

A Book Every Catholic Should Possess.

THE HIERARCHY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES,

EDITED BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, L. L. D., AND RICHARD H. CLARKE, L. L. D.

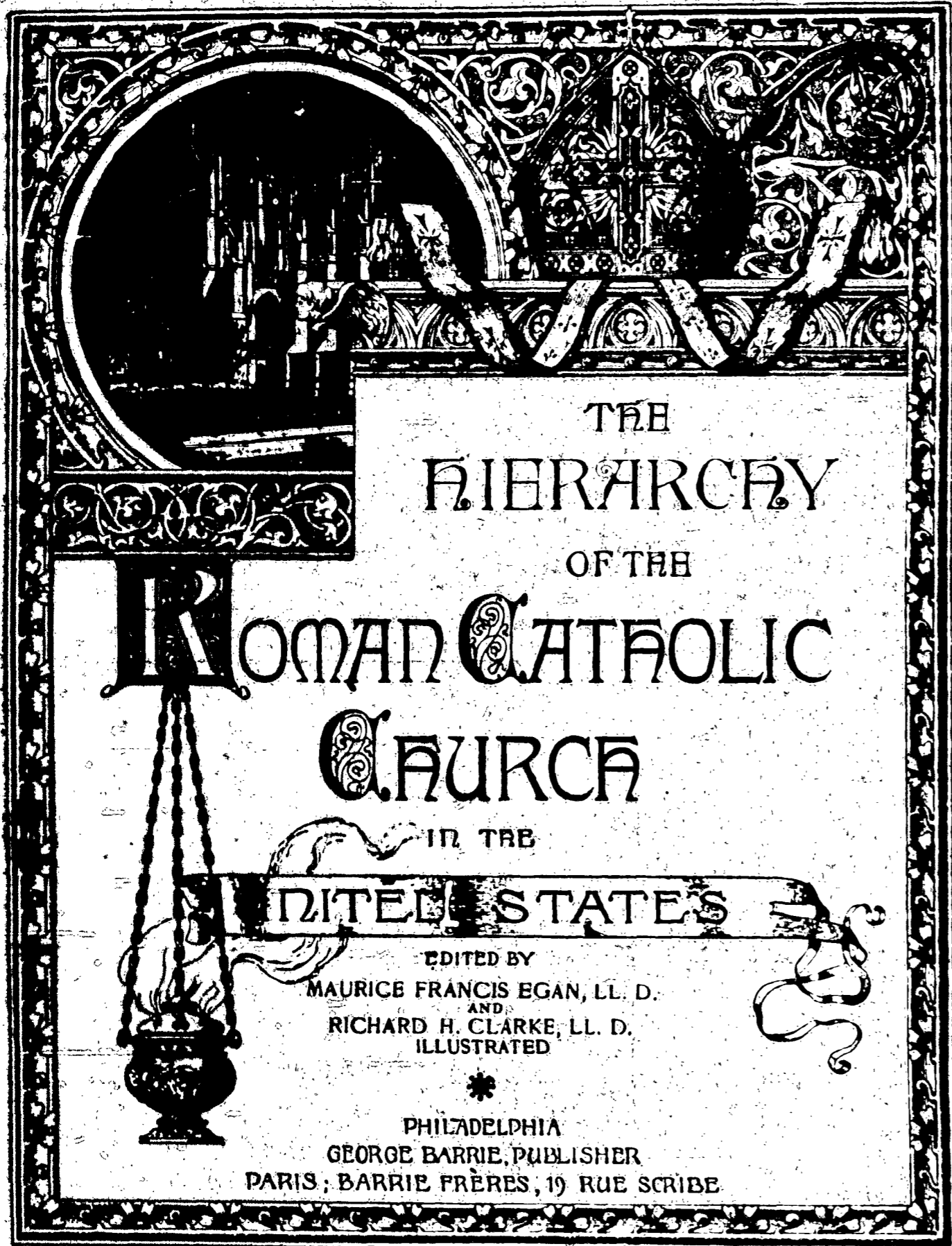
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THE STEIN-STARRET FEUDS



"HAT in thunder—began Colonel Starret. He broke off abruptly and paced around the room in angry astonishment. The apartment was precisely as he had left it the previous night. The grate was half filled with ashes; the hearth was unswapt on the wrinkled table cover stood the decanter of port beside the fat little glass out of which he had drunk his night cap; a heap of crumpled newspapers lay beside his arm-chair; a cigar stub ornamented the corner of the mantel; and through the red-curtained windows the crisp yellow sunshine of a fine February morning peered defiantly in at the dust and disorder.

"Confound them! Why haven't they straightened things? Where's my breakfast?" He rang the bell quite savagely. "Here, Jane Kitty, where are you?" A minute later the door was timidly opened. "Please, zur," said a very small voice. A girl of 15, her dark, pert face peering out from a hood of Magenta wool, stood on the threshold.

"Well?" questioned Colonel Starret, sharply. "Kitty told me to wait in the hall till I heard the bell, zur, and then to come in and tell you as how Jane got took had with the grip, and went home last night."

"Why couldn't Kitty tell me that herself? Where is she?" The diminutive envoy shook in her well-ventilated shoes. "My—my sister Kitty, zur—she's gone to get married."

"Married!" roared Colonel Starret. "Yes, zur. To the butcher's young man."

"Why could she not have postponed it—put it off?" "She said as how that 'ud be bad luck, zur."

"Why did she not tell me?" "She was afraid that you'd be mad, an' take on, zur."

Colonel Starret's indignation had been appallingly fierce, but now he broke down laughing. He tossed the child the coin.

"She was right, I am. Now then, skip—and save me a bit of the wedding-cake."

home to-morrow, he murmured, as he fell into an uncomfortable sleep. And, sure enough, about eleven o'clock the following day, Robin Starret, a tall, good-looking, well-dressed young fellow, strode up the avenue to the paternal mansion and discovered his helpless father, railing against things in general and servants in particular.

"Desolation, indeed!" assented Robin. "No fires—no promise of dinner—no comfort at all. My! what luck were playing in!"

"Where are you going?" demanded Colonel Starret. "To hunt up a girl who got off the same train I did at the depot here. Good cook and first-class housekeeper generally. A treasure for us, if I can induce her to come."

His arguments, whatever they were, proved successful. In three-quarters of an hour he triumphantly presented his prize to the colonel. The old man regarded her searchingly. She was a slender, pretty girl of nineteen, with a little soft fringe of dark hair across her white brow, large, gray, appealing eyes, and "a mouth like a baby's, dewy red." Even his masculine eye could see that she was not only well, but fashionably, goved.

"Hump!" he muttered to Robin. "Too stylish to be worth her salt. But let her try."

"And six hours later he was willing to admit his mistake for the cool bandages, the doctor had ordered frequently renewed, were reducing the swelling of his injured ankle, his favorite room was neatly swept and dusted, a bright fire burned in the grate, and on the small table set for tea, that was drawn up beside his lounge, a tempting little dinner steamed savory.

"I'll give her half as much again as I gave Kitty," the colonel declared, as he drank his coffee. "I haven't eaten such apple turnovers since I was those my mother used to make." And he beamed approvingly on her as she removed the dishes.

A week passed. The domestic proved herself daily a more desirable acquisition. Her tidiness, her cookery, her amiability were alike subjects of the colonel's enthusiastic praise. Sweet, silent, respectful, she moved about her duties like a demure little ghost, imparting to the old house a homeliness unknown there for many a year. The early spring weather was abominable. No one came near the place except the boy for orders, from the town store, and the doctor, who was a stranger in the place. But, every evening, having obtained permission, Dolly vanished in the direction of the town, and was gone for an hour or more.

Robin lounged around the house, reading, smoking, talking prospects and politics with his father, apparently well satisfied with his dull vacation.

One dreary, dismal February evening, when the rain was coming down in noisy sheets, and the maples were waving their black arms in contortions of unrest, the old man, who had been hobbling around the corridors, with the aid of his stick, called to the girl, when he saw her lighting the hall lamp.

"Run up stairs, Dolly, like a good child, and bring me down the book you'll find on the window-sill of my room."

"Yes, air," she answered, and ran up the stairway.

The colonel heard a knock at the back door. He made his way to the kitchen. The large room was clean and well lighted. There was an appetizing smell of muffins and deviled ham in the air.

Rap—tap—tap! The colonel opened the door.

A dripping boy sidled in, and stood looking up at the colonel in a stupor of fright.

The colonel, who always looked over the heads of his small neighbors, did not recognize the lad.

"Well?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

"The little chap grew bold with the importance of his errand. "Mother's had a spell," he said, "and wants Dorothy soon as she can come."

SANE OF THE WESTERN FARMER

The Russia Thistle Has Done \$25,000,000 Worth of Damage.

The harm that has come to this country through "undesirable immigrants" of the lower orders of animal and vegetable existences has been costly indeed. Two great enemies are now preying upon the country as pests. The one is the gypsy moth and the other the Russian thistle. In the war of extermination against the former, \$25,000 has been expended already. The vegetable terror of the West, the Russian thistle, was brought to this country sixteen years ago. Some immigrants happened to bring a bagful of black flaxseed to Dakota, and among the flaxseeds were scattered a few other little black seeds, not so large as mustard-seed. These were the seeds of the fatal black thistle. No sooner had these little black parasites touched the soil than they started on the march of destruction, and they have already invaded Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming, rendering 40,000 square miles of agricultural land unproductive. The thick, thorny bush of the Russian thistle, having a weak hold on the soil, is taken up bodily by the prairie winds and scatters its seeds for miles around. Now that \$25,000,000 of damage has already been done, the government is asked for an appropriation of \$1,000,000 as a starter in a chase after the destructive thistle. Traces of its existence are now found over 7,000 square miles of country and how many millions it will cost to exterminate it is a matter of speculation. Little did the poor Russian immigrant imagine the millions of dollars of destruction that his little bag of seeds was destined to cost the country. It is, indeed, a striking theme for sermons on the power of little things to work vast results for good or evil in the world.

ANTS AT PLAY.

Sports and Pastimes Among the Industrious Little Insects.

I approached one day to the formicary of some wood ants, exposed to the sun and sheltered from the north," says Pierre Huber, the naturalist. "The ants were heaped upon one another in great numbers, appearing to enjoy the temperature of the surface of the nest. None of them were at work and the immense multitude of insects presented the appearance of a liquid in a state of ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without great difficulty, but when I examined the conduct of each ant I saw that they were approaching each other, each moving his antennae with astonishing rapidity, each patting the cheek of one of his fellows."

"After these preliminaries, which very much resembled caressing, they were observed to raise themselves upright on their hind legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by mandible, foot or antennae, and then immediately relax their hold, only to renew the attack in a moment. They would fasten to each other's shoulders, embrace and wrestle, overthrow each other, and raise themselves by turns, taking revenge without producing any serious mischief."

"They did not spurt out their venom as they do in real combats, or retain their hold upon opponents with such obstinacy. I have seen some so eager in these exercises that they would pursue and vanquish several in succession, only struggling with each a few seconds. . . . In one place two ants appeared to be gambling about a stack of straw, turning alternately to avoid or seize each other, which forcibly brought to my recollection the sport and pastime of young dogs, when they are observed to rise on their hind legs, attempting to bite, overthrow or seize each other without once closing their teeth."

Gray on the Subject of Dress.

A paper published in London gives a strange account of the duchess of Somerset, whose personal property it says was sold at auction a few days ago. It seems the poor lady had a mania for clothes. She had at the time of her death not only 4,000 pairs of gloves, but 600 pairs of silk stockings, 500 lace handkerchiefs, and all sorts of dresses, many of them of the fashion of forty years ago. She had been confined to her own house for nearly thirty years, yet she regularly ordered her elegant court dresses with each change of season, precisely as she would have done had she been in society, as she used to be. Moreover, she used often to dress herself in her elegant finery and parade up and down her room as though she were at a reception.

How He Spelled His Name.

The late Otis Wood, one of the leading characters of New England, was once summoned as a witness in court. When he was called and sworn, the judge, not catching his name, asked him to spell it, whereupon Mr. Wood began:

"O, double t, i, double u, a, double l, double u, double o, d."

The judge was too thick witted to grasp the meaning of this string of words and letters, and, throwing down his pen in despair, exclaimed: "Most extraordinary name I ever heard; will you write it for me, Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Witness?"

The Late Judge Lamar.

Harper's Weekly tells that on one occasion he was taken to task by a lady at Bar Harbor who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, judge," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me; I met you here two years ago." "Remember you, madam!" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows: "Why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed: "Oh, go away, you dear, delightful old Southern humbug!"

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