ALONE.

Since she went home Longer the evening shadows linger here, The winter days fill so much of the year. And even summer winds are chill and drear, Since she went home.

Since she went home-The robin's not has touched a minor strain. The old giad songs breathe a sad refrain. and laughter sobe with hidden, bitter pain. Since abe went home.

Since she went home-

How still the empty rooms her presence blessed; Untouched the pillow that her dear head

pressed ; My lonely heart hath nowhere for it = rest, Since she went home.

Since she went home-

The long, long days have crept away like

years. The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts

and fears. And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,

Since she went home. -Robert J. Burdette in Ladies' Home Jour-

DISTILLATION.

The hors d'oeuvre-a novel mixture of savory fish, such as anchovy and added, "for ten minutes." red herring, with olives, gherkins, beet had had its day, and now the fish was laugh. and presently the distant rumbefore them. And still she had not ble of the plano. epoken'

Justin Crawford ventured to survey her stealthily, with relieved curiosity. She was a slim, pale woman, with features refined to the point of thinness; meditative gray eyes, and hair whose undulations shone prettily in the soft glow of the shaded lights.

'She must have caught my name,' he said to himself, with subdued gradification. "She is probably a domestic woman, and domestic women are joyed himself, at least in a negative often deliciously ignorant." He almost thought he might venture a re- ed to talk or be stient as he pleased. mark.

"The red mullet is good to-night. Do you know what it always reminds me of?"

mp with all the simple deference of a the corner of a busy thoroughfore. It woman of the old regime. "Mortimer Collins' novels," he said.

"He was so fond of it, and he made all his favorite characters eat it-1 suppose as a reward." "I have not read his books," she

said. "Indeed I seldom read novels." "This," he said to himself, "is a Ben struck the third quarter. woman in a thousand!" His spirits rose, and he waxed timorously confi- saucers behind them. dential.

"Neither do I," he said. "And yet people are always asking me what novels I 'like best.' I don't like any. to fetch it, "is not a very long time." I prefer a book with no conversation in it. The eternal chitchat in the dow. average novel is to me intensely wearisome. I like something meditativesomething one can smoke with. Lamb's and Stevenson's essays mit good sight you must have!" me very well. Did you ever read Bacon?'

"I thin There was an agreeable dubiety in her colored lamp shades and hear the musoft gray eyes. "So did we. It's such a shame to call his things essays. They were come in if we asked them?" achievements, and I like essays best." Perhaps she was listening, but she did not answer, and there was a faraway look in her tranguil eyes.

as you read it all comes before you again. Boys are usually like their mothers-I am sure yours is." And his kindly glance seemed to say that in that case the boy had done well. Across the table a vivacious lady with carefully curled hair and judiciously tinted complexion whispered to the man beside her: "Look at Justin Crawford I never saw him talk so much before!"

of them with a lively greed that rather diverted Mr. Crawford. "I am sure," he said, "you like both sugar and milk in your tes."

"Of course." "How delightfully usual!" And he sighed with content. "I am sorry I shall not see you up stairs afterward. I do like a woman who takes both sugar and milk. It's so much less trouble."

"Are you not coming up afterward?" She seemed surprised-disappointed. The scared look came back to his short sighted eyes for a little. "I-I have a standing engagement at my club immediately after dinner," he sa.id.

"Come up to-night." And the gray eyes looked soft persuasion at him. "I shall," he began magnanimously.

Then, his courage failing him, he Shortly afterward there was the usual root, etc.-had come and gone. The rustle of skirts, the agreeable patter soup, a consomme of delicious flavor, on the stairs, the echo of a feminine

As a rule, this was a time of unutterable relief to Justin Crawford. Fate had made him a popular novelist-nature had denied him the hardihood to endure its social consequences. He had been tethared to so many admiring women during dinners that season that the festal meal had come to be a matter of mortal dread to him. Anywhere else he could escape, but not at dinner. To-night, however, he had enway-he had been let alone and allow-When he went up stairs, he found his late companion lying on a curved ohair at the half opened window. He went over beside her and peered out "No. Tell me." And she looked into the dark. They were almost at had been wet, and the lamplight glimmered across the pavement. Beyond was the dim greenness of trees, and the scient of wet May floated across to them. The moon hung apart, incurious, behind a veil of yellow vapor, and as they looked Big There was a clatter of cups and "I am ready"-and the gray eyes miled demurely-"for my cup of tea." "Ten minutes," he said as he went He sat down beside her at the win-

"Do you see that seat just inside the park gate?" "No," she said wonderingly. "What

"Shortsighted people always see well far away. There is a pair of lovers over there, and they see the mic here, and they think it very fine indeed, but do you think they would

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL

'ANT AND BUMBLEBEE. A Nature Story of How the Little Ast Pre-

> sected Her Prize From the Enemys Over head a bright blue sky: the trees swayed in the soft breeze, while the bees and insects hummed and droned a tender noonday lullaby to all nature, writes Harriet E. Wright, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. A little stream puried lasify along and then made quite a dash, as though to make up for lost time. Across the hot sand of the road a great bumble bee guided his awkward body. He must have been a very sleepy bumble bee, for he bumped his head and yellow-stripped body against a large tree -bump -buss - buss - buss - and he was on his back making his wings work very fast as though he was trying to fly on his head.

He was choked with the land; the

Now, during these struggles. a small, thing; but a dead bee on the ground Heathcote, doubtfully. ment. The bumble bee was evidently and I could give you the address."

That ant, with the true instinct of day," quickly approached the fallen was that Mr. Heathcote is on the stock prize, and, with her tiny feelers and exchange and really, you know, my legs, went to work with a will. worked-never stopping to think she blush-actually blush-to repeat. was trying to carry something many times her size; but pulling away, now and if anything was wrong, why, you as a straw lay across her path, and see, you've only to send for me and I again, attempting to life her burden should be most pleased." over a dead leaf, or forcing it through a forest of most. She would stop every now and then The result of this conversation was to rest; then she would look all around that a forinight later young Mrs.

it home. concluding that "might was right," he marrowmens. She felt that she did not was heavy. Now here was a foe to Of course she hoped it was not so,

Lace. The black ant came nearer andthe red ant ran away as fast as her small legs could carry her. Deserting her work? Well, it looked like it_

because it is hard-go back! The little red ant knew what she grept up to the door and closed it she had collected a small army of re-

Tell me how to woo thee, Freiddle, I am anxious to bering I have got my facts all ready: Terr me how your leve to win. Don't I have to take you hand, dots.

Tenderly within my own, Bo that you may understand, dear, That I would be yours; alone!

SHE WANTS TO KNOW

Only think what wa've been missive Till the New lot came to gust-.Which of us should start the kissing Ourbits't one of us to blush.

Tell me, Freddle, how to woo then. For, when once our trachings go. Women mean that they shall do the Asking, and I want to know. E. A. Miller, in Home and Country.



Old Lady Londel had had a long comversion with her young friend and accident had been terrible to him, was enjoying herself very much. She Soon he ceased struggling, and the fuz. was a dear, good soul, Lady Lendsly, sy legs and black hips stood up in the with a great desire to interfere with air, still-no longer protesting against everything and put it all right and

of Providence. Now, during these struggles. a small "The way I look at it, my dear," red ant had been wisely waiting to said eld Lady Lendel, "is this. There know the result. A live bumble bee can be no harm in making inquiries." singing away in the air, was one "I suppose not," said young Mr. was something else altogether. A few "I think every woman ought to do moments passed, and still no move it, reality. It's very cheap, you know,

"Don't trouble, Lady Lendel." "Oh. it's no trouble at all. What her kind of "putting by for a rainy made me speak of it most partioniarly

dear, I have heard tales about the Gracious, how that little red and stock exchange men that I should

"And if there is nothing to be found "I am sure you are very good," mid

Mrs. Heathcote, faintly.

the great body, wondering what she Heathcoste was walking up and down was going to do with it when she got her drawing room waiting for Mr. Sweever. He was to call this after-A big black ant, reaming around noon with the result of his inquiries. looked for his dinner, espled the little! She, on her side, had not failed to red ant and her bee, and instantly watch her husband with exceeding

shortened the distance between him. want to misjudge Henry, and she could self and the feast. The little red ant see nothing to justify suspicion, but paused. What should she do? She hollow hearts do sometimes wear a had tried hard to do her work bravely mask, as she knew, and it was just not calling for help though her burden possible that his was a case in point.

> "Gentleman to see you, ma'am." "Show him in, Watson."

"I've called about the photoscaphs. ma'am, that you were kind enough teorder." Mr. Sweever looked at the departing Watson and raised his voice. Oh, my little red ant don't give ur "The price will run rather more than we anticipated, owing to-----He

Heathcots a signare saveleps. It man indexed is her bashand's bashwork tag. "Descent Nell," and see special guickly and read the contents "Well, flweever," and Mr. Heath-cots, heartily, "how are you'r Costing was about, however. In two minutes parefully. "Thank you, Mr. Sweever." "I beg;" said Mr. Sweever, looking lations. Back they all came-by twos along all right with this little little and threes and dozens-some so eag- round to see that his hat was mile. er that they tried to walk over the "I ber, ma'am, that you won't men-"What?" tion it. It don't do to let the servants "S-s-s-h!" whispered Sweever, with backs of those in front. The big black ant was setting un. know everything. Graclous, why if minel concern. "Nearly Hainhed your inquision?" "S-s-k!" and Mr. Rwever again. easy and really did not want that you only knew the amount of information we get out of 'em you'd be asbumble bee anyway! tomished. You would, really; makam. with earmostness. Each red ant had his own work. You'd be astonished." "I suppose you'ye been pretty he Some went to help with the bee, while others drew themselves sround the ar?" "What news have you, Mr. Sweevat work over it, haven't you? He picale being a private detective, is it? "Can't you shut it?" whispered Ma The private detective sighed and til the bee was quite safe in the ant's took out his pocketbook. Bweever in a perfect agenty "Can you hold your silly jor? I wonder when in the world personnel you to come here? Aren't you afreld the guy her "I regard to say, ma'am," he said The bee safely stored, the ants did "news." "that I've found out terrible "About my husband?" gasped young will ontch you?" dustry, but went to work at something Mrs. Heathcote. "Oh, I don't mind." said Heathouthelse. What would you have? Do you "About your 'usband," said Mr. carelessly. "I s'posy I shall, have to explain t not know there is such a thing as Sweever. "I will begin at the begin-"I spose I shall have to expense a bit now, making said Mr. Sweeven approaching his client and pointing is Heathcote. "This here is, as you prove ably know, Mr. Altch's chief elert." He gave me cli the information of the strict q. t. when I called at the selicity ning. You was married, you and Mr. Aitch-I call him Mr. Aitch for short," Warefare is the Latest Game. explained Mr. Sweever-"was married From time immemorial boys have at St. Paul's; Knightsbridge, on the played at being soldiers, and remark. June 25. last year." "Yei, yes; I know." "Good." said Mr. Sweever, checking and he gave me that letter. I recharge that we're very much indebted is this. als, whose uniform, though tatterde. off the item. malion, has always been picturesque. his address is 125 Copthall Court. He young gent for all the kind hein given us." Mrs. Heathosts throw down the sta planatory letter addressed to benedit 'Oh, my dear, dear researd? has a good many friends, and he is called by them Alf-a-Crown. l'aven't been able to find out." remarked Mr. the scientific method as illustrated in Sweever, "why Mr. Aitch is called Alfcried. Mr. Sweever took up the note of A-Crown_" "Do go on," said Mrs. Heatchcote, atoniehment and read it. Mr. "I should have had some trouble," Mrs. Heathcote were for the m otherwise engaged. "My Dear Wife,-Yot are a you stlly little woman to doubt me and assure you that you have no one t went on Mr. Sweever, in finding out the particulars of Mr. Altch's private. Hfe, only I 'appened by a bit of luck, to come across it all of a 'cap, as you be jesious of. I have gives give may say. I put it all down here, and if you'll permit me, ma'am, to read some incriminating facts is regard certain incidents in which I was it off serieytum-that is to say, in proper order, it will be a saving of saged. In each case the sthese series time and a saving of trouble. How I was your own dear self. Test districtionate "HUURAAND." "The point is," grambled Mr. Reserver er; looking sround for Als has "the point is, where do I come is " Poor Mrs. Heathcots put ber build to her pocket for her put "No no my dear put "Ni pay. Tye has the fun of the show? As for Lady Lands? the same time she comes here 'I'l give here's got the information don't matter. I rot it. That's good enough for you, ma'am, fan't St?" She nodded her head quickly, and Mr. Sweever coughed and began: "Has been seen at places of amusement with a young person. Young person has never called at office, but she is known by sight to my infra-ant. Rather a good-looking girl, with time she conice bers I'll give had tall, slim figure, and, in a general And (T) hely and remained way, a merry manner with her, On "Mr. Sweever, excuse me for inder

A DE WE MICHING MANY p nomer bere this ere

She did not married "Nobody has called " myses He want to the markets" proswitched on the electric then new that his wife, was dealers have the statement of gord.

"Henry," she said presently, "I ad-I have had information bro and-I have had inform me of the double life you have leading for some time p seen told about the visits to the atra of

"Who has dared to tall you thundered Mr. Heathcots "It is useless to be violent." mid, with an effort at calmine only point is, is it true?"

"It is true," he said penitosity: is all true, Helen, Forgive me if y cen. Overlook the past, and try, try to forgive me."

"I will never forgive you. Heery, and I thank goodness-

"Thank who?" he asked. "I thank goodness," she rep "that I have found out thus early II it had not been for dear Lady Lan-del-

"Oh, it was Lady Lends), was it?" "Yes, I shall never forget her?" "I'll try not to," murmured Heathcote.

"I should never have thought Henry," said Mrs. Heathcote, brokenly, "that you could have behaved noin so shameless a manner" Her handkerchief want to her ever and Heathcote made a step toward her; but stopped directly.

"Well," ha said, downedly, your eyes are opened now, Helen. I thought I should have been able to keep the affair dark, but the luck, I suppose, was against me. How did

you find it out?" "It is not necessary," she said recovering herself, "to go into that. If is sufficient for you to know that I shall be a miserable woman, for the reet of my life.",

"I see," said Heathcote. Mrs. Heathcote went toward the

door. "I shall arrange," abe mid tearful-

ly. "that we shall never

17. "that we shall never "While I think of it, mayain ! mid" Mr. Sweever, entering with him pen-between him tooth, an though it wood, a bit, and a letter in him hand, "hereign one little document that was given to me, and I've brought it to yes suppose ad. I'll get you to let se have it back, because it's addressed. I am told, to tals very young party that we've been He handed to the aguated More



MISSING WORDS. A Factinating Game for the Amusement of

Young Rhymsters. HE five children had prayed everything they knew over g twice; at least they thought

they had, and still it would not get to be 5 o'clock, when they S were to go down stairs to the library to play a brand new game with their father.

But if you only wait long enough it will get to be 5 o'clock after a while; and just as the clock began to strike 5 the five children went down stairs with a rush, and almost before it was through they had swarmed into his library.

"This, my dear children," he said, "is the game of missing words. I will give you the first line complete, and the second line to its last word, which you must at once give, and it must rhyme with the last word of the first line. If you cannot think of it you get dropped out. The one who stands the longest may give out the next missing word lesson Are you ready?"

"Yes, father," they all answered at once.

Molly 3, Polly 4, and Dummy Dee 5. You may help Dummy Dee a little if he needs it," said their father.

Dummy Dee, indignantly.

So father began.

"A young fellow whose surname was Sill harnessed his horse and started to-----' "Till," said Donny, promptly and

exerly. "That's good," said his father, "al-

though the word was mill." So Donny sat down.

"He stopped beside a flowing-----" "Rill," said Tommy, who said afterward that he said it by mistake, but

It happened to be right. "There came a pretty girl named

"Jill," said Molly, sure she was

right_ "He wished that he was Jack, not

"Stll?" asked Polly.

"No, we cannot use the same word wice: but you did not know that so you may try again." "Will?" asked Polly again, and that

was right. "Or, as they sometimes called him,

"Bill." said Dummy Dee, with such an air of conviction that he received much applause.

"Pill," said Tommy, delighted with

fate.

dead.

"Donny will be No. 1., Tommy 2,

"I am not going to need it." said

"She is wondering how her children are getting on at home without her." he decided. He knew she was married, for he had noted her marriage ring, and also a guard of dim old gold with an antique device imprinted upon it that she wore above it. "How superior to those assertive diamonds most people wear," he thought. "Her ring is like her-of plain, unassuming gold, with just sufficient pattern on it to individualize it."

She noted his glance and brightened to a semblance of vivacity. "You are looking at my old ring," she said. "It is an helrloom in my husband's family; it has mounted guard over wedding rings for more than a hundred years. See, here is the posy inside it," and as she took it off he noted its finely worn appearance, its shape curved to fit the finger and not aggressively round like the modern ring.

"May I hold it?" he said and took it from her and held it up in his long nervous fingers. "I like these old rings. They seem to me fitly to epicomize the old-fashioned woman. She had a gracious adaptability and fitted herself about a man's heart just as this ring does about your finger. The modern woman-like the modern ring -is always the same-round, assertive and complete. She never adapts herself to any one. Allow me," and he returned it to her with a bow full of antique gallantry.

There was a mellow flavor about their host's old Burgundy. It tempered the unquiet mind agreably and filled their silence with serenity.

A ravishing entree came nextspeech were an insult to it-and as they partook of it the last uneasy fear forsook him, and her thoughtful eves betrayed a fine content.

"You do, not care for too much conwereation," he said inminuatingly.

"It depends," she said. "I think people are too fond of talking nowadays. It is all because the magazines say conversation is a lost art. and people try to prove it a mistake. We need Interludes of silence to breed our fancy fm.'

"How delightful!"-and he fait almost gay. "She would not quote my essay on 'Silence' so casually did she know she was talking to the author." "I agree with you," he said aloud. "The only conversation I thoroughly appreciate is that of children." Her face lit up at once. "Are they

not delicious?" she said.

2

Parts

"Now," he thought, "for the customary anecdots." Aloud, "I am sure you are a mother,"

"I have two children-a little hav and a girl."

"And the little boy?" He had noted the differing inflections in her voice, She flushed faintly, and her eyes fell. "He is my little boy," she said in a low tone, "and that is all about it." He was at once content. How could he dream of this exceptional woman giving way to the customary aneodote? 'It is a great deal," he responded-

mently. "I know how it feels. It is like reading again a book you read

- Lind of high section is an

She looked a little puzzled, but he did not heed her-he liked a person he could forget, and he went on talking to himself, as it were: "No, they are better where they are. The scent of the May is stronger there, and the darkness is a kindly cloak. I should | because, as Molly said, their father like to go over there myself, only"-with a whimsical flash of the short nighted eves-"I should be alone, and so I should not require an umbrella, as they do."

No doubt he was talking nonsense. but the perception of it visible in her eves recalled him to himself. He finished his tea and took the cups away. When he came back, he said diffident-

ly, "Good night, Mrs."-and paused My paps's all dressed up to-day, He had not caught her name, and rather wished to know it. She noted his expectancy, but for some reason did not respond. A little flush that rose in her cheeks was the only sign she made of having understood. "Good night, Mr. Crawford," she said.

He bowed and went away, but as he went down stairs he said to himself, "She knew my name after all, and yet she never mentioned my novels. or worried me in any way. A wonder-

ful woman!" An hour afterward Mrs. Willie Danvers was seated in her tiny drawing room, having a cigarette and a cafe; noir with her husband-or, as she preferred to call him, her "chum." "And how did you get on with you

interview?" he asked. "Beautifully-he never knew it was going on. He just prattled away about the old and the new women children, cups of tea, lovers and um brellas, and I distilled heaps of copy from him. Now and again, though, I lidn't quite know what he was driving at," and again her clear gray eyes assumed that faraway look that had interested Justin Crawford so much.

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Dan vers dryly. There is a fine casual contempt about husbands at times.-Fannie Douglas in National Observer

M. Faure is a Protestant

and new President of the same Republic is very military in appearance-very well set up, and tall, with closely-cropped white hair and a black moustache. He is fifty-four years of age, but looks younger in the face, and is always very carefully dressed, being in fact, one of the few dandies of the French Chambert He is a solf-made man, having amassed a large fortune as a shipbuilder. He is a Protestantthe first who has ever been President -and a great ally of the Y. M. C. A.

Hornes Low-Prised in France

A very serious fall has taken place in the price of horses in Paris, also in various Franch towns. This is said to be mainly due to the extraordinary increase in the number of bicycles and tricycles, the production being during last year excessive-namely, over 100.000 more than in the year prior The complaint is bitter on the part of horse dealers, who my the blaycle is taking their bread away; but they must, like the rest of society, suffer for the benefit of the million.

It ill becomes a Christian to indulge twenty years ago and have formet, but I to worldly dainties .- Fulgentius

esty One. "His errand he forgot-

But Molly could not think, neither could Polly. Dummy Dee shouted "Untill" and was right again.

"The sun shot down behind the-"Hill," said Tommy, and that was right, too, and the last line. Then they all decided to write one

for their father, and it had to be hard, wrote things with rhymes in them for the papers, so he was in the habit of it; but before they were through with their task the supper bell rang, to their great surprise, so they had to wait until the next afternoon.-Youth's Companion.

HER PAPA.

He never looked so fine; I thought when I first looked at him.

My DaDa wasn't mine. He's got a beautiful new suit-

The old one was so old-It's blue, with buttons, O so bright, I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort 0' sad-I wonder why? And every time she looks at him It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says That he belongs to him; But papa's joking, 'cause he knows My uncle's name is Jim.

My paps just belongs to me And mamma. And I guess The folks are blind who cannot see His buttons, marked U.S.

U. S. spells "us." He's ours-and yet My mamma can't help cry; And papa tries to smile at me And can't-I wonder why? -Exchange.

The listtle Conjurar.

You must preface this trick by de claring to the company that it was formerly supposed to be impossible to set the Thames on fire, and that it was demonstrated some years ago at the Haymarket Theatre, that for a person to crawl into a quart bottle was an utter impossibility. But since that the progress made in all kinds of knowledge has proved it is possible phernalis of battle. The combatants to set the Thames on fire and that any one may crawl into a pint bottle, says proval rules of warfare and victory an exchange. The statement will, of course be doubted, and to prove your assertion, get a pint bottle and place it in the middle of the room; then slip outside the door and in a minute or two return. creeping upon all fours saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is crawling in to the pint bottle!"

White canvas show may be kept in good condition by cleaning them with a paste made from pipe clay dissolved in water. The clay may be purchased from a druggist for a few cents. Aphas discovered that rubber-soled shoes to the skin, but, what seems more imare excellent for mountian climbing portant, they are decidedly expensive;

now vanquished enemy; and not unnest did the black prisoner obtain hrs freedom.

not even stop to admire their own in-

winter?

able campaigns have been carried on in this way by doughty young generabandon this primitive method of making war and to substitute for it a game which has just bee invented,



rupting you." Like chess, this new same is phyed "There's a lot more. ma'am." : mid on a board, which is supposed to repthe disappointed reciter. resent a battle field. At either end of the board are guns, gunpits, soldiers and various other indispensable para- "Make a copy of your information when ready, fight according to the apfails to that side which first succeeds ing, Mr. Sweever. "You bet," said Mr. Sweever, con-

The battles of the Transvisi and Spanish-American wars can be foughtover again on a board like this, and in this way the game; while amusing, will also prove instructive, especially to those boys who have a hankering

Lade Steekings.

We have decided that lace gloves into the second Ordinarily soled shoes cause the wear-er to slip and thus retard the tourist's under the rest. Slip mouseline stock-progress.

The term of the total of the function of the first of the distribution U) to the basis

Alexandrer of A second statement of the second stateme

in mowing down the ranks of its opponents.

after a military career.

are not intolerable, and we are now to ply the paste with a cloth and after. have lace stockings-not lace fronts. ward put the shoes for a few minutes but hose that are entirely made of in the sun to dry. A Brooklyn girl laces. No doubt they are becoming

"I cam't beer to hear it," declared young Mrs. Heathcote, passionstely please." "Certainly, manash "Put down all the horrible" facts that you have discovered: Omit noth-

once."

of it now, ma am

"I'll tell you what I'll doe ma'am

Mrs. Heathcote showed Mr. Sweeve

With your permission I'll make a copy

into the part room for the purpose

fdently. "Spare no expense in gotting further Acts." "I'll see to that, malant: I'll see

there's no expense spared." "And I will see that the matter is put into the maile of my soliditor is

