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THE HIGHLAND MAID AN OLD-TIME HORSE THAT FATE ROBBED OF A CAREER.

The Mare That Challenged Flora Temple's Supremacy, and Lost Through the Slipping of a Check Rein.

"Flora Temple will ever hold a place in the history of trotting as the wonder of her day and generation," said James W. Hoyt of Chester, ex-Sheriff of Orange county, who, at 86, is perhaps the last survivor of the old-time school of horsemen and drivers, of which Hiram Woodruff and his famed contemporaries were the exemplars.

"One day in the fall of 1852 I was driving with my brother Ezekiah Hyt along the road near Bellevue over near the Jersey line, and in passing along by the Wilson farm I scared up a mare that was pasturing in a field on a pace at first, but quickly fell into a trot. What a gall that was! I knew at once that mare was a good one. She belonged to Bayard Wilson, if I had had \$300 with me I could



Highland Maid.

have got her for that sum, but when I went back next day Wilson wanted \$400 for the mare, and I gave him \$350 and my brother put in an old horse of his for the balance.

"I soon found I had made no mistake in the mare. She was built to go. No matter how fast I urged her she never broke unless her check rein came loose. Then she wouldn't trot at all. She didn't drive by her bit, but balanced on her check. The least pull on her bit would fret her. I could drive her without reins, holding to her tail and speaking to her. She was entirely untrained and had never seen a racetrack in her life.

"In the spring of 1853 I thought I might be able to make a good sale of this mare if I took her down among the city horsemen. I had in my mind particularly Jim McMann, one of the greatest New York sporting men of that day, who kept the famous Lafayette Hall in Broadway, and had as partner George Spicer, the great trotting horse driver, who drove Conqueror in the historic 100-mile trot against time in 9 hours and 36 minutes. I lived at Middletown then. I hitched Highland Maid to an old sulky and the first day I jogged her to Hackensack, fifty miles. The next morning I started on for Hoboken ferry.

"About five miles this side of Hoboken was a little roadside place where teamsters and others driving across the meadows used to stop to water their horses and refresh themselves. I stopped there to get a cigar and as I was coming out to get into the sulky again a couple of gentlemen going toward Hoboken drove up. They had just got out of their wagon when a number of children came skipping by. One of them threw up his hat and scared the mare. It sprang forward and away it went down the road on a dead run. The men were alarmed, of course, but I jumped into my sulky and shouted to them:

"Don't worry! I'll catch your horse for you."

"I spoke to the maid and she swung into a trot that no other horse then on earth could equal. The runaway had a long start of us and was going up the hill like a racehorse. We passed him before he had gone a quarter of a mile, the maid trotting by him as if he was standing still. I drove on a little way, stopped the mare got out of the sulky, and when the runaway came along I managed to get him by the bit and stop him. "The men followed me over the hill. A well-known resort, the Bergen House, was on one border of the meadow that intervened between that spot and Hoboken proper, a stretch of perhaps three-quarters of a mile. The men insisted that I should get out and have something with them. As we were having something, and the men were still wondering and talking about the exploit of my mare, a man whose name I learned was McCarty, a wealthy resident of Newark, drove up with a rattling good horse and stopped.

"Why," I said, "up our way we drive faster than that when we go to funerals." And I spoke to the maid. She left the crack Newark trotter so far behind that he never knew he was in the race.

"One day Jack Nodine, one of the conspicuous horse owners, drivers and dealers of that day, came to me and said he had a green horse he wanted to work out on the track, and asked me if I wouldn't drive my mare against her to get her into the idea that she was racing, so she might show better what was in her. I was glad to do it and it wasn't long before I saw that Nodine's mare was a trotter, although she broke under urging. The maid stepped along with her when Nodine's mare was going her limit, as easy as it was nothing more than a jog.

"I didn't know then that the alleged green mare of Nodine's was none other than the crack trotter Great Mountain Maid, a mare that had given Flora Temple some of her closest races, but she was.

"A little while after that Jack Nodine came over to the stable where I had the mare and said he wanted to buy a tracker and that he thought my mare would make a good one. I smiled and said I thought she would. He asked me what I'd sell her for. I told him she belonged to my wife, and I didn't know whether she would sell but I would find out. A couple of days later Jack came around again and told him my wife would sell the mare for \$125,000.

"For how much?" said he.

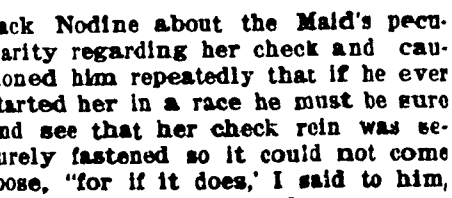
"Twelve hundred dollars," said I. "He opened his eyes and said that was a pretty stiff price for a tracker. I said yes, it was. He looked at me and then said: "How fast is she?" "I told him I didn't know. "Will she show better than '40?" said he.

"I told him I thought she would, and he said that if she could beat '40 he would take her at my price. We drove quietly over to Centerville track. There was no one there. I sent the maid around and Jack held the watch on her.

"She made it in '37" said he when he came around, and he bought the mare, although he left her in my custody. I didn't know until a good while after that that the mare had turned the track that day, not in 2:37, but in 2:27—and I hadn't urged her at all.

"About that time Jack Nodine went to the Albany races with Black Douglas, one of the great trotters of that day. Some driver or owner was working out horses every day on the Union course. Groups of horsemen, sporting men and others interested in trotting were constant spectators, and the maid seemed always to take their eyes. One day the driver of Grey Eddy had the great trotter on the course, and I brushed with him and let the mare go. She went away from him and kept the gait. Jim McMann was there that day, and he and Walter Meyer who afterward owned George M. Patchen, and Jones, the big lottery man, held their watches on her. I saw the look of amazement on their faces when the mare finished the mile. And it had a right to be there, too, for their watches recorded the fact that the untrained Orange county mare had turned the track in 2:18.

"Flora Temple was then carrying everything before her on the trotting track. Her best time was 2:30 1/2. When Jack Nodine went to Albany he authorized me to make a match between the maid and Flora for \$5,000 a side, but for some reason Flora's owner wouldn't consent. When Nodine returned, however, a match for a purse of \$2,000 was made. The sportsmen had watched the maid, but had said nothing, and when the day of the race came—June 15, 1853—the public were surprised to find the maid the favorite in the betting against the peerless Flora Temple. I had told



Flora Temple.

Jack Nodine about the maid's peculiarity regarding her check and cautioned him repeatedly that if he ever started her in a race he must be sure and see that her check rein was securely fastened so it could not come loose. "For if it does," I said to him, "she won't trot three rods."

"Hiram Woodruff drove Flora Temple in that race. Jack Nodine drove the maid. In the first heat the maid forced Flora to trot in 2:28. The maid won the second heat, carrying in 2:27. The odds were then 100 to 10 on the third heat the maid's check rein hung loose! The race was won by Flora from that moment. The maid being lost without the familiar balance of her check, would not or could not trot, and Flora Temple won as she pleased in 2:32. "Not one in all the thousands of spectators of that race ever knew why the maid, with all her speed and faultless gait, was dismanned in that heat but the backers of Flora won hundreds of thousands of dollars, the maid lost the chance to win the title of Queen of Trotters, and the history of racing was entirely changed by the simple throwing of a checked rein.

Kindly Words.

At the Second Presbyterian church, Penn avenue, Pittsburg, the pastor, Rev. S. Edward Young, Sunday morning, June 1st, selected his texts from the Acts xviii: 16: "When we come to Rome." He said in part: "To-day Rome is the religious center for half the Christian world. Whatever our belief concerning certain doctrines of the Catholic church, whoever sees the sweet spirituelle face those piercing eyes, that intellectual head, that supremely man, Pope Leo, will believe in him. Ninety-three winters leaves him yet with vision undimmed, with zeal unabated and with voice lovely as a lute and clear as a clarion. Though he could command the luxuries of Caesars, his table costs probably 20 cents a day, and barring the pomp of public occasions, his life is unremitted toil and severe frugality.

"Surely the time has come when Catholics and Protestants should quit hating each other for the love of God. Let there be no strife except the effort to surpass each other in doing good. The serious issue now is not between Catholics and non-Catholics, but between religion and no religion. It is Rome and its history that teaches anything, is it not that we should sheathe the sword and preach the Gospel."

Death of a Prominent Indian Catholic. The Catholic Sentinel of Portland, Ore., mentions the death of Chief Sataste of the Coeur d'Alene Indian tribe who was a notable figure in that part of the country. He was converted forty-four years ago by a Jesuit missionary, and was instrumental in converting the whole tribe. His religious fervor and special devotion to the Sacred Heart were particularly notable. In his last moments he was attended by the Jesuit fathers, whom he had always loved. Upward of six hundred Indians attended the solemn requiem mass and he was borne to his last resting place by six Indians.

Playing a "Skin Game." A colored Methodist preacher recently declared at Baltimore that the Catholic church was the only church in Maryland in which the white and colored races sit next to each other without hurting the feelings of the colored race. The reason for this Catholic democracy is, that Holy Mother, the Church, looks more to the welfare of the souls of her children than to the color of their skin. Those churches that bar or insult the colored people are playing a "skin game."

Does the Pope go to Confession? Does a Pope go to confession, and to whom? Yes. He chooses his own confessor, just as the people, especially those living in large parishes or in large cities, select to whom they will confess. It is customary for priests to go to confession weekly. St. Charles Borromeo, when Archbishop of Milan, Italy, went to confession every day. His faults were few and small, but bringing sorrow for the faults of the day, or of his previous life, he could receive absolution. And there is some wonderful help in absolution that nothing else supplies. Each sacrament has its own special grace in addition to the general effects of grace that we know belong to all the sacraments. Again, a person who goes to confession regularly each week is in the way to gain all the ordinary indulgences whose even confession is one of the requisites. So it may be presumed that the Holy Father goes to confession every week.—Donahoe's Magazine.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Brunnetiere will take part in the congress of religious music which begins at Bruges Belgium, next August.

Bishop Cormont of Martinique is a native of Paris, and was once an attorney in the cabinet of the French minister of finance.

Father Powers has begun his novel open air meetings in Edinburgh Grass Market, Scotland. Large crowds attend these meetings and a unique feature is the pledge to abstain from all intoxicating liquors on Saturday, from noon until midnight. It is known as the twelve-hour pledge.

In the tour of inspection that the Archbishop of Tuam has been making of his different parishes in Ireland, he expresses himself as thoroughly pleased, and spoke of the satisfaction it was to him to see the flourishing state of religion, education and temperance.

Two Franciscan nuns recently celebrated their golden jubilee in Glasgow, Scotland. Rev. Mother Claire and sister Agatha have in their respective spheres of activity, accomplished much for religion and education in Scotland. The touching ceremony according to the ritual provided by the church was performed by Bishop Maguire.

The Catholic church will be given one-fourth the entire space allotted to the religious exhibit at the St. Louis fair.

President Roosevelt has appointed Mr. Benjamin F. Barnes, a graduate of the Jesuit University at Georgetown, his assistant secretary.

Of a class which Bishop Curtis confirmed at St. Ann's church, Baltimore, Sunday, June 2, one hundred and fifteen were converts. On the same day, at Joliet, Ill., twenty converts embraced the faith as the result of a recent mission by the Paulists, and a class of fifty-two in under instruction. This is church progress in concrete and unmistakable form.

"Out of the House of Bondage" BY BALDWIN SEARS Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

"Gwendolen, lay your knee in that chair? Why, my dear, one would think you were a child of five." "My dear Gwendolen, do stop drumming on the window—such a lack of dignity." Gwen stood up stiffly. "I suppose you mean that you don't like to see an old maid doing anything except old maidly things," she said as cuttingly as she dared. Francesca and Harriet looked at her, at their mother and at each other. "Is there nothing you can do which would not be 'old maidly,' as you call it?" asked Harriet mildly. "What shall I do?" demanded Gwen. "Can't you read to aunt?" "No, I can't," interrupted Gwen fiercely. "I'm as horse as a crow from screaming into aunt's ear trumpet for an hour." "Have you practiced this?" began Francesca. "Practiced?" repeated her youngest sister, with still greater scorn. "What for? Haven't I practiced fifteen years for nothing? Nobody wants to hear me play. It's a perfect farce, doing things just because other people do them. I shan't do it any longer though." And Gwen, her tall figure quivering with defiance, rushed out of the parlor and up to her room.



"MAY I TURN BACK WITH YOU?" SAID MR. WARDE.

gloomy house where her two energetic sisters were always criticising, commanding and forbidding. She threw herself on the bed and tried not to cry. Harriet stood in the doorway, and Gwen had jumped to her feet. "Gwendolen, Mr. Warde is down stairs, and he has asked for you." "He probably wants me to go and visit old women," said Gwen. "I shan't. I hate old women." But Harriet had gone down stairs again to talk to the young assistant. Gwen followed slowly. Francesca looked up first when Gwen opened the parlor door.

"Mr. Warde has come to ask us all to help with the services during Lent, Gwendolen," she said briskly. "He wants us to sing in the volunteer choir. I told him you would like to very much."

Gwen bit her lip and looked straight ahead. Mr. Warde waited politely until Francesca had finished, then he turned to Gwen. "You know I have charge of the Lenten services, and I want them to be as beautiful as we can make them," he said, his eyes on her steadily. "I want to get some one to play for us too. Can't you help me to find some one, Miss Gwen?"

"Oh, Mr. Warde, let me play." For a moment there was a stunned silence, while poor Gwen's words rang back to her shrilly.

But Mr. Warde was smiling. "It will be a great pleasure to have you take it," he said. His answer broke the spell. Francesca and Harriet rose as one to protest. "Why, Gwendolen, what a thing to ask! Of course she couldn't, Mr. Warde."

"Why, certainly she can do it. Can't you, Miss Gwen?" But her fine flare of courage was gone. "I don't know," she stammered. "Nonsense, child! Of course you can't. She'll be very glad to sing with us, Mr. Warde," Harriet smiled, and shrunk into herself again.

claim that followed, with more sure than usual. She was a little as she went down to the street after the evening meal.

But her eyes fixed on the door of the afternoon. She knew she was to play on the big organ after a week's practice. She had done it before at the Sunday school. She would do it just because Mr. Warde had asked her. She gave a scared start. A black ebon figure had stopped before her. "May I turn back with you?" Mr. Warde's kind eyes pretended not to see the tears in Gwen's. "I want to ask you when you will come over to practice," he went on, quite as if it were a settled thing.

"I knew that you could play. I have heard you often as I passed the house," he explained when she looked at him bewildered. "You will not fail me, will you?" he asked, with an earnestness that sent the blood flying to Gwen's pale cheeks. "Because," he added, "it would be a great, very great, disappointment to me."

"No," answered Gwen, scarcely realizing what she said. "I promise to come."

She only half heard what Mr. Warde was talking about as he walked back with her. She was living in a dream. But at the gate, as he turned to leave her, she gasped, "Please don't tell them that I have promised," and was gone. But though she did not see it, Mr. Warde looked after her as though he understood.

"Where are you going, Gwendolen?" asked Harriet cheerfully. Gwen stared nervously and looked around. "It was 4 o'clock Monday afternoon as the elder sister came suddenly into the hall and met Gwen, who was hurrying toward the front door in a suspiciously silent manner.

"I'm going down town," answered Gwen. "Well, wait and I will go with you." Gwen took a great breath. "I—I can't wait, Harriet. I've an engagement."

Harriet smiled. "An engagement, eh?" She was always good naturedly indulgent of her sister's "childish ways." "And it can't wait?" "No, it can't. I've promised Mr. Warde that I'd be there at 4."

"Mr. Warde! You've promised him? Harriet stared. What did this sudden independence mean? Harriet came close to the door. She was large and fair and had a smiling determination. Gwen did not look up. She knew that one glance from those large, light blue eyes would defeat her bravest plans. Suddenly she flung up her head, her eyes sparkling. "I have promised to help him, and I am going now!" And, flinging open the front door, she rushed into Mr. Warde's arms as he walked up the steps.

"Oh, Mr. Warde!" she began. "Why, Miss Gwen, what is this?" he asked, with some alarm, for she was sobbing hysterically and clinging to his sleeve.

At that moment he saw Harriet. Instantly he turned and beat his hands close to Gwen's, and, holding her hands firmly in his, he said softly: "Gwen, I had not meant to ask you yet, but—Gwen, will you marry me some day? Answer me, dear, before you look up, and then we will go in together." And low as her answer was he smiled when he heard it.

"Yes," said Gwen, "if—if Harriet will let me."

Statistics of Thunderstorms. Statistics in regard to the frequency of thunderstorms in various parts of the world are given as follows by a German periodical: Java, 84 thunder storms on the average 97 days in the year; Sumatra, 26; Hindustan, 26; Borneo, 24; the Gold Coast, 22; Rio Janeiro, 21; Italy, 20; West Indies, 20; south Guinea, 20; Buenos Ayres, Canada and Austria, 20; Baden, Wurtemberg, Hungary, 22; Silesia, Bavaria and Belgium, 21; Holland, 18; Saxony and Brandenburg, 17; France, Austria and south Russia, 16; Spain and Portugal, 15; Sweden and Finland, 6; England and the high Swiss mountains, 7; New York, 4; Cairo, 3. In the Tropics, as well as in the extreme north there are almost no thunderstorms. The northern limits of the thunderstorm are Cape Ogil, northern part of North America, Iceland, North Russia and the coast of the Siberian sea.

Good Spirits. The mystic is ever-attractive, and the question of spirits and the best use to be made of them when they appear is one that may well be treated with thought and deliberation. To some modern families they do no harm. People go through this life with twenty-four hours to their day just as others have and so far as any true observations are made by any chance favored with the apparition of good spirits. These reveal a lot about the world, and the world, not to be so done in pollution, grows back at them. When they meet fair women, they destroy those spirits, or so they say, and go off with glowing triumph, no richer themselves, and leaving the other parties to the economic bankrupt and lonely.

One of the leading ladies in the town was engaged to marry a man who was a distinguished lawyer. When he had finished their wedding, she was very much surprised when she saw the bridegroom. She had expected a man of a certain type, but she found a man who was very different from what she had expected. She was very much surprised when she saw the bridegroom. She had expected a man of a certain type, but she found a man who was very different from what she had expected.

That helped Gwen to bear the...