

REDEMPTION

By MARGARET A. NORTON.

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It was a crucial moment. Rachel recognized it. Without a second's hesitation she grasped the steaming coffee pot and, with an alarming agility, sent it, contents and all, right through the big pane of glass in the dining room window.

Then, with a slightly heightened color, but apparently otherwise calm and placid, she began filling some glasses with water to substitute in place of the usual beverage.

Ralph, astonished, gazed at his mouth open, stood as if turned to stone and watched his wife's movements. To his astonished gaze she appeared as cool and calmly as a winter morning.

"They" had told her why, even Ralph's own mother had warned her—that Ralph's ugly temper had spoiled his first wife's life; that he was given to fits of "meanness," which while they lasted made life near him, or with him, a misery and a terror.

"They" had said that she would rue the day she married him, for he was "overbearing and tyrannical" and "had no thought for anyone but himself."

To all well-meaning critics, except Ralph's mother, Rachel had turned a smiling but unmoved face. With Mrs. Rodman she had talked earnestly.

For some months her tactfulness and the love Ralph undoubtedly bore his handsome and cheerful wife held his tyrannical temper within bounds. But this lovely April morning he had risen with all his disagreeable propensities on the surface.

Rachel had not uttered a word of remonstrance, not even when her husband kicked the unoffending cat, threw a chair in his path to the other side of the room and nearly broke the covers of her new range when he replenished the fire. She pretended not to notice that her merry remarks were unheeded or ignored. It was not until, through his own carelessness, he had spilled a few drops of hot coffee on his wrist and had, with a muttered oath, thrown the offending cup across the room, landing it in scraps on a pretty and prized rug, that Rachel acted.

It was then that she followed his example, but to his horror and the sudden cooling of his pettish resentment, not only followed his example, but went his several better, for the window pane was a valuable one and the coffee pot one of their best wedding gifts.

Neither spoke during the hasty meal that followed.

At dinner she acted just as usual. Ralph was very silent. He noted that the debris of the morning explosion lay where it had fallen. His mother and uncle were coming to tea.

After dinner he gathered up the broken glass and cleared away the coffee grounds.

That night she prepared a letter. It was not long. In it Rachel told her husband that she had been warned about his inflammable temper; that she loved him despite that very bad bluntness, and she believed he was manly enough to conquer his ruffian passion. She told him that she meant for a while, "only for a while, and just as an object lesson, to show you how terrible such behavior is. When I see that my acts are not bearing fruit and that you are not hearing fruit and that you are not hearing me descending to such tactics then I shall say 'good-by' and forever 'good-by'! I cannot live with a husband unworthy my respect. I should still love you, Ralph, but I should leave you just the same as if my love had departed, for I am an individual with a right to happiness, and it would be unobtainable with you. Think it over, husband!"

Ralph never mentioned the letter, but it was many months before he allowed his besetting vice to get the better of him again, and when he did it proved to be the last time. This time he stoned and killed a hen that had done some damage in the garden. When Rachel, who loved all helpless creatures, saw the mutilated body she acted. That night when Ralph went out to feed his poultry, which he fancied, despite his occasional cruelties, his poultry house was empty. Rachel had given every bird away.

"When you can use creatures humanely," she said, "I'll agree to live more here. But that hen's broken ribs and body made me understand that you had to learn humane principles before we could trust animals of any kind in your hands."

It was the last lesson necessary. Ralph saw the point. He began to respect, as he had never done before with any woman who had come into his life, the will which refused to submit tamely to injustice and tyranny.

"I must not lose her," he thought, "for if she goes it will be forever."

A year later as the pair were looking at some fowl that Rachel herself had installed in the poultry houses, Ralph remarked, reminiscently:

"I'm mighty glad, Rachel, that you had the gumption to hit hard from the shoulder when I merited it."

And Rachel, her prophecies fulfilled, answered: "I never hit you, honey, but I did hit the black moods that were killing you."

SEEM TO ENJOY WORRYING

Persons Possessed of That Tragic Temperament Can Only Be Regarded as Afflictions.

Even if the "manufacturers of worry" only suffered themselves it would not be so bad; unfortunately, however, they have a knack of transferring their tragic feelings to others. A whole household of people can be made miserable by one person with a tragic temperament.

The question arises: What is the best way to deal with these? Experience tells me that we should never show sympathy. At the same time, nothing is gained by making little of a trouble which they regard as gigantic. That has an irritating effect! The best cure is to ignore their "tragic tales" as much as possible. Just express a passing regret that "the grocer has failed to send" or that "a husband started on his journey without his tooth brush" (as if he couldn't buy one in the place for which he was bound, or clean his teeth for once with a handkerchief) and nothing more!

When one has been polite, then pass on to talk of something else. Of course, one could quote:

"A trouble's a pound or a trouble's an ounce."
A trouble is what you make it.
It isn't the size of the trouble that counts.
It's just this—how do you take it?"

But the verse is an old one, and I doubt if it has had the effect of decreasing the apparent size of any trouble which came the way of those with "tragic temperaments."—London Answers.

CAUSES OF WINDS.

Winds are produced by a disturbance of the equilibrium in some part of the atmosphere; a disturbance always resulting from a difference in temperature between adjacent sections. Thus, if the temperature of a certain extent of ground becomes higher, the air in contact with it becomes heated, the air expands and goes toward the colder or higher regions of the atmosphere; whence it flows, producing winds which blow from hot to cold countries. But at the same time the equilibrium is destroyed at the surface of the earth for the pressure on the colder adjacent parts is greater than on that which has been heated, and hence a current will be produced with a velocity dependent on the difference between these pressures, thus two distinct winds will be produced—an upper one setting outward from the heated region; and a lower one setting inward toward it.

THE VICTOR'S PRIVILEGE.

The man and the boy met at the entrance to the little park, and walked down the path together. The man noted the disheveled appearance of the lad and questioned him.

"What's the trouble, sonny? You look like you'd been in a wreck?"

"None. Been in a fight," the boy informed him carelessly.

"Been in a fight, eh?" the man repeated. "And who whipped?"

"I did, of course," the boy answered, contentedly. "If I hadn't whipped you you think I'd be telling you about it?"—Kansas City Star.

AURORA AUSTRALIS.

During one of the British expeditions to the antarctic regions, more than sixty observations were made of the aurora australis, the southern counterpart of our northern lights. The appearance of the light resembled that presented in the arctic regions. But the maximum frequency did not occur during the months of the long polar night, and the phenomenon was most intense at the time of the equinoxes, when the sun is perpendicular over the equator, and daylight is simultaneous at both the north and the south pole.

NEW DRESSING FOR BURNS.

A newly devised instantaneous dressing for burns consists of three pills of gauze immersed in a solution of bicarbonate of soda and mineral, put up in a container with an instantly removable lid.

PROTECTED BY WHITE BONE

How People of Eastern Algeria Guard Themselves Against the Glance of the Evil Eye.

People who live in eastern Algeria always have a few beeshives near their homes. Sometimes the herber will place the beehives on the roof of his house.

The herbers know bees so well and like honey so much that from earliest infancy they look upon the bee as a friend who must be guarded and need not be feared. The herber himself takes great care of her bees. She makes sure that a sand storm suddenly sweeping across the great desert will not utterly ruin the beehive. She protects the hives, their store of honey and the workers who make the honey by covering the hives with mats.

Underneath the beehives, in plain sight of every one who passes a white bone swings in the breeze. The herber is superstitious and his chief fear is danger from the evil eye.

Fear of the evil eye has come down through the ages. It is common in many other countries, particularly the south of Europe. In all these lands, various talismans are supposed to ward off the dangers of the evil eye. The chief reliance of the herbers is placed in a white bone. Any bone will serve so long as it is white, and so placed that it catches the eye of the passer-by.

The bone is believed to catch the glance of the person who may have an evil eye. Being attracted by the gleaming white bone the glance of the evil eye is believed to be held by it and kept from beneficently falling upon the object it is placed to protect.

Gaelic Students Hold Class

The Gaelic Students held a meeting Monday evening at St. Mary's school. A beginner's class is being formed, as well as a class for advanced students.

The Christmas number of the Smonteor, official organ of the Gaelic League, will contain the address of President J. Donovan in Gaelic delivered to Mrs. Wheelwright, mother of Eamonn DeValera, at the recent field day in her honor.

Knights of Columbus.

A Ladies' dinner party was given by the Fourth Degree Assembly at the Hotel Rochester on Thursday evening.

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are, showing a most wonderful assortment of coats and dresses of every description for women and misses. It is the aim of this shop to give the best values at the same time the most desirable and dependable merchandise. When looking for a Coat or Dress it will pay you to shop here. Style, quality and satisfaction always guaranteed. —Advertisement.

Holiday Gifts at Moderate Prices

Be sure to visit our store on your Christmas shopping trips. Low prices here do not mean cheap-looking gifts by any means. Dudley Given & Co., 11 East avenue. —Adv.

Bat's Wings Wonderful.

The bat, whose wings are a mass of nerves, which enable it to avoid objects in flight, is declared by scientists to be one of the most wonderful of all animals in its physical makeup. It is claimed for it that it has from one to three senses that no other animal has. So delicate are the nerves of its wings and so responsive to air vibrations that a bat can be blinded and turned loose in a room where several objects are hanging from the ceiling by cords, and it will fly around them without touching any object, the nerves catching the "feet" of the objects as the bat draws near them. Naturalists in experimenting with bats have whirled a cane over their heads so rapidly that the cane appeared to be a misty funnel. On their heads they wore caps of vivid colors that bats dislike and would frequently fly at. The bats would rush at them until the whirling cane was reached, and then dart down, touch the cap and fly away, passing through the orbit of the cane without being touched, demonstrating a keenness of observation and delicacy of speed judgment unequalled by any other living animal.

Characteristics of Genius.

Most people perhaps think of great literary or scientific men or other men of genius, as retiring and inclined to live the life of a recluse. Some of them have been of that type but not all, by any means. Browning didn't belong to those who disliked company and a good dinner; Dickens wasn't of that crowd; Thackeray did not belong; neither did Dick Steele, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Joshua Reynolds, or other worthies of the Eighteenth century. "Tennyson loved his quiet and Carlyle grumbled in his garret, both to their own discomfort and with a loss to their readers. Among the New England notables of the middle of the last century, only Hawthorne was downright unsocial."—Kansas City Star.

To Preserve China.

Many a lover of fine china has been heartbroken to discover her choice dinner or tea set lined with hair-like cracks. Hot tea or chocolate poured into dainty cups cracks them instantly.

A Chinese merchant gave this bit of information when a rare tea set was purchased from him. "Before using delicate china place it in a pan of cold water. Let it come gradually to the boil and allow the china to remain in the water till cold." This tempers the china, and it is capable of withstanding the sudden expansion caused by the heat. There is no need of repeating the treatment for a long time."—Toronto Globe.

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Clerical Changes

Waterloo, Nov. 8.—The Rev. Father Guilfoil, who has been assistant to the Rev. Father O'Loughlin at St. Mary's Church, has been transferred to St. Mary's Church, Canadagua. Father Guilfoil was well liked in this community and remained here nine months, although he was sent here for only two months. Sunday he bid farewell to his parishioners.

DANSVILLE, N. Y.

Dansville, N. Y., Nov. 11.—This morning at 8 o'clock there was a requiem high mass sung by the Rev. Leo G. Hofschneider at St. Mary's church, Dansville, for soldiers who died in the World's War. Prayers were offered that the world might soon again be restored to peace and that the approaching conference on the Limitation of Armament may be guided in its deliberations by the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. The parochial school children attended the services in a body. To commemorate Armistice Day the bell rang at 11 o'clock.

In compliance with the Proclamation of our President, as a tribute of respect to the memory of those who gave their lives to defend the integrity, honor and tranquility of our Country in the World's War, the church bell rang at intervals from 11:45 to 12 o'clock. At 12 o'clock noon the tolling bell announced the moments of silent prayer and meditation during which the body of the unknown and unidentified soldier was lowered in his grave at the Arlington National cemetery. The profusely lighted catafalque placed before the altar in the center aisle of the church was a reminder of the solemn services taking place at Arlington. Each lighted candle together with the burning sweet incense breathed the silent Requiescant in Pace for the repose of the souls of the departed soldiers of the late war. In conclusion the Canticle of Zachary, Luke I, 68, was recited together with the prayers of the Church for burial services at the Grave.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

From St. Paul, Minn.—"Just received the box of Salve Regina Engraved Christmas Cards. They are so beautiful I want three more boxes. Enclosed find check for \$3.13." The readers of this paper can obtain these beautiful Christmas cards at \$1.04 per box of twelve assorted designs. Send check, draft or money order, to Rev. Dr. Bernard A. McKenna, Box B, Catholic University, Washington, D.C. —Adv.

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Beautiful stock patterns in fine American ware, and quite inexpensive. 11 East avenue. —Adv.

BUT SHE'LL KNOW NEXT TIME

Possibly Housewife May Have Made a Good Investment; Anyway, She Has the Book.

The well-dressed man who smiled in the doorway was plainly a book salesman.

The woman of the house sensed that such was his calling. She greeted him rather chilly.

"Madam," said he politely, "I am selling a volume, a single volume which I think will interest you. May I not?"

"No books," she said firmly. "Positively none. I am not interested in any books."

"Ah, not any books possibly, but this particular book of mine is the only one of its kind in the world. It is only \$4 and worth many times as much to its owner. May I not?"

"No!" snapped the woman. "I wouldn't buy it at any price. I am tired of opening the door and finding an agent standing there waiting to sell me something."

"I thought as much, my dear madam, and that is why I hoped to sell you—"

"I am not interested."

"I shall never come this way again. I knock but once—then pass on forever. The title of this volume is 'How to Get Rid of an Agent Without Buying.' Yes, indeed, madam, \$4 is correct. I thank you! Good morning!" —Wayside Tales.

HERE'S A PROPOSITION TO WOMEN ONLY

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INSECTS HAVE SIXTH SENSE

Ants Provided With "Feelers," Which Are to Them of the Highest Importance.

All insects and a certain number of other animals are provided with appendages which the ordinary man calls feelers.

These feelers provide their owners with a mysterious sixth sense which we ourselves lack—a sense which is certainly not sight, hearing, or smell, though possibly it may be a very slight sense of touch.

It is by stroking with their feelers that ants discriminate between friend and foe. You may paint an ant blue or cover him with a strange smelling compound, but his fellows will never make a mistake.

The lobster, the prawn, and the shrimp use their feelers to guide them when they are swimming tall first top speed. Bees and butterflies seem to use them for examining flowers before they begin to sip the honey.

The whiskers of the cat and the rat are stiff hairs to the roots of which are attached very sensitive nerves. It is supposed that they act as guides when their owner is moving in the dark. If they touch an obstacle, an instantaneous message to the brain enables the cat or rat to make a quick movement to one side or the other.

PLANTS' POWER OF MOTION

Enthusiasts Who Have Studied the Subject Say That Many Undoubtedly Possess It.

One of the chief popular distinctions between vegetable and animal life is that animals have power of choice and of voluntary motion, while vegetables and plants grow only mechanically. But the microscope seems to show that many vegetable forms can move as easily as can animals.

There is a plant called volvox globator, so minute that millions of it could be put in a drinking glass, which is seen to whirl like a top across the field of the microscope. Some plants found in ponds, which are still more minute, move habitually, as with an apparent purpose.

Naturalists who have given closer study than others to climbing plants state that these seem to exercise the liberty of choice. Their tendrils, in climbing over pieces of wood with holes, will try one hole after another until they find one that pleases them. One investigator saw a tendril withdraw itself after having pushed itself in a hole for 36 hours.

Not a Live Wire.

Rapp—Can you let me have a few dollars?

Rapp—No. I attended a blowout last night and my purse was short-circuited.—New York Sun.

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