Frank J. Stupp, 37 Clinton Ave., North

Prayer Books

Child's Prayer Books from 10c to $1.00

Vest Pocket Books at 25c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, $1.00 and $3.00 up.

Key of Heaven, in three sizes, with or without Gospels, padded or flexible covers, 50c to $7.50.

Manuel of prayers, the only complete prayer book published in a variety of bindings at $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.50, $6.00.

Appropriate Christmas Gifts

Statues

Fine Bisque, white and colored, in the following subjects

Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, St. Joseph, Blessed Virgin with Child, St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception

Prices ranging from 25c to $6.00

Imported Munich Statues

Artistically decorated in colors and gold in all of the above subjects 12, 16, 20 and 24 inches from $1.50 to $8.00.

Rosaries

In Rolled Gold Chains as low as 69c

Pearl, white metal chain, at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Pearl, Amethyst and Garnet with sterling silver chain, at $1.00 and $1.75.

Amethyst, Garnet, Emerald, Pearl Moonshine, Carmeliam, etc., in 14k rolled gold chain at $1.00, $1.25, $2.00, $2.25, $3.00 and $5.00.

Topaz and Amethyst, genuine stones, 20 year guaranteed 14k rolled gold chain at $10 and $20.

Genuine Stone, solid gold chain, Heart and Cross at $25.

Crucifixes

Standing

Solid Brass, 12 in., $1.00.

Gold plated, 12, 15 and 24 in. from $1.50 to $10.

Gilt Wooden, 13, 16 and 18 in. from $1.50 to $2.50.

Inlaid Ebony, $1.75 to $2.25.

Black Wooden, from 25c to $1.00.

Celluloid, 3 1-2 in., 25c.

Hanging

Black enameled Cross, white composition figure. Cross 24 in., figure 9 in. $1.50.

Cross 32 in., figure 12 in. 24

Smaller sizes at 10c and 15c.

Gold Medals and Hearts

Solid Gold Hearts at 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.25

Solid Silver Hearts at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

Medals in rolled gold, solid gold, silver and aluminum from 3c to $3.00.

Christmas Cribs and Calendars

Cribs from 10c to $15.00.

Calendars for 1911 with feast and fast days at 10c, 15c and 25c.

Others up to $1.00.

Standard Catholic Books

A full line of the works of Newman, Faber, Vaughn, Spaulding, Sheehan, Conway, Dorsey Finn, etc.

Father Ryan's poems at $1.50, $1.85 and $2.50.

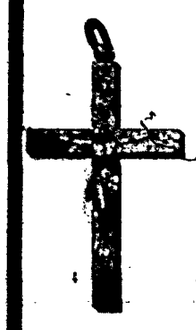
Holy Water

Standing Angel, 7 inches, 25c.

Christ under the Cross, standing, 25c.

Hanging fonts from 10c to $3.00.

Gold and Silver Crosses



Gold Filled 3-4 inch 40c.

Gold Filled 1 inch 75c.

Solid gold crosses from 75c to $8.00.

Silver crosses at 35c, 50c and 75c.

Medallions

This line is very pretty and reasonable.

Prices 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c, 72c and $1.00.

Pictures Framed and Unframed

In our Picture Department we show a large line of Religious Pictures ranging in price from 25c to $12.00.

We also do all kinds of Framing.

Candlesticks

Brass, 6 in., 50c pair.

Brass, 7 in., $1.00 pair.

Gold Plated, 6 in., $1.50 pair.

Gold plated, 8 in., $2.50 pair.

Gold Plated, 8 in., $3.00 pair.

White Metal, 6 in., $1 pair.

White Metal, 8 in., $2 pair.

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FRANK J. STUPP, 37 CLINTON AVENUE NORTH

AN ILLUSION

A Lady Believed That Her Dead Lover Always Attended Her

By ALBERT TUCKER KENYON

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"Do you see that lady over there?" asked Ben Hollister at a social gathering.

"Yes. What about her?"

"Though she has never been married, she is known as Mrs. Warburton."

"Indeed!" I remarked, looking at her again. There was nothing in her appearance to indicate a scandal. On the contrary, there was that to refute one. "It cannot be used reproachfully."

"Certainly not. She applies it to herself," replied Hollister.

"How do you know all this?" I asked.

"She is my cousin. I know her story well. She is going out of the room. Observe her."

I did so, and as she walked she seemed to be looking up, as if at some one beside her. And yet there was no one there.

"She believes," added my companion, "that the man whom she considers her husband is attending her. He comes and goes. Whether his being or not being with her has anything to do with a greater or less degree of mental deflection I don't know. In society she is never seen without him. On all other subjects I consider her perfectly rational. She is respected and beloved and received everywhere. No one has told her that other people do not see her attendant and that she suffers under a hallucination. Nevertheless she knows others do not see him. Still, it is impossible for her to believe that she does not see him herself.

"This is her story: She is Miss Marion Beale. When the Spanish-American war broke out she was engaged to Sam Warburton, a captain in the —th United States infantry. She was very much in love with him, and the parting with him quite broke her down. He was with his regiment in all the fighting that occurred from the time the American troops landed till the last shot was fired. Indeed, it was one of those last shots that killed him.

"It seems that when he went to the war his betrothed had a presentiment that he would never come back to her. She scanned all the reports of the fighting, always dreading to see his name. There were a good many hot fights in that war, besides a lot of disease. Miss Beale suffered from the strain and received a terrible shock at last. News came that the Spanish forces at Santiago had surrendered and the war was over. The people of the United States were rejoicing at the victory, and hundreds whose relatives in the army had been spared to them were looking forward with delight to their return. Miss Beale shared in these rejoicings. There came a belated report that her lover was killed at the very last. She withdrew from the social world for a time, and when she reappeared was observed to act as if attended by Captain Warburton."

"And how do you know that he is not attending her?" I asked.

Hollister looked at me as if he had been suddenly struck with the belief that I was as daft as the lady.

Now, I am a physician, and a physician of the newest school. In other word, I believe in autosuggestion, which means that people suffering from certain ailments, especially of the so called nervous order, are producing the trouble themselves on themselves by believing they have the ailment in question. I was very much struck with the personnel of Miss Beale, and was seized with a desire to cure her of her hallucination. I wished Hollister to tell her that he knew a man who did not share the opinion of most people that she suffered from hallucination, but that such a thing as the real presence of Captain Warburton was possible. My ultimate object was to gain her entire confidence.

"Do you really mean," asked Hollister, "that you have any idea whatever that a wraith is attending her?"

"My reply is the question I have just asked. How do you know there is not?"

"I don't know it, but I'll bet you $10 to 10 cents there isn't."

"What use in betting? Neither of us could win, since neither of us could prove his position. However, I wish you to introduce me to your cousin."

I received the introduction. I made no mention of what Hollister had told me, chatting on trivial subjects. I asked permission to call upon the lady and received it. When I called I saw at once by my reception that Hollister had told her what I had said to him. In me she had found some one to sympathize with her. We had not been together long before she regretted that Captain Warburton had gone out to his club, the Army and Navy, else she would have been pleased to have me make his acquaintance.

My theory was that Miss Beale's trouble was mental and had come from a shock; also that she would have recovered from that shock by natural process, or rather had recovered, but the presence of this hallucination by autosuggestion. In other words, she made herself think that Captain Warburton was with her by believing he was with her. The problem before me—as I saw it—was to kill Captain Warburton. He was dead to all other persons, and it was my business to kill him in her mentality. How was I to do this?

One evening when calling on Miss Beale I said to her, "By the bye, I was introduced into the Army and Navy club the other day and met Captain Warburton."

I saw that the mention of him seemed to disturb her—that a pained expression passed across her face. So I made but one more remark about him—a remark conveying something I especially wished to convey. "He is not looking very well." Then, without waiting for a reply, I turned the subject.

Once or twice after that I mentioned having met Captain Warburton and never failed to remark that he seemed to be ill. My process or, rather, attempted process of cure was necessarily a slow one, and by hurrying I feared to spoil all. Indeed, I was not willing to take any risk by haste on my own account as well as the lady's. When I began my course of treatment I simply desired to enable her to get rid of the image she was creating of her former lover. Before I had known her a month I hoped to put myself in his place.

As soon as I dared act decidedly I wrote her a note stating that I had a very important communication to make to her and I hoped she would nerve herself to endure a separation. I would call the same evening.

I called and found her anxiously expecting me.

"Mrs. Warburton," I began at once, "your husband yesterday called at my office to consult me on the matter of his health. I found him suffering from a heart trouble which, should he receive the slightest shock, might carry him off. I have told him that absolute quiet is essential and have advised him to go away from the city, from every one he knows or who knows him, and to live absolutely alone, not communicating with any one. He has taken my advice and asked me to impart the news to you."

By this act I gave my patient a temporary backset, but this I expected. I saw that she was going through the strain she had suffered at receiving the news of Warburton's death. I did all I could to comfort her, but would not say that I believed the course I recommended would restore her husband to health. I left her, promising to return the next evening and give her more news.

When I saw her again she told me that the captain had been to see her before his departure—that he looked very badly, and she was very much alarmed about him. This was no unwelcome surprise to me, for I feared the wraith would see her occasionally without my permission. I told her to tell him if he saw her again that the excitement attending the meeting might kill him.

It was evident that Miss Beale would not very long bear the strain I was giving her. She couldn't sleep, suffered from nervous paroxysms and was rapidly losing flesh. I must kill Captain Warburton as soon as possible. I dreaded to announce his death to her, but was forced to choose between doing so and restoring him to health. I chose the former course. Fortifying myself with restoratives, I went to see her one afternoon, and when she came into the room where I was I showed her by my sympathetic and melancholy expression that I had bad news for her.

"He is dead!" she wailed.

I took her hand and pressed it, but said nothing. I drew her to a sofa and, sitting by her side, told her as briefly as possible that one evening while the captain was sitting in his lonely abode some one had fired a shot outside. Even so slight a shock had arrested the beating of his heart.

I was greatly surprised at the resignation with which she received the melancholy news. She asked me about the funeral. But I had prepared myself for this. I told her that I had already directed that the captain be buried at his retreat. I confessed to have deceived her in many things about him for his and her good.

"I left Miss Beale without having had occasion to use the restoratives. I had great hopes that I would restore her to health, and these hopes were fulfilled. She improved rapidly after this and, so far as I or others could discern, did not see the figure of her former lover, though she told me she dreamed of him, and sometimes these dreams were so realistic that she was not sure but that she was awake when she dreamed them. I told her that the vision was simply the result of a nervous strain.

"As I hoped, even these symptoms in time faded away, and within six weeks after I had killed Captain Warburton I felt sure that I had put a quietus on him forever.

"I believed now all that remained to be done was to give my patient a strong tonic. But instead of drugs I gave her a trip. I sent her abroad, and she remained abroad for six months. Shortly before she was to return I wrote her that I needed an outing and would meet her at Nice, where she was getting rid of the winter. I found a great change in her. She had gained twenty pounds in flesh and gave every indication of vigorous health.

"But a surprise was in store for me. Grasping my hand with fervent gratitude, she said:

"'Doctor, I know the situation. I am under no illusion. In other words, you made me believe you were in the room when you were not. You did this by suggestion. You have cured me of my hallucination. I myself at times suspected what it was, but I could never get rid of it.'

"A considerable part of my treatment I have not mentioned. It was interesting Miss Beale in myself. Before her return to America we were married.

Courtiers the Wolf.

Paris has forgotten the time when it used to go in terror of the wolves which carried off women and children from the streets and even raided the graveyards. At one time they became so used to human prey that in a single week they devoured fourteen persons, all between Montmartre and the gate of St. Antoine. On the right of St. Martin says Grenier Jallais (in "Jouk of Ale") there was located and taken a horrible wolf, "which it was said had done more and more cruelly than many others put together. That day he was killed, he had to eat, and found that he was quiet Courtaut. There was no fierce wild about him as it he had been the outlaw of the woods or a prey to hunt, and when he leapt out of the cage among the many people that were there he ran to the latter. 'Look out for Courtaut.' And on this day he went through Paris in a cart, dead, with his great jaws open, and all the people went to see, and they made holiday and rejoiced because Courtaut could trouble them no more."

Rented Wedding Cakes.

There was something wrong with the cake, the baker said. It looked all right, and it smelled all right, but his artistic sense told him it would not taste all right.

"Then fix it up with an extra coat of icing and we will keep it for a repeat," said the proprietor.

"Who in the world would rent a cake?" some one asked.

"Wedding parties, sah, lo. They want a big cake in the center of the table for show, but a cake in that size is good enough for a wedding party, so they order the cake put up in sections, and hours before the feasting and the bride's cake just as an ornament. They don't buy it; they rent it. Sometimes a cake is rented a dozen different times. After each wedding it is frosted up with a new coat of icing and looks as good as new for the next occasion. A good renter fetches about $5 a wedding."—New York Press.

Sarcastic Cabby.

A certain nobleman, who may be called Lord X., bears the reputation of being somewhat stingy in money matters. On a wet afternoon he hired a cab to take him to Victoria station. Arrived at his destination, he handed the cabman a sixpence, and as the latter was not the fourteenth shade of purple you