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SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891.

Weekly Church Calendar. Sun Aug. 2-Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost: Gospel St Mark vii, 31-37. St. Alphonsus, Liguori, Doct. Mon. 3 Finding of St Stephen's Relics. Turs - St. Dominic Conf.
Wap. 5 - St. Oswald King and Mar.
Taurs 6 - Transfiguration of Our Lord. Fat. 7-St. Cajetan, Copif. Sar. 8-Bl. Peter Favre.

ST. BERNARD'S SEMINARY.

completed that the work of roofing ligious, of course always from a will soon be commenced. The Catholic standpoint. That the stately structure now demonstrates Mirror thinks the Catholic papers forgive, not over refined but thoroughto the most casual observer what a are doing this, is self-evident from by one of nature's gentlemen. Miss noble monument to the Church it the following: will be when completed and open to students. The laying of the cor- papers were never as readable, and, votion to the man of her choice; ner stone will take place Thursday, in spite of the rapid increase of though she married beneath her in so-August 20th, at 4 pm. The var- their numbers, never as prosper- called social position, she realized her ious companies of the Roman Cath- our as they are now. They may husband was "a man" in the highest one Uniformed Union will act as lack the 'force,' but in respect to escort to the Bishop and attendant culture, thought, liberality of determined to be with him, even when performed by Bishop McQuaid, who will also deliver the address.

DEATH OF MOTHER DI PAZZI.

Mother M. di Pazzi (Kavanagh) died Wednesday at the Convent of Mercy, South street. The deceased had been sick a long time and her death had been looked for many days, but the loss to the Sisters was none the less great. Mother di Pazzi was the oldest nun in the convent, and was indeed a mother to many of the present in-She was been in County Clare, Ireland, and entered the Convent of Mercy July 22, 1854 She was sent to Rochester in October, 1857, and had therefore been in St. Mary's parish nearly 34 years. During that time the number of persons she has instructed for First Communion, both infants and adults, and the number she has been the means. In the hands of Almighty God, of bringing into the Church is almost incalculable. Mother di Pazzi delighted to minister to the sick and suffering and many a poor sufferer racked with pain has longed for the hour of her visit and thanked God for sending her as a ministering angel. Throughout her long illness, she uttered no word of complaint, but was cheerful and resigned, and when about two months ago the attending physician told her she could not live beyond the first of August, she simply said: Thanks. May God's holy will be done. hope I may improve my remaining days in preparing for death. Though suffering the intensest pair, she never murmured, and her placed countenance reflected as in a mirror the beautiful spirit within. For many days before her death, she could keep no food on her stomach, and apparently life was preserved to her by the Blessed Lucharist, which she was able to receive every day except the one preceding the date of her death. In her demise the parish of St.

rest in peace. PRESIDENT PALLEN'S DENIAL

Mary's loses a faithful and devoted

Sister, and the city's poor and sick

a sincere friend. May her soul

President Pallen, of the Catholic Press Association in a letter to the olic school headed the list of suceditor of the Pittsburg Catholic from Kingsville, Can, where he is shire appointment to the United spending his vacation, denies the States military academy at West sensational dispatch sent out from Point. St Louis to the effect that he (Mr. Palen) ordered the Roman corres-Notwithstanding Mr. Pal- ellites. Here's hoping they will. Sunday with her father

len's denial, the Dispatch published

ciation on the authority of a dis- God's Holy will. patch sent out by a sensational paper It now turns out that we were right. in refusing to be "gulled" Editor. PHOS. H. DONOVAN Associate Editor. by the one-sided story of a secular sheet. But we are sure the Chronicle, now that its mistake is apparent, will apologize to those con-

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

We are pleased to see the Baltimore Mirror takes the same view of the present status of the American Catholic press as the CATHOLIC JOURNAL. It thinks the Catholic Review is pessimistic in saying the Catholic press is deteriorating, and would not style Hecker and Brownson journalists, but rather controversialists and essayists. The Mirror, too, thinks long drawn out theological theses are not editorial matter suited to present newspaper readers. The place for such productions is in the magazines.) A Catholic newspaper should discuss the questions St. Bernard's Seminary is so far of to-day, political, moral and re-

a decided improvement upon the Catholic press of the past.

NOT IN POLITIES.

We are in receipt of several marked papers and documents evipaper—i. e. in a partisan sense.

When both parties have made thor shows vivid interior perception, the art." their nomination, the Journal heart. The publishers are to be conmay, if grave necessity arise, support one candidate in preference to the public in book form and in such to another. Should no such con- attractive binding! tingency arise, this paper will continue, as in the past, to criticise public officers and public acts in a perfectly impartial manner.

Catholic Indian schools if he can. Catholics should remember Mor- ed the book in an attractive form. gan and his infamous policy if Harrison be renominated in 1892.

Katholische Volkzeitung. Neither lin of Brooklyn. This is a valuable will we have any. We have had book and its pages should be well our say on the matter in question. conned by any Catholic who—and he The Holy Father has given his de- who does not is not worthy the name cision. The Journal is a Catho- of Catholic-pretends to uederstand lic paper and always has and al- his holy religion. ways will aim to advocate Church and the best methods of advancing her interests in America.

PAROCHIAL school pupils continue to win honors in competition with their state school fellows. Not long since five lads from a Cathcessful candidates for a New Hamp-

pendent of the press association New York customs office and J. ndaigua. Le suppress all reference to the Ca- Sloat Fassettin, means the renewhas we memorial. Mr. Pallen ed supremacy of "Tom" Platt in Sunday in Macedon and returned a sa reporter for the St. Louis Republican councils—for the pres- home Monday. Depatch called upon him just ent. At election time decent Re- Mr. and Mrs. Fuller spent a pleasant ore he left home and was in- publicans may show their disap- day at Ontario Beach. stated there was nothing to the proval of "Me-Too" and his sat- Miss Mary Daily of Geneva spent

WHILE the cable dispatches about the Pope's illness may be ex-We said last week we thought aggerated or manufactured out of the Northwestern Chronicle was whole cloth, we ask our readers to rather hasty in condemning Mr. pray that the Holy Father may be Pallen and the Catholic Press Asso- spared us many years, if it can be

> WE are glad to see City Attornev Ernst out once more, and better bleased to know he had no intention of vacating his office, from which a cowardly attempt was made to oust him.

THE Republican party has done well to rid itself of Quay and Dudldy. But it is whispered in the air that the move comes too late.

LITERARY NOTES.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore: Glencoonoge, cloth, 367 pages \$1 This charming story re-published in book form appeared originally as a serial in the Month, and is from the pen of Richard Brinsley Sheridan Knowles. It is an Irish story and depicts Irish life in a mountain vil lage in exquisite style. The characters are strong and well-drawn and betray evidence of the author's knowledge of human nature. Shipley the narrator figures but little in the story so one cannot judge much of his make-Conn Hoolahan is a hot-headed fishman a trifle too ready with his fists, as quick to resent, as quick to Johnson is an odd character but "It is unquestioned that Catholic staunch and unswerving in her deand best sense of the term and wisely the leading Catholic journals of to- tening the Catholic church, not beday compare very favorably with cause of love for humanity, but from the masterpieces of the halycon a sense of duty. No. 7, we have pity days adverted to by the Catholic when on his seemingly vain quest. Review. * * The Catholic press but despise when ashamed of his sis- tice. of the present is in most respects ter's husband, he seeks to induce her to give him up; at the end, however, we feel like throwing up our hats and hurrahing for No. 7. Father Moriarty supplies the clerical part of the story in his intirely satisfactory manner. The descriptive matter in "Glencoonoge" is occasionally a little long drawn out, but it is so charming our dently meant to have an adverse objection is but momentary. The per effect on the candidacy of Mayor postrait in chapter XII of the Mass in Chapin, of Brooklyn, for guber- the little mountain church is so re natorial honors. Right here, the alistic that you can almost see the JOURNAL wishes it emphatically moss covered roof and gaze upon the understood that it is not a political faces of the igndran', but faithful congregation; in this chapter the av-

"How To Get On," 265 pages, by Rev. Bernard Feeney with preface by Most Rev. W. H. Gross C. SS. R. Archibishop of Oregon. This book is nicely written by one who has made Indian Commissioner Morgan the nature of young men an especial announces that he will hereafter study. The various difficulties make no more contracts for Indian that beset the path of the youth just sphools through the Cotholic Bu- starting out in life are detailed in a reau of Indian missions. That quiet, pleasing style and the various means Mr. M. will root out the safeguards likely to keep him from falling into pitfalls and snares so How much longer are decent Am- numerously and so temptingly baited ericans going to tolerate this contious. Young blood overwise in its are pointed out in a manner not capsequential bigot, who assumes to own conceit, as a rule, scorns and deown the Indians. body and soul? spises advice, but this is conveyed in His master, the small-calibered Har- a style that cannot fail to attract and rison, either cannot or will not put have weight. The publishers, Ben-Morgan down where he belongs. | ziger Bros, of New York, have cloth-

gratulated in giving "Glencoonoge"

Fr Pustet & Co, New York. "The Holy Mass Explained," translated from the German of Rev. F. O. WE design no quarrel with the Schouppe, S. J., by Rev. P. O'Hara, with the approval of Bishop O'Lough-

The Koenig Medicine Company the principles of the Catholic Chicago have sent out a pretty little brochure, containg handsomely executed photogravure pictures of the missions established in the early days in America by the Holy Church.

Macedon. Miss Lillian Servoss was visiting the East the past week.

Miss Jennie Quinn and Mrs. Margaret Murray were visiting Mrs. J. McGreal of Rochester during the

Miss Maggie and Tillie Quinn spent COLLECTOR ERHARDT, out of the the past week with friends in Cana-

Miss Cooney of Rochester spent

BY THE MORNING LIGHT.

Oh, glad and red the light of morn Across the field of pattle broke, And showed the waste of trampled corn And smoldering farmsteads wrapped in amoker And cold and stack the soldier lay, Shot down beside his shattered gun:

And grimly splashed with blood and clay, His face looked ghastly in the sun.

Oh, glad and red, the morning shone in happy England far away, Where knelt a bright haired little one Beside her mother's knee to pray, And prompting each fond faltering word, The soldier's wife was glad and smiled: She knew not twas a widow heard The prattle of an orphan child.

Oh, glad and red, oh, glad and red The morning tight glowed everywhere; And one beam touched the father dead. And one the child who knelt in prayer: And from the trampled corn and clay
A skylark sprang with joyous breast,
For shot and shell had spared that day Its four brown eggs and little nest.

· - William Canton.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

many was but an exquisite glimpse of a tiny landlocked cove. But the surrounding greenery looked so cool; the snowy lilies, with their colden hearts, so purely perfect against their background of bronze them had hidden herself among the lilies, green pads; the glint of the clear water between was so in contrast to the suffocating heat of the room that many paused to look again, and these had their reward

"See that exquisite face among the lilles," some one would cry, and then there would be a general scrutinizing of catalogues. The title, "Caught by the Camera," would be commented on in the drollest fashion sometimes, and these comments would be

None of the comments seemed satisfact for the original. tory, however, as one could tell by the disheartened expression on the worn, pale face. That the exquisite picture had a peand for all that time he had been anxiously searching for the original.

When the "heated term" began, some in the city, then, his first visit was to the slight in comparison with the offense, considering the years he had been offending, for he was one of Chicago's most prominent lawyers, and had an enormous prac-

He was young yet, scarcely thirty, with an enviable reputation for upright and honorable dealing and for strict integrity. However, nature revenged herself finely, as she invariably does, and he found himself wondering if "it paid after all," when he heard himself ordered into the country and forbidden to work until the 1st of November. "But, Dr. Grady" he had inquired in some consternation "what shall I do to

pass away the time "Nothing. Stay-get a camera and tramp ated fellow sat up with a tint of returning strength in his movements, very grateful

to the old doctor, who had known and looked after him from his birth. "How soon shall I be able to start?" "By the time Hobrich has taught you

and appeals directly to the Catholic "Oh, I learned it all years ago when at college. I'll only need to furbish up a little and get posted on the new inven-"All right, then Give yourself a week

or so and then be off. And Dr. Grady went away, leaving Ker shaw to the pleasant work of laving out a route for him. He was quite surprised to see what a keen interest he took in the plan and in all the arrangements; for it had seemed to him that nothing should hinder his getting back to his business as soon as he was strong enough to get about again. Now he no longer cared. His partner would get along in some way. With him it was, "Ho! for the woods; the world for-

getting, by the world forgot," Hobrich, a popular photographer and great admirer of the young lawyer, was easily persuaded to initiate him into all the new discoveries in the art, and found him an apt pupil. His health improved as if by magic, now he had given over all business worry, and when he called upon Dr. Grady to bid him goddby he bade him "be off" in his gruffest tones, "or I shall have to order you back to work, you are looking

The Waukesha lake district was his objective point, and the middle of June found him domiciled in a large, old fashioned farmhouse, whose chief recommendation had been a large 6 by 10 windowless closet. which made such a perfect "dark room."

From here he wandered "far afield." with camera and an endless supply of prepared plates, and many a lovely view was by him transferred to paper. He was fas-cinated by the art, and at first wearied himself almost to the point of returning illness by long tramps and ceaseless exertion. But at last he settled down, content to do finer work by doing less.

The farmhouse was close upon the bank of one of the lakes. It was of most irregushape, and at every turn you beheld tiny gulfs and bays, now clear as crystal, with white sanded beach; again their silvery sparkle was quite obscured by a thick scrum of lily pads and their snowy blooms From among these he secured many a lovely view, but a carious, toad shaped island lower down the lake had long attracted his attention, so one day late in

July he set out in a boat to visit it.
It was a fearfully hot day, and when about half way there be became somewhat overcome by the heat, and ran his boat ashore under the widespreading branches of an oak, which grew close to the water's edge. The banks on that side were high and abrupt, their sides and summit being literally hidden by trees and shrubbery and screening vines.

Kershaw thought he had never seen sucl a dense growth of veretation in the north and was idly enjoying the cool shade when he happened to notice that he could look

through the leafy curtain in one spot.

Investigation showed a narrow break in the high banks, and beyond lay a lovely landlocked bay. A portion of it gleamed crystal clear, while the rest of its surface was one mass of snowy water lilies and

their broad green pads. Kershaw was charmed by his discovery, favorable point, and soon secured a "negative." Giving up his trip to the island he lest no time in returning to the house, so

eager was he to develop this, his latest and he thought, his finest view.

The next day he printed one, and never had he been so satisfied with the work. The tiny, landlocked bay, the sparkle of the water, the sheen of the lilies, the snowy beach, all, all were perfect. He gazed at it long and earnestly, this devotee of nature. but suddenly uttered a startled exclama-tion, and held it close to his eyes. There was a look of excited amazement on his

handsome face: Snatching up a powerful reading glass he continued the scrutiny. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "what can it mean?" For there in among the beautiful blos-

soms was the perfect imprint of a face. A woman's face, with wide open, dark eyes, a mocking light in their depth, their gaze seeming to be fixed upon his face. To the ossual observer it would seem but one of the white flowers it was so tiny, but by the aid of the powerful magnifying glass every feature was distinctly visible.

Amazed, perplexed, Kershaw could but gaze and wonder. Suddenly bethinking himself, however, he laid aside the picture went down to the beach, entered his boat, and rowed quickly to the bay. A minute search revealed no trace of his "lily maid." nor signs of human presence, save a few The picture as carelessly viewed by the marks in the sand, which might have been those of human feet or might have been those of an animal.

He was convinced, however, that he had surprised some bathers, and one of ble in his picture. Returning to the house he questioned his host as to the inhabitants on that side of the lake, but found there were no houses for miles. She must have been a member of some picnicking party. and there was no use of further question-

After that Kershaw's interest in photography began to wane, and in a short eagerly harkened to by a handsome young time he returned to Chicago. He half fellow who during the ten days the exhibi-tion lasted was seld om long absent from feature of the beautiful vace upon his mind's eve, and bekan a persistent search

A year went by and everybody, that is among his friends, had come to notice the quick, searching glance he would always culiar fascination for him you could guess, give every new face presented to his notice. for when not keenly scanning the visitors He had therefore always said he was too who crowded the room, his earnest, dark busy to attend public gatherings, but now eyes were always turned upon the beauti- 1 went everywhere. When he could get ful "lily maid," as one romantic young away for a few days he ran over to New girl had named it. A name not new, York and commissioned a first class artist though, for thus had Ronald Kershaw's to paint an enlarged copy of the photoheart for months designated the sweet face, graph, cautioning him jealously to let no one see the work until he himself had

Six months passed before he was again escent to the Bishop and attendant culture, thought, liberality of priests. The ceremony will be views, style and elegance, we think leave him; she also wins our liking enhis eyes rested on the exquisite production. Perfect! perfect! he cried, to the artist's indualified satisfaction.

Every feature of the cold looking photorraph had been reproduced in living colors and with marvelous faithfulness. But the lace was the masterpiece, and Ronald's heart throbbed with a lover's rapture as he stood entranced before it. "What can I say?" he asked after a long

"That I have succeeded?"

"It is marvelous Perfect. How can I wer repay you?"

"By letting me hang the picture at the approaching art exhibition. For an instant an indignant refusal trembled on Kershaw's lips. Then the thought came. "Might not such a course result in the discovery of the original 'lily maid?' " and he cave a cordial consent to the plan. Then, having ascertained the exact date of the exhibition, he gave one more long, lov-

to his tiresome lawsuits. These he prosecuted with such vigor that he found himself free in time to reach New York the day of the art opening. The pic ture had been given the most advantageous position, and from the first attracted much

ing glance at the sweet face and returned

I have told how the scheme had been thus far a failure. Of all the thousands who had viewed it up to the last day no one had shown a sign of recognition, no Disheartened and railing at himself for the fleres love he had come to own overmastered his sense of judgment, Kershaw entered the gallery on the last day.

This should be the last attempt he was firmly resolved. If today afforded no clew to the mystery he would take the picture. go home and wait, trying by hard work to iull the pain of wasted affection. reader cannot be more disgusted with the man of law than he was himself. Why could be not have fallen in love in a natural way with some pretty girl of his acquaintance, instead of waiting all these years to lose his heart over a face so mysteriously produced by the camera?

He asked himself this last question many times that day as he watched the surging crowd, and was mentally pronouncing it unanswerable when, as he was leaving the building, he slipped at the top of the steps and came down most ungracefully at the feet of his "lily maid." Dazed by the discovery, he was gathering himself up slowly when two pairs of hands seized him and quickly set him on his feet, while a well known voice exclaimed, "Now, Ronald, if you are only blessed with a broken bone of

some sort you can see this precious city." "No broken bones, thank you, uncle," he replied, shaking hands with the fine looking elderly man who had spoken, and also with a younger man whom he called 'Consin John."

"Aren't you going to speak to your other cousin?" demanded his uncle, hody cating the fair girl, who had been an day? amused spectator of the scene,

"Other cousin?" in a bewildered tone. "Well, not strictly so, because she belongs to my wife's side of the house. Lois, this is Ronald Kershaw, of whom you have heard us speak so often. Miss Lois Hunt. Ronald, by the way, we are just going into the gallery to see a painting which a friend tells us has Lois face in it."

Turning. Ronald re-entered the gallery with his new found relatives and piloted them at once to the pictures. A cry of surprise escaped Lois Hunt's lips as she scanned the scene. "I was wondering where Thad seen you before," was her only comment as she turned to Ronald, a laughing light in her

glorious eyes. "That is the only time I was ever 'caught by a camera.' "That same instant enslaved the photog," rapher," replied Ronald audaciously, and he gathered hope for the future from the fact that she blushed as she turned away without speaking.—Rye Johnson in Pitts-

Hair Turned White from Excitement Says Dr. Samuel H. Dickson: "Conda, mine gives us the affecting narrative of a voung Frenchwoman, Mme. Godin, who, descending the Amazon in an open boat with seven persons, had the misfortune to be wrecked. She saw her companions perish one by one, and was left alone in and clambering up the bank he selected a the wilderness, but through infinite perils and labors at last reached a settlement, her hair having turned white - new Mork

FOUR LEAVED CLOYERS

And the cherry blooms burst with snow And down underneath is the loveliest nook.
Where the four leaved clovers grow

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith. And one is for love, you know; And God put another one in for luck— If you search, you will find where they

But you must have hope, and you must have You must love and be strong and so,

If you work, if you wait, you will find the Where the four leaved clovers grow.

Woman's Journal.

RAILWAY COMPANIONS

At the last moment a young girl entered the car hastily and paused in the aisle look ing up and down for a vacant seat.

It was the noon train out, and the car was filled principally with ladies; who had been glad to hurry through with their shopping to get out of the heat and dust and have some time to freshen up before evening. A few gentlemen were also in the car, but they were something more than middle aged, and probably only went to town at all in order to keep up the delusion that they were necessary at the office or warehouse, and now having satisfled their dignity, and put in the morning. they were flourishing Panama hats or palm leaf fans, and yawning prodigiously on their way to a well earned rest.

The young girl was beckoned to a seat beside a plump, middle aged woman in a gray gown, which did not tend to diminish the embanpoint of her figure Gold eyeglasses swing on her ample bosom. and she wore fresh kid gloves a size too small going over to New York, and there was a for her pudgy hands.

Coming out of the glare of the street the twilight arches of the depot had seemed deliciously cool, but the car was stiffing. As the train dashed out from under the good many questions about places we last crossing culvert the young girl threw passed and her English was a caution. So up the window and pulled down the blind I made up my mind she must be a for-

"Oh. thank you. that is much better." exclaimed the lady in gray, who had involun-tarily turned away from the blinding sun light which flooded them. She now be stowed a scrutinizing gaze upon her companion, who was simply gowned in black. Black is so noncommittal, and what can one tell from a sailor hat? But her blond hair was stylishly knotted and her hands were small; she settled herself with the air of one accustomed to travel, and she gers. Almost all of the suburban passen-

The young girl smiled her sympathy with this opinion, but said nothing, as the conductor at that moment reached their seat No one in the car seemed inclined to conversation. The old gentlemen were already napping and the ladies leaned away from the light with their fans in front of their moving train seemed to add to the noon's oppressiveness. However, after the first two or three suburban stations had considerably thinned out the seats the motion of the train seemed to be accelerated, and the swifter rush of air brought some mitigation of the heat. Then the remaining

ping tour or plans for the evening "after The lady in gray furtively held up one hand and observed with dismay that the palm of her dainty glove was stained dark with perspiration. She straightway drew a clean white handkerchief from her pocket and spread it on her lap, carefully yachting suit!" resting her hands, palms upward, upon it. Then stealing a glance at the sharer of her seat, and discovering that she was observed, she exclaimed: "I declare it always does grieve me to see the first soil on a

ladies began languidly to rearrange their

packages and discuss the morning's shop-

fresh pair of gloves! After that it doesn't The young girl again simply smiled—it might be with sympathy or with amusement. Her companion found her baffling and fidgeted consciously in her corner of quired, "Are you going far, my dear?"

"Well. indeed you are fortunate," replied the lady. "As I said to my husband this morning, you pay dear to get to the counnever go near town except on cloudy days, or just after a rain, when it's clean and cool. And so we've done every year since we were married until this one. But Mr. Henderson found his business would take him to town every day this summer. So, the shore, and Isabel—that's my daughter has a place in the country, they just insisted that we should not bother with an

out of town place at all this year, but just divide our time between them." "Then you have a married daughter. said the young girl, with some show of interest, and the lady smiled complacently. "I do not wonder you are surprised. My husband vows that except for my complexion being so much fresher than Isapel's it would be almost impossible to tell us apart. And when I was a widow but there. you know how it is with widows. they are always so much run after that it would be no wonder if they lost their

heads. I suppose you've noticed how a widow will set a girl in the shade any "I have heard that it is so," replied the girl tentatively. perienced it yourself." condescended the

matron; "it isn't probable you're mar-"No. I am not married yet." The girl's response was so obviously emphasized that the lady could not be blamed for the avidity with which she seized upon the clue, ex-

Now the girl did not seem to hesitate from any timidity, but regarded her comfortable confidente with a droll smile for a moment in silence. Then she began: "I am on my way to pay a visit to the sister of the gentleman to whom I am engaged. "Why how delightfull" ejaculated the lady sympathetically: "you will be having

gay times, riding and walking and all that with your sweetheart." particular going on Indeed, he will be Philadelphia coming en a later train for a little dance

ing so I mines needs ge today

ing, so I mint needs go today.

How wild I am to see the children!

Three such beauties: Yes, I know I'm so young grandmother, but when you marry at seventeen what can you expect? I wish you could see Isabel in the basket phaston, with little Isabel and Victoria Almeda, and Lionel riding his Shetiand pony bestde them! It makes as pretty a picture as care to see? And the plump young grand mother beamed with enthusiasm over the picture which she had conjured up for her self. "They will be at the station to meet

me, I'll warrant ponies and all!" me, I'll warrant, ponies and all "Well, shildren are not much to my mind," said the young girl coldly, salt though I suppose I must like Leonies. As Max is so devoted to them."

"And have you never keen them?"

"No, I have only seen Leonie once. You see it was on the other side that Max and I became acquainted. The plump lady looked perplexed, but

held her peace. "He was at the university, Heidelberg, you know and I was at a pension." A gentle smile of amused retrospection

played around the girl's pretty mouth. Oh, those were gay old times. But since we came home it is very different of

"Was it some trouble brought you home! I potice you wear all black. Oh. I make it a rule to wear black whenever am obliged to travel alone. young lady under such circumstances can wish nothing better than to slip along unnoticed, and one cannot be conspicuous in

black."

"But kon can't judge people you meet when traveling by their clothes. You can be so deceived. Only a year ago I was very ordinary looking little woman sat by me. She was dressed in purple and work the dowdiest bat, and at first I did not pay much attention to her, but she asked me a eigner. I've often heard they do dress dreadfully and I did the best I could to be agreeable, though I couldn't decide whether to speak German or French. But you can imagine my amazement when she left me at Cortlandt street ferry for she thanked me for my kindness and gave me her card,

with a coronet on it, bless your heart, and the 'Counters de Graffenried!'" The young girl appeared to be impressed and looked pensively at the tips of her findid not look out of the window.

"Yes," repeated the plump lady, "that is better; but traveling on such a day is alvillas grew larger. The conductor had left the young zirl's blond hair and the stout lady's feather about and rustling the papers which the old gentleman had thrown

down as they hurried out. "It will be a pleasant evening," said the stout lady, with a yawn.

"Yes, indeed; I am so glad Mme. X. got my green talle done after all. Leone wrote me I needn's trouble to order flowers, she would have one of the men get me water lilies from the lake." "There is a lake near?"

So it seems You know I have not been there yet. Max says it is a poem of a place; but Max is to remantic," added the girl. with a smile, half fond and half apologetic. "He is handsome of course?" queried her companion with renewed interest. "Of course \I would think so: but he

really is. He has very dark hair and is pale, with large dark blue eyes, but not one bit girlish looking; and then his figure is perfect. You should see him in his "He goes in for athletics. I suppose?"

Not exactly. He is rather literary in his turn of mind; but he can afford to indulge his fancies, and his yacht is superb." 'You have been out on it, then?" "Yes that is when I met Leonie. She came on to chaperone a little party tor

Max. He wanted auntie to do it, but she is so afraid of the water. "Well, indeed, my dear, I sympathize the seat. Finally, with a sudden resolve ter up courage to cross the ocean. Mr. and an added dignity of manner, she in- Henderson insisted on our going abroad for our wedding tour, and, for that mat-The young girl raised her eyes in some ter, so did Mr. Dupont, but there I just

The young girl raised her eyes in some surprise, but answered without hesitation, couldn't make up my mind!"
"Oh," said the young girl, sitting up straight, with her soft eyes brightening, "I love the sea. I never feel so much alive as when the wind freshens up and the boat try on such a day as this. You ought to just hounds. Max says we shall make a go, of course, early in the season, and tour of the Mediterranean soon (with a rising blush and take a run south every winter."

"That's the way \ Isabel and Mr. Leland talk! They think nothing of going abroad for six weeks just for all the world as it they were running in to the city."

The brakeman on the noon accommoda. tion is short and stout and announces his stations in a fierce explosive fashion; but had his every word been dynamite it could not have had more immediate effect upon these two ingentious ladies, when at this moment he put his head inside the door and cried "Albutus Station."

They sprang to their feet with one a cord, the plump lady turning very red in the face while she gasped out some inco. herent sentances, and the blond haired girl turning her back on her companion while she gathered up her umbrells and bag. The station was a three sided box, painted green and containing a wooden bench. A country road stretched white beyond it.

There was neither basket phaeton nor Shetland bony in sight, but as the women faced each other on the siding, one with the dilated leves of amazement, the other with the namewing lids of dischust, a neat Dayton wagon drove out from behind the station, and a clean, pleasant looking trishman alighted therefrom. Hat in hand he addressed the fellow travelers. Was it to Arbutus Lodge you expected to go?"

And in one preath they answered. Yes.

ity with which she seized upon the clue, exclaiming:
"But engaged? Now, do tell me about it, my dear. I'm sure there's nothing so interesting—and being married three times of introducin myself, it is an attitude of deep attended in a state of d afternoon. At coorse it's you, ma'air, are Mrs. Robbins, the housekeeper, and you miss, Nellie Pethers, the nurse?"

And so our traveling companions became more fully acquainted. C Ellen Rhone in Philadelphia Press. The Power of Imagination

Said a Walnut street doctor: "Only last night I had to attend a woman with your sweetheart."

"Oh, he is not there," remonstrated the anything unusual, and she said. No neath young girl, in a tone of surprise. "That ing but lee cream which I often take has would not be proper at all; though of course," with a tender smile, "he will run past crying on he and as soon as local out sometimes, when there is anything the word the mixture made me single. with cramps I asked her if she had eaten

and have gone out the avenue labouted if you are sell that an area for the state of the state of