

"SEVENTY-THREE" BY NORMAN HAMPTON

Ralph Bawn had made out a pretty fair summer after all. Looking back to the dread with which he had regarded the season, he felt inclined to make merry over his own pessimism.



IT WAS BAWN, AND, LIKE HERSELF, HE WAS ALONE.

an eager interest in telegraphy and asked him to give her instructions, she caught himself wondering if she was searching for some means of self support.

this was rejected with fine scorn, and as Edith moved away from the desk she remarked that an engagement to go rowing would be indefinitely postponed. Then, womanlike, she fled to her room and spent the rest of the afternoon in tears.

REUNION WITH ROME BARRIERS THAT RETARD CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

The Dominant Note in Every Briton's Expression of Dislike For and Fear of the Grand Old Church Founded by Our Saviour.

MY CHOICE.

The crash of drums, the trumpet's blast, this cry of hoarse voiced plaudits, the loud shouted name—

THE TRAPPIST.

His Duties, Privations and Rigorous Routine of Toil.

The Catholic Summer School.

The Catholic Summer School of America, near Plattsburg, will have several new buildings the coming season.

Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann.

Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, pastor of St. Agnes' New York, has just celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

On His Own Account.

One of a clergyman's illustrative stories was that of a man who used to say, to his wife, "Marry, go to church and pray for us both."

Tokens of Love.

They are oftentimes the little ministers of love that show most devotion and most intimate resolution of heart.

SHORT SERMONS.

Whoever thou meet improve or be improved.

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE BY HORACE GRANT

I am a respectable bachelor, and I have respectable lodgings in London. My landlord, my valet and my charwoman will give me a certificate of character at a minute's notice.



"I SHALL CERTAINLY NOT INTERFERE," I SAID.

few days with a relative down in the county of Kent. It was an event in my life to get away, and it was at the time of the murder of Sir James Barfield, whose property was only two miles from the farm where I visited.

Nothing Funny About It.

Scene—A druggist's shop in a Scotch village, which is usual for druggist's shops.

Whipped the Whipping.

An Irishman applied for a job, and was told that the situation was already filled.

think he'll be glad I left. He was and beat me because I would not do the hard work. I was afraid of my life, sir.