

PRISONER OF FREEDOM

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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It was the ideal brook for trout. Down between two hills it rambled in zigzag fashion, gray lichened rocks breaking its course into miniature meadows and little fussy, foaming cascades until it reached the broad, willow shaded pond in the valley. Burroughs, tramped leisurely uphill. It was nearly noon, and he was at the Pines at 1 for lunch, but each deep, green pool tempted him to a fresh cast, and the air was warm and low. He chose a flat rock, the very corner of the brook and seated himself for a final chance at the speckled charmers that flashed like quicksilver through the water now and then.

Far below him there was the faint popping of fireworks in the village, and beyond, out at the Narrows, the cannon of the forts boomed every once in awhile in honor of the birthday of freedom. But Burroughs was apathetic to the sound. There was a glamour about the wooded, rock ribbed hills and delicious silence that appealed to his city wearied mind.

Stanley had promised him a Fourth of absolute peace and quietude if he would come down to The Pines. There was good fishing, fine trout especially. He could try the automobile if he chose, and finally Captain Hilbert and



"A KIND OF THOUGHT I'D KETCH YE, SONNY, THIS TIME."

his daughter were to spend half of the day at The Pines and had long expressed a desire to meet the literary chrysalis of the hour.

"You don't have to show off, old man," his brother-in-law had said reassuringly. "They're old stock, you know, and live plain, but exclusive, even if the old tar has twin millions tied up somewhere. It will be just a pleasant little Liberty day party, and I think you'll like Bess Hilbert."

Burroughs rather thought he would too. He had seen her photograph, a large platino type, whose delicate tones brought out the beauty of the gay, girlish face, and it had appealed to his artistic sense.

The bamboo rod quivered gently, and before he could think twice he had a trout flashing upward in the sunlight. At the same instant a hand gripped his coat collar firmly.

"I kind of thought I'd catch ye, sonny, this time. Jest drop that pole."

"Clear out, will you?" gasped Burroughs wrathfully, but a friendly rap on the knuckles from a knotty stick sent the rod flying, and he faced his assailant. He was a tall, stoop shouldered old man, with shrewd, twinkling eyes, a broad brimmed straw hat and chin whiskers.

"I've been lookin' for you, sonny, for several weeks," he said pleasantly. "Kind of like our trout, don't ye?"

"I was not aware that I was trespassing," began Burroughs stiffly. "If you will take your hand off my collar I shall be glad to pay any fine due."

"Course you would; tickled to death and get off scot free of worldly examples, but the captain's orders, sonny, didn't contain any mention of fines. 'If you catch the scamp, Hiram,' sez he, 'jest hang on to him, and we'll make a shining example of him on this glorious day of freedom.' Right about face, March!"

One is at a disadvantage with a hand on steel on the collar, just where the knuckles can grind persuasively into the neck, and a hickory rod is being joggled over one's head. Burroughs made a desperate effort to wrench himself free and stumbled helplessly in the attempt.

"Say, look here," he cried. "I'll give you \$10 if you'll let me go."

"March! Left, left!"

"Twenty!"

"Sonny, if you insult my old friend, Hiram Hicks, again I'll break your internal noddle into small, dry chips. Left, left!"

Burroughs set his teeth and marched with as good grace as possible. He had caught the word "captain." It must be Captain Hilbert whose trout he had unwittingly poached. He wondered with sudden horror whether the lank, incorrigible Nemesis at his heels would haul him before the captain and brand him a criminal in the presence of Miss Hilbert.

They had passed through a grove of oaks and walnuts. An old fashioned

colonial mansion showed beyond an apple orchard, but he was turned away from it and taken to an old corncrib which stood between the orchard and the huge white barn. It was empty and nearly stifling. The double doors were ponderous and were barred from the outside.

"I reckon you'll be tolerable easy here till the captain gets home," said Hiram cheerfully. "I'll bring you some water and be handy in case of emergency."

"Now, see here," began Burroughs sternly. "Once for all I had no idea of stealing your devilish trout. I'm a guest of Mr. Merrill of The Pines."

"That's all right, sonny," interrupted Hiram soothingly. "You lie down there in the corner and take a nap on a whole you're waiting. I don't doubt you've got some bit now, but you've got to get, and the captain sez, Hiram, if you catch the scamp that's stealin' my trout, you keep him, and I'm gonna to hang on to you."

The hours crept by. Burroughs walked back and forth in his prison. He wondered if they would send a search party after him. Hiram brought fresh water to him several times and chatted pleasantly through the broad cracks of the crib where the sunlight filtered through in broad rays of golden notes. But the hickory club was in readiness for possible mutiny and Burroughs knew his cause was hopeless.

When twilight came and he lay down from sheer weariness of walking, Hiram called out that the fire-works down at his friend's place were right pretty and he brought grimly that no one was worrying on his account after all.

About 9 o'clock carriage wheels sounded on the drive, and after awhile Hiram opened the doors cautiously.

"He's right in here, captain," he said, with a chuckle. "I ketcht him yankin' out a dandy."

"Come out, sir," called Captain Hilbert heartily. "Come out, you scamp."

Burroughs walked out angry and indignant, yet half amused as he saw consternation in the captain's eyes. He explained his identity briefly, and Hiram sat down on the chopping block and whistled as the two lunked arund and strolled to the house.

The blue eyes of Bess Hilbert twinkled with merriment when she heard the story of the capture over a late supper, but they also seconded her father's invitation to spend a week or more with them as atonement for his celebration of the Fourth.

"The trout fishing is very good here, Mr. Burroughs," she added demurely. "I enjoy it myself."

"And he's a mighty slick fisherman, that boy," Hiram said three weeks later as he sat on the shagging rock over the trout brook and watched two figures farther down the hillside under the willows. "He certainly does land some beauties."

Under the willows Bess laughed happily.

"You'll be my prisoner for life now, Stanley," she said teasingly.

"In the glorious cause of freedom," answered Burroughs, kissing her as Hiram kindly turned his back. "I'll surrender to the captain tonight, sweet-heart."

Fashion Hint For Mother.

"I don't pay much attention to hats," said Mr. Nason to his wife, "but I saw one on the train today that was very tasteful and becoming, and I thought to myself, 'I'll tell Sally about that, and perhaps she'll have one like it.'"

"Now describe it, Cyrus," said Mrs. Nason, her rubicund face alight with interest and pleasure. "Since the girls married and went off there's been no body to pay much attention to my hats."

"Well," said Mr. Nason slowly, "it was a kind of a curious shape, very large and flat on the crown, except that there was some sort of bunches sticking up here and there. The brim was wide and kind of floppy on one side, and the other side was tied back some way in two places with some scarlet ribbon. I guess, come to think of it, 'twas what you'd call mazarina. Then there were flowers springing round the brim in different places, white and pink, and some sprays of green leaves that fell over the edge, and I recollect seeing some berries here and there."

"But the best thing of all was a large white bow that waved around. It looked so so careless and easy. It just gave the finishing touch."

"I should think it would have." And Mrs. Nason's tone was dry enough to dishearten a less enthusiastic person.

"How old should you say the woman was?"

"Oh, she wasn't exactly a woman, didn't happen to be the one who had it on," said Mr. Nason ingeniously. "She was well, she might have been fifteen maybe."—Youth's Companion

Woodcock and Snipe.

There is quite a long list of birds known as snipe, but the one most commonly regarded as the snipe is the Wilson snipe (*Gallinago delicata*).

There is only one American bird called woodcock. This (*Philohela minor*) is entirely distinct from the various snipe, yet is of similar appearance. From this resemblance, or snipe-like appearance, the woodcock is incorrectly named (or perhaps we ought to say nicknamed) blind snipe, wail eyed snipe, mud snipe, big headed snipe, wood snipe, whistling snipe, etc. The various true snipe, the one woodcock (not really a snipe, but resembling them) and various sandpipers that also have long bills and bore in the mud all belong to one family (scolopacidae).

All these birds have somewhat similar appearance and habits. They frequent lowlands or plowed lands, such as cornfields, where the soil is soft, so that they can use their long bills in probing for worms or insects, etc. The Wilson snipe is smaller, trimmer of figure and a better flier than the woodcock.—St. Nicholas.

A VENERABLE PRIEST.

Father Kelly of Omaha Has Lived Under Seven Pontiffs.

Living in honorable and well earned retirement in the parish house at St. Theresa's pro-cathedral is a venerable priest of the Catholic church who has lived under all the popes who reigned during the nineteenth century and two of the pontiffs of the twentieth. This priest, well known in the central west, is Father William Kelly, whose life has been actively identified with that of Omaha, as he was ordained here in 1850, being then in his forty-second year, and has since devoted the major portion of his time to work in this city.

When Father Kelly was born, in 1818, in Ireland, Pius VII. was pope, when he was five years old. Pius XII. succeeded to the papacy, and when he was eleven Pius VIII. assumed control of the church's affairs, to be in turn succeeded two years later by Gregory XVI. who though he wore the ring of the fisherman for fifteen years, yet died before Father Kelly had left his native land for the United States. It was during the reign of Pius IX. who became pope in 1846, that Father Kelly came to the United States, the year being 1855. He came almost directly to Omaha, and here, two years before the great civil war, he was ordained a priest and placed in charge of the first Roman Catholic church established in the city. The church was a poor little wooden structure, about forty feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and stood on the present site of the Burlington freight depot on Eighth street. The whole population of Omaha was then but 1,800 souls, and the congregation was necessarily small and far from rich, but Father Kelly labored hopefully, untriflingly and with a contagious enthusiasm and energy to build up the little congregation. So successful were his labors that he was at length sent into the then western wilderness to build up new outposts for the use of the Christian army.

When the first train into Cheyenne pushed its way over the Union Pacific, just completed, Father Kelly was one of its passengers, and a short time later, in 1868, he had built the first Catholic church in that wicked little town. In the fall of 1869 Father Kelly accompanied Bishop Gorham to Rome, where he attended the great Vatican council, the last general Catholic convention that has been held. Returning he was assigned to work in Lincoln in 1871, remaining there for four years, when he was called back to Omaha, where he has been stationed ever since.

For the last several years Father Kelly has been retired from the active duties of the priesthood owing to the weight of years and physical infirmities, and leads a quiet and secluded life in the parish house. He is not too old or too weak, however, to take a warm interest in the affairs of the church and to lend a helping and sympathetic hand in works of charity and well doing. Omaha World Herald.

The Veneration of Relics.

The Rev. John J. Furlan, of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Yonkers, N. Y., in a recent sermon made a vehement attack on Mark Twain while speaking about the veneration of relics. He said in part:

"Of notable examples that the Roman Catholic church is strictly Scriptural I will select one suggested by today's gospel—the honor and veneration of Catholics to saints. It is something that Protestants ridicule. They say that they are unable to understand why sensible men should attach so much importance to a garment or bone or relic of a saint. Men like that scurriously buffoon Mark Twain travel through Catholic countries, Spain and Italy, and in their wanderings to the places of the many reliquaries are positively distracted at the genuflections and bowing during the exposition of the relics more famous than others. Holy Scripture tells us that the wisdom of God is not the wisdom of this world, and we look not to such Protestants for approval. In the Old Testament and the New Testament we have authority for belief and practice that miracles can be performed through contact with material objects connected with the lives of saints."

Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother.

Among many other bequests of the late John A. Mooney there is a fund of \$1,000 to the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York, for a medal to be awarded yearly to the undergraduate who will write the best essay on the social importance of the observance of the fourth commandment. The very reading of the entire will would satisfy one that the observance of this commandment was the testator's own special practice. There is scarcely one bequest that is not made in behalf or in memory of his father, mother or some honored professor who at one time or other had exercised authority over him.—Messenger

SHORT SERMONS.

Whatever you may have in your purse, carry hope in your heart and spend it freely.

It is usually not so much the greatness of our trouble as the littleness of our spirit which makes us complain.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You never can tell when the messenger of success will come.

Consider from time to time what passions are most predominant in your soul, and, having discovered them, adopt such a method of thinking, speaking and acting as may counteract them.

God delights in joy; it is one of the most certain means to secure his favors. But in order to rejoice in the Lord the soul must be purified, for the joy which pleases God must be that of a good conscience.

Correspondence.

LIMA.

The masses on Christmas day were celebrated at midnight at 11:30 a. m. The church presented a beautiful appearance with its many lights, cut flowers and festoons of green. During the lighting of the candles before both masses, Mr. Benjamin B. O'Connell of Rochester sang O Salutaris in a very pleasing and effective manner. The choir rendered the following program at both masses: Mercadante's Kyrie, Leprevost's Gloria, offertory, Adese Fiddling by little Elizabeth Broughton Hayden's 3d mass, Credo, Mercadante's Sanctus and Fiske's Agnus Dei. Much credit is due the organist, Miss Anna Keenan for her untiring efforts put forth during the past week of practice.

Christmas night at 6:30 o'clock the pupils of St. Rose's school gave their annual Christmas entertainment in Brendan Hall. The program consisted of songs, recitations and dialogues. A noticeable feature of the program was a pantomime of Neander My Good To Thee, participated in by the older girls. At the close of the entertainment, verses were sung in the church followed by benediction, the Blessed Sacrament.

Preparations are being made for a holiday festival to be held in Brendan hall, Monday evening, Jan. 4th.

Mass on New Year's morning was celebrated at 9:30 o'clock. At 10:30 p. m. there was veapers and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. O'Neil of Immaculate Conception parish, Rochester.

SENECA FALLS.

Dr. Thomas McDermott accompanied by his wife and mother are spending the holidays at their old home in Seneca Falls.

ELMIRA.

Branch 199, L. O. B. A. held their meeting on Monday evening as Christmas came on their regular meeting night.

The music in the different churches at midnight mass and at 10 o'clock mass was well rendered, but more so in St. Mary's at the 9 o'clock mass by the children, carefully trained by the Sisters of St. Joseph, the solo work of the little ones with violin obligato and chorus of five hundred well trained voices in part song will long be remembered. Too much praise cannot be given the good Sisters for the good work they are doing.

A month and a half high mass was offered for John Keating, Monday morning at 8 o'clock at St. Mary's church by Rev. Father O'Dwyer.

Rev. Father Carril, assistant at St. Mary's is spending a few days at his home.

The many friends of Mr. Patrick Case will be pained to hear he is still critically ill at his home on Miller St. and with little hope of his recovery.

The pastors of St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Peter and Paul's, St. John's St. Casimir's church all reported unusually large collections at all masses on Christmas day.

The funeral of Miss Mary Clark who died in Binghamton was held Monday morning at 11 o'clock at St. Patrick's church. Interment in St. Peter and Paul's cemetery.

The funeral of John J. Thompson who died on Christmas night, was held from his home on W. Clinton St. at 8:30 a. m. Monday and 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's church and was largely attended. Interment in St. Peter and Paul's cemetery.

National Theatre.

Miss Rebecca Warren, an old Rochester favorite, will appear at the National Theatre the first part of next week in a strong play "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Matinees Monday and Wednesday.

Edward Harrigan, the popular and well known actor, will be seen at the National Theatre in a single performance of "Old Lavender" on Thursday evening of next week.

On Friday and Saturday of next week there will be three performances of Field's Minstrels at the National Theatre. This organization and the quality of entertainment it offers is too well known to need describing.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

A fine bill of vaudeville is promised for next week at the Cook Opera House. One of the best acts presented will be that of Lewis McCord, in "Her Last Rehearsal," which gives the audience a glimpse of real life behind the scenes. Charlie Case, monologist; the Swedish Ladies Quintette, musicians; the Fred Gillett Trio in "Scenes in a Hairdresser's Parlor"; Girard and Gardiner in "The Substrite and the Cap"; Edie Girard in "Natural Gas"; A. G. Duncan, ventriloquist; George Austin, wire walker. This bill will be presented all next week with a daily matinee.

BAKER THEATRE.

"Through Fire and Water" one of the best and latest melodramas on the road will be the attraction at Baker Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 4, 5, 6, with bargain matinee daily.

There are so many plays on the road style themselves dramas that it is really refreshing when one of exceptional merit presents itself. In "The Old Mill Stream" we are promised a play that for naturalness and intense interest has never been surpassed. At Baker Theatre Jan. 7, 8, 9.

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