

HIS DUTY.

When Dolly dons her Easter gown,
To go to church with me,
The vestment which she wears
A lovely sight to see.
She is so fashionably fair,
So stylish, and so sweet,
That every man she meets must wait
To worship at her feet.

"Tis true her sleeves must measure 'round
Not far from half a mile,
And that they're most ridiculous,
But then—that is the style.
Her skirt, moreover, covers up
A good square rod of ground;
ut, then, a skirt now has to be
Some thirty yards around.

Her Easter hat's a stunner, too,
With waving plumes and things,
And spreads on each side far enough
To cover up her wings,
If drooping wings she really had,
As other angels do;
For she's an angel, sure enough—
You bet she knows it, too.

Yes, Dolly is quite up to date,
And fashionably good,
And I adore her, as, of course,
A loving brother should.
And Easter, when she goes to church
In all her pomp and show,
Just get a good seat on the fence,
And watch us passing by!

—Somerville Journal.

A Match at Billiards

It was a moist, unpleasant day. The rain had begun immediately after breakfast, and now at 11 o'clock it looked like raining till the Crack of Doom. I had wandered up and down seeking congenial company and finding none, and had finally cast anchor in the billiard room, where I practised the spot stroke.

I had made a break of nine and was beginning to feel more cheerful, when suddenly the door opened and Miss Anstruther appeared.

"Oh," she said, as she shut the door and stood with her hand behind her upon the handle, "I thought it was Mr. McDonald."

"It is a better—and a poorer—man," said I, resting my cue on the floor. "Do you want to find Mr. McDonald?"

"Yes—no! It doesn't matter," said Miss Anstruther.

"Perhaps you can say it to me as well," I suggested. Miss Anstruther thought a moment or two and then shook her head.

"No, I couldn't say it to you." It may have been my fancy, but I thought that Miss Anstruther blushed.

"Anyway," I said cheerfully, "if it doesn't matter, you can come and play billiards with me. I'm lonely."

"But I play very badly," said Miss Anstruther, doubtfully. "I don't think I ever played seriously."

"Well, this won't be serious," I said, selecting a light cue and chalking the tip. "Now, all you have to do is to make your ball hit the red and go into a pocket, or put the red into a pocket—or both."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Anstruther, "what a lot to think about. There! What does that count?"

"One to me," I said, and missed an easy hazard.

"Why were you so funny last night?" said Miss Anstruther.

"I am never funny," I said; "serious, humorous, stupid—perhaps—but not funny."

Miss Anstruther aimed wildly. Her ball went twice round the table and hit nothing.

"How provoking!" she said. Then she lifted her chin and rested it on the tip of her cue.

"You know what I mean," she said. "Why did you leave me alone all the evening with Mr. McDonald?"

"Well," I said, "I was talking—let me see—to Miss Bates."

"You found her amusing?"

"Not amusing. Better. Pretty."

"Oh, you couldn't call her pretty, nice, but—"

"Decidedly pretty—in her way. Now—you are plain, aren't you?" I said, seeing a likely cannon.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Anstruther, coldly.

"I mean—I'm playing with spot. By Jove!" I exclaimed, as I turned away in disgust after missing the cannon.

"There he is."

"Who?" asked Miss Anstruther.

"Mr. McDonald, walking up and down in the garden, smoking a cigar in the rain. Shall I whistle him in?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Anstruther.

"Why not?" I asked, facing round toward her. "I thought you wanted to see him."

"Oh, there's no hurry—no immediate hurry," said she. "He doesn't leave till this afternoon."

"I thought it might be something important," I said.

"It is important," said Miss Anstruther. "Oh, you are horrid," she continued, stamping her foot. "You know quite well what I shouldn't tell you should I?"

"But you haven't told me," I said, consolingly.

"Oh, but you can guess," said Miss Anstruther, shaking her head. "You must have noticed—something. And I've no right to say anything about it."

I paused judiciously.

"It seems," I said, after an appropriate interval, "quite a suitable arrangement. Mr. McDonald is very wealthy."

"Yes," said Miss Anstruther, reflectively. "He has money. But then, as have I."

"That is what makes it so suitable," I said.

"But," said Miss Anstruther, lifting her eyebrows pathetically, "he's well."

"That is true," I said. "But we all have our faults. And poverty's the worst of them."

"I don't think so," said Miss Anstruther, quickly.

"Mrs. Anstruther thinks so," I replied.

"Yes, of course, you could see mamma wanted—"

Miss Anstruther tapped the floor with her foot.

I turned to the window and watched Mr. McDonald walking up and down in the rain. Miss Anstruther sat down upon one of the cushioned benches which ran round the billiard room.

"It happened last night," she said suddenly, "when you were—"

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, you know."

"Your engagement?"

"I am not engaged."

"Not engaged? Then what are we talking about?"

"You are stupid. Don't you understand? That's what I have to decide—to tell Mr. McDonald this morning—before he goes away. Oh! I oughtn't to tell you all this. But you made me, you know. And I think you might help me."

"I would with pleasure, if I only knew."

"What should a girl do when her mother wants her to—do you know—and the man is—"

"Rich," I suggested.

"Yes, and—like that," Miss Anstruther nodded toward the window.

"It's a difficult question," I said, "a very difficult question. As you have asked me to advise you—well—do you love him?"

"You may put that aside," said Miss Anstruther with a sweep of her hand.

"That simplifies matters," I said.

"Then there comes the question of filial duty. You see, a parent judges in these matters with less—I mean with greater freedom—from personal feeling."

"But," objected Miss Anstruther, "it is a very personal matter, isn't it? Besides, I am sure mamma would never want me to—to marry anyone whom she thought I didn't love—I didn't—or, mean, if I—"

I shook my head gravely.

"You must really be frank with me, if I am to advise you profitably," I said.

"If I really cared for some one else?" said Miss Anstruther, very softly.

"Ah—there's some one else?"

Miss Anstruther nodded.

"Who doesn't care for you?"

"Oh, yes he does," said Miss Anstruther, rather quickly, raising her eyes for a moment to mine, and then dropping them again.

I was just addressing my mind to this fresh complication, when Miss Anstruther jumped up.

"Oh, but we are not playing," she said.

"It is," I said, with a sigh; for I should have preferred to follow out the subject. "You have an easy losing hazard off the red into the top pocket."

"A hazard?" said Miss Anstruther, rather vaguely.

"It is a hazard," I explained, "when you go for the pocket."

"How funny!" said Miss Anstruther, stopping in mid stroke. "It's like—"

"Yes," I said, "there are many analogies between billiards and the tender passion. But excuse me, you won't do it that way; and if you hold your cue like that, you'll dig a hole in the cloth."

I went around the table to where Miss Anstruther was standing.

"Keep quite still, and I'll show you," I said. I placed her hand in the right position at the butt end of the cue, and, holding it there, showed her how to make a proper bridge with the left hand and slide the cue smoothly and horizontally over it.

"Now," I said, still retaining a guiding hand on the cue, "if you aim so, you'll get the pocket—unless the balls kias."

Naturally I was compelled to stand very close to Miss Anstruther during this object lesson—so close that the cue that nestled round her left ear tickled my lips as my breath stirred it.

Miss Anstruther made her stroke. It was a ridiculous stroke.

"Were you really going for the pocket?" I asked.

"I think," she said, turning and facing me, "the kias spoilt it."

Miss Anstruther was strangely agitated over her failure. Thinking better to change the subject from billiards, I said:

"Tell me, what are you going to say to Mr. McDonald?"

We were, as I have said, of necessity very close together, and Miss Anstruther dropped her eyes.

"I am going to tell him," she said, "that I don't care for him—not in that way—and—"

"And that's what you meant when you said just now that—that—you couldn't say it to me?"

Miss Anstruther's attention was fixed upon the toe of her right shoe which she was tapping with the butt end of her cue. Mine was concentrated on Miss Anstruther's drooped eyelids. Consequently neither of us heard the door open.

"Hello! Playing?" said Mr. McDonald, walking round toward the marking board.

"The game," I said, looking up. "Is—let me see—two and love; isn't it, Miss Anstruther?"

Miss Anstruther looked quickly at Mr. McDonald, and then at me.

"Yes," she said.

"M'm, last for ever," said Mr. McDonald, going out and slamming the door.

"I hope so," I said, as I turned to Miss Anstruther.—Black and White.

The Czar is Providence.

A man who was present at the coronation of the late Czar says that he has kept like a never-to-be-forgotten vision the memory of the ecstasy of the crowd prostrated at the threshold of the church where the holy mystery was taking place.

"I recall," he adds, "a certain little old woman whose extraordinary fervor drew tears to our eyes. Over her dirty dress she carried a ragged bag, which contained, doubtless, a piece of black bread. She was evidently from some distant province and had been walking for a month or more, living on alms, sleeping in a stable with the cattle, impelled by a mysterious force. Perhaps she was fulfilling a vow, perhaps her poor disordered brain pictured Moscow as a place of felicity, a paradise, where the unhappy would be cured of their sorrows. Squatted in the mud, her hands clasping a shepherd's staff, she was gazing fixedly before her. Her wrinkled face of waxlike color was transfigured with enthusiasm. Her lips murmured a prayer, but her eyes were gazing into heaven. There was in this eye a superhuman expression, sad and serene at the same time. This woman was dead to all thought, to all sentiment of real life; she existed as in a dream. Touched with pity, I approached her and slipped a rouble into her hand. Without a glance at him who bestowed this fortune, the old woman evidently believed that a miracle had been accomplished, tears ran down her cheeks, and she extended her arm toward the father, toward the Czar, to whom she attributed this benefit."

—Courier Des Etats-Unis.

The people of Maine increased their savings bank deposits by two millions last year.

THE ART OF SETTING-UP.

Rules by Which to Improve Your Figure and Bearing.

How quickly one can distinguish an army or navy officer on the street, though he is a stranger! How many would give a fortune to possess such a figure and bearing! And yet almost any one who has not some natural deformity can acquire it by observing a few simple rules and practicing a few easy exercises. As you know, it takes but a few weeks or months of discipline and drill to change uncouth, slouchy, raw recruits into fine, erect and dignified soldiers.

Always, when standing or walking, hold yourself as erect as possible. Throw the shoulders back and down, elevate the chest a little and draw the chin in a trifle. When standing, the weight of the body should fall upon the ball of the foot, neither upon the heel nor the toe.

No one can have a good figure without throwing the chest well forward, the shoulders back and down and carrying the body in an erect position. Follow these simple rules strictly, and you will greatly improve your figure and bearing.

Do not bend the legs too much when walking and let the weight fall slightly more on the heel first. Swing the arms naturally, but not too much.

Be careful not to bob up and down when walking. A graceful walker seems to glide easily along. Curves are always graceful, and an angular, jerky movement is always ungainly. Grace is an acquirable quality, but we must remember that nature abhors angles and spasmodic movements. She always uses curves which are most graceful and delicate.

The reason why woman is more beautiful than man is because her form is made up of graceful curves. There are no angles whatever in a model female figure.—Success.

Cutting Them Down.

A London man recently ordered a pair of trousers from his tailor. On trying them on they proved to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night, the tailor's shop was closed, so the man took the trousers to his wife and asked her to cut six inches off and hem them over. The good lady, whose dinner had perhaps disagreed with her, brusquely refused.

The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and the eldest daughter. But before bedtime the wife, relenting, took the pants and, cutting six inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and returned them to the closet.

Half an hour later her daughter, taken with compunction for her unfilial conduct, took the trousers, cut off six inches, then hemmed and replaced them. Finally the sister-in-law felt the pangs of conscience, and she, too, performed an additional surgical operation on the garment.

When the poor fellow appeared at breakfast on Sunday, the family thought a highland chieftain had arrived.—London Answers.

Burns From a Cold Substance.

That a man can sustain serious burns from a small quantity of cold mineral substance carried in his pocket seems almost too absurd for belief, yet there is no doubt that this paradoxical accident has taken place. It is now well known that Roentgen rays, if sufficiently intense and in sufficiently long duration, exercise a destructive action upon the skin, which peels off and leaves an open sore that is slow to heal. The similar rays given out by certain minerals and called Becquerel rays, after their discoverer, now appear to be capable at very short range of inflicting "burns" also. It has been announced that the invisible rays emitted by radium, one of these substances, have an especially active effect upon the human skin.—Literary Digest.

Deep Water Fishes.

It is said by scientists that fishes and mollusks living at a depth of more than three miles under water have to bear a pressure of several tons, the weight being that of the superincumbent brine, which exerts its power from all sides. The reason they are able to bear this tremendous weight is because they have exceedingly loose tissues, which allow the water to flow through every interstice, thus equalizing the weight. When the pressure is removed, they die almost instantly.

Origin of "Uncle Sam."

During the last days of the Revolution there was a contractor named Samuel Wilson who received the stores for the army and navy of the United States, and when such were sent to him they bore the letters "U. S." for United States. Some one asked the meaning of those letters, and an individual responded that as all the goods came to Sam Wilson they stood for Uncle Sam. In that way Uncle Sam was applied to the United States.

A PRETTY HOT SPOT.

Now at Feet at the Top of a Burning Furnace Chimney.

"If you want to know what heat is," said the high climber, "you must be at the top of a chimney while the furnaces are going at full clip below. I was painting up the sides of one high chimney in Massachusetts one hot summer day. I was up about a hundred feet. I had done one, two, three sides, now I pulled myself up to shift my hook around to the fourth. My boy's chair swung down from this hook, you understand."

"It was hot enough anywhere on the top, but around the cap on the fourth side, where the wind was blowing out the smoke and heat, it was awful. I dropped my hook down and walked around to the cooler side to rest a bit. Around the cap I had a space of about a foot's width to walk on. In a moment I went back and put my hand on the hook to slide down the rope to my chair. Gee! I thought the hair would come out my head. My shoes frizzed. The hot iron of the hook blistered my hands. I could stay nowhere near it."

Again and again I went back to that hook. Each time I was driven to the other side. There in the sun and the furnace heat pouring up, blowing this way, the hook got hotter and hotter. There was no other way of getting down even. I was caught there."

"Finally in desperation I took off my undershirt and grabbed the hook with it. Blistered and burned, I half fell into my chair and managed to let myself down."—Frank Leslie's.

Curious Smoking Contest.

In Richens Westphalia a singular custom prevails. At stated intervals the veteran smokers in each district assemble in a large public hall and compete for prizes, which are awarded to those among them who can smoke the longest.

Each competitor is provided with a long pipe which has a colossal bowl. Exactly the same quantity of tobacco is put into each bowl, and after this operation is performed matches are lit and at a given signal the contest begins. Each competitor is allowed as much tobacco as he can consume, and the prize is awarded to the one who continues smoking after all the others have stopped.

In order to guard against suffocation all the windows in the hall are opened, yet even then the smoke is generally so dense that persons who are not used to tobacco are unable to endure it. Indeed, at a recent contest the smoke issued from the open windows in such volume that the local fire brigade thought the building was on fire and promptly deluged it and the unsuspecting smokers with water.

Peru's History.

The shortest history on record probably has been written by Senor Carlos Escribana, a Peruvian. It is only 100 words in length. Following is the English translation:

"The Asiatic origin of the primitive Peruvians admitted; their rudimentary civilization ended with the appearance of Manco Capac, founder of the inca empire. His thirteen successors, continuing his policy, constituted that vast theocratic and communistic monarchy which astonished the world. Conquered by Pizarro (1532), it became a Spanish colony, whose fourteen viceroys kept it in medieval darkness and whose heavy yoke provoked the independence proclaimed by San Martin (1821), cemented by Bolivar and Sucre at Junin and Ayacucho. The republic established, anarchy supervised, presidents rapidly succeeded, until the disastrous war with Chile, which, chastening minds, has prepared the future."

His Protest.

The following story is told of a certain actor who was fat and scant of breath: He was a bad actor as well as a fat one, and the gallery gaped him a little while he went through his part in a military drama. He kept his temper fairly well until toward the close of the last act, when he had to be shot dead. His supposed corpse was stretched out on the stage, but did what no respectable corpse is expected to do—it panted.

Said one irreverent galleryite to another on the opposite side of the house, "I say, Bill, look how his bellows blows."

Thereupon the wrathful corpse sat up and, with angry looks, replied, "Respect the dead."

Animals and Food.

The strongest animals exist entirely on vegetable food. It is the ferocity of the lion rather than his strength that makes him formidable. An elephant is a match for several lions and is a vegetarian. The animals with most speed and endurance—the horse, the reindeer, the antelope and others—are also vegetarians.

AD IDEAL EMPLOYMENT JUST ADDED!

Complete Biography of President McKinley

Life and Distinguished Services

of William McKinley

By MURAT HALSTEAD.

Famous Journalist and Author.

Introduction by Senator CHAUNCEY M. DEXTER, Special Chairman of the Committee on the Life of McKinley.

Containing a full account of his early life, his education, his brilliant career as a soldier in the Civil War, his patriotic record as a member of Congress, Governor of Ohio and his able administration as President. Contains his last speech and the account of his assassination, death and burial.

A Grand Life Illuminated by Faithful Service and Noble Living.

400 Pages. Handsomely illustrated with half a hundred portraits and scenes connected with the President's life. The beautiful story of the foremost American of his age, who was loved and honored at home and abroad, is here graphically portrayed by the distinguished author and life-long friend of McKinley. Illustrated with many half-toned engravings and fine illustrations of portraits and scenes made and selected by leading American artists.

A Life Record of Inspiring Example.

THE MEMORIAL VOLUME is a large book, and is bound in silk cloth and illustrated with gold leaf. It has a fine photograph of McKinley in gold on the front cover. An appropriate emblematic design. Price \$1.50.

Special Offer to Our Readers

Feeling that every family would desire to have this volume in their library, we were able to obtain a special price for the publishers to supply us with a limited quantity. We have decided to offer, with a year's subscription to the CATHOLIC JOURNAL, a copy of this volume.

The Catholic Journal, a year's Life of William McKinley.

Total.

OUR OFFER FOR BOTH

Do state price for mailing the books.

Write to-day, as our edition is limited.

Enclosed find \$... for which you will please send THE LIFE AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICES OF WILLIAM MCKINLEY, (Memorial Edition) together with THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL for one year.

Name.....

Address.....

Guaranteed to cure any case in a few hours or money refunded. Try it.

KIL-KOLD

CHOCOLATE COATED TABLETS

Prevents GRIP, MALARIA, PNEUMONIA

BEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD FOR

HEADACHE.

LEAVES NO BAD AFTER-EFFECT

For sale at all Druggists or sent postpaid for \$1.00.

U. S. Army and Navy Tablets Co., 117 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find 75 cents for 100 Tablets. I previously had a package and I am very much pleased with the great relief and all my friends when I have a headache or other ailment.

Yours truly, George W. Thompson.

U. S. Army and Navy Tablets Co., 117 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—A short time ago I received 100 Tablets. They are very much liked and I am very much pleased with the great relief and all my friends when I have a headache or other ailment.

Yours truly, George W. Thompson.