Correspondence

DANSVILLE.

The bans of marriage between Miss Katherine Mary Welch, of Dansville and Mr. Philip Gagan, of Saquoit, N.Y. have been announced in St. Patrick's church. Also between Miss Margaret Murray, of Hornellsville and Mr. Michael Driscoll, of Dansville.

Rev. Father Krischel had three marriages this week. Miss Margaret Dervenbacher to Mr. Frank Morrison and Miss Katherine Kruchten to Mr. Miles A. Woodniff on Tuesday. On Wednesday Miss Elizabeth Hanna to Mr. Geo. Beck.

St. Patrick's school will close on Wednesday evening, June 25th, with an entertainment.

Rev. Father Krischel officiated at the marriage of his sister Miss Anna, in Buffalo last week Wednesday and was celebrant of the nupital solemn high mass.

Edifying was the scene at St. Patrick's church last Sunday morning at the early mass. The occasion was the first communion of a class of boys and girls followed by the senior and junior members of the Children of Mary receiving in a body and a number of the young people of the parish not members of societies. All hearts were touched by the sight and by the words of the zealous pastor, Father Dunn. The good nuns who devoted as much time to the children and assisted in preparing them for their first communion should not be forgotten. In the afternoon the children renewed their baptismal vows and were enrolled in the scapulars.

At St. Mary's church 22 members composed the first communion class that received on Sunday morning Father Krischel's address to the children was practical and timely. In the afternoon the members renewed their baptismal vows and were enrolled in the scapular.

During the Staats Verband convention last week a cablegram was sent to the Pope congratulating him on his silver jubilee. In reply received the papal benediction was extended to all the members of the Staats Verband.

Father Krischel will offer a high mass at 8 o'clock next Sunday morning for St. Bonifacius society whose patron saint's feast occured on June 5th.

Mr. A. O Bunnell, editor of the Dansville Advertisor and ex president of the National Editorial Association in his writeup of the Staats Verband last week paid the following tribute to St. Mary's noble pastor:

"At the meeting of the Staats Verband on Sunday afternoon for organization, Rev. Father Krischel was unanimously elected honorary member of the order, an honor conferred upon but few men during the existence of the Staats Verband. But no honor could be too high no reward too great for this modest man who has done so much and such effective work to ensure the complete success of convention and jubilee under the auspices of St. Bonifacius society. Father Krischel is a genuine general, one who directs his forces without noise or flourish."

WILLARD.

Miss Anna Murray leaves this week to accept a position as reception officer, at the Woman's Reformatory, at New Bradford, N. Y.

Miss Nellie Nicholson is spending a week at her home in Ovid.

Miss Mary Gavin spent last Sunday at Seneca Falls.

Miss May Rielly attended the dedica of the new church at Penn Yan, on the 15th inst.

Miss Mary Courtney has returned from a trip to Washington, D C

Mr. Michael Ryan has left the hospital.

Gilbert Feehan, son of Mr. Patrick Feehan, is ill of small-pox in a hospital in Rochester.

Wm. Simons has left the hospital to accept a position at Kings Park hospital.

PENN YAN.

On Wednesday last occured the wedding of Margaret Halpin and P J. Flynn, of Milo, at 7 o'clock in St. Michael's church.

P. J. Culhane and brother Daniel are ready to open a new grocery under the firm name Culhane Brothers. We wish them success in their new undertaking.

To-morrow will be a memorable day for the Catholic people of Penn Yan. On that day the new church will be dedicated with a very impressive service at 11 o'clock.

The choir promises to give some very fine music and singing on Sunday next.

On Sunday last Father Hendrick spoke very feeling to his congregation it being their last Sunday in the old church.

CANANDAIGUA.

The Rev. Edward G. Widman of this parish is among those ordained at the Catheral to-day, Saturday.

The bands are working strenuously Mrs. Agnes Egan will have a trolley ride to the lake next Friday and serve refreshments and Miss Katherins Tuohey will direct a cake sale on Saturday.

All abroad for the Penn Yan dedication next Sunday. A special train will leave Canadaigua at the N.C.R.R. at 10 a. m. after arrival of trains from East and West. The Holy Name society have voted to attend in a body and it is expected that a large crowd will go down from here. Trains stops at Stanley. Returning leave Penn Yan at 5 p. m.

LIMA.

Last week the sad news reached our town of the death in southern California of Rev. D. E. O'Meara, who was born and spent his early days here. Showing a call to the priesthood in young manhood he began his studies here at the seminary and later went to St. Andrew's and St. Bernard's. Failing health compelled him to seek a milder climate and after a rest in Texas he again resumed his studies in the diocesan seminary in Cincinnati, where he was ordained three years ago. He was then appointed to a parish in southern Ohio where he labored faithfully until last March when he resigned his charge and went in quest of health to southern California where he died June 7th of pulmonary trouble, aged thirty-four years.

A solemn requiem mass was sung Monday morning, Father Fitzsimmons, celebrant, Father Garvey, deacon and [illegible] subdeacon. He leaves a [illegible] and sister in this place. Thomas O'Meara and Mrs. J. Relley; another sister, Mrs. J. Stapleton, of Batavia, who was also present at the services.

He was held in high esteem by all who knew him and will long be remembered in the prayers of a large circle of friends.

GENESEO.

Died, at Piffard, on Saturday last, Nellie O Neil, aged fifteen years. The funeral services were held at St. Mary's church, Geneseo, on Monday, Rev. A. A. Hughes, officiating.

On account of the increase in the business of manufacture of glove and mittens, Edward J. Finigan has had his work room made larger and other needed improvements at the Blue Front building on Main street.

The thirty-first anniversary exercises of the Geneseo Normal School will begin on Monday next, and close with commencement exercises on Tuesday, June 24th, at 10 o'clock a. m. There will be over a hundred graduates of the class of 1902.

The Normal baseball team was defeated by the Orioles of Rochester, by a score of 9 to 7 on Saturday last.

Dr. W. E Lauderdale purchased the McGivney farm containing about 70 acres, on Long Point road at the administrators sale at the court house on Friday, June 6th, the price being $5320. Michael Cahill is the administrator.

The young men of St. Mary's church will hold a reception and dance on Friday evening next, June 20th.

The following are the graduates of the Normal school, primary James Leary, James McGuire, Elinor and Anna Piper, Kate Marion, intermediate Joseph Ryan, Martin Schueler, Claude Lahr, John Hendricks, Mary Totten, Mary Toole, Nellie Hayes, Julia Costello.

James Flynn, who has been at Bryn Mahr, Pa. for several months, is home.

On Sunday last a first communion class of fourteen received at the 9 o clock mass. Rev A. A. Hughes spoke to the children in a pleasing manner. The altar was handsomely decorated with flowers and presented a splendid appearance. In the evening the members of the class renewed their baptismal vows and took the temperance pledge until they reach the age of 21. Father Hughes also spoke interestingly on the Sacred Heart to the Rosary society at this service.

SENECA FALLS.

The remains of Patrick McKeon, whose death was announced in last week's Journal, arrived here Saturday, at 2 p.m. accompanied by his son in law, John Smith. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at 3 o clock from St Patrick's church The Rev. Michael U. Dwyer officiating. Interment at St Columkill's cemetery. While the remains were borne into the church Charles S McBride sang "Thy Will be Done and as the remains were borne from the church "Nearer My God to Thee" was sang. The funeral was largely attended by many friends and relatives.

Do not forget the lecture by Father MacCorry to be given in Johnson Opera House Monday the 23rd. Have you purchased a ticket?

St. Patrick's school will close on June 27th.

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. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O

We, the undersigned have known F J. Cheney for the last ten years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by the firm

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O

Walding, Kinnan & 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.

Hall's Family Pills are the best

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Pursuant to an order of Hon. Geo A Benton, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Ellen Whalen late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned Joseph A. Erdle, at his place for the transaction of business as such executor, at 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y., on or before the 12th day of July, 1902. Dated, January 8th, 1902.

Joseph A. Erdle,
Executor.

MURPHY, KEENAN & KEENAN Attorneys for Executors 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 6m July 5

LAWN MOWERS SHARPENED
BY AN EXPERT.

The only place in the city where the cylinder and the bed knife are ground seperately, this insures a perfect cut.

Work called for and delivered.

All work guaranteed.

L. F. Wilder, 291 Mill Street.

Bell Phone, 1272R.

NOTICE.

We call the attention of our readers to the new fish market at 528 State St.

A full line of fresh and salt water fish, oysters, clams, &c., always on hand. Telephone orders will be given prompt attention. Both phones 1237.

Marsh W. Walzer, 528 State St.

CITY NEWS AGENTS.

The "Catholic Journal" is sold by the following newsdealers, and can be obtained of them Saturday mornings.

L. Merk, 234 Main Street East.
Yawman & Stupp, 20 Clinton Ave. N.
Vorberg Bros., 126 State St.
Mrs. K. L. Wilcox, 1054 Main St. East.
Metzger Bros., 706 Clinton Ave. N.
Mrs. Peters, 366 North St.
W. E. Root, 628 Clinton Ave. N.
Geo. F. Root, 276 Main St. East.
Leo Spiegel, 371 Hudson Ave.
I. Johnson, 193 Lyell Ave.
Wm. Gay, 169 Monroe Ave.
Mrs. A. E. Danihy, 601 Clinton Ave. N.
A. E. Hauser, 320 North St.

Send us your Job Printing.

THE REASON.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing,
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing,"
That's the very thing I heard her say,
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle" Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way,
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing,"
Now I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if the boys can whistle and do it well,
Why can't girls—will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father, and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing"

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,
"They will make you whistle enough some day."

CONTAINED IN HORACE.

One evening, not many years ago, George Wilson made his way through one of the streets of New Haven.

His full name, as it appeared in the catalogue of the university, was George Ellis Wilson, of Smithville, Pa. He had just eaten supper, and hurried across the busy streets and down this little lane till he came to a dimly lighted, second-hand bookstore. After pausing at the threshold long enough to shake the snow from his coat, he entered.

The air of the room had the musty odor peculiar to old books, and the little old man who kept the store seemed to have absorbed some of the musty learning of his shop, such a scholarly stoop did he have and so dusty were his clothes.

An effort had been made to sort some of the books, and over several shelves was hung the label "Religious," and over some others "Greek and Latin," while in the extreme corner were "Translations."

Wilson eyed these last suspiciously, for he had "boned" his way through preparatory school, and he had made up his mind not to "horse" through college.

Turning to the Latin books, he looked them through till he came to a copy of Horace, somewhat the worse for wear, but still serviceable. Wilson glanced over the pages of the Horace and decided that it would answer his purpose, paid the old man thirty-five cents, put the book in his pocket, and went out into the street.

The next morning he got up late, and in his hurry to get to breakfast put on the coat just as he had left it the night before. At chapel, however, during the long prayer, while the president was imploring "blessings for the heathen in all lands," under which head Wilson would have little thought himself included, he pulled out the Horace and looked at the fly-leaf.

There were two of the initials of the former owner, W. B., and his class, '55. The last name had been carefully scratched out. Up in the corner there was a note, evidently written during some recitation thirty years before. "Can you tutor me an hour in trig. to-morrow?"

By the time that Wilson had observed this much the prayer was ended, and the president was walking down the middle aisle while the seniors, in accordance with a custom handed down from long ago, were making prodigious bows as he passed, and falling in unceremoniously behind him.

Pocketing the book, Wilson returned to his room, and after a few preliminaries began to get ready to study.

No one can study a book until he has thumbed it over and over and made himself familiar with it. The first thing Wilson did, therefore, was to glance over the pages of his "Horace," and see what sort of fellow its former owner was.

On the fifth page he saw something that attracted his attention. Written in a man's hand, in rather small characters, as though the writer would not have it too public, and on the inner edge of the leaf was the name "Mary."

Smiling to himself, Wilson turned on. Nothing else noteworthy appeared till he came to what was evidently a very difficult passage on the fifty-first page, for the leaf was badly worn and soiled, and written in the same hand as before were the names "Mollie" and "Mame."

Wilson turned to the first ode, and worked steadily over the dictionary for two hours. Then he started for the recitation room.

The professor was William B. Henderson, but the boys always called him Billie behind his back, and occasionally some one made a slip and called him Billie to his face.

He was very serious, seldom known to smile, and a regular "grinder." Stories were abundant about some love affair that he had while a student at Yale, and of a girl whom he had been engaged to, who left him for a wealthier man and a trip to Europe.

But stories about college professors are common, and no one pays much attention to them. No one supposed that Billie Henderson could ever have thought much of anything except Latin.

Every time that Wilson took up his Horace to study, his eye caught sight of "Mary" or "Molly," or "Mame."

One day, in looking over the notes in the back of the book, Wilson made a discovery. Down in the corner of a page in the same handwriting was "My Mary."

"I'd like to know who that fellow was, and what became of Mary," thought Wilson. "What a nice little plot for a true story! I could make out a whole love affair from these names in the book. Let's see. Something like this:

"Chapter I. Student comes to New Haven from Western home, is hazed, meets a pretty girl, name Mary something or other; tries to study Horace, ands finds himself writing 'Mary' in his book.

"Chapter II. Takes her to glee club concert, borrows money for the tickets and gets uncomfortably in debt, becomes absent minded, and begins to write 'Mollie' and 'Mame.'

"Chapter III. Scene—A beautiful parlor. Mary, beautiful and collected, seated on a sofa. Student, with one hand in coat pocket, standing by grate fire, with one hand in coat pocket, fire, with one elbow on mantel. He complains of his hard luck in Horace; is sure to flunk on exam. Mary consoles him tenderly. Student goes over to sofa, looks into Mary's dark eyes, tells her the trouble is that his Horace sings of no one but Mary, and that the rest of his fellows and the professor don't translate that way. Mary blushes beautifully. He takes her hand, and they are very happy.

"Chapter IV. The fellow goes to his room and writes 'My Mary' in his Horace, and flunks on the exam.

Suddenly another idea struck him. He turned around and started for his room. On reaching it he took a triennial catalogue and looked through to see what names in the class of '55 had the initials W. B. To his perplexity, he found several names with these initials.

"Well, if there isn't Billie Henderson's name! I never thought of it, but I suppose his name is really William," said Wilson to himself. "He could never have owned this book, though, for he must have been a regular grind."

The term was drawing to a close, when one day Professor Henderson announced to his class that they could bring their own copies of "Horace" to the class-room on the next day. They would do some reading at sight, he explained, and the class would be allowed to use what notes were to be found in their books. The next day, therefore, Wilson took his "Horace" to class.

The passage which was assigned to him was the one which the former owner had found so difficult and had sought relief for his feelings by writing Mame" and "Mollie" on the margin of the page. Wilson, however, buckled in manfully, and when called on translated with some fluency and sat down.

The professor looked over the top of his glasses and said, rather sternly:

"I do not understand, Mr Wilson, how you obtain the meanings that you give to some of the words."

Wilson hesitated a moment, and then a happy thought struck him. Something that he had seen in the notes came to his mind.

"I think, professor," he said, "that my text must differ from yours."

Ah said the professor. "Let me see your text."

The professor took the book and glanced over the page. His expression changed in a moment. Old memories seemed to come up, and he leaned his head on his hand and looked steadily at the book.

Finally he raised his eyes, and, handing the book to Wilson, said:

"You are quite right, Mr Wilson."

After the recitation was over, Professor Henderson called Wilson to his desk.

"I should like, Mr Wilson," he said, "to obtain that copy of Horace from you when you are through with it, if you have no objection to parting with it. It's an odd edition, you know," he added, in explanation, "and I should like to have it to compare with other texts."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Wilson, as soon as he was well away from the recitation-room. "Who would have thought it!"

And he buttoned up his coat and hurried to his room to tell the story to Johnson.

City Noises.

It's pretty hard to write in the city these wide open-window days.

The cars you can screen off, but the sounds from the street venders strike your ear with a sickening thud.

"Strorberries!"

"Here's your fine sparrowgrass, only ten a bunch!"

"Grass cut, lady?"

"Any ol' clothes?"

Then the old man with the cart full of crockery appears, rattling two plates together like tambourines, until I am ready to shriek.

He finds mine an attractive block, for he stays around for an hour or more.

Then the hand organ appears. It is on wheels, is propelled by a man and woman, and shoots off melody like a park of musical artillery.

When they have gone, two ruffians with fog-horn voices terrify us with fierce assertions regarding an "extror!"

Some of my neighbors buy it, but I have been caught by such before.

They fade away at last, and then the man next door starts in on his flute practice.

There is an altercation in the basement between the butcher's boy and the servant, and a man begins to beat a carpet two houses away.

Then a chap with a homicidal face ushers along a bony horse and a cart full of potted plants and flowers.

"Flowers, lady? Dese are fine, dese are!"

I am wondering what chance a full hatrack would have if he were alone with it, when my servant emerges and noses the posies with an anxious look.

She buys three, and comes upstairs with her arms full and a face filled with delight.

She wants them for her room, she says, and she is so happy at having them that I share in the general joy.

But they are measly, wretched looking things! Forced for sale, and will be dead in a couple of days.

He has given her a bad ten cent piece too, but as he is out of sight and her time is valuable, I take the dime off her hands, and she goes off with her floral prizes.

It's all very trying when one is striving to write, but I have got an item out of it, anyway.—New York Recorder.

Some Interesting Figures.

Mr. Henry Gannett, an able and painstaking statistician, calculates that in 1880 the wealth of the United States was $43,642,000,000, or an average of $870 to each inhabitant; that it was about $62,600,000,000 in 1890, or about $1,000 to each inhabitant, and that at both dates it was greater than the wealth of any other nation. Mr. Gannett finds that 5 per cent. of the total wealth of the country is owned by millionaires, 27 per cent. by people worth from $100,000 to $1,000,000 each, 25 per cent. by those worth from 10,000 to $100,000 27 per cent., the largest percentage by those worth from $1,000 to $10,000 each, and 6 per cent. by those owning less than $1,000 each.—Boston Herald.

BEYOND?

After the story has once been told—
After one's had his little fling
At the world, and found the apples of gold
Are gilt, and rapidly tarnishing—
After the curtains begin to fall,
Tell me, what is back of it all?

Oh, life is fair at the break of day,
As the sun climbs up the eastern hill,
And the flowers are sweet along the way
We gather with lavish hands until
We find the hills grow rugged and steep,
And shadows across the pathway creep.

And life at noontide is not half bad
Sure we have learned a lesson or two,
Have bought our experience, gay or sad,
And paid our toll in passing through
The little gate beside which stands
Old Father Time, with outstretched hands.

But when the light begins to wane,
And shadows deepen around our way,
What does it matter, the loss or gain?
What does it count, our work or play?
After the curtain begins to fall,
Tell me, what is back of it all?

—Arthur D. Randolph in December Lippincott's

A THOUGHTFUL DOG.

When Paula lost her dog Bronzo, her chief sympathizer was Aylmer Rivers a bald-headed barrister who had been her admirer since her debut.

He went so far as to offer to supply the aching void in Paula's heart by supplying a pup of undoubted pedigree in place of the lost.

Oh, I could not put another in his place so soon was the tearful reply.

A day or two after he was at work over a brief which was marked Urgent when a tinkle of the earphone bell roused him from a deep fit of reflection into which he had fallen over the presentation of some technical point in the case before him. Indeed, so lost in thought was he that although he heard the bell, he gradually awoke to consciousness of the fact that it had rung more than once before he had applied his ear to the tube.

"Are you there," Mr. Rivers?" asked an impatient voice.

"All right," replied Aylmer, not at first observing any difference between the accents he was answering and those that were in the habit of reaching him from the office of Messrs. Blank & Dash. "What d'ye want?"

"Oh, I want to speak to you, Mr. Rivers," reiterated the voice.

"Well, go on, then," replied Aylmer, impatiently, anxious to return to the papers which were scattered all over his table.

"It's me Paula," he distinguished out of the reverberation of the dark tube.

"Delighted, I'm sure," replied Aylmer. "I never expected such a pleasure What can I do for you, Miss Lorraine?"

There was a moment's hesitation; then he could hear a sigh, and a little nervous laugh.

"Oh, I don't know quite how to tell you. Do you think anyone can hear us," asked the voice hesitatingly.

"Certainly not. Pray go on, I'm listening intently," was the reply.

There was another pause. Then the words came with a rush.

"I wanted to tell you that I have been thinking over what you said to me the other night, Mr. Rivers," the voice said, "and that I—er—I accept your kind offer."

Now Aylmer had completely forgotten all about the dog and its loss, as well as his offer to replace the lo idol with one of his own selection. Th important case upon which he was engaged held possession of all his thinking faculties. The word "offer" in connection with his thoughts of Paula could have for him only one meaning. He dropped the tube and gasped for breath as the words fell upon his listening ear. To him they bore but one interpretation.

But how reply to such a declaration through a medium? Why could he not annihate the obstacles that intervened and clasp his Paula to his heart? While he paused to put together words which should fitly acknowledge his happiness in receiving so unexpected an announcement, the bell rang again vociferously.

"You won't forget, Mr. Rivers, will you and come up soon to tell me about it. I shall expect you this evening."

"Thanks, thanks, awfully," was all Aylmer had time to reply before he heard the telephone shut off. I will not fail, though 'tis twenty years till thence, he murmured to himself as he sank back in his chair, bewildered at what had happened.

He pushed his books from him and piled them one on top of the other, closing them without any care as to the references he had been seeking when his meditations had been so unexpectedly broken in upon. He was possessed by a natural feeling of pleasurable surprise at so extraordinarily an attainment of his most cherished hopes, but, strange to say the pleasure faded more quickly than the surprise.

He set himself to analize the reason of this, and could not conceal from his inner consciousness the fact that, in acting as she had just done, Paula did not seem quite to realize that lofty idea which the average man is apt to look for in the ordinary woman wher he has set the seal of his choice upon her. Yet he endeavored to persuade himself it was, after all a very easy, if unusual way of intimating her preference, and for him that was the main point at issue.

The modern maiden, he argued could not always be expected to follow the traditions of her maternal ancestors, and the love affairs of the present day were bound to be affected by the environment of the age. And was not after all, such a means of communication more prudent than writing a letter, which his legal instincts warned him might not always be read without prejudice, and which might be preserved as a proof of indiscretion?

Go to-night? Of course he would Was ever time so laggard in its flight! If she had not specially named the hour he would have rushed to her then and there. But he knew she lived in a whirl of social engagements, and had to content himself with the reflection that she could probably be "not at home" were he to call earlier than the time appointed.

Unable to stand the confinement of his rooms, he went for a walk to work something off his excitement Returning he dressed himself with care, dined earlier than was his custom, and arrived as soon as he thought he might decently present himself at the gate of Surbiton Villa.

The door opened. "Oh, Mr. Rivers, I'm so glad you've come, but I don't know what you'll think of my changing my mind so easily," said the girl shyly.

But Aylmer was not at the other end of the telephone now—he advanced boldly toward her.

"My darling, how can I ever thank you enough?" he exclaimed rapturously, as he took her in his arms, and in another moment would have kissed her but the expression on Paula's face stopped him.

"Mr. Rivers," she gasped, "how dare you?"

Aylmer stepped back angry and ashamed. But Paula spoke first.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct, may I ask? and where, oh where is the dog you promised me?"

But Aylmer's mind was too full of the repulse he had received rightly to understand the illusion.

"Dog!" he exclaimed. "What dog? I—I really don't know what you mean, Miss Loraine. I can only suppose that I am the victim of some practical joke. You spoke to me this morning through the telephone, I thought, and you invited me here this evening."

Paula nodded assent.

"And you told me," he continued emphatically, "that you accepted my offer."

"I accepted your offer of a dog, Mr. Rivers," she said, as soon as she could speak.

"I supposed you meant of myself."

"How could I accept you when you never asked me?" inquired Paula archly, the smiles still chasing one another over her mobile lips.

"But you know how much I love you?" pleade Aylmer.

"Of course," admitted Paula, with an air of omniscience. "Don't women always know? But they don't accept a man before he asks them—usually."

"Then let the exception prove the rule in this case," pleaded Aylmer.

"And be called Miss Judy Baxter all the rest of my days," pouted Paula.

"I haven't the honor of that lady's acquaintance, said Aylmer, looking mystified, and should prefer you to be called Mrs. Rivers. But prove your love for me by suffering that indignity, if it be one, but I thought I was too old to mate with youth and beauty such as yours."

"You are quite, quite sure, murmured Paula coyly, and you won't say it was all my doing?"

"Never," said Aylmer reassuringly. "On the contrary, I shall attribute my happiness to Bronzo, and will always consider it a proof, if proof were wanting of his marvelous intelligence and foresight."

"The darling," sighed Paula.

"My darling!" amended Aylmer.

Improvements at Mount Vernon.

The new foundation of the mansion and the restoration of the greenhouse and slave quarters have been regarded as the most important work of the past year. Among the plans to be carried out is the repainting of the entire mansion. The spacious old hallway, which is finished in an old design of wallpapering of a deep brown, is also to be done over as in time of Washington. The walls will be tinted yellow, with white trimmings, and the colonial colors will be accurately carried out.

One of the most valuable gifts received during the session of the regents is the magnificent rug presented by Mrs. Harrison Whelan, of Philadelphia. The carpet was a gift of Louis XVI. to Gen. Washington, and now after a lapse of a century or more adorns the floor of the banqueting hall In the centre is a striking design of the American coat-of-arms. The background of the carpet is a rich leaf green, studded with seventeen gold stars. A handsome border completes the finish.

Another relic received was a sandbox. Gen. Washington used this to sift sand upon his letters and documents to dry the ink. The gift was from Marcus Clifford Martin, whose grandfather, William Baker, was one of the minutemen at Concord, and to whom the relic had belonged.—Washington Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

Two Famous Log Cabins.

At the Tennessee Centennial Exposition are to be exhibited the old cabin birthplaces of two famous American citizens. These cabins are genuine, as certified by affidavits in the possession of the owner and exhibitor.

The Rev. W. G. Bigham, a Methodist minister, while traveling a circuit which embraced parts of Todd and Hardin Counties, Ky., bought the two log cabins and the land on which they stood. One of the cabins was built by Tom Linkhorn, and in it he lived with his wife, Nancy Hanks. In this cabin, without a floor, Abe Lincoln was born in the year 1809. Every log, except a few that did not withstand the ravages of time and the weather, is preserved.

The other cabin is one in which the President of the late Confederacy was born. It came from near Fairview, Todd county, Ky. Mr. Davis was born here in 1808, and when sixty-six years old was given a banquet by old citizens of Fairview in the very same cabin. In responding to a toast he referred to the fact that he had stood in the halls of Congress, and in other historic places in America and other countries, but none of these had stirred his emotions as much as when once again standing in the old cabin in which he was born.—Nashville Banner.

Appalling Facts.

Public baths, if one may judge from a report recently published in England, are not always, as one would naturally suppose, conducive to public health. Professor Raginsky, who has issued the report, has been investigating the condition of the water in several public baths, and the result is something appalling. Before any one entered the water it was, he said, so full of microbes that it hardly seemed possible that one more could find room. But twelve hours later, after about two hundred of all sorts and conditions of bathers had been in, it contained no less than ninety thousand germs to the cubic centimetre, and the germs were of a distinctly unpleasant character.