

## A BOY'S CARTOON.

(Scene: Florence, A. D. 1540.)  
"Good Master! I've your service. See, I am not the best of artists, but I thought you'd like to see my story, and it is such as you've often heard before."

"Is not for myself," he sobbing said,—"I'm not for myself, I'm asking bread. But my mother is breaking her heart to-day; for she's ill, and may lose her place, they say. In the sick-bed, if I could only get some food, she might hold it yet. Oh, Sir, the picture dealer said he would give me enough to buy us bread for a month or more, should I chance to meet some one of your craft upon the street. And he's drawn on the picture I hold. A sketch of the Sistine Chapel wall. Whom the great artist of Florence painted all Has drawn on the Sistine Chapel wall. A dozen I've asked, and none of mine. But none of them passed to draw a line. You have pencils with you, Sir? I claim A picture, in charity's holy name?"

With a kindly look on his stern sad face. The artist at once he took to trace. The Sistine Chapel, and with such art As quickened the throb of the boy's warm heart.

No word as he worked did he deem to say, But, signing his name, he went his way.

"Whose name is this?" asked the boy of one To whom he displayed the picture done. "Where got you that?" came the question.

"Who has given a prize so rich to you?"

"Why, Sir, that one cartoon you hold Will bring you many a piece of gold."

"And that you, a Florentine, should not know The name!—It is Michelangelo!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in St. Nicholas.

## CRAZY POLLY'S LOVER.

In the hall of a deserted mansion at White Plains stands an old clock which has a history. It is over 150 years since its French maker gave it the finishing touches and set its big pendulum in motion, and a century since the brass hands marked off the last hours of British supremacy in America. The house was the home of Miss Polly Carter, an eccentric old creature who lived alone and held little communication with the outside world. She was called "Crazy Polly" by her neighbors, who disliked her most heartily. She died way back in the fifties, at the advanced age of 90, and was promptly buried and promptly forgotten.

She was so withered and ugly in her last days that it was difficult to credit the stories of her great beauty when a girl. It is said that at a grand ball given in the old Robinson Manor house, at Yonkers, an English governor remarked that she was not only the most beautiful but most charming young woman in the province, and danced with her so often that his angry spouse led him home by the nose.

At her death the dilapidated house and worked-out farm passed into the hands of a grandnephew in the West, who still owns it. Everything of value in the house was sold except the old clock, which, with its rusty works and battered case, was passed by as a worthless piece of rubbish.

In the sad story of Miss Carter's life the old clock plays an important part. In the days of the revolution the Carter house, then a fine old place, lay within the British lines. Colonel Carter, its owner, was with the Continental army, as was his nephew and intended son-in-law, Lieutenant Lawrence Carter. His daughter, Polly, remained at home under the protection of a maiden aunt.

They were sad days for the poor girl, days of anxiety and fear. For weeks she had received no tidings of either father or lover, as the neighborhood was infested with red-coats and all means of communication cut off.

One rainy afternoon while sitting before a fire dreaming of the days when horrid war should be a thing of the past, she was startled by the sudden opening of the door and the next moment she was clasped in two strong arms and a handsome young officer was kissing the tears away from her lovely face.

A second later she broke from his embrace and cried, her voice quivering with fright: "Oh, Larry, why did you come? They will catch you. The brutes are everywhere." The sentences were broken by a flood of tears, but the young fellow laughed lightly, and taking her face between his hands, he kissed her and said: "Never you fear, my pet; I know the country too well to be trapped by the beef-eating Brits. It's as safe as a sanctuary here and I can get back through the lines to-night. But come, come, dry up your eyes and let's have something to eat. I am as hungry as a bear and as wet as a water rat."

Thus reassured, the trembling girl hastened to set food and wine before her half famished lover, who all the while was chattering as gaily as a school boy. He had removed his cloak and the tight-fitting uniform showed off his graceful figure to perfection. He was strikingly handsome, and as good and honest as he was pleasing to the eye. Polly was a girl of considerable experience for her years, and had refused more suitors than one, but she loved her young cousin devotedly and stoutly affirmed that he was a better lover than cousin, which was saying a good deal. After he had finished eating he stretched out before the fire and smoked his pipe as unconcernedly as if there had not been an enemy in the country. He told her of her father and of the brightening fortunes of the army.

Then their tones grew low and earnest and they told of their love and talked of the great happiness in store for them when Washington should have driven the English to the wall. The girl was nervous, however, and fearful of her lover's safety. At every sound she would start in terror, and as the time came for his departure she clung to him and begged him to wait until the morrow and make his way through the lines in disguise. He laughed at her fears, however, and was kissing her goodbye when their ears caught the tramp of horses in the yard.

The lieutenant jumped to the window. A glance through the thin curtain was enough.

Three English officers had ridden up to the very steps and dismounted. He realized the danger. To be taken meant to be hung as a spy, but he said as calmly as possible so as not to frighten Polly. "There are soldiers in the yard; I must hide." Suddenly a memory came to the girl of the days when as children they used to play hide and seek together. "Get in the clock," she whispered, for the soldiers were already knocking at the door. "It is big enough. Oh, Larry, be quick." It was the only chance. In a moment the young man with difficulty crowded his body into the tall barrel of the timepiece and Polly locked the door and put the key in her pocket. Then she threw his coat and hat under the sofa, and hurried to admit the unwelcome guests.

They were swearing at the delay, but the beauty and dignity of the girl had its effect, and one of the officers said politely enough: "Pardon us, but can't you give us shelter for an hour or two, and some food, in the king's name?" The request was practically an order and without more ado they marched into the house, their hateful scarlet coats dripping with water and their boots heavy with mud.

Though trembling with fear the girl managed to conceal her agitation and was inwardly rejoicing that their stay would be a short one. She ordered a servant to bring food and drink for them and then settled herself with a book in the corner. When they had finished eating one of them brought brandy from his saddle bags and they all began to drink freely.

The oldest of the intruders was deaf, and in speaking to him his comrades raised their voices to an unpleasant pitch. Before an hour had passed they were all drunk and used such vulgar language that Polly swept from the room, her face flushed with anger and disgust. Even in her room the noise of their carousing reached her. It was already dark and to her relief she heard the officers getting ready to depart. One by one they filed out of the front door, but just as they were mounting their horses, which they had tethered to the fence, one of them turned to the deaf Englishman and said: "Go back and see what hour it is by that big clock in the corner." The drunken fellow staggered up the steps and into the house.

It stopped, and, by the Lord Harry, it will never run again," he muttered, and taking his heavy sabre he ran it several times through the dial into the delicate works. Then, as if not satisfied with the damage he had done, he drove it twice through the polished panels of the door.

There was a smothered groan from the inside of the clock and a creaking of hinges which did not reach the dulled ears of the Royalist, and he was too much under the influence of brandy to note that the end of his sabre was dripping with blood. With a grunt of approval he returned to his comrades, and Polly from her window, heard them ride away toward the British camp. After waiting until they were out of earshot she hurried to release her lover.

As she crossed the room a black stream that wound its way from the base of the clock to the middle of the polished floor like a snake, caught her eye. Her first thought was that the red-coats had spilled some liquor. She leaned forward and touched it. It was warm, and as she rose a fitful gleam of the fire showed her hand crimson with blood. With a frightened cry she sprang to the clock, and as she opened it the body of the poor officer fell heavily forward, the blood gushing from two great gashes in his breast. He was dead.—Philadelphia Times.

**The Squirrel and the Rat.**  
A young man living in the outskirts of Portland caught a squirrel recently and started in to tame it, and he had such success that the squirrel is now as tame as a house cat. The squirrel, after being boxed up for a while, was given the run of the house and went about upstairs and down at will. Then he was let out doors and allowed to play in the trees, but he got back into the house regularly at meal time and at night. A few days ago the squirrel dodged into a rat hole and began running through the walls. The house had been overrun with rats, and after the squirrel got into the walls there was a scampering and racket which threatened to tear the house down. The squirrel came out of the hole after a while, and from that time nothing has been heard of rats in the house. The squirrel enjoys a scamper through the walls every day, but the rats have taken themselves off.

**The White Rhinoceros.**  
From a letter addressed by that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, to the Field, it appears that that curious and rare animal, the white rhinoceros, has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous' authority for saying that he is extinct. It is to the occupation of North Mashonaland, which kept the native hunters to the west of the Umali river, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty years has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of South Central Africa.

"There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, be ten or twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more, I think, than the latter number."

**A More Appropriate Name.**  
Miss Backnumber—My little dog Hero was awfully scratched by a cat to-day, so I think I shall have to change his name.

Miss Sere—What will you call him now?  
Miss Backnumber—Claude!



The Rose Out of Reach.

BY ADDIE M'DONATH LEE.  
In a garden fair sweet rose glow,  
In a tangled mass they grew and blow;  
And the birds and gold,  
Of pink and gold,  
Of softest cream and passionate red,  
And a white rose hangs far overhead.

I gather roses crimson and cream,  
Roses that blush and roses that dream,  
But the tangled vines  
Close my path and twine,  
And in vain I strive to reach the height  
Of a rose I covet, snowy-white.

Oh, fairest the rose that hangs so high  
That never upon my breast shall lie,  
Or its perfume shed;  
Though I hold instead  
Roses of yellow, scarlet, and pink,  
I'd give them all for the white, I think.

But there above me it smiles and blows,  
Without a shadow, the stainless rose,  
And reaching higher  
For my heart's desire,  
I crush the roses and let those fall  
I had gathered first—and lose them all.

My hands are empty, the day is done,  
The white rose shatters, but never won,  
Oh! my wayward heart,  
You have learned the part  
That life has given to all hearts, each—  
Gather the roses within your reach.

**"Paints Like a Man."**  
Of Mrs. Alice Bartley Barnard's work it has been said that she "paints like a man." That is to say, she needs no concessions from her critics by reason of her sex. Mrs. Barnard is the daughter of ex-Governor Bartley of Ohio, and a niece of Gen. Sherman. During the Grant administration she was a social favorite in Washington, and she has since studied one year in Brussels under the celebrated Capillon, and four years in Paris under the best still life masters of the day. All her productions yet put on exhibition are still life, and she has made no attempt to follow the lead of Rosa Bonheur. Her mother was not only possessed of great artistic talent, but was witty and intellectual, quite up to the standard of her family, the Shermans. She was the sister of the General and the Senator. Mrs. Barnard has been visiting in Colorado, but will soon open a studio in New York, where her best productions are now on view.

**Emancipated by Miss Anthony.**  
Miss Susan B. Anthony was lately appointed by Gov. Flower as one of the managers of the New York State Industrial Schools for Girls. Miss Anthony has been visiting the school. She found that seventeen of the girls stood over wash tubs and ironing tables every day of the week, washing and ironing after the old fashion of our grandmothers. She succeeded in convincing the authorities that it would be a great saving of time and labor for a few of the girls to take the clothes over to the boys' laundry, where all the modern machinery is, and wash out the clothes with ease and swiftness. Miss Anthony writes to Mrs. Stanton: "Such delighted girls you never saw, so thick they were to be emancipated from those wash tubs. What took them six days to do will now be done in two, and they have leisure to do other things. We are establishing a cooking school, dressmaking and millinery, so as to fit each girl to earn a living when she goes out of the institution."

**Smoking Her Out.**  
A company of Harvard students were starting for Springfield to the football game last fall and meant to have a car to themselves. At the last moment, however, just as the train was starting, in hastened an old woman.

One of the young fellows, thinking to get rid of her easily, remarked: "My good woman, this is a smoking-car, don't you know?"

"Well, well," answered the woman. "Never mind, I'll make it do," and she took a seat.

As the train started the word was passed round: "Smoke out." All the windows were closed accordingly, and every student produced a pipe, and soon the car was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. So foul became the air that at last one of the boys began to feel sick. As he took his pipe from his mouth and leaned back into his seat, the old woman leaned toward him.

"If you're done, Sir," she said in a wheedling tone, "would you kindly give me a draw? I came away in such haste I forgot mine!"

**He Had Evidence.**  
The man had been to see a prestidigitator and when he came home he was telling his wife about it.

"One of his acts," he said, "was to cut a woman's head off right on the stage in front of us all."

"Pshaw," she protested, "he didn't cut her head off."

"Yes, he did, too I saw him, and he carried it over to a pedestal, and it began talking."

"How do you know it was a woman?"

"Didn't I see her?"

"It might have been a man or a boy dressed like a woman."

"No it wasn't either, I tell you. It was a woman. Didn't I say it kept on talking after its head was cut off?"

**Practicing the Fire Drill.**  
At one of the houses in Mayfair a novel and not altogether purposeless form of entertainment or experiment was devised. The hostess having a new fire escape determined to have a midnight instruction drill in the use of it, with one of the inspectors on hand to see it carried out. Accordingly at midnight the false alarm was given and the ladies and visitors of the household maneuvered the escape and all alighted on the pavement in safety. Remembering the recent experiences of Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Astor such practice is worth the attention of other householders, and perhaps the mid-

night drill is the more effective, as most fires occur at that time. Lady Maple has such drills carried out periodically at her city and country houses, and the fire drill at Holloway College has become a matter of celebrity.

**Fried Shad Roe.**  
Wash the roe without breaking it, wipe it on a soft towel and put it over the fire in a frying-pan containing enough smoking-hot fat to prevent burning; over the pan lay a large tin cover or plate, so as to prevent the scattering of the fat caused by the bursting of the grains of roe, but loosely enough to permit the steam to escape freely, so that the roe may brown; fry it until all the little grains are brown and free from uncooked blood. Season the roe highly with salt and pepper, and when it is done serve it with a dish of new potatoes sautees and cucumbers.

**Lemon Pudding.**  
Grate a pound of dry bread. Beat together five ounces of granulated sugar, three ounces of butter and the yolks of three eggs; into this grate the rind of two lemons and beat the juice of one, also a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour over the crumbs one quart of milk and beat in the other ingredients. Beat up the whites of your eggs very stiff with half a cupful of pulverized sugar and a little vanilla; take the pudding out of the oven, put on the meringue and return to the oven until it is a light brown—which will be in about three minutes.

**Clash of Colors.**  
Women never beheld more hideous combinations than some of those that the milliners show them now. Seen in juxtaposition to its next magenta neighbor in a collection, a grisly green hat will look a torturing atrocity; a pink-toned hat cries horror to a yellow one, and an all-red drops a note of morbid gaiety between. Last year a group of big hatted girls was a lovely sight on a spring morning harmonious as a garden bed of flowers; but the signs of these times are saddening if girls wear all the hats the milliners are offering them.

**Yeast Made Without Yeast.**  
Boil half a pint of hops for half an hour in four quarts of water, then strain and allow to cool. When lukewarm add one teaspoonful of salt and a half a cup of brown sugar. Mix half a cup of flour, smooth with some of the liquor and pour into the mixture. Let this stand two days, then add one pound of potatoes, boiled and mashed; stir well; let stand another day, strain and bottle. Leave the corks loose at first, and allow it to stand at least ten days before using. It usually takes one half a cup of good yeast for four loaves of bread.

**Cucumbers and Young Onions.**  
Wash a bunch of young onions; cut away the roots and withered tops, and either slice them or cut them about two inches long; keep them crisp by sprinkling them with salted cold water until they are wanted for the table. Peel and slice two cucumbers and keep them fresh in cold, salted water. Just before serving dry the onions and cucumbers on a clean, soft towel; dress them with three table-spoonful of oil mixed with one of vinegar, an even tea-spoonful of salt and a salt spoonful of black pepper and serve them with fried shad roe and potatoes.

**Because She Lied About Age.**  
In our own country concealment of age is regarded as a harmless fiction, and the practice is supposed to be rather prevalent among women who are more than 25 and under 75. In Austria, however, a serious view is taken of this offense. By a recent decree of their courts of law a marriage was annulled on the husband showing that the bride had concealed the exact number of years that had passed over her head. She pretended to be 15 years younger than she really was.

**Chicken Jelly, Without Water.**  
Cut a chicken (a hen is better) as for a fricassee. Put it in a double boiler with an even teaspoonful of celery seed, cover closely and let it cook for five hours. Strain it through an ordinary strainer and leave it to stiffen. Remove all the fat, melt the jelly, add salt to taste, and strain it through two thicknesses of cheese cloth.

**Notes from Abroad.**  
Swedish girls at an early age begin to make and accumulate linen garments. By the time they are of marriageable age they have an extensive outfit of such articles.  
The Empress of Russia's court dress, which is valued at £3,000, has only been worn on one occasion, and that was the coronation of the present Emperor. It is covered with magnificent embroidery in real silver.  
The Empress of Japan only appears in public clothed in the garments of her native country about once a year. On other occasions she wears the most becoming things that Parisian artists can make for her.

Miss Emily Faithful is engaged in an endeavor to raise funds for the erection of a large building, consisting of single rooms and one common large room, where reduced gentlemen will be able to live cheaply on a club principle.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has a great dread of fire. She has recently commissioned a Lyons manufacturer to make for her some fire proof materials, to be used for her stage dresses. The material is made fire proof by some chemical substance.

Mme. Patti, it is said, will sign her name for autograph collectors only at the very top of the page. Once she signed right in the middle of a page, and soon afterward the leaf was further embellished with the words, "I promise to pay at sight the sum of \$1,000."

Miss Rhoda Broughton, the novelist, is "above the middle height and graceful in figure. Her mouth and chin indicate firmness and resolution. In repose her expression is a sad one, but as she speaks the frankness in the gray eyes, set well apart, at once dispels the sad and the pleasant musical laugh betrays the vein of fun and wit which runs through her books."

Some time ago Princess Beatrice pronounced this question: "If you were not to be yourself, what Englishman or Englishwoman would you rather be?" Among the little slips of paper containing the answers of those present there were two which bore simply the name "Tennyson." The Queen wrote one and her faithful friend, Lady Ely, since dead, the other.

## THE GARTEN REMEDIES FOR THE CURE

OF THE  
**Liquor, Morphine and Tobacco Habits**  
**ARE RELIABLE!**

They not only have no bad effects on the system, either during treatment or after its completion; but on the contrary the general health is improved from almost the first treatment.

## Garten Gold Cure Co.,

411 & 412 Ellwanger & Barry Bldgs. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Hollister Lumber Co., L.M.

106 North Goodman Street, next to N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Telephone 63.

## The Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.

13 East Main Street, and 69 Clarissa Street.

## MUSIC.

Sheet Music and everything in the Musical Lines Best Quality and Lowest Prices  
**GIBBONS & STONE PIANOS**

AND MANY OTHER KINDS.  
Estey Organs, Empire State Organs, Fine Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Etc.

**GIBBONS & STONE, No. 110 East Main Street.**

## Maguire Brothers, Coal Dealers,

Try our Mine Pea Coal for domestic use. Price \$1.00 per ton less than regular sizes. Up-Town Office, Brewster Bldg. 187 E. Main Street. Yard and Office, 281 Lyell Ave. Telephone 18a.

GEO. ENGERT. BUY YOUR A. F. SCHLICK.

## COAL,

Of GEO. ENGERT & CO.,  
Principal Office and Yard, 306 Exchange Street. Downtown Office, Ed. Mcweeney's, East Main corner South St. Paul street. Telephone 257.

## BERNHARD & CASEY,

Dealers in Celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal, Baltimore in Vein.

And also in the Helvetia Mines, Reynoldsville Basin Steam Coal,  
YARD AND OFFICE, 162 ORCHARD STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Hack, Coupe and Livery Stables. Fine Carriages and Moving Vans on Hand.

## City Baggage and Hack Line,

Walker S. Lee & Son, 296 and 298 Central Ave. Telephone 534a

## CHAS BRADSHAW

Dealer in SCRANTON COAL,

Our Pea Coal is the largest and best. \$1.00 per ton less than regular size. Yard and Office, 48 South Fitzhugh St. Telephone 148.

## LOUIS EDELMAN,

Wholesale and retail dealer in Anthracite and Bituminous COAL,

Cumberland and Mt. Vernon Smithing Coals.  
TELEPHONE 576. 40 North Avenue.

## JOHN M. REDDINGTON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in COAL

TELEPHONE 390. 179 WEST MAIN ST.

## Send Your Book and Job Printing

TO THE

## Catholic Journal Office,

327 EAST MAIN STREET.

Byrne Sells a Ladies' Tan Goat Blucher at \$2.00. See them

Boots and Shoes of all kinds 25c to \$1.50 below uptown Prices.

**J.P. BYRNE, 408 State Street,**

JUST NORTH OF BROWN ST.

## DR. WAUGH,

SURGEON DENTIST, 80 Clinton St. Opposite Lyceum Theatre. All Surgical Operations. Painless.

## S.B. STUART & Co.

## COAL

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK BLDG.