

the flush of health and the youthful buoyancy of step. It is much cheaper too, if you learn how to live abroad. I will come to that subject if you only have time, space and patience.

"Of Ireland I shall speak but little. Every one has read of the beauty of Killarney. There is one drawback, I cannot excuse it. As an Irishman, I deprecate and detest it. I mean the eternal and infernal begging at Blarney and Killarney. For the sake of this other Ireland in America cannot this degrading shameful practice be stopped and thus save our blushes here?"

"Scotland is better worth a visit than even England, with her immense London, unsurpassed for wealth and population. Tourists tickets are very cheap. The scenery in the Highlands is magnificent. Pretty lakes in a setting of craggy mountains; rivers dashing down over rock and glen, leaping wildly till their waters stretch away like molten silver. This is the enchanting view enclosed by the mountains forming the barriers and walls of the Trossachs. Loch Katrine is far more beautiful than Lago Maggiore in Italy.

"The Scotch people are not understood, I was led to believe that they could not understand or appreciate a joke and were not sociable. I can affirm the contrary. They are a most genial people if you know how to touch the right cord. Going down the Clyde, admiring with bated breath the greatness of Scotland's ship building and other manufacturing industries, I became the center of a group of gentlemen. This was brought about by a very simple joke supplemented by an anecdote that had very little point. It brought from that group some excellent stories, told in inimitable style. Talk of hospitality! They asked me to join them. I remarked that I thought it was not the custom to treat or be treated in Scotland. 'What?' said they, 'you come along and we will show you.' They made me dine with them. A song followed. One of them had a magnificent baritone voice. He was a composer and leader of the choir in the kirk of the town. He showed me one of his compositions—a pathetic, but very simple piece—I ran my eye over it. Under the inspiration of the moment I guess I wrote the echoes of pathos and sentiment. The author jumped up and caught me in his arms and wanted me to stay all summer and sing the solos in his choir.

"You may easily infer from this that my position in life was not known. A different cut on the coat or collar amply suffices to pass a member of the cloth through a crowd of Scotchmen unused to seeing constantly the faces of priests. It is the only way we can hope to see the sights, and learn all that can be learned in any locality without embarrassment.

"They did not ask what my occupation or profession was. But as I asked so many questions, and took so many notes, it was usually believed that I was connected with the American newspaper press. I was treated with the utmost kindness and courtesy, and learned more of the mineral and manufacturing wealth of Scotland from those gentlemen than I had ever known before or ever expected to know. They sent one of their number next day to show me everything.

"But you look tired of writing and want to know how to travel. Well, I must tell you indirectly. Be kind with everyone with a persuasive. A little dash of wit will give the journey; many a strike the spark.

"Innocents Abroad' you have no time from home, your kaleidoscopic many very companions on to London to the con- of two old They were the company they for their invited me to a grand lunch. Such little as well as a source

of pleasure to all parties concerned, especially to the hungry party. Now your space will be taxed enough for this week, and your patience too. If your editor wishes to continue next week we will make another step towards a few remarks on the McKinley Bill, or, as the French say, 'Bill McKinley.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JACK AND TOM.

(Written for THE JOURNAL by NAWM.) (Continued.)

"Nicely explained, Tom, but are there not many Catholics who are totally unfamiliar with Latin?"

"Yes, but that makes no difference. The ordinary, as it is termed, of the mass is printed in our prayer books in parallel columns, English and Latin, so that he who runs may read."

"What about those who cannot read?"

"I thought you would bring that up pretty soon. My dear fellow it is not necessary to be able to read in order to follow the mass. In our Catholic homes and schools, the children are told what each portion of the mass commemorates. I forgot to mention that every mass offered is another sacrifice, unbloody, of our Blessed Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Those of our children who are unlearned have been taught by their parents and priests what the mass represents. As a consequence you will find many an old Irish woman, who can neither read nor write, who can tell you more about the beauties of the mass and our holy religion than I can, who have had the advantage of a tolerably good education. They will tell their beads and worship God with far more faith and greater trust than the highly educated Christian of to-day who only accepts such truths as are not repugnant to his rebellious reason."

"Upon my word, Tom, you present a good argument. I must confess I have always considered the class of old women you refer to as victims of superstition, and kept in ignorance by their priests who did not wish them to know too much."

"My dear Jack, you must have been reared in an atmosphere more impregnated with bigotry and unjustifiable ignorance than the people you think priest-ridden."

"Possibly that may be so. I never gave the matter any particular thought merely accepting without question what my parents told me. Still, I don't think I am bigoted, and will endeavor to give the Catholic Church an even show. Well, here we are at the house. Let's have dinner and then we can renew our talk in our room."

When the inner man had been satisfied the two adjourned to their own quarters. The day was a beautiful one in autumn; outside the leaves had just begun to fall and the brilliant foliage of the trees made a pretty sight with the golden sunlight mellowing their rich tints. The air was just chill enough to be bracing. Jack threw open a window and, after lighting a cigar, ensconced himself on the sofa. Tom threw himself into an easy chair and also settled himself for a quiet smoke. The pair looked the picture of lazy content. Yet their minds were not sluggish. Jack was revolving in his mind the facts he had gleaned during the morning; Tom was meditating on how he could best answer the questions he knew Jack would ask. Each smoked away in silence for a few moments. Jack's voice again broke the silence.

"Say, Tom, why does the priest turn his back to the people during mass?"

"Well, Jack, the priest is offering a sacrifice to Almighty God, who reposes in the person of our Blessed Lord, in the tabernacle over the altar. It would seem incongruous were He to turn his back upon the Savior of mankind. Besides, were he to face the congregation he would distract them and divert attention to himself. When his back is turned, they can see naught but the cross, the emblem of their salvation, upon the back of his vestment. Consequently they are constantly reminded of the sacrifice of Christ for the salvation of mankind and pray accordingly. [CONTINUED.]

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

ROSELLE'S PRAYER.

(The Angelus.) (Continued.)

"Thanks to our Lord," said Lisbeth, wiping her eyes; "He hearkened to the child's prayer, and touched thy heart, my Franz."

When Franz heard how bold the little one had been in her faith and confidence, his own eyes were dim and his heart was full. Resting his cheek upon the golden head nestled against his shoulder, he promised Lisbeth that, by the help of God, he would never again yield to his love of pleasure and self-indulgence. And with the help of God he never did.

[THE END.]

Bird Talk.

Do birds really understand each other? is the question that has often puzzled us as we listened to the chatter of the orchard birds. A correspondent of the Scotsman tells what he has noticed: "A brood of sparrows," he says, "had been hatched under the eaves of a house contiguous to mine, and on leaving the nest the family came en masse to my shrubberies for several consecutive mornings. One of the young birds which had a singular grating and disagreeable chirp, was systematically boycotted for several days; but at last the parent birds, evidently taking pity on the poor, forlorn creature, came with the rest of the brood, and taking up a position in a fir tree a few yards from the laurel, in which the desolate fledgling was sitting, all commenced to chirp most vigorously in perfect unison.

"The poor little fellow for some time tried strenuously, but vainly, to imitate the sound. At length he began to lower his notes by a most delicate system of semi-chromatics, till, in response to the apparently encouraging cries of his friends, he hit the real note. Then his tones became simply blatant, but continued perfectly correct; and he was at once welcomed into the family group, and all flew off in a high state of excitement and jubilation on a feeding expedition. I am sorry to say that on several occasions the sparrow has relapsed, but by the aid of his friends he always manages to get the correct family note, and the same rejoicings are repeated over the return of the 'one that has gone astray.'"

God is at all times pleased to hear His children talking of him.—Fr. An.

Signs of Winter.

The graceful sea gull put in an appearance in Baltimore's harbor earlier than usual this season, and old salts predict a hard winter. Whether the sea gulls are weather indicators or not, their presence is very desirable. As scavengers they are useful, and even the ordinary observer is struck by their beauty and grace. Their predominant color is white, with a gray mantle, varying in shade from a delicate pearl gray to dark, blackish slate or nearly black.

Some have black heads, and their black caps turn white in winter. The bills and feet are generally bright red or yellow, and make a brilliant contrast with the other coloring as the birds dart rapidly past or sail slowly overhead. They are a clamorous, noisy set, with shrill, penetrating voices. They go in flocks or scatter like scouts or sentinels. They may be seen floating on the water in small companies, or drawn up on shore like soldiers, or standing in groups on a land bar on one foot, quiet and solemn. When not busy eating up such material as they find to their tastes floating on the surface of the water they watch other birds and rob them of any special tidbits they have secured.

Passengers on steamers entering or leaving Queenstown harbor, Ireland, have a pleasant diversion feeding the sea gulls. The birds are quite tame, and come close to the vessel to be fed. Frequently the birds will catch the food as soon as it strikes the water. When they are given any article, particularly disagreeable they express their indignation by discordant screams. They follow the steamers far out to sea, picking up any edible matter thrown from the ship. The man who for the first time shoots one of these birds, expecting to secure a large and plump specimen, gets only a miserable, lean carcass sunk in a large mass of feathers, and may be said to be gulled.—Baltimore American

Two Miles a Minute Without Steam.

A runaway railroad train on the branch of the coast division from Aptos up to the Loma Prieta lumber mills created a sensation along the line of the road Sept. 18. Eight empty cars broke loose from the engine at Monte Vista, about eight miles north of Aptos. The road from Monte Vista to Aptos is a heavy down grade the entire distance, and the cars, soon after starting, attained a tremendous rate of speed, and passed through Loma Prieta at a mile a minute.

The flying cars kept on the track until they had gone the entire eight miles to Aptos. Here four of the cars turned on to the main track without damage, two running as far as the high bridge at the west end of Aptos, and the other two stopping near the station. The other four cars dashed off the track and were smashed into bits.

How the cars kept on the track for eight miles at such a speed over a curving mountain road is wonderful. No one was on the train at the time it started, and no one was injured, the only loss being the four wrecked cars. Railroad men claim the train made the eight miles in four minutes.

The down passenger train from Santa Cruz, bound for San Francisco, had a hairbreadth escape from destruction. The passenger train had passed the place where the runaway came onto the main line but a minute and a half previously. One of the wrecked cars struck a cypress tree forty feet high and a foot and a half in diameter and laid it flat, almost tearing it from the ground.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Naval Prize Money.

Some interesting particulars in reference to the apportionment of naval prize money and bounties are contained in a return which has recently been printed by order of the house of commons. From this it appears that during the financial year 1880-81 the sum of £8,322 was paid over by the accountant general out of a total of £68,365, which has accrued during the last thirty-eight years, including shares allotted to the Naval Brigade for services rendered during the Indian mutiny and booty gained during the Chinese war of the same decade.

Of the balance, £47,500 has been paid over to the consolidated fund since 1805 in accordance with the act of parliament, and £7,548 remains in hand should claimants arise. A curious feature of the return is the fact that out of £20,156, the proceeds of captured slave dhows during comparatively recent years, only £8,185 appears to have been claimed. The government percentage account shows a total of £18,101, and out of a balance in hand on April 1, 1880, of £8,994 only 10s. 4d. seems to have been paid during the year on account of claims arising prior to 1805. The total sum transferred to the consolidated fund since 1805 is £88,500, in addition to £178,000 referred to in the annual account for the year.—Galignani Messenger.

Worthless Watermelons.

During the season the watermelon business was the best it has ever been. Prices were high and sales large, for melons have been better than usual this year. So good was the business that the river men who were engaged in bringing the melons went back to the York river region, down the bay, and brought large loads up there, expecting to realize handsomely. Then the "cold snap" set in, and the melon operators were all dumped. At one wharf on the river front there were 40,000 melons going begging at 4¢ to 5¢ a hundred, while earlier in the season the same quality of melons sold easily for two or three times these prices. What a chance the Washington boarding house keepers had to "put up" watermelon rind preserved!—Washington Post.

Queer Fact About the Lady Bug.

It is a curious fact that the Australian lady bug, which was brought to this state to make war upon the cotton cushion scale, has become extinct in its native land, and that Australia is to be supplied with a new stock of the useful parasite by our state board of horticulture. The lady bug, known as the Vedalia, has been worth millions of dollars to California in preserving the orchards from threatened destruction.—Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

Plenty of Notion.

Mrs. Winks—The paper says a cold wave has developed in Montana, and is expected here within a week. Mr. Winks—Well, send word to the plumber that our pipes have burst, and then he and the cold wave will get here about the same time.—Street & Smith's Good News.

The craze for passing floral tributes over the footlights to stage favorites seems to have reached its height in Boston a few evenings ago. A minstrel performer received a life size floral image of himself seated in a chair and playing the piano.

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