

A BLUNDER INTO WISDOM

Never before in all his life had Billy Le Voe been to walk with a girl. Even now it was no fault of his that Peggy Carlton was along. He had, in fact, fought bitterly against it, but his cherished younger brother, Bob, had wished a clear field that evening in order that he might make certain statements of unusual interest to Peggy's younger sister, Polly. Bob had demonstrated fluently that, to attain this end Billy must take a sister to walk. Now Billy had never had any use for girls and could not understand his brother's interest in them, but he had never denied the "kid" anything. So in the end, shutting his teeth firmly upon his rapidly ebbing courage, he stalked over to the next house to deliver his invitation.

"We'll go to the shore through Brandon Lane, and then we'll come back by the State road," he said. Peggy, who was still consumed with wonderment at having been invited at all, made no reply, and in unadulterated silence they entered the quiet, grassy path which he had selected.

"It's a lovely night," Peggy ventured after a time. "Night's all right," granted Billy leaving it to be inferred from his emphasis that the night possessed a corner in righteousness. He was in no mood for scenery, being on a quest for something sensible to say. He did not succeed, and the birds had the silence to themselves. Peggy tried again.

"Where's Bob this evening?" she inquired sociably. "Over at your place. He said he wanted the parlor to himself."

"So that's why you asked me to go to walk?" Billy was aghast at his mistake, and also at the way Peggy took it, for she stood still in the middle of the lane and laughed till the tears came. "I hope you don't mind," he offered lamely.

"Not—not if you don't," replied Peggy, wiping her eyes, and of course in order to be decently polite Billy had to assert that he was enjoying himself immensely all of which was very educative indeed for Billy.

After this they talked of the Polly and Bob affair, and agreed that the two were absurdly young to think of matrimony. The crickets were chirping in an undertone, and a light wind stirred the leaves.

"It is a nice night," Billy heard himself saying, and was surprised again at himself this time.

Just then they rounded a little curve in the lane, the woods on the right had dropped behind, and in their place stretched a broad meadow with only a low stone wall between Billy, gazing ahead saw that which brought him to an abrupt stop. Directly in their path and dangerously near sat a pretty black-and-white pussie.

Billy was certain that girls in critical situations invariably scream, so Peggy presently found herself swept off her feet and being borne rapidly over a stone wall and across a post-iced it, you know. This only seemed silly, though, that neither the poetry of the scene nor the romantic character of the adventure appealed to her. When he came to set her down, he decided, at the sight of her blazing eyes, that he had better have the first word. "It was a sort of a cat!" he blurted breathlessly. "If you had screamed you'd have frightened it, you know." This only seemed to increase the girl's resentment.

"What right had you to think I would scream?" she demanded. "Why, any girl would," he assured her, to air his knowledge of the sex, as well as to assuage her wrath. There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Are you still mad?" he inquired plaintively, after a time. "Somehow, I can't seem to be," she confessed. Billy felt absurdly relieved, but pulled himself together and said gruffly:

"The State road's over there to the right; we'll have to cut across lots." They were in the geometrical centre of a 10-acre field.

"How very wet the grass is!" marvelled Peggy. "Do you suppose the sort of a cat" had rubbers on, Billy?"

"You haven't, at any rate," he discovered and drew a long breath. "You'll have to let me carry you again," he stated boldly, adding quickly, however, "but there really isn't any hurry; Bob won't be expecting us, and the grass won't get any wetter, anyway." So they stayed and discussed the scenery. Above the horizon the sky was clear gold; it reminded Billy of a ring which Bob had gotten a few days before, anticipating a future need.

"That kid brother of mine knows a heap more about girls than I do," he confessed with sudden humility. "He has learned a lot from Polly," suggested Peggy, the slyboots.

Billy thought the idea all his own, and awfully clever, too. "Say, Peggy, would you—would you mind sort of coaching a fellow?" he asked eagerly. "I know I'm an awful chump, but if you would you know—"

"Don't be rash," she begged; "you might have to take me to walk again!" "Who's afraid?" demanded Billy emphatically. "Let's shake on it." Which having done, they had another silence, this one by mutual consent. Peggy was the first to notice that the moon had risen.

"And the grass is wet," she admitted.

GATHERING SEA FOWLS' EGGS.

Perilous Work of Cliff Climbers on English Coast. With the advent of spring the Yorkshire cliff climbers make preparations for gathering the eggs of the myriads of sea fowl that build their nests in the dizzy precipices of the northeastern coast.

At Bepton a few miles from Bridlington the favorite resort of these egg hunters lies chalk cliffs, lower 100 feet above the sea. They are the home of thousands of gulls, cormorants, kittiwases and other sea birds that have just begun to build their rough nests in the cherty crevices. William Wilkinson who has pursued this perilous calling for many years is known as far away as the King of the Peak hunters. He is a bluff weathered and hard man of the sea with an air of experience and age as is possessed by the most daring steepclimber.

Wilkinson wears an old helmet to protect his head from the pieces of rock dislodged by the rope by which he is suspended in mid-air. Around his body he wears a kind of leather hammock in which he is able to sit. On his arms he wears leather protectors. Lower away boys he carries as he swings himself over the brink in an almost horizontal position and presses each foot firmly against the back of the face. Three of the men seize the rope, and foot by foot the intrepid climber is lowered till his cheery voice is lost amid the fluttering sounds of the dislodged birds. He swings from nest to nest putting each egg carefully in a bag swung over his shoulder. As soon as his bag is full, he gives the hoist up signal on the guide rope and the men haul him up.

Wilkinson makes several descents at the end of the day shares the spoil with his assistants who sell them for eating purposes to the inhabitants of the neighboring villages.

"Young Blood." Cranberry juice isn't the only thing rated there as young blood. If anything in this world has a value placed on it that is ride usually high it is young blood. A man does pretty well in business and finally gets into some young blood immediately he spends half his days in covering up mistakes made by the young blood and his nights in fretting about them. Old friends are offended, innovations are made that mean a loss of business every one is disturbed, and mistakes appear that the old man wonders if a school child wouldn't do better. All due to the young blood. Archbishop (Kan.) Globe.

Shiloh Church to Be Rebuilt. An effort is being made to build a suitable memorial church on the site of the original church, on Shiloh battlefield, one of the most attractive of military parks. It was on this very spot the bloody battle of Shiloh was begun on the morning of April 6, 1862. It is the purpose to build a memorial church to cost not less than \$10,000. The names of all contributors will be recorded in a permanent register and kept on exhibition in the church which will be open to visitors and tourists.

An Early Magnate. By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom for I am prudent. And I have removed the bonds of the people and have robbed their treasures, and I have put down the inhabitants like a valiant man. And my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people, and as one gathered eggs that are left have I gathered all the earth and there was none that moved the wing or opened the mouth or peeped. Sennacherib.

The Easiest Way. Not long ago a young woman down in these parts was walking along the street arrayed in a faultless spring suit that fitted like a glove over one of the new hipless corsets, when she dropped her pocketbook. She stood gazing mournfully at it, wondering how on earth she'd ever pick it up when down the street came a bright young man. "Get down on your hands and knees and you can pick it up," Gwendolyn," he said as he passed on. —Lamar (Mo.) Democrat.

Alma Mater. Farmer Upstate (writing to college president) That boy Josh of ours writes me that he's in love with Alma Mater. Ma don't think she sounds like the kind of a girl we would like for a daughter-in-law. So you break it off, will you? Use money, if necessary, but not more than five dollars. I have written the young scamp that I'll cut him off without a cent if he does any fancy eloping act. —University of Wisconsin Sphinx.

Beetle Hunting in Queensland. A reward of 1s. 3d. a pound was recently offered by the Queensland sugar planters, writes a Brisbane (Australia) correspondent, for beetles of the destructive sugar cane grub. Hundreds of men and boys have now taken up beetle hunting as a profession. One man earns £6 a week throughout the "beetle season," and the boys from £2 a week.

Needless Travelers. Those who travel heedlessly from place to place, observing only their distance from each other, and attending only to their accommodation at the inn at night, set out fools and will certainly return so.

Cannibal Shark. An Australian paper records the capture of a shark 15 feet six inches long and seven feet girth, whose contents included a full-sized porpoise and another shark five feet long.

The Greater Gift

A chill wind blew from the north, and the woman drew her furs closer around her. Just ahead was the small schoolhouse, ablaze with light. Quickening her step the woman followed the neatly shoveled path up to the door, and entered. She checked the exclamation of surprise which rose to her lips as she looked around. Nothing was changed from the prim rows of desks with their knife defaced tops to the old rusty wheezy stove in the corner. The Clarksville folks were not progressive. They believed that what had been good enough for their parents was good enough for them.

The woman took a seat at one side of the room and quietly removed her furs. Many curious looks were sent in her direction by the villagers who were apparently surprised to see a stranger in their midst. But no one would recognize her, she said to herself as she observed their curiosity. She had counted upon that when she had left the company at Clifton and slipped away to take the train for the "fire out of the way" village. She had come to the one hotel in the town and made her plans to spend the following day in visiting familiar scenes but when she had overheard the proprietor mention that the pupils of Clarksville Hollow were to give an entertainment at the schoolhouse this evening although she was very weary from her journey she had not hesitated a moment before deciding to come.

It did not seem possible that 12 years had passed since she had left the village and that only about 15 had elapsed since she had been a pupil in this same tiny schoolhouse. There had been a boy four years her senior of whom she had been very fond and who had always been her escort to these affairs. What good friends they had been! But later when they had grown older and he had asked the privilege to become something dearer than a friend she had said no and sent him away.

Then her heart's wish had been to become a great singer and she had been willing to sacrifice love for her art but though the years had brought her at first success and then fame she was not entirely happy. Often she had felt a sense of loneliness and yearned to see her home and Stanley Roberts again. Now she had seen her native town but she did not know where her girlhood's sweetheart was. She had heard of him only a few times since they had met but she had been glad to learn that he was fast earning fame as an illustrator. Until this season she had spent the years abroad and it was there she had gained her laurels.

She listened mechanically to the first recitation. Then after that she suddenly became conscious that something had gone wrong. From those near her she soon learned that the pupil who was down on the program was to sing had sent word that she could not come. Acting upon a swift impulse the woman made her way to the platform and volunteered to sing for the school. She was greeted with delight, although they doubted a little among themselves that she could sing as well as Milly Brown. But it was much better than to be obliged to omit the singing.

A hush stole over the villagers as the rich contralto voice filled the little room. They had heard Home Sweet Home many times in their lives but never like this. The woman was singing as the European public had never heard her sing. If it could have listened now to its idol it would have gone wild with admiration. She was singing to one person in the world she did not know where he was. She had not seen the man who had quietly slipped into a seat in the corner.

When she had finished this song the people broke into an applause which fairly shook the building. Their enthusiasm pleased her and after this she sang to them her people all the home songs that she knew would please them, and they listened, entranced, with undried eyes.

At last the glorious voice sobbed into silence and the woman stopped quickly from the platform in the excitement that followed she stole from the room. The man saw her go and after a moment he, too, left the school house.

The woman walked slowly along with bowed head. She was saying to herself that she would gladly give up the adulation that was so sweet to her everything if she could only hear him say again that he loved her when she heard her name spoken very tenderly.

She turned to confront the one of whom she had been dreaming. For an instant it seemed to her as if they were in a dream world and that her singing had been the means of bringing him to her side. But the next moment she recovered herself, and she greeted him in a collected manner.

"I've been longing to see you all these years," he said, "and now we meet here. Something impelled me to leave the city this morning and come back to the village. I persuaded myself that it was because I wanted to see the old place again, but now I know that I came to see you. I heard you sing; it was wonderful. I shall always love you, dear, but now I understand that I should not have expected you to give up that glorious gift."

"There is a gift which is greater," she interposed softly. The man looked down into her eyes, and the love light which shone there told him what she meant.—BEATRICE F. HARMON.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE DEAF.

People So Handicapped as a Rule Yield Poor Pictures.

If deaf people had the same dread of photographers that photographers have of them they would not often have their pictures taken. The artist dislikes them not because of their infirmity but because they take poor pictures.

"Why do they show up so badly in a photograph?" asked a visitor whose presence complaint had been made. "I don't know why" was the reply but they do. Judging by their expression at that time they must be expecting the camera to go off at a critical moment with a flourish of trumpet and they are all on edge to hear it. Their eyes never look at other people's noses nor their mouths. I suppose that is partly due to the difficulty in making them understand instructions. I may pass a deaf man before a camera ever so artistically but before I get the first away he is again in the most dejected attitude.

Hold up your head, I shout to him. He opens his mouth wide and en circles his ear with his palm.

What's that? he says. I go back and jerk him into shape. We repeat that performance half a dozen times. By the time the fellow gets an inkling of the requirements of a photographic subject he is in a state of nervous collapse that does not add to his physical attractiveness but after all that preparatory tussle we do not like to postpone the great event so we take a picture. Naturally it is not a good likeness. The man is not satisfied neither am I but it is not worth use to repeat the performance for he is not likely to get a better picture.

Altogether there is a strained, tense look on the pictured face of a deaf person which not even the pencil of the retoucher can soften and if the photographers art were to be judged by that small portion of life work he would soon suffer so in reputation that he would have to shut up shop.

Poisoned by Honey-suckle. One of the most favorite and beautiful of our flowers is the common honey-suckle but it would seem to have its dangers. The London Lancet mentions a case occurring in the practice of Dr. Engel of Volden in which a little boy two years old was poisoned by its flowers.

The child, after being in the garden playing with the flowers became tired and drowsy and then complained of thirst. Our contemporary describes the symptoms that followed and adds that the boy made a good recovery but was peculiar and inert for some days. Various kinds of honey-suckle have been used medicinally as diuretics and diaphoretics and it is well that it should be known that some of the varieties at all events are far from harmless. The flowers appear to be especially dangerous when freshly picked.

Why Men Wear Trousers. No living man of this age ever deliberately chose to adopt trousers. He was forced into them and all other eccentricities of dress by woman in the very earliest sartorial experience of every man he is swathed in a queer bundle of incoherent bandages by a woman. Later she puts him into cute little dresses so that the neighbors can tell him from his little sister. Billy later she cuts off his curls and puts him into knickerbockers and he puts on "long pants" when she gives the word and not before. That is all that man has to do or ever had to do with wearing trousers. Woman forced him into them in the first place and now he is afraid to wear anything else for fear of making a sensation.

London Ladies Take Up Fencing. London ladies stimulated by the Olympic games of last summer have taken to the foils, and fencing is now the fashion. Indeed an officer of the Sword club holds that fencing is likely to have an even wider vogue among women than among men. Many women prominent in the social world are actively interesting themselves in the foils, and there seems every likelihood that something approaching a craze may be started in the fencing world during the coming season.

The Kiss of History. The ancient Teutons observed the kiss solely as a symbol of love and friendship. With them, as with the Anglo-Saxon race today, the firm handshake was the usual form of salutation in public. In medieval times the kiss became the symbol of other sentiments. The vassal had to kiss the sword of his feudal lord. The "osculum gladly correcti" was the symbol of fealty. In courts of justice the crucifix on the Bible was kissed, a custom still extant.

An Indian Arrow. Dr. Whipple, long bishop of Minnesota, was about to hold religious services at an Indian village in one of the Western States, and before going to the place of meeting asked the chief, who was his host, whether it was safe for him to leave his effects in the lodge. "Plenty safe," granted the red man. "No white man in a hundred miles from here."

Vases in Autos. Vases of flowers have for some time been an adjunct of the closed automobile. Now some smart broughams have a vase of flowers beside each door. The hanging vases of Japanese porcelain are the favorites, though the metal cases into which a vase slips are also used.



Bert Lytell who is appearing at the Baker Theater.

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK. Prepare for the "Rainy Day." None of us can tell what is in store for him. It may be sickness, loss of position, reverses in business, death in the family—anything. Be ready for any emergency. Save your money, and put it in the savings bank. Let it work for you. Money in the savings bank knows no eighty-hour law, but will work for you all of the twenty-four. Compound interest works wonders, if you'll give it a chance. MONEY TO LOAN ON BOND AND MORTGAGE. WEST MAIN AND FITZGHUGH STREET.

Auburn, N. Y. On Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock, for the benefit of the Auburn Asylum at St. Mary's Church occurred the wedding of Miss Josephine O'Leary and John Ring Jr. The ceremony held on account of the removal of the Rev. P. J. Smyth assistant pastor of the church. The attendants were Miss Mary O'Leary a cousin of the bride from Cortland and Edward J. Guill held next week after which they breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. John O'Leary in Pleasant Street. After a wedding trip to Buffalo a young couple will be at home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Mary Kin-sella to John O'Brien was quietly solemnized at St. Mary's Church on Wednesday morning. The bride is a well known young Auburnian, while the groom is now a member of the Lansing Michigan baseball team. Mr. O'Brien was a member of the Auburn baseball team during the days of the Empire League. For the rest of the summer Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien will be in Lansing Michigan after the baseball season is over they will return to this city.

The members of the First Communion class of the Holy Family Church received the sacrament in a body last Sunday morning at 8 o'clock mass. The event was of great interest in the church on account of the large class of children. In the afternoon the receptions into the societies of the church took place.

The recent novenas at the Holy Family Church were among the most successful exercises ever held in the church. All of the services were largely attended. It was stated in last week's issue

of the Journal that the yearly picnic for the benefit of the Auburn Asylum would be held on July 5th. This would be an error and no picnic will be held on account of the removal of the Rev. P. J. Smyth assistant pastor of the church. The several schools of the city are now near the closing weeks of the year. The examinations will be held next week after which they will be closed.

Help Us To Save the Negro. For twenty-five years the Josephite Fathers have labored among the negroes of the state of Virginia. Already nine Mission Stations have been established. These are supported by Saint Joseph's Mission House. Others are badly needed to reach our unfortunate colored brethren. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to come to our aid in this glorious apostolate. St. Anthony's Union has been established to support the priests who so generously devote their lives to the salvation of this people. There are 400,000 negroes in the state of Virginia, but only 2,000 of them are Catholics, the others are ignorant of the blessings that Christ bequeathed to mankind through His church. Our desire and efforts are to erect a new mission each year. Each mission station costs \$2,500 to erect. Will you join St. Anthony's Union, and help in the salvation of the souls that cost the blood of Jesus Christ to save?

"Of all things the most divine is to co-operate in the salvation of souls"—St. Cyril of Jerusalem. Send a donation to Rev. Charles Hannigan, St. Joseph's Mission House, Box 842, Richmond, Va.

Better Get Your Order In To-day for New Awnings. You want them when you want them. We want you to have them when we promise them. So get your order in right away, to-day if you can, for the rush is on. A 'phone message will bring us to take necessary measurements, and an estimate of cost is but the work of a few minutes. We use nothing but the best of materials that will give the sort of service most satisfactory to you. NANTUCKET HAMMOCKS Prices \$12.00 to \$17.00 James Field Company 41 and 43 Exchange Street Home 'Phone 321 Bell 'Phone 2230 Main