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## A FREE PARDON.

MARGARET HUNT

(Continued.)

"You must come with me, Father Urquhart, sir," said the policeman—he was perfectly respectful, and even somewhat compassionate, but even what he had seen and heard, he had not a vestige of belief in the priest's innocence.

Father Urquhart, more dead than alive, looked from one to another, as if for guidance.

"Lead the way, Robson," said Mr. Blencowe. "Mr. Vickers and I will go with you; his reverence will take my arm. This charge is preposterous, of course, but it has been made, and we must go."

Seeing no help anywhere under heaven, the priest began slowly to follow whither he was led. His outdoor garments were in the sacristy, and as he and his conductors approached it, its door was suddenly opened and out streamed half a dozen boys in their fluttering white cottas, bearing tapers to light the altar candles for "Benediction." Father Urquhart hid his face in his hands when he saw them, and said: "The prayer of my Father will not be heard to-night."

All news travels fast, a more or less accurate account of what had happened flew around Slagborough in less than an hour, and even made its way to semi-rural Ashdene. A scared maid with a scared face came to inform Mrs. Blencowe that Father Urquhart had been accused of stealing hundreds of pounds of charity money, and dragged off to the police station by a constable, with all the rif-raff of the place following at their heels. At first Mrs. Blencowe was much more indignant than alarmed.

"And there was not one single soul to take his reverence's part," the girl added, "but Mr. Blencowe and Mr. Vickers, who both went to bail him."

"Oh, if my husband is there," said Mrs. Blencowe joyfully, "don't be afraid; all will be right."

In spite of this security, however, in spite, too, of cold and darkness, she threw on some wraps, went out into the dismal wintry garden, and restlessly paced up and down the broad gravel walk by which her husband would return, for the sake of obtaining ease of mind a few minutes earlier. He was very long in coming, and each time that she had to retrace her steps her anxiety increased. At last she heard the gate into the high road shut and hastened to meet him. She had hoped that he would see her from afar and would greet her with the cry, "It's all right!" but he walked silently, and, as she in her eager impatience thought, very much more slowly than usual, towards her.

"Tell me quickly," she cried, when he came nearer. "He has explained everything, of course, but I am miserable till I know."

"You are not more miserable than I am!"

"Do you mean to say that he has not explained?"

"He has explained nothing!—absolutely nothing! It is terrible!"

"Don't speak in that voice, Edward! You don't, you can't believe him guilty."

"No, I do not believe him guilty, but—"

"But what?" she exclaimed impatiently.

"Why did he not speak out boldly, and to the point? He—"

"Oh, he will—he will! Wait till he does! You will be sorry afterwards if you let any doubt creep into your mind now. Say that you do not doubt him, Edward."

"My heart does not, my head does."

"Impossible!"

"Yes, impossible. But why on earth did he not defend himself properly to-night? If he had been able to rebut the charge, he would surely have done it to-night."

Mrs. Blencowe made no answer to this, for she was unable to speak.

He kissed her and said: "I am unhappy too—more unhappy than I can say. In reality, however black things may look, nothing would make me believe this." And then he thought: "That money! How little I thought when I marked it in whose possession it would be found!"

"We must hope, Agnes," he said drearily after a pause.

"I do hope," she answered boldly; "I am certain that he will prove his innocence."

He never did prove it. When tried he had no more to say than when arrested. Proctor's story was clear and convincing, and only too abundantly supported by evidence. The unhappy priest's was exactly the reverse. He was condemned to five years' penal servitude, and Slagborough knew him no more.

Proctor, of course, lived on there in freedom and prosperity. His prosperity dated almost from the hour of Father Urquhart's arrest. How could it be otherwise? Customers poured into his shop daily, and these were not Slagborough people alone, for within a radius of ten or twelve miles there was not a little town that was not "emptied of its folk" in turn. "Out of the bowels of the harmless earth," too, came pitmen on their "play days," with pockets full of money which burnt these pockets while it was unspent. One and all, they came even in snow and storm to hear the story of the "wicked Catholic" priest's misdoings at first hand, and to see the man who had succeeded in bringing him to justice. Ere long Proctor grew rich. He enlarged his premises and grew richer, and yet riches did not seem to gladden his heart. He was a broken-down and most-unhappy man. He had ceased to be a sacristan, and rarely left his house and shop. This was, however, not because he was oppressed by his conscience and could not bear to face his fellow creatures, but because the sight of two of them troubled him almost beyond endurance. These two were Mr. and

Mrs. Blencowe. Mr. Blencowe always cast his eyes down and refused to see him at all, and Mrs. Blencowe always fixed hers on him, as he thought, searchingly, and he was conscious that he cowered beneath her gaze.

Four years and a half after Father Urquhart's trial, Mrs. Blencowe received the following letter from her husband:

"No. 37,760, as Father Urquhart is called here, has been ill for the last fortnight, and unable to leave his cell. When at last I obtained an order to see him, I found that this cell was only seven feet long, four feet broad, and eight feet high. He was lying in his wretched hammock, with his eyes fixed on the narrow slip of a window by which all the light he had entered. This was little enough, but it served to show that he is worn to a shadow, and yet his face, though full of suffering, seemed more beautiful than ever. His hands—my Agnes, if you saw his hands, they are as hard and horny as any poor day laborer's—were lying quietly outside his bed. His eyes brightened when he recognized me. I could not help it, I stooped and kissed him. He knew already that Proctor had on his death bed confessed his crimes, and was, I think, deeply grateful that his own good name was restored, but not otherwise elated. 'I shall try to take you away at once,' said, and my wife will come to us, and help to take care of you. I have found a quiet seaside place where we can go. 'You have both been true friends always,' he said faintly; 'but are you sure that I can leave?' 'Quite sure,' I answered; 'you will receive a free pardon before 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.' 'A free pardon!' he repeated, and though I stayed some minutes longer, and though I explained that this was only the customary formula, he did not say any more. I left him—I had to do so. I will write to you to-morrow."

Mr. Blencowe did not write next day. He sent a telegram: "Do not come. Father Urquhart died this morning at dawn."

(THE END.)

**A DESERVED TESTIMONIAL**

Cardinal Gibbons to be Remembered on His Anniversary.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the elevation of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to the episcopacy will fall on August 10 next. The celebration of this event will not take place until the following October. A meeting of the clergy of the archdiocese was recently held at the residence of Mr. McColgan, and a committee appointed to address a letter to the clergy and laity of the archdiocese. It is intended to present his Eminence with a rich testimonial of the loyalty and affection of the Catholics of the archdiocese of Baltimore. The following letter has been prepared by the committee and addressed to the pastors of the various congregations:

At a meeting of the clergy of the archdiocese, held at the residence of the Vicar-General, it was resolved that the clergy and laity should present to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons a testimonial of their devotedness on the occasion of the celebration of his Episcopal Silver Jubilee next October. It is needless to say that the committee appointed at that meeting to speak of the debt of gratitude which we owe to his Eminence both as priests and Catholics. His pre-eminent services to the church in this country are admired and applauded throughout the world, and he stands to-day one of the foremost in her ranks. By his wise and progressive principles he has raised the church before the American public to a position of which we may be justly proud.

In the administration of the archdiocese he has displayed all the characteristics of the Good Shepherd, and he has ever been united to his clergy and his people by the closest bonds of devotion and love. To his priests he has been indeed the amiable and sympathetic elder brother, always ready to receive, to counsel and to assist them in the great responsibilities of their vocation. To his people he has been the kind father, laboring in season and out of season for their spiritual welfare, and spending himself for their souls and the welfare of this portion of the Lord's vineyard.

It is proper, therefore, that we should, on his Episcopal Jubilee, give expression to our sentiments of affection to his person by a suitable testimonial.

Tact and Talent Combined. Talent is something but tact is everything. Tact is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all difficulties, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power; tact is skill; talent is weight; tact is moment; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact makes him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

A Valuable Volume. A somewhat remarkable work has just been published by the Mechitarist Congregation in Vienna in honor of the Episcopal Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. It is a handsome, printed volume containing reproductions in nearly fifty Occidental and Oriental languages of the prayer: "O Lord Who blessed them," from the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. Among the tongues into which this prayer has been translated for the work are Rumanian, by the Archduke Jo-pan, the Austrian Borrow; Volapuk, by its inventor, Herr J. M. Schlieper; Welsh, by Prof. Rhys; Irish, by Mr. H. O'Grady; and Gaelic, by Prof. Macdonnell. As a purely polyglot production, the Mechitarist publication, which, by the way, has been edited by Dr. Kalemier of Vienna, is a valuable volume.



Our Chief. [Respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Geo. Custer, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.]

Our honored chief and noble friend, How few like him we find: His great desire is to extend A help to all mankind.

Possessed of pure and upright ways, Still faithful to his trust: No outward pomp, no vain display; His rulings firm and just.

The sole embodiment of man; Quick to respond indeed, And lend the poor helping hand In times of greatest need.

A humble, quiet, peaceful life Did mark his great career: His courteous smile, devoid of strife, Made friends both far and near.

Time will roll on through ages yet, And our time may be brief: But while life lasts we'll not forget The kindness of our chief.

His honored name shall still recall Dear memories of the past, His pleasant smile to one and all Remembered to the last.

The soldier's prayer the widow's tear, To Heaven's high throne ascend: That angels guard his steps with care 'Till life's sad dream shall end.

—W. J. McLaughlin, 1st Reg. Pa. Vols.

**Hayes as a Target.**

Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes was at one time the target of a Georgia Confederate and it was only by a scratch that his life was saved. The scene was on Gauley River, West Virginia. The Georgian who took aim at the General was William Phillips of Marietta and the time 1861. For several days Gen. Floyd had been skirmishing with Gen. Cox's Ohio troops at Hawk's Nest. One fine morning Gen. (then Col.) William Phillips heard a bugle blast near Hawk's Nest, across the river, and an Ohio colonel at the head of his regiment rode out into the river a good distance. Col. Phillips selected a long range rifle from his men and, raising his weapon, took deliberate aim at the Union officer. The distance was great, but Phillips was a fine shot and at the crack of his rifle the plume from the Ohio colonel's high hat fluttered out into the water and the officer dashed up the bank and out of range.

In 1878 Gen. Phillips was in Washington and saw the President. He said something about Hawk's Nest and his aim at an Ohio Colonel. President Hayes brightened up and inquired the details. The President said he was the Ohio Colonel whose hat was grazed by Phillips' bullet. That night Gen. Phillips took tea at the private table of the Hayes family. It is not generally known, but it is a fact that Gen. Longstreet was offered the portfolio of Postmaster-General in Hayes' Cabinet. At the last moment it was discovered that Gen. Longstreet was an enthusiastic Blaine man, and as Hayes wanted John Sherman to be the nominee in 1880 the Cabinet was re-cast and Col. D. M. Key appointed to represent the ex-Confederates, and Gen. Longstreet sent as Minister to Turkey. Gen. Longstreet tells this himself.

**Let Gen. Custer Rest.**

J. R. Martin, Company E, First Iowa Cavalry, New Hartford, Iowa, writes: "There was no cavalry regiment in the West who served as long or did more arduous and dangerous service than the First Iowa. We fought Price and Marmaduke all through and details of our history, hunted down and broke up the Anderson guerrillas, scouted and fought all over Arkansas, and after the Red River campaign were sent up the river to Memphis, where we soon met and whipped Forrest's men; and finally, when we should have been sent home, instead, in May, 1865, were sent down the river to Baton Rouge, La., where we came under Custer's command. There is no doubt but that complaints were made to Gen. Custer about us. Comrades of the First will remember that even then Davidson had no use for us at first, till a squad of our boys dashed in and drew off by hand four small guns he had given to his pet regiment, the Thirtieth Illinois. After that we found favor with him, and the liking was mutual, as was shown when the privates of our regiment presented him with a sword costing over a thousand dollars. While it is true that we suffered some hard treatment at the hands of Gen. Custer, yet we know that he was a brave officer, and had we had been with him at an earlier date would soon have commanded his respect and admiration. Now that he is dead, dying the death of a soldier upon the field of battle, and by the hands of savages, let us drop the mantle of charity over his mistakes, for who does not make some, and only remember that he was a brave and dashing comrade."

**The Fourteenth Ohio Battery.**

W. F. Forbes, Geneva, Ohio, writes: "After leaving Resaca, Ga., the Fourteenth Ohio Battery was almost constantly engaged with the enemy's rear guard. Near Dallas, Ga., the following incident occurred, but the exact locality, the direction in which we were moving, and what occasioned this maneuver has passed from my memory. Shortly after passing a mill-dam that had been cut and flooded the road and adjoining fields not long previously, we were suddenly ordered into a brush field overlooking the banks of the small stream. We went in battery concealing our guns with brush, horses were removed, and we were ordered to lie down and maintain strict silence. We soon heard tramping of troops, and in a short while directly in front of us only a few yards distant was a regiment of Johnnies coming directly toward us. 'Steady on the right! Close up men!' etc., we could plainly hear. On they came as if they were going to walk over us. It seemed to me that they could not help seeing us, when all at

once they moved by their right flank, and as they disappeared away to our left, my hat, which had been perpendicularly disposed, slowly resumed its normal position. We soon limbered up and proceeded on our way. It is my impression that the above incident occurred the next day (May 27), after the fight in front of Dallas, in which the rebels were handsomely repulsed, and during which our battery fired 113 rounds, and had only one man wounded; while the official report places the fight one day after.

**Fatalism in the Army.**

Soldiers and sailors are proverbially superstitious, and a writer in the February Atlantic, treating of "The Courage of a Soldier," declares that "the soldier derives great comfort from his cheerful fatalism." He recalls a beautiful September day, which was devoted to one of the fiercest battles ever known. The color-guard of a conspicuous regiment had been repeatedly shot down and replaced, until sixteen men had fallen, most of them mortally hurt. At this juncture a captain of gigantic stature, the largest among ten thousand men seized the colors, and continued to wave them defiantly until the position was carried.

He escaped untouched even to his uniform, while away in the rear rank, in the least exposed position on the line, a little Irish fish-peddler, known as "Mickey the fish," received two serious wounds. Mickey was a dwarf, whose elation had been regarded as a capital joke, and whose immunity was taken for granted.

Somewhat puzzled by the elation shown by the comrades of giant and dwarf, I inquired concerning their blithe confidence, and found that they regarded the double event as clear proof that all casualties were foreordained; and I am well assured that out of this tranquilizing belief grew a great peace in many hearts, which served them well when the storm of battle shut out all ordinary means of refuge.

In illustration of a more serious kind of fatalism I will relate the following:

We were at Snicker's Gap. The eighth corps, under the White Wolf, as the Indians loved to call General Crook, had crossed the Shenandoah at Island Ford. The sun went down and a sea of delicious crimson, and even the most cautious were so influenced by the metaphor of peace suggested by the heavenly stillness that they began to regard as needless the precautions taken by our chief, the White Wolf.

Fires were lighted on the river bank; coffee, the soldier's elixir of life, was prepared and drunk. The twilight range slowly on, and was deepening into the gloaming, when a staff officer rode down from an old farmhouse in front of us with a report that General Gallatin Jenkins was advancing upon us with a heavy force.

A few minutes later there was a scattering fire as of pickets, and a mounted officer was ordered to call in our skirmish line. Just before mounting, the young fellow turned to me and said:

"I feel strangely to-day. I wish you'd do this for me. I cannot explain my reluctance; but none who know me will think me afraid."

His face was ashy white; his lips looked dry. I saw that he was ill. Mounting his horse I rode rapidly to the skirmish line and gave the order to fall back.

On my return I found this young officer seated at the foot of a tree, propped up against it. His eyes were fixed on the sky above him, and between his parted lips was a bubble of crimson foam. A bullet had passed through his chest, and he had but a few minutes to live.

What premonition had possessed him, from what mistaken motive he had chosen this place of safety, which proved so treacherous, will never be known. He was killed by a sharpshooter, from such a distance that his death might be considered accidental.

**Unsympathetic Listener.**

Several years ago, as a Captain in the English Navy was leaving his club in London, he encountered an intimate acquaintance, a Baronet, on whose arm was a gentleman evidently a foreigner, and a man of distinguished air and manner. The gentleman was introduced to the Captain, but at the moment that the stranger's name was uttered an omnibus rattled by, and the sound of the Baronet's voice was drowned.

Sir Charles, pleading an appointment, begged the Captain to show the gentleman over the club. The dining-room, library and other rooms appeared to interest the visitor, and finally the Captain began to point out the objects to be seen from the windows.

Foremost among these was the Nelson column, and the Englishman expatiated upon the victories and the heroic deeds of the great Admiral. In the midst of his enthusiastic outburst, as he observed an expression upon the stranger's face which seemed to indicate that the subject had become distasteful, he instantly changed the subject.

With many expressions of thanks, the foreigner was about to take his leave, when the Captain asked the name of his newly made acquaintance. "De Villeneuve," was the reply. "Le Comte de Villeneuve, son of him who fought with your gallant Nelson at Trafalgar," and with a dignified air the Count withdrew.

The Captain's mingled astonishment and regret can be imagined. He had unwittingly wounded the feelings of one to whom he had intended nothing but courtesy, and recounted the glories of Trafalgar to the last man he would have willingly selected as his auditor on such a theme.

**All One to Caddy.**

It must be trying to a great personage to have his claims to distinction all unknown; but, however trying the situation, he had best be cautious about attempting to set it right. A Scottish gentleman learned this by experience. He had a dispute with a London cabman over an eightpenny fare. He had offered a shilling only, and the cabman had remonstrated with him. Drawing himself up with dignity, he said:

"Eh, mon, but I think ye dinna ken who ye're speaking to! I'm the Macintosh!"

The cockney was not properly impressed; he retorted sharply:

"I don't care if you're the Hum-bella! I mean to have that sixpence!"

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Chas. Somers, No. 15 Esplanade street, Allegheny, Pa., was a sufferer from epileptic fits for 30 years, had six attacks a day; was cured in six months.

Mr. Sherman Walter, Tarentum, Pa., was cured by the use of a bottle.

Mrs. Mary E. Sly, of St. Cherry Hill, Pittsburgh, Pa., says her son George, aged 16 years, was cured of St. Vitus Dance