

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Diocesan Correspondents.

Our agent, A. Herman, will visit Mr. Morris, Genesee Avon, Danville, LeRoy, Matavia, Churchville, Bergen, Caledonia, Piffard, Moscow, Nunda, Chili and Coldwater.

Macedon.

Rev. J. J. Hartley of Palmyra is to say mass here during the absence of Rev. Father Holmes, who will fill Father Cudry's place at Fairport. Mass will be at 9:30 until further notice.

Miss Mary Dailor of Geneva is spending her vacation at her home here. Thomas Farrell of Rochester spent a few days here last week renewing old acquaintances.

Michael Dwyer of Chicago, on his return from New York, is spending a week at the home of his uncle, Dennis Dwyer of this place.

Miss Mary Dillon of Fairport spent the first part of the week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Maxwell.

Miss O'Connor of Newark is spending a few days in town.

Rushville.

Miss Fanny Mooney of Rochester is visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. Mary Burns of Penn Yan spent Sunday at her home in this village.

Frank Halsey, who was overcome by the heat while at work last week, is able to be out again.

Miss Margaret Sheehan, formerly of this place, has sailed for Ireland, where she expects to remain about a year with her father and other relatives.

Misses Agnes Broadfoot and Margaret Peck of Geneva visited at Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Merriman's over Sunday.

William Collins of this place had a severe attack of heart trouble last Saturday, caused by the excessive heat. At this writing he is much improved.

Waterloo.

Miss Graham has resigned her position as organist in St. Mary's church, and Miss Elicy will fill the place.

The Ladies' social society will give a social at St. Mary's hall and the lawn adjoining on Saturday evening, August 6, (tonight). Refreshments will be served and there will be music by the Waterloo Cornet band.

Auburn.

Division 1, A. O. H., held an excursion to Seneca Point on Canadagosa lake Wednesday. The excursion was attended by about 300 people, a special train leaving Auburn at 8 o'clock with the party.

On Thursday of next week occurs the annual outing of the Auburn council, No. 207, Knights of Columbus. A committee has been for some time preparing arrangements and preparing a programme of amusements for the day, and it is safe to assume that since this committee has announced its work nearly completed, a royal time will be had. As stated in these columns before, this outing will be held in connection with similar ones under the management of the Syracuse, Geneva and Seneca Falls, thus providing a more enjoyable occasion of the nature of a reunion of the councils of the order in this section of the state.

On Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock was solemnized at the Holy Family church rectory, the marriage of Miss Alice L. Flanagan to Henry Brewer, Miss Anna D. Flanagan, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Henry Brewer of New Haven, Conn., a cousin of the groom, was best man. Bride and groom are well known and popular young Auburnians, and their many friends wish them a life of unalloyed happiness.

A quiet afternoon wedding took place at St. Mary's church parsonage Wednesday at 2 o'clock, the contracting parties being Miss Carrie O. Johnson of Veinon, N. Y., and Christopher T. Scully of this city. The couple were attended by Miss M. E. Bennett and William J. Bennett, Rev. James J. Gibbons, assistant pastor of St. Mary's, performed the marriage ceremony.

Rev. John T. Bennett of Chicago, a former Auburn boy, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bennett of Cottage street.

A strange accident occurred in the town of Niles, this county, on Thursday afternoon last, resulting in the death of Patrick Fitzpatrick, a well-to-do farmer and a man well known in Auburn. Mr. Fitzpatrick was watching the unloading of some hay from his house, and seeing the boy who had been driving the horse which was doing the heft of the work, leave the animal for a moment, he went over, presumably to watch the horse. He stepped up to the animal and gave it a pat on the haunches. The animal jumped forward with sufficient force to snap the spring which held the whiffletree, the latter flying back with terrific force against the man's chest. The blow struck over the heart, rendering Mr. Fitzpatrick unconscious, a condition from which he never recovered, passing away in a short time. Mr. Fitzpatrick was 60 years old. For upwards of 25 years he followed the cattle business, buying and selling in all parts of the country. He was a prominent farmer and for several years represented the town of Niles in the board of supervisors. His funeral was held from the Holy Family church Monday morning.

Geneva.

Miss Kathryn Dimes of Washington street, has returned from an extended visit with relations and friends in Union Springs and Moscow.

The races last week were very largely attended by people in and out of town, and was a decided success. The water was splendid all during the races, sitting at night, so the track was good for the next day always.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burns have returned from a visit to Crooked Lake.

The Samuel Pittman opera company which played in Smith opera house last week, was very largely attended every night.

John Keenan, grandson of James Higgins of this city, is stationed at Tampa, Fla., with the Maryland volunteers. Letters received in Geneva report him in perfect health, although the climate is very warm.

Miss Anna Naughton who has been confined to her home by illness for over a week, is greatly improved to the delight of her many friends.

Mrs. Wm. O'Neely of Scranton, Pa., was called to Geneva on Friday last on account of the serious illness of her father and mother.

Miss Margaret and Anna Murphy have returned from a two weeks visit with their parents and sisters in New York.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Most healthful leavener in the world. Goes farther.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Savannah.

Miss Mariette McGinnis of Lyons and Miss Marie Knoblock of Clyde, were the guests of Miss Mayme Fitzsimmons the past week.

Mrs. Wm. Vrooman and children returned home Saturday from a visit with friends in the eastern part of the state.

Miss Mary Gleason of Elton is visiting at Mrs. John Carvey's.

Miss Cassie Burke of Rochester is visiting at C. L. Westbrook's.

Charles Kelly of Westport was a caller in town Sunday.

George W. Cooper formerly editor of the Savannah News is spending a few days in town.

Wm. Buoke was in Rochester last Saturday on business.

Frank Brockway of Clyde called on friends in town Thursday.

Emanicipation day was observed by the colored people of Western New York at Jordan, on Tuesday. The grand coronation of this place was one of many in attendance.

Harry McGinnis of Elton who has been visiting in town returned home Saturday.

Frank P. Jones has gone to New York for a visit.

Miss Nannie Seifried is visiting friends and relatives in Elton.

Miss Margaret La Fleur has returned to Albany.

Andrew Byrne has left for Rome where he has secured a position.

Thomas Mackin of Ovid was in town this week.

Miss Bell Murphy of Lyons is here visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Bridget McKeon was in Rochester Saturday.

Misses Nellie and Margaret Flanagan are visiting with friends in Little Falls.

Rev. Father Mangin of New York is spending two weeks with his mother in Miller street.

Miss Anna Curran is erecting a handsome cottage on her lot in East Bayard street.

Edward Mackin is reported ill at Buffalo.

Miss Sabina Casey is attending the summer school at Ithaca.

Thomas F. Woods of Rochester is spending his vacation with his mother in Dey street.

John A. McBride was a recent guest of his cousin, John E. Doyle, in Canadagosa.

Paul Jones has returned to Rochester after a pleasant trip.

Misses Mary and Celia Flanagan left Monday last week for Montreal and the Adirondacks, expecting to be absent for several weeks.

On Monday morning of last week while Thomas McGovern was riding his wheel in front of Martin Phelan's place in Bridge street, he came in collision with the team of James D. Smith, just as it was crossing out of Phelan's barn and was badly kicked in the face by one of the horses. His face received an ugly gash from the animal's foot and he was otherwise hurt.

The C. M. B. A. held their annual outing at Cayuga Lake Park Saturday which was largely attended. There was a ball game played by two teams of this place called the "Limericks" and "Buttermilk". The society gave a prize to the winning team, the prize consisted of a mask, gown and chest protector, which was worth \$20. The game was won by the "Limericks" 13 to 12.

The funeral of James Crosby was held from St. Patrick's church Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. The Rev. Father Dwyer officiated.

Golfing of Corning: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Forbes, Misses Anna and Mary Forbes, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Misses Bessie, Maggie and Mary Gramam, Hugh F. Walsh, Weisville, Mrs. M. F. Dillon, Binghamton, Lena and John Seasmith, Mrs. Winifred Seasmith, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kelly, Elmira; Mrs. Dora Collins, Mrs. McArdie, Waverly, N. Y.; Mrs. Dora Collins, Mary E. and Margaret F. Conlon Owego, Elmira.

Joseph Nunan of New York is visiting his friend, Percy O'Connor, of North Main street.

The Misses Mahoney of Jamestown, will visit Miss Kate Roman of the coming week.

Miss Frances Sarsheld leaves for a sojourn at Atlantic City Monday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes Hurley and Andrew Dillon.

Rev. W. T. Dunn of Horseheads announces his annual summer festival for August 17th. Father Dunn's legion of Emma friends will no doubt attend in goodly numbers.

The theatrical season was auspiciously inaugurated at the Lyceum Monday evening when Wilson and Cleveland's combined minstrels gave a thoroughly enjoyable performance. The company was greeted by an immense audience, notwithstanding the torrid atmosphere, and one of the most successful openings in the theatre history is recorded.

J. H. Collins of Guilck's studio has returned from his vacation spent in Vermont.

I. H. Hogan, Elmira's favorite baritone, is spending a few weeks in Rochester.

Miss Ina Johnston of Rochester returned home today, after a three weeks visit with her friend, Miss Lilly Mason of West Charming place. While in this city Miss Johnston's glorious contralto voice charmed all hearers.

J. J. Houshman and W. H. Barrett of the Erie whiled away time at Manhattan Beach Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Connelly, children and maid, left Monday for Keuka lake where they will spend a few weeks at Maple Point. Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Shannan will join them the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Fitzgerald have returned from New York.

Mrs. Charles A. Landy and family have removed from Maple avenue to the Lynch homestead on John street.

The Father Matthew Society's excursion to Sylvan Beach next Thursday, promises to attract one of the largest excursion parties which has ever accompanied this popular organization on its annual outings.

The Misses Horgan leave Tuesday for an extended visit with relatives and friends in Scranton, Carbondale and Wilkesbarre.

One of the most fairy-like retreats imaginable these divine moon-light evenings is "Bohemia" on the Chemung where delicate groves, a severe outlook, and enjoyment reigns unalloyed. Numerous rowboats dot the silver stream, while young men, old men, young girls and other girls revel in the delights of a river bath from the managally bedecked and illuminated cottages along the river banks heard shouts of merry laughter, peals of joyous song, cheering the weary office man, clerk or mayhap banker, as he lulls away a few brief hours in this beautiful domain of nature's handiwork. The time for leaving takes arrives all too soon, but the thought that there are other moon light nights to be equally happily spent comforts the reluctant straggler, and he springs rapidly toward the city on his bike, leaving behind for future refuge, Bohemia, true to its name, the resort so dear to those favored with the pass-word which permits entrance to its enchanted portals.

The Misses O'Connor, Miss Hester Teal of Rochester, Percy O'Connor and his guest Joseph Nunan of New York, wheeled to Watkins Glen, Wednesday.

Miss Margaret E. Sullivan died on Wednesday night at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sullivan, on Lehigh-avenue, Sayre, after an illness of several months, aged 20 years. Her funeral took place from the church of the Epiphany at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, and was very largely attended. Rev. Father Costello officiated. The interment was in St. James cemetery. Miss Sullivan is survived by her parents and three sisters, and one brother, besides a large circle of friends. The family have the sincere sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Willie McHale is visiting friends and relatives in Carbondale.

Miss Daniel McCarthy of Under street, is visiting in Addison.

Miss Ella A. Sullivan visited relatives at Vestal last week.

A meeting of the county board of the A. O. U. was held at Owego on Sunday last, the following members from this place being present: Thomas F. Carmody, David M. Glyn, Thomas Murray, R. J. Baxter, James P. Foley.

William Horgan, wife and mother of Susquehanna, visited friends in this place and Sayre on Sunday.

James T. Keenan of Buffalo was in Waverly last week.

Newark. Wm. A. Roe was elected school trustee last Tuesday evening, in place of Joseph Gilbert, whose term had expired. Mr. Roe is interested in educational matters, and no doubt make a good trustee.

Miss Mamie Roe is spending the month of August at Binghamton.

Miss Margaret Delaney leaves for Nebraska next week, where she will visit relatives.

Miss Maria Gray spent Sunday at Sodus Point with friends.

Miss Cora Burt has returned from the Thousand Islands.

Miss Genithier has so far recovered from her illness as to be able to be again at the postoffice.

Mrs. Richmond is now pleasantly located in Mrs. White's house on West Miller street.

John Delaney was re-elected school trustee at the Centralist Tuesday evening.

Misses Maggie and Mary Walsh, and Mr. P. Walsh, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Walsh over Sunday, at Sodus Point, Genesee.

Wm. J. Kane of Rochester, who has been called at Long Point, Conesus Lake, camped on friends here one day last week.

Charles Kelly has been helping at the postoffice this week, in the absence of the postmaster, Lewis C. O'Connor, who is taking a vacation.

Master Willie O'Connor of Rochester, is visiting relatives here this week.

Timothy Costello of Rochester, was in town on Wednesday.

Misses Elizabeth Kelly and Katharine O'Keefe were on the sick list the first of this week.

The bicycle races which were to take place on Wednesday evening, were postponed till

next Wednesday evening, and if the weather is favorable then, there will be some good races.

Miss Elizabeth O'Grady of Plattsford, and Mr. A. Curran and son John of Avon called on relatives here Wednesday.

Mrs. T. Mahoney of Boston, and her sister, Mrs. John McCormick of Syracuse, are visiting relatives here for a few weeks.

About thirty-five bicyclists from Rochester, wheeled here Sunday last and took dinner at the American hotel.

Mr. A. Herman, the hustling traveling agent for the Journal, was in town this week, collecting.

Sodus Point. The annual school election held here August 2d, for the election of school trustee and other officers, was won by M. M. Farrell. Mr. Farrell was trustee last year and one of the best schools that has been had here.

Sodus Point young people gave a very pleasant surprise Thursday evening to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Doyle. Twenty couples were present, dancing was continued until an early hour, and all went home happy.

Mass was celebrated here Sunday morning by Father Cavanaugh, with a large attendance, great credit is due the Lyons chorists for the singing of the mass.

Lyons choir was entertained Tuesday at the home of Mr. Thomas Doyle by Sodus Point altar boys.

Mr. K. Russell of Lyons is stopping at Sand Point.

The ball game held here Tuesday between Lyons and Sodus point, was won by Lyons, with a score of 11 to 6 in favor of Lyons.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any one of Caruth that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., 1010 O. St. We're undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and he is a perfectly honorable and reliable business man, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

Wm. & T. TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KINNAIR & MARVIN Wholesale Druggists, London, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

A North Dakota Farmer's Strategy Brings Him Abundant Returns. A farmer on the Fort Rice reservation, about ten miles below Bismarck, N. D., on the Missouri River, has a liberal supply of wild geese, both dead and alive, as the result of an experiment upon which he has been pondering for some time, and which worked to his entire satisfaction and greatly to the disadvantage of the geese. The season for the flight of the great Canadian geese has begun, and thousands of the honkers stop at different places along the river en route. The sand bars in the morning are black with the great flocks of geese, and they make short pilgrimages from the bars to the fields of the farmers adjacent to the river for food. They remain several days in the locality and furnish abundant amusement for sportsmen.

At the farm of the man in question there is a huge sand bar projecting into the river, but so far from the shore that no hunter can steal upon the geese which congregate there near enough to get a shot. Aware of their immunity, large flocks of the birds settle there every morning and sun themselves for several hours, and then migrate to the interior for food.

Having observed the movements of the geese for several days the farmer resolved to accomplish by strategy what he could not accomplish by stealth, and every morning before the arrival of the birds he distributed about a peck of corn about the bar. Upon the return of the geese this would be speedily devoured, and the process was repeated every morning for several days, greatly to the satisfaction of the geese.

Last Saturday night the farmer came to the city and secured a quart of the best alcohol, which he said would be sufficient to saturate a peck of corn quite thoroughly. He placed the corn in the alcohol over night, so that it was thoroughly soaked, and in the morning at the usual time he spread it over the bar and concealed himself in the brush along the shore of the river and awaited the coming of the geese.

They came as usual, and also as usual ate up the corn. Soon after there was a great disturbance manifest among the feathered denizens of the bar. The alcohol had a swift effect and soon the bar was covered with sprawling, waddling, maudlin geese in all stages of intoxication. Those that had eaten most freely of the doctored corn were speedily affected, and in various ways. Some of them were immediately overpowered and lay helpless in the sand in a sort of drunken stupor. Others attempted to fly and were unable to do so, their wings refusing to perform their usual functions, and the only result of their efforts being an aimless topping about the bar. Others staggered off like tipsy men and finally succumbed to the influence of the liquor and lay down in the sun in a drunken sleep. A few were able to fly and soared off for a few moments, but the alcohol was too much for them and they were forced to circle back to the bar and settle again on the sand.

After waiting for the liquor to have effect the farmer emerged from his hiding place and approached the drunken birds. They seemed to have lost their usual fear and many of them were inspired with a remarkable pugnacity, flying at him and endeavoring to beat him with their wings. It was a laughable sight and none of the geese realized their danger, but were inspired with all the drunken courage of man in the same situation. The farmer knocked over a number of them with a club and captured as many as were totally stupefied with the liquor, alive, for decoys.

A MOTHER OF '98

My gallant love goes out to-day, With drums and bugles sounding gay; I smile to cheer him on his way— Smile back, my heart, to me!

The flags are glittering in the light; Is it their stars that blind my sight; God, hold my tears until to-night— Then set their fountains free!

He takes with him the light of May; Alas! it seems but yesterday He was a bright-haired child at play, With eyes that knew no fear. Blue eyes—true eyes! I see them shine Far down along the waving line— Now meet them bravely, eyes of mine! Good cheer, my love, good cheer!

Oh, mother-hearts that dare not break! That feel the stress, the long, long ache, The tears that burn, the eyes that wake,

For these our cherished ones— And ye, true hearts—not called to bear Such pain and peril for your share— Oh, lift with me the pleading prayer, God send our gallant sons!

—Marion Couthou Smith, in Leslie's Weekly.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

"Charlie do you know that your brother friend Ethan Grey is dead?" He died suddenly last night!" cried Jack Allan rushing unceremoniously into my room early one morning before I was dressed.

"Good God! Jack it is impossible! I left him at his own door at eleven last night in as good health as ever."

"But as I spoke I saw from Mr. Allan's pale face that there was no mistake and there immediately flashed across my mind the remembrance of an old promise that I had made to Ethan Grey which I had renewed the night before I had not ashamed to say that this memory brought cold dew of terror to my body. My companion observed my sudden pallor, and strove in his rough way to comfort me. He was a next-door neighbor of the Greys and had been summoned to their house by the cries of Mrs. Grey, who, on going to her son's room to awaken him, had found him stiff and dead in his bed."

"The old lady is dreadfully cut up, Charlie," he said, in conclusion, "and there is no one but Ethan's sister Edith to see to anything. It was she that sent me to you."

"My poor girl!" I cried, as I hastily dressed myself—for Edith and I were engaged to be married. As I walked rapidly to Mrs. Grey's I could only remember that Ethan was dead, and that I should be called upon to fulfill the promise referred to. The thought was a fresh one, I will admit, but I have ever been of a nervous, sensitive temperament.

Ethan Grey and I had been schoolmates; we graduated from college at the same time, and started in life together—he as a disciple of law and I as a doctor. We disagreed on many subjects, without any bitterness, however. When about eighteen, and while we were still at college, Ethan wandered from the church of which we were both members, to follow after a false teacher. He had by chance come in contact with an infidel, a man of great talent, who had been a minister of the gospel, but who had been degraded from his sacred calling for irregularity of life. Specious and eloquent this man was a dangerous companion.

Unfortunately, Ethan who was easily influenced, fell under his influence, and became fully imbued with his views. After knowing this preacher for a while he horrified me by the denial of a higher and more perfect state of existence, and by declaring that the "next world was a coffin."

At college we passed many long nights in arguing the question. I at that period, being very orthodox was uncharitable, insisting that for my friend there would be no salvation if he did not return to the old belief. One night, after a hotter argument than usual I made some remark indicative of pity for his soul when it should leave his body. Turning to me gravely after a moment's pause, he said, "Charlie, you may be right in your belief of a future state, yet I cannot ascribe to the Great Unknown the cruel attributes with which the orthodox delight to clothe Him. I believe that if there is a hereafter, my soul will enjoy it as well as yours. We are both seekers after truth. Should I die first, and the spiritual essence called the soul leave my body, if it is permitted, it shall make itself manifest to you more than one of your senses shall it appeal, and that within twenty-four hours after my death. If we continue here in the same village, as is most likely, sit up alone with my body the first night, and I will then visit you. Is it a bargain, Charlie?"

"Yes, Ethan, I will willingly agree; and should I die first, you will sit up with me, and I will come and warn you to repent and believe," was my eager answer.

At the time we made this strange compact my health was by no means robust. I was of a nervous, sensitive temperament, fostered by close application to study, and I believed that I should die early. For the salvation of my friend I almost hoped that I should. Shortly after this we left college. In more active life and the rough struggle a young man with his own way to make encounters, many morbid ideas were dispelled; my health had improved, and I had almost forgotten my engagement with Ethan, though we were still much together, his gentle sister Edith being my affianced.

Our old discussions on religion were never resumed. Ethan attended church regularly with his family, and seemed to have forgotten his infidel friend. Whether he had or not I cannot say. The evening before his death was spent by me, as usual, with Edith. Ethan was present, joyous and hopeful of the future. I observed nothing uncommon in his manners or conversation till he accompanied me to the door. He stood beside me looking at the stars while I lighted a cigar, when, suddenly catching my hand, he said, "Charlie, all looks quiet and beautiful up there. I hope you have not forgotten our college compact. You are strong now, and will see me out."

"Hush, Ethan!" I replied, almost angrily. "What folly to talk so, you

have never had a day's sickness in your life!"

"True, Charlie, yet all is not right here. I am sure," he replied, touching his heart in a half laughing manner; "don't forget your promise, old fellow, if you are called upon."

"Lovesick?" I asked, jestingly. "All right, I will keep my promise any time within the next fifty years. Good-by," I continued, puffing my cigar into brightness as I shook hands with him.

And now he was dead, and I should have to keep my word.

I spent the day at Mrs. Grey's, comforting Edith, and as she had no relatives in the village, ordering everything for the funeral, which was to take place the next day. In my active and unaccustomed duties the long night yet to come was almost forgotten.

The comfortable old farmhouse had already put on a strange, forlorn look, and each hour I more and more missed my poor friend's cheerful voice and genial presence. We had placed the corpse in the long, dark, oak-paneled sitting-room. The coffin stood on a table directly before the wide old chimney, up whose capacious funnel Ethan and more than one of his ancestors had shouted childish prayers to old Santa Claus, and in the blaze of whose roaring fires as men and boys, they had warmed themselves.

It was a quaint, comfortable old room. At one side stood an old-fashioned English buffet, on the other a tall Dutch clock, such as our ancestors used which had been in the family for generations—brought over from the old homestead when the cavaliers first fled to Virginia, so it was said.

A few minutes past eleven I pressed my lips to the cheek of the still weeping Edith and entered the room where the corpse lay to commence my lonely vigil.

Restless and excited, I paced the room, or stood silent by the bed, gazing at each thing, reminding me of Ethan, and allowing memory to wander back till the real had passed from my physical vision and I was living over the past.

My deep reverie was suddenly dispelled by hearing a dull, heavy blow struck near me on the coffin, such a thud as a clod of earth would make if thrown upon it. At the same moment the clock commenced striking, and a huge black creature rushed from the coffin past me, disappearing through the door. Trembling, I fell upon a chair and sat staring at the corpse, expecting each moment to hear its voice break the dreadful silence.

It did not move; ghastly pale in the dim lamplight it lay wearing yet the smile Ethan had died with. Unable to endure the awful suspense of expectation I rushed to the door, determined to call some one of the servants to sit with me.

All looked dark and quiet. Growing ashamed of my terrors I returned to the room, exclaiming:

"Ethan! I will keep my promise to you, and remain alone to meet your spirit!"

I sat down resolutely and fixed my eyes upon the corpse, determined to watch closely. Heaven! even now I can remember how long the minutes seemed! I could watch their passage by the old clock standing opposite me; five went by, ten, a half hour past, three-quarters, still no movement.

"Almost one o'clock," I exclaimed in a low voice, with a sigh of relief, closing my aching eyes, and pressing the burning balls with my fingers. Scarce were they closed when again came that dreadful blow, and as I opened my eyes the black object darted by while the clock tolled one.

"God in Heaven!" I cried, starting up. "Am I never again to know rest? Is that frightful sound to haunt me whenever I close my eyes? Oh, Ethan, dear friend, I cannot keep this frightful compact. If it is your spirit striving to free itself, speak, make some sign, tell me what I shall do to give you rest?"

No answer came from the cold lips. I heard naught, saw naught, but that little which now seemed to mock me.

In agony I started up and paced the room. I would call none to witness my terror. As long as my eyes were open and I conscious, I had not been disturbed. I also remember that it had only been once an hour that had heard the noise, and I felt safe for a while. Pacing backwards and forwards, I almost stumbled over a black cat stealing into the room. I recognized the creature as a pet of Ethan's. As I watched her she walked under the table upon which the corpse lay, and quietly encoined herself in a box, evidently her bed, standing in the corner by the clock. Here, thought I, with a