

## The Catholic Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
 Main Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
 BY THE  
 CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING  
 COMPANY.  
 EDWARD J. KIVAN, Business Manager.  
 WILLIAM A. MARAKLE, Editor.  
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If paper is not received Saturday notify the office without delay any change of address.  
 Communications solicited from all Catholics, especially in every instance by the name of the author. Names of contributors withheld if desired.  
 All communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor; all business communications to the Business Manager.  
 No money to agents unless they have credit signed by us.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
 Per Year, \$1.00 Six Months, 50 Cts.  
 Entered as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY SEPT. 26 1891

## Weekly Church Calendar.

SUN. Sept. 27—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel, St. Matt. xiii, 1-14.  
 MON. 28—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.  
 TUES. 29—St. Michael, Archangel.  
 WED. 30—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.  
 THURS. Oct. 1—St. Remigius, Bishop and Conf.  
 FRI. 2—Holy Guardian Angels.  
 SAT. 3—St. Dionysius, Bishop and Mar.

## UNJUST DISCRIMINATION.

Last Saturday while our subscribers were eagerly awaiting the arrival of THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL, the papers were quietly reposing in the Rochester post office and no effort at all was being made to deliver them. Why was this? Because a week ago the JOURNAL had occasion to criticize in a mild way the manner in which the Rochester branch of John Wanamaker's bargain counter postal system is conducted. A hint was immediately given by one of the blue-coated individuals connected therewith to the effect that we would have trouble. The threat was made good.

Saturday morning the first installment of our mail was sent to the post office in ample time to be delivered to our city subscribers. Our boy left them and returned to our office. At 11:30 a. m., a messenger boy entered the JOURNAL office and informed us that somebody had said if the postage was paid by 11:30 a. m. the papers would be sent out. Of course, we had no time to do this, so our papers were not delivered.

The custom has been and still is to collect the postage on daily and other newspapers when the last papers are delivered at the post office. Ours were only half delivered. The postal regulations say no papers shall be sent out until the postage has been paid. Of course, we violated the letter of the law, but in so doing we followed custom. The post office crowd held us to the letter. However, we might have expected such treatment. Under the present regime no attention is paid to complaints, except to "get even" with the one who complains. Such was not the case under Mr. Fleckenstein. In his administration it was possible to get satisfaction. Now it is not. There appears to be no head, no responsible executive. Injurious case each official approached, shelved the blame on some one else, until at last one was found who was away.

We ask for no courtesy or favors; we simply want to be treated as others are. But if we are to be the victims of petty spite, and be put to trouble and expense because some childish post office hireling has a grudge against us, we want the public to know it.

## UNFAIR AND UNJUST.

We notice with regret that some New York people are disposed to antagonize William F. Sheehan in his candidacy for lieutenant-governor, because of his action in a certain petition which was largely signed and forwarded to Albany and which protested against the passage of a certain bill.

Mr. Sheehan's conduct in this matter was perfectly right. He acted within the rules of the assembly, which forbid the reading of petitions. The document was referred to the proper committee, which, of course under the assembly allowed the petition in to be read, every other day. He could not discriminate.

claimed the same right. The Speaker of the Assembly has no right to infringe the rules to gratify personal friends or anyone else. If these people dislike Mr. Sheehan's politics, let them come out boldly and say so. But let them cease berating a man because he simply did his duty.

## TO THE POINT.

We are pleased to give to our readers the following pointed and pertinent statement from the *Catholic Review*:

"There is still hope for the Catholic newspaper in the success which attends the Sunday editions of the great dailies. It is becoming plainer that these editions are on the way to seize and occupy the fields of usefulness now owned by weekly story papers, monthly magazines, and even the heavy reviews. The taste and custom thus introduced will make it possible for the Catholic weekly, if conducted with enterprise and on similar lines, to appeal to much larger constituencies than at present. A common verdict upon Catholic newspapers, among priests and people, is that they are 'no good.' We have heard that verdict passed by priests and people when the evidence upon which to base it was only general principles, not the facts in the case. THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL of the present moment is not a thing of beauty, but it is quite able to instruct the majority of Catholics in public questions, and is *facile princeps* in the interest it takes in Catholic questions.

## PERHAPS.

*Church Progress* asserted that "public schools are doing the work of the devil." The *Memphis Catholic Journal* objects and thinks *The Progress* ought to apologize. Our Tennessee hameaker forgets that *Church Progress* is published in St. Louis. [ROCHESTER CATHOLIC JOURNAL.]

You are right, esteemed contemporary, we forgot all about that. Brother Pallen's objections to the public schools are doubtless attributable to the bad climate and evil surroundings of poor old St. Louis. [Catholic Journal of the New South.]

## A MALICIOUS SLANDER.

SHEEHAN's arbitrary action in denying the Roman Catholic clergy the right of petition will not be forgotten in this campaign. It was an outrage which should be presented.—[Rochester Democrat.]

It ill becomes the *Democrat* to try to raise a religious difference. That paper is so well known for its anti-Catholic propensities that anything it may say in our favor must be regarded with suspicion. Mr. Sheehan's action in the matter referred to was all right and such attacks as the above will only tend to strengthen him in public estimation.

## CLEVELAND'S GREETING.

From the *Cleveland Catholic Universe*, we clip the following paragraphs which will interest our readers:

"Sixty priests of the Rochester diocese have subscribed \$41,000 for their new diocesan seminary. This is certainly a magnificent showing."

"Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, recently preached a notable sermon in the old Puritan town of Salem, Mass. The occasion was the laying of the corner-stone of St. James' church."

We hope the result of the Saratoga convention will convince the Cleveland men they are hopelessly in the minority in this state. But it won't. The "Man of Destiny" must needs bob up serenely everywhere and just when he is not needed or wanted. And it would seem that the very men he slighted most when in office are the ones who shout loudest for him.

Our non-Catholic friends reproach us often-times for venerating the Blessed Virgin. Why should they? Is it reasonable to ignore the Mother in praising the Son? Even granting our opponents' contention that Mary was but an ordinary woman, is she not still the Mother of God? And, as such, should we not, at

least, hold her memory in respect?

Mr. Flower has long been noted, both in private and public life, as a genuine philanthropist. Has Tom Platt's henchman, "Joe Slate" Rasset, ever been characterized by such a trait of character? We never heard so.

The JOURNAL begs leave to extend hearty congratulations to Very Rev. Rector Wirth and the good people of St. Joseph's on the successful celebration of the semi-centennial of their church.

A Catholic priest came to this country with the Ogbots. Dr. John Gilmarty Shea pertinently asks if we cannot get up a statue to this Catholic priest.

Has the *Catholic Standard*, of New Haven, Conn., suspended publication? We have missed it from our exchange table for several months past.

## AS TO CATHOLIC PAPERS.

Nord-Amerika, Phila., Sept. 15, '91.  
 To edit a Catholic paper the following old sentence is appropriate: "Duo quum faciant idem non est idem." It depends a great deal how we edit. If my neighbor keeps a grocery store, it is not supposed that I shall buy everything from him because he is my neighbor. On the contrary! I buy where I can get the best goods even if I have to go a few blocks further.

The following appeared lately in a German Catholic paper of Rochester, N.Y.:  
 "A mission held by the Redemptorist Fathers, the Revs. Zinnen, Grein and Pelmuttgen, has begun in the Holy Redeemer church. There is a large attendance. It will close on Wednesday or Thursday."

"It is to be hoped that the Rev. Fathers will succeed to awaken in this parish the moral sense of one's duty so that they will support the Catholic home press by subscribing and paying for their paper at regular intervals, in a better manner than what they have done. For what help all missions held by the best and most zealous missionaries, if in the same family, daily and weekly, the missionary of socialism—disguised unbelief—is read."

The same trade was repeated in the next week's number, only in a milder form.

Now, what do you say to this? Does it not take a pyramidal amount of brass to bring such improved charges against a parish? The good man looks through a very dark pair of spectacles. He does not perceive that other good Catholic papers may also be read. He figures it out about as follows: My paper is read very little in the Holy Redeemer parish; ergo, no Catholic paper is read. This recalls to my mind an Englishman, who, at a hotel in Germany, was waited upon by a red-headed waiter. He, thereupon, wrote into his diary: "The waiters in Germany are rude and have red hair." If the gentleman would take the time to visit all the good Catholic families in Holy Redeemer parish (and thank God there are many), he would find that they all read a Catholic newspaper, even if it is not the Rochester German Catholic People's Gazette.

## Brookport.

Mrs. Flood, of East avenue, is seriously ill.

J. Foster opened a branch dry goods store at Holley today.

Carrie Day, of Albion, is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Craib.

Mrs. David Martin is in Toronto.

Warren Clark, of Jamestown, was the guest of Ira Andrus this week.

Mrs. Henry Carey, of Naples, with her children, are the guests of her father, James Atkinson.

Mrs. B. Sylvester has returned from Watertown.

Alice Lennon left Tuesday for Northampton, Mass., to attend Smith College.

John M. Preston died last Friday at his home in the village. He was a well-known business man.

The funeral of Mrs. Hickey took place this morning. Solemn high Mass of requiem was sung by Rev. R. J. Story. The interment took place at Mount Olivet, the new Catholic cemetery.

## Livonia.

Rev. Rev. B. J. McQuaid administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of fifty-six persons at St. Michael's church, Livonia, Sunday afternoon. There was a large congregation present, who listened attentively to the practical address to the class and assembled throng by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper on Saturday would confer a great favor on the publishers by reporting the same to the post office.

## THE CONSOLATIONS OF ART.

The play is done, the shadow lies  
 When the light of an hour  
 Waxed great and gleamed before men's eyes,  
 And homeward, with brooding thought  
 Of art that bravely comes to flower,  
 And soon is noight.

I dream of art, remembering well  
 The hopes it gave that still up soared,  
 But the great dream is told,  
 Cast out eternal from heaven,  
 Like those lost angels that their Lord  
 From grace had driven.

So moved, to royal Westminster  
 Betimes I come, and gladly find  
 Those stately churches towering there,  
 Whose walls the Master saw. The rose  
 Ah, were, I cried, like those my mind!  
 Great praise might be.

Were strength like theirs that hold the night  
 With solemn watch, though London sleep.  
 To arm my soul with steadfast might,  
 Then fear might end and hope be sure.  
 Come, then, they say, vigil keep,  
 Like them endure.

But they were built to twist hope and fear  
 By men who thought the passing day  
 And gave its moments heavenly wear;  
 Though they who built are darkly gone  
 Their art remains, and in it they  
 Are greatly known.

So art is frail, but art is strong;  
 And he is wise who keeps the way  
 His soul shall lead, and sings his song,  
 Or bids dead stone take life and climb—  
 So yields his service for a day,  
 Or for all time.

—Ernest Rhys in Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE ROSE AND THE TOAD.

In the long ago a rose and a toad lived near each other.

The shrub on which the rose blossomed grew in a half round parterre before a house yet occupied, though the large, shady garden in front of it had been long neglected. Weeds flourished in the flat beds and in the paths, which were no longer cleaned. The green, wooden railing, with its carved ornaments, was faded and broken. The boys had pulled off some of the bars to play soldiers, and the monkeys had carried some away to defend themselves against the dogs. But the parterre continued, luxuriant, and around the remains of the railing twined the wild pea, the cuscute and other flowering vines, from which hung yellow and purple clusters.

Tall trees also stood up in the moist, rich soil of the garden, and the still taller spires of the yellow mullein bristled with flowers. Nettles covered a large corner, and, however disagreeable in other respects, the dark verdure formed an admirable background for the pale colors of the rose.

The flower commenced opening on a beautiful May morning. The dew was fast rising, and the sun shone with rays still hanging in their purity on the edges of the rose. The flower seemed to be weeping. Around her all was so bright and sunny when for the first time she beheld the blue sky, and felt the play of the fresh breeze and the rays of the genial sun among her thin, light tinted petals; all was so calm and peaceful in the parterre that she might have wept, not from sorrow, but from pure joy. She could not speak, but, in lining her little head, she said to herself around her a subtle and refreshing perfume. Such were her words, her tears, her prayers.

At her feet lay a fat toad, which had spent the night hunting worms and gnats, and at dawn had selected a moist and shady place for repose. His eyes were closed, and his sides puffed out.

Dirty and slimy. One of his legs was stretched before him. He took no delight in the beauty of the morning. He was gorged and taking rest. When the zephyr, growing more gentle, bore less of the fragrance of the rose far away on its wings, the toad began to breathe it and became disturbed and confused, but was too stupid to recognize it came. Since the previous autumn one had come near the parterre where the rose grew and the toad was reposing. The last visitor was a bright eyed little boy of seven years, having a large head on a slender body. As his own eye claimed the garden he called it his own, and it was his delight. His visits had ceased at the time when the toad was preparing to make his home for the winter among the foundation stones of the house.

When the weather was pleasant the little fellow would sit and read on an old bench standing against the house, at the side of the only dry and sanded path, which was kept in good condition for going back and forth and closing the shutters. His sister, who took care of him, would remain at the window reading or embroidering to keep him company. Frequently, when she asked, "Wassia, shall I throw out your ball or play with you?" he would answer, "No, Macha, I like my book better."

When fatigued with the "Adventures of Robinson" and the stories of wild countries, he would leave his book open and wander over the garden. Every bush and shrub was an acquaintance. He would crouch before a velvet mulien plant twice as tall as he to see a colony of ants run up and down the stem, or the more and gathering with delicate tact the pure drops of honey dew exuding from the little rolls on the backs of the aphides. He would follow the beetles dragging their balls he knew not where. He would watch the spider when she had woven her fringed web in a sunny place and was lying in wait for flies, and the lizard opening its mouth to drink in the sunshine, and reflecting the sun from the scales of its bright green corselet.

One morning, when he saw a hedgehog for the first time, he could scarcely restrain his joy and was about to clap his hands. From fear of frightening the little prickly beast he held his breath. But he opened wide his lustrous eyes and was delighted to see how the animal snuffed with its snout for worms among the roots of the rosebush, and in what funny way it drew them out with its plump, beaklike nose.

"Wassia, come in, it begins to bedamp," called his sister.

The hedgehog heard the voice and was frightened, and rolled itself into a ball, covering its head and hind paws with its spines. The child knelt down the points of his feet, and the aphides and beetles began to pant like a steam engine. By degrees it became hard to the child. He was so peaceful and gentle that it was no wonder the animal outgrew its fear. At last, when the little beast tasted the milk which he brought in a saucer, the joy of the youthful master of the garden was at its height.

He grew weaker and weaker, and when the spring returned with its sunshine and warmth he could not leave the house to amuse himself in the garden. So his sister sat near his bedside, instead of the window. He could no longer hold the smallest volume, and his eyes were soon closed. His sister read whatever he desired, and he lay in a peaceful slumber.

## Suddenly one day he called, "Macha!"

"What, my dear?"  
 "Is it nice in the garden? Have the roses blossomed?"

The sister leaned over, kissed his wasted cheeks and brushed away a tear. "Yes, dear, it's very nice, and the roses are in bloom. On Monday we'll go out together if the doctor consents."

He drew a deep sigh, and Macha resumed reading. In a few minutes he said: "I've heard enough for now. I'm tired and sleepy."

The sister arranged the pillows and covered him. He turned painfully toward the wall and was asleep.

The sun shone through the window that opened on the parterre, and the bright rays fell on the bed, bathing the pillows with light and gilding the short hair and puny neck of the child.

The rose knew nothing of all this. It was expanding every hour. The next day it was fully open, but the day after that would begin to fade and lose its petals. That is the whole life of a rose. But in that brief existence it was to experience many fears and troubles.

The toad had perceived it. When his ugly eyes first rested on the flower his heart was touched with a strange feeling. He could not keep his face turned from those delicate petals. The rose pleased him. He felt an irresistible desire to be as near as possible to an object so beautiful and fragrant. But to express his tender sentiments he found only these words: "Wait! I will eat you up."

The rose trembled. Why was she fastened to the stem?

The little birds were free and twittered around her, hopping from branch to branch, and at times flying far away. The toad, too, was free. How he envied them! Oh, that she had wings like them to escape from those mischievous eyes! She had not learned that the toad sometimes lay in wait even for butterflies.

"I will eat you up," repeated the reptile in a tone which he tried to render sweet, but which sounded only the harsher. He undertook to climb and get near the rose. "I will eat you up," he kept saying, as he gazed unceasingly at the flower. The rose saw with horror the clammy, repugnant paws catching on to the twigs below her, but the toad had great trouble in climbing. His flat body was made for crawling and leaping on a smooth surface. After each fruitless effort he looked up eagerly at the branch where the flower was away from him.

The rose believed its destruction near and prayed, "Oh, that I might die some other death!"  
 The toad climbed higher and higher, but at the spot where the old wood ended and the young branches commenced, he met new difficulties. The smooth green bark was armed with sharp thorns. He pricked his paws and body, and rolled down covered with blood. He now stared at the flower with new admiration.

"I tell you," he squeaked, "that I will eat you up!"  
 Night was coming on, and it was needful to hunt for his supper. Dragging himself along he watched for imprudent insects. Angus prevented him from gorging himself as usual. His scratches were not dangerous, and he resolved to take a good rest and then return to the flower which had such a strange fascination. Though it was now tedious to him.

The next morning the rose had almost forgotten her enemy. She was approaching full bloom and was the most beautiful one in the parterre. Still there was no one to admire her. The young master was helpless on his bed. His sister did not leave him, and did not appear at the window. Only the birds and butterflies fluttered about the bush, and humming bees at times plunged into the corolla for the honey, and flew away covered with the yellow dust of the flower. A nightingale perched on the bush and commenced a song which was quite unlike the hoarse croaking of the toad. The rose listened and felt happy. She thought that the bird was singing because she was there, and perhaps she was right.

She did not notice that her enemy was working his way up the branches. This time the toad did not spare his paws or sides. He mounted higher and still higher. In the midst of the sweet song of the nightingale the rose heard the dreaded croaking:

"I told you that I'd eat you up, and I will eat you up."

In fact, clinging to the nearest twig, he was already working his way up the branches. This time the toad did not spare his paws or sides. He mounted higher and still higher. In the midst of the sweet song of the nightingale the rose heard the dreaded croaking:

"I told you that I'd eat you up, and I will eat you up."

One moment more and he would be able to reach her. She felt that she was about to perish.

The young master had for a long time lain motionless. The sister, seated in an armchair at the bedside, thought that he was asleep. For several nights her wakeful eyes had watched over the sick one. Little by little the hand holding the book was relaxed, her head inclined, and she fell into a doze.

"Macha," cried the brother.  
 She started up. In her dream she was sitting at the window, as the year before, and her brother was playing in the garden. When she opened her eyes and saw him stretched on the bed, thin and feeble, she sighed mournfully.

"What, my dear?"  
 "Macha, you told me that the roses were open. I have come to see them."

"Yes, dear, certainly."

She looked out on the parterre where the superb rose flourished in beauty and fragrance.

"Oh! There is just the one for you; a splendid rose. Shall I put it in a glass on your stand?"

"Yes, I would like it on the stand."

The young girl took her scissors and went to the garden. She had been confined to the chamber so long that she was dazzled by the sun and benumbed by the cool air. She reached the shrub just when the toad was about to spring on the flower.

"What a horror!" she exclaimed.  
 Seizing the branch, she shook it smartly. The toad fell heavily to the ground. Recovering himself, he leaped furiously at the young girl, but could not get much higher than the hem of her dress. She threw it to a distance with the tip of her shoe. He dared not come near again, and his envious eyes beheld the watchful care with which she removed the flower and carried it to the house.

As the brother caught sight of the rose, the first he had seen for so many months, he smiled feebly and made a painful movement to reach it.

"Let me smell of it," he moaned.  
 The sister put the stem in his hand and helped to bring the flower to his face. He breathed the delicious perfume and murmured, with a happy smile:

"Oh, how good it is!"  
 Soon his delicate face grew dark. His heart ceased to beat. It was silent and forever. Translated from the Russian, and illustrated for independent by Theophile D'Abri.

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## TAKE HEART.

The little pin that sharply pricks  
 A moment's pain, but soon is o'er,  
 The little second hand that ticks  
 Seems indolent and slow,  
 But time outlives our little pain—  
 The second hand moves on,  
 And ere we note its pace again  
 The weary hour is gone.  
 —New York Recorder.

## THE VOICE OF SCIENCE.

Mrs. Esdalle, of the Lindens, Birchespool, was a lady of quite remarkable scientific attainments. An honorary secretary of the ladies' branch of the local Eclectic society she shone with a never failing brilliancy. It was even whispered that on the occasion of the delivery of Professor Tomlinson's suggestive lecture on the "Perigenesis of the Plastidule" she was the only woman in the room who could follow the lecturer even as far as the end of his stick.

It would have been a strange thing had Mrs. Esdalle not been popular among local scientists, for her pretty house, her charming grounds, and all the hospitality which an income of £2,000 a year will admit of, were always at their command. On her pleasant lawn in the summer, and around her drawing room fire in the winter, there was much high talk of microbes and leucocytes and sterilized bacteria, where thin, ascetic materialists from the university upheld the importance of this life against round, comfortable companions of orthodoxy from the cathedral close. And in the heat of thrust and parry, when scientific proof ran full tilt against inflexible faith, a word from the clever widow, or an opportune rattle over the keys by her pretty daughter, Rose, would bring all back to harmony once more.

Rose Esdalle had just passed her twentieth year, and was looked upon as one of the beauties of Birchespool. Her face was, perhaps, a trifle long for perfect symmetry, but her eyes were fine, her expression kindly and her complexion beautiful. It was an open secret, too, that she had under her father's will £500 a year in her own right. With such advantages a far plainer girl than Rose Esdalle might create a stir in the society of a provincial town.

A scientific conversation in a private house is an onerous thing to organize, yet mother and daughter had not shrunk from the task. On the morning of which I write they sat together surveying their accomplished labors, with the pleasant feeling that nothing remained to be done save to receive the congratulations of their friends.

With the assistance of Rupert, the son of the house, they had assembled from all parts of Birchespool objects of scientific interest, which now adorned the long tables of the drawing room. Indeed, the wall side of every sort of curious which had swelled into the house had overflowed the rooms devoted to the meeting, and had surged down the broad stairs to invade the dining room and the passage. The whole villa had become a museum. Specimens of the flora and fauna of the Philippine islands, a 10-foot turtle carapace from the Gallapagos, the os frontis of the Pos monitis as shot by Captain Charles Beesly in the Thetis, the mislabeled baillies of Koch cultivated on gelatine—these and a thousand other such trophies adorned the tables upon which the two ladies gazed that morning.

"You've really managed it splendidly, ma," said the young lady, craning her neck up to give her mother a congratulatory kiss. "It was so brave of you to undertake it."

"I think that will do," purred Mrs. Esdalle complacently. "But I do hope that the photograph will work without a hitch. You know at the last meeting of the British association I got Professor Standerton to repeat into his remarks on the life history of Medusiform Gonophore."

"How funny it seems," exclaimed Rose, glancing at the square, boxlike apparatus which stood in the post of honor on the central table, "to think that this wood and metal will begin to speak just like a human being."

"Hardly that, dear. Of course the poor thing can say nothing except what is said to it. You always know exactly what is coming. But I do hope that it will work all right."

"Rupert will see to it when he comes up from the garden. He understands all about them. Oh, ma, I feel so nervous."

Mrs. Esdalle looked anxiously down at her daughter and passed her hand caressingly over her rich brown hair. "I understand," she said in her soothing, cooling voice, "I understand."

"He will expect an answer tonight, ma."

"Follow your heart, child. I am sure that I have every confidence in your good sense and discretion. I would not dictate to you upon such a matter."

"You are so good, ma. Of course, as Rupert says, we really know very little of Charles-of-Captain Beesly. But then, ma, all that we do know is in his favor."

"Quite so, dear. He is musical and well informed, and good humored, and certainly handsome. It is clear, too, from what he says, that he has moved in the very highest circles."

"The best in India, ma. He was an intimate friend of the governor general."

You heard yourself what he said yesterday about the D'Arcies and Lady Gwendolaine Fairfax and Lord Montague Grosvenor."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Esdalle resignedly, "you are old enough to know your own mind. I shall not attempt to dictate to you. But think that my own hopes were set upon Professor Stare."

"Oh, ma, think how dreadfully ugly he is."

"But think of his reputation, dear. Little more than thirty, and a member of the royal society."

"I couldn't, ma. I don't think I could if there was not another man in the world. But, oh, I do feel so nervous; for you can't think how earnest he is. I must give him a good answer tonight. But they will be here in an hour. Don't you think that we had better go to our rooms?"

The two ladies had risen, when there came a quick, masculine step upon the stairs, and a brisk young fellow, with curly black hair, dashed into the room.

"All ready?" he asked, running his eyes over the lines of the scientific tables.

"All ready, dear," answered his mother. "Oh, ma, glad to catch you together."

"So, with his hand buried deeply in his trousers pockets and an uneasy expression on his face, "There's one thing that I wanted to speak to you about. Look here, Rosie, a bit of fun is all very well, but you wouldn't be such a little donkey to shirk seriously of this fellow Beesly?"

"My dear Rupert, do try to be a little less abrupt," said Mrs. Esdalle, with a deprecating hand outstretched.