

her helmet off, and crying bitterly. "Why can't you let me alone?" she said. "I only wanted to get away and go home. Oh, please let me go!"

"You have got to come back with me, Miss Copleigh. Saumarez has something to say to you."

It was a foolish way of putting it; but I hardly knew Miss Copleigh, and, though I was playing Providence at the cost of my horse, I could not tell her in as many words what Saumarez had told me. I thought he could do that better himself. All her pretense about being tired and wanting to go home broke down, and she rocked herself to and fro in the saddle as she sobbed, and the hot wind blew her black hair to leeward. I am not going to repeat what she said, because she was utterly unstrung.

This, if you please, was the cynical Miss Copleigh. Here was I, almost an utter stranger to her, trying to tell her that Saumarez loved her and she was to come back to hear him say so. I believe I made myself understood, for she gathered the gray together and made him hobble somehow, and we set off for the tomb, while the storm went thundering down to Umballa and a few big drops of warm rain fell. I found out that she had been standing close to Saumarez when he proposed to her sister, and had wanted to go home to cry in peace, as an English girl should. She dabbed her eyes with her pocket handkerchief as we went along, and habbled to me out of sheer lightness of heart and hysteria. That was perfectly unnatural; and yet, it seemed all right at the time and in the place. All the world was only the two Copleigh girls, Saumarez and I, ringed in with the lightning and the dark; and the guidance of this misguided world seemed to lie in my hands.

When we returned to the tomb in the deep, dead stillness that followed the storm, the dawn was just breaking and nobody had gone away. They were waiting for our return. Saumarez most of all. His face was white and drawn. As Miss Copleigh and I limped up he came forward to meet us, and when he helped her down from her saddle, he kissed her before all the picnic. It was like a scene in a theatre, and the likeness was heightened by all the dust white, ghostly looking men and women under the orange trees, clapping their hands—as if they were watching a play—at Saumarez's choice. I never knew anything so un-English in my life.

Lastly, Saumarez said we must all go home or the station would come out to look for us, and would I be good enough to ride home with Maud Copleigh? Nothing would give me greater pleasure, I said.

So, we formed up, six couples in all, and went back two by two; Saumarez walking at the side of Edith Copleigh, who was riding his horse.

The air was cleared, and little by little, as the sun rose, I felt we were all dropping back again into ordinary men and women and that the "Great Pop Picnic" was a thing altogether apart and out of the world—never to happen again. It had gone with the dust storm and the tingle in the hot air.

I felt tired and limp, and a good deal ashamed of myself as I went in for a bath and some sleep.

There is a woman's version of this story, but it will never be written—unless Maud Copleigh cares to try.—Rudyard Kipling.

### THE BLACK BORDERER.

#### A SOLEMN OCCUPATION WHICH SUPPORTS A BRIGHT GIRL.

She Failed at First in Several Lines, but at Last Discovered Her Forte—Skilled Labor That Has Little Competition—It Is Rather Nice Work.

"You can't tell me there is no good in novels," said the girl in glasses. "Some years ago my father read in a novel which was then coming out in one of the magazines—I don't remember the name of it now, nor in what magazine it was coming out—that every girl should know how to do one thing well enough to earn her living by it, and he was so much taken with the idea that he determined then and there that I should learn a trade. I was his only daughter, only child, in fact, and there were but two of us in the family, as my mother had died some years before.

"First I tried telegraphy, and found I was no good at that, and then I tried typewriting, and found that wasn't my forte either. I gave up then, and told papa that if he couldn't support me I'd either have to get married or go to the Free Home for Destitute Young Girls; but he had lately visited a paper mill, and so he suggested another trade, the one you see me working at now. Do I call myself a paper-decorator? No; I am a black borderer; but, all the same, I am just as much of a skilled laborer as any girl who paints flowers and newly hatched chickens on Easter cards, and such things, though I do nothing but blacken the borders of, mourning paper. Thought that was machine work? No, that it isn't!

#### PECULIARITIES OF THE WORK.

"It is woman's work. They have tried time and again to invent machines that would do it, but they have all turned out flat failures, and I am glad of it, as this is the only kind of work by which I have been able to earn my bread and butter for the last three years—since papa was taken off suddenly by heart failure, and it was found that he had laid up no money, and his insurance policy had lapsed.

"Profession much crowded? No, thank heaven! this is one profession in which there is a little elbow room. One reason, I suppose, is that it is not so well paid as it might be, and another is (though I say it that shouldn't say it) that it isn't every girl who could learn the art. You thought yourself that it was done by a machine, so you must have noticed how very smoothly the black is laid on. Of course I do not take such pains with the inferior qualities as with the best linen, such as I am doing now; but the worst must be done well or it won't pass muster. My employer, when he advertised for a girl to do this work, didn't get more than a dozen answers, and most of them were from girls who didn't know anything whatever about it; they only thought they could do it, as they had taken lessons in water colors. They didn't know that this kind of painting is a trade by itself.

"Trying to the eyes? Yes, when one's eyes are not very strong to begin with; but if I find my eyes giving out I can always stop and rest awhile. It is my own loss, you know, as mine is piece work, paid for by the ream.

#### GOOD PAY AND SHORT DAY.

"How much a ream? For fine qualities, \$1.50 a ream; for the very commonest, forty-five cents; but there is very little of that kind to be done, for which mercy I am thankful. Unless we are awfully busy, I can come when I like and go when I like. Usually I get here at half-past 8 in the morning and leave at 5 in the afternoon. In that time, if I don't give my eyes too many resting spells, I can border a ream and a half.

"Lonely? No, I am too busy to feel lonely, though I sit here all day by myself, seeing nobody but the man who brings in my paper. That is, he brings it to me in the busy season, but if the work is anyway slack I have to go for it myself. The slack season begins in June, and work does not pick up again till some time in September. In July I live in daily fear of being laid off for a while, though that hasn't happened to me yet. I am not like girls who live at home and work for fun. When a crowd of them have been addressing circulars in a novelty establishment they don't mind it a bit when the superintendent announces that the job is finished and the mob is to be dispersed.

"Treated as a lady should be? Yes, my employer is as polite as pie whenever I see him, as, indeed, he should be to a girl who he knows by this time is working for all she is worth. At first it seemed to me to be an awfully solemn kind of work, and I used to think about deaths and funerals, and sometimes would get to crying, though I took good care not to damage the paper by letting my tears fall on it; but one can get used to anything, and now I don't any more mind painting black borders than I'd mind painting red ones."—New York Sun.

#### Appreciation of the Open-handed.

Frequently I have expressed my pity for rich people. My pity was renewed when a gentleman said to me: "My wife and our children are to go abroad next week." "You've only just got back from Europe," I said by way of surprise and interrogation. "Yes, but my wife is just killing herself. Every morning before we sit down to breakfast there are from five to a dozen men and women at the house, telling pitiful stories of rent overdue, of hunger, and what not. My wife can't turn them away with 'No'; she has neither strength nor time to investigate each case, and she usually gives them what they want.

"But she knows that such giving is bad. She is so hemmed in by this circle of beggars that she must go to Europe. It's pretty hard," he added with a sigh; "we've been separated—but little since we were married; but I don't see any other way than to close the house, and for them to go to Dresden, and for me to go to boarding."

I wanted to tell the generous man that if he and Mrs. Openhand would send the mendicants to me, I would investigate and report to them, that I could save them several thousand dollars a year and the necessity of going over the ocean to escape the cry of poverty, but I thought it would seem impertinent, and I desisted. But Mr. and Mrs. Openhand ought to have strength of will as well as generosity of heart. I knew that such generous and unwise people do more to promote poverty than many a secretary of some associated charities can do to cure poverty.—Chicago Advance.

#### Not to Be Outdone.

Hospitality is the crowning virtue of the Turk. He would scorn to be thought behindhand in this respect when compared with any other race of men. Mr. Barkley tells a story in his "Bulgaria Before the War" which proves that the Turk will not allow himself to be outdone even by any of his countrymen.

A friend of mine was one day shooting in the vineyards at Rustchuk, when he was stopped by an old Turk and told that trespassers were not allowed, and that he must clear off at once.

My friend turned to comply, but before leaving said in Turkish, "What manner of man are you? I have shot in these vineyards for years without a word being said to me, and today I have passed over many miles and spoken to many owners of vineyards, and you are the only one who has raised the slightest objection. The vineyard is yours, and you have the right to object to my being here, so I shall leave your ground, but I never received such treatment from an Osmanli before."

The Turk, who, up to this time, had been squatting on the ground, jumped up, and, with a marvelous display of energy, began protesting.

"My good fellow," he cried, "you shall not say so! Others have shown you hospitality, and I will not be behind them. Go where you like, eat what you like, carry away all you like, and all the vineyard is yours to do as you like with."

The Englishman thanked him, and it ended in the two squatting down and having a feast on grapes together.

#### Are Women Careless of Money?

No woman, at least in America, has any such talent as a man has for spending money. She spends for what she believes to be beauty—for raiment, books, jewels, decoration, furniture, pictures, marbles—rarely for what does her serious harm. He spends most for his vices, for the things that hurt him greatly. He is apt to speculate, to bring evil to others from his love of pleasure or of gain.

He will get rid of more money in a month than she would in years. She would, however ignorant of it, be appalled by the sums he dissipates. She is constitutionally conservative; big statements of any sort are likely to alarm her. Unless desperate or frenzied, she invariably stops short of extremes. She trembles and turns pale where he, in the flush of egotism, moves undisturbed.

Nearly all the talk of woman's carelessness of money is really idle. The opinion cannot be sustained. It is mainly the echo of misapprehension. Where she is even partially enlightened on the subject, she is prone to be very cautious in its use. Her temperamental tendency is to the opposite of carelessness. Junius Henri Brown in Ladies' Home Journal.

#### With One Arm.

"On the whole," said the one armed man, reflectively, "I am glad I lost my arm, even if I don't get a pension for it. I was never in any war in my life. I could have gone, but I did not want to do it. Isn't that good reason enough?"

"Still, I am not sorry I lost my arm. It saves me cuffs and sleeves and lots of other things you fellows have to buy. Do I miss it? Yes. But not so much as you would think. I have got used to doing without it, and I am quite happy. I was single when I lost my arm. I had just been jilted by a girl. After I got

carried through the mill and maimed I paid court to another girl, and she took me as I was. Since then we have made money, and had eight healthy children."

As he spoke he reached to the top of the door and lifted himself up eight times in succession. Then he held by his little finger for two minutes and a half. There is not one man in 10,000 with two hands who can do that.—Boston Globe.

#### A Problem.

A correspondent is going crazy over this problem: "Did you go to the circus?" some one inquired of him on Thursday morning. "No," he replied; "there was too much of a crowd and I hate crowds. If only one-third of the people went that go now I'd go myself."

"Yes," said the other man, "but did it never occur to you that the majority are like you are, and if only one-third as many went as go now, ten times as many would go as go now? See?"

He didn't exactly see, but he caught a faint glimmer, and trying to see is what is now unsettling his mental balance.—Washington Star.

#### Where Stamps Come From.

"Where do stamps come from?" "The dealers are the original collectors, if that is what you mean. There are at present about one thousand stamp merchants in the United States doing business on a capital of all the way from \$100 to \$100,000. The dealer gets most of the stamps from the countries issuing them by sending directly to postmasters in those countries with orders and drafts for money. If my stock of Shanghai stamps is low I send a draft for \$100 to the postoffice in that city and receive in return \$100 worth of whatever sort of Shanghai stamps I may have requested. In this way I keep myself supplied with new stamps of all sorts from every part of the world."—Interview in Washington Star.

#### Loss of Water by Waste.

Water leaking through a hole just large enough to pass a needle through, during twenty-four hours at a fourteen pound pressure, would be sufficient to supply a house for the day. The waste through a one inch pipe under the same conditions would be 1,140 gallons.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

#### Waist Deep in Money.

Tom Kelly, the ticket seller of Barnum's circus, is as much a specialist in his peculiar line as any, strictly speaking, professional man. The whole process of receiving the money, giving the ticket and making change is done in three movements—with the regularity of clock-work. The ticket window is about four feet above the bottom of the wagon. Mr. Kelly sits upon a high stool, with a large sum of money in dollars, halves and quarters piled upon the shelf on his right. A corresponding shelf on the left is covered with tickets and half tickets. All this is arranged before the window is opened. A line of several hundred impatiently clamoring people wait outside. Mr. Kelly climbs upon his stool, takes a long, deep breath and opens the window.

Money is received in his right hand and dropped upon the floor. The thumb of the left hand has in the meantime pushed a ticket from the pile, and the right hand has selected, mechanically, the change and presented it to the purchaser. No attempt is made to pile up the money received. It is literally dropped, and when the show commences Mr. Kelly sits like a buoy surrounded by a sea of money, the crests of whose waves mount up to and press closely around his waist and almost on a level with the window ledge. After the performance commences, and no more people want tickets, Mr. Kelly closes the window and steps carefully over this bed of money. Then, and not till then, is any attempt made to count and assort this sum, which amounts to several thousand dollars in pieces of all denominations.—New York Press.

#### She Painted.

She just doted on Voglerian music, she did; and when Herr Schlambang got up from the piano and mopped the perspiration from his head, she went to him and said she would like to know what that last selection was—the one which disclosed such a wonderful depth of feeling. When he told her it was "far-ri-ations ov 'Down was McGinty' ar-r-anged by minusculluf," she fainted.—Kate Field's Washington.

#### In the Witness Box.

Judge—You reside? Witness—With my brother. Judge—And your brother lives? Witness—With me. Judge—Precisely; but you both live? Witness—Together.—Eulenspiegel.

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