HIS FRIEND'S CRIME.

Milly Broughton was the only daughter of a Welsh collier in a small village in Glamorganshire.

The girl was known by young and old in the colliery district as "Our Milly" and "Our Lassie," and she was looked upon almost as the property of the various pits.

That she had many suitors was not to be wondered at, but only two out of them all received any encouragement from her. One was the local preacher, the other was the young man who played the harmonium at the chapel, and who was looked upon as a musical genius in the district.

It was Milly's 18th birthday, and it happened to be a Monday—a day on which most colliers do not work. Milly had received numerous little presents from her various admirers, which she had strewn on the kitchen table, before which she sat contemplating them with a beaming face.

A man was coming toward the cottage—it was the miner preacher.

Milly received him with signs of pleasure. She showed him the various articles on the table, expatiating on the kindness of those from whom she had received them.

"I, too, have a present for you, Milly," the young man said presently, as he took out of his pocket a little morocco case, and out of it a ring. He took Milly's hand and placed the ring upon her engagement finger.

"You and I have loved each other a long time now, Milly," he continued. "I should have asked you to allow me to do this before, but it was only this morning I heard that I was to be made an overseer. So now we shall be able to keep house."

Milly tried to stop him more than once, but he paid no attention to her.

"Morgan," she said at last, "you are a good fellow, and I like you, and am glad to hear you have got the rise at the pit. I hope we shall always be friends; but I cannot marry you—David is to be my husband—that was settled last night between him and my father."

For a whole month Morgan kept away from the pit, in consequence of which he lost his preferment.

One day, a few hours after the pits had commenced work, Morgan came to Milly looking very pale.

"Do not be frightened," he said, "but David has met with an accident—a slight accident. He had been exploring a used-up pit where he thought there was a seam of coal that could be got at. He had uncovered a lot of stuff and found the seam. He took me down this morning to see it.

"While stripping some of the surplus a lump of coal fell across his leg. He has lost a little blood, and is resting. He thought if you would bring down a bandage or two we might set him right between us. You see he does not want any one to know of his discovery just yet, so you must not hint to any one of it."

Milly went with Morgan immediately. He led her to the pit, which was in a very out of the way place.

Milly entered. Morgan immediately followed and closed a door behind him—a door rudely made, but strong. Then he told Milly that David was not hurt at all, and that he had brought her to this place in order to tell her that he could not live without her, and that he might make her promise to marry him. He tried persuasion and threats in vain, and at last left her, telling her that he would call each day with food and for her reply.

He went back to his work in the pit at once, making excuses for his absence. He had hardly commenced to ply his pick when a tremendous explosion took place. All the outlets from the mine were completely blocked. Morgan found himself in the dark, lying prostrate on his back, with a quantity of coal upon him. Each hour seemed as though it were a day. What would she do for food? Again and again he shrieked, his mind overcome with horror. At last a voice answered his cries. It was the voice of David. It did not take him long to remove some of the fallen coal and extricate Morgan.

And then for five dreary days they remained prisoners in the darkness. At last the time came when Morgan was so faint that he could hardly move. David's strength, meanwhile, had kept up wonderfully, and he did all he could to cheer Morgan. The latter, who used to pray and preach so much, had now not one prayer to offer. David could not comprehend this.

"Why don't you pray, Morgan?" he asked.

"I can't," came faintly from Morgan's dying lips.

"Is there anything on your mind?"

"There is—Milly."

In spasmodic tones, with long pauses, constantly interrupted by exclamations of horror from David, Morgan told how he had inveigled Milly into the old pit and had imprisoned her so that she could not possibly escape, and left her only food enough for one day.

It was a terrible story to hear in that dark vault, without a gleam of light or a clear hope of escape. The story was hardly finished when, with a shout as savage as that of a wild beast deprived of its mate, David sprang up and seized the dying man. He lifted him in his arms with the intention of dashing him down again.

Suddenly a gleam of light appeared in a far corner. Milly herself entered the cave. David became powerless and dropped Morgan at his feet.

Milly had not been long in her prison when she escaped. She had heard of the explosion, and since then, by day and by night, for many hours at a time, she had traveled through all the old mines, searching for a passage to the exploded one. She was just in time to save her lover from the crime of murder. Morgan, however, did not live many hours longer.

THE LEFT OVERS.

Some of the Many Opportunities For New Combinations.

Probably many of our new dishes are the result of accident or necessity, rather than intention; and some of them are never duplicated, simply because the same combination of materials does not recur and the formula passes out of mind. The prudent and thoughtful housekeeper, one who looks well to the ways of her household, will find great opportunities for new combinations.

A good share of judgment as to what foods will combine suitably and willingness to use the remnants, even if there is not enough to "go round," will often result in a dish so delicious and often results in a dish so delicious and appetizing that friends are clamorous for the exact recipe. This is often difficult to give and difficult for another to follow, because all the conditions may not be the same in the second attempt. Thus we see how important it is that one should have a sense of proportions, of combinations and of substitutes, as well as of exact recipes, if she wishes to cook successfully.

Here is a dish that we had recently, and which was compounded of just what happened to be in the refrigerator.

We had prepared creamed oysters for patty shells the day before. Half a cup of the clear oyster liquor, which came from the oysters in parboiling, was left after using what we needed with the cream for the sauce. After filling the patties some of the sauce was not needed, and probably most hired help and many housekeepers would have scraped it at once into the refuse. But it was carefully saved, with no idea, however, of just how it would be utilized. There may have been half a cup in all, but it was very thick and rich. As usual at luncheon, the larder was examined first to see what it afforded before any new material was brought from the storeroom. About three-quarters of a cup of stewed tomato was standing near these oyster remnants, and suggested instantly a happy combination.

"What can you do with such little messes," said my young friend, who is eagerly watching for any crumbs of culinary knowledge, as she works with me. "We can make a delicious soup." I replied. "Here are the oyster liquor and tomato for the body and flavor of the soup, the sauce for thickening, and it will need only a little more seasoning and some milk to reduce it to the right consistency." The little yellow bowls containing these compounds were quickly emptied into a saucepan, and as the contents heated they were stirred until smooth, and milk added, a la judgment; and when piping hot, tasted, and a pinch of salt was added.

Whole wheat wafers were served with this, and there was sufficient for three persons. No, not sufficient, for it was so delicious, so like and yet not like oyster bisque and a cream of tomato that we could have easily eaten another helping, but it gave just the relish, the stimulant that was needed with our usual simple luncheon. And yet I may never make it again and have it precisely like this; and it would probably be quite unlike it, if I were to give a definite formula for so much oyster liquor and tomato sauce and cream, thickened with corn starch and butter and a definite amount of seasoning. A delicious soup might be the result, and yet it might not have that distinctive flavor which this one imparted to our impromptu meal.

Another delicious and impromptu combination was prepared for luncheon only yesterday, and gave my friend another item for her daily record. One boiled egg, boiled just so the yolk would not run, and one-half cup of creamed canned corn were left from breakfast. Either one warmed separately would have made a portion almost too small to divide in serving, and we were each equally fond of both egg and corn

The egg was broken up and mashed with a four tined fork, the corn stirred into it, a little milk added, and then the whole turned into a little hot butter in a small saucepan. When hot it was turned over two slices of nicely browned toast and furnished the needed warm dish which, with a little celery salad and canned cherries and hermits, made a most satisfactory luncheon and added another to my long list of "left-overs."

The Latest Convenience.

An "inventory book" is the latest convenience for the housekeeper. This is a printed list, with columns for date of entry, value and description. It is systematically arranged and makes the list complete in case of fire, theft or death. It is next to impossible to remember all that was in a room before a fire, and the insurance companies always require a sworn list before selling.

Articles likely to be found in any room of the house are arranged in alphabetical order, with the name and location of the room heading the page. Two pages are given over to each room, beginning with albums, andirons, bracelets, bric-a-abrac, book shelves, bureaus, bedsteads, &c., and running through to wardrobes and window seats. Special lists are also arranged for bric-a-brac, books, clothing, jewelry, ornaments, paintings, pictures, silverware, dishes, chinaware, glassware, kitchen utensils, bedding and linen, while a miscellaneous list and recapitulation of value of the whole finishes the book.

Every room in the house has its place in the book—chambers, parlors, reception hall, other halls, dining room library, kitchen and pantries, laundry and cellar, attic or store room and even the closets. Trunks, boxes and barrels have their places and space for lists of their contents. Nothing is left out.

ALL ABOUT DOGS.

A Veterinary Surgeon's Experiences in Attending Some Canine Pets.

Mr. Alfred Sewell in a recent number of the Stockkeeper relates entertainingly the experiences of a veterinary surgeon. "Dogs," he says, "vary very much in their affections, but I think, comparing one breed with another, Chows are the most faithful. These dogs—it is not an odd one here and there, but this particular breed generally—attach themselves to a person, and when kindly treated will never forget that person, even though separated for years, and nothing will entice them away from their owners. They are not only the most faithful, but they are the most cute of any breed; one cannot lose them; they love to be allowed out alone, when they will roam the streets of London for hours.

"Just recently a lady wished to bring her sick dog up to London to stay near my house, so that I might attend it, and for herself and dog she paid six fares. I remember once being called to Dinard, about ten hours' journey the other side of Paris. The owner, a lady, who was much devoted to her dog, stated in her telegram that she had no confidence in the local veterinary surgeon who was in attendance, and I was going over for a consultation. When I arrived the poor dog was dead, and I undertook to bring the body back to England for burial.

"There are some gentlemen equally fond of their dogs, and who will take any amount of trouble with them when sick as they will do when well, but they never make such good nurses, try as much as they will. If a dog refuses to take his nourishment a man will say, 'Poor little beggar; I'll leave him alone,' whereas a lady, with a little coaxing combined with firmness, will give what is necessary for the dog's food.

"I remember attending a dog for a foreign nobleman. The patient was very old, and had had a long illness, extending over some weeks, and during the whole of that time the owner seldom left the dog for an hour, day or night. When the poor animal died it was put into a strong leaden coffin, which was enclosed in an oaken one, with a suitable plate fixed, giving the name of the dog, with date of birth

and death. Before the body was placed in the coffin a valuable gold bracelet was placed around the neck; it was one the dog was fond of wearing when alive.

"The love of dogs is not by any means confined to the well-to-do class, for I have come across a large number of really poor people who were not able to keep themselves in comfort; yet they have kept one or more dogs well out of pure love for them.

The Little Girl and Her Doll.

It was Christmas afternoon. In the middle of the room was a beautiful Christmas tree. The children who were gathered about the tree were children who did not have very much Christmas at home. There were dolls for the little girls and toys for the little boys, books and candies and a good time for all. After the children sang, the presents were given out. One tiny little girl about four years old, dressed in a pink calico dress that had been washed a good many times, was given a doll not quite half as long as this page. It was dressed in blue, and had on its curly head a white lace cap. The little girl looked in rapture at the doll for a moment and then ran with it to "her baby," as she called it, who was in her mother's lap, at the end of the room. The baby took it carefully in his hands, and, after admiring it for a few minutes, gave it back to the little mother. She hugged it closely to her and climbed up into a big chair. Here she sat, in the midst of the wildest excitement, unmoved. She rocked back and forth, then stopped long enough to kiss the doll rapturously and then hush it to sleep. When her book was given to her, she put it behind her; when her bag of candy was given to her, she did the same. There was nothing in the world for this little girl that compared with the little doll. When it When it was time to put on her coat, she was in terror lest something should happen to the wonderful doll. She left the room and went down the steps gazing in rapture and tenderness at her darling, saying not a word, and remembering only the precious little bundle in blue and white held tightly in her arms.

WINKIE WARE.

All Sorts of Winkies, All Sorts of Little Girls in One Body.

You don't know Winkie, of course, not, only a few people do, and for that reason I shall tell you something about her.

When you look in her face, and see her long silky hair, you will say, "She is just like any other pretty little girl."

Don't you believe it; she is not like any one but Winkie, and I, her "dear ducksy Auntie," tell you so.

Sometimes I think we have two Winkies, and they are in no way related to each other, and sometimes we have a dozen Winkies, all sorts of little girls in one body.

We have a laughing girl, a cross girl, a pleasant girl, a pretty girl, a plain girl, a noisy girl, a quiet girl, a teasing girl, a lovable girl, a peevish girl—well, just as I said, all sorts of girls. No one can help loving Winkie when she is sweet and charming, and yet we have sometimes wished that she would go away and stay in some safe place just for a little while and allow us to rest.

When Winkie goes to a children's party, the other children say, "There comes Winkie Ware; isn't she a darling?" and "Oh! how lovely her hair is," and "What large beautiful eyes she has!" and Winkie's mamma sits at home tired out. Why? Well, before the party and at the party are two different things.

Before the party, mamma says, "Winkie, dear, it is time to dress now."

"O, dear!" says Winkie, "can't I read to the end of this chapter?"

"No, pet, there will not be time; come now, mamma is waiting."

Winkie reads a little more, then she throws down the book and pouts, saying, "You are a naughty mamma, when I want to read just a little speck more."

Mamma, the "naughty" mamma, has everything ready for the child—a pretty white dress, a bright sash, dainty stockings, and neat slippers.

Then Winkie's mamma, seeing how much her little girl is interested in the story she is reading, instead of calling her from her book to arrange her clothing in proper order, says to Auntie:

"I will get everything ready and let her enjoy her book as long as she can. I remember how much it used to vex me to leave a story in the most interesting part."

"Stand still, daughter," says mamma, as Winkie squirms about while her hair is being curled.

"I can't stand still. O, dear! you are so long, mamma." Winkie stands on one foot, then on the other, pulls at her skirts, grumbles, wonders, guesses, and says "O, dear!" at least twenty times. At last the hair is curled.

"I don't like this dress, mamma; it is too straight; I want one all lace and trimming, like Edith's," says Winkie, pouting again.

Mamma puts on the neat dress, remarking that her little girl must be content to let her select her clothing for some years to come. But Winkie's sash is "not wide enough, she does not like her slippers, and lastly, her mamma might let her wear bracelets like other girls."

"No," says mamma, "I do not think it wise to dress up little girls like grown women. I wish to keep my little girl for a long time, and a very nice little girl she is too when her face is smooth and happy."

But Winkie will not be happy, and at last when her hood is tied on and Auntie goes away with her, a dear, tired mamma stands in the doorway to look after them, with a patient, sad face.—Kate Tannatt Woods.

A Librarian's Troubles.

Boy—I want a universal history.

Librarian—Yes, my boy; but would a history of Europe suit you better?

"I think it would."

"What part of Europe would you like?"

"I want Great Britain."

"Yes? How about England."

"I'd like a book on England."

After a pause the librarian said: "Perhaps you want something on London?"

"Yes, I do," brightening.

"The teacher told me to write a composition on Westminster Abbey, so if you have a book on that it'll do."

Now It's Storm Shoes for Swell Dogs.

Nathan Schwab, of New York, brought with him from Paris last week a set of storm shoes, made to order, for his dachshund. They are of best quality rubber, and show five buttons.

It is the proper caper in Paris to provide footwear for pet dogs, and any high-toned animal whose owner fails to furnish storm shoes is popularly looked down upon by all dogdom.

The boots are made by a well-known house, but only for custom trade. Perfect fit is guaranteed. Prices range from twelve francs per set upward, according to the fancy touches applied in finishing.

Automobiles in large number line up daily at this specialty shop, and fashionable women carry their pets within to have measurements taken. Tourists are falling into the style, and price does not deter them from purchasing a complete outfit for Fido.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Auburn.

Rev. J. J. Hickey of the Holy Family church closed a course of sermons which he has been delivering for the past two months. His subjects were the four marks of the church of Christ, her unity, sanctity, catholicity and apostolicity. The sermons have been heard by large congregations with increasing interest each Sunday. Father Hickey handled each subject in his usually eloquent and scholarly manner, eliciting the unstinted praises of his auditors.

Mrs. Harry B Sommer of Ross Place, who has been the guest of Mrs. Thomas A. Kane of Geneva has returned home.

Miss Helen T. McDonald, who has been the guest of the Misses Mungovan of Chestnut street, has returned to her home in Aurora.

Miss Regina O'Connor of Batavia is the guest of Miss Alice Mullen of Chapel street.

Rev. Joseph Carrigan of Denver, Col., who is visiting here, said the 10 o'clock mass at St. Mary's church Sunday morning. He preached an eloquent sermon on "The True Church" at the 11 o'clock mass.

Geneva.

St. Francis de Sales' church will hold a fair during the week of June 12th. The proceeds will be used to defray the expense incurred in the building of the addition to the school. A beautiful Martin piano will be given as a door prize

The new addition which is about completed, places St. Francis de Sales' school in the front rank of Catholic schools in this state. The school contains ten large rooms, thus allowing a room for each grade. It has often been necessary to place two grades in a room causing much inconvenience to the teachers and pupils.

Mr. Thomas C. Dillon and Miss Katherine Lydia were married at St. Francis de Sales' church on Monday morning by the Rev. Father McDonald. After the ceremony the happy couple left for a short trip to Buffalo, and upon their return they will reside in Ithaca where Mr. Dillon is employed.

Prattsburgh.

At the request of Rev. M. O'Shea the members of St. Patrick's church assembled together at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Rohan, an aged couple who reside two miles northwest of this town, on last Saturday evening. Bountiful refreshments were served by the ladies, and the evening passed off pleasantly with jolly jokes, songs, recitations and story-telling. Old and young were well represented and all strove to make the evening a pleasant one for the good old people.

Mr. and Mrs. Rohan were married in Ireland nearly sixty years ago, and have raised a family of six sturdy sons, two of whom reside with them now. Mr. Rohan is 86 years of age and in good health with the exception of his eyesight, of which he has been deprived for some years. He has always been a devoted Catholic and an estimable citizen, and is well known to many of the readers of the JOURNAL, and many of the priests of the diocese. Mrs. Rohan, aged 82, is more feeble in health, but still is remarkably bright and seemed to enjoy thoroughly the company of her friends.

With a few well chosen remarks by Father O'Shea, congratulating us all on the success of the evening, and praising the good old couple on the achievements of their lives, the guests departed for their homes, wishing God speed to their host and hostess as they finish their journey down the roadway of life.

Another old hero is Mr. Thomas Hickey of this town. Mr. Hickey is 85 years of age, and though quite feeble in health, hitched up his horse and accompanied by his good wife, drove three miles last Sunday morning to attend mass and do their Easter duty. Well did they deserve the words of praise and commendation from their pastor, and surely God will reward them for their courage and devotion.

Caledonia.

On Friday evening, May 5th, Auxiliary No. 5, A. O. H., gave a May party in Burgess hall. This is the first entertainment given by the auxiliary and proved a grand success socially and financially. About forty couple were in attendance. It was a beautiful sight to gaze on, enlivened as it was by the beautiful costumes worn by the ladies. Great credit is due to the committee having the affair in charge, also to the brother Hibernians who kindly assisted them.

May devotions will be held every Wednesday evening during the month of May.

Mr. Daniel McKenzie, a well known farmer of Black street, met with a shocking death Tuesday, being thrown from his wagon breaking his neck. He leaves a wife and several children.

Twelve members of Auxiliary No. 5, A. O. H. attended the funeral of Miss Mary O'Brien at LeRoy, on Monday.

Honeoye.

Last week while riding along the Richmond Center road, a team driven by Herbert Ashley, became frightened and sprang forward upon Mr. Joshua Hannan, who was passing. His buggy was smashed to splinters but he escaped severe injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. John Franklin have a little daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. John Lawther a son.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Fairbairn of Canandaigua spent last Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blackmer and young son have been spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Hattie Blackmer.

Lima.

James Caroll of this place underwent an operation successfully in the Rochester City hospital to straighten his feet.

An oratorical contest for a gold medal will be held in College hall, May 16th.

The Lima Seminary base ball team were defeated Saturday at Geneseo by the Normal team. Score, 11 to 5. Geneseo plays here Saturday.

(Continued on 8th page.)