. "Six——"

"Ten," amended Brush briefly. "And his clothes and keep."

"Send him back to New York," suggested Ellery, "to his mother."

"Send—who with?" demanded Brush. "He'd escape on the way."

"Let him," thought Ellery, but Sotheran spoke again.

"Ten guineas will satisfy Mr. Brush from Ellery. And ten—from me."

"From you?" cried they both, turning upon him. "From you? Why?"

"Because," he answered indifferently, "I mean to have the boy."

"You!" repeated Brush. "What for?"

"Perhaps," answered the captain, "to please Mr. Ellery. And I need another servant—to run errands, black shoes and assist my man."

"Don't let him run out of sight," advised Brush, laughing loudly, "or he'll never come back. But come, it's agreed. Give me my money, and I get you the boy."

The captain counted down five guineas from his purse. "The rest," he said, "on delivery of the article."

"And you, Tom?" demanded Brush, his eyes snapping. Ellery did the same.

"There!" cried Brush, spinning a coin on the board. "And easily earned," he added to himself, sweeping the money, spinner and all, into his great palm.

Ellery leaned toward Sotheran. "Why did you ask me to come?" he asked in a low voice.

"To make your acquaintance," answered the officer. "To satisfy myself how far you are willing to help me with your nephew. I think"—and he smiled with meaning—"that I know."

Ellery winced, but continued to look into Sotheran's face. "You hate him?" he asked anxiously.

"More than you," replied the captain. "I have more against him."

"Not half so much," exclaimed Ellery, heedless that Brush could hear. "Not half—but Roger, why do you want him?"

"You are inquisitive," said Sotheran, coldly.

"But why?" persisted Ellery. "What will you do to him?"

Sotheran's eye for an instant flashed at his thought. "I want the boy," he answered, "to anger your nephew with. To ruin him before her eyes, to ——"

"Yes, yes," finished Ellery, eagerly.

his head toward Brush. But Brush was os- his heads atoward Brush. But Brush was ostentatiously pocketing his money.

"Egad!" he muttered to himself. "You have a job on your hands, my fine Englishman. Roger knows a thing or two."

Chapter IX.

ROGER.

In the great Ellery kitchen, where years had discolored the ceiling and touched with sobering hand the walls, bright utensils still shone, and on the hearth a fire flamed. It was night, but the fire and one candle sufficed for light, throwing shadows into corners and upon the walls. The place was warm, homely and cheerful, and the four who sat before the fire felt, each in degree, the influence of the room.

Ann and Nick and Pete and Roger sat in a semicircle. The two men held glasses in their hands, and Pete, looking to measure the liquid that steamed upon the hearth, saw with satisfaction that there was plenty more.

"'Tis a good drink you brew, Ann," he said, reaching for the crock.

"Pay for it, then," she answered. "Tell me some more news. I go so seldom from the house that I hear little. How goes it, d'ye think, with Master Frank and Mistress Tudor? Why does he delay?"

"Well," ventured Pete, "for one thing, he's too busy to see her much, with his work for the committees, and being Dr. Warren's right-hand man. And, Lord! she's so ringed round with officers and tories—how can a whig go there?"

"But he does go!" cried Roger eagerly. "He'll win her!"

"To his luck!" responded Pete. "Roger, you're not drinking?"

"No," answered Roger. "I've drunk too much in my life. I drink but when I must."

Pete turned in order to look at him the better. "Drunk too much in your life! Hear the boy!" And he and Ann laughed together, loudly, and Roger flushed.

"My uncle," he said, "began on me at 3 years, first with beer, then with spirits. I learned to carry it—and I learned other things, too," he added, slyly.

"What other things?" inquired Pete, with curiosity.

"To be drunk," explained Roger. "Uncle always was ugly when tipsy, but I learned to lie like the dead when I saw danger coming, and he wouldn't beat me. I learned to lie still for hours."

"Good!" cried Pete. "But who was he, this uncle of yours?"

"Never mind," answered the boy, and closed his mouth so tight that they laughed. They had learned that on some subjects Roger could not be made to speak.

"All right," said Pete, and turned to Nick. "What gossip from the shop?" Another moment and they were launched on the stream of politics.

Roger sat closely listening. A thin, sharp lad he seemed to be, with bright, unhealthy eyes and mouth long used to hiding secrets. Eager to learn, stubborn-ideal, in his own person knowing well the meaning of oppression, his course of life had taught him the value of certain things. He had made his own fight for freedom, had tested its dangers and its delights; knew hardship and ease, roughness and kindness, hatred and love. Already he had pledged his devotion, at whatever risk. He was Frank Ellery's slave, and forever a whig.

The others came in their talk to the discussion of the movements of the troops. Roger did not need to be told that every lounger at the corner, every stroller in the streets, each man out of work, each woman at her kitchen door, was a whig agent, self-appointed. Every unusual action of the soldiers was at once noted and reported. "But," emphasized Pete, "we want more. To learn their plans beforehand—how can we do that?"

"What plans?" asked Roger.

"Of seizing our leaders. They've threatened it for months. Or of marching out after the stores in the country. If they should strike quickly we could not prevent."

Roger drew the long sigh of a visionary. To save Hancock and Warren from seizure, to give warning of the movement of the troops—even a boy could do these! His eyes grew dim with a desire for the opportunity.

And then the blow, so long dreaded, fell. His uncle appeared at the kitchen door, to seize and carry him off. It was in vain that Pete and Nick protested; Mr. Ellery was there to sustain Brush. Pete sent Nick for Master Frank—that was all that could be done—while the ropemaker himself dogged Brush's steps as he led the boy through the streets.

Since Brush had seized him, Roger had not said a word. "Roger," asked Pete, ranging up alongside, "is he your uncle?"

(To be continued on Monday.)

A CLOSING BENEFIT

For Treasurer Van Roo at the Dewey To-morrow.

Loos & Fisher's big burlesque company will be the closing attraction of the season at the Dewey theater Sunday matinee and night. The performance will be in the nature of a benefit for James Van Roo, the treasurer, and will be made up of some of the best vaudeville acts that have played the Dewey during the past season and two catchy burlesques. Several of the acts and the musical numbers will be entirely new to Minneapolis, although they have been seen at leading vaudeville houses. There are twenty handsome young ladies in the cast. The costumes, scenery and electrical effects have been especially designed for this company and will be found up-to-date in every particular. There will be only two performances, one in the afternoon and one in the evening.

Another Improvement, Chicago, Boston and New York Travel.

On and after June 15th the Erie railroad will still further improve their Boston and New York service by offering to the public a handsome limited train to leave Chicago from Dearborn Station every day at 10:30 a. m., arriving New York next afternoon at 3:30 and Boston at 9:00 o'clock.

There is no doubt that this service will be highly patronized, as this new train will land the traveler in New York City in ample time to permit him to proceed leisurely to his hotel or home, rest, dress, dine and spend the evening in whatever manner may appeal to him most.

This every-day morning train will consist of standard Pullman drawing-room and sleeping cars. All meals en route served by the famous Erie dining cars. No extra fare will be charged on this train.

Ticket Office, 242 South Clark Street, Chicago.

The 20th Century Limited, the Lake Shore's New Twenty-Hour New York Train

Will be placed in service June 15th, leaving Chicago daily 12:30 p. m., reaching New York the next morning 9:30. Leave New York 2:45 p. m., arrive Chicago 9:45 next morning. This new train is in addition to the present magnificent passenger service afforded by the Lake Shore.

The new train will save one full business day between Chicago and New York. W. B. Hutter, N. W. P. A., 122 Endicott Arcade, St. Paul, Minn.; C. F. Daly, C. A. G. P. A., Chicago.

Boston and Return $29

Via the Soo line. Take the only through car route. Dates of sale June 12, 13 and 14. Ticket office, 119 S Third street.

Does your building require a new roof? See W. S. Nott Co. Tel: 376.

Chief Rangers of Minneapolis Courts, Catholic Order of Foresters

MRS. SARAH BOARDMAN, St. Bridget's Court, No. 334. —Photo by Miller.

MRS. MARY SCHNECKENBERG, St. Bridget's Court, No. 335.

MISS BERTHA PECHOUSEK, Our Lady of Perpetual Help Court

MRS. N. STEFFES, Sacred Heart Court, No. 490.

MISS CELINA CAVUETTE, Notre Dame de Lourdes Court, No. 231.

MRS. E. J. McSHERRY, St. Dominic's Court, No. 370.

MRS. JAMES MULVIHILL, St. Rose's Court, No. 97. —Photo by Miller.

MISS MARIE E. LENOIR, L'Etoile du Nord Court, No. 263.

MRS. G. L. MINETT, St. Cecilia's Court, No. 392.

AN ORDER OF CATHOLIC WOMEN

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WOMEN'SSOMETHING ABOUT THE WOMEN'S AND ITS RAPID GROWTH IN MINESOTA—NEXT CONVENTION IN MINNEAPOLIS.

The Women's Catholic Order of Foresters is a benevolent organization which has courts in nearly every state outside of the yellow fever district. The order will hold its annual convention in Minneapolis next summer and Minneapolis people are interested in its history. It was founded in Chicago by Mrs. Elizabeth Rodgers, who has held the position of high chief ranger from the beginning.

Mrs. Rodgers has been an active worker for the good of humanity for twenty-five years. She was born in 1847 and when thirty years old organized the first working girls' union by means of which the condition of thousands of factory wokers was improved. Her work in this cause and in that of temperance brought her and Frances E. Willard together and made them life-long friends. Mrs. Rodgers also organized the first assembly of the Knights of Labor for women. In her girlhood Mrs. Rodgers was a shoe worker and her husband is an iron molder.

In May, 1891, Mrs. Rodgers began to organize the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters. It took four years of hard labor to get the number of members required by the Illinois insurance law to obtain a state charter. When the number was sufficient the application was sent in and refused. The women found they were neither citizens nor voters and the auditor would not grant them a license. The attorney wished Mrs. Rodgers to make a test case, but inside of two weeks she had obtained a license without litigation and the first convention was held in the Palmer House in Chicago in 1894 with delegates from sixteen courts representing 987 members. At that time the death rate was one dollar a member. At present there is a membership of over 37,000 and the death rate is 3 cents. The organization began life without a cent in its treasury and the outgoing treasurer at the last convention turned over $158,460.12, deposited in four Chicago banks.

There are sixty-two courts in Minnesota and Illinois is the only state that has a larger number. Minneapolis contributes ten courts to the Minnesota quota. The first court in the city grew out of a social organization of Catholic women. The members wanted other benefits than those that come from sociability. They heard of the W. C. O. F. in Chicago, and investigated it. An organizer was sent to Minneapolis and St. Rosa's court, No. 97, was formally chartered. The present officers are Mrs. James Mulvihill, chief ranger; Mrs. Julia Dempsey, vice chief ranger; Miss Ellen O'Leary, recording secretary; Mrs. Sarah O'Hara, financial secretary; Mrs. J. McDonald, treasurer. It is in the parish of Immaculate Conception but Father Cleary is the chaplain. It has a membership of seventy-six and holds regular meetings twice a month, in addition to social gatherings.

Notre Dame de Lourdes court, No. 231, has a membership of 126 and is in Notre Dame parish. Father Andre is the chaplain and meetings are held in St. Antoine hall on Central avenue. Miss Celina Cavuette is chief ranger; Mrs. Angele Laliberte, vice chief ranger; Mrs. Emma Colle, recording secretary; Mrs. Malvina Campeau, financial secretary; Mrs. Lucy Mathieu, treasurer.

L'Etoile du Nord court, No. 263, is four years old and has fifty-one members. It belongs to St. Anne's parish and Father Vanden Heuvell acts as chaplain. Miss Marie LeNoir is chief ranger; Mrs. Antoine Chouinard, vice chief ranger; Mrs. C. H. Dunais, recording secretary; Mrs. Gilbert Chouinard, financial secretary; Mrs. Laurance Tuscany, treasurer; Mrs. J. A. Page, deputy high chief ranger. Meetings are held in Krafft's hall the first and third Monday of every month.

St. Bridget's court, No. 334, has for its chief ranger, Mrs. William Boardman; vice chief ranger, Mrs. M. J. Walsh; recording secretary, Mrs. Lizzie Rice; financial secretary, Mrs. J. McBreen; treasurer, Mrs. Annie Connolly; deputy high chief ranger, Mrs. M. H. Cummings. The court has ninety-three members and belongs in Ascension parish. Rev. J. Harrington is the chaplain and meetings are held in G. A. R. hall on Twentieth avenue N, on the second and fourth Wednesdays in the month. In addition to being chief ranger of St. Bridget's court, Mrs. Boardman is deputy high chief ranger of St. Catherine's court in Le Sueur and St. Theresa's court in Faribault.

St. Agnes' court, No. 335, has eighty-eight members and is in the parish of St. Boniface. Father Timothy Wade is the chaplain. The meetings are held twice a month in Forester's hall on Fourth avenue NE. Mrs. Mary Schneckenberg is chief ranger; Miss Bernadina Peck, vice chief ranger; Mrs. Annie Bach, financial secretary; Mrs. Mary Cramer, recording secretary; Miss Helen Peck, treasurer; Miss Anna Roesch, deputy high chief ranger.

St. Cecilia's court, No. 392, belongs to St. Anthony parish and Father Gleason is the chaplain. The sixty-nine members hold their meetings in A. O. U. W. hall. Mrs. Anastasia Minett is the chief ranger; Mrs. Alice Dwyer, vice chief ranger; Mrs. Bertha Rivenberg, recording secretary; Mrs. Mary Kenan, financial secretary; Miss Kate Murphy, treasurer; Mrs. Boran, deputy high chief ranger.

St. Dominic's court, No. 370, has a membership of ninety-one and is in Holy Rosary parish. Mrs. E. J. McSherry is the chief ranger; Mrs. Mary La Gore, vice chief ranger; Miss Mabel Knock, financial secretary; Miss Ella Quinn, recording secretary; Mrs. Galagher, treasurer; Mrs. Cummings, deputy high chief ranger. Father Hartigan acts as chaplain. The court meets in Forester's hall, Franklin avenue S, on the second and fourth Wednesdays in the month.

Sacred Heart court, No. 490, has Mrs. N. Steffes for chief ranger; Mrs. Elizabeth Tobin, vice chief ranger; Mrs. J. Kastenholz, recording secretary; Mrs. Tracy Newstrom, financial secretary; Mrs. J. Sexton, treasurer. The court has sixty members and is in St. Joseph's parish. Father Andrew is the chaplain and meetings are held the second and fourth Tuesdays in the month in the hall on Plymouth and Washington avenues.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help court, No. 521, is in the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and Father Prachovsky is chaplain. Miss Bertha Pechousek is chief ranger; Miss Maris Pesek, recording secretary; Miss Marie Safar, financial secretary; Mrs. Anna Striegl, treasurer. The court has twenty-two members and is one of the new branches.

St. Stephen's court, No. 530, is the latest one to receive a charter. It is about a year old and has a membership of forty. As its name implies it is in St. Stephen's parish and Father Danehy is the chaplain. Mrs. Mary Walsh is the chief ranger; Mrs. Jennie Newell, vice chief ranger; Miss Mae Doyle, recording secretary; Miss Frances Bayley, financial secretary; Mrs. Marie Gebhardt, treasurer.

In addition to the regular officers each court has a medical examiner, a conductor, three trustees, auditing, visiting and membership committees, and a committee on the good of the order.

The members are divided into classes A. and B. The death benefit in the former is $1,000 and in the latter $2,000. Women cannot join class B after they are 45 years old. The organization is entirely independent of the Catholic Order of Foresters and is not an auxiliary of any masculine organization. It is an order of women, by women and for women.

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