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

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

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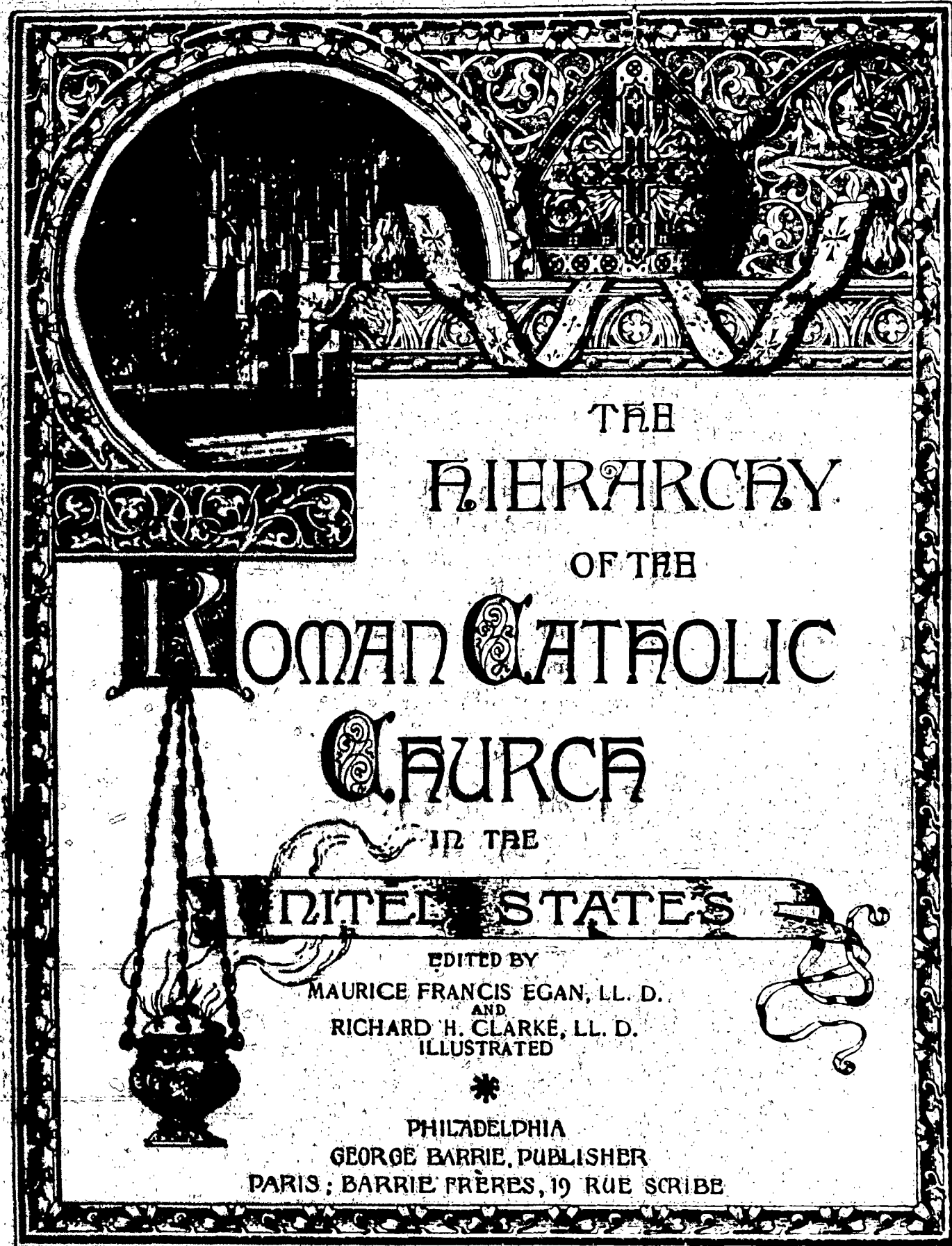
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ALONG THE BEACH.

Last night a storm was on the sea; The wrecked drifts ashore, Come wafted along the beach with me, And hear the breakers roar.
What saw the sorrow understand? What eyes can trace their path? They find the selves upon the sands And foam with fear or wrath.
The shore receives them, patient, dumb, Nor trembles at their shocks. But when they meet them as they come Its great, insensate rocks.
They calm me with their soft strength, So as my life appears, So less than nothing in their length Are all my days and years.
I look across the restless sea And seem an atom tost To wandering winds, and what to me Is joy or grief or loss?
And what if weariest on the way I fall and faint and die, Would any miss till judgment day So small a thing as I?
—Youth's Companion.

NOT TO BE BULLIED.

It was the best of Colonel McGoffin Bales of Kentucky that night but a distinguished man had the hardihood to propose marriage to one of his daughters. The old man was an aristocrat by blood and long experience, was afraid of no one, drank liquor gracefully, smoked home grown tobacco and had, while the owner of a wood-yard on Green river, knocked down more steamboats than any other man in his state. He argued, and with justice, it must be admitted, that it was his duty to protect the affections of his daughters, to guard them against misapprehension, but that a man is wiser of your love for you give it to him, he was wont to say. Establish a cause and thereby justify an effort. There are many ways by which a woman may bestir herself, and by bravery, by such illustrious directions—but a woman must look to marriage. There are ways for her to become notorious, to get herself talked about, but her truest distinction must come through her choice of a husband.
Finally all the girls save one were married off. Rose had been plucked by a man who was put off until he had snatched distinction from the tight hand of fate. And this is the story they tell of him. He had been a failure, a mere nobody, up to the time he accepted the challenge of a ringmaster to ride a trick mule. He had failed as a distiller—and when a man fails at that business in Kentucky there is an organic weakness about him—he had failed as a county clerk, as a town marshal; he had owned a slow horse, a cow that was dry half the time—in fact, it was agreed that there was no hope for him. But a circus came along. He was a candidate for sheriff at the time, but with no chance of success. Even his best friends grieved him.
Well, he went to the circus and sat on one of the high seats, unhonored, undistinguished. The trick mule was led out and in due time slammed the senses out of a livery stable negro. Again the challenge was shouted, but the negroes shook their heads, and it was not expected that any one but a negro would come forward. The crowd was disappointed. Was there no one there with nerve enough to espouse the cause of the people? Just at this moment Shanks Boyle, the failure, arose and said that he reckoned that he would undertake the job. And he rode the mule.
And they say that the poor thing squatted and brayed for mercy. Boyle was elected sheriff, and then the next year was short in his accounts, but that made no difference for his friends, true admirers of genius, made up the deficit. Shortly after this he married Rose Bales. The remaining daughter was named Lily. She was the handsomest flower in the garden, and no young man in the community had an excuse to fall in love with her. But not long ago there strolled into the neighborhood a lank, peculiar looking fellow who said that he was on the lookout for a chunk of a wife. This was said at Nesbitt's store, and it was said in a matter of fact way by the young, lank fellow, as he sat on a nail keg, spitting through his teeth. Bill Nesbitt turned to him and remarked:
"I reckon you've come to the right place. There's a girl up yonder on the hill—old Colonel Bales' daughter. She'd make you a monstrous fine wife."
The fellow spat through his teeth and remarked that he was somewhat particular as to what sort of a family he married into. "I've been on the lookout for quite awhile," said he, "and I ain't seed no woman yet that jolted me much. I'm putty hard to jolt, I reckon. My brother was once in love with a girl, and he told me that she hit him powerful hard, but I went with him to see her, and I set square in front of her, but she didn't hit me none to speak of. Yes, I'm so blamed particular that I reckon that I'm goin to have a good bit of trouble in findin a woman to suit me. I reckon I must have been born that way. Don't think pap was that way, and I know brother wasn't."
"What mont be your requirements?" Bill asked.
"Oh, after all, I don't reckon I'm as hard to please as some fellows. I'm jest peculiar, that's all. There's a mighty big difference in men as to what they demand of a woman, some insist on one thing and some another, and the strangest part of it all is that I don't care so much what she's like as I do about her daddy. And I have often thought that I could look at a gal and tell about her daddy. I just natchally want the old man to be a hummer. I reckon I must be sorter crazy on the subject."
"Ain't it money you're after?" Bill asked.
"No, I don't care if the old man hain't got a cent. I just want him to be different from other folks. I don't know why I'm that way, but I am, and I can't help it. Oh, I could have married lots of putty girls with money and houses and all that sort of thing, and liked them well enough, understand, but wouldn't marry 'em because their daddies didn't strike me right—had nothin to distinguish themselves with, so to

say, well," he added, getting up and stretching himself, "reckon I'll go on yonder on the hill and sorter look around. I may like up there, and I may not. Can't tell. Do you suppose the old man's at home?"
"Yes. And the girl's there too."
"Oh, I don't care whether I see her or not. Well, I believe I'll go up and sorter prod the old feller. Mebby he'll satisfy me, and mebby he won't. Good day."
He answered up the hill. The old colonel was standing at the gate.
"How are you?"
"Mid'in," said the colonel. The lank fellow placed an elbow on the fence, "wollopped" his tobacco about in his mouth a time or two, and lazily looking up at the colonel remarked: "I don't live in this here neighborhood. Live in good ways from here. Yes, and I loved that before the season got busy again I'd drop over here and gather me up a chunk of a wife."
"The h—l you did!" the colonel exclaimed.
"Yes, before the season gets busy again. But I'm mighty hard to please, I tell you. Don't care much about the girl though. A feller down yonder advised me to come up here and marry your daughter, but I replied that I was so blamed particular."
They picked up the lank fellow and hauled him to a boarding house, and when he came to be made certain inquiries concerning himself, and then said that he reckoned that it was all right. He said that some men had one way of handling a subject and some another. "We live and learn," he remarked. "Ef we furgit somethin today, we're mighty apt to think of somethin new tomorrow."
The old colonel called on the fellow. He was as tender hearted as he was peculiar. The lank man forgave him, and they talked pleasantly of the shooting scraps they had seen, and an intimacy of pity on the side and a peculiar aimlessness on the other, grew between them. One day the lank man, sitting in a rocking chair at the window, looked up after a few moments of pondering and remarked:
"Colonel, I wouldn't marry your daughter, sir."
"Well, I gad, that's cool. Wouldn't marry her. Why, hang it, you have never seen her."
"I know, but that don't make any difference since she'd have nothin to do with it anyway. I have discovered that there ain't nothin remarkable about you anyhow. I don't know of a more ordinary man than you are, and I couldn't afford to have you for a daddy-in-law."
"Why, you impudent scoundrel, I'm the most prominent man in this community, and I gad, sir, I'm kin to the Peppers."
"I don't care if you are kin to the lettuce and the onions. You don't strike me as amountin to much. No, I don't want your daughter."
"Why, confound your lank picture, if you bully me I'll make you take her."
"Oh, I reckon not."
"What! Now, look here, I never was bullied in my life, and I never intend to be. Blast me if you shan't marry her this very day. I'll teach you to come bullying me, you good for nothin wretch."
The old man went away snorting, and the fact is that the lank fellow and the girl were married that very day, and now everybody is laughing at the colonel, for the peculiar fellow and the girl had been engaged to each other for more than a year.—Opie Read in New York Herald.

One Battle He Lost.
There is one battle which General M. M. Trumbull did not win. It was fought in a down town restaurant. He entered the restaurant and was very obsequiously ushered to a seat by an ebony waiter, who was clearly impressed with the general's imposing appearance. The darky's countenance registered several degrees lower when General Trumbull gave his order:
"Coffee and rolls."
"Yes, sah," was the waiter's disappointed reply. He had looked for a big order and did not get it.
When he returned with the coffee, the general looked at it a moment in supreme disgust. The fluid had slopped down the side of the cup and half filled the saucer.
"I don't want that coffee. Bring me some in decent shape," ordered the general.
"Dat all de kin o' coffee you gwine t' git," replied the waiter.
"Look here!" said the general sharply, "I fought four years to give liberty to the likes of you, and I'm carrying three bullets in my body now. Get me some decent coffee."
With this telling the general began to unfold his newspaper, considering the matter settled.
"Yes, sah! You done it! You done it, sah! But dat's all do coffee you gwine to git heah!" obturdately replied the negro.
And the general was obliged to take his ungrateful medicine in silence.—Chicago Tribune.

He Was Absentminded.
The absentminded man is at it again. He had been reading the egg story and decided to try the trick. The first thing to do was to boil the egg. How many minutes? he asked himself, and going to the stove with the egg in one hand and his watch in the other he dropped the latter in the hot water. Then, placing the egg on the table, he sat down to read until the time was up. At the end of five or six minutes he was surprised to find the egg lying there before him; but, supposing that he had himself taken it from the kettle and cooled it, he proceeded to crack and peel it. The consequence may be imagined. Finally he missed his watch. The house was searched high and low, and it was not till the following morning that the cook found it in the kettle, where it had been boiling for hours.—Exchange.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.
Eleanore Mayo may join the Bostonians next season.
Ida Muller has resigned from the "Milk White Flag" company.
Charles Alfred Byrne is to write a new act for "Sam'l of Posen."
Now it is announced that R. D. MacLean will not star the coming season.
Ada Gray is going to introduce her version of "East Lynne" to playgoers in England.
Paul Arthur has been engaged as principal support to Della Fox in her next season's starring tour.
"Down in Dixie" is the title of a new comedy drama which Thomas H. Davis will produce next season.
Walden Ramsay and Charles Searns have been engaged by M. B. Curtis to appear in "Sam'l of Posen."
Mrs. Annie Yesmann, it is reported, has retired from Edward Harrigan's company, with which she has been connected 17 years.
Charles Robinson, one of the Herbert brothers, the famous acrobats, died at Muncie, Ind., recently from the effects of smoking cigarettes.
A gold and crystal inkstand has been presented by the American Dramatists club to the secretary, Charles Barnard, in recognition of his services.
It is probable that May Yobe will come back to America next autumn with the "Little Christopher Columbus" company from the Lyric theater, London.
Scott Marble's play, "Tennessee's Pardner," will be produced at the Boston Museum shortly for an extended engagement and will then be taken on a tour.
The Rev. Theodore I. Cuyler of Brooklyn says the Christian cannot attend the theater. He declares that the theater has sent thousands of souls to perdition.
Massenet, the French composer, whose "Werther" was recently so favorably received at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and whose latest opera, written for Mme. Calve, will be produced in London in June, will visit America next year.

MISERIES OF THE GREAT.

Copper was all his days overshadowed by the gloom of insanity.
Cervantes was always poor and constantly annoyed by his creditors.
Julius Cesar had weak digestion and was subject to epileptic fits.
Bunyan passed 10 years in jail, and during that time supported himself while writing "Pilgrim's Progress."
Roger Bacon's love of philosophy proved his bane, for all his life he was suspected of familiar intercourse with the devil.
Cornelius would have died of want had not Louis XIV accidentally heard of his condition and sent him a sum of money.
Hawkesworth, who compiled the collection of voyages that goes by his name, was so disturbed by their unfavorable reception that the mortification shortened his life.
Goldsmith's improvidence caused him great annoyance. He was more than once compelled to dodge his creditors and on at least one occasion was locked up for debt.
Vespasian was rendered miserable by his avarice. Although he had the Roman empire at his command, he would quarrel with his cooks about the price of a dinner.
Barter, he of the "Saints Rest," was accustomed to imprisonment, so that it gave him little uneasiness. His greatest misery when in jail was to be deprived of his books.
Cromwell lived in constant fear of assassination. For several years he never slept two consecutive nights in the same room and always wore a suit of chain armor under his clothing.
Henry VII was miserably penurious. His parsimony was a matter of ridicule among his people, but no amount of scoffing could ever compel him to open his coffers and spend his money.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WISDOM TEETH.

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time.
Courtesy is the art of taking your fellow creatures by the right handle instead of the wrong.
Talebearers and tale hearers are alike guilty. The one hath the devil in his tongue, the other in his ear.
There is no better way to bring your own worth into question than to detract from the worth of other men.
Endure and dare, true heart. Through patience joined with boldness come we at a crown encircled with a thousand blessings.
If strict justice be not the ruler of all our other virtues, the faster we sail the farther we shall find ourselves from that haven where we would be.
Whoso neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do because it seems to him so small a thing is deceiving himself. It is not too little, but too great for him that he doeth it not.
Let us not delude others—for such injury there is no after recompense. We cannot follow a lie at the heels to recover credit taken away as we can follow a thief to recover goods taken away.—Family Herald.

RAILWAY RUMBLERS.

There are 48 electric railroads in Europe, employing 538 motor cars and locomotives and 151 tractors.
General Russell A. Alger has been elected president of the Algiers and Northern railroad of Michigan.
The Michigan Central station agents have been ordered not to allow any looting around their stations.
Since the resignation of General Manager Theodore Voorhes of the Lehigh Valley the office has been abolished.
Railroads in Holland are so carefully managed that the accidental deaths on them average only one a year for the entire country.
It has been decided to extend the Peconic Valley railroad 75 miles to a place called Boswell, where it will gain a valuable connection with the Santa Fe system.

SIMPLE SALVE.

It is said that coffee long boiled will produce indigestion.
Bathing the feet in cold water immediately after getting them wet will prevent one from taking cold.
Charcoal powder, if laid flat on a burn, will cause the pain to abate immediately. By leaving it on for an hour the burn seems nearly healed, if it is superficial.
To prevent swelling after a blow rub the part immediately with butter or dip a handkerchief in cold water, roll it into a thick pad, press it to the part and tie it on with a bandage until other remedies can be obtained.