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HOLY WATER.

How It Is at Times Abused by Those Who Should Know Better.

All Catholics know what holy water is. They have an idea at least that the water is blessed with the exorcisms and prayer and that salt, which is also blessed, is mingled with it. Over the water and salt the priest prays so that they who use them devoutly may be sanctified in body and soul and be preserved from corporal and spiritual dangers. Its origin dates not from yesterday. Back in the centuries we have to look for its first appearance. It has touched the brows of Catholics of all ages. It has been borne with them in their wanderings, and today the devout Catholic keeps it in his home and takes it with him when traveling. To the faithful Pope Pius IX. granted an indulgence of 100 days every time that they shall make the sign of the cross with holy water, pronouncing at the same time the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The most of us know all this, though it must be said we refrain from manifesting that knowledge in our actions. It is depressing, for instance, to notice how irreverently holy water is handled by many Catholics. On entering the church they charge toward the font, throw holy water over the floor—not intentionally, we presume—and execute a hand maneuver which does duty as the sign of the cross. It has not, of course, the faintest resemblance to a cross and is to our mind the sign of carelessness and bad manners, daring to flaunt themselves in the very presence of the God of the Tabernacle. This may seem a matter of little moment, albeit they of a lively faith who respect each and every practice of the Church may think otherwise. They never seem to reflect that the water is set apart as a holy thing for their benefit. We have seen a crowd around a font pushing and giggling and chattering and behaving generally as if they were about to enter a theater and not God's house, where, says an old writer, the tempted find a remedy, the distracted counsel, the fainting help, the sound receive support, the sick medicine and the dead, by prayer that riseth up from the heart which lives with grace, deliverance from penal fire

The church manners of some of us are sadly in need of repair Is it due to ignorance or carelessness? But the fact is that we treat betimes our highest and holiest treasures with contempt.—Catholic Record.

TO HONOR COLUMBUS.

There May Be a Big Demonstration In This Country Next Year.

A movement is said to be on foot in Italy for the commemoration of the fourth centennial of the death of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America, May 20, 1906, by the erection of a monument in the Vatican. It is also stated that steps are being taken to recall to life the movement for his canonization. At the Vatican council thirty-six years ago a large number of archbishops and bishops present signed a petition urging Pope Pius IX. to admit of steps being taken to this end in the congregation of rites and after the council prelates in different parts of the world made individual appeals to the Holy See about the matter.

It is regarded as well within the range of probability that Catholics in this country will also take up the matter and arrange for a demonstration on the occasion of the anniversary. An active member of the Knights of Columbus in Washington stated that he intended to sound the sentiment of the local council of knights on the subject and, in turn, the members of the order in the United States, in order that a concrete plan of action may be formulated for a separate and distinct observance of the anniversary in this country.

"And right here in Washington," said the reporter's informant, "would be the ideal place to hold such a demonstration. No city of the country is better suited or more appropriate for the holding of a grand conclave in honor of the discoverer of America, the patron of our order. The Knights of Columbus are particularly strong in the east and in New England, and Washington is comparatively easy of access, while our climate in May is quite salubrious. No, I have not brought this matter to the attention of my council, but shall do so at a very early date."—Washington Star.

Vestments Worn by the Priest.

The vestments worn by the priest celebrating Mass are; The amice is a white linen veil which the priest puts on over his head and shoulders. It represents the veil with which the Jews covered the face of Jesus when they struck Him. The alb is a long white linen garment which reaches to the feet of the priest. It represents the white robe that Herod in mockery put upon our Lord. The cincture, or girdle, is the cord tied about the waist to hold up the alb. It represents the cords with which Christ was bound. The maniple, worn on the left arm, represents the chains put upon our Lord and also the handkerchief with which Veronica wiped His face. The stole is a narrow band which hangs down from the neck and is crossed on the priest's breast. It represents the cords with which our Lord's neck was bound after His condemnation. It is also the distinct sign of the priestly office and is used in many other ceremonies and blessings. The chasuble, or outer vestment, covers the body of the celebrant and represents the garment with which Christ was clothed in Pilate's court. The large cross upon the chasuble reminds us of the cross placed upon Christ's shoulders. At Solemn Mass the deacon and subdeacon wear vestments called dalmatics, which resemble the chasuble worn by the celebrant of the Mass.

OFF MILTON POINT.

(By Ruby Douglass.)

Dorothy picked her way carefully across the slimy, seaweed-covered stones to the big fishing rocks off Milton Point. Her russet oxfords were wet, her hair was blown about in an untidy, if bewitching fashion and on either cheek the delicate blue rose had bloomed into a veritable american beauty in its coloring.

Perhaps for the first time she realized what a comfort a masculine arm is when one goes fishing and climbing over slippery rocks. Her arm was tired from carrying her rod and bait and cushion—Dorothy could not go fishing without a cushion.

She had walked all the way from the Oxford because a certain young man with whom she did not care to have any more to do had gone to the beach and she could not get a boat without coming in contact with his distasteful presence.

The flat rock was deserted, and Dorothy heaved a little sigh of relief. She hoped the usual anglers would not come because—well, because one really should be alone when one fished.

Little wrinkles of perplexity dodged in and out on her brow and played hide and seek beneath the beruffled sunbonnet when she began to get her rod and line ready for fishing. Such a tangle as it was in. She almost cried with vexation at the rod, of course.

One by one she undid the tangles and did not notice the boat coming over the sound toward the rocks. A big-hatted, gray whiskered person with a pipe and several rods was preparing to ensconce himself on the rocks

"I never thought he would do such a thing," Dorothy was commenting, mentally. "And then for him to think I would accept an apology. It was an unpardonable offence—to let a girl go home with a whole crowd and at their mercy. Who ever heard of a man's being held by force when he had a girl to take home?

At last she had straightened out her line and, gingerly, she drew the bait pail toward her She looked in among the crawling fiddlers and shuddered. How could she ever pick up one and stick a hook through it?

She tried to summon up courage, and finally put her hand into the pail.

"O! O!" she cried, jumping up and dropping her rod into the water. One of the fiddlers had nipped her finger and was stubbornly hanging on.

At her screams the other occupant of the rock turned from his poles and looked at her.

"Please," she said timidly, seeing that the old man did not offer to assist her, "won't you take this awful thing off?"

With some difficulty she recovered her pole and baited it, and was soon sitting placidly on the rocks, fishing and thinking.

"If only it had rained," she was saying to herself, "he might have come back, but the horrid crowd would not wait for him."

A nibble called her back to her occupation. She pulled in her line but found nothing but a portion of the fiddler on the hook.

Suddenly there was a strong tug at her line and Dorothy gave such a jerk that the long, slippery, squirming something on the end landed squarely on the head of the fisherman and sent his broad straw hat flying.

"O, what have I done?" cried Dorothy.

And then she gasped. A sleek head of brown hair. What a surprise to see that hair with the gray whiskers.

The man took the eel—for it was an eel Dorothy had caught—and threw it back into the water.

"Tom Stanford!" Dorothy whispered almost inaudibly.

"Dorothy!" he replied, smiling.

Neither of them paid the least attention to the hat and the rods which were floating about in the waters of the sound.

"How could you do such a mean, mean thing?" she asked, pushing her hair back beneath her bonnet and trying, generally, to recover herself.

Tom did not know which of the things she referred to—the escapade of the night before, or the prank he had just played on her.

"Because of you," he ventured, answering the latter idea.

"But—but I wasn't going to have anything more to do with you after last night," she said, slowly, tying and untying her bonnet strings.

"It was absolutely unavoidable, Dorothy. That gang of fellows held me forcibly upstairs, and I could not get away to join you. Do you think that I would purposely leave you to go home without me when I had escorted you there?"

"No," she admitted reluctantly.

"And you will accept my apology and admit that I played a clever game to see you alone and force you to listen to me?" he asked, going nearer to her.

"Perhaps," she said.

"And you'll forgive me, too, for taking that fiddler off your finger so unfeelingly and without making myself know?"

"Yes." Dorothy was very submissive. She was glad she was not alone on the rocks.

"And, dear, will you promise, while you are in the mood, to marry me?" He put his arm about her.

"If—if you'll take those whiskers off." Dorothy answered.

And later a boat arrived at the hotel with two occupants who had been fishing, but they had neither poles nor fish.

OLD TIME RAPID TRANSIT.

Four Miles an Hour was the Time Made on Stage Coaches.

In the middle of the eighteenth century English stage coaches were covered with dull black leather, studded with broad-headed nails by way of ornament and possessed oval windows with red frames. On the panels of the coach the names of the places passed through were painted in large letters, and the roof, which had an iron rail around it, rose in a curve. The speed of the ponderous vehicles was often but four miles an hour. An advertisement regarding the Beehive coach, which ran between London and Manchester, is worth quoting. It read thus: "In order to insure safety and punctuality, with respectability, no large packages will be taken, or fish of any description carried by this conveyance. The inside of the coach is fitted up with spring cushions and a reading lamp lighted with wax for the accommodation of those who wish to amuse themselves on the road. The inside backs and seats are also fitted up with hair cushions, rendering them more comfortable to passengers than anything hitherto brought out in the annals of coaching, and to prevent frequent disputes respecting seats every seat is numbered. Persons booking themselves will receive a card with a number upon it, thereby doing away with the disagreeables that occur daily in the old style."

A feature of one promoter's scheme was that each mail coach should be properly guarded by retired soldiers, who would naturally be acquainted with the use of firearms; but this idea was not adopted, and the contractors at first supplied guards and arms often of a worthless character. Ultimately, however, the postoffice undertook to appoint its own guards, but these were at first so zealous that Pennant records (1792): "They shoot at dogs, hogs, sheep and poultry as they pass the road, and even in towns, to the great terror and danger of the inhabitants." The mail coach was luxurious when compared with the old stage coaches. A coach was often called "a God permit," because the advertisement stated that the journey would be "performed if God permits."

In 1836 the mail coaches had probably reached their prime. According to a historian, "eight or nine miles an hour had hitherto been their highest speed, and now, with vehicles of lighter build, the speed was advanced to ten miles an hour, and even more. While the fastest mail coach on the road traveled at the rate of ten miles and five furlongs an hour, a private coach accomplished within the hour rather more than eleven miles. This was the coach between Edinburgh and Aberdeen, of which Capt. Barclay of Ury—the celebrated pedestrian—was the proprietor. Besides coachman and guard, it carried fifteen passengers, four inside and eleven outside, while a mail coach carried four in and four out, or eight altogether."

Restored to Relative After 17 Years.

Julius Spears of Saline county, aged 20 years, has just been restored to his relatives, after having been separated from them ever since he was 3 years old, and having never, as far as he can remember, heard of them. Young Spear's parents lived in Illinois.

One night Willard Spears, the father, disappeared, taking his youngest child, Julius, with him. He went to Arkansas, and later came to Missouri, locating near Camden. The father died several years ago, leaving his son without any knowledge whatever of his family connections. While in Bedford, Ill., a short time ago, a man from Marshall met a family named Spears. Conversation revealed that they were relatives of Julius Spears, and the old mother has recently had restored to her the son whom she thought she had lost forever.—Kansas City Journal.

Understood His Business.

Gen. Adna R. Chaffee told the following story recently, as illustrating the unconscious humor of many Irishmen: "A true son of the Emerald Isle had applied at a recruiting station in Buffalo for enlistment in the army. The officer in charge asked him jokingly, if he knew anything about drilling. 'Drillin', was it ye said, sor?' replied the Irishman, 'an' shure I've worked in the New York subway fir two years. Drillin' bedad! Ask me another, sor.'"

A flat hat is of rough straw faced with brown tulle and trimmed with rosettes of the tulle and small yellow roses.

The popularity of the Oriental girdle is on the increase, and the shops are showing beautiful ones that range in price from $2 up to $5 each.

A smart braid is like a series of tiny peacock feathers held together by a white cord running through the centre. The colors are softer, not quite so brilliant as the real peacock plumage.

Effect of Food.

Butter used in excess renders its users phlegmatic and lazy. Apples are excellent for brain workers, and everybody who has much intellectual work to do should eat them freely. Potatoes, on the contrary, render one dull, invidious and lazy, when eaten constantly and in excess. To preserve the memory, even to an advanced age, nothing is better than mustard.

Peter Thompson frocks with deep yoke back and front and entire gown falling in one piece, in shallow box pleats, loosely belted, are fashionable.

Two little [illegible] suburbs of Boston [illegible] spectively, 4 and 6 [illegible] interested attendants [illegible] pal church. Their [illegible] mother resides in [illegible] of old Unitarian stock [illegible] were visiting [illegible] Sunday and [illegible] same day the rector [illegible] church preached [illegible] in Boston. So the [illegible] thinking to give them a [illegible] prise, took them to the [illegible] contrary to her expect[illegible] expressed no surprise wha[illegible]

"Do you know the minister [illegible] asked.

"Yes, he is our minister [illegible]

"But why is he here?" [illegible]

"Why he is our minister [illegible]

"Do you think he [illegible] cause you were to be [illegible]

"Why, of course, he [illegible] later."

"But," pursued the [illegible] "I don't think I quite under[illegible]

"No," answered the little [illegible] old, "of course, you don't [illegible] ma, but then (with a pitying [illegible] you're a Unitarian."—Boston [illegible] ald.

Take It In Instalments.

William H. Crane, the actor [illegible] of an amusing incident that [illegible] in course of a performance [illegible] company with which the [illegible] was connected at one time [illegible] had been understudying for [illegible] ing man, and it became his [illegible] critical time to lift up the [illegible] heroine and convey her [illegible] [illegible]

A JOKE ON THE FAT LADY.

First Kid—Gee! [illegible] was up at a fire [illegible] lady at de third story [illegible] yells "Jump! We've got [illegible] Second Kid—Did she [illegible] First Kid—Gee, yes! [illegible] didn't have no blanket! [illegible]

[illegible]