

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing. From Our Special Correspondents.

OUR AGENT

Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Auburn, Union Springs, Merrifield, Aurora, Sherwood, Scipio, Poplar Ridge, Ledyard, Kings Ferry, Geneva, Five Corners, Grotton and Moravia.

Elmira.

George H. Cleury of the Erie Division offices spent the Fourth in Buffalo.

Daniel Sheehan went to Canton, Tuesday, to attend the dedication of Father Connelly's new church. Rev. Father Broderick of Sasquehanna delivered the sermon.

The Blessed Sacrament Society will receive holy communion in a body at St. Peter and Paul's church next Sunday morning.

Next Wednesday in Lockport, N. Y., will be celebrated the golden jubilee of the Mother Superior of the Sisters of St. Mary. A number of the nuns from this city, will participate in honoring the great event.

Division No. 3, A. O. H., will in future hold their semi-monthly meetings in St. Mary's hall, on the Southside.

Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, occurred the death of Cornelius Coakley at his home on Lake street. The deceased is survived by a widow, seven daughters and four sons.

The funeral was held Thursday morning from St. Peter and Paul's church, interment being in Southport cemetery.

After an illness of sixteen weeks with typhoid fever, Miss Margaret Reagan, daughter of Timothy Reagan, of 914 Walnut street, died on Wednesday morning. Miss Reagan was 21 years of age and a bright and lovable girl.

Besides her parents, four sisters and two brothers mourn her demise. The funeral was held Saturday morning from St. Peter and Paul's church. Interment in St. Peter and Paul's cemetery.

Mrs. John O'Day and Miss Nellie O'Day are at Ocean Grove, N. J., for a few weeks. Miss Frances Costello is visiting friends in Carbondale, Scranton and Pittston.

T. B. Fitzgerald went to Grand Rapids Tuesday, to attend the furniture exhibition.

George Fean, Henry French and John Maloney, Jr., spent Tuesday in Rochester.

Mrs. John Moriarty and daughter Laura, of Albany, are visiting relatives in the city. The Misses Garland of Madison avenue, are spending a few weeks at Cayuga Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Birmingham have returned from their wedding trip.

Misses Bertha Ryan and Clara Kelly visited at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maney, Tuesday.

Mrs. E. M. Tierney, Miss Genevieve Tierney, Edwin Tierney and Miss Kennedy of the Hotel Kalkhan spent the week in Binghamton.

The "Ever Glorious" passed off quietly in Elmira, no attempt being made at a public celebration. The birds weather drove thousands from the city to Eldridge Grove, Waver and Riverside Parks, while the patriotic exercises at the Reformatory grounds were witnessed by throngs of people.

In the evening a display of fireworks held the attention of the crowd at Eldridge Lake.

Ithaca.

The city has been divided into districts and the following members of the Ladies Aid Society appointed to solicit for the poor: Miss McCormick, Mrs. T. Brady, Mrs. T. Carrigan, Mrs. J. Coleman, Mrs. W. Schaffer, Miss Mary McAllister, Miss Kate McNaamara, and Mrs. Strass.

Rev. Dr. Mohan of St. Bernard's and Rev. Father Kaulfoss of the Normal school, Rochester, visited their parents here for a few days last week.

Among the June weddings was that of Patrick Gibbons formerly of this city, now of New York. The bride was Miss Mayme Hickey of New York. Rev. Father Gibbons of Auburn, brother of the groom, performed the ceremony.

At the 30.30 mass last Sunday, Rev. Father Lapham of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, preached at eloquent and able sermon. Rev. Father Lapham is well known to Ithacans. He is a member of the Cornell class of '84 and before his convent was an instructor in the University.

Mrs. George Turner and children of Elmira, have returned home after an extended visit with her father, James Sullivan, of Cook street.

Mrs. T. Conley, her two sons and daughter, Miss Ella Murray, Mrs. Cook and daughter, Miss Mary, left last week to spend the remainder of the summer in the country.

Preparations are being made on a magnificent scale to entertain the thousands of people expected here at the Central New York Firemen's convention, the first week of August.

William Sheskey left last week for an outing in the North Woods with the Feguid club of Watertown.

Miss Anna Rafferty is spending her vacation at her home in Ovid.

Miss Minnie Gallagher of the class of '99 Cortland Normal, was in New York last week taking the oral examination for a position in the city schools. Miss Gallagher very successfully passed the written examination a few weeks ago.

Miss Sarah Kelly of the class of 1900, Cortland Normal, is spending her vacation at home.

Miss Mary Carty is home for the summer, having finished a successful year of teaching in Rochester.

Misses Bridget Farrell and Miss Margaret Grace are the guests of Mrs. M. Woods of Ovid.

Sunday morning, July 2, occurred the death of Mrs. John Maloney at her late home in Jacksonville. The funeral services took place Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock at the Resurrection Conception church, Rev. W. E. Kelly officiating.

Mr. James Barrett, an old resident of this place, died at his home on Tuesday evening of last week, aged 65 years. He is survived by his wife, one daughter and one son. The funeral was held Thursday morning at 9 o'clock from St. Dominic's church. Interment at Elmira Springs.

Miss Marie O'Neil, who has been spending the last two months here, the guest of her parents, returned to Albany, Monday.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

There will be no high mass on Sundays during the months of July and August.

Miss Kate Russell who has been visiting her parents the past month, returned to her duties in New York city, as trained nurse, Wednesday.

Miss Sadie Hennessy is the guest of relatives at Phelps.

Mrs. Knouse of Rochester, was the guest of her mother Mrs. Phelps last week.

Mrs. W. Quinn of Auburn, attended the funeral of her uncle, James Barrett, Thursday.

Miss Collins of Buffalo, is the guest of her brother at Manchester.

Seneca Falls.

Rev. Michael U. Dwyer, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's church has charge of Rev. John Nelligan's panache, who is taking a vacation abroad.

Mr. George Norton of New York, is home.

Edward McArdle of Buffalo, is home, spending his summer vacation.

Miss Margaret McGuire of Rochester, is spending her summer vacation at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McGuire.

Harry M. Glenn, secured the appointment Thursday as postmaster and entered upon the change of the duties Saturday. The personnel of the office under the new administration will be H. M. Glenn, postmaster; deputy, William J. Pollard; stamp clerk, Augustus Walters; register clerk, William A. Flanagan. The following retire from the post office: Henry Stowell who was postmaster, Patrick Ryan who was deputy for the past eleven years. Mr. Ryan leaves the post office as a true, honest and faithful man. Warren M. Gould also leaves the post office as an honorable, upright young man.

The L. C. B. A. and W. R. C. held a lawn festival Friday evening on the premises of Mr. James A. MacDonald for the benefit of a hospital fund. It was largely attended.

Miss Alice Fitzsimmons and Thomas J. Coffey were united in marriage Wednesday last at 8.30 o'clock in St. Patrick's church. Rev. Michael Dwyer performed the marriage ceremony, after which high mass was celebrated. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Anna Fitzsimmons and Peter Lynch acted as best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party was drove to the home of the bride on Walnut street, where a reception was held and a wedding breakfast served.

Miss Eva Campbell and Thomas O'Hare were united in marriage last Wednesday in St. Francis de Sales church in Geneva, by Rev. Wm. A. McDonald officiating. Both young people formerly resided in Seneca Falls, where they have many friends who extend their congratulations.

On Monday last the local branch A. O. H. held a meeting in their rooms and elected the following officers: President, M. E. Reagan; vice-president, Alexander J. Byrne; recording secretary, James Y. McKoon; financial secretary, George J. Winkler; treasurer, John H. O'Brien; executive committee, S. R. Woods, Henry Casey, John A. Reagan, John E. Mackin and James Reardon.

The Fourth of July passed off very quietly in Seneca Falls.

A large number of Seneca Falls people were in Rochester, Tuesday.

Frank J. Durnin, mail carrier of the Third Ward, is having two weeks vacation.

Thomas Mangano of New York, is in town.

How's This?

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

F. J. CANNON & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cannon for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WALDEN, KIMMAN & MARVIN Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

AGENTS WANTED.

We want several men, good, live agents to get subscribers for THE JOURNAL. Good pay to hustlers. Address to Business Manager, THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

Fine Wedding

Invitations at this office at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

COOL CAPS.

Swell line of Outing Caps, just the thing for cycling or boating, in Worsteds and fancy pattern cloths, 25c and 45c. Straw hats? Certainly. The largest, best and lowest priced line in Rochester, from 50c to \$3.00.

"Dunlap," Milan Yacht Hat, "Rough and Ready," "Split" Braids, etc. A nobby and stylish crush hat for 95c. Mang & Shafar, manufacturing hatters and furriers. 11 State, 14 W. Main, 186 E. Main St. Three Stores.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have aching feet or tight shoes try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial packages FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lowell, N. Y.

More Truth Than Politicians. Rich Wife—My dear, what would you do if I should suddenly lose all my money? Hubby—As I pleased. I don't dare to now.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

They Are Great Things When Taken in Connection With Women's Intuition.

"I tell you what," said the man with the receding chin and the abbreviated forehead, on the rear platform of a fourteenth street car, "women's dreams are great things, when you come to think of 'em, and when you take their dreams in connection with that funny thing they've got that we call intuition, why, you've got a combination that—

"Well, anyhow, I went out to the races yesterday. Don't know a race horse from a bucket of whitewash myself, and always lose trying to beat them, but my wife got me started this time by a dream she had right before last. You know how they wake up in the morning and tell you all about their dreams, never letting you even get in a word edgewise, not even to ask 'em where your clean cuffs are, or anything. Well, my wife had a dream and was trying to tell me, but I could not make head nor tail of the whole thing. I was trying to find where she had put my vest when I had taken it off the night before, anyhow,—but it struck me all of a sudden that that chestnut horse of hers must have been travelling at a mighty rapid clip, for the way she told about his performance—

"It seems, from her dream, that this chestnut horse and a lot of other horses started in to see which could run up the side of the Washington monument first, or something like that, anyhow, the chestnut horse won by a block. Now, my wife doesn't know anything about races, and she didn't even know that there was any races going on here. Said I to her—

"Are you dead sure that it was a chestnut horse that made all the rest of those horses in your dream look like aluminum dollars?"

"She was dead positive about it. 'Well,' said I, 'there's some racing going on out at Benning's this week, and I should think that if dreams cut any ice it would be a good proposition for this family to land on a chestnut horse to-day. If any chestnut horse's are going to run—'

"Now, I had a kind of sneakin' hankerin' to take in one of the day's racing, and I thought this was a pretty, crafty way of putting it through. I made it stick for a wonder."

"Why, yes, I really believe that would be a good plan," she said, and then she went ahead and told me that dream or her about the chestnut horse all over again.

"Well, on my way down town I bought one of these here sporting papers that publishes the racing entries, along with the colors of the horses, and I found that there was only one chestnut horse entered for the running yesterday. That was in the first race, and when I came home at noon for lunch I told my wife about it. She got off that old one about not approving of betting on principle, but she really thought that her dream was too vivid to be overlooked—that any chestnut horse booked to run was bound to win, she felt certain."

"Just because you had that dream?" I asked her.

"Well, that, and then intuition, too," she replied.

"So I went out to Benning to play the chestnut horse in the first race. Had heard a good deal about the starting way these dreams of women folks come out once in a while, and I determined to play that chestnut horse, no matter what the price on him was, or whether anybody I met out there thought the horse had a show on earth to win or not. Well, that horse was at 50 to 1 in the betting, and I had \$20 along with me. So, you see, if I had put that \$20 down on the 50 to 1 shot that I intended to play, it would have figured \$1,000 to \$20, and—"

"Did you funk on playing the chestnut?" asked one of the listeners.

"Yes," was the reply. "The price scared me to death. That's the edge those bookmakers have got on you—they put up a big price on a horse that you feel certain is going to win, and you peter out on your determination and finally land on the favorite."

"That's what I did—showed white feather on that chestnut good dream thing at the last minute, and put my \$20 down on the 2 to 1 favorite. Queer, isn't it, what—"

"And the chestnut horse, your wife's 50 to 1 shot, won in a common walk, of course?" asked one of the listeners.

"Not on your life," answered the man with the receding chin. "The favorite, the horse that I put my \$20 down on, buck-jumped in and won by two Philadelphia blocks, and that chestnut pipe dream, was running yet when I collected my \$60 and came home in a calash. I tell you what, women's dreams, and their intuition, are great things when you come to think of them, but—"

Washington Star.

More Truth Than Politicians. Rich Wife—My dear, what would you do if I should suddenly lose all my money? Hubby—As I pleased. I don't dare to now.

A BIT OF MAGIC.

Bewildering Trick Any Boy Can Do With a Bottle of Water.

In the course of his experiments the other day, Prof. M. I. Pupin of Columbia College, New York, did a very remarkable thing. He made water boil simply by holding his hands around the outside of the bottle which contained it. He also made the water boil by dashing or pouring water against the sides of the bottle. It was a very curious trick, and one well calculated to excite wonder if the secret be not known. Yet any boy may perform it in his own home with little trouble.

No apparatus except a bottle is needed. The bottle, however, should be one with a long, thin neck. Prof. Pupin used one which looked like those used to decorate the shelves of French or Italian restaurants. Such bottles generally are wound with straw to prevent breakage, and a restaurant keeper will sell you one for a few pennies.

Fill your bottle half full of water and place it over a gas jet or a flame until the water boils. When it boils fiercely, remove the flame and at the same time quickly place a cork in the mouth of the bottle. Of course, the water will instantly stop boiling when the flame is removed, but if you now turn the bottle upside down and pour water on the outside, the water within will again boil fiercely. If at this juncture you take the bottle (without the flame) into another room full of unsuspecting friends, and show them how to "boil water with water," they will be very much surprised. But you will add to their astonishment if in a moment (when the bottle has become cold enough), you place both of your hands around the outside of the bottle, for the water inside will again boil fiercely.

Any boy who owns a bicycle pump may add to the fun of the occasion. He will be able to do exactly the opposite of the above. That is, he will be able to make water stop boiling even when there is a flame burning brightly under it. To do this it is necessary merely to pump air into the bottle in which the water is boiling. No matter how violently the water may be boiling, it will cease doing so the instant fresh air is pumped into the bottle. You may attach the pump to the mouth of the bottle by means of a short length of rubber tubing.

Now, the reason for the above phenomena is very simple. It is all a question of how hard the atmosphere presses down on the surface of the boiling water. A column of air many miles high presses down on everything on the earth. When water boils it must generate heat and power enough to overcome the pressing of this air on its surface. If you were somehow to remove this pressing air, water would boil much quicker and at a lower temperature than it does ordinarily. On the top of a high mountain or in a vacuum, water will boil at a low temperature. Now, when in the first instance you took the flame from under your bottle mouth, you thus prevented the air from pressing on the water at a moment when the bottle contained nothing but water and steam. When you turned the bottle upside down you effectively prevented any more air from getting inside. There was, of course, a small empty space between the surface of the water and the bottom (now the top) of the bottle. There was vacuum there. You will remember that the water must yet have been quite hot after you removed the flame. It was in fact, nearly at the boiling point in ordinary air, yet you suddenly removed that air pressure and placed the fluid in a vacuum. It would now boil at a much lower temperature than before, and being already quite hot, the heat of your hands around the warm bottle was quite sufficient to set it off.

The Chinese Minister.

The Washington society girl thinks the Chinese minister is one of the bonanzas of the season. She finds him the best company as a conversationalist and still better for a card party. He is invited about a great deal, and is always sure to come when he is invited, and to come punctually, too. Not long ago he was invited for 11 o'clock after a reception. They arrived home to find him waiting for them a quarter of an hour after the time. He held his open watch up before them and asked: "At what hour did you invite me?" "At 11," was the reply. "Well, you are a quarter of an hour late," he said, with amiable frankness, "and in your own house, too. This never should have happened." They decided to play six-handed euchre, thinking Mr. Wu Ting Fang knew nothing about the game, but he came out first all the time, and the young men and women of the capital are beginning to think there is no game that he cannot beat them at.

Brass Buttons for Money.

While regiments from all over the country were gathering at Chickamauga the brass buttons of the soldiers' uniforms were in great demand. Every one was trying to buy them or coax them from the soldiers, but it was a little girl who struck upon a plan of getting together a collection that represented every regiment in camp. She used to sell lemonade to the soldiers, and then when they offered to pay her she would insist in a charming way for buttons in place of money. She was a very pretty little girl, and there were a great many soldiers who had to pin their uniforms together on account of this clever little lady.

FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY

"Blubbering won't do any good; but you had better report the matter to Capt. Wilson at once," said the navigating lieutenant of her majesty's ship Triumph, as he gazed quizzingly down at the chubby faced midshipman who stood in such comical dismay before his superior officer. "Come with me, I'm going to his stateroom now," the speaker added, not unkindly, as he noted the lad's evident distress.

"I'm not blubbering, and I don't care if he does stop my leave!" indignantly responded the youngster, drawing himself up to his full height.

"What is it, Stuart?" inquired the captain, as the twain entered his cabin. "I merely wish to say that we are ready to get under way whenever you please, sir; but Robson has a report to make," said the lieutenant.

"Not seasick yet, I hope?" ejaculated Capt. Wilson, ironically. "Well, I'm listening."

"Please, sir, it's the 'First Lord'—he's bolted! He ran off while we were shipping the soft tack—I mean the bread!" incoherently stammered Robson.

"The 'First Lord' bolted with the soft tack!" exclaimed Wilson in astonishment. "What does he mean, Stuart? Who's the 'First Lord'?" Is the boy a raving maniac?"

Lieutenant Stuart had perforce to explain that the cadet, being in charge of a boat sent ashore to ship provisions, had lost one of his men—an able bodied seaman answering to the name of West, but who was by reason of his superior bearing nicknamed by his companions "the First Lord of the Admiralty."

There was one person, at least, who did not forget the runaway. Robson often in imagination ran the roundel to earth.

Little did Charley Robson imagine as at the commencement of his long deferred leave he lounged in a first-class smoker on his way to Guildford how soon or under what strange circumstances he would meet the villain of his melodrama.

"And you have come home, Allice!" will be able to resume her interrupted country walks," said the mother of the youthful sailor next morning. "But of course," added she, addressing the girl, "Charley has not heard of your latest admirer. I don't know whether the girl's nerves are out of order," continued Mrs. Robson, "but she declares that a strange man has been following her about during the last few weeks, although no one else has ever caught a glimpse of him."

"I shan't be afraid of any loafers while Charley is with me," responded the maiden. "In proof of which he shall convey me for a walk now." And Allice Westerner buoyantly danced off to array herself for the proposed jaunt.

The eyes of mother and son followed the girl with a wistful look as she quitted the room.

"I suppose nothing has been heard of him?" queried the latter.

"No," your father thinks there never will be. Doubtless Sir Richard died abroad, believing to the end that he was a murderer."

"And Allice is still ignorant of her father's sad history?" queried the lad.

"Yes, we have decided not to say girl, "but you cannot imagine what unless some contingency should arise, such as your obtaining a sub-lieutenancy, and being of the same mind as you are now."

Robson colored at the hint delicately conveyed by his mother, and so well understood by himself. To see their only son mated to their ward was the dearest wish of Admiral and Mrs. Robson, yet they had the good sense to restrain the impetuosity of the youthful couple until both arrived at years of maturity.

With the course of true love running thus smoothly, and the crisp, frozen ground under their feet, the twain strolled upon their ramble.

With buoyant steps they breasted the "Hog's Back," from which favorite vantage ground a splendid view of the surrounding country could be obtained.

"Yes, there's the dear old Towers," said Allice, "where I should be living now if pater had not died."

"You've found another home," whispered Charley, "and other parents."

"I know that, dear," responded the girl, "but you cannot imagine what it feels like to have one's birthplace given over to ruin and decay, and to know one hasn't a single living relative. Only to think, I cannot even visit my father's grave, because he died in some far away outlandish place!" Then, with returning vivacity, she added: "Don't you remember that day in your school holidays when we walked over there and rambled through the disused rooms? How we thought there was a ghost in the hall and ran all the three miles back home without once stopping?"

"I should just think I did," said the young officer. "You caught a chill through being overheated, and the governor said he would make a jaunt for me for being such an idiot."

"You wouldn't be afraid now?" queried the girl.

"No fear!" laughed her companion. "Life on a man-of-war knocks all the fear of spooks out of a man."

"Let us pay another visit, then!" A sharp walk soon brought the twain to the rusty lodge gates of Western Towers.

"How dreary it looks!" said the girl. "I wonder if that scullery window is still unfastened."

Charley tried, and to his surprise the sash slipped up without difficulty. "It's a case of gentlemen first this time," he said, stepping through the aperture. "Come along, tempter, it's your turn."

you're not careful you'll tear your dress. The window's no bigger than the lubber hole of a brig."

The casement being negotiated in safety together they wandered through the cobweb festooned rooms of the once palatial residence. Ascending to a second story, Robson carelessly threw open a door of a room which faced the landing. Here an unexpected sight met their gaze. Sitting before a wood fire was an elderly man, contemplating the flames with ruminant air. At the sound they made he turned his face toward them and started in alarm.

The next moment the youth was across the room and grappling with the stranger. "You villain!" he panted. "I've got you at last! Run, Allice; bring someone quickly! I can't hold him long; say he's a deserter from the navy."

The trembling limbs of the girl failed to carry out his behests as she stood fascinated, watching the unequal struggle, which was speedily ended. Youth and agility were no match for the sailor's sneaky arms, and in a short time Robson was ignominiously pinned against the wall.

With lowering brows and eyes, which boded no good to his captive, West stood staring at the lad as if undecided what to do with him. Then, catching sight of the pale face of Allice, who was petrified with horror upon recognizing in her companion's antagonist the man who so persistently dogged her footsteps of late, his own features assumed a softer expression and he muttered: "It is kismet!"

After a pause of breathless silence, the ex-sailor, addressing his captive, said: "You are not so muscular as was your father in his youth, young fellow. The Charley Robson that I knew would never have allowed an old man to get the better of him, but let that pass and come to the crux of the matter. You want to arrest me for deserting from the navy. Very well, you shall, if you still wish to enter hearing what I have to say."

Releasing his grip upon his would-be captor, the elder man, in a strangely cultured voice, addressed his auditors.

"Years ago," said he, "I was known and respected in this neighborhood, a man of substance, and a member of the diplomatic corps. Unfortunately, in my official capacity, I became embroiled in a quarrel with a political opponent, and, as was more common even fifteen years ago, the result was I had no alternative between fighting a duel or being dishonored."

"Not to make a long story, my adversary and our seconds journeyed to Guildford with me late one night, intending to settle our differences at daybreak on the following morning. With the courtesy that such affairs demanded, I offered the whole party hospitality for the night."

"From the moment my head touched the pillow until I was awakened the next morning my mind was an entire blank, but judge of my horror when, essaying to rise, I found the bedclothes dabbled with blood, and at the foot of my couch a gory hunting knife belonging to myself. Simultaneous with my horrible discovery the servant found the man I was to have fought lying foully murdered."

"Although conscious of my innocence, I dared not face the inquiry which was sure to follow, as who would believe my own theory of the matter, which was simply that I committed the terrible act in my sleep, as from childhood I had been subject to attacks of somnambulism. Hastily caressing my infant daughter, the only pledge left me by my departed wife, I left the house like a felon and fled the country, and it was hunger for a glimpse of my dear child's face that has worked my undoing. My faithful secretary connived at my escape, and subsequently sent me the news of willful murder against Sir Richard Western. Yes, you will be able to deliver up to justice a more important person than the deserter, West. My devoted retainer, Burton, who assisted me at such great risk to himself, is not here to help me now. He is dead."

"He was a villain, Sir Richard!" cried Robson, in wild excitement. "It was he himself who killed Lord Marcus, and artfully foisted the blame upon you in order that you should not discover his defalcation. My father possesses his dying confession to that effect."

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the baronet. Tottering to the nearest chair, he buried his face in his hot worn hands. Silence reigned in the room for a few moments. Then Sir Richard, leaning a gentle hand upon his shoulder, looked up into a sweet but still scarred face and two half frightened gray eyes.

"Daddy, dear," Charley heard a tremulous voice murmur softly as he stole from the room.

Powerful friends at the admiralty soon glossed over the delinquencies of the seaman West, and Sir Richard Western once more assumed his proper rank and station. As time wore on, and the vividness of his past misery faded, he could even afford to joke about the matter; and sometimes, upon the rare occasions that he saw a certain young officer, would, much to the amusement of his daughter, simulate extreme terror and cry in affected dismay, "He has come for me at last!"

When some years later a very excited youth, with a golden circlet upon the arm of his new uniform coat, burst unceremoniously into the room, he was greeted to the same old joke, and in response blushing replied: "I'll let you off this time if you will give me Allice as a hostage." And as the girl seemed to be a willing sacrifice, Sir Richard gave than his blessing.—Chicago Herald.