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learout table on here?" pessing, bod

Good little Patience in her old brown dress;

with burning, crimson face and aching feet and harads the irons away nor frets at weariness. Out by the doorway full of yellow sun She does not go, but looks with wistful eyes

Where golden robins sing for summer just begun, And blossoms laugh in sweetness to the skies. Through windows barred with morning glory

Gool airs creep in and hasten out again. The green leaves dance and wave to he with beckoning signs, But still does not her longing heart complain.

before the long white ironing board she stands, So true and faithful to her duty's place; Good little Patience with the steady, toiling hands sweet Patience with the mild unfretful face. -Good Housekeeping.

HIS LAST CHANCE.

The lieutenant arose with somewhat

of a headache. In common with most of the officers of the fort he was given to tarrying rather longer at the wine than the good of the service really demanded, and last night, as was the custom, cards had formed part of the entertainment. He was not loser in cash, but he was in self respect. He had kept himself reasonably clean from the baser things in life till he came here; but the velvet of West Point suffered abrasion when it met the wolf skin of the frentier. Things were more primitive. Men spoke and thought farther away from that social hangman's whip which keeps us all in order. The lieutenant felt abased, and wondered, as he slowly dressed himself, how he could thread the way out of this labyrinth; how he could stand up clean among—not apart from—the comrades of his new life. And there was even comething more than that. He did not care to transform the army into a drawing room, but he cherished a lively hope that a time might come when he could prove that other heights were better than this round of cynicism, revel and

The mail coach had driven from Deep Springs this morning, arriving before he arose, thus avoiding the heat of the day, and when the lieutenant returned from breakfast he found a letter on his table. It was only one of many missives, but it was the one letter of them all to him. ent. She wrote such delightfully long lug needles of successive years. letters. There wasn't much of news or philosophy in them, but one rose from the reading with a consciousness of having been for nearly an hour in her presence. A perfect reserve pervaded every line, and yet one felt the soft, warm influence of a languid, blonde woman; the incense of deference paid by a rare creature, weak and willing to be led, rose to the brain of a man not given to underestimating himself. She was rich, too. All these things revolved themselves, rather than were revolved, in his mind ery, announced some unexpected ap We lie sat on the cool perch in the rising preach. At first he thought of deer and day and studied the familiar pictures in mourned his forgotten pistols. Then he fort and valley.

But his heart would come back from all these wanderings after lofty things and fix itself right here in the smoke of the Sierras. He had met Kate Bentley. He had walked with her and talked with her, had danced with her and had sounded the welcome depths of strong goodfellowship. She was the antithesis of Maud Coventry. She was dark, with cheeks of wine and lips of red; she was strong, resourceful, com posed. He felt drawn to her like iron to a magnet. She complemented where he was deficient. She was equipped abundantly with those qualities that had been denied him.

Marriage to a good woman was undoubtedly the one sure way to guit the bad and invite to the good without getting out of step with the forces at the fort and before he knew it the lieutenant had said almost inaudibly:

"Yes, marriage; but to which one of them?" Then he recovered his poise with a laugh at the arrogance, and did them both the grace to confess that he had no reason to know that either one

would have him. And here carne Kate Bentley right at stime when she should stay away. No doubt the Hentenant would have come stage coach, two miles away stop in many a one before. These early morning reformations to rewing a night of arcess are ropes of saud, and few men are bound long by their folds. Here came Kate Bentley with an Indian boy Stiendant, sitting her pony like a queen cept it. and reining up so gracefully that the cavalry officer paid mental honors to her

She sat there in the saddle as he came down to the road and stood talking to her. The girl seemed a very bundle of electricity this morning. Her look, her swaying perch. Words, her socious that caressed him. He saw his way clearly enough into ness were despoiled of ropes, chains and through three yards of space, and then an ugly row, but there was neither time straps to securely the the prisoners. her witching departure—all blent in an nor inclination for heatation, so he Then the lieutenant gave his first at infragos that cleared his brain and grasped his light fowling piece and start tention to his wounds. He was growing shrilled stony bits negres to the very time

of his tingers.

"Going to a wedding, is she?" he mused as he walked back to the porch. "Gad, I would like to go to a wedding with her, I think." He was erect and full of force. The brief meeting had shocked him into clearer vision and deeper breath.

The Bentleys were the one family where ladies of the fort could visit on terms of equality. Judge Bentley, the father, had come there ten years before, almost as soon as the fort gave protection from the ravages of Indians, and had established a stock ranch, which was making him a very wealthy man. His wife, while mourning the loss of many things she had appreciated in her former home, still kept the social atmosphere about her quite at its best. Kate contimued her studies in an eastern school, and when she came at length to her California home she fell at once into the graces of the ladies of the garrison. She had admirers without number of all degrees, from the vaquero who conquered her father's wildest horses to the very pink of dilettanti at the fort. But she seemed the model of all heart whole young women, and, while the farthest possible remove from a coquette, was able to win allegiance from all and to in-

spire each with respectful regard. "Going to a wedding," mused the lieutenant again, and he fell to thinking of the kind of a home she would keep. Was she not better, after all, for an army officer than that passive luxuriance in Coventry's mansion? Surely he felt for her a much stronger attraction. The very air about her seemed tingling with an influence he enjoyed. His eyes were brighter, his heart was lighter, he was more instinct with life when near her than when anywhere else in the world.

It was a puzzle. He would go up in the redwoods. Maybe the balsam of their branches might prove a balm for him. So he took a fowling piece, donned the lightest hat military regulations would let him wear, and walked up the steep path back of the fort. Into the fringing thickets of Mauzanita, beyond them and across the bald ridge of the mountain, which showed white like a bank of snow sixty miles away, and then across the threshold of the redwoods. Here the shade was deep and grateful.

He found a giant redwood that had stood for centuries, perhaps, before it "vielded to the shoulder of the Titan blast," but which now lay prone upon Maud Coventry was a good correspond the ground, half buried with the dilitmossy bole offered a sumptuous couch, and there the lieutenant stretched himself for an hour's rest-for an hour's study."

He lay there looking at that dark shadow which crept from the farther foothills and traveled so steadily eastward across the valley, calculating how long it would take him to reach the foot, and reflecting that days were longer on the heights, when a distant tramping. the first sound that had broken his revfancied it might be a bear, and began to be uneasy. But when human language reached his ears a moment later he knew that the most dangerous of animals was near him.

"He'll be there," said one man in a tone that implied repetition.

"Yes, but if he brings three or four fellows the money won't go far among

"But I tell you he will only bring one," said the first speaker a little sharply. No need to be careful in these dense woods. They are better than the walls of the Bastile for hiding secrets.

"Then," fretted the other, "it will be just our luck to strike a dozen fellows on that stage and git the daylight shot through us.'

His companion laughed coldly at his querulous comrade, and together they walked on toward the dip of the mountain.

The lieutenant sat bolt upright on the mossy redwood.

"Why they're going to jump the mail wagon," he said, almost staggered at what promised to be even more of a sensation than he wanted. As he sat there other herself assisted in the fusilade. quickly calculating whether he had time to alarm the garrison he saw the old it, and then he saw it start again at a stage robbers had planned to inter-

As it came nearer be saw a man and woman sitting on the one seat "outside." and had time through his growing excitement, to envy them somewhat of

ed down the billerde in the treck of the

robbers. To avoid being seen he made a detour at the point where they had boldly crossed the bald ridge of mountains, and, keeping the shadow of the forest constantly about him, passed near the stage road and wondered if that vehicle with its precious freight would ever weather the ambush and climb this hill. Still descending, but more guardedly now, he watched for some sign from those who had preceded him,

Suddenly his eve caught the wide swaying of a small pine shrub. It bent far over to the left, then to the right. then forward-like a soldier with a signal code. Responsive to the message he saw a broad white hat far down the slope swing once around.

"Fandango, the Mexican stage robber," exclaimed the lieutenant under his breath, for he recognized the hat despite the distance as one that covered a head on which a price had long been set.

Passing down an open slope he saw a quick movement in front of him. A thick, low pine branch had been thrust aside and as hastily replaced. The lieutenant threw his gun to his face and sent a load of bird shot rattling into the pine. It took effect. The smothered curse of a man came first and then the crash of a Spencer rifle. The lieutenant knew he was hit, but his blood was up and he dashed at the pine tree while dexterously throwing a new shell into the empty chamber of his gun. Prone on the ground behind the tree lay one of the men who had passed him half an hour before. He was as busily and as coolly preparing for the duel as was the officer; but fate was against him. The lieutenant saw him, cocked both barrels and fired in an instant of time, and the ounce of lead the bandit discharged flew wide of its mark, for two good loads of small shot were deeply bedded in the head and neck of the assassin.

The next moment he was astride the fellow, clutching the more dangerous carbine. But he did not need to struggle, for the writhing, tortured man beneath him was quite beyond the possibility of inflicting harm. Loosing the cartridge belt he strapped it about him, broke his own fowling piece so as to render it useless if his man should recover. and started on a run toward the pass. Just here he must have felt the effect of that first shot, for he forgot the pass, forgot that the government mails were in danger, and forgot that lives might have to be sacrificed before Fandango's

thirst for gold _____ A shout and a shot from the pass told him the battle was on; the violent whipping of horses, the cursing of men, the scream of a woman, and then the tearing, crushing sound which told of a capsized coach. Another lapse of consciousness followed, and at its end he found himself in the stage road, a hundred yards from the wreck, and saw a number of frightened men and a woman standing in a row, while Fandango, the Mexican stage robber, was rifling their pockets.

Forward! Double time! March!" shouted the lieutenant bravely, as though greaser," he cried, with sulphurous adjectives, as he sent a bullet whizzing There are two kinds of love on the love of the through the bandit's hat; "you sagebrush heathen! You'll rob the mail wagon, will you?" and his second shot, To pour its fond heart in the sea. with truer aim, struck one of the fellows who was guarding the prisoners.

Fandango's pistol replied in turn, but without effect, and the lieutenant fired again and again, excited beyond the bounds of accuracy and as void of fear as though at target practice. The robbers had at first been astounded. The tone of command with which the newcomer announced his arrival stunned them for a moment, but when they saw there was no one to obey they took fresh than their fellows usually do. But the lieutenant continued to swear and to shoot, and one exercise or the other fanned into flame a live coal in the line of prisoners.

The woman took advantage of the distraction, sprang to the driver's overturned box grasped the two revolvers which lay beside it on the ground, toesed one to the man nearest her and with the

That turned the tide. Fandango and his robbers, be they ever so hold, could shelves and ledges will make the air not stand before the storm of fire from pure and sweet. If a large basketful of from his reverie just as he had from front of the Bentley farm. He saw a an equal number of guns. They throw charcoal be placed in a damp cellar group of men and women throng about down their weapons and started to run.

> "Halt hands up!" eried the lieutenlively gait and make straight for the ant firing again and with more careful pass, where he shrewdly calculated the aim. He wanted to gather in this whole batch. All the savage was roused in him. He wanted them, dead or alive. He saw the Mexican sink to his knees, and he turned to the next one-his last

> cartridge gone. "Halt hands up!" he commanded in their lovely evening and moonlight ride still stronger tones, and the assauling down the valley on that elevated and obeyed him. "Bind 'em," commanded the young officer, and the coach and har-

against the overturned stage, too helpless to stand alo. 3.

"You are a nobleman!" That was the first thing he heard above that rising roar in his ears. A thrill like electricity ran through him. It was the woman whose nerve and courage had turned defeat into triumph.

Aye! It was more than that! It was Kate Bentley. She laid a gentle hand upon his bleeding arm, and with the other tried to steady him to a seat. But the tonic of her touch banished the aintness, and, with a wave of feeling that may be pardoned in a young man it saly a hero, he wrapped both his arms about this treasure, and for one blissful moment publicly hugged a most handsome young woman.

How the mist rolled away! How he hated himself for that decision on the fallen redwood. No wonder its dead scents clouded his mental vision. Why had he not stood upright like a man among the virile trunks of living trees? Surely their stronger bearing would have guided his judgment better. All his being told him this was the missing part of life. His mind flew to the future and he saw himself the proud husband of this heroine of the Sierras.

"But how did you come here?" he asked, releasing her. They had become the center of a group.

"I was in the coach," she answered She was not embarrassed. They all stood too close in the valley of the shadow of death to measure trifles.

"What on earth brought you there?" he pursued, regarding her only.

She released herself gently and he reclined upon the cushions they had piled for him.

"Why, don't you know?" she asked. and there may have been somewhat or regret in the tone, "I was married this afternoon. I told you I was going to a wedding when I passed you at the fort this morning. This is my hasband. We are going to the bay. Fandango knew it, and knew we had some money with us. That's why he chose this time!"

"This-is-your-husband?" questioned the lieutenant very weakly indeed, taking the hand of a rich young ranchman.

"My husband;" and then as she stooped and moved the cushions slightly she gazed far down into these dimming eyes and added: "If he were not"- but she did not finish. She rose, her lashes a little wet, went over to the young man whose name she hore, put both hands in his, and together they caught sten again for the march of life.

The coach was righted, the robbers were placed inside and taken to the fort, and two men lifted the wounded lieutenant on a rude litter and carried him home through the deepening shadows of redwoods, then out into the glorious flood of moonlight.

He had the best of care, and his wound healed rapidly enough, but the man himself did not seem to get well. For more than a year he suffered that sort of stupor in which he had seen his quick reared castle of light demolished, and then he his company was behind him. "You confessed to himself that loging this one woman he had lost all.

Which through continents pushes its pathway forever The difference in each case is this:

The river is lost if the ocean it miss. But the ruinous round of cynicism, revel and routine never captivated him again. He was above it, and yet not a man in the service kept such a hold on the hearts of his brother officers as he did.-Chicago Herald.

Keep Cool if You Want to Sleep. A nervous individual recommends 'keeping cool" as a sleep producer, and would have the weary night watcher courage and showed vastly more fight find a cool place and sit for an hour calming himself. Cold is electrical and whatever cools without taking cold produces a soothing quiet of the nervee. When the nerves are felt the brain is hot and the spine is hested, and to abolish this condition the best prescription is to keep oool. New York Sun.

> Dump Cellars. If a cettar has a damp smell and cannot be theroughly ventilated a few trays of charcoal set around on the floor, where milk is kept the milk will be in no danger of becoming tainted. - Medi-

> > Vory Soft.

cal Classics.

"What do you think of that young fellow across the way?" whispered she to her escort in the street car. "Pianissim," replied he, true to a mu-

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meal training -Chicage Times.

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