

## HUMAN GREATNESS.

The stars are myriad upon that vast  
And each within its little place  
About the loneliness of space.  
They float and drift and swim and swim,  
In human vision faint and dim,  
And fill beyond our keenest eyes  
They throw a million other sides.  
Imagination fails, and thought  
Before the threshold halts in doubt,  
While blackly o'er the spirit brood  
The terrors of infinitude  
And what's the earth? A satellite  
That whirls about a cosmic mite,  
A grain of dust in space,  
Of which all space is sifted full  
And here's a man upon the earth  
Who prides himself on wealth or birth:  
Who struts his little breast in elate;  
And cries: Behold me, I am great!  
—George Horton.

## CHIHUAHUA BROWN.

Chihuahua Brown came to Pyrites when the camp was first started. That was six months before the time of which I write.

Pyrites was a typical mining town or "camp," far up in the Rocky mountains.

It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a thousand inhabitants. It was a rough, unpunctuated town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there were more honest hearts, more noble and generous natures, than will be found in almost any other calling in life.

The cleanest, most home-like eating-house in the place was Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. Bridget McGuire was a lively, bustling Irish woman, with a red face and hair a shade lighter. She was popular with "the boys," as she called the miners who patronized her place. "We can always get plenty on our forks at Mrs. McGuire's," was the usual sentence of praise bestowed upon her establishment.

"Chihuahua" Brown boarded with Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring sort of a man. No one knew much about him, except that he once had some mining property near Chihuahua, Mexico. There was another Brown in Pyrites, so he was given the sobriquet of "Chihuahua," to distinguish him from the other Brown. He paid his bills promptly, and was highly esteemed by Mrs. McGuire, who sometimes spoke of him as "the widow woman's friend," on account of his once having loaned Mrs. McGuire \$200 without security, when the good natured Irish woman first started in business. Now she was beyond the need of financial assistance, and was doing a flourishing business—such a large business, in fact that she had been obliged to send to Denver for additional help to wait upon the table. The "help" duly arrived upon the stage and created a sensation in Pyrites. The first general description was given out by the stage-driver, "Fairplay Bill," to a deeply interested throng at the Silver Bear saloon.

"She came up on the stage alongside of me," said "Bill." "When we got to the first station at Turkey Creek canyon, she asked if she could ride on the seat with me, she did so admire the scenery. I took her up beside me on the box, and you never heard a girl go on so about the color of the sky, and the trees and rocks, and the wild flowers blooming on the mountain side. She pointed out things to me about the scenery I never saw before. I never see a girl so gone on scenery. She really did enjoy it. I got so durned interested hearin' her talk, I cum purty near slidin' the whole outfit down the mountain. She's different from any biscuit shooter ever I see."

"Purty?" She's purtier than that nigh leader o' mine, but she don't put on as much style as Kitty does, specially when she's just been hitched up an' anxious to go. Purty? Ever see 'em pictures about a woman raisin' up out o' the sea? Ever see that picture of 'Rumyo and Julia'? She's a durned sight purtier than either one o' 'em. I've carried many a hash-slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Most o' 'em got their hair cut short and curly, an' act fresh. She's different; long hair, blacker'n a dark night in the canyon; big eyes; roses in her cheeks; she's a lady, that's what she is. I could tell that first time I see her."

This was how Doris Ware came to Pyrites to be the "help" at Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. It was not strange that the business of the restaurant increased. Mrs. McGuire's new waiter-girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty face is an attraction anywhere, but especially so in a new mining camp, where women constitute a very small minority of the population.

It is not strange either that many of Mrs. McGuire's boarders fell in love with Mrs. McGuire's waitress. There was quite a noticeable sprucing up in the way of general appearance among the boarders. Two or three of "the boys" affected bright-colored ties, and when they came to their meals they were particular about washing their faces very clean. They seemed to put more than the usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this, seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGuire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty waiter-girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dare raise his eyes to her, he was so different. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in his body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate, during the ensuing moment of confusion. This boarder was "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that

Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was a speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity and in a moment of desperation he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose superior to the occasion. She supported her mother from the rather small wages she earned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper: "Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains; wages \$25 per week." With such large wages she could comfortably support her mother. The amount was more than twice as much as she had been receiving. She had used her meagre savings to come West, only to find that "the light, easy occupation" for which the ten young girls were wanted was to serve beer in a dance-hall in Leadville. Being almost without money she took the first place she could get; it was her present one—waitress in Mrs. McGuire's restaurant.

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Pyrites. The mountains were covered with wild flowers, and here and there the sides of the monster hills had been touched by the frost, transforming verdant hues into purple, crimson and gold. Doris went for a stroll early in the afternoon. She gathered the flowers as she went along, and almost every step revealed some new beauty of the floral kingdom. Her mind was not so much upon the flowers as it was upon him—big, bearded, honest, manly "Chihuahua" Brown. She had received a letter from her mother that morning, in which a remittance of \$100 was acknowledged. The letter to her mother had been sent by "Chihuahua" Brown, and he had stated therein that the \$100 was a part of the proceeds from a mine in which Doris had an interest with him. The money was badly needed by the mother, and her gratitude was almost extravagantly expressed.

Doris strolled on, thinking of the generosity of "Chihuahua," and the secret, delicate method he had taken of showing it.

It was time to return. The shadows began to gather on the mountains, and darkness would soon be upon her.

She started back to the trail; but, alas! there was no trail where she thought it should be. Again she located in her mind's eye the place where she had left the trail in her search for flowers, but there was no trail when she arrived there. It was almost dark. She realized that she was lost. Lost in the mountains; lost in a little basin, with the town of Pyrites just over a small ridge. But this latter fact she did not know.

Higher up in the basin she saw a light. It came from a miner's cabin. She started there. It was very much further than she thought it was. It seemed at least an hour before she arrived at the little cabin from the windows of which the light streamed out upon the dark mountain. The door was slightly open. Doris knocked. No answer. She entered the cabin.

What was this? A mining deed. Maxwell H. Brown to Doris Ware, a one-half interest in the "Goodness Gracious" lode.

A letter—she must not read it. Her name? Why, what could this mean? "Dear Miss Doris"—so the letter began. Then she read: "All my life I have been going it alone, and I'm getting tired of it. I want a partner, a partner, I mean—and that's you. I took you into partnership on the 'Goodness Gracious' lode last month. Will you be my partner for life and have a regular warranty deed made out by Person Wilson? I never was in love till I met you. I don't know how this affair will pan out but I don't think I'll be able to winter through without you. I know my love ain't worth as much to you as yours is to me, and if you say you will be my wife I will try and make the bargain even by throwing in the whole 'Goodness Gracious' mine and the Small Potatoes, which is an adjoining claim. Answer me quick. If I don't get an answer I'll afraid I'll hurt some of the boys because I don't know what I'm doing half the time. Please marry me—will you? And oblige yours respectfully, 'MAXWELL H. BROWN'."

Just as Doris finished reading she heard a step, a heavy step, at the door. She grabbed the pen and wrote in large letters at the bottom of the sheet:

"My answer is yes. Doris." Some one was bending over her. Some one had seen her write; some one saw that plain, big "Yes," and she was gathered tight in a pair of strong arms, and felt a fervent kiss upon her lips.

Another step at the door. It was "Galena" Mike, a miner. "Chihuahua," he said, "there's an eight-foot vein of that stuff, and it will run at least \$1,000 to the ton."

"Chihuahua" did not answer Mike, but Doris heard him say: "I wouldn't give one minute like this for 8,000,000 tons of it."—N. Y. Journal.

### A Heavenly Attribute.

Quester—It's funny how some people's opinions vary. There's Meekleigh, for instance; he was of the opinion that his wife was heavenly before he married her.

Jester—And to a certain extent he has occasion to think so yet.

Quester—In what regard, pray? Jester—Why, they say "Order is heaven's first law," and it's Mrs. Meekleigh's, too. She doesn't do much else but order, and the worst of it is that he doesn't find it politic to do other than obey.

A Hundred Carriages Followed Him. "And a hundred carriages followed him to his grave," said the man who was describing the funeral.

"Who are they talking about?" asked a stranger; "a great statesman, warrior, poet or what?" "They are talking, sir, of Mike the bruiser, who kept the dive."

## ONCE IN DARKNESS KNEELING.

Shall the heart in my bosom harden  
While still I have faith to see  
In the gloom of a desolate garden  
The cup that was drained for me?  
Nay! once in the darkness kneeling  
He taught me the lesson sweet,  
The light of His smile revealing  
The wounds in His hands and feet.  
He taught me the love that chastens  
That glows in the garden dear,  
And my heart at His bidding hastens,  
And I kneel with my Master there  
And thinking now of His sorrow  
The crown of the years to be,  
Shall I shrink from a darkened morrow  
Or weep that the world leaves me?  
O star of the golden glitter,  
Fade far in your dark eclipse:  
O cup of the draught so bitter,  
Be sweet to my leaping lips.  
—Washington Post.

## A YANKEE GIRL.

We had slowly floated up the James river canal on what was called a packet-boat from Richmond to Buchanan. Buchanan is a little old village on both sides of the James in the shadows of the Blue Ridge and Purgatory mountains.

I was a miss of 16, by "we," I mean my parents and myself. My father had an interest in an iron mine there. This is what attracted us to that locality.

A new railroad up the valley was just being completed, so our trip was the last one on the old canal. Mules were the motive power. They were driven by negroes. Once or twice the interest of our trip was varied by the mules getting "yanked" back by the rope catching in a snag; then mules and drivers would roll down the bank all in a tangled heap. The captain on those occasions was much more concerned about the mules than about their drivers.

The room in the boat called the grand saloon in the day time was at night transformed into a dormitory. The floor was slippery with tobacco juice. One end was divided by a curtain at night for the women to slumber in, the other end was veiled for the men. On a certain evening, as we ladies were retiring, a German emigrant missed one of his small boys and feared he had fallen overboard. He frantically invaded our apartment, shouting wildly for his "poy." The sight of a mouse would not have caused greater consternation among us. After we got to bed we were entertained for the rest of the night by the ideas I mean the remainder of the night, for there was no rest in it.

We changed boats at midnight. The two crafts "dove to" alongside each other with bunk windows opposite, through which the men crawled and the women were pulled. Some of us were asleep when the transfer occurred and could not account for the changed appearance of the boat next morning. It must have been a boat like this that Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley traveled to Eden on. We landed in some yellow mud and stood in it till the bus returned from delivering our baggage at the hotel. The bus was a grocery wagon. While waiting, the dark, woman-urged petition for places as cook or washerwomen, recommended their boys. Said one: "Dar's no boy in town like my Jauge Washington for join' chores; Mas' Wood was after him this mawin' but I done told him I dun keeped him for you'n."

At the hotel we were assigned rooms on the third floor. The windows of them were denuded of curtains, the walls were blank and the floors bare. Home-spun counterpanes of dark hue were spread upon the beds. We took it as the style, and concluded to do as the Virginians did. The male guests were all titled gentlemen. No man was common "mister." My father was given the title of "captain" the next day. The "major" of the hostelry was in a room next mine. By a series of singular coincidences the major always happened to be coming out of his apartment at the same moment that I was leaving mine. He, stepping out backward, a collision with me would result, which called forth from him polite bows and apologies and declarations that did he have any idea that I was making my exit he would have waited, for he considered it hallowed ground where I was. In this way he improved my acquaintance and placed his mare Perch at my disposal.

He was a middle-aged major—a Southern gentleman and a gentleman of bonah, sah! In the dining-room he sat as near me as he could, and faced me. His teeth seemed impaired, for he had a custom of extracting the juice from meat and other food, leaving the fiber in pulpy chunks on the edge of his plate, and all the while keeping his eyes on the Yankee girl. Our bill of fare was boiled turnips and fat pork for dinner. What was left was warmed over for supper, and the balance we had cold for breakfast. These luxuries were accompanied by flat hot biscuits or corn bread and molasses.

There was an ancient, solidly built square house in the town that was a bank before the war. Jeff Davis drew his last money—\$75,000—out of it to carry on his cause. This house became our home when we left the hotel.

One moonlight night I was seated at my chamber window admiring the shadowy mountains, when sweet strains from a guitar arose from beneath. It was the first time I had been serenaded, and I was not sure that it was done in honor of me, but I believed it to be very romantic. The next night it was repeated. Then I ventured to drop a flower with a friendship ring fastened to it upon which were my initials. My father jealously guarded me against all suitors, and as this one became persistent, he sent me to spend a few weeks at the Natural Bridge in order to break up the "inspired" affair, for as yet I was not acquainted with the mysterious serenader. I sojourned

at a hotel there, and was accompanied by a chaperon who kept me as secluded as possible. One day I saw the major there, to my surprise, but he was not given a chance to come near me.

The next morning very early I slipped away to take a walk alone and explore a cave that I had heard about. I heard that few ventured into this cave, because it was reported to be the hiding place of wild beasts, and was once upon a time said to be the resort of outlaws. There was also a legend that a couple of lovers had gone in once to drink from a spring or natural well that was far in the interior, and had both fallen in and were never recovered. From that time the water of it was enchanted, and whoever had the nerve to go in and drink of it would become the possessor of a rare charm and have an enchanted life.

I was determined to go. I followed a winding path till I arrived at the awful place. I entered and lit the torch. The darkness grew denser as I advanced. I found that under foot it was moist and slippery, so I groped my way cautiously. I could hear water dripping in the distance, and my curiosity was aroused to find where it went, for I saw no outlet. My way grew more and more difficult. At last I reached the charmed well. It received the dripping water and must have soaked away beneath. I had a large leaf with me, which I formed into a little cup, and dipped into the water with a trembling hand, and drank. Then I peered around in the darkness and observed that the ceiling and every black cavity was hung with stalactites which glistened with reflections from my torch and sparkled in prismatic splendor, which the depths of the well reflected. It was as when the darkened soul is illuminated by the divine light. Suddenly I heard what I thought the growl of a wild beast, and I fled in dismay back toward the mouth of the cave, and screamed as I approached it. Just as I reached the entrance I fell and swooned. When I regained consciousness a handsome young man was upholding me and administering brandy and water. This revived me, and after briefly relating my daring adventure to him, he politely offered to escort me back to the hotel.

"I have sought an opportunity," he said, "to meet you for a long time. You have fascinated me so that I have watched your movements without your knowing it. I live in Buchanan. I saw you when you arrived there. I know the wholesome effect your presence and manner had on society there. A young lady of your type is an innovation in our sleepy old town. Your mind is forcible and clear and you have the courage of your convictions. Your slight figure and delicate appearance made you an object of interest to all. I know that many of the young men of the town and some of the older ones neglected their native sweethearts to flutter about you. You were polite to all, and encouraged none. You shrank from attention. This is why I have not met you till this moment. I saw you start out this morning, and shadowed you, fearing you might fall into danger. I was not surprised to see you enter that dangerous cave. It was like your peerless spirit. No wonder we all seek your society. We never saw your like. You have original ideas and eloquence to express them. Our native ladies have few ideas of their own. In company their husbands speak for them. Of course their excessive prudishness finds fault with you, and you are a target for envious flings from many of them. To them your virtues are transformed to vices, and false constructions are put upon your words and acts. But excellence must ever expect this from mediocrity."

Thus he overwhelmed me with praise all the way back to the hotel. We arrived there in time for breakfast. After breakfast I heard a commotion outside. I was told to my horror that the major had seen us returning, and in a jealous fury had insulted my late rescuer and challenged him to a duel, and I was the subject of it! Mr. Anderwell was my friend's name. He, believing that there was no other course, accepted the challenge. I saw that there was no other course for me than to prevent the duel.

I went out and confronted the two antagonists as they were emerging to go to the field of alleged honor. I held up my hand and said:

"Gentlemen, what does this mean? Neither of you have any claim upon me. Are you about to prove your gallantry to me? You have no right to quarrel on my account. I admire a brave man, but neither of you can gain my respect by shooting at each other. Your recognition by me depends upon your present attitude. If you have any regard for my esteem you must recall the challenge. The truest courage you can show me is to ignore provocation and shake hands. Think it out gentlemen, don't fight it out. In the part of the country I am from it is a disgrace and a felony to do so. Let me be peacemaker."

This had the desired effect. Their war-like spirit was dissipated and white-winged peace settled down. Shortly afterward I became acquainted with Mr. Anderwell's parents. They showed much gratitude to me for saving their son, for it was known that the major was a sure shot and had already killed his man.

I have since blessed the day that I drank from the enchanted well—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ladies' Clubs in London. Ladies' clubs in London grow in numbers and increase in size. The Somerville, which is one of the largest, numbering upward of 800 members, recently gave a large ball, to which men were invited.

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