

The Sleepwalker

By ARTHUR EDWARDS

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And so, my boy, you're going to the city to take a position in business. It's more than seventy years since I did the same thing myself.

When I was your age I was apprenticed to a New York china merchant. The apprentice usually lived in the family of his employer and I lived with the Van Horns. Mr. Van Horn's office was on the ground floor of his house the living rooms being upstairs. The house stood on the bank of the East river, and from it we could see the ships in which he was interested come in to the slips on the other side of the street peering their bowsprits almost in at our windows.

I was but fourteen years of age when I was apprenticed to Mr. Van Horn. He had but one daughter, Katherine, who was twelve to whom I soon stood as a brother. Before the term of my apprenticeship had expired we had become lovers and I preferred to remain where I was rather than accept a position that would separate me from Katherine. But of this Mr. Van Horn was ignorant.

Meanwhile Mrs. Van Horn had died and her place in the household management was taken by a housekeeper, a middle aged widow named Clark. Mrs. Clark had no sooner come into the family than it was apparent that she aimed at marrying Mr. Van Horn. By that time I was nineteen years old and Katherine was sixteen. It was natural that I should unite against the common enemy for Katherine was up in arms against any one who aspired to take her mother's place.

During my boyhood I became a somnambulist. The first time I walked in my sleep I awoke to find myself standing before a mirror brushing my hair. I was terribly shocked and running to my bed, covered my head and lay trembling till morning. Another time when the bowsprit of a large ship extended over the house, I found myself was night on the bowsprit. I saved myself from falling into the street by catching a rope I had gone on to the roof, got on to the bowsprit and was sailing down.

At that time there were no safes such as we have now. A modest safe compared with the strong box of that day is like an ocean liner compared with one of the caravels in which Columbus crossed the Atlantic. I well remember the strong box Mr. Van Horn kept in one of the rooms on the main floor of his house, a room he used for his private office. It was covered with strips of iron interlaced like basketwork. But it was opened by a big iron key that would now serve for a stable door.

All of a sudden Mr. Van Horn began to miss important papers from his strong box. He consulted his lawyer, Mrs. Clark and there was at once a great change in his treatment of me. It was plain to me that she had not only opened his eyes to my relations with his daughter, of which he had been oblivious, but she led him to suspect that I was stealing his papers.

She herself was oblivious to nothing that was going on and had not only discovered that Katherine and I were lovers, but that we stood in her way to become Mrs. Van Horn. But Mr. Van Horn was a secretive man and though he was seriously poisoned against me and was ambitious for his daughter to become the wife of an eminent man, he pretended to disbelieve the charge against me, preferring to set a watch upon me without letting any one in the house know that he was doing so. He slept with his door open at the other end of the hall on which my room also faced, and since he was a light sleeper it was almost impossible for me to leave my room without his knowing it.

Well, one night I woke up from one of my somnambulist walks, and my astonishment was as great as, if not greater than, ever before. I was standing in the counting room on the main floor, Mr. Van Horn was standing in the door that opened into his private office, while by the light of a candle Mrs. Clark was seen kneeling beside the strong box.

"Go to your room," said Mr. Van Horn to me.

I lost no time in doing so, but soon recovered from the shock of my sudden awakening from somnambulism. For I saw that my physical defect had made a great change in the situation. The next morning I saw Mrs. Clark packing to leave, and before noon she was out of the house, never to return.

As soon as she had gone Mr. Van Horn called me into his private office and told me of the loss of his papers, his consultation with his housekeeper and her turning his suspicions against me. The night before he had heard me get out of bed and, going himself into the hall, had seen me start on what he soon became convinced was a somnambulist tour. He and I were both in our bare feet and moved with a catlike tread. When he saw me go down into the office it occurred to him that I was stealing his papers in my sleep. But instead of that I was leading him to the thief, who was at that time engaged in removing more papers from his strong box.

Considering that I had saved him from the toils of a bad woman and that he discovered Katherine's strong love for me, Mr. Van Horn consented to our engagement and afterward, when we were married, made me his partner.

Mr. Franklin at the Bar.
Among the state papers for the year 1680 may be read a letter from John Barretet to Henry VIII's minister Thomas Cromwell, stating that in accordance with the terms of the treaty and aidmen had chosen Mr. Frydely to attend the English parliament as the representative of Calais and that he had made certain arrangements about his passage into England.

One Thomas Boyd was elected as his colleague and Calais continued to remain in Westminster until in the reign of Mary we met the stronghold we had held for over two centuries. This is the only instance in England's history of anything like colonial representation at Westminster unless in deed we reckon one of two exceptional occasions when colonial grievances have been voiced at the bar of the house of commons as they were brilliantly by Benjamin Franklin, when Burke said the same reminded him of a master established in a parcel of nobility's London News.

Learn to Laugh

Laughter is the best of all tonics. It is a natural, spontaneous, and healthy vibration with the shocks of fun. This is a truth but serious and likewise worth representing are the attitudes on laughter as the great skeptic of the soul. It is true there are different kinds of laughter and some of them are of a deplorable nature. There is a kind too that needs liberation of soul as an antidote to other that is for a tablet. It is the right sort of laughter was strove from the gods by some wisest from them, and nothing on earth against it. In America there is plenty of laughter, good, bad and indifferent but mostly good and such that is very good. It is one of our greatest national resources. May we conserve it at ways. A people that laugh kindly and often have no need to fear a people that laugh wisely. Nothing Chicago Tribune

Fanny Dickens

Fanny the sister of Charles Dickens was one of the first students entered at the old Royal Academy of Music when it opened its doors at Tottenham street in 1823, and at that time the students lived at the academy only going home for the week end. Every Sunday, Dickens told Foster, "I was at the academy at 9 o'clock in the morning to fetch her (Fanny) and we walked back there together at night. And the Sunday itself the two spent in the Marshmore place where their father and mother then resided. As to Mr. Dickens having failed to pay to his creditors. While her father was still in prison Fanny won a prize at the academy and the future novelist then engaged to paying in bills of banking posts at 7 shillings a week was present to see her receive it.—Westminster Gazette

Twain and the Riverman

Mark Twain once told to a party of friends the following story on himself. On one occasion when he started on a trip down the Mississippi river on a flatboat he was advised never to answer the questions asked by rivermen on other boats and never to band words with them, as he would be sure always to come out second best. He followed the advice religiously for a time, but one day he thought to saw a chance to get the better of a river man who called out:

Hey, that what yer loaded with?

"Jackasses. I don't you want to comb aboard?" yelled back Twain.

"That's what I reckoned seen as how they let their biggest donkey back their run of the deck," came back Twain made a dive below as all the rivermen in the neighborhood set up a derisive laugh at his expense.

"Niggering" Logs

The question was asked me as a native of Maine if I could find out what "niggering" logs meant in the statement "We niggered the logs." I found that "nigger" logs was to save the labor of chopping them into lengths by piling them up crossed at points where it was desired to separate them. By building fires under these crossings several logs could be burned into sections at once. Because "nigger" was supposed to be lazy this lazy man's way of cutting logs into lengths was, naturally enough, called "niggering."—Appleton Morgan in New Shakespeareans.

The Inexpensive Policeman

Mr. Walter Seymour, who writes "Ups and Downs of a Wandering Life," had Thorold Rogers for a tutor while at Oxford. Rogers was as amusing as he was heterodox. "I remember asking him one day, 'Mr. Rogers, what do you consider the origin of the idea of the devil?' 'Cheapest policeman they could find!'"

A Mistake

Applicant For Situation—I've come about that job you advertised Employer—Well, can you do the work? Applicant (in great alarm)—Work! I thought it was a foreman you wanted!—Punch.

His Penalty

Geraldine—What did you say when you asked him for my hand? Geraldine—He said that he wouldn't stand in the way of my unhappiness if I needed the money badly.—New York Press.

No Escape

Bella—I understand your sister married a struggling young man? Gus—Yes; he struggled hard, but he couldn't get away from her.

There are many religions, but there is only one morality.—Ruskin.

THE NEW WOMAN OF 1955

By AMANDA V. NICHOLS.

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His mother said I should not have him, his father was on my side, but with the change that has been coming on during the past half century to the transfer of the government of the family from the man to the woman his father's wishes counted for nothing. Even formerly when the woman was supposed to be obedient to her husband she ruled him some said by tact, that was really by persistence. But now that she has got him under there is no need of either tact or persistence. She ruled him because she is his superior.

Well as I was saying Charlie had accepted me and there was nothing to be desired but his mother's consent when his father as it luck would have it made a dash to recover the family management asserting that Charlie should be mine. This spoiled everything. "We shall see," said Mrs. Spangler. The result was that Charlie and I lost the support of the head of the family while the support of the foot was left to me. Mr. Spangler's suitor but said nothing. Mrs. Spangler threatened him with divorce and since the new law gives the woman in such cases not only the property but the children Charlie's father asked forgiveness.

However I was better satisfied to have a few words of a woman's position than a delicate man whose heart was in the right place but was that of a child. I went at once to Mrs. Spangler and said to her:

"Madam I love your son. When I told him so I knew before he spoke by his blushes that my love was returned. But he said alas mother will not consent. Madam, I have come to you to tell you whether you consent or not you shall be mine."

There came over her lips one of those steely smiles betokening that will power which has made women dominant despite their inferiority of muscular power, and she said drawing a handkerchief out of one of the little spikes of forty years ago, but an elongated little.

Take him. The words were few, but they weighed the pyramids. I smiled. He love put new vigor into me. At the same time I remembered that she was the mother of the man I loved. To kiss her would be to raise an impassable barrier between me and Charlie. I resolved to discover if in this stern woman were was a trace left of the grandmother as they were before our new birth.

"Consider your own love," I said, "for him who is now your husband." She tapped the table nervously with the tip of her hatpin. I saw that I had touched memories now unpleasant to her. I tried another tack.

"Do you know madam," I said, "that in the reconstruction of the English house of lords which occurred some twenty years ago titles are now given direct to women?"

"I do."

"Well, I have influence with her majesty to secure a title."

"But you will expect some millions with 'Charlie'?"

"Not a cent."

"Charlie is bound up in what he loves," she said meditatively. "It would break that tender heart of his to oppose him."

I saw my advantage. "I can be Earl of Ballymore for the asking," I said.

"Charlie under a coronet," she mused dreamily.

"And think how happy our union will make his father."

"Fool! To spoil all by this reference to the man who had said our wish should be granted despite his wife's opposition! The cold, steely smile returned. Fingering the hatpin as if hungry for blood, she blazed:

"Three lives shall be sacrificed rather than that my son shall ever be yours."

"Very well, madam," I said, drawing one of the new belt dagger ornaments with a mother-of-pearl handle and shaking it under her nose—"very well, madam, since you wish it let it be war to the knife!" Then I withdrew.

When I told Charlie what had happened he put his head on my shoulder and cried as if his heart would break.

"Steady, darling," I said. "It becomes us to act with decision."

"What do you mean?"

"We will walk out and be married."

"I could never do it!" he moaned.

"Be brave."

"I will ask papa what he would do if he were I. You women don't understand how much we young men need a father's love and sympathy."

"Charlie," I said, "if putting the necessary pluck into you depends upon your father you will never be mine."

"I am but a man, I dare not disobey my mother."

"Charlie," I said, giving vent to the scorn I was beginning to feel for this fragile creature, "it is all over between us. Either I will marry a man in whom there is some independence, one who has not always been and always will be his mother's slave, or I will never marry at all."

"What can I do? Once we men took the lead. Did we tyrannize over women? No; we loved them so well, gave them so much of their own way, that they subjected us. And being subject to them is very different from their former subjection to us. They are crushing us."

I left him in disgust.

The Witch Finder

Three hundred years ago the business of finding out witches was well established and accepted in courts of law as highly proper. In 1649 it is recorded that the magistrates of New castle, England, sent to Scotland for an expert witch finder. This gifted person proceeded to show his skill by discovering fifteen witches and securing their conviction. One Matthew Hopkins was a celebrated witch finder of that period. It was easy to discover witches when you knew how. The suspected person could be forced to weep and then detected by the well known fact that a witch could shed only three tears and those from the left eye, or she could be pricked with pins to discover the spot insensible to pain, which was a sure sign of dealings with the devil. That women were far more likely to dabble in witchcraft than men was conceded. The reason was satisfactorily explained by a famous German text book on witches published in the fifteenth century. It was simply that women were inherently wicked, whereas men naturally inclined to goodness.

The Coyote

The coyote is the little brother of the Indian. When the buffalo vanished from the plains the Indian shot his rifle into the air wrapped his blanket closer about him and came into the reservation to grow fat and unapricate under federal auspices. When the jack rabbit and molly cottontail vanished from the plains and foothills the howl of the last coyote will sink into silence beyond the great divide. Until that far day arrives, however, hang the bacon high for while the rabbit remains the most skillful four legged forager the world ever knew will bay at the moon by night and just keep out of the range by day. The coyote knows more about traps than a Canadian "voyageur" is an expert on strychnine and never fails for the deadfall. He is rather fond of lambs and calves but rabbits are the staple of his diet. Jack haws would say "where two or three of these are gathered together there you will find the coyote seeking to stow one of them into his midst."—Philadelphia Telegraph

Many Uses of Sand

The sands of the sea are singularly useful. They are of primary importance in glassmaking. They are also an important factor in warfare as a kind of sand water in water is used against modern rifle shots. The electrical properties of sand show that it has positive electricity although a real sign of the chief constituent of sand is negative.

The singular drying effect which occurs when a stretch of wet sand is pressed by the foot is due entirely to an alteration in the piling of the sand grains. Normally the grains are close together but abnormal piling is brought about by pressure of the foot the space between the edges of the grains being enlarged and the water drained away. If the pressure of the foot is continued the sand becomes wetter than ever, the partial vacuum quickly bringing water from the surrounding sand.

In quicksand the moving character is thought to be due to the impaction between the grains of gases from organic matter.—Chicago Tribune

Three of a Kind

Duprez the great but ill favored French tenor was once walking from the Grand Opera House in Paris with the baritone Barollet who was not an Apollo either. They happened to meet Perrot, the dancer, a man of very great ability, but short and thin and so ugly that a manager once said he could never engage Perrot unless for the Jardin des Plantes (zoological gardens) as he engaged no monkeys.

Perrot told them the story and when Duprez laughed at him Perrot said "Why, surely you need not laugh if I am ugly I am certainly not so ugly as either of you."

"You monkey," said Duprez, "this difference shall soon be settled." And, seeing a stranger pass who appeared to be a gentleman, "Monseur," said he, "will you be so good as to arbitrate in a little difference of opinion between us?"

"With pleasure," said the stranger, "if I can."

"Well," said Duprez, "just look at us and say whom you consider to be the ugliest of the three."

The gentleman looked for some time from one to the other and then said, "Gentlemen, I give it up, I cannot possibly decide," and went away roaring with laughter.

Better Late Than Not at All

The pastor of the little country church had been much annoyed by having the members of his congregation straggle in long after the service had begun. One Sunday morning, when he felt that further forbearance with this fault was impossible, he decided to rebuke some conspicuous offender. About twenty minutes later than the proper hour there entered a mild mannered little woman, one of the regular attendants of the church, but quite incorrigible in her tardiness. The minister looked up, fixed her with his spectacles and remarked:

"Sister, you are very much behind time. I hope you will not be so late in getting into heaven."

The little woman looked up, smiled sweetly and without a trace of confusion replied placidly:

"I shan't care about that, doctor, so long as I get there."

And now the pastor feels that the smile that went round the church somehow spoiled the effectiveness of his reprimand.—New York Tribune.

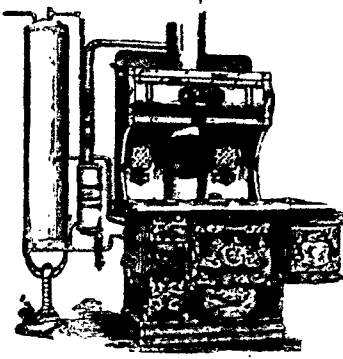
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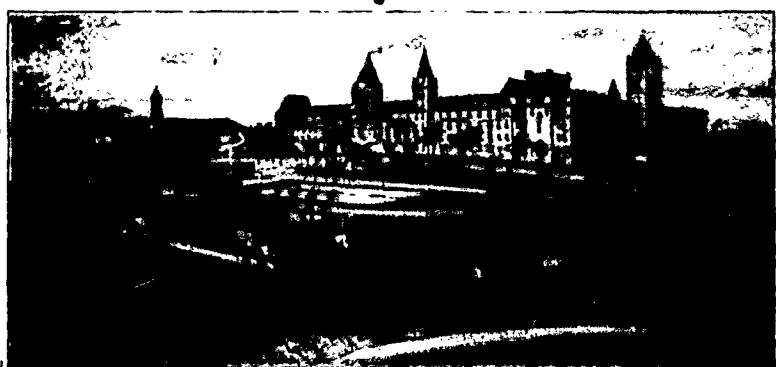
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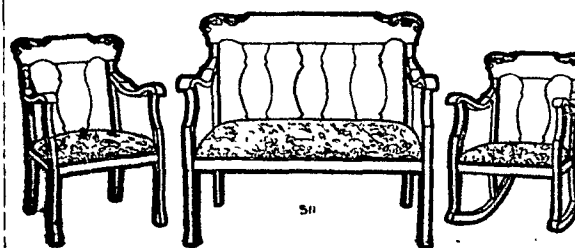
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