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**SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.**

**Weekly Church Calendar.**  
Sunday February 8.—Gospel St. Matt.  
xx, 1-18.—St. John of Matha, confessor.  
Monday 9.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, bis-  
hop, confessor and doctor.  
Tuesday 10.—St. Sabolastica, virgin.  
Wednesday 11.—St. Saturninus & Comp.  
martyrs.  
Thursday 12.—St. Benedict of Anian,  
abbot.  
Friday 13.—St. Catharine of Reid, virgin.  
Saturday 14.—St. Valentine, bishop and  
martyr.

**Five Minute Sermon.**

## The Laborers in the Vineyard.

From the beginning of the world,  
that is, the morning, the third, sixth,  
and ninth hours, God, by the voice  
and example of the patriarchs, by the  
written law, and by the words of the  
prophets, called men, particularly the  
Hebrews, to believe in Christ and hope  
for His coming, and to unite them-  
selves to Him by holiness of life. At  
the eleventh hour, by the preaching  
of Christ and of His apostles and their  
successors, God has called, calls, and  
will continue to call men to enter into  
the Catholic Church and become living  
members of the mystical body of  
Jesus Christ, and to serve Him faith-  
fully by observing His holy laws.  
In the evening, that is, on the day  
of judgment, all those who will have  
belonged to the Church of Christ, who  
will have entered the Church—the  
vineyard—in the early morning, at  
the third, sixth, ninth, or eleventh  
hour, will receive without distinction,  
in reward of their labors, eternal life  
and the glory of paradise.

"Many are called, but few are  
chosen."—Because there are many  
who by virtue of baptism enter into  
the vineyard to labor and gain eternal  
reward, but there are few who observe  
faithfully the holy law and who serve  
God with perseverance until death.  
Only the innocent and the truly peni-  
tent who have persevered to the last  
will be chosen. We must remember  
that without the grace of God we can  
do nothing toward our own salvation.  
Let us live in fear and humility; trust  
ourselves to the divine mercy; pray  
in the name of Jesus, and the terrible  
sentences will have no reference to us.

We acknowledge the receipt of an  
invitation from the Catholic Library  
Association to attend a reception to  
His Grace, The Archbishop of New  
York, at hotel Majestic, Tuesday,  
February tenth.

### Spider Pills.

In New England cobweb pills are  
supposed to cure the ague, and in  
the south a certain knuckle bone in  
a pig's foot is a sure cure for rheu-  
matism if it is carried in the pocket  
or worn suspended from a string  
around the neck. Tracing the spider  
web pill, it originated in China,  
where all species of insects have cer-  
tain positive or negative values in  
medicine. In Peking it is customary  
to give two or three scorpions or spi-  
ders to a patient ill of fever. In Ire-  
land the peasantry swallow small  
spiders alive to effect cures. From  
these the cobweb pill of the New  
England native was easy. In Fland-  
ers the live spider is fastened into  
the empty shell of a walnut and  
worn around the neck of the pa-  
tient. As the creature dies the fever  
decreases until it is gone entirely.

### EXPOSURE

to the cold and wet is the first step  
to Pneumonia. Take a dose of  
**PERRY DAVIS'**  
**Painkiller**  
and the danger can be averted.  
It has no equal as a preventive  
and cure for Colds, Sore Throat,  
Quincy and Rheumatism.  
Always keep it handy.

## MISSION PREACHING.

IT HAS BEEN EMPLOYED IN EVERY  
AGE OF THE CHURCH.

The Present Mission System Was In-  
augurated by St. Vincent de Paul  
and His Object is to Quicken Faith  
and Piety Among the Faithful.

To quicken faith and piety among  
Christians, whom their life in the  
world has made tepid and careless, is  
for the pastors of the church an object  
of no less solicitude than to convert the  
heathen. In substance, mission preach-  
ing has been employed in every age of  
the church. It was applied with ex-  
traordinary fruit by St. Francis and St.  
Dominic, but its reduction to a system  
has been the work of comparatively re-  
cent times and was commenced by St.  
Vincent de Paul when he preached his  
first mission to the peasants of Tolville.  
The Redemptorists, Jesuits, Passion-  
ists and Rosminians have applied  
themselves with special earnestness to  
this branch of pastoral work.

A popular mission consists in a series  
of sermons and religious exercises last-  
ing over a certain number of days, di-  
rected by missionary priests, with the  
approbation of the ordinary. In order  
to instruct and convert sinners and re-  
kindle Christian faith and Christian  
practice. This series of meditations, de-  
votional exercises and addresses, the  
general aim of which is to excite peni-  
tential feelings, treats of the destiny  
and the end of man, of free will, of the  
need of grace, of the divine justice,  
eternity and the necessity of conver-  
sion, the heinousness of sin and its con-  
sequences. The preacher also speaks of  
the mercy and love of God, the graces  
stored up in the church, the sacraments  
of penance and the eucharist, the re-  
newal of baptismal vows and persever-  
ance in doing good. In this way the  
sinner is brought to contrition, whence  
comes hope followed by a moral change.

The mission is usually terminated by  
the renewal of baptismal vows, a gen-  
eral communion, the dedication of the  
parish to the Blessed Virgin, promises  
of amendment and thanksgiving before  
the altar, the erection of a cross or sta-  
tions, the solemn publication of the in-  
dulgence attached to the mission and the  
celebration of a mass for the souls of  
the relatives and friends of the  
faithful present. Thus do a few days  
devoted to a true popular mission, with  
all the truths which it proclaims, all  
the acts which it disposes to and real-  
izes, form a real source of benediction  
to the souls that are willing to profit  
by it. It is a work of teaching and  
conversion which undoes those who  
are misled, convinces those in doubt  
and converts hardened sinners. It is  
an extraordinary weapon with which  
falsehood and error are attacked direct-  
ly, boldly and persistently, to the de-  
struction of erroneous systems and the  
triumphant erection of truth on their  
ruins.

Deep seated prejudices and inveterate  
faults, though attacked at intervals  
from the pulpit, always find some cor-  
ner in the heart where they can hide  
themselves and hold their ground, but  
the man who attends a mission meets  
an assailant who deals blow after blow  
until the conviction of the enormity of  
his blindness and of his faults is forced  
upon the hearer's conscience. Ill gotten  
gains are renounced, guilty practices  
are broken off, hatreds of old standing  
are appeased, separated couples recon-  
ciled, lawsuits amicably settled, the  
converted sinners show a change of  
conduct, and the face of the family life  
is altered. Human existence is modified  
for the better, sanctification spreads,  
and the Christian faith is established in  
union, love and peace of God.—Rev.  
Angelo Canuso, O. S. A., in Philadel-  
phia Press.

**Begin Today.**  
It is better to say one's morning  
prayer today than to resolve to become  
a saint next week. Today is here, and  
next week is nowhere. This day is  
mine. I know not if I shall have so  
much as one other. God has the past  
and the future. I will thank him for  
the past, I will beg him for the future.  
As to the present, with God's help I  
will set to work and do my utmost.

**Prayer.**  
When you feel ill and indisposed, and  
when in this condition your prayer is  
cold, heavy, filled with despondency,  
and even despair, do not be disheart-  
ened or despairing, for the Lord knows  
your sick and painful condition. Strug-  
gle against your infirmity, pray as  
much as you have strength to, and the  
Lord will not despise the infirmity of  
your flesh and spirit.

**The True Christian.**

Some men will follow Christ on cer-  
tain conditions—if he will not lead  
them through rough roads, if the sun  
and wind do not annoy them, if he will  
remit a part of his plan and order. But  
the true Christian who has the spirit of  
Jesus will say, as Ruth said to Naomi,  
"Whether thou goest I will go," what-  
ever difficulties and dangers may be in  
the way.

**The Sign of the Cross.**

The early Christians signed their  
foreheads with the sign of the cross on  
every occasion, going out, coming in,  
when they washed, when they ate,  
when they lighted a candle, in what-  
ever conversation they joined, on going  
to bed. Who can tell how many dan-  
gers and temptations we might escape  
if we used more frequently this saving  
sign?

**Fear.**  
Fear is the greater pain than pain it-  
self. Oh, thou of little faith, what dost  
thou fear? God will not let you perish  
while you are steadfast in resolution.  
Let the world be turned upside down,  
let it be in utter darkness, in smoke, in  
tarnish, so long as God is with us.

## CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

Statistics From the Archdioceses of  
Chicago and Boston.

The annual report of Rev. Francis J.  
Barry, chancellor of the Chicago arch-  
diocese, shows an increase for the year  
of about 200,000 members in the Ro-  
man Catholic churches of the archdio-  
cese and 12,000 children in the paro-  
chial schools and church institutions.  
Father Barry estimates that the pres-  
ent Roman Catholic population of Chi-  
cago reaches 1,000,000 persons, with  
370 places of worship and 500 priests,  
secular and religious. The largest city  
parishes are St. Stanislaus, with 30,500  
parishioners; the Holy Family, with  
20,000; and St. Michael's, with 15,000.  
The predominant nationality of these  
is respectively Polish, English speak-  
ing and German.

In the parochial schools of the arch-  
diocese there are 57,321 children, in or-  
phan asylums and similar institutions  
18,235 and colleges 7,098. This gives a  
total of 82,657 who are educated with-  
out cost to the state. Estimating the  
cost of each child's education at \$20 a  
year, Father Barry shows that the  
state is yearly saved \$1,653,140 by the  
church.

Of the 153 churches in the city limits,  
seventy-one are English speaking, thirty-  
two German, eighteen Polish, ten  
Bohemian, four French, five Italian,  
six Slavonian, six Croatian, one Greek  
and one Spanish and one Dutch. The statis-  
tics furnished by this report will form  
the basis for the rating of the archdio-  
cese for the year just opened.—Chicago  
Record-Herald.

**Archdiocese of Boston.**  
Statistics summarized in the new  
Catholic directory show that the arch-  
diocese of Boston now has 450,000  
Catholics, 75 schools, with 45,336 pu-  
pils; 442 diocesan priests, 103 priests of  
orders, 102 churches with resident  
priests, 52 missions with buildings, five  
hospitals, with 55,000 out patients  
treated during the year and 4,000 in-  
mates.

New York is a larger Catholic com-  
munity than ours, but not in propor-  
tion to the population. In this respect  
the Boston archdiocese leads the coun-  
try.—Boston Republic.

### The Church and New Discoveries.

Every new field of discovery opens  
up fresh arguments for the church's  
claims. Every voice speaking out of  
the dim past but swells the chorus of  
testimony to the apostolicity of her  
teaching. Let the antiquarian muse  
the caverns of the catacombs, overhaul  
libraries and museums, drag tablets,  
rings and vestments as expressions of  
the faith of any past epoch, and the  
church proudly points to the fact that  
every syllable of that faith can be  
heard in her sanctuary today. The  
harmony, the beauty, the rich treas-  
ures of her apostolic teaching, never  
come out more clearly than when under  
the fierce searchlight of honest criti-  
cism hold up and contrasted side by  
side with the eloquent expressions of a  
dead past. As ages roll by to brand  
heresy or clear away agitating doubts  
she gives formal expression to some ar-  
ticle not previously defined. This is no  
new article of faith, but a new defini-  
tion of article as old as Christianity it-  
self. When the sunbeam strikes on the  
rosebud, expands and brings into  
broad daylight its fair leaves, we do not  
credit the sun in having created  
new leaves, but of bringing to full ex-  
pression those that previously nestled  
in the bud awaiting the hour and occa-  
sion.—Rev. M. Phelan, S. J.

### Bad Catholics.

You must have heard many times  
Protestants and infidels saying, "Oh!  
I'd be a Catholic only there are so  
many bad Catholics." Now it is easy  
to understand how those who do not  
know the teachings of Christ should be  
scandalized and kept away from the  
church because of the fact that so  
many Catholics do not follow the  
teachings of their church. If such are  
really in earnest the parable of the  
good and bad seed ought to be suf-  
ficient to convince them that the fact  
that there are some wicked people who  
call themselves Catholics in no way  
mitigates against the truth of the  
church or against the thousands others  
whose lives are almost blameless be-  
cause they follow the teachings of the  
church.

### Most Rev. Bartholomew Woodcock.

The Most Rev. Bartholomew Wood-  
cock, D. D., formerly bishop of Ardagh,  
died recently at All Hallows college,  
Dublin, where he had resided since he  
resigned the see of Ardagh six years  
ago. He was ordained in Rome in 1841  
and succeeded Dr. (afterward Cardinal)  
Newman as rector of the Catholic  
university (Ireland) in 1861, being ap-  
pointed bishop of Ardagh and Clonmac-  
noise in 1870.

### PRAY FOR THE DEAD.

For those whose path through life once  
lay  
Aside thine own familiar way,  
Whose friendly aid,  
Thy stronghold made,  
Forget not now to constant pray!

For those who helped thee in the fight  
'Gainst pitiless and tyrant might,  
Do thou implore  
Peace evermore  
And resting place in lasting light!

To those the furthest off from bliss  
What boon can greater be than this—  
That thou shouldst pray  
For them that they  
May soon no gleam of glory miss!

Of those the first to see the King  
Be mindful that ere long they bring  
Their need of praise  
Through endless days  
And heavenly alleluia sing!

For all who know the cleansing fire  
Pray, day by day, with strong desire  
That so, when freed,  
Each soul may plead  
Thy cause before the Father's ire!  
—Amadeus, O. S. F., in Guldon.

## TEACHES WEATHER SIGNS.

The Unique Occupation Followed by a  
Retired Seaman.

This is the era of odd callings. If  
a man have an accurate knowledge  
of any particular subject of daily  
life, he need never be at a loss to  
make a living. The writer once  
made the acquaintance of an aged  
first mate on an Atlantic liner and  
carefully noted in a diary his quaint  
sayings concerning the weather and  
his cleverness in turning the many  
phases of ocean life into matters of  
interest. While strolling about the  
city he saw a sign which read: "So-  
ciety Weather Bureau. Neptunic  
Knicksnacks."

Entering the little shop, the eye  
was caught by a tangle of fish nets  
and shells, which covered the walls;  
old sails, looped up with the aid of  
shell draperies, curtained off the  
owner in a tiny workshop. Emerg-  
ing therefrom to show his wares, he  
proved to be the first mate. News  
and bits of gossip were exchanged.

"I'm better off at this," he said.  
"I'm teaching society people the  
weather signs. They call it mystic  
thought or something like that, but  
it doesn't worry me, so long as it  
pays. I have a little series of lesson  
cards [he handed one to the caller]  
more like gimcracks than serious  
teaching, but they're correct."

The card contained brief informa-  
tion something like this: "In plan-  
ning for an outing remember that  
if the temperature falls suddenly  
there's a storm coming from the  
south. If it rises, it's from the  
north. Watch the breeze. It blows  
from good weather to storm. Cir-  
rus clouds float from a storm to sun-  
shine. When they seem to be run-  
ning away from each other in the  
north or toward northeast, there'll  
be rain during the day. When the  
wind changes, it makes its shifts  
with the sun, from left to right.  
When the sun goes down rosy, fine  
weather; rusty red, storm; pink sky  
in the morning, bad weather; dove  
gray sky, fair weather."

"I charge 50 cents a half hour for  
lessons," continued the old salt,  
"and I use charts and instruments,  
just as they do on shipboard. They  
seem to enjoy it and learn quickly."  
—New York Post.

### He Enlightened Her.

In a certain rural exhibition in  
England there were two immense  
hogs stuffed, each bearing a placard  
telling their age and weight and  
with the name of the man who pre-  
pared them for exhibition, followed  
by the word "taxidermist."

A man and his wife were looking  
at them with great interest. After  
reading the placards the woman  
said:

"Why, these are taxidermists! I  
thought they were hogs."

Her husband looked with a puz-  
zled expression at the creatures and  
then went carefully over the placards  
as if to satisfy himself on the  
point. Finally he decided:

"They are hogs. Taxidermist is  
the name of the place they come  
from."

### Acclimated All Over.

When the Marquis of Lorne was  
governor general of Canada, as the  
story goes, he stood, clad in furs,  
watching winter sports at Ottawa.  
The temperature was about zero.  
An Indian a few feet distant seem-  
ed equally comfortable and as much  
interested in the games, though his  
body was mostly uncovered. The  
nobleman asked the savage how he  
could endure such exposure. "I  
should think you would freeze," he  
said. "Why white man's face not  
freeze?" replied the Indian. "Our  
faces are used to the cold," answered  
the governor. The Indian ended  
the colloquy with the pithy retort,  
"Injun all face."—Cleveland Lead-  
er.

### Presence of Mind

Black and White recalls a story  
of a highwayman who was outwitted  
by a nobleman whom he waylaid.

"Your money or your life!" said  
the hero of the road, presenting a  
cocked pistol at the window of a  
carriage on Hounslow Heath.

"I would not yield to one man,"  
replied the occupant of the vehi-  
cle, "but as there are two of you I  
must."

The robber, taken aback, looked  
round to see where the second man  
was and at that moment received a  
bullet through the heart from his  
intended victim.

### Decorations in Parliament.

Time was when it was usual for  
peers and commoners alike to wear  
any orders they possessed during  
debates in the houses of which they  
were members. At the present day  
it would be a dreadful breach of eti-  
quette for any member of parlia-  
ment, elected or hereditary, to enter  
the chamber with a ribbon or a star  
on his breast. There is, however,  
a single exception to this rule. The  
bishop of Winchester, as prelate of  
the Order of the Garter, always  
wears the badge of the premier  
knighthood when he appears in the  
house of lords.

# THE CABECILLA

By Alphonse Daudet

The good father was finishing his  
mass when they brought him the  
prisoners. It was a wild spot among  
the Arichulegui mountains.

A fallen rock in which a fig tree  
had plunged its twisted trunk form-  
ed a sort of altar, covered in guise  
of a cloth with a silver fringed Car-  
list standard.

Two cracked water coolers took  
the place of vases, and when the  
sacristan, Miguel, who was assist-  
ing the priest at the mass, arose in  
order to change the position of the  
holy book, the cartridges were heard  
jingling in his cartridge box.

All around the soldiers of Carlos  
were silently ranged, their guns  
slung across their backs and one  
knee on the ground upon the white  
beret.

The bright sun was concentrat-  
ing its dazzling heat in this burning  
and sonorous rocky hollow, where  
the flight of a blackbird alone from  
time to time disturbed the psalmody  
of the priest and the servant. High-  
er up on the jagged peak sentinels  
were standing, forming motionless  
silhouettes against the sky.

What a singular sight it was—  
this priestly commander officiating  
in the midst of his soldiers! And  
how plainly the double existence of  
the Cabecilla showed itself upon his  
countenance—the ecstatic air, the  
hard features, further accentuated  
by the bronzed complexion of the sol-  
dier in the field, and asceticism with-  
out pallor, in which was lacking the  
shadow of the cloister; small black,  
very brilliant eyes, the forehead  
traversed by enormous veins which  
seemed to bind the thought as with  
ropes, to fix it in an inextricable  
obstinacy.

Every time he turned toward the  
spectators with open arms to read  
the Dominus Vobiscum one saw the  
uniform beneath the stole and the  
butt of a pistol, the haft of a Cata-  
lounan knife uplifting the rumped  
surplice. "What is he going to do  
with us?" the prisoners asked them-  
selves in terror, and while awaiting  
the end of the mass they recalled all  
the acts of ferocity which had been  
related of the Cabecilla and which  
had won him a special renown in the  
royalist army.

By a miracle that morning the  
father was in a clement mood. The  
mass in the open air, his success of  
the previous day and also the cheer-  
fulness of Easter, yet felt by this  
strange priest, cast upon his face a  
ray of joy and kindness. As soon as  
the service was over, while the sac-  
ristan cleared off the altar, fasten-  
ing up the sacred vases in a huge  
box, which was borne on the back  
of a mule in the rear of the expedi-  
tion, the cure advanced toward the  
prisoners.

They were a dozen of republican  
carbineers, exhausted by a day of  
battle and a night of anguish in the  
straw of the sheepfold, where they  
had been penned up after the action.  
Yellow with fear, wan with hunger,  
thirst and fatigue, they clustered  
together like a flock of sheep in the  
courtyard of an abattoir.

Their uniforms full of hay, their  
belts in disorder, pushed up in the  
flight and in sleep, the dust which  
wholly covered them from the tufts  
of their caps to the points of their  
yellow shoes, all contributed well  
to give them that sinister look of  
the vanquished in which moral dis-  
couragement is betrayed by physical  
dejection.

The Cabecilla glanced at them for  
an instant with a little laugh of  
triumph. He was not sorry to see  
the soldiers of the republic humble,  
wan and ragged amid well fed, well  
equipped Carlists, Navarre and  
Basque mountaineers as brown and  
hard as carob beans.

"Viva Dios, my children!" said  
he to them with a good natured air.  
"The republic nourishes her de-  
fenders very ill. Why, you are all  
as thin as the wolves of the Pyre-  
nees when the mountains are cov-  
ered with snow and they come into  
the plain to sniff the odor of the  
table by the lights which shine un-  
der the doors of the houses. One is  
treated otherwise in the service of  
the good cause. Would you like to  
make a trial of it, hermanos? Cast  
off those infamous caps and put on  
the white beret. As truly as this  
is the holy day of Easter, to those  
who will shout 'Long live the king!'  
I will give their lives and the same  
campaign food I give my other sol-  
diers."

Before the good father had finished  
all the caps were in the air, and  
shouts of "Long live King Carlos!"  
"Long live the Cabecilla!" resound-  
ed on the mountain. Poor devils!  
They had been in such great fear of  
death and so tempting were all those  
good victuals which they smelled  
close to them, about to be broiled in  
the shelter of rocks before the biv-  
ouac fires, pink and faint in the  
bright sunlight, I believe that never

was the pretender acclaimed with  
such good will.

"Give them something to eat at  
once," said the cure, laughing.  
"When wolves yelp with that  
strength, it's because they have  
sharp teeth."

The carbineers went off. But one  
among them, the youngest, remain-  
ed standing in front of the chief  
in a proud and resolved attitude,  
which contrasted with his juvenile  
features and the fine down, scarcely  
colored, enveloping his cheeks with  
a blond powder. His capote, which  
was too large for him, was wrinkled  
at the back and on the arms, was  
turned up at the sleeves over two  
slight wrists and by its fullness  
made him look still younger and  
more slender. There was excitement  
in his long, brilliant eyes—Arab  
eyes, intensified by Spanish flame.  
And this fixed flame annoyed the  
Cabecilla.

"What do you want?" he asked of  
him.

"Nothing. I am waiting for you  
to decide on my fate."

"Your fate will be that of the  
others. I named no one. The par-  
don was for all."

"The others are traitors and cow-  
ards! I alone did not shout any-  
thing!"

The Cabecilla gave a start and  
looked him full in the face.

"What's your name?"

"Tonio Vidal."

"Whence come you?"

"From Puycedra."

"What age?"

"Seventeen."

"The republic, then, has no more  
men, since she is reduced to enroll-  
ing children?"

"I was not enrolled, padre. I am  
a volunteer."

"You know, fellow, that I have  
more than one means of making  
you shout 'Long live the king!'"

The youth assumed a superb look.  
"I defy you to do so!" retorted  
he.

"So you would rather die?"

"A hundred times!"

"Very well, you shall die!"

Then the cure made a sign, and  
the execution platoon came and  
ranged itself around the condemn-  
ed, who did not wince.

This sublime courage touched the  
chief with pity. He demanded:  
"Have you nothing to ask of me  
first? Don't you want something to  
eat? Don't you want something to  
drink?"

"No," answered the youth; "but  
I am a good Catholic, and I don't  
want to go before God without con-  
fession."

The Cabecilla still wore his sur-  
plice and his stole.

"Kneel," said he, seating himself  
upon a rock, and, the soldiers hav-  
ing withdrawn a short distance, the  
condemned began in a low voice:

"Bless me, my father, because I  
have sinned."

But in the midst of the confession  
a terrible fusillade burst forth at  
the entrance of the defile.

"To arms!" cried the sentinels.

The Cabecilla gave a bound, is-  
sued his orders, distributed the  
posts and scattered his soldiers. He  
himself had seized a carbine without  
taking the time to remove his sur-  
plice, when, happening to turn  
around, he perceived the youth still  
on his knees.

"What are you doing there?" he  
thundered.

"I am awaiting absolution," was  
the reply.

"That's true," said the priest. "I  
had forgotten you."

Gravely he raised his hand and  
blessed that bowed young head.  
Then, before going away, after  
glancing around him for the platoon  
of execution, dispersed in the dis-  
order of the attack, he drew off a  
step, took aim at his penitent and  
shot him.

### Two Extremes.

The smallest and the largest  
books in the world are owned by the  
British museum. The former is a  
tiny "bijou" almanac, less than an  
inch square, bound in red morocco  
and easily to be carried in the finger  
of a lady's glove. The largest book  
is an atlas of the fifteenth century.  
It is seven feet high. Between its  
pages a tall man is completely con-  
cealed. Its stout binding and enor-  
mous clasp make it look as solid as  
the walls of a room. These two ex-  
tremes of the printer's art might  
justifiably stand at the beginning  
and the end of the bewildering seven  
miles of shelves filled with books  
which make up a part of the treas-  
ures of the great English library.

### Birds and Landmarks.

It is a matter of considerable dif-  
ficulty to determine at what dis-  
tance from home a bird can direct  
its course by landmarks. Trained  
pigeons can do so for hundreds of  
miles, and shore birds and those  
which breed in cliffs near the sea  
have no difficulty whatever in reach-  
ing their homes after once striking  
the coast line. These birds are con-  
spicuously conservative in the mat-  
ter of nesting sites, breeding by  
myriads in a few colonies, to which  
they return at stated intervals.