

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents. (Continued from 7th page.)

Elmira. Mr. Mathew Hayes of New York was a guest of E. J. O'Connor during the week. Rev. J. J. Bloomer is at Atlantic City. Rev. J. A. Moley has returned from his vacation.

A thoroughly enjoyed picnic tea was indulged in at Eldridge park on the afternoon and evening of last Wednesday, when some thirty young people gathered at this charming spot, the invited guests of Miss Anna O'Connor. Out of town guests were Miss Laura Moriarty of Albion, Miss Bessie Teal of Rochester.

Mr. Frank Hough of Maple avenue gave a cycle party to a number of his friends Thursday evening. After a run about town the young people adjourned to Mr. Hough's home, where the remainder of the evening was enjoyably spent.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Connelly and family of Sly street, leave Monday for Keuka Lake, where they have taken the Gleason cottage at Maple Point, for a few weeks.

Miss Teresa Garrland of Madison avenue is at Gibsons, Lake Keuka, for three weeks, in company with a party of friends.

Miss McAndrew of Scranton is visiting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Lonergan, on Lake street.

Miss Rose MacNamara, returned to Washington Monday evening, after an extended visit in Elmira.

Miss Clara Delionda of Brooklyn is the guest of Miss Maude Dancy of West Third Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Tierney of Binghamton will take up their residence in this city shortly. Mr. Tierney assuming charge of the renovated Rathbone house. Many friends will extend cordial welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Tierney.

Miss Helen Ryan of Pennsylvania avenue has returned from her musical studies in Boston.

Miss E. Bessie Sullivan, will shortly join friends in New York, for a two years trip on the continent.

Misses Helen DeLant, Katherine Corcoran, William P. Wynne and Joseph Ross spent Sunday at Gibsons on Keuka Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Fitzgerald have removed from the "Langwell" and are now located in the Little Block on Madison avenue.

J. H. Costello and P. J. Nagle are home from Far Rockaway.

Charles Fitzgerald returned Monday from a week's sojourn in New York, and adjacent seaside resorts.

The big Cleveland-Wilson minstrel combination, are busy rehearsing in this city, preparatory to the season's opening, which will occur August 1st at the Lyceum.

James Dolan of Albany spent part of the week in town.

SS. Peter and Paul's beautiful new school building is assuming business-like proportions, and bids fair to take rank among the city's many fine educational structures. The foundation is of blue cut stone, and building proper of buff pressed brick.

Rev. Father O'Brien and Mr. Dennis McCormack of Canandaigua, were in the city Wednesday.

Elmirans are making their annual excursions in large numbers to lakeside, sea shore and city, wherever fancy may take the summer vacationer to best enjoy his allotted period of recreation and rest. However, a few remain in town to look after the comfort of summer visitors who invade our fair city in generous numbers, and many are the entertainments held in their honor, trolley rides, river parties, cycle runs, dances and the like, all going to make pleasurable while-a-way time at the disposal of guests, host and friends. The summer season is all too brief for one who enjoys the delights it affords, and it is with no little reluctance that the summer girl folds away her gowns of airy texture, and her summer man his trousers know white, there to remain through the winter drear, "Till summer come again," but sweet anticipation, better than realization itself, tends to make winter labors light, and an extra year rolls around all too soon, sometimes, for the very ones who most deplore it's predecessor's leaving taking.

The eighth anniversary of the organization of Dr. Laughlin council, No. 311, C. B. L., was observed by the members of that body in a fitting manner on Tuesday night.

The affair was in charge of a committee which did everything possible and labored unceasingly to bring about an enjoyable occasion, and how well the members of this committee succeeded was shown by the good cheer and fellowship which prevailed throughout the evening.

Although a stated program was carried out it partook wholly of the nature of an informal one as did the affair throughout, rendering it more enjoyable and entertaining.

The numbers of the program were varied the point evidently having been to bring out almost everything possible to amuse and entertain.

How admirably the different numbers were presented was manifested in the hearty applause which greeted the conclusion of each. One number by Harry Lathrop, entitled "Exposure of Spiritualism," deserves special mention.

He is a slight of hand man and some of the exposures, so called, were marvelous. Luncheon of an elaborate and highly appreciative order was served unparagoned, contributing largely in promoting the enjoyment of the evening.

The windows on the westside of St. Mary's church, ruined by the last fall storm, are being replaced. In order to do the work an immense scaffold nearly 50 feet high had to be erected. When the stained glass windows are replaced an outside window of plain glass and a screen over the latter will be placed in order to more fully protect them in the future.

The Holy Name society of St. Mary's church recently secured one of the most handsome society banners that could be purchased. It is expected that the new banner will be formally dedicated to the society on the summer in August, during the time of the 30th anniversary of the dedication of St. Mary's church. About 200 new members will be admitted to the society at the same time. It is expected that Father Robert of the Pastoralist order will have charge of the ceremonies. The Holy Name society was organized under the direction of that reverend gentleman at the time of the retreat last year's last year.

Andrew Council, No. 207, Knights of Columbus, held an interesting meeting last evening, the program of a few but not all of which is given below.

ROYAL Baking Powder Most healthful leavener in the world. Goes farther.

The leadership of Lecturer James A. Hennessy. It was decided to hold the council's annual outing at Cayuga Lake Park on August 11th in connection with the outings of the Syracuse, Seneca Falls and Geneva councils. This collective outing promises to be an enjoyable one and will partake somewhat of the nature of a reunion.

The repairs to the Holy Family church are being pushed along rapidly. Just now the edifice has a rather uninviting appearance, but the completion of the work will make a decided change in its appearance.

The Children of Mary of the Holy Family church had a delightful outing at Cayuga Lake Park last week. Several of the clergy were in attendance.

Edward J. Conboy and Miss Margaret Dempsey were united in marriage at the Holy Family church last Thursday morning. The ceremony was performed by the pastor Rev. J. J. Hickey, in the presence of a large number of guests. The bride looked charming in a white mill dress over white silk and carried a large shower bouquet. Her maid Miss Lillian Nolan, was similarly attired in white over pink and carried pink roses. The reception was held in the evening at the home of the bride's mother, which was largely attended by relatives and friends.

P. M. Heron and Daniel McLaughlin arrived safely in Ireland last week. Edward Purdy of Stamford, Conn., has returned after a two weeks visit spent at his native home, 89 North street.

The Holy Family church was the scene of an early morning wedding last Wednesday morning. The contracting parties being Frank O'Leary and Catharine F. Lozen. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Brechin and the groom's best man was Michael J. Kenney. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. J. Hickey.

Rev. M. C. Wall of the Holy Family church will leave Monday for a two weeks vacation to be spent at the Adirondacks. Lyons.

The Misses Katie and Anna Murphy are spending a week among friends and relatives in Clyde.

Miss Mulcahy of Clyde has been the guest of Mrs. Charles Febr the past week. Stephen Bradley, who has been visiting in Syracuse with friends and relatives, has returned home.

Miss O'Keefe spent Sunday last with friends in Savannah. John Neidham spent his vacation with his brother Peter at Buffalo.

Lawrence Kelly of Newark was in town Sunday evening. County President Thomas Halpin, Chief of Police E. P. Boyle, M. T. Bradley and James P. Boyle attended the annual picnic of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Sea Breeze.

Miss Anna Doole and Gracie Keoch of Newark spent Sunday in town. James O. Doyle and Miss Helen Weber and party are expecting to spend the month of August at Sodus Point in the beautiful cottage recently purchased by Mr. Doyle.

Henry P. Miles was in Geneva one day last week. Cornelius O'Keefe of the American Express company, employed at Buffalo, spent his vacation with his parents in this village.

Rev. D. W. Kavanaugh and twenty altar boys will start Sunday morning for a ten days' outing at Sodus Point. Their headquarters will be at the Rev. Father's cottage on Sand Point.

M. T. Bradley, delegate of Lyons council 185, C. B. L., attended the meeting of the state convention at Saratoga last week.

The Misses Durkee and Flavinan, who have been spending their vacation in Lyons, have returned to their business in Portland, Maine.

James Moran of Clyde spent Sunday with his son John of this place. Miss Gertrude Wright of Clyde was in town one day last week.

Misses Maggie and Anna Murphy and Mr. James Vall were in Geneva one day last week in attendance at a banquet of the C. R. & B. A.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dowd, who have been spending their vacation in Reading, Pa., the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ayres, have returned home.

Miss Sadie Dove and Miss Mary Kenney of Rochester spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mrs. Keller. Daniel Moran had business in Waterloo one day last week.

George A. Wright of Clyde had business in Lyons one day last week. Thomas Ryan was in Ovid last Tuesday on business.

Ithaca. Wednesday evening the Business Men's association held their annual banquet at Hotel Evans at Glenwood-on-Cayuga.

Thomas F. Skelly of 52 South Cayuga street, went to Auburn some time ago, hoping to benefit his health. He was brought home Thursday, July 21, in a critical condition, and died that afternoon. Mr. Skelly was 20 years old, a plumber by occupation, and had been in ill health nearly a year. He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Catherine Catherine Deegan, and a sister, Miss Minnie Skelly. The funeral was held at 9 a. m. Saturday from the Immaculate Conception church.

June Wholly, aged 16, daughter of Mrs. Jane Wholly, 123 West Mill street, died Thursday, July 21, after a lingering illness. The funeral was held from the church of the Immaculate Conception Sunday at 9.45 a. m. The class of '97 of the parochial school, of which the deceased girl was a member, attended in a body, and the pall bearers, Patrick McAllister, P. E. Larkin, H. Kelly, John Cummings, A. Naughton and Fred Hoch were members of that class.

If you suffer from sores, boils, pimples, or if your nerves are weak and your system run down, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Waverly. Miss Alice Slowey, wife of Thomas Slowey died at the R. A. Packer hospital early Monday morning. Mrs. Slowey had been ill but a short time. She was an upright Christian woman, beloved and respected by all who knew her, and her death has cast a gloom of sadness over the entire community. Her funeral took place from the Church of the Epiphany at Sayre on Wednesday morning and was one of the largest ever seen in this section. Rev. Father Costello was celebrant of the requiem mass, and also delivered the funeral discourse, and his remarks were very appropriate and consoling to the bereaved relatives and friends. The interment was in St. John's cemetery. Mrs. Slowey is survived by her husband and five daughters, also her father, James Clune of Smithboro, two sisters, Mrs. Thomas Galigan and Miss Bridget Clune, and one brother who resides in Denver Col. The family have the sincere sympathy of many friends. A good woman has gone to her reward. May she rest in peace.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Halpin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Murray and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Clancy of Hornellsville attended the funeral of Mrs. Thomas Slowey on Wednesday. Miss Nora Sullivan of Elmira is the guest of Mrs. Edna Hagan.

Mrs. Donahue of Corning was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. D. Lyons, on Sunday. Messrs. Arthur T. Labarre and G. C. Higgins spent Sunday at Niagara Falls. Mrs. James Kennedy and Mrs. T. D. O'Connell were called to Oswego on Friday by the death of a relative.

Hornellsville. The first anniversary of Hornellsville Council Knights of Columbus was celebrated Thursday evening, July 21st, and a pleasant affair it was. The meeting commenced promptly at 7 o'clock, when degrees were worked, after which all adjourned to the Osborne home where the banquet was held. Landford Brainard as usual with him had everything to the highest expectations, covers being laid for 75. A very elaborate menu and very appropriate to the occasion was furnished each one present.

Merriman's orchestra furnished the music. As the tables were finally cleared, Dr. Kelly, the toastmaster announced the following toasts, the first two being given with all standing. The Prince of Peace on Earth—The Pope, "Star Spangled Banner." (Key) Our Captain—The President of the United States.

"Hail the Chief." (Scott) Hierarchy—Rev. A. K. Barlow. "Lead Kindly Light," (Cardinal Newman.) Our Society—Joseph Cameron.

"Mayland." Our anniversary—John Feehan. Future of Our Order—Rev. Father Darcy of Addison. "Stars and Stripes." (Souza.) Our Country—John J. Curreen. "America."

Our Council—E. T. Flood. "Auld Lang Syne." (Barns) Other toasts were responded to by Rev. Father Murray of Andover, William H. Murray, Matt Dewey and Thomas King of this city. Songs by F. C. Cameron of this city, John Cannon and T. K. Regan of Andover.

Recitations by William Gervase of Binghamton and W. R. Cullen of this city. All which all joined in singing Auld Lang Syne and the company adjourned each with the feeling that it had been a delightful and profitable evening, and the hours passed by too quickly.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crowley gave a pleasant house party to a number of friends at their home on Collier street, Friday evening in honor of Mrs. Crowley's sister, Miss Mahoney of Elmira.

Miss Nellie Hickey of Corning visited the Misses McNamara of Grand street, during the week. Rev. Father McEvoy, chancellor of the diocese of Syracuse, is spending his vacation with his parents in this city.

Mrs. Thomas Crowley and son Justin, left Tuesday on a visit to friends and relatives in Elmira.

The tributes to St. Ann was fittingly brought to a close at St. Ann's church on the feast of the patron saint, Tuesday, at 9 o'clock. Solemn high mass was celebrated with Rev. Father McEvoy of Syracuse as celebrant, Father Casey of Revulde, deacon, and Father Farrell, subdeacon.

Coldwater. John Witzel died at his home at Coldwater, July 20th, aged 84 years, 2 months and 16 days. He leaves a widow and seven grown up children. Frank, George and John of Coldwater, and William and Joseph of Rochester, also Miss Joseph Derleth of Coldwater and Mrs. John Derleth of Irondequoit.

Geneseo. Frank Connor of Rochester, was the guest of Timothy C. Ragan on the 21st instant. Miss Millicent Green, who has been visiting with Miss Nellie Connor of Schenectady, returned home last week.

Miss Agnes Knogh of Rochester is visiting with the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Dwyer. Miss Louise Harrington left on Saturday for a three weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Ira Davis of LeRoy is here this week on account of the illness of her mother Mrs. A. Connor, and sister Mary A. Connor, who has been suffering with rheumatism.

The series of bicycle races which will begin on the fair grounds on Wednesday evening, August 1st, promises to be very interesting. A large number of riders have already entered the races. The Geneseo corner band will be present each evening and a small admission fee will be charged to defray expenses. Gent's 10c, ladies 5c.

Michael Donohue who has been suffering with typhoid fever is convalescent. Rushville.

Miss Kate Sheehan of Rochester is visiting her uncle, William Sheehan. Miss Margaret Merriman of Geneva is home for a month's vacation.

Edward Flynn and Michael Brennan visited at Canandaigua Sunday. Charles Kelly of Penn Yan was at home over Sunday.

Miss Florence Pryor and brother William of Rochester, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Mackay.

Ovid. Miss Blanche Casey of Ithaca is visiting at the residence of T. H. Mackin. Miss Mame Hanratty spent Monday last in Ithaca.

Miss Mate Jeffrey of Poughkeepsie returned home after a three days visit with her parents here. Mrs. Mohan and Mrs. Woods spent Saturday in Seneca Falls.

Miss Genevieve Hanlon of Syracuse, is the guest of Miss Louise Finnegan. P. H. Lyons spent Saturday in Ithaca. Macedon.

Miss Katie Moore of Palmyra spent Sunday with her cousins the Misses Norton's.

Miss Nellie Fitzgerald entertained Miss Buckley of Rochester, Sunday. A surprise was given John Burns last Wednesday evening by the young men of this village. It being his twenty-third birthday.

Miss Florence Conway of Fairport, spent Sunday the guest of Frances Sullivan. Geneva.

Miss Mary McNaney of the Gazette office is spending her vacation at Seneca Falls, the guest of friends.

Miss Mary McNaney of Geneva delighted the people of St. Mary's church at Canandaigua last Sunday by her singing. Miss McNaney has a beautiful soprano voice, sweet and clear as a bird's especially her high notes. The Canandaigua people hope to hear her again soon.

Victor. John O'Neill is ransacking a few days in Victor this week. Miss Lizzie Moran of Canandaigua was in town Sunday. Miss Sarah Brown is the guest of Miss Anna Maloney this week.

THEY PLAYED IN LUCK. The Adventures of Three Sailors Cast Away on a Pacific Isle.

When the steamship Cottage City arrived at San Francisco from New York to join the Klondike trade it carried three ship wrecked sailors, picked up at Valparaiso.

They were Jack O'Neil of San Francisco, William Walsh of New York and John Bull, a Norwegian. They had been cast away on the bark Motatium, which was wrecked seven months ago.

"We were the way from New was the Australia to Panama, when the bark sprung a leak," said O'Neil at the Salton's Home "Captain Newhall put us at the pumps, and he soon concluded that we would have to run for Easter Island. This island, mind, is away off the coast of Chile, about 2,500 miles from anywhere."

"The captain's idea was to run the bark ashore so he wasn't particular what course he took and as hard luck would have it, we banged into a reef. That settled it, and we barely succeeded in getting ashore with our lives."

"Easter Island is about twenty miles long and eight or nine miles wide. It is inhabited by a simple and hospitable lot of Kanakas about 180 of them in all. There is a king at the head, and there are three or four chiefs or officers, who seem to hold office by right of age."

"The king took a fancy to me. He unceremoniously conducted me to his house—a rude cabin of sticks, dried mud and thatch. The captain and the rest of the crew had to put up with the homes of the ordinary citizens, but we all had about the same amount of beef and sweet potatoes to eat. These are the only foods we saw on the island, and as the cattle run wild and have scant pasture the beef is pretty lean. They have only one meal a day on the island, and that comes about 5 o'clock in the afternoon."

"By one of those funny freaks that always happen at shipwrecks, a chest containing paint had floated ashore. I painted the king's house for him red, white and yellow, with trimmings of tar. His bare-footed highness thought that was out of sight. He had an extra dinner that day just as they do at weddings and funerals, and he never stopped chuckling."

"We had been there six months when a sailing vessel landed and took us to Valparaiso. The king and all his subjects, men, women and children shouted in lamentation as we sailed away."

Curing a shirker. An old civil war veteran tells a good story of how a lazy private in his regiment was cured of shirking. It appears that the fellow was utterly no good. He had been drafted into service, and thereafter devoted his whole time and attention to getting out of it. He spent more than half of his time in the hospital tent. He ran the gamut of all the diseases that flesh is heir to or has acquired through its own misguided efforts. Somehow even the severity of military discipline was inadequate to his case, shirk he could and would.

One day the regiment was ordered to battle. There was to be a long, hard march and a fierce conflict at the end of it. When the orders came the shirker collapsed. He was taken to an ambulance, where he lay apparently in a comatose condition, hearing nothing, heeding nothing. The surgeon, a new officer just appointed on the staff, was sent for to see him. The physician chanced to be a keen-witted man, and after taking in the situation he bandaged the fellow's eyes, motioned to a private to take his feet, while he himself took the head, and without more ado dumped the comatose shirker head-foremost into the river. As it was the dead of winter, with ice blocks clogging the water, a more violent remedy could not be imagined and the way the fellow swam to shore was a caution. From that day forth he was never known to try his game of shirk again.

A runcapignia man owns a most unique assortment of pieces of blotting paper, collected by his father, who was long an official of the White House, each of which, reversed, bears the signature of a President, from General Harrison, who died a month after his election in 1841, to Garfield. On one sheet, the most highly prized of the lot, the last official letter signed by President Lincoln was blotted before he was assassinated by Booth.

Little Ethel—This is a portrait of mamma before she was married. Visitor—Ah, indeed? Little Ethel—Yes, she hasn't time to look like that now.

Our agent, A. Herman, will visit Mr. Moran, Geneseo; A. P. Draville, LeRoy; B. A. Churchville, Barga; Caldonia, Elford, Moscow, Nevada, Child and Coldwater.

MADE UP BY 'PHONE.

(Continued from Second page.)

"Somebody else will think it over, perhaps, though it would serve another somebody else right if she didn't." "But we are friends again now, Amy?" said I, tenderly.

"It would serve you right if I said no, Gerald, after the way you flirted with Miss Walshe the other night." "But you were just as bad with my uncle Jack," said I.

"I will never do it again, Gerald; but he's an old dear, and I think he will forgive me. Don't you?" "Possibly," said I, laughing.

"Tell me, Gerald, have you really been unhappy because of our little tiff?" "Miserable! And you?" "It's very vain of you to ask that question, Gerald, but perhaps I have been a little bit sorry?"

"Then, Amy, do you love me just a wee scrap?" "That's a very improper question to ask a girl through the telephone, in fact, I think the whole of this conversation is very incorrect, and if you ever breathe a syllable about it to anybody I'll never speak to you again."

"Good night, dearest!" "I could have sworn that the soft little sound which followed Miss Amy's good night" was not caused by the banging of the ear-trumpet.

I was not slowly home. "There's no bed like an old bed," I thought as I lay down with my latch key for the keyhole unless it's a young bed. I mentally added a moment later as I observed poor Gerald gazing disconsolately into the dying embers of the fire.

Where have you been during the last hour?" said Gerald presently. "I have been making love to a charming girl," said I cheerfully.

Gerald was rude enough to laugh. "And I flatter myself that she wasn't altogether displeased with the performance. I added, with a self-satisfied air. As for you, you young dog!" I proceeded severely. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What business have you to be sulking here at home while a pretty girl has been wearing the willow for the last week on your account?"

"How do you know that?" said Gerald, with the nearest approach to cheerfulness which I had observed in him for some days.

"A particular friend of hers told me that it was so, said I, but if you ever dare to let her know that I told you, I'll disinherit you, as sure as my name is Jack Steevens."

A week later their engagement was publicly announced.

The best of it is that, to this day, each believes that the other took the first step toward a reconciliation.

THE USURPER.

My wife declares she will never get over it. Also that it all comes of man's original sin, as exemplified in wasting good money on useless rubbish, by which she refers to my taste for curios and my happy knack of picking up good bargains. My wife will get over it, and I wouldn't have missed the experience for a thousand pounds.

I met them first in Miglow's saleroom. I have a habit of wandering into Miglow's saleroom every Thursday afternoon. They were leaning gracefully against the side wall with a host of admiring brokers and prospective bidders surrounding them, and as I passed my way into the group I overheard some remarks. "Nasty sort o' bloke to meet in the dark. Bill," growled a beery-looking individual in a check tie and nondescript clothes to a little sharp, perky man with a shifty pair of eyes.

"Oh, he ain't no dawse, he ain't," replied the other; "the fat chap's the proper cove—he's a blooming king."

It was his majesty who caught my eye first. He posed in a gorgeous case richly decorated with hieroglyphs and symbols, and was protected from the outer air by a glass cover let into the coffin.

Round his neck was a label suspended by a chain, which certified that he was Ptolemy I., some time King of Egypt and a mighty conqueror; certified to be genuine by Professor Sandblower and several other eminent Egyptologists.

His neighbor was quite a different individual. Inclosed in a plain wooden coffin, without glass or inscription, stood a lean, upright figure, whose long arms with clinched fists hung by his side. His withered body was without bandages, and stripped to the core; lank black hair hung over his hollow cheeks, and the keen hooked nose stood out over his firm, thin lips like the sweeping curve of a battleship. The eye sockets were wide open and staring.

There was no label. I looked in some surprise from this weird figure to the fat Pharaoh. Just then the auctioneer yelled out "Lot 139," and Pharaoh was removed to the rostrum.

The auctioneer began. He told us a lot of things about the Ptolemies—things I am quite certain no historian had ever heard before. Then he opened the bidding at 25. Nobody responded.

He grew pathetic. "Not one five for poor old Pharaoh," he moaned.

There was a pause; then he added as an afterthought, "We throw in the Plebeian, you know, with the royalty."

The bidding was resumed at \$1. I was the bidder. One or two brokers tried to bribe things up a bit, but with very little success. Enthusiasm was at dead as the mummies, and eventually I became the possessor of Pharaoh and the Plebeian at the ridiculous sum of \$3 1/2. I admit I was delighted.

Two minutes later I was safely in a four wheeler with my weird purchases

on the roof. "You will be particularly careful," I remarked to the driver as I got in, "of the gilded case."

We reached Glencairn Villa, however, without any actual damage. My wife met me in the hall.

When she saw my purchase she nearly fainted. Then she remarked that bringing dead bodies into the house would draw down a judgment upon us. I said I trusted not, and introduced her to Pharaoh.

"Poor thing," she said, "he looks frightened."

I was surprised at the remark, but a glance at the case showed me she was right. It was odd I had never noticed that expression before. I put it down to the light.

Her attitude to the Plebeian, however, was less reassuring. She got very white, clutched me by the arms, and whispered, "Andrew, it's awful!" Certainly the Plebeian did look very grim. There was a suggestion of defiance about him which was distinctly unpleasant.

"Tut-tut," I answered, "he's all right." Mentally I resolved to give him to my neighbor, Smith, who has an inferior collection, mostly made up of my castaways. "Where shall we put him?"

This was rather a poser. To my museum was circumscribed as a space, and the only vacant spot I could think of was the door of a deep cupboard which was at the far end of the room. I explored the door that evening, and I wanted to show my prize. But the door wouldn't give room for both.

"I have it," I said. "Put the Plebeian inside the cupboard, and the Pharaoh can lean against the outside." And, forgetting I still had my hat on, I raised my head suddenly, smashing the hat lamp to pieces, and narrowly escaping a cut face.

I had just flushed my desert when Smith came in. "My dear fellow," I shouted excitedly, "come and see my latest bargain," and in spite of my wife's protest, I dragged him off there and then to the little museum.

As we went along the passage I could have sworn I heard a curious shuffling and a subdued tremulous noise suggestive of somebody crying quietly in extreme terror. Smith heard it, too. "What's that?" he said, sharply. "Must have shut a cat in," I replied.

The noises ceased as he spoke. I turned the handle and entered the room.

To my amazement the case containing Pharaoh was within a foot of the door, leaning slant ways across a case of stuffed birds, and was at least ten feet from where I had placed it; stranger still, the cupboard door was wide open, and the Plebeian, fallen half out of his case, leaned against the open door, looking more sinister than ever.

Smith and I, in spite of our amazement, examined the mummies with all the enthusiasm of the connoisseur. Then, having replaced the Plebeian in his shell, I shut the cupboard door, propped him up against the outside of it, and by shifting a case made room for Pharaoh nearer the door of the room.

As I did so I called Smith's attention to the label round his neck. Smith said, rather irreverently, "Looks a bit frightened, doesn't he?"

Certainly, his eyes did look queer by the candle light (I carried one in my hand). They were half open, and seemed to be squinting round the corner at the Plebeian.

"Odd," I muttered. "They seemed shut this morning."

We left the room and closed the door. On returning to the dining-room we related this incident to my wife.

My wife grew nervous as the evening wore on. I think our being alone in the house upset her; anyway she stayed with us longer than usual. At 12 o'clock she said good night to Smith, and went upstairs to bed. I was just handing Smith another cigar.

Suddenly the door burst open, and in flew my wife, her hair down and her face as white as a sheet.

"For God's sake, Andrew," she cried "come and see. Something awful is going on in the museum." Smith and I rushed out into the passage; sure enough we could hear again the shuffling noise, while the strange crying sound now rose almost to a wail.

From within somebody seemed to be trying the handle of the door.

I think I was the first to summon up courage to enter. As I turned the handle I held the candle high above my head.

The door