

Reunited by Smith's Spite Fence.

By HAZEL BLAIR.

It certainly was a desirable property from every point of view, but one point of view was permanently included, and that was the outlook upon old Mr. Smith's garden.

So Mrs. Harnack bought the property. It was just the place, she told herself, for a widowed lady to settle down, and there was an excellent finishing school near by for Miriam, her only child.

One day the agent stopped her in the street.

"I hear you're going to have a neighbor," he said, grinning.

"What, somebody else going to build on the other side?" asked Adelina Harnack apprehensively.

"No, Mrs. Harnack," the agent answered. "Old Mr. Smith's nephew, John, is coming to live with him. Wonder what old man Smith will do with him."

"Teach him to be a fence-maker, I suppose," said Mrs. Harnack crossly. Young John Smith was put into a lawyer's office in Cosset Town.

One day, when Miriam had been home from school two weeks, Mrs. Harnack, walking with her, saw her daughter bow, and John Smith raised his hat as he passed on the opposite side of the road.

"How do you know him?" demanded the mother.

"Oh, I was introduced," answered her daughter evasively.

"Then understand, Miriam, I forbid you to speak to him again or notice him."

"Very well, mamma," answered the daughter submissively.

But on the next day carpenters arrived at Mr. Smith's house, and they proceeded to erect a rough scaffolding on the outside of the fence. And the next day painters mounted it, and before nightfall the exterior bore the sign, in huge letters of yellow and red:

"Try Pyramid Pills for That Tired Feeling."

Adelina Harnack was away that day in town. When she came back she saw the legend. She was furious.

"Miriam, I am going to stop this if it takes every penny I have," she said. "I am going straight down to Mr. Capel, the lawyer, to instruct him to get an injunction."

"But, mamma—" "Now, not a word, Miriam!" "All right, mamma, only John—I mean Mr. Smith—is working in Mr. Capel's office."

The name betrayed the secret which the girl's tones concealed. Mrs. Harnack turned on her.

"Why do you call him John?" she asked icily. "Is it possible—possible?" She looked at her daughter's scarlet face. "Miriam, has there been anything between you and that contemptible young man?"

Miriam began to cry. "I love John," she sobbed. "And he loves me, and he's coming to see you tomorrow afternoon."

"No, indeed," answered her mother. "I am going to scold him, and his uncle, too, and tell them what I think of them."

Her anger was at the boiling point when she arrived at the front door. "Is Mr. Smith in?" she asked of the housekeeper.

"Mr. John Smith, or Mr. Johnathan Smith?" asked the woman curiously.

"Jonathan," said Mrs. Harnack quietly, and the housekeeper thought it was the answer to her question. But Adelina Harnack merely repeated the name in wonder. Could there be two Jonathan Smiths or was it—?

"Walk in, please," said the housekeeper, and a half minute later the visitor found herself in the presence of the recluse.

He had not changed so greatly. He was the same man whom she had once loved so passionately, save for the tale of years. And he knew her.

"Adelina!" he exclaimed, and stumbled forward. And Adelina Harnack somehow found herself in his arms, though it was 20 years since she had left them.

"It's really you, Adelina?" he asked incredulously. "Where do you live? How have you found me here?"

"I live next door," she answered. "Next door?" "Beyond the fence. Don't you remember that I wrote to you? Oh, but you didn't know my married name, did you? I want to tell you so much—but the shock has unnerved me."

VARIETIES OF HUMAN FOOD

Decidedly Odd Material Sometimes Employed for the Purpose of Providing Nourishment

It is interesting to consider some of the more or less odd material which man has been led to choose for the purpose of food. Environment, of course, must be a factor in regard to this choice, and necessity also. It is hard to imagine that earth would be used as food, and yet such has been the case in many countries during famine.

The use of seaweed as food is an example of the determining factors of both necessity and environment. It is not a little astonishing to find that a number of seaweeds are really edible and nourishing. Perhaps the best known example is laver, which is a kind of stew made from a weed, an algae. The laver made on the Devonshire coast of England, and to be found in some London shops, is said to be excellent. The sea algae, indeed, prove on analysis to contain a considerable proportion of nitrogenous matter, and as they are usually tender, they are digestible. There are also several sea mosses which are esteemed for their esculent properties. Agar sugar is another example of a sea yielding a nutritious jelly. It is supposed that the edible birds' nest is highly esteemed when prepared in the form of soup by the Chinese has its origin in the birds feeding on agar sugar. On the other hand, it is said that the substance of which the nest is composed is secreted from certain glands which are developed during the nest-building season, but which lose this function afterward.

BEST THAT LAWYER CAN DO

Discovery of the Preponderance of Doubt Is About All That He Can Hope For.

A member of the bar tells of a young man from the West who, some years ago, was so fortunate as to be enabled to enter the law offices of a well-known New York firm of lawyers. Very soon he was entrusted with a case, although a very simple one. He was asked by the head of the firm, a distinguished jurist known throughout the land, to give an opinion in writing.

It was observed when this opinion was submitted that, with the touching confidence of the novice, the young man had begun with the expression: "I am clearly of opinion."

The head of the firm smiled as his eye caught this, and he said: "My son, never state that you are clearly of opinion on a law point. The most you can hope to discover is the preponderance of the doubt."—Exchange.

Figure It Out.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Some say Eve eight and Adam two—a total of ten only.

Now we figure the thing out far differently: Eve eight and Adam eight also—total 16.

We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve eight and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90.

Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812 the total was 893?

I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve, 811 Adam and Adam 812 Eve 893.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 811 Adam Adam 81242 adding Eve total 82935—Exchange.

Explaining Lunar Bands.

Poiseux, the distinguished astronomer of the Paris observatory, some time ago reached the conclusion that the curious rays or bands extending in straight lines away from many lunar craters, such as the celebrated Tycho, are produced by the deposition of volcanic ashes carried to great distances by the winds that happened to prevail when the eruption occurred. He accounts for the relative narrowness of these bands which are never more than 30 miles broad, although their length is sometimes many hundred miles, by supposing that only the central axis of the deposit has remained, the less dense borders having been destroyed by the denuding forces of the air when the moon had a considerable atmosphere.—Washington Star.

Concerning the Brain.

Whether a person's brain becomes larger after intellectual development is still a disputed question. Smith Ely Jelliffe, an authority on the subject, says: "Weight of brain, however, has no direct relationship with intelligence, as idiots' brains are known to have weighed just as much as those of the ablest men. Intellectual capacity consists in the great multiplicity of nerve cell connections. While it is true that a number of celebrated men of recognized brain power have had large brains, there are many more of equal capacity whose brain weights have not been remarkable."

How the Trapper Won His Bride

By FREDERICK CLARKE.

(Copyright 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Will you remember me when I am gone, Leona? Tell me!" The tone was wistful.

"Perhaps."

The man gave a sharp exclamation and catching the girl by the wrist he said sternly:

"Don't speak that way. When you do it cuts like a knife," and his other hand fell half-unconsciously upon the hilt of the hunting knife in his belt.

"How dare you? You know, Jean Lennare, I have never told any man that I love him."

"Actions speak louder than words," the man returned coolly. "Those glorious eyes of yours say yes, when your lips form no. You have listened to my words of love and never turned away."

"They interested me as long as they were different," the girl returned, indignantly.

"When you have something new to say, expect me to remember you; but until then I do not care to even listen," and the trapper was left alone with his rage and love. Until his departure on the following day the spoiled beauty kept out of his way, and once he had disappeared, she drew a deep sigh of relief.

Smiling a little to herself, and yet wondering if he would study something new to say to her when he emerged from the dangers of the unbroken path into the wilderness, she hummed a song he favored, and was so wrapped up in her own thoughts she did not hear the stealthy step of a man who stole upon her. Small wonder that she did not, for he was skilled in tracking down the wildest kind of game, and hiding his presence from the keen-scented wild things of the unexplored North. The first that she realized that she was not alone was when Leona felt a man's arms about her, and a man's mouth pressed to hers; and frightened almost to death she looked up into Jean's dark, flashing eyes.

"You told me to make love differently," he said, after he had kissed her breathless, "and so I have. I knew no other man had ever held you in his arms or taken kisses from your lips. Now I have put my stamp on you."

With a heavy sigh, and yet with the light of hopeful love in his face, Jean retraced his steps, and this time fairly began his long journey. For weeks afterward, Leona felt her cheeks burn crimson at the very thought of Jean's kisses, and yet in her heart she was not angry, for she did love him, though her untamed girlish nature rebelled at restraint. As the days crept on, she took pleasure in the thought that she belonged to this mighty hunter, and she began to plan her future as his wife. Suddenly her happiness was crushed as the tender verdure beneath the branches of the felled forest tree. After a day that had seemed unusually long to her impatience, although one of the shortest of the year, she was sitting in the chimney corner idly listening to her father, when some of his words recalled her to attention.

"I didn't think that of Jean. He ought to be ashamed of such a thing."

"Marrying an Indian girl," was the careless answer.

"He never did," she said fiercely, her eyes blazing in the firelight.

For a week she lay ill, and when she finally crawled forth into the open air she loved so well she was like one smitten. All her proud, young courage was gone. She shunned the trappers who flocked to her father's store, and spent her time out in the woods where Jean had kissed her maiden lips and held her in his strong arms. Into this retreat no one dared penetrate, not even Long John Hathers. He would not give up the secret hope in his heart, and tried to court her, although he said but little. His eyes glowed a red fire that nothing extinguished. Leona at first scarcely noticed him, when he hated her for the love she saw he bore her, and prevented him from speaking of it until one day when the sun was beginning to feel warm, and she was once more in the woods. Believing herself entirely alone, she began to live over once more the love scene of the fall before, when suddenly Long John stood before her, speaking madly of his love, and pleading madly with her to return it.

The girl fought like a young tiger. She knew now that he had been a witness to her last scene with Jean, and it drove her mad with rage. Finally, seeing the hateful, bearded face coming nearer and nearer, she cried aloud for help, and in providential answer to her cry it came, for suddenly Long John measured his length on the grass, and she saw Jean like one in a dream.

"Come, Leona, sweetheart," Jean said tenderly, "give me the welcome back I deserve," and he held out his arms.

"How dare you?" she gasped. "What will your wife think when I tell her?" "What about the Indian girl?" she continued, for the man looked puzzled.

"Indian girl? Oh, you mean the one I found and took to the mission. Why, dear, she is only eleven."

Leona gave a gasp of happiness, and Long John, crawling to his feet, once more saw Leona in Jean's arms, but this time she went of her own accord.

To Catholic Journal Readers: Co-operate with these firms as they are co-operating by advertising in your paper. Patronize them as they are your friends.

WHISPERINGS

"Don't judge a woman's cooking by the cake she sends to a church social. The greater the shortage in a man's accounts the longer it takes to find him."

The bonds of matrimony would be more popular if they paid cash dividends. Ambition may be the feeling that you want to do something that you can't.

Feet that are a size larger than the shoes you wear are their own punishment. Night shirts should wear longer than dress shirts because they are never worn out.

A girl stands before a mirror while dressing so that she can see what is going on. You can't build a skyscraper on a faulty foundation. Attend to the foundation first.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard—consider her ways and keep away from your "uncle."

"The race is not to the swift." No; but neither is it to the lazy.—Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

The most pitiful objects in this world are girls who act like men and men who act like girls. If a pair of shoes are too small they may fit a woman, but if they are too large she has a fit.

Scenic lines of railroad should be careful on what sidetracks they put two miles of box cars.

One admires his photographer almost as much as his doctor. Each improves him so much. While the vision grows the life is young. Only when the vision fades can life be said to have ended.

CAR DRIVING HARD ON FEET

Use of Accelerator Causes "Short Circuit" of Pedal Nerves or "Motor Foot," It Is Said.

When car owners return from their summer vacations many of them return limping. A new summer epidemic is at large in the ranks of vacationists.

The new ailment has been given the popular name of "motor foot." In the language of surgical chiropody it is indexed and classified under the name of "metatarsal displacement."

Continuous motoring is the cause of the ailment. It is a right foot trouble caused by the continuous strain occasioned by long motor trips when the driver keeps his foot in the strained position required by the use of the car accelerator.

This position causes a displacement of the metatarsal bones which in turn causes them, in motor language, to "short" the nerves of that part of the foot. This in turn is the answer for the pain that accompanies the displacement of possessing "motor foot."

"Motor foot" not only makes walking painful, but practically eliminates golf, tennis or any of the other popular forms of active recreation.

Not Quite Finished. The most embarrassing moment of my life was when a new stenographer came to work for my boss. About noon of her first day with us I wrote to the old stenographer and I left the note in the typewriter when my boss called me in. Just then the new stenographer came back from lunch and she read the note.

When I came out of my boss' office she said, "There is a note of yours in the typewriter. Do you want to finish it?"

The note read: "Dear Peggie—I am writing to let you know of our new stenographer. She is dead from the neck up and as slow as molasses. She has a face like a—."—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Time Coming. There was company at dinner, and the son and heir listened to the conversation. During meal an unframed discussion arose regarding the feeling which, someone maintained, still existed between the North and the South. The minister remarked:

"The time is coming not so far off, when there will be no north, south, east or west, and—"

"What that is splendid," interrupted little Willie.

"Why does that interest you?" asked the boy's astonished parent.

"Because it will be so much easier to learn geography."—Harper's Magazine.

The War Rich. A story of the new rich tells of a family named Stubbs, which became very rich during the war and, in consequence, purchased a stately home in one of the counties in England.

It happened that some one who had known them in less prosperous days was in the neighborhood and thought he would call.

He did so, and asked for "Mr. Stubbs." The butler regarded him with a perfectly straight face. "There must be some mistake, sir," he said. "This is the house of Mr. St. Ubbs."

Human Weakness. No matter what his faults may be, we always have a soft place in our hearts for the person we can have a good time with.

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INDORSE WATER WITH MEALS

Medical Association Journal Says That It Promotes a Secretion of Gastric Juice.

To an inquiry about the effect of drinking water with meals, the editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association replies:

"The immediate effect of water during a meal is certainly one of dilution. However, this fact has been over-emphasized by those who are adverse to the drinking of water with meals, for it has been shown indubitably by several investigators, working on dog and man, that water itself promotes a secretion of gastric juice, and that when water is given shortly before or with a meal it has a very definite effect in increasing the secretory response of the stomach as regards volume of juice and acidity. A given amount of water has 'less and gives effect on gastric secretion the longer the time interval between the meal and the giving of water' (Sutherland). It has likewise found that the ingestion of water with the meal increases the amount and the free and total acidity of the gastric juice. Incidentally, the ingestion of water with meals decreases the emptying time of the stomach."

First Phrenologist Unpopular. The man who originated the science of phrenology had to leave not only his land, but also one of its neighbors and seek shelter among strangers. This was Franz Joseph Gall, a German scientist, who was born in 1758. From the fatherland he went to Vienna, and there, at the famous university of that city, delivered his first great lecture on his pet subject. This was in 1796. For a while he was merely ridiculed, but before long somebody began to feel that his theory might not be in keeping with what the Bible said, and in 1805 the Austrian government interdicted his lectures as dangerous to religion, and Gall came near tasting prison fare in an Austrian jail.

France, cradle of freedom, beckoned him. He went there in 1807 and remained in Paris to the day of his death, surrounded by pupils and appreciative colleagues.

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