

Seville's Tower of Giralda. From its great antiquity alone it from nothing else it is plain that the Giralda at Seville could not have been modeled from the tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York, which the American will recall when he sees it. If the case must be reversed and we must allow that the Madison Square tower was modeled from the Giralda, we must still recognize that it is no servile copy, but in its frank imitation has a grace and beauty which achieve originality. Still, the Giralda is always the Giralda, and though there had been no Saint Geronimo to tip its summit with such a flying footed nymph as poises on our tower, the figure of Faith which crowns it is at least a good weather vane and from its office of turning gives the mighty bell tower its name. Long centuries before the tower was a bell tower it served the mosque, which the cathedral now replaces, as a minaret for the muezzin to call the faithful to prayer, but it was then only two-thirds as high.—Harper's Magazine.

A WOMAN IN CAMP

By M. QUAD

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No man of us who was there can ever forget the afternoon a party of hunters and Indian fighters rode up to our mining camp with a lone woman in their midst.

It had been twenty-two months since any of us had seen anything more resembling a woman than a pair of spectacles and a red cotton handkerchief, and to say that we were knocked down, stepped on and crushed into the hard soil with astonishment is saying little enough.

The woman was a widow, who had been captured by the Indians from an immigrant train and then recaptured by the hunters. She was about forty years of age, had taken the situation coolly, and instead of making an effort to restore herself to the train and to her relatives with whom she was journeying had asked to be set down in our camp until she could make up her mind what course to pursue. This was the way the leader of the hunters turned her over to our care.

"Say, you diggers arter silver, here's a woman who wants to stop here for a spell till she gets rested. She's eddicated, and she sings like a south wind blowing over prairie flowers."

And this was the way we received her:

"Aheh—yes—ahem—less so—hats off, boys—no swearing—gnd to see ye—hope yer well—ahem—exactly!"

There were thirty of us standing around there, monthes-often, hats on, knees wabbling and more coming up from the diggings every minute, and something in the situation made the widow grin as she looked us over.

First—I assisted her off the horse. Second—I said I hoped she was well. Third—I remarked that it was a melodious afternoon.

Fourth—She accepted my arm as we walked to camp and then accepted my shanty as her headquarters.

If a thin wave six feet high had come rolling up the valley it wouldn't have produced half the flutter occasioned by the presence of the Widow Fleming. There were eighty or ninety of us, rough, brassy and more or less wicked, some married, some divorced and some old bachelors, and to have a dumpy little black-eyed widow with a pretty mouth and a voice as sweet as sixty-cent molasses pop in upon us at 3 o'clock in the afternoon was excuse enough to stop work.

Several curious things happened right away. Colonel Taylor, who had never been known to wash his face or comb his hair, started out in search of a clean shirt and a pocket comb.

Bill Goodson, the ugliest looking man in camp, offered \$3 for a piece of looking glass two inches square, and no being able to find one, he went and washed his feet as the next best thing.

There was a general washing up and combing and scrubbing and hunting out clean shirts and neckties, and the old man Pargson, who had been sick in bed for a week, got up and began to chew tobacco and call for his clothes, and he observed:

"Gentlemen, who knows but what this wilder heard I had \$30 saved up, and she has come here to ask for my hand in marriage?"

I have further claims to file, as follows:

Fifth—I was chosen guardian to the widow by a unanimous vote.

Sixth—The widow seemed perfectly satisfied with the choice.

Seventh—I had the only clean white shirt in that whole camp, and only five buttons were missing from the garment.

Other claims were intrusted to me to be filed, as follows:

Seven different men had their hair cut.

Six others shaved themselves with jackknives.

Over a dozen of our band let up a notch or two on swearing.

Well, it was curious what a change that widow wrought in our camp, in our way of living, and upon the manners of the men. Each made an effort to clean and slick up, and in most cases with marked success. Before her advent we could count on two or three quarrels per day. After her coming such a thing was never known. Indeed one day, when Peter White so far forgot himself as to insult Charles O'Gay, Charles took him aside and whispered:

"Peter, I kin turn ye wrong-side out in six ticks of a clock, but I'm not the sort of a gentleman to kick up a row and upset a lady's nerves. I'll lay it up ngn ye, and arter she leaves camp I'll wallop ye or die trying!"

And the widow, she sewed on buttons and mended rent garments for the whole of us, and she taught these one how to cook, and that one how to patch and darn, and before we knew it she was a godmother and an idol. A queen could not have commanded deeper respect, nor an angel greater reverence.

She was with us about six weeks, and then went away with friends who came for her. Each man was taken by the hand and given a goodbye word, and as she was lost to sight down the trail the awful silence among our crowd was broken by the thundering report of the judge blowing his nose, followed by the husky observation:

"Weel, I swan! Hanged if I've felt so much like crying in about forty-seven years!"

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A Real Genius.

"What hinder a feller is Pete Doolittle?"

"Bright as a dollar, patient, an' a hard worker."

"Why, he can't hold a job fer more'n a week, an' I hear his family ain't got enough to live on."

"Sho; that may be, but what's that got to do with it? You see that meerschann pipe o' hisn? Colored it himself. You see that there hoss-shaft watch chain he wears? Braided it himself. Notice the peach-stone charm hangin' to it? Carved it himself, an' it took two months to finish. See that houn' dawg he's got? Pete trained that dawg to do everything a circus dawg kin do. Ever hear Pete play on the mouth harp an' accompany himself on the guitar? Taught himself. Ever see his handwritin'? Jest like copperplate, all shaded an' flourished, an' he kin make a swan without takin' his pen fr'm the paper. Pete may not keep a job or feed his family, but he's a genius—that's what he is!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Presence of Mind.

Colonel Cody ("Buffalo Bill") once told the following story of one of his comrades of the plains known as Wild Bill:

"A man who nursed a grudge against Wild Bill swore to kill him. He stood concealed in a doorway, stepped out and confronted Bill as the latter passed and leveled a pistol at his head."

"I've got you now, Wild Bill," he said, "and I'm going to kill you, but I'll give you one minute to pray."

"Well," said Bill with an easy smile, "it does look like the jig's up!"

"Suddenly Bill peered over the man's shoulder and waved a deprecatory hand."

"Don't hit him, Andy," he said. "The man wheeled to protect himself from the supposed enemy in his rear. He gazed into empty space. There was no Andy nor any one else behind him, and before he could turn round again Wild Bill had killed him."

The Wild Boar.

The wild boar is a most courageous animal. The element of luck counts for a great deal in pig sticking, as in most other forms of sport, and it often happens that the foremost sportsman who by dint of hard riding or thanks to the fastest horse has come up with the quarry is deprived of the coveted honor of "first spear" by a sudden "link" or turn of the pig.

In spite of his clumsy appearance, he is not only possessed of a great turn of speed, but is extraordinarily active. He will turn and twist like a hare, putting every obstacle in the shape of bushes, rocks, water, etc., between himself and his pursuers, but all the time making for the nearest patch of jungle and safety. The pace after a pig is faster than the best of runs with hounds, but is sooner over.

Canned Music in Scotia.

Early in the last century an old Forfarshire lady installed in the bedroom corridor of her castle an automatic organ. It was her delight of a morning to wake her guests with its strains. But it was not the delight of one of them, Miss Sophia Johnstone of Hillton, to be so awakened, and she said so.

"Ye dinna like the music? Ye shouldn't say that, Sophy," said the hostess. "Ye'll no win to heaven an ye dinna take pleasure in music. It's to be all music there, ye know."

"Deed," said the incorrigible one, "an' if heaven's a place wi' auld wives playin' on hand organs at 6 o'clock in the mornin' it's no the place I tak' it for, nor yet the place I want to be in!"

Handel in Dublin.

There was a period of his life in which Handel, the famous composer, retired from London in a fit of disgust. He went to Dublin, and it was there—in the Dublin Music Hall—that his great masterpiece, "The Messiah," was produced.

writes D. A. Chart, "was for the benefit of Mercer's hospital. In order to provide room for a large audience ladies were requested to lay aside their hoops and gentlemen their swords. By this means an audience of 700 was crowded into the space, and the concert realized \$400."

Oblong Houses.

Square and oblong houses are cheaper to build than odd-shaped structures. The oblong house is cheaper than the square. Timbers come in certain lengths, and the house that is long and narrow takes less timber than one that is square—that is to say, the material cuts to better advantage in the oblong house than in the square house; also less labor is involved in the making.

Wasted Sarcasm.

Indignant Wife—I wonder what you would have done if you had lived when men were first compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. Indolent Husband—I should have started a little notion store and sold handkerchiefs.—Chicago Tribune.

Flattering Epitaphs.

Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walking in a churchyard with his sister and reading the epitaphs, said to her, "Mary, where are all the naughty people buried?"

Woman's Triumph.

Before she is married a woman's idea of triumph is a man; after marriage her notion of great achievement is to get him to go to church.—Atchison Globe.

That is every man's country where he lives best.—Aristophanes.

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The Brave Butterfly.

Here is an unorthodox story of King Solomon. One day a butterfly sat on the king's temple and boasted to his wife. "If I chose I could lift my wing and sliver this building to the ground, or swaggered Solomon, overhearing, sent for the houser. 'How dare you?' he thundered. The butterfly groveled. 'I did it to impress my wife,' he pleaded. The great monarch was instantly appeased and let him go. 'What did Solomon say to you?' gasped a quivering wife five minutes later. 'Oh, he begged me not to do it,' said the butterfly brightly. And Solomon, again overhearing, smiled.

Red Flannel.

Red flannel as a cure for rheumatism has many adherents. No doubt the flannel keeps warm and protects the stiff joint and sore muscles, but as far as the color goes any other in the spectrum would be fully as effective. Like many of our boy and girl superstitions, the notion has become so deeply grounded as to have an undoubtedly favorable mental effect. Perhaps the iconoclast who would destroy it—Boston Herald.

The Magnet.

Magnet is derived from the name of the city of Magnesia, in Asia Minor, where the properties of the lodestone are said to have been discovered. It has, however, been asserted that the same comes from Magnes, the name of a shepherd who discovered magnetic power by being held on Mount Ida, in Greece, by its attraction for the nails in his shoes.

Modernized Comparison.

"The pen," remarked the ready made philosopher, "is mightier than the sword."

"Yes," replied the man who writes able articles on universal peace, "but I'm not sure that the typewriter is mightier than the battleship."—Washington Star.

The Benighted Parent.

Little Girl—Why did your mamma spank you? Boston Child—Because she is too untutored and ignorant to devise a more modern reformatory method of punishment.—Life.

Uses of Failure.

I thank God that I was not made a dextrous manipulator, for the most important of my discoveries have been suggested to me by failure.—Sir Humphry Davy.



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