No giorious halo crowns their efforts

Here's to the men who lose! What though their work be e'er so nobly planned, And watched with zealous care.

grand: Comtempt is failure's share.

'Mere's to the men who lose! If tri"raph's easy smile our struggies \* 1103t.

Course s is easy then; The ting is he who, after flerce de-

Can up and fight again.

The ready plaudits of a fawning wố là

ERing sucet in victor's ears; The vanquished banners never are unfurled-

For them there sound no cheers.

Elere's to the men who lose! The touchstone of true worth is not success.

There is a higher test— Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press, LAnd bravely do one's best.

"Here's to the men who lose! It is the vanquished's pixises that I

.And this is the toast I choose: "A hard-fought failure is a noble thing;

Here's to the men who lose."

### BILL'S LITTLE GIRL.

Being a man with a wide circle of ac--quaintances, I purposely avoid accur--acy as to dates and localities. It is not -even necessary to explain how I besucame associated with Gen. Surly in the management of a big cattle ranch He was one of the Southern gentlemen whose earthly possessions were pretty well wiped out by the war, but he did ment stop to chide fate nor wait for esomething to turn up. He converted 2 his available assets into cash and made withe intea ment in which I was eventsimily interested.

Of course the general had a beautiful madaughter, or I would have nothing "worth the talling. I avoid going into a shapsodies by simply saying that she existed to be a strong, stately and graceand woman whose physical attractions were matured in the outdoor world, whose education and accomplishments were those that few women have the mental grasp to acquire and whose . Reart was as tender as when her litrate girlish voice was raised in angry E protest against placing the cruel brand wayon some bleating maverick. I'll not session, but I fell in love with her the A same man could do it, an there'd be start time I saw her a little vision of no trouble squaria up with the ole man I besuty astride a burro, riding wildly arterward. wand without feer, swinging a miniature Tlamo, her black eyes aglow and her maven hair streaming in waves that waven the sweeping wind of the paritie a hammock back o' the gin'ral's ho ise wedle not straighten.

Though she was a gentle little mis-"tress every one about the place was her siave. Even stoical old Bud Whipley, who should have lost every vestige of romance in his experience as -trapper, scout, Indian fighter and cattle man, had secretly adopted the little witch in his heart, which had come warm and true through all these experiences. Like many a man who led "the rough life of the frontier, he idealrised a good woman, and the adoretion bestowed by him upon Kitty Surly was as devoid of our earthly conception of love as though she had been an

It was after she had been east to sechool and returned to ust with all Ther natural beauty enhanced by the refining influences and opportunities wrahe had enjoyed that old Bud came to me. "I don't like the way that coy. ote from the Robelda ranch is a-tryin -to git inter the round up over here," the began. "Jim Bumper's no sorter cufoller fur sich a woman as our Kitty. I never heered yet where he wiped out a feller critter what he didn't take un. "beknownst or to a disadvantage. He's made big money, but he ain't square e an he'd make it hell on airth fur a wo-Timun. He's makin' a strong play fur \*to git on the good side of the gineral, zan' I've 'bout made up my mind that I orter to tend to slippin' Jim's cinch. Takin chances with critters like him is the same as takin chances with rattlemanakes. Jist say the word, an Pli make Jim's Bumper git out o' here wor fight, an he won't fight mane for certain reasons as is corivate till I git ready to turn loose. 1 the boys over to the ranch that our Elity warn't goin to graze her pretty Made on no ranch ceptin our own an Sthat any feller what tried ropin her wouldn't never know jist how it hapmened he was disapp'inted. I don't oren cut loose, but there hain't none the boys is hankerin partickaler to be round when I blow up."

I could see that the veteran was in deadly earnest, for his parchmentlike water had an unwonted glow of color, a and in his deep set gray eyes there was a glint as ominous as a death war-Tink.

Mee here, Bud, I said in a concialistory tone. "There are some things about this case that I understand betthan you do. I'm as determined the say man living that Jim Bumper school't have Kitty Surly. I happen to that she loves another man who Bill now by calling him grandpa, and would try to be worthy of her and who Hank don't find time to do much but roll will marry her if the general can ever around with the baby." constructed that a big fortune is not reconstructed to her amplitudes. Jim's important that recently found it necessarily for the reconstruction of the Atlanta (Ga.) City Court has recently found it necessarily for the reconstruction of the Atlanta (Ga.) City Court has recently found it necessarily formers are recently found it necessarily formers are recently found it necessarily formers are recently found it necessarily formers.

THE MEN WHO LOSE, ing ground every day in the gene esteem. It is all right to let 148 .P take their course, and nothing in be done that will make her talked about."

> But and Bud did not belong to the class of men who are content to drift. The necessity of his life had been to plan, plot and anticipate the movements of the enemy. But he said nothing, and I accepted the matter as at an end for a time.

It was a month hefore we were startled by a very unexpected occurrence. Bud rushed into the room where the general and I were transacting some business to announce that Jim Bumperhad kidnapped Kitty and was following the old trail to the nearest large city. No time was lost in lamentations or inquiry. With a rush for arms and horses we were in the chase. For hours Bud stayed right with us on his dilapidated broncho that he always said had done nothing more than switch its abbreviated tail when struck by lightning some fifteen years before. Though Jim had one of the best mounts in the territory the extra weight began to tell, and a little after midnight we had our quarry in sight. The general was a dead shot. But never missed unless he wanted to, and I had a craving for vengeance that was only aggravated by a general passion.

What happened in the next few minutes can only be explained by the story which Bud afterward told with a series of chuckles and an occasional wheezy laugh that seemed to expend most of its force internally.

"I knowed all the time," he declared. "that Jim Bumper wouldn't play no square game when the stakes was so high, so I c'inded fur to take a han myself. I went over an smoked a pipe an had a council of war with big Bill Planters. Me and Bill uster be pardners. He has a mighty likely darter, an Jim had been shinin round her, lettin on she was 'bout the kind o' wife he was lookin fur. When I told Bill how things was shapin up here to the ranch I had to fairly put hobbles on him fur to keep him from goin right over an spongin Jim off the yearth. He was mad chin deep, but I showed him a fist full o' trumos.

"The upshot was we makes a late call on Hank Yummers. Both me an Bill has saved Hank's scalp num'rous times. an he'd try fur to stan off satan himself if we'd intermate we wanted it. Nex' day Hank hires out to Jim Bumper, an it hain't long till them two is thicker than two brothers. Hank never mentions no gal by name, but he allus says she was the sweetest critter what ever picked posies from the parary, an why didn't Jim jist rope her on the sly, run her off an marry her

"Jim gits up his sand an agrees Hank guarranteein to give the ga' some sleepin medicine an have her in mus' marry the gal soon's he could g! to a parson or a squire, or he must settle with Hank. If he done square kind o' a show down.

"When this 'greement was all made Hank gallops over an tells me an Bill an we tells him fer to go ahead an have into the open space, only to drop be-Jim run off the prize. One o' us would fore the far side haven was reached be at the round up."

When the pursuing party came within range of Jim Bumper, we saw there enemy that a wounded man had but to were two horsemen instead of one move a limb to become the target for When the general's voice rang out a la dozen marksmen. horse toward us and threw up his the trail and struck the spurs into rades. It was in reality "a passage of his panting horse. The general fired | death. but Jim plunged ahead. I took careful aim and pulled, but a shout of defiance from Jim was the only result. for we were using blank cartridges without knowing it. Then old Bud's long rifle gave forth its whiplike report, and the retreating horse went down, while his rider pitched headlong to the ground. It was with the greatest difficulty that we prevented the general from doing some more shooting, especially when he discovered that enemy were shouting their defiance Jim's companion was Hank, whom the general had done many a favor.

"Durn me, if this hain't Bill Planters' gal!" shouted Bud as he knelt by sition and certain of their success. the side of the trail.

"Course it is," snorted Hank. "That's her, and they won't be none of you gents his men, and after his now historic hain't her. Jim Bumper wanted her ful ers: Our general says that the position reckon he's fedin kinder panicky al- his wife, an' she wanted him, an' I agreed must be taken at all costs. The Gorrecay, fur I give it out all an singular to see 'em through. When I gins my don Highlanders will take it," Col. word, there hain't nothin less 'an a bullet Mathias, the commander of the Highgoin to make me out a liar. There's goin landers dashed out at the head of his fur to be a weddin or a few 'ristocratic fun- gallant regiment and in a moment erals."

> carried off the wrong woman, he began to the ridge with a resolution that was bluster, swear and deny, but when he felt resistless and betating down all op-Hank's gun at one ear and old Bud's at position. the other, while the latter told that "me nor Hank won't see ne shame put 'pon a darter o' Bill Planters, as has allus been our pard." he wilted, went meekly back with us and sat down to breakfast a married man. And a charming little wife she that was Miss Planters made him.

> When Kitty and I were married, Mr. and Mrs. Jim were both at the wedding, them bullets churning up the dust, and for the first time since the "kidnapping" he had a talk with Bud. "Old fellow." he said, "you rung in a cold deck on me, but I was a winner after all and there's no grudge. I git even with big

#### A DARING CHARGE.

ACROSS A DARK VALLEY.

The Most Thrilling Incident of the British War in India-Victoria Cross for the Piper Who Played "Cock of the North" Although Shot Through Both Legs.

Graphic details have just been received by mail of the recapitare of by the Gordon Highlanders under the command of Sir William Lockhart, during which that regiment exhibited remarkable dash and courage.

General Biggs sent the 2d division to dislodge the tribesmen from the Dargal ridge. The position was a very strong one, the enemy occupying the summit of a precipitous hill. The top of this hill could be reached only by a single path, along which the attacking force, at first consisting of a Ghurka regiment, the Der byshire regiment and the Dorsetshire regiment. was obliged to climb in Indian file, shelled the sangars or breastwork entrenchments of the hill men.



Dargal ridge, from the direction of the assault, it is now more fully explained, presents a frontage of about a mile, the left end of which is sheer rock for 200 yards In spite of the difficulty of the ascent the movements of the British troops were fairly well covered, except in the case of the low dip or small valley, from 100 to 150 yards wide, about half way up the ridge. This dip was exposed to the direct fire from the summit of the cliffs.

As the Ghurkas, supported by the Derbyshires and Dorsetshires, reached this fire zone, the top of the cliffs burst out into flame, for a thousand tribesmen had reserved the fire of their rifles until that moment. Though decimated, the little mountaineers (Ghurkas) struggled across the dip and reached the shelter of a few rocks. where they lay down under cover for a moment or so in order to recover their breath. Then, led by their officers, they made a rush for the cover of the cliffside. But the others could not but there mus' be no brace game. Jim follow, and the enemy, with true military instinct, reserved their fire. Though the remainder of the Ghurkas. the Derbyshires and the Dorsetshires Hank would stan by him 'gainst a appeared on the fringe of the dip, yet whole army o' rustlers, if it kim to that to step into the fire zone was to court death. But the Dorsetshires again tried to advance to the support of the Ghurkas, and thirteen men struggled Already the little dip was strewn with corpses, and so bloodthirsty were the

"Halt!" one of the men faced his Many a man struggled to his knees or to his feet, only to be struck down hands. Jim swung himself in the sad again, and many sacrificed their own dle, laid the girl tenderly by the side ci lives while trying to save their com-

> Then rejuctantly the senior officer heliographed down to the main body of the British troops that the passage

> could not be made. At this juncture Gen. Kempster ordered the Gordon Highlanders to the

> The time had arrived for desperate action, for it was then 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the dead and wounded were lying thick on every side. Over 100 men had already fallen, and the and waving their battle flags or standards and beating their drums, confident of the impregnability of their po-

But the Gordon Highlanders had yet to be reckoned with. Rapidly forming walkin' round tomorrow what says it speech, "Men of the Gordon Highlandthey were across, carrying every one When Jim discovered that he had really with them in their onrush, storming

When Col. Mathias gave the order to advance he and his officers leaped into the open, and the pipers of the Highlanders followed, striking up "Cock of the North," and with a shout the leading company of kilted men was into the fire zone. A stream of lead swept over, through and past

which half hid the rushing bodies. Piper Findlater, blowing his loudest and best, was among the first to show the way across that deadly strip of ground, and, when, after traversing but a few yards, he was laid low by a shot through noth legs, he managed to prop himself up against a boulder, and continued, with unabated energy to play "Cock of the North," animating his comrades by the familiar, stirring music of his beloved pipes.

But the fire of the enemy was most deadly; the leading line melted a way, and it seemed that the Gordon High-GORDON HIGHLANDERS' BOLD RUSH landers would be annih lated. More men, however, sprang into the passage, and the leaders struggled across to the cover. There then was a lull, and, as one paper remarks, "one had time to see how cruel had been the slaugh-

Then with a second cheer the mixed troops, Highlanders, Dorsetshires, Ghurkas, Derbyshires and Sikhs, Dargai ridge on the Afghan frontier streamed across, and the enemy, seeing the barrier had been swept away, left their loopholes and rock barricades and fled precipitately down the reverse slopes, without waiting for the line of cold steel which was then nearly on the crest of the ridge. .

Piper Findlater has been recommended for the Victoria cross.

Captain Hobinson of the Ghurkes also acted with the greatest gallantry. After leading his men across the fire zone to the cover and finding the force there insufficient, he returned over the death trap alone, and was mortally wounded while leading the second while three batteries of artillery rush of Ghurkas to support the first body of that regiment.

For Shining Boots. A simple receipt for shining boots quickly is to rub them with a piece of orange, let the juice dry in, and then polish with a soft brush. For hunting boots a liquid is sold to restore the polish. For brown boots and shoes the following paste will be found useful

Take one pound of beeswax, melt it and add a quarter of a gallon of turpentine. Have ready mixed and boiling rather less than a gallon of pearl ash and a quarter of an ounce of a brown analine dye. Then pour the wax and turpentine on top of the mixture and stir all well together until cold A good blacking that will also preserve the leather is made by mixing four ounces of spermaceti oil, twelve ounces of molasses, add by degrees twelve ounces of ivory black. mixing it in smoothly and rubbing it well, to destroy any lumps. Dilute it gradually with a quart of the best white wine vinegar. If too thick, add more vinegar, stir it hard and let it stand in a jar three days, stirring frequently. Then bottle for use. If still too thick, even when warmed at the fire, dilute with a little more vinegar In large establishments these receipts will be found very useful, but when the household is composed of a few persons it is as well to buy the ready-made compositions.

White Horse of Uffington. A turf monument over 1,000 years

old is the White Horse, of Uffington, England. It is on the almost perpendicular side of a bill, and lies like a patch of snow on the grass. It meas-



design bears the stamp of barbaric crudeness, but resembles, however, a constantly recurring type on Gallic and British coins, which is a guaranty of its age. Tradition declares it was carved there in the turf by the soldiers of Etheldred and Alfred after their great victory over the Danes. A white horse was the emblem of the Saxons. There are innumerable other white horses to be found throughout England all noted in history and gigantic in size. The eye of one is twenty-five feet in circumference.

Germany's Hoard of Gold. A dispatch from Berlin to the Chicago Tribune says that the thricelocked vaults of the Spandau fortress were opened a few days ago for the annual examination by the Secretary of the Treasury to see that the \$90,-000,000 in gold, which the Reichstag voted in 1871 as a fund for first expenses in the next great war, was all right. Baron von Thielmann selected a few bags at randon, counted the gold in them, counted the number of bags and weighed the whole amount. Some dozens of workmen were occupied for several hours in the grotesque mediaeval function. The sum eats up \$8,000,000 interest yearly.

World's Birth Rate.

Russia has about 49 births annually per thousand of the population: Hungary comes next, with 45; Saxony third, with 42; after these Italy and Austria, with 38; Prussia, with 37; Australia, with 35; England and Scotland, with 33; while the lowest in the scale comes Ireland, with 24,

Senator Frye of Maine wants Lake Mooselookmeguntie drained off a few feet, so that he may catch trout with worms for balt.

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