a faint feeling of horror, such as I had not experienced before for many years, crept suddenly through mysveins.

It was my wife's white India silk shawl, that had hung on that particular nail for ten long years, but strangely enough, it was as spotless and white as it was ten years ago, when it formed the shroud of that murdered girl-but I would not allow myself to think about that—only beat hurriedly, and seizing it gingerly between my thumb and finger, held it out at arm's length, until I had fastened it again securely on the hook.

Then I closed and locke I the door with a deep breath of relief and turning abruptly, stood face to face with Elsabeth, my beautiful wife, who had crept up softly behind me and was expression of positive relief gradually taking the place of horror on her fair. young face.

She too, had seen the garment fall and witnessed the repugnance with which I touched its dainty, silken fabric, and she, too, had gone backward by a mental journey to that fatal night when the ghastly spirit of our souls.

"Just ten years ago to-day she was here," my darling whispered fearfully. "Oh, Harold, will she come again tonight," she murmured piteously, as she gazed with frightened eyes into slender, nervous fingers.

"Pshaw! sweetheart," I answered carelessly, but with a somewhat trembling voice, "why should the past return? It is over and gone forever. So calm your fears, my Elsabeth, and try to think of happier things," I added cheerfully as I led her tenderly back to the ruddy fire and seated her in her own low chair.

But you know, Harold, she said she I asked with sudden dread. would come back after an interval My darling paled and trembled as pede can be stopped, and nine times troduction to the school customs of the of years, and upon the anniversary of she answered low. 'It was my wish out of ten is stopped quickly when her death—do you not remember? Oh! she longed forsir, and never dream. cow boys are present at the start. husband, if it should be to-night!" she ling what her purpose was I wrapped foot. I feel as though the dropping death." of that shawl were an omen of evil," she whispered-again after a paroxysm

of bitter weeping. I soothed her as best I could, but the tressed at the simple phenomenon of the silken showl falling from its nail. on this day of all others. For ten long years it had remained untouched, for the closet was one we seldom entered and contained but a few odd garments that were rarely brought to

It was the first time I had touched the shawl since it was bung there by my sweetheart's hands on that fatal



night when Lunetta Travers, masquerading, I thought, in my darling's clothes, had stolen from the house to meet her lover in the shadow of the grove that grows about our house.

Elsabeth's friend, but not a woman quite recently deserted it. to my liking-thus when the breath of slander touched her name I was the first to reason with and chide her. But the flery blood rebelled against unfitting places.

see Lunetta bore us bitter feeling. and followed.

Strong words ran rict when we met -the man, Lunetta and myself beneath the guarding branches, and when our passions burst to sudden flame we drew our weapons, simed and fired with deadly and deliberate experiments with H. Caillette's appurpose.

The wide-strained, dusky eyes were surmise its usefulness.

flerce with rain, as laueffa whispered chrough her palled line:

"Husband and friend, ye have done your worst. I leave you now, but I shall return, after an interval of years and upon this date, to claim my rightful vengesnee." ...

Then, as she breathed her last my Elsabeth, guided by the shots, came running through the grove and knelt beside the prostrate body. Breathless she tore the soft, white shawl from off Lunetta's shoulders, and although the rich blood trickled to the ground not one red spot was found upon it.

Verily, it seemed as if the blood of the reckless girl was powerless to smirch the garments of her gentle sister, but the pure white silk seemed ghastiier after that, as if the very ghost of the murdered woman had taken its abode within it.

My wife's apprehensive words recalled the scene until in my ever superstitions mind I really seemed to live again the horror of that fatal evening and all the incidents, so dark and sad, passed plainly in my mental

The lover vanished-I was left to bear the burden of the crime our united hands committed. But when calm thought at last returned, I laid the murdered girl away, and friends and straugers accepted my explana-

Months rolled by and I was free, for the other perished in some gipsy brawl and after one short year had flown, my sweetheart, Elsabeth, and I were wed with the cloud of horror lowering about our path, and, strangely enough, to both our souls the cloud took on the curious shape now standing, like myself, with an of a dainty, snow-white, silken shawl, with blood stains hovering all about, but not a spot upon it.

And thus, for nine long years, we fived, with the cloud growing dimmer and dimmer, until to-day, when my reckless errand jarred the wall and caused the shimmering shroud to fall so unexpectedly about me. I had never cared to destroy it, neither had misery and remorse took shape within my wife - probably as much for the reason that we did not care to handle it as any other.

And now, as the twilight grew deeper and darker, we sat hand in hand, before the fire, and, ignoring other light, talked low and earnestly my face and grasped my arm with her of that dreadful night so many years

> "Lunetta was very beautiful," my wife sighed sadly as she stroked my hand. "And how she must have stopped?" Hundreds and hundreds of loved," she murmured half uncon- cattle, running en masse madly across sciously.

> life," I answered plunged in bitter Each sulmal is then like a runsway thought "But how came she to wear horse in a city street, going smash, your shawl on that night of all others," | being shead into anything that may be

exclaimed, trembling from head to her in my anawl-and sent her to her

Again her pale face pressed my arm and tears rolled from the gentle eyes, but while I kissed the tears away my own heart trembled with its weight truth was, I too, was nervous and dis- of woe, and painful thoughts oppressed me.

And then the dreaded presence came—the omen was fulfilled in sub-Some one stood knocking at the

outer door, and going thence, I found a child-a boy with wide-strained, dusky eyes, standing alone within the porch and begging for admittance.
He entered gladly at my wish, and,

seeing Elsabeth, doffed his cap and laid two papers in her hand.

And now the mystery was all explained: The poor, dead girl had been a wife, and this her son-had come to us to vindicate her honor.

The gipsy father stole his child from out its mother's very arms, and all these secret meetings between the two had been the vain attempt on poor Lunetta's side to once more clasp her darling.

For years the boy had followed gipsy friends, but learning our abode had stolen away and brought to ushis only dowry.

Then when the truth was understood within our hearts and homes, I looked intomy Elsabeth's eye and seeing there | turn. a mirror of my thoughts stepped fearlessly and dragged the shawl down from its bent and rusty nail.

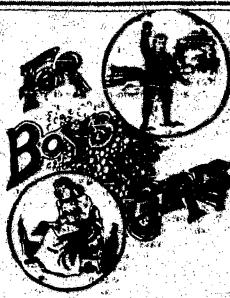
Then, tossing it upon the fire, I Lunetta was of gypsy blood-beauti- and as it burnt both she and I could ful as an angel, but passionate and not help thinking how old and yellow vengeful in her moods, like one of it had grown as if the ghastliness of

## Three Little Boys.

The wife of one of New York's most down and behave themselves. studious and sultivated lawyers was my words and openly defying our en- recently balf playfully and half successful in checking a stampede. treaties, Lunetta met her dark-browed seriously lamenting to a friend that this is the surest, and is therefore knight at ill-chosen hours as well as her three boys were no longer babies, her three boys were no longer babies, most commonly employed when cattle palmed off on them at sels. The adding some pretty motherly memories men are so situated that they can use snakes are caught in the wilder part At last her visit neared its end and of their sweetness at the age of batiste it. even my promised wife could plainly petticoats and long, curly locks. The three youngsters were present and time will check one at another time, | de la Republique. It is probable, how-She seemed to feel she was misjudged listening attentively. A moment's as the following true story will serve ever, that even if the members of the and yet refused us nonest dealing. silence followed, and then, moved by to show: Then, when one dark night just ten one roguish impulse, three gallant years ago, she ventured out arrayed little knickerbockered figures arose. in Elsabeth's clothes, an angry demon approached each other, and all shook filled my soul and quietly I watched hands, saying in chorus: "Let us we were nice once."

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paratus for producing low tempera-But Lunetts sprang between me tures. The machine is too compliand the man she loved, and when I exted to admit of a description here, saw her lying, stretched upon the but from the fact that a temperature ground, remorse and horzor seized my as low as ninety degrees below sere heart, and I bent above the ghastly was produced with it in nime minutes, a monotonous drouth. face, half dazed at what wrath had and even twenty degrees lower than that in fifteen minutes, one can easily



A CAREFUL LITTLE MAID.

The people say is Dimpledation of the process of a child behaves as well as little Prudence Maybe.

When anybedy looks at her She curtices most president.

Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender, Han brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dorset lies, A villue like a toy one Itatited roofs rise neath dappied skies Whose light showers don't amoy one The clean and neat, and green and sweet

The country lungs about it
And Prudence dwells in Primose Street—
Inquire there it you doubt it She is so exreful she will say.

Lost she should fib. though bilindly.—

Aunt Lucy's very well to day.

Perhaps - I thank you singly!

"Aunt buys I cannot certain quite—

Cream cheese of Farmer Acres."

"I think the turning to the right

Will bring you to the baker's."

She take the ter-cup from the shelf-The bly best cup—and fills (t):
And brings the parson's tes herself,
And never, never spills it.
The parson holds it on his knew.
And sips it at his leisure.
A careful little maid, " says he
Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her allippers no or were known to squeak;
Her frills are crisp and snown.
Her nut-brown hair is meek and sleek.
In weather wild and blowy.
The other children hoar the praise—
If or oas or careless they be—
Of all the prim and protty ways.
Of sittle Prudence Maybe.

The girls whose games she does not share Unkind opinions bandy: She's made of chins, some declars: And some; of sugar candy. Dear little mort! Should she contest,

She's sometimes rather lonely,
This very pink of perfectness,
Aunt Lucy's one-abd-only,
—Helen Gray Cone, in St. Nicholas

Stampeden of Cattle. Among the frequent questions of the tenderfoot in Western cattle lands are, "What causes cattle to stame pede?" and "How can they be the prairie, look as if a few men could "Through love for him she lost her check them, no more than a hurricane."

> in its course. Nevertheless, a stamchecked the cattle will run until they drop down from exhaustion. Mean-

> nearly all killed. What causes cattle to stampede? Various occurrences. In some instances the leaders of a herd, perhaps feeling frisky, caper about for a while, then stand and snort loudly. This performance seems to incite others. and a few in every group in sight will follow the example. These are imitated in their turn by some farther away. Finally the whole herd is in motion, becoming more and more excited. Then they "bunch," and in one mass start on their wild race, making the prairie tremble under great clouds

> of dust. A manin front of the stampeders is in great danger. He may escape by running to one side, or even straight away if he is speedy. But many a man has been killed in the attempt.

When cattle show signs of fright or excitement the cattlemen take their position on all sides of the herd, and commence singing and making all sorts of noises. This in many cases will quiet the herd. If it fails the cow punchers keep riding around the cattle, snapping their long whips until all are rounded up and heading in and Lunetta's boy installed for aye every direction. This bewilders them so that they know not which way to

When this is done in time a stampede is prevented; but once the cattle get started, the attempt to stop them is full of peril. Yet there are few stood with one arm round the boy cow boys who dare not ride scross the and held sweet Elsabeth's hand in front of the galloping herd, though mine until it shrivelled in the blaze, one false step of the horse means horrible death to him and his rider.

The cow boys try to turn the leaders, knowing the rest will follow. almost demon parentage. She was death had in some mysterious way They are kept continually turning until they close into a small circle and finally are stopped in an exhausted state. Then they are content to lie

Although other methods have proved

A railway surveying party were at indulge in fried or stewed cell were work in Kansas among the Flint hills. apprised of the fraud practiced at Late one afternoon dark clouds were their expense they would evince no rolling up in the west, stresks of losthing nor even lack of appetite, congratulate each other that at least lightning were chasing each other on seeing that they are really to devour the bluish-black background, and dis- not only horse firsh, but mest of mule. tant peals of thunder rumbled and donkey and dog any day in the week. eshoed.

On the other side of the hills was a party of rangers driving a herd of Southern cattle northward to better grazing ground.

As gloom came on the wind freshened, and big drops of rain fell. The you to eat as much as you can." air was filled with birds drinking in the refreshing moisture that broke corted to the table grew tired of wait-

The rangers had "rounded up" at the upper end of a little valley, which the surveying party was entering at his well-filled plate, "I sim't haif full the lower end, just as the storm burst yet."

factously. After a such and a root min came down in terrents.

The surveyors quickly bothered their orses and took refuge under their partiale mason' excit men element beneath his blanket for protection The worst of the store had pessed

and the sky gave more light, when a raching sound was beard like the continual fall of a heavy body of water.
The guide raised his head to listen. frowned slightly, rose, malked away a few yards, shalled his eyes with his hand and looked intently up the wal-

"Git out o' ther quick boys, and make ready for trouble," he exied. "Tains no use runnin, so keep cool an' make the best uvit. A stampede is on the

The frightened men got up in an instant and atom buddled togother, trambling with four and dramshed by the rain.

"What's to be done" seled the engineer.

"There's one thing and one thing only. This here has o' salt uv Bill Hicks'ill hav to be throwed away," the guide replied. Before he had floished speaking be put the bag of salt on the nearest horse, mounted and deshed

away to meet the advancing hord. This was a daring adventure, but he knew it afforded the paly hope of say. ing himself and the others.

He rode up within twenty-five yards of the terror-stricken cattle before he turned, tacked to the left, and poured a white stream of salt aeross their path.

As the leader sleekened their pace, those in the rear came piling down upon them, and many were thrown to the ground. All seemed to have scented and seem the smit, and all were crazy to taste it.

After the guide had gone entirely scrose their front he turned and tackedto the right. Thus he went from one side to the other until he reached the baggage wagon where the men stood. By this time the whole hard had alsoloned its career. Pauling and exharasted, the outile came trotting leis urely around the little party.
"This is one case in tem," said the

old hero, as he rode up to the men. . Pointing up the valley which was dotted with dead and dying cattle, he concluded with "Then's dead beef enough up yunder to keep us a goin' till doomsday."- Nate A. Test, in Youth's Companion.

Japanese Schools Without Dissiplies. An American girl who went to Japan to teach in the schools mays that Japanese children are never polsy in the presence of their elders. To the same effect is the testimony of Miss Bacon, who, in her book, "A Japanese Interior," thus describes her first in-

country. After a while the principal comes Of course if a stampede goes on un- forward and bows, and all the shildren bend themselves nearly double in return; then he makes a very short time many fall and are trampled to speech and hows simultaneously. It death, the calves in such cases being is a very pretty custom, and I do not see why, when a speaker howe to bit audience, the audience should not return the compliment. It seems quite the natural and polite thing to de.

The first thing that one notices in a Inpanese sthool, after an experience with Americas aphople, is the absolute absence of discipline, or or any moressity for it. The pupils are all so perstrains them from doing anything that is not exactly what their teachers or superiors would wish them to do-

There is no noise in the corridors. no whispering in the classes, nothing but the most perfect attention to what the teacher says, and the most sarness desire to be careful and thoughtful always of others, especially of the temohers.

Mine says that in addition to this there is in the Peersses school a most remarkably high sense of honor. so that the teacher can be quite sure that her pupils will never be guilty of chesting or shamming, or trying to improve their standing by any false methods. It is very interesting to me, in reading over the names of my class list, to notice that some of them were famous in Japanese history long before Columbus discovered America.

Somehow the centuries of honor in which their families have been held have told upon their daughters, and they are ladies in the finest some of that much abused word, even when dressed in such shapeless and dowdy clothes that a beggar woman in America would turn up her hose at them.

A Doubscul Dainey.

In the dingy restaurants frequented by the lower orders of Bome, Flor-

ence and Naples, a dish composed of the harmless would serpent's flesh is regarded as something of a dainty. Parisians of the inferior classes are slac great estern of fried sunkes, but unwillingly so, for the repailes are of the Vincennes wood and brought What may cause a stampede at one up to a special market near the Place poorer classes who occasionally

.His First Party.

Leon had gone to his first party. "Now children," said the hooten with more hospitality than wisdom, as she led tham to the table, "I want!

The little girl that Leon had oning for him.

"Come, Leon," she said, "let's go." "I can't," replied Leon, looking an



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