

## THE WAY DOWN MAN.

Who is that object whom we meet  
As we pass along the busy street,  
Whom none doth ever seem to greet?  
He is the way down man.

Once he had friends the same as we,  
And wealth and servants, too, had he.  
Now he is, as all can see,  
A way down man.

What caused this downfall? Ah, his friends,  
Who begged and borrowed and he lent  
Until he had no more to spend.  
This way down man.

Now they are up and he is down,  
And they do not hover round  
This ruined spendthrift of the town.  
This way down man.

So now he lives as best he can,  
A poor, forsaken lonely man.  
And the saddest sight in God's great plan  
Is a way down man.

## EDMINSTER'S TROUBLE.

One September afternoon in 1889 the dim of autumn lay across the broad prairies of South Dakota. The farm of George Edminster lay smiling in the sun. Edminster had gone there three years before from Minnesota and located a claim. By hard and patient toil as a tenant farmer in Minnesota he had been able to save up some money, and with a few head of horses and cattle had gone farther west. From the first day of his advent into the new country fortune smiled upon him. After three years' work he had built himself a good dwelling, a large barn and other out-houses and had opened up a farm. Before him lay the prospect of ease in his old age. His past life had been one of unremitting toil. He had served through the war and carried with him a constant reminder on his left hand, which had been shorn of its fingers by a bullet.

As he went about his place he saw in the northwestern sky an ominous looking purple that betokened the approach of a blizzard. It was rather early for winter, but there was evidence of a flurry, and he hastened to the fields and drove his horses and cattle to the barn, which he had built close to the house so that it would be easy of access during the heavy snows of winter. The purple tint swept up toward the zenith, and on the horizon there was a cloud of inky blackness from which forked flames of lightning were shooting. The cloud came on with terrible fury and fairly made the earth tremble. George Edminster sat in his house with his wife and children and watched the sublime scene going on without. He did not watch long, for one brighter flash than the others, followed by a still more terrific peal than the rest, caused him to look around. His barn had been struck by lightning and from a back window he saw the flames from the building leaping angrily in the direction of his house. He was powerless to stop their work, and unless the rain fell in streams he knew his house must also go. His hopes were vain. In a few moments the house was on fire and he was forced to snatch up his wife and children and hurry out into the storm to save them. In a few moments he was a ruined man.

The cloud passed away and the sun again came forth, but Edminster's future was only the darker. Around him were the ashes of his home and the family was dependent upon his personal efforts. Nothing was left him but the claim. To build again was out of the question. He had nothing upon which to live, much less with which to build. And if he had these he did not have teams and tools with which to till the farm. His was no pleasant dilemma to be in, especially with winter at hand. There was but one thing that appeared to him. That was to sell his claim for whatever he could and go to the Indian territory, and there await the opening of the Oklahoma country the following spring and try and secure a home there and begin life again in a more hospitable climate.

For a few days the Edminsters remained as the guests of a neighbor. Edminster soon succeeded in finding a purchaser, as he offered his land very cheap. Then he went to the nearest railroad station and bought tickets to Purcell, in the Chickasaw nation, which place they reached early in October. There they purchased some supplies and went some miles up the Canadian river, where they went into camp until the 15th day of April, 1890, when the Oklahoma country was thrown open to settlers. Edminster worked at odd jobs and managed to make ends meet.

At noon on April 15, when the signal was given announcing that Oklahoma was open for settlement, Edminster was one of the first to cross into the promised land. He succeeded in securing a fine piece of land, and at once went to work upon it. A tent was pitched and a crop was planted, which was faithfully cultivated. After it was laid by a small house was built. He began to take heart again. Summer came on and with it a drouth. The crop that looked so promising for a time drooped, wilted and then dried up under the fierce heat. His hopes were again blasted. His neighbors were in no better condition. Another winter was staring him in the face and he was again in destitute circumstances. There was nothing for him to do in the neighborhood. His wife and children could look to no one else for bread. They aided him when there was any work to do about the place, but, alas! there was now none to do.

Leaving his family with barely enough to subsist upon for a week, he went over to the Chickasaw nation in search of work. There was little work there, and many others were in search of employment. Edminster was persistent in his efforts to get a job and finally found a man who wanted some cordwood cut. He would pay seventy-five cents per cord and charge fifty cents per day for board. With his crippled hand the work was hard—indeed painful—

to Edminster. When Saturday night came and his wood was measured and board deducted he found that he had just seventy-five cents due him. With a heavy heart he set out on a tramp of several miles for his home. The loved ones there would be looking eagerly for him, as their little stock of provisions would be exhausted by the time he reached them. The seventy-five cents he had been paid for his week's work was all that stood between them and starvation. What it would purchase would not keep them alive twenty-four hours. What was he to do? The very thought made him sick.

He fell in with a man whom he knew, who was going his way, and as they plodded wearily along the road he told his friend of his troubles and asked him for advice. The man told him that on his way home near the Canadian river there was a farmer named Bingham, who had a smoke house well filled with provisions. It rained in his neighborhood, and he had made a good crop. Edminster's friend argued, with much plausibility, that under the circumstances there would be nothing wrong in his going into that smoke house and taking something home for his starving family to eat. Indeed, he declared that Edminster would be remiss in his duty to those dependent upon him if he did not do so. It was stealing, was it a worse crime than to let his wife and children suffer when he had it in his power to prevent it?

They reached the place where Bingham lived. It was long past dark. There was no light about the house and no sound of anyone stirring within. Edminster walked up and down past the place several times. Once or twice he started on his way home, but the thought of his starving family drew him back. He stealthily entered the smoke house and took away all he could carry. There was not a morsel of food in his house when he returned with the supplies he had purloined.

Some days later, while he was searching for more profitable employment, a deputy United States marshal arrested him upon a charge of burglary. He was taken before commissioner Hacker, at Purcell, Ind. Ter. The testimony, though mainly circumstantial, was conclusive to the mind of Judge Hacker, and he was committed to jail at Paris, Texas. There he remained for months awaiting trial. At last it came. It did not last long. Edminster pleaded not guilty to the charge against him, but he had no defense. There was no sort of doubt that he was guilty as charged, and he was convicted and remanded to jail to await sentence.

The last day of court came and a long line of convicted were brought into the court room to be sentenced. Edminster was among the last. He was shabbily dressed. The hard lines on his face, to the casual observer, betokened an evil life. He was told to stand up, and asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed.

"Nothing, your honor, except that I got hard up, and that made me unscrupulous."

He said no more. A tremor shook his frame, his voice grew husky and tears welled up into his eyes.

Judge Bryant looked the man over from head to foot. The evidence against him was conclusive. He merely said: "I will send you to the house of correction in Detroit for three years." But there was something in the man's words and action that awakened the sympathy of those present. But there was no appeal from the sentence of the court. There was but one thing to be done. H. H. Kirkpatrick, clerk of the court, was deeply impressed with what he said. Before Marshal Dickerson left with his prisoners for Detroit Mr. Kirkpatrick sought an interview with Edminster and asked him to tell him his history. He did so, beginning with his boyhood in Pennsylvania and ending with his sentence in Paris, Texas. It was a long story of troubles, trials and hardship, and the narrator showed himself a man of intelligence and feeling.

"Can you give me any references?" asked Mr. Kirkpatrick. Edminster gave the names of people whom he had known in Minnesota and Dakota. Then he was taken off.

A year later, while Edminster was at work in the Detroit penitentiary, the warden came to him with a suit of citizen's clothes and told him to put them on. He was then taken to the office and given a pardon signed by Mr. Harrison. Utterly dazed and ignorant how his pardon had been obtained, Edminster lost no time in hurrying home. His family was overjoyed to see him. His coming was as great a surprise to them as his freedom was to him.

With the assistance of kindly neighbors they had succeeded in making a good crop and had remained faithfully on the place and saved the homestead. Edminster's neighbors heartily welcomed him back.

The pardon was the work of Clerk Kirkpatrick, who, when he obtained certificates of Edminster's good character, sent to President Harrison a long statement of the case. It was all the work of many months, but the pardon came at last.—Philadelphia Times.

Massachusetts Reveres the Codfish. Massachusetts still reveres the memory of the codfish, once the chief industry of her people, and keeps a wooden model of one hanging in her house of representatives.

An Italian Trick. Customs officers find silk handkerchiefs concealed in a box of macaroni from Italy. Silks have often run the customs in old times packed in cases of stationery.

## ERRANT THOUGHTS.

This is the gentle, star-light night,  
And dreams drift forth on nights as fair,  
My hopes and thoughts have taken flight,  
And gone I know not where.

The hopes and thoughts were youthful dreams  
Of high ideals of better things to be—  
Their wings were like the sunset beams  
When they took flight from me.

I would not call them back a sin—  
I do not know the haven where they rest—  
They may have soothed some bitter pain  
Or brightened some sad breast.

For much there is not understood.  
Our life is moulded by the little things.  
Love gives to us a thought that's good  
And God may give it wings.

—N. Y. Journal.

## REVENGED.

It was about half an hour after sunset, but an orange light still burned above the lonely Southern valley. The trembling evening star was hanging over the green silence of the fragrant Tennessee woods. Vapor-wreathed phantoms from the river course, and from the dense thickets that skirted the camp ground came ever and anon the mournful sound of whippoorwills, sounding faint and low, like the remembered echoes of a dream. Yet Wallace Keene would have given well nigh all he was worth to exchange its luxuriant verdure one moment only, for the pine clad heights and salt winds of Maine, with russet winged robins chirping their familiar madrigals in the apple orchards below.

"Two years ago I left home," murmured Wallace Keene as he gazed thoughtfully out where the purple sky seemed to touch the waving woods. "Two years since young Harney told me he never would give Marion to a common mechanic, yet the wound rankles sharply still."

"Captain?"  
"Is that you Spicer? What now?"

Captain Keene turned his face toward the opening of the tent, where Private Spicer's head was just visible.

"Why, sir, our fellows have just brought in that lot o' men that was hurt in that scrimmage across the river this morning, and some on 'em is wounded bad."

"I will be there directly, Spicer."

There was a little crowd of men gathered on the river shore in the warm glow of the spring, but they silently parted right and left for Captain Keene's tall figure to pass through their midst.

Six or seven dusty, bleeding men were sitting and lying around in various postures, their ghastly brows made still paler by the faint, uncertain glimmer of the young moon. Keene glanced quickly around, taking in the whole scene in that one brief survey.

He stopped short as his eye fell on a new face, half shadowed by the green sweep of drooping alders—a pale, blood streaked face with a gaping cut on the forehead.

"This is not one of our men!" he exclaimed sharply. "How came he here?"

"No, sir," explained Spicer, stepping forward. "I think he belonged to the Eighth. I'm sure I don't know how he ever got mixed up with our fellows, but there he was, and I thought we'd better not wait for their ambulance, but bring him straight here."

"Right," briefly pronounced Keene, stooping over the insensible figure. "Let them carry him to my tent, Spicer."

"I beg your pardon, captain—to your tent?"  
"Didn't you hear what I said?" sharply interrogated the superior officer. "Bruce, make the others comfortable in Lieutenant Ordway's quarters. There will be plenty of room for them there."

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Spicer five or ten minutes afterward as he came out of the captain's tent scratching his shock of coarse red curls.

Meanwhile the dim light of a lamp swinging from the center of the little tent shone full on the singular group within its circling folds—the wounded private lying like a corpse, still and pale, on the narrow iron bedstead, the young officer leaning over him and supporting his head—and the brisk, gray eyed little surgeon keenly surveying both as he unfolded his case of phials and powders.

"He is not dead, doctor?"  
"No; but he would have been in another half hour. Your prompt remedies have saved his life, Captain Keene."

"Thank God! oh, thank God!"  
The surgeon looked at Keene in amazement.

"He doesn't belong to your regiment. Why are you so interested in the case?"  
"Because, doctor," said Keene, with a strange, bright smile, "when I saw him lying under the alders, dead, as I thought, I rejoiced in my secret heart. At first—only at first. The next moment I remembered that I was a man and a Christian. For years I have carried the spirit of Cain in my breast toward that man; now it is washed out in his blood."

It was high noon of the next day before the wounded man started from a fevered doze into the faint dawn of consciousness.

"Where am I?" he faltered, looking wildly around him, with an ineffectual effort to raise his dizzy head from the pillow.

"Now, be easy," said Private Spicer, who was cleaning his gun by the bedside. "You're all right, my boy. Where are you? Why in the captain's tent, to be sure, and that's pretty good quarters for the rank and file, I should think."

"The captain's tent? How came I here?"

"That's just what I can't tell you—you'll have to ask himself, I guess. You ain't any relation to Captain Keene, are you?"

## Keene — Keene! repeated the man.

"Because," pursued Spicer, "if you'd been his own brother born, he couldn't have taken better care of you. His cousin, maybe!"  
"No! God forgive me, no!" faltered the wounded man with a low, bitter groan.

"Here he is now," said Spicer, the familiar accents of his voice falling to a more respectfully modulated tone as he rose and saluted his officer.

"He's all right, captain—as clear headed as a bell!"

"Very well, Spicer; you can go."

The private obeyed with alacrity. When they were alone together in the tent, Wallace Keene came to the low bedside.

"So you're all right, Mr. Harney?" he asked kindly.

"Captain Keene," murmured Harney, shrinking from the soothing tone as if it had been a dagger's point, "I have no right to expect this treatment at your hands."

"Oh, never mind," said the young man lightly. "What can I do to make you more comfortable?"

Harney was silent, but his eyes were full of the tears he vain would drive back—tears of remorseful shame—and he turned his flushed face lest the man he had once so grossly insulted should see them fall.

The next day he again alluded to the same subject.

"Captain Keene, you asked me yesterday what you could do for me?"

"Yes."

"I want you to ask leave for May to come and nurse me when I am transferred to the hospital."

Captain Keene turned toward the sick man a face white and hard as marble and said in a strangely altered voice:

"Do you mean your sister?"

"My sister—yes."

"Of course, if you wish it I can obtain permission, Harney. But"—

"Well?"

Keene's cheek colored, and he bit his lip.

"I should not suppose she would be willing to leave her husband for the very uncertain comforts of hospital life."

Harney smiled, looking into his companion's face with keen, searching eyes.

"May is not married, Captain Keene. She has no such appendage as a husband!"

"Not married?"  
"I know what you thought. She was engaged and almost married. We had nearly induced her to become Lisle Spencer's wife, but she refused on the very eve of her wedding day."

Keene had risen and was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the tent with feverish haste.

"Because," went on Harney, "she loved a certain young volunteer who left—about two years ago too well to become any other man's wife."

"Harney—you do not mean to say?"

"I do, though, old fellow, and, what is more, I mean to say that since I've been lying in this tent my eyes have been pretty thoroughly opened to my own absurd folly and impertinence."

Captain Keene wrung his companions hand and hurried away, to mistake the bootjack for the instand and to commit several other no less inexcusable absurdities.

"I see you'll get nothing written to-day," sighed Harney as he lay watching Wallace Keene tear up sheet after sheet of note paper.

"I shall, though," smiled Wallace. "Only I can't tell exactly which end of my letter to begin at."

Captain Keene did write—and if he inserted a little foreign matter into the epistle it didn't matter, for Harney, considerate fellow, never asked to see it.

Marion came, and when her brother was promoted into the convalescent ward, she went home again. It was only to lose herself in bowers of orange blossoms, forests of white satin ribbon and acres of pearly, shimmering silk, shot with frosty gleams of silvery brocade, for the course of true love, after all its turn and intricacies, had at length found its way into the sunshine and was running smoothly over sands of gold.

—New York News.

## Summer in the Far North.

Astonishing to the stranger is the sudden development of the far northern summer. Snow covers the ground in the Aleutian islands until well into June, but by that time the day lasts nearly all night, and in a few weeks rank vegetation has taken the place of snow. The hills become carpeted with brilliant flowers and the grass is waist high. This vegetation, dying winter after winter, covers the ground to a great depth and makes it difficult to walk, and adds especially to the task of mountain climbing. It simplifies the descent, however, for a person wearing stout trousers may slide for a quarter of a mile down the mountain on this loose deposit.

## The Grave of Hiawatha.

People who have taken the Lake Superior steamers at Port Arthur have noticed the high long dike of basalt that pushes into the water from the northern limit of Thunder bay. The Indians believe that this ridge is the grave of Hiawatha, or, as he is called there, Manibozho, and few red men pass the spot without dropping a few beads or a pipeful of tobacco in the water as an oblation to his spirit.

## Novel Entertainments.

Payson Tucker, the general manager of the Maine Central railroad, recently adopted the novel social expedient of entertaining his friends at the station in Portland, having a reception in the office and a dinner in the station dining-room.

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