

St. Mary's. (Continued from page five)

young men for the honor conferred upon him and congratulated them on the successful outcome of their outing. Father Guilfoil, Spiritual Advisor of the Society was then called upon, and gave the young men some good sound advice. Was the picnic a hummer? Ask any one who was present.

St. Francis Xavier.

The requiem masses this week were for Mary Lippert, Margaret Herbst, Justina Demer, Victor and Agnes Schneider and William Streicher.

Holy Family.

Sunday evening there will be meeting of St. Francis Society. Tuesday evening at 7:45 and each evening until the 26th, there will be devotions to St. Ann. Next Sunday at the 7:30 mass members of the Holy Name Society will receive holy communion.

St. Andrew's Church.

Solemn closing of St. Rita's devotion took place Tuesday evening and was well attended. The funeral of Mrs. Mary Hughes from 81 Randolph St. took place Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, Father Eckl officiating. She leaves beside her husband, five daughters, three brothers and two sisters, thirty-one grand children and seven great grand children. Burial was at Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

Closed Sacrament.

Hundreds of persons attended the funeral Wednesday of Mrs. Margaret A. Engert and Mrs. Katherine Shanley, who were drowned on Saturday at Crooked Lake, near Troy, Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, conducted pontifical requiem mass. Parts of the mass were sung to the Gregorian music by William F. Predmore, Angelo Newman, Robert Hall and Chas. Geyer. Miss Gertrude Keenan was at the organ.

Bishop Hickey departed from the custom that he rarely officiates at the funeral of lay Catholics as he was a personal friend of the Mahar family. He was assisted by Rev. Thomas F. Connors, assistant priest; Rev. Simon Fitzsimmons, of St. Mary's church, deacon of honor; Rev. J. Francis O'Hern, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, acolyte; Rev. W. E. Cowan, deacon of the mass; Rev. D. V. Lane, sub-deacon; Rev. Joseph Esser, master of ceremonies, and Leo Schwab, bookbearer.

Inmaculate Conception Parish.

Central Council, C. R. & B. A., will meet Monday, July 24th, at our Hall at which meeting final arrangements will be made for the picnic to be held at Seneea Park on Wednesday, Aug. 9th. After an illness of a few months Gertrude Mary Reilly died last Sunday morning at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Reilly, No. 79 Tremont street. She was a most estimable and popular young woman, and her sudden death has caused sorrow to a host of friends here and in Auburn, her birthplace. Her devotion to her mother, an invalid for several years was most remarkable. She was a sister of Rev. William C. Reilly, whose death occurred recently. The funeral was held on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock.

Cathedral.

In Lady Chapel of the Cathedral yesterday morning at 8 o'clock, Miss Henrietta Lillier, eldest daughter of Mrs. Lillian and the late Captain M. T. Free, of No. 140 Myrtle street, was united in marriage to John Bernard Lensing, son of Bernard Lensing, of 30 Lisbon street. The chapel was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers in season. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Francis O'Hern and was followed by a nuptial high mass. The bride was attended by Miss Margaret Hogan as bridesmaid and the groom by his brother, Bernard Lensing as best man.

CUSTOMS OF THE FLAG.

Army and Navy Rules About Flying the Colors Differ. The army hoists its flag at sunrise and hauls it down at sunset. The navy raises the flag at 8 o'clock in the morning and hauls it down at sunset. The flag is not flown at sea except for the purpose of exchanging courtesies with other vessels, but a vessel making port keeps the flag flying until she comes to anchor, whatever the hour may be. The flag is hoisted on board ship during church service, with the church pennant flying above it. The hoisting of a flag below another flag is the token of surrender, and the only power to which our services surrender is the power of the church. The regulations require that— At every military post or station the flag will be hoisted at the sounding of the first note of the reveille or of the first note of a march, if a march be played before reveille. The flag will be lowered at the sounding of the last note of the retreat, and while the flag is being lowered the band will play "The Star Spangled Banner." The national flag shall be displayed at a seacoast or lake front at the commencement of an action and during a battle in which the fort may be engaged, whether by day or at night. The national ensign on board a ship of the navy at anchor shall be hoisted at 8 o'clock in the morning and kept flying until sunset, if the weather permits. Whenever a ship comes to anchor or gets under way there is sufficient light for the ensign to be seen, it shall be hoisted, although earlier or later than the time specified. Unless there are good reasons to the contrary, the ensign shall be displayed when falling in with other ships of war or when near the land, and especially when passing or approaching forts, lighthouses or towns. In some states the law requires that an American flag on a staff shall mark every public school as it does an armory or an army camp. If we remember aught it was Archbishop Hughes of the Catholic diocese of New York who instituted the custom of flying the American flag from a church in war time, which he did by keeping the national emblem up over St. Patrick's cathedral, New York city, throughout the war between the states. One of his successors followed the same custom during the Spanish-American war.—Army and Navy Journal.

Deserted Their Towns.

So late as the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants of Devon were in the habit of deserting their towns. Their customs are described in the narrative of Captain Robert Knox, who for nineteen years, from 1669 to 1679, was a captive among them. He speaks of several towns as lying desolate owing to the fact that their inhabitants had forsaken them. This they did if many of them fell sick, and two or three died soon after one another, thinking that it was a visitation of the evil ones. Some of them came back when they thought the evil spirits had departed.

Advertising For an Angel

The Story of a Lost and Found Locket.

By MARSHALL CROMWELL.

Cranston picked up the locket and hurried after the girl, but during that moment in which he stooped to pick the jewel from the floor of the ferryboat she was swept away in the press of passengers. He was certain that this particular girl had dropped the trinket, for he had left the ferryboat behind her, and he had heard the tinkling of the locket as it struck the planks. Cranston was decidedly interested in her. Once before he had seen her in a street car, and she had haunted his memory for days. On this occasion she had completed her conquest, and it was a man very much in love who had followed her from the boat in the hope that something might occur to enable him to speak to her. He might save her from being run down in the traffic, or she might slip, or one of a hundred things might happen which would break the ice of convention and permit Cranston to take the plunge into unconventionality. Now something had happened, but to his dismay Cranston found that it did not profit him greatly, though perhaps in the long run it might. The locket was of gold, plainly chased and of no very great intrinsic value, but still it might be valued for its associations. Cranston opened the case and was dismayed to find there the picture of two small children. "It was just such a locket as a young woman might wear," Cranston regarded the pictures doubtfully. The girl did not suggest a matron, yet why else should she carry with her the pictures of two little children? His hopes rose again when in answer to his advertisement he received a letter from Miss Eugenie Remson, giving a detailed description of the locket and offering payment for the advertisement and a suitable reward. Cranston performed a solemn dance emblematic of joy as he blissfully regarded the "Miss" written in parentheses. At least he was not in love with a married woman. He made all haste to reach the Remson home, and as he sat at the reception room waiting for Miss Remson he trembled with anticipation. By this time he was almost ready to throw himself at the feet of Miss Remson when she entered and cried, "Be mine!" like the hero of a novel. "He was glad when Miss Remson entered that he had looked his impulse, for she proved to be a sweet-faced lady of perhaps fifty. "You have bought the locket," she asked as she motioned him to a seat. "I am very much indebted to you." "But are you the owner?" he demanded. "I should like the pleasure of giving it to the owner." "Unfortunately that is impossible," was the quiet reply. "Mrs. Weymer left her home in the west last night." "Mrs. Weymer?" Cranston's spirit sank again. After all, she was married. The children of the locket were her babies. After the hopes raised by the signature of "Miss Remson" the phrase "Mrs. Weymer" seemed doubly cruel. "Mrs. Weymer is my niece," explained Miss Remson. "Here are pictures of my little granddaughters from which the miniature in the locket were made. I presume that you will regard this as sufficient proof of ownership." "It is entirely satisfactory," stammered Cranston, as he delivered to the old lady the golden trinket on which he had built such hopes. "Don't speak of a reward," he added, as he saw she was opening her purse. "The advertisement cost only a trifle." "But it was in every paper," reminded Miss Remson. "We sent for all the papers in the hope of finding it. One of them at least, and then, through curiosity, we looked through them all." "It was just a trifle," repeated Cranston vaguely. After the nature of the reward for which he had hoped, mere money recompense seemed a mockery. He had advertised to find the girl of his heart, not to return the locket. It was absurd that Miss Remson should be made to pay for this dash into the realms of romance. She was still regarding him with uncertainty when a light step sounded in the hall, and at Miss Remson's call of "Millicent" the girl of the ferry trip entered the room. There could be no mistake, and

Cranston could only spring to his feet and regard her in open mouthed astonishment, which made him look remarkably foolish. "This is Mr. Cranston, who found the locket," explained Miss Remson. "My niece, Millicent," she added in explanation to Cranston. "Miss Dutton is doubly under obligations to you," she added, "since she was wearing the locket when it was lost." "I thought it was yours," declared Cranston, finding his tongue at last. "I ran after you and searched the crowd, but you seemed to have vanished into thin air." "I missed it and went back on the boat to look for it," she explained. "It was mother's locket, and Sister Belle never would have forgiven me if it had been lost. She didn't know I was wearing it." "I am very glad I found it," murmured Cranston, and there was a world of meaning in his tones. "Mr. Cranston refuses to let me pay the cost of the advertising or to accept any recompense for his lost time," interrupted Miss Remson. "I don't know what to do." "I do," cried the girl gayly. "Since he scorns filthy lucre he shall have ten instead. It's tea time, auntie, and I need a cup after all that shopping for Belle. I've walked miles and miles through the stores. It must be terrible to be married and have to shop for babies who need such a multitude of things." And as she spoke she laid aside her hat and rang the bell for the servant. Cranston detested tea at any time, but most of all in the afternoon, yet he drank two cups very slowly, that it might last the longer. At last even the excuse of tea was exhausted, and reluctantly he rose to leave. Vainly he had sought to learn of some common friend who might vouch for him, but he had not succeeded, and with his guard steps he turned toward the door. Miss Remson's voice arrested his movement. "I've been wondering if you can be one of the Cressville Cranstons," she said inquiringly. "From the very center of Cressville," he answered jubilantly. "I am the son of Arbaugh Cranston." "How strange," commented the old lady beaningly. "I spent a part of the summer in Cressville and had a delightful time. I know your mother very well. You must drop in some evening and get better acquainted." Cranston looked into the girl's eyes and found there a confirmation of the invitation. "I shall be glad to," he said eagerly. "I—er—shall be at liberty tomorrow evening. If—that's—er—" "We shall be delighted to see you," declared Millicent, taking pity on his confusion. Her slim, firm hand lay in his for an instant, and then somehow Cranston found himself on the street again. From his pockets he fished a number of colored slips, the receipts from the newspapers for the advertisement. Slowly he tore them across and let them flutter to the ground. "And to thank Miss Remson wanted to repay me," he commented. "repay me for advertising for an angel? I knew she couldn't be married!" he added contentedly, "but she's going to be—to me."

Original of Falstaff.

Sir John Falstaff was the original of Shakespeare's Falstaff, and in his day was a continual butt for the jests of the town and borough of Southwark. Though he had fought at Agincourt, when Jack Cade invaded the borough he showed great cowardice. When Cade was yet some way off Falstaff had armed and fortified his house and garrisoned it with veterans of the French wars. On the arrival of Cade, however, he withdrew his garrison and fled to the Tower, leaving his neighbors to the mercy of the rebels. Falstaff's matrimonial adventures seem to have been another source of unpopularity, for, having married a widow named Scrope, he seized her property and kept his stepson out of his inheritance during his own lifetime.—London News.

Not For Fashion's Sake.

The criminal law of England was formerly marked by indiscriminate severity. Theft of an article valued at above 10 shillings was punished with death. In writing about "Sweet Hampstead and Its Associations" Mrs. Wurd records a pleasant thing of Lord Mansfield, who, as a rule, leaned to the side of mercy. It was Lord Mansfield who directed a jury to find a stolen trinket less in value than 10 shillings in order that the thief might escape capital punishment. To this the jeweler who prosecuted demurred, asserting that the fashion of the thing had cost him twice that money. "Gentlemen," replied the judge, with grave solemnity, "we ourselves stand in need of mercy. Let us not hang a man for fashion's sake!"

HE FED ON HARDWARE.

Curious Diet That Finally Ended the Career of a Human Ostrich.

The account given by J. Hopkins of a child that swallowed a necklace of large black beads and was treated in St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, in 1828, is a classic of medical literature. The father had occasion to give "the child a shake to make him obedient, and such rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. 'Why, hang me, it's the child!' said the father. 'He's got the croup in the wrong place. No; I haven't, father,' said the child, beginning to cry. 'It's the necklace; I swallowed it, father.' Hopkins continues that while the child was in the hospital it was necessary to muffle him with a watchman's coat for fear he would wake the other patients. The London Lancet reports a similar, only far worse, case that occurred in Holland. A dock laborer was taken to a hospital in Amsterdam suffering from general debility and strange symptoms. Dr. C. J. van Houwenburg Grafdyk operated on him and removed from his stomach three pounds and eleven ounces of metallic objects, varying in size from a cold chisel five inches long down to coins, bolts, nuts, rivets, wire nails, tacks, screws and hooks. There were also a few small flints. The man recovered, but six months later was back again, and a piece of tin plate four inches long and a slate pencil were taken from his stomach. In the hospital he swallowed a piece of soap and two ounces of camphorated spirit. The man was removed to an asylum where he died. An autopsy produced from his esophagus, at the level of the sixth dorsal vertebra, three metal screws and a tin box one and a half inches in diameter and three quarters of an inch high, which had stuck there on the way down.

Japanese Politeness.

Courtesy is the invariable rule in Japan instead of being more or less the exception, as with us.—A Japanese steambath in which separate decks were arranged for the white and the yellow people respectively carried a sign on its English deck which, in our familiar cut phraseology, read, "No admittance beyond this line." On the deck for Japanese travelers the same prohibition was expressed as follows: "The honorable guests of this company, remembering that the master said 'The princely man is self restrained,' will kindly exercise that self restraint of which the master spoke and not allow their jade stone feet to wander past this line."

Pleasure Transferred.

The famous tragedienne, Bernhardt, tells an amusing little story of two kind hearted old ladies who set out one day to buy a couple of seats for a "Bernhardt matinee." On their way to the theatre they changed their minds, determined to do themselves the pleasure and to give the money for the seats to two poor relations instead. They did so. A short time afterward, meeting the poor relations, they ventured to express a hope that the money had been found of good service. "Indeed it was," they were told. "We bought seats for the Bernhardt matinee and enjoyed ourselves immensely!"

Exclusive.

Young Heffron was overjoyed when Ruby Jackson promised to be his wife and presented himself before the rich old father to obtain his consent. "What do you want a wife for when you can scarcely support yourself?" queried the old gentleman crustily. "Why, sir, my daughter would starve!" "Well, sir," replied Heffron, with great dignity, "if you are the kind of man to let your daughter and her husband starve I don't wish to enter the family."—New York Times.

Brides in Iceland.

A quaint old superstition in Iceland is that every bride must invite all her friends to a dinner in her own home and every article of food must be prepared by the bride herself. If she is successful in pleasing her guests she not only receives praise for her own skill, but helps along her younger sisters, who are then assumed to be equally good at cooking and consequently have a much better chance of getting married.

Very Vivid.

"In descriptive writing," said William Dean Howells at a dinner at the Authors' club in New York, "a vivid phrase is always better than a half dozen paragraphs. The vivid phrase is what every writer should seek—a phrase, I mean, something like that of the baby that shouted to its mother, 'Oh, mamma, tum an' see the man a-but-ter-er' bricks!"

STORY OF THE ALAMO.

The Fight to the Death That Ended the Lives of Crockett and Bowie.

Since 1822, when Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain, the few American colonists in Texas had endured much at the hands of the new government. A climax was reached when Santa Anna seized Mexico City, overthrew the Constitutionalists and made himself dictator. He was the particular enemy of the Americans and ordered the arrest of some of the most prominent among them. This brought clashes between them and the Mexican soldiers. Friends came from Missouri and Louisiana to help, until finally they organized a little army, and with Ben Milam at their head marched upon San Antonio. After a stubborn house to house fight they took the town on Dec. 7, 1835. Here they were joined by Davy Crockett and others, and here they awaited the coming of the enraged dictator, fortifying themselves as best they might in the old mission church and its outbuildings. When Santa Anna arrived at the head of his 5,000 men he summoned the 200 Americans shut up in the Alamo to surrender. Their only reply was a shot fired from the cannon that William Travis commanded. The Mexicans immediately laid siege to the old church, and for ten days pressed it with vigor. Its defenders, hopelessly outnumbered and with no chance of reinforcement, prepared to fight to the death. On March 6, to the sound of the "degullo" (no quarter), the Mexicans advanced for the final assault. Their ammunition exhausted, but fighting with their clubbed muskets or anything else that they could find the heroic band of Americans fought on until, little by little, they were killed to a man. Travis thwart his cannon, Crockett upon a heap of Mexican soldiers in front of the main church door, Bowie, sick upon his cot, defending himself with his famous knife.—So "Remember the Alamo" became the watchword of Texan freedom.—Ernest Perotto in Scribner's.

Why Bread Causes Fat.

White bread is fattening because we rarely digest it completely. Starchy foods are quite unaffected by the gastric juices which digest the meats. Their digestive ferments are obtained chiefly from the saliva in the mouth, which therefore should be thoroughly mixed with each mouthful before swallowing. But white bread is so soft and lacking in substance that we unconsciously swallow it long before it has had a fair chance to become sufficiently permeated with the digestive saliva. The result is delayed digestion (if digestion takes place at all), and at the best the starch is very apt to be converted into disfiguring, unwanted and unhealthful fat.—London Mail.

Crab Eating Monkeys.

People are so much in the habit of thinking that monkeys are found only in forests that it comes as a surprise to learn of one that bears the name of the crab eating macaque. It is found through Burma, Siam and Malay land, living among the trees that line the tidal creeks. The chief food of these animals consists of seeds, insects and crabs. In pursuit of crabs they must take to the water. Use has become second nature with them, as with other animals, and they are said to be able to swim uncommonly well.

Broke Up the Show.

During the American Revolution a drama, "The Blockade of Boston," was being performed by British soldiers in a theater of that city. In the course of one of the acts a sergeant rushed on the stage without his hat and shouted: "The rebels! The rebels! They're attacking the neck!" The audience applauded the actor's fervor, not realizing until a few minutes after, when they heard the sound of drums, that he was warning them of an actual happening. The actors had to run off to their duty.

The Rule of Three.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue, conduct. Three things to love—courage, gentleness, affection. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude. Three things to wish for—health, friends, a cheerful spirit. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, flippant jesting. Three things to fight for—honor, country, home. Three things to think about—life, death, eternity.

When the Loss Was Felt.

Wife (on returning home after a long visit)—Have you noticed that my husband missed me much, while I was away, Mary? Maid—Well, mum, I didn't notice that he felt your absence much at first, but this last day or two he has certainly seemed very downhearted, mum.