A Result of La Grippe. 11

RIVERSIDE, N. Bs., CAN., Oct. 1895.

About three years ago my mother had the grippe, which left her body and mind in a weakened condition; at first she complained of sleeplessness, which developed into a state of melancholia, then she could not sleep at all; she didn't care to see anybody, had no peace of mind at any time, and would imagine the most horrible things. We employed the best physicians; but she became worse, then her sister-in-law recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After using it, a change for the better was apparent and mother became very fleshy on account of a voracious appetite and got entirely well. We all thanked God for sending us the Tonic.

MARY L. DALY.

MARIAPOLIS, CAN., Sept. 1893

Our boy, who had epilepsy, was cured by three bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

A. L. ARRIVEO.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

49 S. Franklin Street.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75.

For Sale at 126 North Clinton St. Rochester N. Y.

NOTICE.

DR. GRADY,

The Eminent and Successful Chronic Disease Specialist

is now on his vacation. He will return home August 1st, and will have his usual office hours every day except Wednesdays and Sundays.

IMPORTANT.—Patients and others who wish to correspond with the doctor during his absence, will simply address letters to his office, where they will be sent direct to the proper address.

J. W. Grady, M. D.

European Specialist.

Graduate of N. Y. University Medical College.

Permanently Located,

18 STATE STREET,

Rochester, N. Y.

Where he may be found for the scientific examination and treatment of all difficult, long-standing CHRONIC DISEASES and DEFORMITIES. Dr. Grady has made this class of diseases a constant study for the past 18 years, during which time he has treated over 35,000 CASES, many of which are living testimonials of his wonderful skill. He is not a travelling quack, but an educated physician, meeting with a success in that direction equaling that of any other practitioner in the country. His treatment of long-standing diseases of either sex is marvelously efficacious, achieving signal and permanent success when others fail. All medicines prescribed by Dr. Grady are strictly vegetable; prepared to meet the demands of each individual case and are also miraculous in their effects.

Dr. Grady performs wonders with his medical treatment. The rapidity with which he describes diseases is truly wonderful, and astonishes all who call upon him and he frankly tells all whether or not they can be cured.

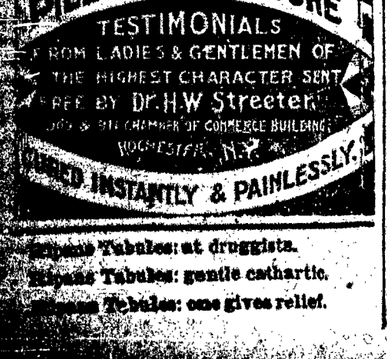
He treats all diseases that afflicts the human race in both sexes. The following are a few of the many diseases that he treats successfully: Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Catarrah, Deafness, Coughs, Gravel, Dropsy, Piles, Paralysis, Rhumatism, Tumors, Cancers, Fistula, Kidney Diseases, Fever Sores, Diarrhoea, Asthma Erysipelas, Heart Disease, Scrofula, Skin diseases of all kinds. Inpotency and female diseases too numerous. Tape worms removed or no charge.

Dr. Grady continues to cure when all others have failed, all forms of diseases.

Dr. Grady is acknowledged to be the leading physician in America in curing the above diseases. Try him and you will never regret it.

LADIES who are suffering with complaints peculiar to their sex can consult the doctor with every assurance of speedy relief and a permanent cure, without being subjected to the embarrassing procedure or an examination, which in most cases is unnecessary.

Patients at a distance successfully treated by mail. All letters promptly answered; inclose stamp.



Tabules: at druggists.

Tabules: gentle cathartic.

Tabules: one gives relief.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Macedon.

Miss Nellie Mellen of Fairport spent Sunday with Misses Frances and Tessie Sullivan.

Mrs. Ada McGarry of Lyons was in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Murphy have been entertaining Mr Mynahan and daughter of New Jersey and Mr. Keenan and Miss Dunchue of Rochester.

Miss Alice Hughes of Fairport visited her sister Sunday.

Miss Nellie Fitzgerald is spending some time with her sister, Mrs J. N. Prescott of Rochester.

Dr. and Mrs. Maloney of Rochester have been visiting J. H Murphy.

Mrs. Elizabeth McNally of Manchester visited her sister, Mrs. Ellen Owens, last Sunday.

Miss Laura Dwyer is home from Rochester for a few weeks.

Miss Mahoney of Lyons is visiting Miss Fannie Naughton.

Patrick O'Beirne of Canandaigua is spending a few weeks with his mother, Mrs. Edward McGovern

Miss Mary McShane of Palmyra and Mr. R. Roller of Fort Gibson called on friends here Sunday.

Mrs. J. T. Holmes and son, Maynard, are spending a few weeks with her mother Mrs. C Dorntee.

Mt Read

It is our painful duty to record the death of one of our most esteemed friends, Patrick Tiernan of this village. The deceased had been a resident of this place for upwards of fifty years, and the attachments of his early days followed him to old age, and the numerous friends of the olden time as well as those of recent years will regret to know that the tomb has closed upon one whose friendship was always true and loyal. He was a sincere Catholic, charitable in word as well as in act, and his example in life was in every way a source of benefit to all. In life he loved the church and obeyed its every command; it was his guide and his comfort, and now in death the church will make intercession for him that he may be given a place among those who have entered the kingdom of Heaven and who are now enjoying the glory of God. May his soul rest in peace. Amen.

Miss Tillie Quinn of Macedon is at present keeping house for her brother, Rev. Father Quinn.

Miss Susan Hagerty is spending her vacation at home in Barnard's Crossing.

Clyde.

Miss Molly and Lizzie Butler, of New York city will spend the summer at Clyde.

Miss Gertrude L. Wright, is visiting in Oswego and Rochester.

Mr. N. O'Niel and daughter Margret, of Rochester, was guests of F. E. McGrath Sunday.

Miss "Babe" Malone of Rochester, is the guest of relatives in town.

C. C. Costello, of Rochester, visited Clyde friends this week.

C. S. Jennings spent Sunday in Seneca Falls.

Miss Anna Murphy, of Lyons, is visiting relatives in town.

Rev. J. J. Gleason attended the anniversary of Rev. Bishop McQuaid at Rochester, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bushwaller and two children, Christine and William, are making an extended visit in Pennsylvania.

Master James McGrath is visiting Rochester.

Messrs. Wm. Walsh and cousin Michael, were in town Sunday.

Seneca Falls.

L. C. B. A. gave a basket picnic at Cayuga Lake park last Wednesday. All report an enjoyable time.

George Stark and family of Brooklyn are visiting Mrs. Patrick Ryan of Mynderse street.

Miss Lizzie McGuire is visiting friends in Ovid this week.

Miss Ida Cullen started this morning for Cleveland, Ohio, to visit her aunt, Mrs. James Desmond, formerly of this place.

Miss Ella Davy of Rochester is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. William Durnin of Bayard street.

Miss Katherine Rafferty has closed her school at Romulus for the summer vacation.

Mrs. Michael Anderson of Denver, Col., is visiting her father, Martin O'Neil of 50 West Bayard street.

Misses Minnie and Nina Boothe of Scipio were guests of Miss Elizabeth Rafferty last week.

Services at St Patrick's church are masses at 7, 9, and 11 o'clock a. m., and vespers at 4 p. m., 9 o'clock mass being for the children.

Work is again resumed on the Lehigh Valley railroad. It is to be hoped that no further delays will be encountered, as the railroad promises to greatly benefit the town.

Ovid.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lyman, of Seneca Falls, called on friends here last week.

Miss Lizzie McGuire, of Seneca Falls, is visiting Miss Kate McCarriagher.

Mrs. James Doyle, of Geneva, spent Sunday with Mrs. James Harratty.

Miss Jennie Smith, of Rochester, is visiting her aunt Mrs. P. Carroll.

Miss Ella Feeham attended the Educational Convention at Buffalo last week.

The town will be lit up with the electric lights Saturday night, for the first and the firemen will have a festival on the park.

Lyons.

J. P. Bradley, of Batavia, who was on his way to Albany and eastern cities stopped to see Lyons relatives and friends last week.

Misses Rose McCauley and Rose Farrell, of Newark, wheeled to Lyons on Saturday last to witness the ball game.

Maggie Murphy, of Newark, is the guest of Miss Hannah Doyle.

John Robinson who for several years has occupied a position with the American Express Co. as messenger from Lyons to Corning, has accepted the position of express agent in this city. John is an upright intellectual and enterprising young man who has the best wishes of hosts of friends who wish him the most brilliant success in his new position.

Miss Kate Mackin expects to take a trip to Boston soon.

M. T. Bradley, of this city, spent Sunday and Monday in Albany and Waterville.

Miss Agnes Lester spent last week in Clyde.

H. L. Myers attended the C. B. L. Convention at Rochester last Wednesday.

Geneva.

One of the saddest deaths which has occurred in Geneva in some time, was that of Mrs Margaret Judd which took place at her home on Center street on Sunday evening at 9:15, after a long and painful illness of a complication of diseases, she being sick since Christmas. Mrs Judd was a great sufferer, but she bore it with resignation and fortitude, and was never known to complain. On Thursday evening she received a stroke of paralysis, after which time she constantly failed until death came to her relief on Sunday evening. She remained conscious until the last, and passed very quietly away. Mrs Judd was a woman highly respected by all who knew her, and through her death her family loses a kind and loving mother, and the friends and neighbors a true friend one who was always willing to accommodate, anyone when called upon to lend her assistance, and the church an honored and respected member. She leaves to mourn her loss three daughters, Mrs. James Chapman, and Nellie of this city, and Margaret of Rochester, and one son Martin, who resides here, and one brother, Martin Nearey and one sister, Mrs. Catherine Tuffey of Lyons. Her floral contributions were beautiful consisting of a harp from Leonard Trautman Minnie Graney, Kate Cronin, Maggie Mulcahy, Mame Sweeney, Mary McNicholas, Mary McGuilles, Josephine McCarthy, Lena Larkin, Mame Connors, Theresa Beegan, Mame O'Malley, Kate Rolan, Kate Hancock, Annie Graney, Mame Bradley, Kate Toole, Kate Mangon, Mrs. Toole, cross and anchor and bunch of calla lilies, Satie Carr, Nora Welch, and Nora Hickey, cross and anchor, Nathaniel Farrand, and Frank Herbert; wreath, Mrs. John Lynch, Rochester; wreath of pansies, Mr. McGill; boquets, Mrs. T. Beard, Mrs George Heatens Mrs Joseph Sheehan, Emma and Anna Bourne, Thomas Flemming and Arthur Trautman, and a pillow from the family and many other choice flowers. The funeral services were held from St Francis de Sales church on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock Rev Father McPadden officiating, and was very largely attended which showed how she was loved and honored by all who knew her. To the heart broken family the sympathy of the entire community is extended in their great loss. May her soul rest in peace, Amen.

The following persons from out of town were present at the funeral of the late Mrs Judd Mrs. John Lynch, Mrs. W. H. Maloney Mrs. A. J. Shenkle; Miss Delia Norrie and Edward Norrie, Oswego; Mr A Cullen and daughter, Miss Anna Cullen Watkins; Miss Kate Tuffey, Mrs Edward Murphy and A. Tuffey, Lyons.

Miss Anna Brown has returned from Niagara Falls.

Brockport.

Mr. James Ferchle of Charlotte, and Miss Alice Keon were married at the Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Brockport Monday evening by Rev. Father Story, pastor of the church. Miss Elizabeth Lynch was bridesmaid and Mr. James G. Leary of Charlotte was best man

Lansville.

Father Budds of Charlston, S. C., and Father Manning of Baltimore, are at the Jackson Sanatorium. Father Budds preached in St. Patrick's church last Sunday

Miss Mary Gallagher and her niece, Miss Elsie Gallagher, are at the Plattsburg Summer School.

The Children of Mary spent Thursday at Conesus Lake.

The newely elected officers of the Children of Mary are: President, Miss Earls; Vice President, Miss Same; Secretary, Miss Emma Shafer; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Maloney.

Phelps.

Miss Lillian McMahon, of Rochester, is the guest of Miss Anna Needham.

Miss Jenny Humphrey who has been visiting her uncle in Cheyenne, Wyoming, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Doyle are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl in the family.

A branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians has been formed in this place. The branch will be known as Division No. 3 and already has twenty-nine members. At a meeting held on last Sunday the following officers were elected: President, M. T. O'Brien, Vice President, J. F McKenna, Treasurer, Jas. T Kelly, Recording Secretary Jas Cavenaugh, Financial Secretary Jno P. Johnson.

Clifton Springs.

Miss M. E Bennett with a party of friends spent Tuesday at Seneca Point.

The different members of the Somers family have a cottage at Ontario Beach this week.

Mr John White has returned to his home in Brooklyn, and all the young ladies are mourning.

Misses Julia and Mary Haubner are in New York for a two weeks visit.

The McLaughlin and Martin families attended the Houston—McLaughlin wedding at Geneseo, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tobin have returned from their wedding trip.

Canandaigua.

Miss Belle Wyville is visiting friends in Pen Yan.

Misses Minnie Derry and Editha Hendee, of New York city, are spending the summer in town.

Mr. and Mrs. James Conway, of Rochester, spent Sunday with Mrs. Conway's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mack of Park street.

Miss Agnes McMahon, of Rochester, visited town last week.

Mrs Wyville is visiting relatives in Baldwinsville.

Mrs Henry Matthews, with children, Miss Mae and Master Walter are spending a few weeks with relatives here.

Weedsport.

Miss Angie McNarney spent Tuesday of this week at Auburn.

Mrs. Nellie Hayden of Rochester spent Sunday last in town visiting friends.

Misses Agnes Lawlor and Katie Sullivan spent a few days of the past week in Port Byron, visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Quigley of Auburn are visiting friends in town.

How's This

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials Free.

THE INDIANS' FOURTH

A WILD ORGY, THE LIKE OF WHICH MAY NEVER BE KNOWN AGAIN.

Pine Ridge Agency the Scene of a Sun Dance Under Red Cloud, in Which 5,000 Yelling Redskins Took Part—A Hideous Mass of Shrieking Savages.

The morning of the Fourth dawned at Pine Ridge agency, S. D., amid the whooping of Indians, neighing of ponies and yelping of dogs, all excited by a sun dance.

Such a wild, picturesque conglomeration of sights and sounds may never be known again. Those familiar with such things think it will be impossible to ever again gather such a throng of untutored children of the plain.

There were 5,000 of them—Brules, Ogalallas and Cheyennes. At their head was that historical old patriarch of the tomahawk and scalping knife, Red Cloud. While the aged sachem was boss of the day, he had numerous illustrious assistants—He Dog, Big Elk, Dog Ear, Running Bear, Lone Dog, Bear Upside Down, Wolf Nose and scores of others distinguished alike on the wartrail and in the chase.

There were squaw dances the night before, in the light of 100 campfires, while the young bucks were engaged in horse and foot races and like sports. The monotonous beating of drums, commingled with the hoarse shout of the old and the falsetto chant of the dancing squaws, was heard long after midnight.

Nevertheless Aurora had hardly begun to silver the tops of the tallest buttes in the morning before the whole plateau was in a very paroxysm of unearthly sounds and motion. Scores and scores of half naked, feather bedecked warriors dashed hither and thither over the plain on their little rats of ponies, yelling like fiends and firing rifles at every jump.

Painted Indians on painted ponies were shortly swarming the plain, while a wall of squaws two and three deep inclosed the vast arena and kept the air vibrating with shrieks of encouragement or wails of lamentation. So like a coyote's is the tongue of a Sioux belle that it is all but impossible to tell when she is mightily tickled or in the last agony of death.

There was a short interval of bantering between Big Elk, stripped to eagle plume and breechclout, and Standing Bear, in a war bonnet reaching to his heels and with a big brass breastpin. Big Elk shook his rifle in defiance, while Standing Bear worked his bracelletted arms and long lance in the wildest manner.

A hush, and then simultaneously each sounded his warcry. Then came a very deluge of white ponies with green tails, black ponies with yellow stripes and pink manes, polka dotted and checked ponies, and ponies, in fact, of all the colors of Joseph's coat—some with tails plaited with gaudy ribbons, withes and willow branches; others with buffalo horns attached to the sides of their heads and scalps and coyote tails streaming from bits and girths. Their wild riders bore lance and shield, their faces and naked bodies bedaubed with flaming serpents and horsetails. Rifles cracked and bows twanged to the accompaniment of the fiercest, most hair raising yelps and whoops that ever rent a summer air.

In a flash all were in a writhing, struggling, shrieking mass, convoluting in the smoke and dust like a huge colored serpent. The squaws, all in stiff-legged motion, were in a frenzy and wailed or screamed, it was impossible to tell whether in exultation or lamentation.

It would be difficult to say which side won from the way in which they dragged off the dead and dying and the inextricable tangle in which they wormed themselves after the battle was over.—New York World.

The Gavel Craze.

All the railroads leading into Chicago are congested with freight trains full of silver mounted gavels. Nobody knows what becomes of all the gavels, but it is clear what becomes of all the trees. They are cut down and made into gavels, and before long they will have disappeared, and there will be no more rain in the United States, except perhaps on the Fourth of July. Keeping Arbor day as an empty ceremonial, consisting of the planting of a gavel, will be of no great arboricultural excitement, but to that it must come at last.—New York Sun.

A Novel Political Platform.

Here is an electioneering card which is being circulated in Atlanta by a candidate for coroner:

From 12 to 88 years in the wilderness and not but little heard from.
I am not a Republican.
I am not a Democrat.
I am not a Populist.
I am not a politician.
But I am a follower of Christ, so I will say I am a candidate for coroner and will give at least $100 to a new church in the western portion of the city near my home if elected. My friends, as ever yours, F. E. A. CURTIS.

—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Reed at His Summer Home.

Thomas B. Reed moved his family to his summer cottage at Grand Beach, Me. This is Mr. Reed's usual resort during the summer months, and between bathing and bicycling he passes most of the time.

It is not known what part Mr. Reed will take in the campaign, but his establishment there evidences that he will be politically idle for some time.

Don M. Dickinson a Counsel.

News has been received from Washington that Don M. Dickinson has been asked to act as chief counsel for the United States in the arbitration with Great Britain on the Bering sea awards. Mr. Dickinson refused to talk about the matter, but it is believed the report is authentic.—Chicago Times-Herald.

CURRENT MISCELLANY.

It was gay to go into the lively Florentine streets with the postprandial cigar; to roam recklessly for awhile among palaces, churches and slums, or to watch the stars and lamplights in the Arno from Taddeo Gaddi's quaint old bridge, with its shops and crowds of passengers. The evening air here in spring is often keen, thanks to the snow on the distant mountains, but it always reaches the lungs with a "cachet" of purity upon it that the dead dogs visible in the Arno by daylight may appear upon the whole to belie. The pensions and hotels of Lung' Arno after the dinner hour exhale an air of fascinating frivolity. One beholds illuminated drawing rooms and gleaming shoulders, and there is a clang of merry voices. Music, too, floats hence toward the gliding water, and whispers descend from amorous couples nestled in the balconies, with hearts steeped in the romance of their surroundings. And music ascends also to these love makers, for the omnipresent mandolinist of the street finds them out and serenades them one by one as fervently as a thrush its mate. The musician's words are often as torrid as his notes. It is convenient. The discreet wooer has only to murmur in the ears of his loved one that his sentiments are precisely those tongued by the melodious rascal below.—Cornhill Magazine.

An Odd Family.

The world is full of strange folks!

I met with a sadly odd family lately—father, mother and two children—who live together in a village where country fashion, their affairs are public property.

The mother, a good looking young woman, who passes for a sane person, does not allow her two little girls, who are nearly of an age, to associate with each other.

She keeps them apart, as far as that can be, while they live in the same house, and she will not let them speak to one another.

In addition to this, she has invented a sort of language which the father does not understand, in which she converses with the children.

She lives with her husband, but she does not like him or the eldest child, whom she neglects in all ways beyond keeping it clothed and fed.

Save in the matters mentioned, this unnatural mother seems sane.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

With a Moral.

A significant little story comes from the south of England. Three wealthy old ladies who lived in considerable state were accustomed to rely in every difficulty upon their butler, who was what is known as a "treasure." The individual one day gave a month's warning and utter dismay fell on the three spinsters. At length they decided that in order to retain his services one of them must marry him, and the youngest was chosen for his bride. So the servitor in due time became master of the house with an ample fortune. As years passed the old ladies died, one after another, and finally the ci-devant butler was left with a very large income. Naturally, the country folk fought rather shy of the good man, and, as it happened, only one neighbor was even tolerably civil and hospitable. When the butler died, it was found that he had left his entire fortune, amounting to over £12,000 a year, to the eldest son of his kindly neighbor.—New York Times.

Modern Art Taxidermy.

In the methods now used in taxidermy the word "stuffing" is a misnomer. The method employed is called dermoplastic and consists in enveloping a skeleton or framework with tow wrapped and sewed into a rough approximation of the shape required with pack thread or cord and coating the whole with clay, afterward to be modeled into the forms required. Upon this the skin is stretched and made to conform in every particular. There is, therefore, no difference in the requirements of the best work in sculpture and taxidermy, except that one is principally employed in treating the human figure and the other exclusively the forms of animals.—J. Carter Beard in Scribner's.

The Three Horse Fire Team.

Fire department drivers say that it is but little, if any, more difficult to drive a three horse team than it is to drive a team of two horses. It takes more strength to pull a three horse team up short, but otherwise the three horse team is about as easily handled, so far as the actual driving is concerned, as one of two horses. The hardest place for the horse in the three horse team is in the middle, and any mishap to the middle horse makes the most trouble. So it is customary in making up a three horse team to put the best and most intelligent and surest footed horse in the center.—New York Sun.

Gilt Edged Paper.

It is not thought civil to write to a Person of Quality on common Paper. It should be on gilt Paper, except the Person who writes it be in mourning; then he ought to write on the best of that Kind he can have; but if they have no gilt Paper, then they must make use of the best cut paper they can have. Let it be neatly folded up, and put in a Cover, and back'd (addressed) above the Same. Let the Place it is written from, and the Day of the Month and the Year be placed toward the left Hand, far below the Letter.—"Rules of Good Deportment, 1720."

A Troubled Conscience.

As the stag which the huntsman has hit flies through bush and brake, over stock and stone, thereby exhausting his strength, but not expelling the deadly bullet from his body, so does experience show that they who have troubled consciences run from place to place, but carry with them wherever they go their dangerous wounds.—Gotthold.

FRIEND OF CONVICTS.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH'S PLANS FOR PRISON WORK.

She Will Endeavor to Reform Convicts and Enable Them to Earn an Honest Living When Released—Success of Her Efforts at Sing Sing—Homes For Ex-Convicts.

The permanent reformation of convicts and the supplying of honest employment for them when their terms of imprisonment are over is a problem which has puzzled reformers and social economists for years. A new student of the problem has appeared in the person of Mrs. Ballington Booth. She believes that she has solved the problem.

Mrs. Booth first became interested in the lives and futures of American convicts shortly after she came to this country with her husband, then the commander of the American branch of the Salvation Army. Her first work in this line was among the convicts of San Quentin prison in California. After the formation of the American Volunteers she again turned her thoughts toward the inmates of prisons and longed to make the work of reforming and helping them practically one of the chief branches of the labors of the Volunteers. A few weeks ago an invitation to visit Sing Sing prison and address the convicts gave Mrs. Booth the first opportunity she has had in the east of putting to a practical test a part of a plan to which she has given years of careful study. Before she could put her plan in operation she had to get in touch with the convicts. Her visit to Sing Sing gave her the opportunity. The first visit was followed by a second, and the result of the two visits has been that she has not only come into personal contact with a number of the convicts, but also, at her invitation, a much larger number have opened a correspondence with her.

In these letters the convicts have "put their souls on paper," as Carlyle said. They have told Mrs. Booth of their past lives, of their families, of their desire, awakened through her two visits to the prison, to lead better lives when the years of their imprisonment are over, and many of them have expressed a desire for Mrs. Booth's help in religious matters. The last time Mrs. Booth visited Sing Sing she had talks with a number of men in their cells.

As she and the prison chaplain were going along one of the balconies a voice from one of the cells called to the chaplain. The latter stepped to the cell door and learned that the prisoner wanted to speak to Mrs. Booth. As the chaplain repeated to Mrs. Booth the prisoner's wish he said:

"You have evidently made a strong impression in Sing Sing, Mrs. Booth. It is the first time that that man has ever been known to ask to see any one who had anything to do with religion. He is the most self contained man in the institution."

Mrs. Booth walked back to the cell. It is probably a fact that she felt a little natural curiosity to see what this very reserved man was like. Even in his prison clothing he was strikingly handsome. One glance at his face was enough to show that his was one of those cases of a man of good birth gone wrong. With the exception of his mouth, which was weak and indicated love of pleasure, the man's face was strong. His features were regular, his head well shaped and his forehead indicated high intelligence. In his dark hair there were plentiful streaks of silver. He was between 80 and 85 years old. As Mrs. Booth approached the cell door the convict smiled, bowed courteously and extended his hand through the little opening in the door. In a refined voice he said:

"This is Mrs. Booth. I am No. ——. You will excuse me for not giving a more extended biographical sketch at present. I heard your address this morning. Perhaps I was your most attentive listener. It is very good of you to bring a little outside sunshine into this gray old place, and I want to thank you for it. Back in my college days, after a more or less careful study of mental and moral science, I decided that the Christian religion was a religion of emotion. Not being an emotional person, I concluded that that religion would not do for me.

"From the day I left college until this morning I held to my belief that the religion of Christ was something for women and children to cling to and wise men to scoff at. To be perfectly frank, I attended the service this morning simply because I thought it would be diverting and not because I had any desire to hear expounded what many believe to be Christian truths. I listened to what you said, and I watched the effect of your words upon the other convicts. They were touched as I never saw men touched before. When I saw that, I began to wonder whether it was you who had touched them or whether it was what you would call the power of the Holy Spirit. I confess that I am not ready to believe that it was the latter. However that may be, though, I am sure that many of the men thought better thoughts this morning than they have thought in years. It was to tell you this that I asked the chaplain for a few moments with you. I do not ask for your help. I am well aware that I have done wrong and that my imprisonment is the just punishment for the great wrong I once did. I do want to bespeak your help, though, for the other convicts. You have touched their hearts. I believe that you can mold their lives. Some of them will have soon completed their terms of imprisonment. If they could know that there is at least one person who stands ready to help them when they go out into the world to take up life where they left it when they came in here, I think that many of them would make an honest effort to lead upright lives and become good citizens."

The words of the college bred convict kept ringing in Mrs. Booth's ears. The convict, a man of intelligence and from