

OUR Young People.

AN ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



Vol. VII.

MAY 1, 1899.

No. 22.



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No. 22.

MEHITABLE'S SECRET.

BY ESTHER ROBERTSON.

CHAPTER XII.

INGERSOLL MOUNTAIN.

I WANT some raspberries to put up for next winter," said Aunt Louisa, the next day. "Who shall go with me and gather them?"

"I, I, I, I!" was the general chorus, and it was finally arranged that all should go on foot up to the cow's pasture, and that Uncle Robb should come after them and bring them home at night in the hay cart.

Then came a great collecting of tin cups and pails and a gathering of the children on the back door steps to discuss ways and means.

"Mother has enough to do," said Maria, "without bothering herself over our luncheon and I have told her that I will see to it all by myself; now what do you want?"

"We shan't want anything," said Lou, "I am not a bit hungry."

"Hoh!" said Henry Osmund. "You've just finished your dinner. Just you wait until five o'clock and then see."

"Just as you like," said Lou loftily, "I shan't want anything and if I do I shall eat some berries."

"I have a plan," said Maria. "Let each one tell me what she likes best and keep it a secret until the time

comes and then we will bring out our surprises."

This plan was received with universal applause and all scattered to prepare for the excursion. Uncle Robb decided that they had better drive both ways, and at two o'clock he started off with a happy load in his hay-cart. There was a chair for Aunt Louisa, but all the children sat on the floor of the cart, with their feet hanging over the side, or stood up clinging hold of the stakes, while Uncle Robb stood up to drive.

"We are going up on Ingersoll Mountain," said Rich, "and the berries up there are as thick as spatter."

"Do you 'spose we shall fill all our pails?" said John.

"Easy," said Richard, "and time to spare. It's lucky, for we shan't have much time, and I shall have to drive the cows back."

Up the mountain, through a winding forest road, Uncle Robb drove. The brook (it is always there) was not wanting, and it sung and laughed down the side of the mountain road, tumbling over the mossy stones and hiding itself under banks of ferns, as though inviting the children to play. But they would not heed it, not they, they were strictly on business to-day, and had no time for nonsense. They

were sometimes in the cart and sometimes out, running up the mountain ahead of the slow horses, and then when tired, jumping in behind and sitting in the back with their feet hanging down in happy abandonment. Oh! foolish children to long for those happy days to be over that you may take your place in the stern battle of life.

All too soon, Uncle Robb drove up to some bars at the side of the road, and the children scrambled out, with the announcement of:

"Here we are."

All the pails and baskets were carried inside the bars and up the fence a little ways, to be stacked at the root of an old pine, where a cool spring of water trickled from its roots. Then each one taking his cup in hand proceeded to business.

"Where are the berries, Sade?" said Hittie, attaching herself as usual to this much enduring cousin, while John followed at their heels.

"Oh, most everywhere," said Sade. "Here's a nice row to begin with," and they began most industriously to fill their cups.

"Do you like poetry, Sade?" said Hittie.

"I don't know; some of it is pretty," said Sade, rather dubiously.

"I like it, because I can make it," said Hittie modestly.

"Can you?" said Sade. "I thought that only poets could do that."

"Hoh, it's easy enough," said Hittie, "Mary Gray and I learned how to do it last year when we were kept in to write our compositions. We thought we had to write poetry and so we did, and we have written lots since, only our next teacher wouldn't let us put any in compositions. She made us write stupid things, explaining pictures, anything like that, and then she made us copy them into a book, just as careful; if you only made one little blot, my! wouldn't she scold?"

"I rather like compositions," said John.

"Oh! but you couldn't write poetry," said Hittie, condescendingly. "Now, this just came into my mind:

"Little by little, the bird builds her nest,
Little by little, I fill my pint dish."

She paused; but did not get the expected applause, and rather offended by the silence, she moved on. Soon she came to the end of the row of bushes, where she was picking, and decided to forgive the two unappreciative ones and go back to see how they had picked. She looked into their cups and exclaimed:

"O! how did you get so many? You have ever so many more than I, and better ones, too."

"You move about too much, Hittie," said Sade, "and pick from the tops of the bushes where the fruit is sunburnt. See here!" she lifted up the boughs of a bush as she spoke and displayed the great, ripe, fragrant berries underneath, just ready to drop at the slightest movement.

"Oh, yes!" said Hittie, going to work with the greatest energy. "Oh! OO! OO! What was that? It looked just like a snake."

"Well there are no snakes about here but garter snakes," said John, "and they won't hurt anyone."

"I wouldn't have one touch me for all the world!" said Hittie. "I'm going over to see how many the others have got."

Off she ran, leaving Sade and John alone once more. They kept at the same bushes for most of the afternoon, and when at five o'clock Richard blew the horn to announce that supper was ready, they both had well filled pails of beautiful berries, which they carried over with great pride and received the well earned praise.

"Now; let's see how many Hittie has got," said the teasing Lou, taking her sister's pail away from her reluctant hand. Alas! It was quite empty, and her cup half full. How

they all laughed; while poor Hittie hung her head in confusion, and looked ready to cry.

"Now," said Aunt Louisa, "to change the subject. You know this isn't my supper, so I am going to sit down and enjoy it. Let me see what you have brought." She seated herself at the foot of the pine as she spoke and took off her hat and fanned herself. Richard had built a roaring fire and pointed with pride at the pail of coffee already boiling on the coals.

"That is nice," said his mother. "I hope you remembered to bring plenty of cream with you. I like a great deal of cream in my coffee."

"I declare I never once thought of bringing any cream or sugar," said Richard, looking round and scratching his head with a most comical air. "What shall we do?"

This was only a beginning of the rest of the luncheon and when all the children had brought out and displayed their choice it was arrayed as follows:

- A great chocolate cake.
- A basket of butternuts.
- A jar of pickles.
- A jar of preserves.
- A dozen eggs.
- An apple pie.

"Where is the bread and butter?" said Aunt Louisa, as soon as she could speak from laughing.

Nobody had thought of that and after enjoying the children's blank faces, for they were now desperately hungry, she dispatched Richard for her basket and brought out the much needed solids.

"Three cheers for Aunt Louisa," cried Henry Osmund, and they were given with a good will, and then the boys ran off to a neighboring farm house to buy milk and sugar. The rest gathered round the fire, for although it was warm, the sun was getting down and there was a dampness rising from the woods which made the warmth grateful. They laughed and chattered and related the exper-

iences of the day until the boys returned. Hittie, however, was quite silent and sober over the remembrance of her laziness. Soon the boys came back with a pail of milk and a bag of sugar and all fell to with a will.

But Hittie could not eat, and looked so depressed that John crept up to her, saying: "I wish you had stayed with Sade and me, Hittie. Sade would have helped you fill your dish as she did me."

"O, John!" said Hittie, "won't you help me now? I would like to get my pail full like the rest, and I know where there is an awful thick place where you could fill my pail in a few minutes. It's right over there, only I was afraid to stay there alone or I might have filled it myself."

"All right!" said John willingly, "let's go and pick until they are ready to start."

Off they went, and Aunt Louisa called after them not to go far away, as they were soon going home.

"No;" shouted back Hittie, "only just over here."

She ran to get there quickly, with John after her. Then she led the way over a stone wall and then into the woods across the brook, and still deeper into the woods, but no berries appeared.

"Perhaps we had better go back and not go any farther," said John, "we may keep them waiting."

"I thought," said Hittie, "that they were right here; just go a little bit farther this way, John, and then if we don't find them we will go right back." On she ran under the silent evergreen trees. There was little underbrush, so the way was all clear, but not even a bush of raspberries was in sight.

"Come; come; Hittie, we must go back," said John.

"O, dear me!" said Hittie, "It's always the way, I can never do anything I want to. Well; let the old berries go. Who cares for them, anyway?"

The children turned and ran back; but where were the brook, the stone wall, the fire, with the merry party round it? They walked some distance and found nothing but trees, trees, unending and unchanging. Finally Hittie stopped short and bursting into tears, sobbed out: "O, John, John! I'm afraid we're lost. What shall we do?" It was getting dark, and John's heart sank within him; but he tried like a brave brother to keep up the courage of his sister, and took her hand, saying:

"Come on, Hittie, we'll soon get there now."

Hittie's answer was a dismal shriek, for she was up to her knees in a muddy swamp. So was John for that matter, but he did not scream. He only drew his sister up on a bank where it was dry and said:

"Perhaps we had better sit down and wait, dear; we can't be very far off, and they are sure to find us."

"When I was a little girl," said Hittie, gazing fearfully round, "I used to be afraid of bears, I used to think that they were under my bed, and would catch my toes when I got out," and she gave a little hysterical laugh.

"We know that there are no bears here now," said John, "and nothing at all that can hurt us."

"John, suppose that man were up here on the mountain yet and he should find us here."

"What man?"

"The Frenchman that Maria was telling about."

"Why, then I suppose he would tell us the way home."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't. I am sure he wouldn't. Oh, I am afraid he will come!" She wrung her hands and looked fearfully round.

"Why, Hittie, what are you so frightened about? You are so changed; you never used to be so frightened."

"John, dear," getting up very close to him. "If you knew a perfectly

awful secret and had said that you hoped the Lord would strike you dead if you ever told, and yet you were afraid that it was wicked not to tell, what would you do then?"

"I would go right and tell mother," said Little John, promptly, "and she would tell you what you ought to do."

"But suppose you had been shut up in a dark ghostly cellar until you solemnly swore that you'd never, never tell as long as you lived. A horrible place, where you were all sole alone with nobody there but God, and He was mad."

"It cannot be right to keep any secret from mother and if she thinks that you ought not to tell, why then, all right."

"I wish I had never come into this country at all," said Hittie, mournfully. "I wish we had minded mother and worn our stockings and shoes, and I wish we had stayed with her, and not left her all alone—one—ne."

"Don't cry, Hittie," said John. "We will say an "Our Father" together and then shout as loud as we can and perhaps they will hear us. Together they knelt on the soft pine carpet and repeated fervently the old prayer, the help of ages, and then they lifted up their voices with one long loud: "Halloo—oo—oo."

As if in response they heard at their right a loud "moo!"

"The cows, the cows!" said John, clapping his hands in delight.

"What are you so glad to see the cows for, John Robb?" said Hittie, crossly. "I don't see how they can help us."

"They can, though," said John. "They know the way home and all we have to do is to follow them. Don't you see?"

"To be sure," said Hittie, brightening up, "let us go and follow them."

Out they ran, and soon found the cows on the edge of the wood, grazing peacefully as they went slowly up the hill. The children hastened their

steps by following after them and shouting at them. Very soon they turned the corner of the wood and then Hittie shrieked with delight.

"The brook! The brook!"

They rushed forward, and stopping a moment to wash the mud of the swamp off their feet, they jumped the stone wall and in a moment were down among the waiting party. They were all in the hay-cart waiting for them and greeted the children with: "Where have you been? We thought you'd got lost."

Without stopping to explain, they jumped in and curled down contentedly into the hay with a sense of thankfulness, and away they rattled down the hill home.

But once safe, Hittie's fear passed off and John's good advice was of no avail. Saturday night came, long before the children were ready for it, and Father Robb appeared to bring the children home. But alas! when Mother Robb was giving the Saturday night scrub, she said, after some minutes of ineffectual scrubbing:

"John; what is this on your foot?"

"I stuck my foot into the pot of paint that they mark the sheep with," said John with a guilty face.

We will draw a veil over the consequences, for Mother Robb was never known to pass over a deliberate act of disobedience. But, when she went down stairs that night, after the children were safely tucked in bed, she said, with a great sigh of relief:

"Richard; I have done my last whipping."

"Why? why? why! What do you mean?" said the father.

"When I called John to-night, to come to me for his punishment," said she, "he held out his hand and looked me straight in the face and did not cry at all. And then I knew that the time to stop whipping had come."

Wise mother! Happy children! Whose mother can so read the signs of the times.

CHAPTER XIII.

THANKSGIVING.

Polly had come home for her first vacation and with great satisfaction Mother Robb seated herself at the breakfast table, with all her flock around her once more.

"I am glad," she said, in a tone of satisfaction, "that we have sleighing this year for Thanksgiving."

The climate of New England must be surely changing, for no one would dream of expecting snow sufficient to bring out the sleighs at Thanksgiving the present day, but at the time of which we are writing it was no uncommon thing and one which was considered rather desirable, as sleighing over the soft snow was so much safer than high wagons running on the hard frozen ground. Indeed it was, so much so, that the coming of the snow decided the question as to whether the cousins who lived some eight miles distant might stay through the evening at Minoka or return while it was light enough to see the way.

Later in the season, the river itself was the highway between villages and towns on its bank. The young people thought nothing at all of skating eight miles with the keen north wind blowing them down the river; nevertheless, they would not attempt to face it coming back, but like cowards, took the steam cars and returned vanquished.

"Yes," said Father Robb in answer to his wife's remark, "it is fine sleighing; we could not have better."

Great jubilation and glee prevailed when the family gradually assembled at the late breakfast, which was always the same on Thanksgiving day. Fricassee chicken and buck-wheat cakes. And each little Robb would have felt it a personal grievance if there had been the slightest variation from the bill of fare.

Breakfast over, Mother Robb began packing a basket full of goodies for John to carry to some intimate

friends of his across the way, Mandy and Betsy Wetherby. They were two ancient maiden ladies, who lived in a little two-roomed cottage opposite the Robbs. They tried to earn their living as tailoresses for the little boys in the village, or any other odd jobs which might fall in their way as seamstresses, but the mothers were beginning even then to buy their lads' clothes ready made and there were but few who saw that the old ladies were in danger of suffering, for with the independence inherent in New Englanders, they carefully kept it to themselves and resented anything like charity as an insult.

With little John Robb, however, it was quite different. The close friendship between him and the old ladies began by his going over there to be measured for clothes, and in spite of the teasing of his sisters, they had become his most intimate friends. They showed him how to make his garden, gave him strawberry plants for it and flowers for his mother, who was his dearest friend of all. They gave him, too, an old hen and eggs, which in course of time became a numerous family, and consulted seriously with him as to the best ways and methods of managing both hens and gardens. In return they graciously accepted the many dinners and other gifts with which his mother provided him.

I think they must have missed that sweet, gracious young presence when it was taken away from them.

The end of the two sisters was like that of so many, seemingly, wasted lives in New England. One died, leaving the other to struggle on alone. At last one cold morning there was no smoke as usual rising from their chimney. A kind neighbor went over to investigate. She knocked in vain and finally obtained help and broke into the house. There was poor Mandy's body!—The soul had fled. She was crouching down by her little stove with a stick of wood in her hand in the vain endeavor to gain some

warmth for the poor body whose life was fast ebbing away. How glad she must have been to feel that it was so.

But we are forgetting Thanksgiving Day. The Wetherbys were not the only ones remembered by the warm mother heart. The other children were dispatched with similar baskets, that all should feast on this day at least, though there were few in the happy village who were objects of charity.

When the bell rang for meeting all the family assembled and marched in formal procession, as on Sundays, over to the meeting house. There was quite a strife among some of the families of Minoka as to who should gather the largest number on this day. The Robbs, you remember, belonged to the Pillsbury tribe, and, as has been said, Mother Robb was one of seven daughters, all of whom were married and lived within a few miles of Minoka. On Thanksgiving Day, therefore, they all got together, some fifty strong, under the roof of the eldest daughter, Mrs. Osmund, but always after they had attended the short service at the old meeting house, where they had gone from their earliest infancy.

The tremulous voice of the old pastor gave out the text. Hittie, as a general thing, paid no attention to the sermon whatever, but to-day it struck her very forcibly and queerly:

"And your sheep shall bring forth thousands and tens of thousands in your streets."

Hittie had had an unfortunate encounter with a sheep with a very bad temper when down at the South End last summer and taking the old pastor's text literally, devoutly hoped that no such token of prosperity would descend on Minoka, and then fell to wondering what sort of a little girl that was in the old doctor's family who had come up from Boston for the occasion. She had her hair braided in two such short smooth pig-tails down her neck. She must be

very good and careful, thought Hittie, with an uncomfortable consciousness of her own shortcomings. The old pastor did not keep them long and then they all trooped down the street to the Osmund's house, where the festivities were held.

There were Grandfather and Grandmother Pillsbury seated in state in great arm chairs and smiling all over. And there were their seven daughters with their husbands and, I was going to say seventy children, but that would be putting it rather too strong, still fifty in all, grown and babies, would be no exaggeration and the grandchildren ranged all the way from young men and young women to the babies in long clothes. Then followed such a general confusion, laughing, talking, embracing, running out in the snow to greet each new arrival, while children of all sorts and sizes were running round shouting and getting under everyone's feet.

Of course they could not all sit down to dinner together, even in the Osmund mansion, spacious as it was, so the youngsters were banished to the attic to play games and stay their appetites with a mince turnover, as best they might, while the elders dined and discussed the affairs of the Pillsbury family. Later the children had their turn, with a general permission to take all the indigestibles they wished for one day in the year, at least.

After the dinners were over came a grand baby show, in which the babies who had arrived during the previous year were the chief attractions. Of course each mother admired her sister's baby immensely, while in her heart she thought her own was far superior. After this the next decade of the family must exhibit, with songs and recitations, which, if they were not the brightest scintillations of brain and wit, were applauded as if they were, and the profoundest admiration prevailed. We will only repeat one of these remarkable productions, the

verses of which were sung by the Osmund boys, while all the children joined in the rousing chorus:

"Aldoboronto Fosco Fornio,
Where is your Cronon-hoton-fologos?
Fatigued in his tent by the toils of war
And on his couch reposing,
Rigdum Fologos watching near him,
While the prince was dozing,
Aldoboronto Fosco Fornio,
Where is your Croton-hoton-fologos?
Cronon-hoton-fologos!
Cronon-hoton-fologos!"

After the applause which followed this song had died away everyone was astounded by a little fellow of three years, who suddenly sprang up and, catching the spirit of the hour, ran into the middle of the large circle and cried out:

"Mister Henny Osmund, he make a peach. My tex', beloved am in de firs' chapter t'ever I seen."

Here, interrupted by the shouts of laughter and applause, he broke down and ran and hid his face in his mother's lap and could not be persuaded to look up again for some time.

Toward the end of the afternoon the whole crowd adjourned to Grandma's house for the evening festivities. There was no sitting at table for tea. It was informally passed round by the older grandchildren. The large parlor was filled to overflowing out into the hall and across to fill the little library with happy, merry hearts. The twilight was the time for some heart-to-heart talks among the sisters, sharing their sorrows and anxieties as well as their joys; for they were mutual admiration societies, that family, and whatever touched one touched all.

Tea over, and the lamps lighted, were a signal for music from the older ones. Uncles and aunts gathered about the piano with Aunt Lizzie for an accompanist and gave some fine glees, rounds, and choruses. The younger ones listened for a time, but getting tired of sitting still and keeping silent, stole over to the library,

where they might talk with freedom.

"What shall we play?" said Lou.

"I spy," shouted Henry.

"Too much noise for the house and anyway it's only fun when you play it out of doors," was the answer.

"I propose," said Polly Robb, the oldest of the crowd, "that all sit round in a circle and, beginning with Fred Wildman, who is the youngest, each, in turn, ask a riddle, sing a song, or tell a story."

This idea was highly applauded. Songs, riddles, and stories followed until Polly's turn came and the children settled themselves with an air of expectancy, as she began as follows:

"I will tell you a true story of a man whom you have all heard of and you must tell me his name when you find it out. About two hundred years ago there came to this country a great and noble soul who 'feared God and regarded not man.' He was a minister and a Puritan, and was settled over the city of Salem, Massachusetts."

"Hoh! I think I know," said an older cousin.

"Hush!" said Emmie, "no one must tell until she has finished."

"Everyone in those days," continued Polly, "was taxed to pay the minister, and was obliged by law to go to the Puritan meetings. Now this great soul told the Puritans that this was not right; that as they had left England because they wanted to have their own way in all things; that they consequently were bound to allow the same to all others. 'No one,' said he, 'should be made to maintain a worship against his own consent.'

"This, you know, was directly against the Puritan laws in the State of Massachusetts, and his people were just furious with him. The king of England, too, had given the Puritans a charter by which they held the land, and this bold man said: 'The king cannot give away what does not belong to him. This land belongs to the Indians.'

"'This is a dreadful man,' said a

Puritan Elder, 'he has no sense at all; his ideas are not practical.'

"'No,' said a second, 'he has no common sense, and if the king hears what he preaches, he will take away our charter and leave us to starve.'

"'He is a little off in the upper story,' said a third and as we have no place for lunatics here, we will send him back to England to be cured.'

"'Have him arrested for breaking our laws, first,' said the first man.

"'Why; what law has he broken?' said the second.

"'He has preached against our good and righteous laws and that is worse, and he calls it soul freedom,' said the third.

"In the meantime, this great soul was quietly working among the Indians. He had learned their language and made them friends. He cared for no man's opinion and so did not trouble himself much about the Puritan Elders. One day a committee of the church members called upon him and told him that he must go back to England, for that they had banished him from the colony.

"He paid no attention to this, however, and kept on doing what he thought was right, and stayed.

"But he made a few firm friends among the Puritans, in the meantime. One of them came to him one cold night in winter, and told him that he had just found out that the Puritans were going to have him arrested the next morning and take him by force on board a ship which was to sail for England the next day.

"'I came here to do the will of God,' said this great soul, 'and I go not back for the will of man.'

"'What, then, will you do?' said his friend.

"'When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another,' he said, and then, taking up his Bible and putting on his cloak, he went out into the winter's night.

"It was mid-winter and the snow was deep, but he went forth into the track-

less wilderness without a guide. The Indians were his friends, and by their aid he found his way to the wigwam of the great chief Massasoit and remained there through the cold winter.

"Great souls cannot long remain hidden, and, one by one, his friends sought him out until there were five living with him, and they began a settlement on a great bay, farther south. The pilgrims again grew jealous, and sent him word that he was living on ground that belonged to the Plymouth colony. Meekly he gave it up and the little band left their huts and took their canoes to sail farther down the bay. As they sailed down the water on a beautiful spring day, they were hailed by an Indian.

"What cheer?" he cried.

"They landed, taking this as a sign that this was the Will of God for them. They found there a fine spring of water and rising ground, and once more began their settlement. In thanksgiving they called the name of the place?"—Here Polly stopped, and looked inquiringly around.

"Providence," cried out two or three voices.

"Roger Williams," echoed three or four more.

"Come; come; come!" called out Fred Wildman, who had strayed into the parlor during the story, finding it rather too old for him. "Uncle Charley is going to act Colonel Clark."

There was a general rush into the parlor at this, for Uncle Charley's acting was worth seeing and it always delighted the young people.

A space was cleared in the center of the long parlor and Uncle Charley came proudly prancing in on the seat of an old wooden chair, with his face to the back. The oldest chair in the house was always chosen for the occasion, as he invariably demolished it before he had finished. On this day he chose to imitate a townsman, who, on one Fourth of July, attempted to make a speech and ignominiously

failed. When the poor man was at loss for words he would cover his confusion by spurring his old horse, and apparently lost all control over it.

"Fall into ranks, company!" shouted Uncle Charley, in stentorian tone of command; sitting up proudly on his curvetting chair. Immediately all the uncles, aunts, and cousins were drawn up in straight lines, with the little ones in front, so that all could see.

"Friends and fellow-citizens!" began Uncle Charley, in loud tones. An embarrassed pause followed, and then the chair started. "Whoa! whoa! I say," as the chair began to kick and prance furiously. At last, when he had quieted down his fiery steed he began again:

"Fellow-citizens, on this great and glorious occasion"—another pause and a muttered soliloquy: "I declare to gracious ef I hain't clean forgot the whole. Whoa! whoa! whoa!" and with much difficulty the restive charger was brought under control and the speech once more resumed:

"Fellow-citizens:—" with great emphasis—"as I before remarked, on this great,"—here the fiery animal, tortured by secret spurring, galloped off violently into the hall, amid the laughing and applause of the company.

Grandfather Pillsbury then took the lead, and after putting the whole company through various military tactics, brought them all down on one knee, then walking quietly to the head of the long row, by a skillful push sent the entire line down on the carpet in one confused heap. Such a laughing, and screaming ensued, as each one pulled himself out of the melee as best he might, very undignified and improper; but then it was Thanksgiving, and all were children on that day under the old roof once more.

Then came the last. A grand Virginia reel. Such proud marching and

promenading! while Aunt Lizzie made her fingers fly at the piano as fast as she could for laughing.

But all good things have an end and the dance was followed by a great

bundling up and packing off after the "Good-nights" were said. Some to the homes in Minoka, but others with a long, frosty ride of six or eight miles before them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STORY OF A BLIND MARE AND HER EQUINE FRIEND.

I will tell you of a little incident that came under my observation when I was taking my vacation last summer, says a writer in an exchange. I stopped at a farmhouse, and the farmer was the owner of a pair of chestnut horses, named Doll and Jack. He had raised them from colts, had always stabled and driven them together, and they were consequently much attached to each other. Last summer he turned them out to pasture, and while wandering around the fields I noticed the incident. Doll has been blind for several years, but she never betrayed it by her gait when traveling. In the pasture she would sometimes become separated from her mate, and as soon as she discovered it she would comence to search for him. Sometimes she would whinny, and he would respond to her; when she found him they would rub their noses together. At other times Jack would not answer, but would stop eating, raise his head and watch the course his blind mate would take back and forth across the pasture, each time turning toward the left and nearing the fence at each turn. Frequently she would stop and listen. If she was

nearing the mischievous Jack, he would stand perfectly still, but if she was some distance away he would stamp his feet two or three times when Doll was listening. She was always sure of finding him, though sometimes it would take an hour to do so, and then they would go away, side by side, cropping the fresh grass. When they went to the spring in one corner of the lot to drink, Jack always led the way, and he would stand beside the trough and call his mate until she stood beside him, and both would drink together. One day a terrible racket was heard in the pasture, and it was kept up so long that one of the men was sent to see what it was all about. Doll had got one of her feet caught in the spokes of an old wagon wheel that lay in the pasture. She stood very still and quiet in the trap into which she had walked, while Jack was thrashing around the pasture and neighing as though he had been hired to rouse the neighborhood. Doll was released, while Jack stood by and watched the operation with apparent delight, that was manifested with a wild gallop around the lot when she was once more free.





GOLD MINERS' CABIN—BONANZA CREEK.

LIFE IN ALASKA.

It was but five years ago when a few hardy miners, of old California gold days, penetrated the then comparatively unknown Yukon river region, or Forty Mile Creek. They began prospecting and struck it rich, and when the yellow metal was sent to San Francisco it attracted considerable attention, and many others started to seek their fortune. But the season was late and they could not go far. But in the spring of 1896 more determined men went forward from Seattle for Dyea, and crossing the Chilkoot mountains, floated down Lake Linderman, Lake Bennett and the Stewart river, and went to Circle City. Dawson City was not yet thought of. At Forty Mile Creek these men found all the claims had been taken by miners who had gone to Alaska several years

before. They then went to the north side of the Klondike river and struck even richer soil, it panning out from \$100 to \$200 a pan. During the season some of the party went to Circle City with gold dust, in search of supplies, and when it was learned how rich the Klondike river was, there was a general exodus, many miners even leaving rich claims to look for something better still. All during the season excitement was at fever heat among the few miners in the country. Fortunes were made in a single day. But supplies were running low, and a party was organized to go to St. Michaels. Here a sealing schooner was just ready to go south, and some of the men took the opportunity to send letters to friends in Seattle. Then for the first time the outside world knew what riches were in the Klondike region.



PLACER MINE—BONANZA CREEK.

The northwest coast of that part of America embracing Alaska was discovered and explored by a Russian expedition under Behring in 1741, and at subsequent periods settlements were made by the Russians at various places, chiefly for the prosecution of the fur trade. In 1799 the territory was granted to a Russo-American fur company by Emperor Paul VIII, and in 1839 the charter of the company was renewed. New Archangel, in the island of Sitka, was the principal settlement, but the company maintained about forty stations. They exported annually 2,500 skins of the seal, sea otter, beaver, etc., besides about 20,000 sea-horse teeth. The company's privilege expired in 1863, and in 1867 the whole Russian possessions in America were ceded to the United States for a money payment of \$7,200,000. Possession was formally given over on the 18th of October following.

Now that it has been tested by the experience of thousands, the climate of the Alaskan territory is not such a

terrible ordeal as it was formerly imagined. The short summer, extending from about the middle of June to about the middle of September, is part of the time intensely hot, unrelieved by the long nights of the temperate zone; and the winter with its long night and strangely long twilight is not as unbearable as was supposed if one is provided against its severity and takes care to use suitable, but not excessive clothing.

A brief synopsis of the facts, as made by the officials of the weather bureau, states that "the climate of the interior, including practically all of the country except a narrow coast margin, is comparatively severe, though dry, in winter, with a short, but relatively hot summer, especially when the sky is free from cloud.

Greater cold than has yet been recorded in Alaska has been experienced in the United States for a very short time, but never has it continued so very cold for so long a time. In the interior of Alaska the winter sets in as early as September, when

snowstorms may be expected in the mountains and passes.

What the Nile is to Egypt, the Amazon to South America, the Mississippi to the interior of the United States, that and even more the Yukon is to Alaska. It is a great inland highway, which alone makes it possible for the explorer to penetrate the mysterious fastnesses of the still unknown region. Its present interest for us, however, is that it opens up a region of vast natural wealth and especially that its basin is found to be rich in gold.

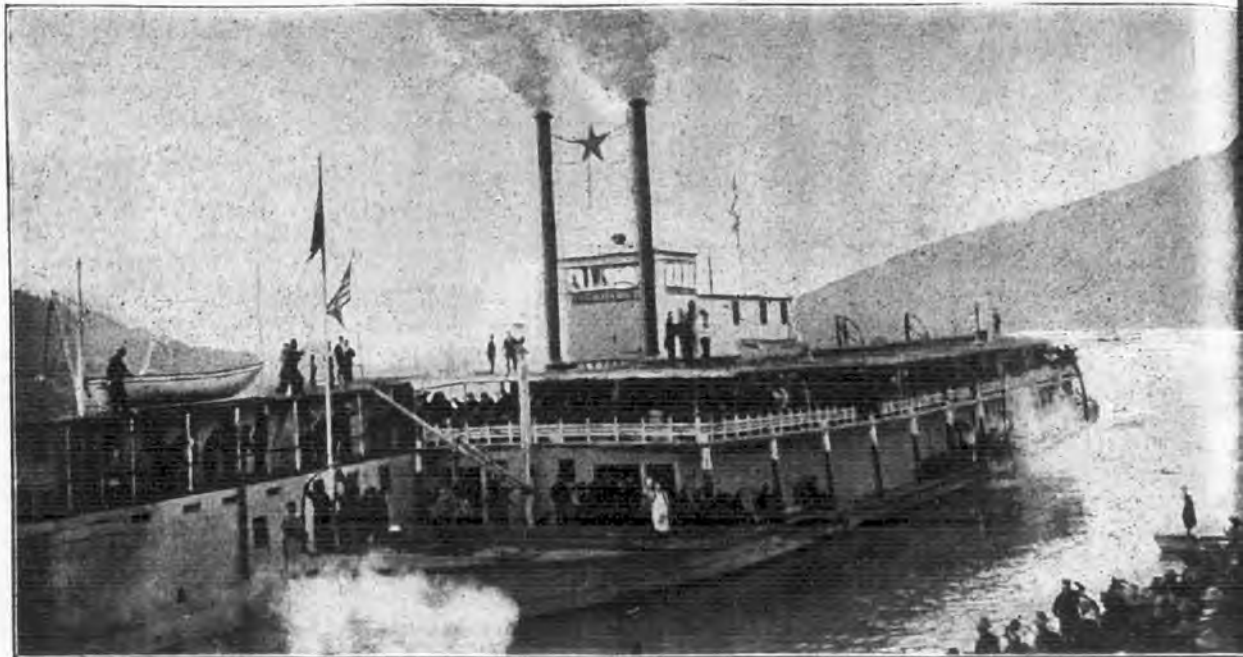
Gold mining in the Yukon district may be said to have been initiated in 1880, though little was done in that year except a certain amount of prospecting by twenty-five or thirty miners, who entered by the way of Chilkoot Pass. Since then a yearly increasing number of miners have entered the country at various points, and river bars have been worked with good results on different parts of the Lewis and its tributary, the Teslinto (Hootalinqua) and on the Pelly and

the Stewart rivers. In 1886 most of the work was done on the Stewart, but in consequence of the discovery of "coarse" gold on Forty Mile Creek, nearly all of the miners went to that place. This was the first discovery of coarse gold in the district, but since the rich creeks have been found out it may safely be predicted that many more will follow. Prospecting has so far been confined almost exclusively to the large rivers, and the mining to river-bar mining, but the fact has been developed that gold occurs in greater or less quantity on all the streams, and the extent of the gold-bearing river bars already known is, in the aggregate, almost unprecedented.

The Yukon carries one-third more water into Behring Sea than the Mississippi does into the Gulf of Mexico. The delta is from twenty-five to thirty miles wide, and on account of the dirt and sand swept into it every minute it is impossible for any ocean vessel to come nearer the mouth than thirty-five or forty miles. Going up the



TYPICAL STREET SCENE, DAWSON CITY, 1898.



N. A. T. & T. CO.'S RIVER STEAMER "JOHN CUDAHY" LOADED WITH KLONDIKERS, AT DAWSON.

river for the first 225 miles there is no wood. After this is passed, and as far up as the mouth of the Tanana an abundance of Spruce grows. The spruce trees are from one to two feet thick and from forty to fifty feet high. Cottonwood also grows there in abundance, but is valueless, still the spruce furnishes a good fuel and is used by the explorers.

The climate of this portion of the Yukon is superb. Up to the middle of September the weather is beautiful. After that time the tops of the mountains are covered with snow. Still, at no time is the cold what would be called severe in any dry atmosphere. In some years the bay at St. Michaels is frozen over by October 18th, but cold there does not mean what it does in the states, and for a sturdy man the suffering is less than in our home states.

This Forty Mile River with its many tributaries and their branches is an empire in extent. Almost as great as Seventy Mile and its tributaries and Mission river in a less degree.

The north fork of Forty Mile was unexplored and unprospected until last July, when gold was found in paying quantities on several creeks. The tributaries of this north fork alone are twenty-five or thirty creeks, with their numerous branches, only a few of which have been at all prospected. This whole country is composed only of mountains and rivers.

Perhaps the richest discovery made outside of "Eldorado" is on Chicken Creek, where, on Discovery claim, there has been found at a depth of seven feet gravel that will go from \$2 to \$15 to the pan, taken from any place. Claim owners on that claim offer to wager any amount that they can show a greater depth of rich ground than has ever been found elsewhere in the Yukon country.

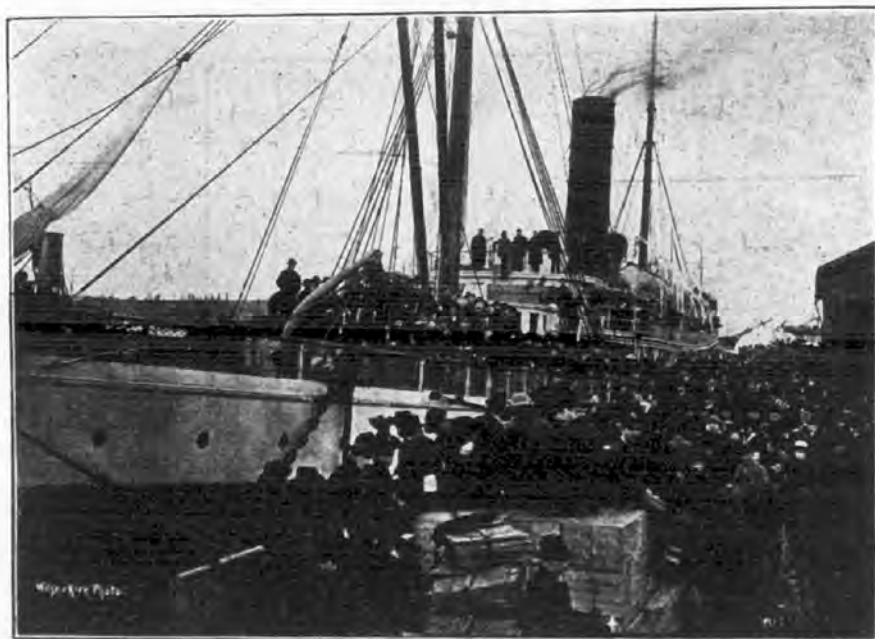
Last winter fully 500 men were at work on this claim. In a few years, when hydraulic mining is supplied to the more shallow creeks in this district and the rich bars on Forty Mile river, the amount of gold produced will be fabulous, and it is only a mat-

ter of time, money and transportation.

Children are not numerous at Dawson, probably 100 all told. How some of these little tots—particularly those who went in by the Skagway and over trails—ever got to Dawson is really astonishing. The Chilcoot Summit is really a pretty hard nut to crack even for a strong man, and yet many of these children climbed it without any assistance. The hardships of the trail did not appear to hurt them, and all seemed to treat the whole thing

business, just as much as the men. They cannot register mining claims, as no doubt many of them would, but they have adopted a novel sort of mining in the city itself. They wash the sweepings of the large saloons and stores, and find it often very good "pay."

A boy who is in this business will arrange with one of two of the business places where a large amount of gold dust is handled to put aside the dirt that is swept from the floor every morning. This dirt may be regarded



"S. S. ROANOKE," LOADED WITH GOLD SEEKERS, LEAVING SEATTLE FOR HEALY, ST. MICHAEL'S ISLAND, 1898.

as a huge picnic, where there was all kinds of fun. At Dawson the boys and girls are in the nature of things inclined to run rather wild. There is no school for them yet, and their only playground is the street, which in a mining camp is not exactly a kindergarten. Everybody in Dawson is there to make money, and though the boys appear to enjoy excellent health, they also seem to consider that it is not exactly what they went to Dawson for. They are apparently there for

as his claim, and every day that is gold pan in his hands; he will go there and carefully wash the whole of this little "dump." In this way boys are said to make as much as from \$2 to \$5 a day, and everyone will admit that they richly deserve it. There are many other ways in which the boys make money. They are always on the lookout for something to sell.

During the summer when the war excitement was on an armful of newspapers was a bonanza to them. Many

a little fellow "struck it rich" with a batch of newspapers. If they cannot get newspapers to sell, they will get anything they can get—fresh salmon, fruit, anything to turn an honest penny.

From an educational point of view it is evident that the life of the boys and girls of Dawson is not what might

tion and Trading company. Lately he said:

"The Klondike region is, of course, simply phenomenal in richness, and there are probably 200 claims which will yield \$500,000 each before they are worked out. There is plenty of \$8 and \$10 country all about, which is not worked, but in twenty years from



The above represents five of the N. A. T. & T. Co.'s Messengers, dressed for the overland trip on ice and snow just before leaving Skagway for Dawson, January, 1899.

be desired, but the life makes them hearty and self-reliant, and if they do not stay here too long it may perhaps do them more good than harm.

No man who has entered Alaska has had better opportunities for studying the country or is in all ways so competent to forecast its future as Capt. J. J. Healy, general manager of the North American Transporta-

tion and Trading company. Lately he said: "The Klondike region is, of course, simply phenomenal in richness, and there are probably 200 claims which will yield \$500,000 each before they are worked out. There is plenty of \$8 and \$10 country all about, which is not worked, but in twenty years from now it will be and the country will support 100,000 miners instead of 25,000. However, the Klondike is but one branch of the Yukon river, of which our country has 1,600 miles and the Canadian government 700. There are probably one thousand tributaries of the Yukon as large as the Klondike and nearly as good. A placer claim that sold for \$25,000 was the highest

I ever heard of previous to my going to the Yukon country, and one that sold for \$250,000 was beyond anything I ever dreamed of—but that is what is seen on the Yukon every day, and the people who purchase them stand to get their money back twice over.

The Yukon is not entirely a poor man's country. A man should either go there without a dollar and prepared to work or he should have plenty of money. The man who goes there with a few dollars soon loses it all in speculation or gambling and then stays there to become a drone on the community or sends for money to bring him back and comes to the United States with a tale of hard luck and disaster on the Yukon. In a year or two, when conditions become settled and wages approach a reasonable sum, it will be easier for companies to work their claims. When ordinary miners get from \$15 to \$20 a day it is higher than any company can afford to pay and more than I ever

heard of in the most prosperous days of Montana and Idaho. By the old time process it cost fifty cents to sixty cents to the one dollar to get the gold out, and if we could use ordinary processes it would cost about ten cents. By December 1st the ground is frozen to bedrock and that is the time for the miner to start in. There has been about \$12,000,000 in gold taken out of Alaska in the last twelve months, and there will be \$30,000,000 more the next.

As to the ordinary everyday life in the Yukon country, my wife and I have lived in Dawson for the last year, and we are going back in the spring. There are good and bad people there as well as anywhere else. The captain here named as promising camps for this year: Dawson and Fort Cudahy in the Klondike and Eagle City, Circle, Fort Yukon, Rampart City, Weare and Healey on the island of St. Michael—the last two being supply points."

THE YOUTH'S FIRST DRINK.

The youth in the bloom of manhood
Stands at the door of tempting sin;
While the smile of boon companions
Lure him on to enter in.
He leans against the marble counter
While his brain is dead to think,
And the voice of a friendly comrade,
Greets his ears, "let's take a drink "

He thinks not of the fiery demon
That lurks in the cup that is red,
Of the millions laid low by its poison
Who sleep in the vault of the dead.
He looks round on his jovial companions,
And admires their rapturous bliss,
Then sips his first sparkling goblet
And thinks there is no peril in this.

Ere long we again behold him,
He is draining a deeper draught,
He stays a few hours longer
Until two or more cups are quaffed.
He now joins with his joyous comrades
An l calls for the bumpers of wine,
While his tongue pays an elegant tribute
To the nectar that flows from the vine.

A year has passed and we see him
When the streets by midnight are hushed,
Staggering from the rum shop,
The cheeks and the eyes are flushed,
Alas, he is now a victim
In the clutch of the demon's embrace,
While his name and his honor are shattered
By the seal of a drunkard's disgrace.

His hopes that were once shining brightly,
His heart that was once beating high
With the thoughts of a true, proud manhood,
In ruins alas, they now lie.
He now talks of a father and mother,
And the brothers and sisters at home,
And curses the day that has left him
A drunkard despised and alone.

The gloom of despondency gathers
His bosom is filled with despair,
The companions that once smiled upon him
Now scowl with a frown or a stare.
He goes on quaffing deeper potations
Till his body lies under the sod,
And his soul with dark vice stands disfigured,
To receive the stern judgment of God.

— Exchange.

UNCLE BEN'S STORIES.

XIII—AN ADVENTURE WITH FILIPINOS.

BY HARRY DEE.

One day Uncle Ben was reading from a newspaper an account of the characteristics of the natives of the Philippine Islands. The children were also interested and asked Uncle Ben many questions about the people, the customs, and life generally. The views held in the newspaper article were not in all respects in accordance with those held by Uncle Ben. He did not consider them all high-minded patriots or villains of the lowest degree.

"There are so many different kinds of Filipinos that it would be impossible to say they were all good or all bad," said Uncle Ben. "I found the primitive methods of life of almost all degrees almost beyond belief. To see them lounging about one would not suppose that it was necessary to in any way provide for even the next day, and in a measure they have few cares to contend with. The temperature is nearly always the same, though there are three seasons—cold, wet and hot. The cold season is from November to February, when the temperature averages about 72 degrees, which we in this country would consider quite agreeable. The hot season is from March to June, with 87 degrees. It is during this time that the terrific thunder storms take place. The wet season (July to October), it rains every day, and the whole country is flooded. I might devote the whole evening to telling you about the islands, but I suppose you want to hear the story I promised you to-day.

"Well, I was making a little trip from Manila to Batavia, Island of Java, and decided to take passage on a medium-sized English vessel, being well acquainted with the captain—Capt. Hardy. The captain had been

forced to lay up for repairs at Calcutta, and his men had shipped on other vessels—at least most of them. But Capt. Hardy was confident that he could easily pick up a crew, and did so. Everything went well until he got to Singapore, when some of them left again. He managed to get enough men to go to Manila, where I met him. Here, one day, a man came aboard, and said he heard that our boat was short of men, and that he had eight men who were willing to ship. He was a slight, but sinewy-looking Filipino. There was a malay cast about him, and he spoke English brokenly. He said he had always lived at Manila and knew all the ins and outs about the islands. The captain thought he would be a first-class man to have on the cruise back to Java, and so then and there engaged him.

"In due time our boat was ready to sail, and the crew was on board. I watched the men as they began their work, and thought them unusually willing. There was a lightness about their steps and such joyful looks in their eyes that I thought it quite strange. Usually a crew of that kind would be surly and not such willing workers. The captain was well pleased, and besides they were secured at a very low price. Somehow it struck me that there was a cause for their actions, which it might be well to look out for. I noticed that as the boat let go her lines at the Manila wharf the dusky crew spoke to each other in Spanish, and there was a triumphant look in their eyes. I can tell you that it made me feel uneasy, and at first I was determined to relate my fears to the captain, but later decided not to until I could learn something

about these mysterious men. I spoke in English a great deal to the leader, asking him many questions about the islands, and pretended to know nothing of them or of the Spanish language, although I could both understand and speak it quite well. Several times as we were sailing out of Manila bay I approached the leader when I saw him in conversation, and each time their talk stopped.

"The third night out I was lying on a hammock, enjoying a quiet smoke, when three of the crew passed me leisurely, and I heard one of them say in Spanish: "Don't be in a hurry; we'll have the vessel before the week is over," and then they passed on. Well, it made my hair stand on end for a moment. It was evident that the crew we had shipped and which seemed so willing was nothing but a piratical band, bent on capturing the boat at the proper time and plundering its contents. I thought the matter over, and then went to the captain and related my suspicions and what I had heard.

"The captain soon realized the situation, and we began to discuss the outlook. We were five against the eight natives, and being aware of their game, we were not uneasy about ourselves. There was the captain, mate, ship-carpenter, cook, and myself. The men were all informed next morning, and warned to be unconcerned. Arms were distributed among our men to guard against any unexpected attack, and all precautions possible were taken. The natives were gradually becoming more independent and even insolent. I engaged the leader in conversation whenever possible, and I could see that sometimes he showed impatience. He seemed to want to be conferring with his men.

"We had been out a couple of weeks, and were off the coast of the Island of Borneo, when one afternoon I saw several of the piratical crew in earnest conversation with the leader. I almost gained their side

before I was observed, and as they separated, the leader said softly: "Remember, to-night." That was all I cared to hear. At last the day was set. If their plan did not miscarry, we would all be food for the fishes by morning. To have learned what I did made me feel quite good natured, and I spoke pleasantly about soon reaching the end of our cruise. His eyes glittered at these words, and I could almost read what he had on his mind.

"As soon as possible I informed the captain of the state of affairs, and then each of the crew. The plan we had arranged was now ready to be carried out. I was to engage the leader in conversation at the vessel's edge, and throw him overboard; then give the alarm, let the natives lower a boat and go to the rescue, and we were to continue on our journey. So toward evening I called the leader to the side of the boat, and after a little talk, grasped him tightly by the collar of his shirt and pants, and lifted him easily over the rail and let him drop. He let out a loud yell before he touched the water, and this was heard by the crew. As they appeared from below, we shouted, "man overboard!" and quickly lowered a boat. When the natives learned that their leader was struggling in the water, they all rushed pell mell into the boat, eager to go to the rescue. They soon picked up their companion, and as he told them what had happened, they all set up a yell. We continued on our course, and in a short time the sun sank and all was darkness.

"We managed to reach our destination safely, although it was a hard pull for the men."

"What became of those savages, Uncle Ben?" asked Tommy.

"Well, as to them, we neither saw nor heard of them again, and we didn't trouble ourselves much about their fate, as we considered that we had been very merciful to them

Young People.

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Milwaukee, May 1, 1899.

He who robs God of his first fruits forfeits the whole crop to Satan.

Are you willing to take your weights and measures to the judgment with you?

That which is most often asked of God is not his way but his approval of our way.

Morning by morning think, for a few moments, of the chief employments of the day, any one thing of greater moment than others, thine own especial trial, and by one short, strong act commend thyself in all to God, offer all thy thoughts, words,

and deeds to Him—to be governed, guarded, accepted by Him.

MAXIMS OF CARDINAL MANNING.

Remember that no penitent soul can perish. And no soul that loves God can be lost. Let us read the traces of God's loving hand in all our ways—in all the events, the changes, the chances of this troubled state.

It is God that dispenses all. Any suffering in this world rather than to perish in the world to come. Any shame now, rather than shame before Christ at His coming with the holy angels. To doubt of God's love brings winter into the soul, to feel it feebly and faintly is as the cloudy and churlish sky, which hinders the ripening influence of the light. Remember that falls are not always by the grosser sins which the world takes count of, but by spiritual sins, subtle and secret, which leave no stain on the outward life. We are sent into this world that by our own will and choice we should determine our eternal portion. Our eternal state will be no more than the carrying out of what we are now. Many of the saints, like St. Charles Borromeo, confessed every day. We wonder what they could find to accuse themselves of. It was because they were saints that they saw so much where we see so little. The will fell by the unbelief of Eve, the first virgin, and was restored through the faith of Mary, the second virgin. The first Eve listened to the tempter, and fell; the second Eve listened to the angel, and believed.

WHAT WOMAN WILLS, GOD WILLS.

All I am, or can be, I owe to my angel mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.—Moore.

The society of ladies is the school of politeness.—Monfort.

Heaven will be no heaven for me if I do not meet my wife there.—Andrew Johnson.

Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill, woman's fond affection glows.—Sand.

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—Richter.

Eternal joy and everlasting love there's in you, woman, lovely woman.—Otway.

Women need not look to those dear to them to know their moods.—Howells.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile, and pure as bright aurora's ray.—Morris.

ST. ANGELUS, CARMELITE.

Feast, May 5.

St. Angelus was of Jewish parents, and a native of Jerusalem. Being converted to the true faith, he embraced the austere life of certain anchorites on the banks of the River Jordan, from whom he passed to the hermits of the desert on Mount Carmel. He seems to have been one amongst them at the time when the blessed Albert drew up a rule for them in 1206; at least he became one of the first friars of that holy order. Coming to preach in the west, he was massacred by the heretics at Licate or Leo-

cata, in Sicily, in 1225, by the contrivance of a powerful and rich man, whose bad life he had severely reformed and forced him to abandon it by the conversion of his companion in crime, his sister. The annals of the order furnish the circumstances of his glorious death, and an account of his miracles. Great veneration is paid to this saint in parts of Italy, and his feast is celebrated to-day.

WHAT TO TEACH BOYS.

A philosopher has said that true education of boys is to "teach them what they ought to know when they become men."

1 To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—better not learn a letter in the alphabet; be true and genuine in intention and in action—rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, and be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than earth, power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be generous noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.



THE OLD FOLKS ENJOYING "OUR YOUNG PEOPLE,"

THE YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

By CUTHBERT.

THE widow Tolmin sat on her farm-house porch, her fingers busily knitting warm hosiery against the cold of the coming winter. Near her was a well-built barn comfortably filled with garnered golden grain; in front of the house lay a sloping sheep pasture, and beyond, the farm hands were busy carting and hauling in the turnip crop. Farther off was a field of winter wheat, rich and green, and in the distance stretched a belt of timber land now rich in autumn foliage.

Mrs. Tolmin loved the house, the fields, the woods. They were her little world, and they had witnessed the joys and sorrows of her life-time. Of sorrows she had had her share, and, looking into the face of the kind old housewife, one could see the wrinkles they had left and the lengthened "crow's-feet" about her eyes. A stranger would judge that there was an abiding sorrow there, and those who knew the circumstances wondered why it did not leave its tell-tale marks more plainly.

The late afternoon was unusually mild for October, and along the western horizon the clouds had piled themselves up in huge masses, and were now stained with glorious colors by the setting sun. Mrs. Tolmin watched the beautiful colors change and fade and form again, and for a time the click of her steel needles ceased and her hands lay listlessly in her lap.

It was on such a night as this, thirty-five years ago, that Nathan Tolmin had brought her to her new home. It was on such a night as this, eleven years ago, that the neighbors brought her Nathan home from a "chopping bee" with a crushed skull.

She remembered, too, how her boy had come home from the great city to his father's funeral and stayed only a few hours, returning as soon as the sad ceremony was completed.

Tears trickled down her face at this remembrance, for it was to her the bitterest pang of all. At the time of her husband's death she seemed to have enough strength and fortitude to bear up against the catastrophe which had made her a widow, but her strong, yearning heart relied on her only boy for that meed of sympathy which was her's by the right of a mother's love. This she did not find. His cold and formal kiss, his commonplace words of condolence, cut and wounded more than his absence would have done. At the funeral and after she bore all this in silence offering her heartsoreness and her agony to One who heareth the widow's cry. But all the same this was the sorrow that had made her old.

This afternoon in the crimson sunset, her thoughts, she knew not why, ran on her boy Austin and the day of his First Communion. There in the garden close by grew the same yellow chrysanthemums as then, mere yellow buttons guiltless of any special development by horticulture. Austin was fond of these flowers as a boy, and she remembered, as if it were yesterday, how she pinned a spray of them on his coat as he was setting out for the church. She remembered them in connection with her own arrival at the farm, for they were in bloom then; in connection, too, with her husband's death, for she had filled the coffin around his silent form with their beautiful golden eyes. She loved the flowers for their association with the principal events of her life.

What if they added to her grief when she remembered her boy? Her boy! Could it be possible that he, in his successful medical career in the great city, could absolutely forget her? No, she would not, could not believe that. He was busy in his practice, but he must remember her kindly occasionally, at least, in his moments of leisure. But why had he never come home to see her? Why had he never written? Mother-like, she made excuses, but her heart was wrung in so doing.

Long she gazed this afternoon at the yellow flowers in her garden patch. The more she gazed at them the greater her longing became to see her son. A long time she sat looking at them. Gradually a look of determination settled on her kindly old face.

"Yes," she said to herself, half aloud, "I'll go. I'll take some of those yellow 'santhums;' and when he sees them he'll remember the 'old times,' for he's my boy still, and surely—"

She did not finish the sentence. A great pain was at her heart—the mother's heart hungry for love.

Will Dr. Tolmin remember the "old times?" Will her love be satisfied?

About four o'clock the next afternoon a Western express train backed into the great city depot. The escape of steam, the ringing of numerous gongs, the shouts of the newspaper sellers and of the porters who wheeled along immense piles of trunks for the outgoing trains, the hurry of every one to get out of the depot with the utmost expedition, produced a bewildering sensation in much better travelers than was the Widow Tolmin.

It was growing dark, and the dust of the journey lay thick upon her shawl and old-fashioned black silk bonnet; the fatigue of the journey had already taken much of the expectant light from her eyes, and for the moment she looked faded and older than

usual. The roar and rush of the great terminus confused her.

She stood on the platform holding a large bunch of yellow chrysanthemums in her hand, not knowing where to go or what to do next. Like most country folk, she had vague notions of a great city, and her sense of loneliness now nearly overcame her. It had never entered her head but that every one would know her Austin. Was he not a doctor?

She looked frightened, old and anxious. Seeing her perplexity, a good-natured, red-faced policeman came up to her.

"Waiting for some one, mother?"

"No, sir; he don't know I'm coming."

"Who?"

"Who? Why, my boy Austin! He's a doctor. Don't you know him?"

"Dr. Austin?—let—me—see. No, I don't know any doctor of that name."

"Do they call doctors by their Christian names here in the city?" asked Mrs. Tolmin in some surprise.

"I guess not, mother. But you said his name was Austin."

"Yes, I did. That's his first name. His other name is Tolmin."

"Dr. Tolmin!" said the good-natured official reflectively. "Let's see. Doc-tor Tolmin—n—no. I don't know such a one."

"Don't know my boy? Why, he lives here in the city! And her voice expressed unfeigned surprise."

"Maybe so, mother, and so do several hundred other doctors. But haven't you his address?"

"Yes, yes; why didn't I think of that before?"

After a few moments of fumbling, from under her thread glove she drew forth a small card on which was printed

AUSTIN TOLMIN, M. D.,
2428 Fay Street,
Near Euston Boulevard.

The policeman read the name and address and then looked at the plain country woman doubtfully.

"You say he's your son?"

"Of course he's my boy, and they do say he's a great doctor now. I haven't seen him in years, and I thought I would drop in on him un-awares-like, an' give him an old-fashioned surprise," and the old lady's eyes brightened once again at the prospective joy of seeing her son.

Officially, dutifully suspicious, the officer in this instance appeared to be satisfied. At least, if he were suspicious at all it was not with regard to the genuineness of her story, but he was—quite unprofessionally—wondering what the meeting would be like between this dusty, shabby-looking old country-woman and a prominent physician who could afford to live in one of the most select and private streets of the city.

"This place is a long way from here—at least five miles. It will be quite dark before you get there. However, we must make the best of a bad job. I'll put you on a street car, and tell the conductor to let you off at the nearest street to this address. You can find the way then."

"God bless you, dear, for being kind to an old woman," said Mrs. Tolmin quite simply, as they left the depot.

Her spirits revived and she became chatty again.

"I just picked these 'ere 'santhums' for Austin. Won't he be pleased with them? He was always fond of these yellow flowers, and then its years since I saw him. Oh! I do love my boy, so. Got a mother yourself, sir?"

The question was as sudden as unusual in the policeman's experience, and the burly official's heart acted in a most unprofessional, unofficial way, for which he could have found no instructions at headquarters. It actually gave a great thump against his ribs!

"Yes"—he spoke slowly and with an approach to huskiness—"but she lives far away in old Ireland. God bless her!"

"Amen!" said Mrs. Tolmin, simply and piously.

"Here's your car, mother," said the policeman, and he helped her to the platform. "Good-bye and success to ye:" and before she could thank him the car had whirled on its way and was half a block away. To this day there remains in the city guardian's mind the belief that, had there been time, the old lady would have leaned over the end of the car and kissed him.

"God bless the dear old face, anyway," he said to himself as he watched the car out of sight.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EQUATIONS.

You so sure the world is full of laughter,
Not a place in it for any sorrow,

Sunshine with no shadow to come after—
Wait, O mad one, wait until to-morrow!

You so sure the world is full of weeping,
Only gloom in all the colors seven,

Every wind across a new grave creeping—
Think, O sad one, yesterday was heaven!

Young and strong I went along the highway,
Seeking Joy from happy sky to sky;

I met Sorrow coming down a byway—
What had she to do with such as I?

Sorrow, with a slow, detaining gesture,
Waited for me on the widening way.

Threw aside her shrouding veil and ves-
ture—

Joy had turned to Sorrow's self that day!

* * * * *

If some Great Giver give me life,
And give me love, and give me double,

Shall I not also at His hand
Take trouble?

And if through awful gloom I see
The lightnings of His great wills thun-

ing,
Shall I not, dying at His hand,

Die trusting?

COLLEGE CONTRIBUTIONS.

[Contributions under this head are solicited from students in schools and colleges. The matter should be of as high an order as possible, and before being sent in should be submitted to and have the approval of the student's teacher.]

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

In the year 1833, sixty-five years ago last May, the first conference of a society which has since spread throughout the world was organized in Paris.

Eight Catholic young men, among whom was Frederick Ozanam, studying at Sorbonne University, in Paris, became inspired with the thought to do something for God's poor, and resolved to defend their holy religion against their many opponents. To do this they decided to form an association, exclusively christian, the object of which would be charity alone, and the worship of God in the persons of a few poor.

At their first meeting, which was held in a back room of the "Catholic Tribune" office, they resolved to labor only for the poor, whom they would visit in their homes, and assist in every way in their power. They also resolved to make their education of use to others besides themselves. Not only would they care for the physical wants of those they visited, but they would also give proper advice.

Father Bailey took the chair, with the title of President, and the small society placed themselves under the guidance of St. Vincent of Paul, which saint is praised for his charitable works, and hence took the name, "Society of St. Vincent de Paul."

Father Bailey suggested to his young friends that many poor families, once they had fallen into distress, did not know how to get out of it, and these pious men at once resolved to strive to win the confidence of the poor, learn all about their affairs, and then try to help them. Each member had a poor family to visit each week, and each week the society met to report what they had done, and to discuss the wants of those they had visited. The meeting began and ended with a prayer, and a collection was made, the proceeds of which were very small.

The rules of the society were simple, and it was forbidden to discuss politics or personal affairs at the meetings. It was also forbidden for a member to give alms to the family he visited, except what was supplied from the general fund.

In 1834 the membership was one hundred, and it became necessary to divide it into sections. From that year the membership rapidly increased, and the society was divided into more sections. In 1835,

on account of several deaths in the families they visited, it became necessary for the conference in Paris to provide for a few young children who were left orphans. They were taken to a house, where each member in turn came and taught them, until 1841, when they were placed as boarders in a house of apprenticeship, formed under the auspices of the Reverend Archbishop of Paris, and under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. In order to make their visits more profitable, many of the conferences formed libraries and lent out instructive and religious books to the poor. From Paris the society was first established in all the large cities, and then extended to localities of minor importance, and at length into the villages. God blessed this charitable work, and at the end of 1861 the society had one thousand five hundred and forty-nine conferences in France. The first general meeting was held February 21, 1836, and the presidents of the four conferences then existing read their reports. A report was also read by the president of the Orphan Institute. Several members also made addresses upon the best way to practice charity. A general council was established, which decided on admitting new conferences, and in emergencies supplied money for other conferences, and gave advice and instruction to new conferences. In 1837 conferences were established in Italy, Ireland, Germany, Austria and various other countries in Europe. A conference of the "Society of St. Vincent de Paul" was first held in the United States in the city of St. Louis, in 1846. For ten years this was the only conference in America, but at the end of that time one was established in New York, and in different parts of the land. At present there are throughout the world forty-two thousand four hundred and thirty-nine conferences, and in our own land seven thousand active members, besides many honorary ones. There are superior councils at New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Paul. The first conference in St. Paul was held in 1857, in the old Cathedral. The first one held in St. Mary's church was in 1872. The conference of St. Mary's is now in a flourishing condition, with a membership of ———, and caring for from twenty-five to seventy families a year. The spiritual director of this conference is Rev. Thomas J. Gibbons. There is no society of its kind throughout the world that is a greater

help to all concerned than the "Society of St. Vincent de Paul," and it is most edifying to see the many young men modestly striving, day after day, to relieve some poor family, who, perhaps, without their help and advice, would die of starvation. Especially is their help needed during the winter months, when it is almost impossible for many mothers to obtain food and clothing for their little ones, who are perhaps fatherless, or much worse, whose fathers are victims of drink.

I think the greatest blessing a young man can receive is to have the privilege of belonging to a society whose work is such a help to the world, and let us trust that to none of its members will our Lord have occasion to say, "I was hungry, and you fed me not, I was thirsty, and you gave me not to drink, I was sick and infirm, and you healed me not."

MAY MORRISON.

St. Mary's School, St. Paul, Minn.

INDIAN BOOK-KEEPING.

Keeping a ledger is altogether beyond an ordinary Indian's power. An Indian buys one dollar's worth, or two dollars' worth or five dollars' worth; he does not bother with the odd cents. If he wants 25 cents' worth of chewing tobacco, he buys four packages for a dollar rather than puzzle out the change, which simplifies matters both for customer and storekeeper. But there are few Indian storekeepers.

On the Crow reservation, near Pryor, Mont., there is one. Seventy miles from the agency a store is kept by Plenty-Coups, principal chief of the Crows. Plenty-Coups can print and cipher about as well as a seven-year-old boy. The three Rs are unfamiliar ground to him, as to the majority of his customers. Some of them pay cash; they take their purchase, Plenty-Coups drops the money into his box, and both parties are satisfied, without any written record of the transaction. For the accommodation of people who do not pay cash, he keeps account in the most primitive way. On a sheet of common brown wrapping paper he draws a picture of the customer, or rather of the customer's name. There is no misreading the rude sketch which stands for Walking-Bear or Crazy-Crane, while the amount of the gentleman's debt is plainly marked over his effigy and hitched to it by a wriggly pencil line.

Suppose Mr. Elk or Mrs. Plenty-Shells—for, as in most civilized communities, women do a large part of the shopping—having spent \$5 at the store spends three more, or pays two on account. Plenty-Coups rubs the original figure out and writes a new one. At the end of the year all accounts are squared and all ledgers—brown papers—burned. There is nothing in the world to prevent the storekeeper from tampering with his balance sheet. He can erase figures at will, and alter them to his own advantage. The whole Crow nation, however much they might suspect him, could prove nothing. The simple fact is that he does not betray his trust. And they know he does not.

His store is not a government agency, but a private enterprise. Plenty-Coups bought his own stock and fixtures, such as they are. He, his squaw and one other Indian deal out the supplies and pocket the profits or losses with true Indian stolidity. His squaw, by the way, is his second wife, and might be called the third. He had two when he came to the reservation, was honestly attached to both, and, when obliged to give up one, went through a long period of painful indecision. After a month of hesitation he finally conformed with the white man's custom—kept the one who was consumptive and reluctantly

let the other go. For five years he supported the discarded wife, and she took no other husband. By and by Mrs. Plenty-Coups fell ill. Then did the cast-off squaw return to tend her sick rival and faithfully wait upon her former lord. The sick woman died.

One would now expect the long separated pair to come together again. Strange to say, Plenty-Coups took unto himself a new wife and the old one still lives by herself. Here is a whole end-of-the-century Indian romance.—Indian Advocate.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.

Queen of the May—the days grow long,
The woods are all alive with song,
In every clime, on every shore.
The quickening buds burst forth once more
And leaf and flower, and blossom sweet
Long to do homage at thy feet.

Queen of the May—within thy hands,
Thou holdest all the scattered strands
From souls that burn and bleed, and ache,
Of eyes that weep and hearts that break,
For, save the touch of Love Divine,
There is no charity like thine.

Queen of the May—there is one spot,
Where thousands mourn, but murmur not,
And they who dwell in that dread place
Yearn for a glimpse of thy dear face,
One hopeful promise from those eyes
That soon they may win Paradise.

Queen of the May—enthroned in bloom;—
They wait in penitence and gloom.
Wait for the magic of thy name,
To light the darkness, quench the flame;
Ah! bear them upward while we pray,
Sweet Mother, Mary, Queen of May.

—Exchange.



A GAME OF MARBLES.

* NATURAL HISTORY *

ORIGIN OF PLANTS.

The potato is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Peru, Chili, and Montivideo. The first notice of it by Europeans was in 1588. It is now spread over a great part of the world. Wheat and rye originated in Siberia and Tartary, where they are now indigenous. Oats are found wild in Abyssinia, and may be justly considered natural to the country. Maize, or Indian corn, is a native of Mexico and other parts of North America. It was not known in Europe till after the discovery and possession of Mexico by the Spaniards. The bread-fruit tree was first found in Otaheite and other South sea islands. Near the close of the last century it was transplanted in the West Indies. Tea is found only in China and Japan. The cocoanut is found indigenous in the equatorial regions. Coffee is a native of Arabia, and of that part called Arabia Felix, but is now grown in the East and West Indies. The apple is found on most parts of the globe. But in its wild or natural state it is merely the crab apple, and has been varied and improved by cultivation. The peach is a native of Persia, but in its natural state is small and bitter, or acid, and considered unwholesome. Tobacco is a native of South America and Mexico. A species of this plant has been lately found in New Holland. Asparagus was brought from Asia; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; rice from Ethiopia and from the East Indies and onions from Africa and some parts of Asia. The sugar cane is a native of China, and the manufacture of sugar was known there from the remotest antiquity. It was thence car-

ried to Arabia, thence to Egypt, and thence by the Moors into Spain, and thence to the West Indies and Brazil. Many flowers are from Java and Ceylon, from Cappadocia, from Syria and Italy.

HOW MAN IS CONSTRUCTED.

The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds 6 ounces.

The average weight of a skeleton is about fourteen pounds.

Number of bones, 240.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and a half pounds; of a woman, two pounds eleven ounces.

The brain of man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is five feet nine inches; and of a Belgian, five feet six and three-quarters inches.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; a Belgian, 140 pounds.

The average number of teeth is thirty-two.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1,200 times an hour.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads in a day.

A man gives off 4.08 per cent. carbonic gas of the air he respire; respire 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in twenty-four hours, equal to 125 cubic inches common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

No. 167—(a) What sea makes the best bed? (b) What will a piece of iron become when placed in water? (c) Why does B come before C?

Milwaukee, Wis. MABEL A. M. COLLINS.

No. 168—(a) What is it that passes before the sun and yet makes no shadow? (b) Why are the Bank Clerk's associations not secret societies.

Columbus, O. CAROLINE ZUBER.

No. 169—(a) When is a soldier's ammuni-

tion box like a country road? (b) In what way does summer resemble the letter G?

St. Paul, Minn. EVELYN GRADY.

No. 170—Which is the heavier, a pound of gold or a pound of feathers?

St. Louis, Mo. WM. FOLEY.

No. 171—Square word; covers with cloth; relating to ceremonies; dress; small; covering for the ear; snow or rain.

Worcester, Mass. SALLY O'MALLEY.

CENTS ARE LEGAL TENDER.

In amounts of twenty-five or under they will go anywhere in this country. There is one story so utterly ridiculous that it seems incredible that it should ever have been printed, which in one form or another makes the rounds of various newspapers of the country annually. Look for it, and you will sooner or later see it crop up again. This tale is always based upon the unpopularity of the one-cent pieces in the extreme west and southwest. In its most common form it tells of some Eastern traveler who attempts to dispose of a hundred or so one-cent pieces in San Francisco, El Paso or some other place. The tradesman is always represented as looking at them curiously and declining them. The writers of these senseless tales may have been in the west or they may not. It matters little—their story is pointless. They seek to brand the mythical tradesman as of the same category with themselves. The cent is a legal tender in amounts of twenty-five and less. If an

eastern man in San Francisco or anywhere else owes a debt of twenty-five cents, and tenders twenty-five one-cent pieces in settlement, the courts will sustain him. Of course, the coins are not popular in the extreme west and south, but no one need carry 100 of them in a cigar box or anywhere else as useless metal. If you are in a city that has not a United States sub-treasury, go to the post office, dump in twenty-five cents, and see if you will have any difficulty in obtaining stamps or postal cards of like amount. If one is refused, a letter of complaint to the postal authorities will soon work the removal of an employe who would discredit United States money. It is well to bear this matter of the legal tender of a cent in mind. No one for spite can make a person take more than twenty-five of them in any single transaction involving the settlement of a debt. One need have no fear, then, of receiving \$100 in cents from some embittered debtor.

RESULT OF KINDNESS.

See illustration, page 896.

Nothing shows the effect of kindness so much as the illustration here shown. Maud has been so kind to all the animals that they have come to look upon her as their friend. She has fed the birds so often that they come within her reach, and even the

mice, that so many children desire to kill at sight, are pets of good, kind Maud.

If little children are always kind and never frighten an animal, they can do as they please with them.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT



RESULT OF KINDNESS.

 * * * * *
LETTER BOX.
 * * * * *

[Contributions to this department must be written on one side of the paper only, always with pen and ink, and addressed to COUSIN ANGELINE, care of OUR YOUNG PEOPLE Co., 146-150 4th St., Milwaukee, Wis. The name and full address of the writer should accompany the letter to insure its publication, as well as the nom de plume, if one be used.]



CLUB CRY.

Here we stand!
 Here we stand!
 We are the members
 Of Our Merry Band.
 Ha! ha! ha!
 Hee! hee! hee!
 Nothing's the matter
 With the O. M. B.!

"What's the matter
 with Our Young Peo-
 ple?"
 "It's a-l-right!"

Fawnee, Ill., March 1, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have not seen any letter from Fawnee, I thought I would write and join your merry band of cousins. I am thirteen years old and am in the fifth grade. I go to a public school as there is no Catholic school near. Our pastor's name is Father Davis, we like him very much. I made my first communion Aug. 15th. I have two sisters and one brother. We like Our Young People very much. Also the stories of "Mehitable Secrets" best and also Uncle Ben's stories. Hoping this short letter will not reach the waste basket, I remain,

Your new cousin,
LEONA LARD.

St. Paul, Minn., March 3d, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to Our Young People it will not be very long. My sister has taken Our Young People and mamma said, for a change I would take it for the coming term. I was very much interested in the stories of Uncle Ben, and also read many other stories. We celebrated Washington's birthday February 22d. We had vacation and I went skating. The rink is in our neighborhood and I am always on my skates. I am twelve years old and I am preparing for my first Communion. I go to the Assumption school and I am in the sixth grade. Our studies are as follows: Catechism, Bible history, United States history, geography, arithmetic, English and German grammar, reading, spelling, translation. I will now join the merry band of cousins. I have one sister and three brothers, of which the smallest is the pet. He is always singing and is much interested in music. He is but three years old. Your new cousin,

ARTHUR BACH.

Mapleton, Wis., March 4th, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: How do you do; are you well? Did you receive my letter to Santa Claus? I guess you did as he was very generous this year. My sister Mary takes great interest in the puzzles and intends to keep on guessing until she wins a prize. We go to St. Catharine's church. Our pastor is Rev. Father McCarthy and we all like him very much. Our teacher is Miss Wilkinson, she has taught our school four years and we would not like to part with her. I like the

story of "Mehitable's Secret. My little sister and brother like to look at the funny pictures. My Uncle Thos. is a lawyer in Milwaukee, his office is on Grand Ave., maybe you know him. I have three brothers and two sisters. Well, as my letter is getting long and it is the first one I wrote to you, I will close with love to you and all the cousins. I remain,

Your new cousin,
WINFRED SHANNON.

Fou du Lac, Wis., March 4, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have not seen very many letters from Fou du Lac I thought I would write you one. We have been taking Our Young People three years altogether and we like it very much. I am eleven years old and was confirmed in August and will make my first Holy Communion next year. I go to Saint Joseph's church. Our pastor's name is Rev. Father Taugher and we like him very much. Well, as I think my letter is getting a little too long for the first time and hoping I will see it in print, I will close.

I am your new cousin,
ELIZABETH HANSON.

St. Paul Minn., March 7, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: This is the first letter I have written you and I will try and not make it very long. I have been taking Our Young People for nearly a year and like it very much. I always look for Uncle Ben's Adventures the first thing. I go to the Webster school and am in the B sixth grade. Miss Larkin is my teacher and she is very nice. We have writing, arithmetic, language, geography, spelling, grammar and other studies. I have a lovely dog. His name is Nero. I don't like the name, but he is a lovely New Foundland dog, and is very playful. Well, I will have to close, as I have to go to school.

Your affectionate cousin,
ROSE DONOHUE.

Chicago, Ill., March 7, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I enjoy reading your letters very much and thought I would write one. My big brother Edward will laugh when he reads this in print. I wish you could see him. I am sure you would love him as much as I do. He is twenty-four years old, tall and wears glasses. He does not smoke, chew or swear and is the dearest brother you ever saw. I have a cousin Rose who takes your paper too and she will write a letter some day.

Yours respectfully,
S. M. T.

St. Paul, Minn., March 7, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I hope you will receive my letter and accept me in your merry band of flowers. This is my first letter so it will not be very long. I have been taking the magazine for a year and a half. I am nine years old and am in the B fifth grade of the Maxfield school. My teacher's name is Miss Goodhue. My studies are geography,

history, arithmetic, reading, spelling, writing, language and music. I go to St. Luke's church and our pastor's names are Father McNulty and Father Reahil. I await the coming of the magazine, very much I enjoy the story of "The Three Brave Boys" and "Brazilian Forest". We have one pet and that is an eight month old kitty. I have one sister named Sylvia, and a brother named Tommy. They are both younger than I am. I also take music lessons from Miss Hall. Well, dear cousin, my letter is growing long and I must close. Hoping to see my letter in print and not in the waste basket. Good-bye.

Your loving new cousin,
IRENE C. O'REGAN.

Marinette, Wis., March 8, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you it will not be a long one. We have taken Our Young People for about three years and like it very much. I go to Our Lady of Lourds school. My teacher's name is Sister Mary Williams and we all like her. Our pastor's name is Rev. Father Richard and he is very kind to us. I have three brothers and two sisters. My little brother Leslie is a very cute little boy and he is also very pretty. My mamma is sick so I cannot go to school at present but I think I will go to school next week. I like to go to school, and hope all other boys and girls do too, but I don't think they do. My papa has just returned from a voyage to different places. As my letter is getting long and tiresome, I will close. Hoping this will not reach the waste basket. Your cousin,

BERTHA UTHE.

Bloomington, Ill., March 8, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: This is my first letter to Our Young People. I am thirteen years old. I go to St. Mary's school. Our pastor is Rev. M. Weldon, his assistant is Rev. R. Flynn, but we are going to have a new assistant for Father Flynn has a parish in Ohio. He left here a Monday afternoon and we were all sorry that he left. I am an altar boy and the name of our church is the Holy Trinity church. It is one of the best churches in the state of Illinois. Last Sunday night we had a Rosary procession and there was a lecture. We had an awful snow storm on Saturday and on Monday it snowed all day, and it was very cold. Hoping to see my letter in print I close for this time and I send joy to all the cousins. I remain,

Your cousin,
JOHN MEEHAN.

St. Louis, Mo., March 8, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you I will not make it so long. I am thirteen years old and go to St. Peter and Paul school. My teacher's name is Brother Louis. I find the book very interesting, especially the stories of Uncle Ben and "The Wise Guest." I hope that every Catholic boy and girl would take the book Our Young People. Your new cousin,

FREDERICK GERRITZEN.

Green Bay, Wis., March 8, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I saw my last letter in print and I was very much pleased so I thought I would write again. Well, yes, I do remember the first Santa Claus I saw. I have forgotten Sister and lot of my teachers in Escanaba. Well the music book I take steady is Standard Graded Course of studies. I am in grade five and I have other sheet

music, besides I got twenty-five valentines, two homely ones and twenty-three pretty ones. I was well supplied this year. I like Uncle Ben's Adventures. Will you please give us some more good stories like that. Hoping that my letter is not too long and tiresome, I remain,
Your new loving cousin,

HELEN GLYNN.

Chicago, Ill., March 8, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have done my night work I thought I would write you. This is my first letter, it will be a short one. I go to St. Phillips' school, which is conducted by the Sisters of Providence. I am in the fifth grade and I am in the first Communion class. As my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to see it in print, so good-bye.

Your new cousin,
JAMES WALSH.

Academy of Our Lady,
Longwood, Ill., March 9, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have not written a letter to you yet I thought I would write and ask you if I could be numbered among your cousins. I go to school at Longwood and have been there for a number of years. I am now in fifth grade. The lessons that I like best are Catechism, geography, arithmetic and elocution. Professor Clark, of the Chicago University, gave a course of lectures here in the winter on Literature and now Miss Eliza Allen Starr, that dear good old lady, is giving a course on Art. How I wish you might have heard her last night talk about the Catacombs of Rome. We were very much interested and are very anxious for her next lecture. Are you not glad that spring is coming? We are. In about three weeks we will go home for our Easter vacation, after which, dear cousin, perhaps some more of my schoolmates will write to you, for you seem to be much interested in all your cousins. A merry new cousin,

HENRIETTA BODE.

Laurium, Mich., March 13, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: Just read a letter in Our Young People from one of my class mates. Yes, we are all anxious to receive Our Young People and enjoy the stories of E. Robertson and Cuthbert. We surprised our teacher, Sister M. Theocleta with a large photograph of George Washington for our class room on Washington's birthday and had a very interesting program, consisting of instrumental and vocal music, recitations, etc. It was pronounced, by those present, a grand success. In the near future I shall tell you about our musical band as I fear my letter may tire you. Your new cousin,

CARRIE HELLNER.

Green Bay, Wis., March 11, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have been reading Our Young People for three years and I never wrote to you I thought I would write to-night. I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade in the public school. I like my studies very well. I am preparing to make my first Communion this year. I am serving mass. Our pastor's name is Rev. M. J. O'Brien, Rev. Geo. Clifford is assisting him. My teacher's name in Sunday school is Miss Lily Lebo. In public school is Miss May Salras, she is a kind teacher and her pupils like her very much. Dear Cousin Angeline, I will now say good-bye. Your cousin,

GEORGE E. GAY.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 10, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you, you will need an introduction. I go to St. Rose's school; my name is Mark Somers. Our pastor's name is Rev. Father Durnin. I am in the Fourth grade. We have taken Our Young People about three years, and like the stories by Uncle Ben very much. Now as spring is coming on, the boys of our school play marbles. I have only won about twenty-five. As my letter is getting tiresome, I remain, your cousin,
MARK SOMERS.

Stanton, Mich., March 12, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I have just taken Our Young People since New Year's, and like it very much. I am much interested in "Uncle Ben's Stories." I have two sisters and one brother. My brother took Our Young People for four years. There is no Catholic school here, so I go to a public school. I am eleven years old, and in the fifth grade. My cousin Velma and I are the only ones in Stanton that take Our Young People. I will have to close, and hope you will be pleased with my letter. Your new cousin,
EVALINE CRUSOE.

St. Paul, Minn., March 12, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: After many attempts to write to you, I at last succeeded. I have three brothers and two sisters. I hope this will not reach the waste basket, which is hated by all the cousins. As my letter is getting long and tiresome, I will close, and not detain you any longer. I like all the stories, and take interest in them. I will close, hoping to see my letter in print. Your new cousin,
LIZZIE JACKELS.



Stanton, Mich., March 13, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: This is my first letter to you. I am a little eight-year-old girl. I have only one little sister; she is six years old; her name is Olive. I have been taking Our Young People for some time, and enjoy reading it very much. I have a cousin here, and she also takes Our Young People. Hoping you will be pleased with my letter, and I will see it in print, I will close. Your youngest cousin,
VELMA T. WHITE.

Peosta, Iowa, March 14, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you, it will not be very long. I am thirteen years old, and have two brothers, Raymond and Joseph. Raymond and I go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss Anna Brummer. Our studies are catechism, reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, physiology, history. We have been reading Our Young People for two years and like it very much. If I see this letter in print, I will write again. I remain your new cousin,
NELLIE G. MADIGAN.

Tyler, N. D., March 10, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I thought I would like to join your merry band of cousins. I am eleven years old. I am going to write a little description of North Dakota. The chief products raised are wheat, oats, barley, rye and hay. The land is level and fertile. There are no trees here, except what are planted. I live in Richland county, and Wapeton is

the county seat and largest city in the county. I go to a country school. My studies are reading, arithmetic, geography, language, physiology, history, spelling and writing. I go to St. John's church, Wapeton. Our pastor's name is Rev. Father Hintzman. We also have a Sisters' school, to which I intend to go next year. I have been taking Our Young People for a little over a year, and like it very much. I like to read the letters and stories. Hoping to see this letter in print, I remain your new cousin,
GEORGE FITZGERALD.

Union Park, St. Paul, Minn., March 16, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you, I will try and make it interesting. I go to the Longfellow school, and my studies are reading, writing, geography, spelling, drawing and language. I have been taking music lessons for one year and a half, but my teacher went away, so I have not taken any since. I have two sisters, Emily and Lorena. Lorena is only ten months old, and I think she is the sweetest and prettiest little girl in the world. I often think that if there is a prettier baby in this world, I would like to see her. I have taken Our Young People for only a little while, and whenever I see it coming, I always run and get it. My dear grandpa died one month ago. He never thought that he was going to die; neither did mamma; but I am sure he is very happy where he is. I would like you and the cousins to pray for him, and I will do something for them sometime when I can. From your new cousin,
GRACE CLANCY.

Floyd, Wis., March 10, 1899.

Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to Our Young People, I will not make it very long. I go to the district school, and I am nine years old. I have taken Our Young People since Christmas and like it very much. Our priest's name is Father Condon. I won the prize in spelling at our school. My studies are arithmetic, reading, spelling, geography, language, writing and music. A few weeks ago we had a church fair. I am going to start to catechism in the summer. Hoping this will not reach the waste basket, I remain your new cousin,
MARY BARRY.

Little Chute, Wis., March 12, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: Seeing our first letter in print, we thought we would write again and tell you how we are getting along. I still attend the St. John's school. We are very glad when Our Young People comes, for we are very much interested in the stories. Our twin brothers are expecting to receive their Holy Communion this year. Inclosed you will find our picture. With love to all the cousins,
We remain,
ENNIE AND ANNIE JANSEN.



ENNIE AND ANNIE JANSEN.

Oshkosh, Wis., March 17, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: Although we have been taking Our Young People for a short time, we are all very much interested in its stories, and we can hardly wait for the next book to come. We are also very much interested in the puzzles, and many a winter evening is spent trying to solve them before the next book comes. I am eleven years old and go to the St. Vincent's Academy at Oshkosh, and study both English and German. The

name of my teacher is Sister Jacobino. I will be in the sixth grade next month, and at the close of the following year I will be out of the school. I love to study evenings, when I haven't anything else to do. I live on the farm, about three miles from the city, and stay at the city to go to school. I will not detain you any longer, as I think that this is getting tiresome. I remain your sincere cousin,

OLIVIA M. KLOECKNER.

Ramsey, La., March 18, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I am a little girl eight years old. I live in the country, on the Vermillion river. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Mayne Putnam. She is so good and kind to me. I have four lessons to study, arithmetic, reading, spelling and geography, besides writing. I have two sisters and two brothers. My youngest brother goes to school with me. I have plenty of pets—three deer, four cats, three dogs and a mocking-bird. This is my first letter, and I hope I may see it in print. I will say good-bye now. Your new little cousin,

BESSIE BAGLEY.

Ramsey, La., March 18, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: This is the first time I have ever written to a magazine, but I have written to my two sisters at the convent in Alexandria. I am eleven years old. I have three sisters, and one brother, who has just left college. I live a few miles from Vermillion bay. We get nice oysters and all kinds of fish. I have a pony, and her name is Fanny. We have a lot of goats and sheep. I like the stories in Our Young People very much. My aunt gave us the paper for a Christmas gift. We live six miles from town, and do not get to go to church very often, but we study our catechism on Saturdays and Sundays. I go to Ramsey school, and study second arithmetic, second geography, spelling, second history, fifth reader and grammar. I was named for papa's grandfather. My letter is getting long, so I will close, hoping to see my letter in print. Your new cousin,

MORGAN BAGLEY.

St. Paul, Minn., March 19, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I saw my first letter in print, I thought I would write again. I go to St. Patrick's school. My teacher's name is Sister Bonnaventure. I like her very much. I have two brothers and two sisters; their names are George, Walter, May and Irene. Walter is the baby, and he looks at the funny pictures in the back. I am in the fifth grade, and am preparing for my first Holy Communion. Our pastor's name is Rev. Father Dolphin and his assistant priest is Rev. Father Hart. We had a fine entertainment St. Patrick's day and I enjoyed it very much. I take music lessons on the piano and George on the violin. I send my love to all the cousins. I remain your cousin,

LORETTA M. SULLIVAN.

St. Paul, Minn., March 20, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is the first letter I have written to you I will not make it very long. I go to the Ramsey school and the St. Marks church. Our pastor's name is Rev. Father Doyle. We take Our Young People and I like it very much. I am twelve years old and I am in the A sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Williams, she is the best teacher we ever had and she likes us and we like her. Hoping to see it in print, I will close. Your new cousin,

JAMES B. TRAVERS.

St. Louis, Mo., March 21, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: Many times I have taken my pen in hand with the intention of writing you, but have never written. So, while I have a little spare time, I will write you a few lines. No important events have occurred in our city for some time, so I have not much to say. I suppose you enjoyed the cold weather of February. It was below zero in St. Louis. The citizens here are preparing for the great World's Fair, to be held in this city in 1903. It is in honor of the Louisiana Purchase, which happened in 1803. I suppose a good many of the cousins will attend it. Well I must close with my best wishes to all the cousins. Yours truly,

ST. LOUIS.

St. Louis, Mo., March 22, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you I will try to make it a short one. We have been taking Our Young People for a year and I like to read the letters of our merry band so I thought I would write to you. I go to the public school, and I go to St. Hevin's church. I am twelve years old. I went down to our church, they had a Passion Play yesterday. I am going to make my first Holy Communion in May. Hoping that my letter will escape the waste basket, I remain

Your loving cousin,

FLORENCE LE BRUN.

St. Paul, Minn., March 23, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you, it will not be very long. I am eleven years old, and have been going to school every day. I am in the A Fourth Grade. I go to St. Patrick's school, and like it very much. As my letter is getting long, I will close.

Your new cousin,

WILLIAM CAVAVANAUG.

Eau Claire, Wis., March 23, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you, I hope it may be accepted. I will be thirteen the 29th of this month. I am in the low Eighth grade. My studies are: Word analysis, arithmetic, grammar, history, physiology, reading, drawing, penmanship and botany. I have a Poco camera, and take great pleasure in taking pictures. I hope you will enjoy Easter and the Easter vacation. Hoping that I am worthy of becoming a member of the O. M. B., I will close. Your affectionate cousin,

LENORE HORAN.

Burlington, Wis., March 24, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I meant to write to you long ago, but I am kept very busy with my lessons at school. I like the Young People very well, and especially enjoy the stories by Uncle Ben. I go to St. Mary's school. I am in the Fourth grade and am nine years old. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday we had vacation on account of Forty Hour Adoration being held in our church Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. I am going to tell you what fun we had those three days. A number of my young friends and myself built a snow-house, in our yard. We put two windows and one door in. Then we chose sides, and began a snow ball fight. O! what fun we had. To-day is Thursday and this morning we had to go to school again. We have forty mass servers here and I am also among the number. I am afraid this letter will tire you, so I will close now, with best regards to all the cousins, as well as yourself. From your new cousin,

MARTIN W. PRASCH.

 * STAMP COLLECTOR. *

[Notes of interest and letters to this department should be addressed to "Stamp Department," care of Our Young People, Milwaukee, Wis.]

STAMP NOTES.

☐ It is well for the collector to read all the philatelic advice he sees, but he should also rely upon his own experience in such matters.

We call the attention of our readers to several stamp advertisements in this issue of Our Young People. We can recommend them as perfectly reliable. Here is a good opportunity for thousands of our young readers to make a great beginning at a very low price.

There has been a tendency among some dealers to raise the price of stamps in each succeeding catalogue. It is a good sign to see that the dealers themselves are seeing the burden of their action. It does not always stand that because a dealer puts a fancy price upon certain stamps that they are worth that much. It has been demonstrated at auction sales that fancy catalogue prices do not always hold.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 21st, 1899.
 Stamp Department:—

I would like to correspond with any one having Hawaiian or Canadian stamps to trade.

Yours truly,
 THOS. E. GALLAGER,
 117 Central Ave.

Ramsey, Ia., April 17th, 1899.
 Stamp Department:—

I have a good many stamps also a few old coins and quite a lot of confederate money. Please let me know where I can get books about stamps and coins and the prices. Also please let me know the names of reliable dealers in stamps and coins. I am a subscriber to Our Young People and you will confer a great favor by giving me the desired information, I remain,

Yours gratefully,
 MISS J. M. CLUNEY.

Vermilion Parish.

[We refer you to any of our Stamp Advertisers. They are all reliable and can give all information desired.]

JAPAN STAMPS.

These are the new stamps of Japan, issued January 1st. There are three values

in the set—2 sen, 4 sen and 10 sen; of these



the 2 sen and 4 sen are like the first cut, only the 10 sen being of the second type.

SO. AFRICAN REPUBLIC STAMPS.

The Boers in the Transvaal have issued special registration envelopes in various sizes (five, to be exact). The stamp, which is of four pence value and represents merely



the special registration fee, is shown in the accompanying cut. In addition to the stamp there is the usual mass of inscriptions and instructions on the face.

THE EARLIEST COLLECTION.

An authority says that the date of the earliest stamp collection is presumably not to be ascertained, but the first that he saw was in 1854. The stamps were arranged on a chart. During the fifties collecting was in an evolutionary stage, but in the earlier sixties, stamp collecting was quite general in Europe and stamp albums were published. From that time on philately has flourished in the old country and to-day Europe in particular is a hot-bed of philately.

In America, stamp collecting at the close of the civil war had gained a foothold. Schoolboys and the younger folk took kindly to the new "craze" and not a few collectors

of to-day can date their philatelic career from the sixties. By 1870 there were dealers throughout the country and a number of stamp papers were extant. From 1870 to 1885 stamp collecting gained steadily in popularity. Converts, not alone from the youth of the land, but also the mature, staid citizens rallied to its support. Philatelic papers were common and works on stamp subjects were published.

STAMP COLLECTING.

It is seen that collectors and dealers are now paying more attention to beginners. This is as it should be. It is very important that our boys be encouraged in every way in their stamp collecting, and that is one reason why we have begun this department in Our Young People. You cannot find a boy who has any considerable number of stamps but that he has a good knowledge of geography. It also teaches history. It

develops a taste for art and science, and stimulates research in nearly every branch of learning, and while the collecting of postage stamps is a fascinating and instructive past time, it has also been a source of profit, for no one knows that better than those who have collected in the past, as stamp collections increase in value from year to year, thus proving at all times an excellent investment.

It is by means of the preservation of a knowledge of the past that we accelerate our progress in civilization, and the collection of postage stamps being an interesting study adds to the attractions of home, and to our love of country, and distinguishes us from the roving barbarian. It is estimated that there exists over 600,000 stamp collectors in the United States, and over 1,500,000 in all quarters of the civilized globe; in fact there is now scarcely a habitable country on earth where stamp collecting remains unknown.



SNAP SHOTS.

To find the focal length of a lens. Rack out camera until image on ground glass is same size as object to be photographed; measure distance from object to image, and divide by 4. Resulting figure is focal length.

To stop the development of a negative suddenly, without fixing it, it is only necessary to place it for five minutes in a solution of 1 part of cadmium bromide in 15 parts of alcohol. The plate becomes absolutely insensitive to light and may be kept for months before being fixed.

A New York inventor has devised a magazine camera in which the plates can be developed automatically, without removal, as they are exposed. This is very good as far as it goes; but would it not be an improvement if it was also supplied with an automatic tripod, operated by clockwork or some other light but powerful and enterprising motor. Then it would only be necessary to wind it up in the morning and start it off on a photographic trip all by itself, while its

enthusiastic owner could await in comfort under his vine and fig tree the triumphal return of his gifted camera, bearing a dozen phenomenal negatives, all ready for filing away in some handy ash barrel for future reference. What a premium such an instrument would be for a plate-maker to give away to each new customer!

STUDY POSING.

The amateur photographer should make a study of posing, as he will necessarily do portrait work along with his other. Many beginners, (and professionals, too) tell the sitter to turn his eyes in a certain direction, and accordingly he vaguely stares into space, or gazes inanely upon some supremely uninteresting object, selected because it stands out prominently as a mark for the vision. How the wonderfully expressive portraits of Mr. Gladstone painted by Mr. Thaddeus, for the splendid collection of statesmen in the Reform Club, was obtained, furnishes a useful hint for photographers. In the artist's studio was a finished portrait of a young lady of extraordinary beauty. It stood in a prominent position in the room, in full view

of Mr. Gladstone during the sittings. Mr. Thaddeus soon noticed that the statesman's eyes were continually straying towards the picture of the lovely girl, and that his face would beam all over with pleasure, betokening his admiration for the fair unknown, and it is this expression which the artist has portrayed.

HINTS.

Do not develop your plates too close to your developing lamp; you may fog them.

In summer, keep your developer cool, and note the clean, clear results.

In winter, keep your developer between 65 deg. and 70 deg. Use a liquid thermometer for this purpose—it will pay.

Keep your stock of dry plates in a dry, cool room—not hot.

Do not dry your negatives in a room having a close atmosphere, but give them a little draft.

St. Louis is the largest dry plate center in the United States, if not in the world. The three firms in that business in that city turn out more dry plates annually than any other city in the country. The largest dry plate factory in the world belongs to St. Louis, and is operated by the Seed Dry Plate Company. Its capacity is said to be 7,000 dozen dry plate daily.

NOTES ON DEVELOPMENT.

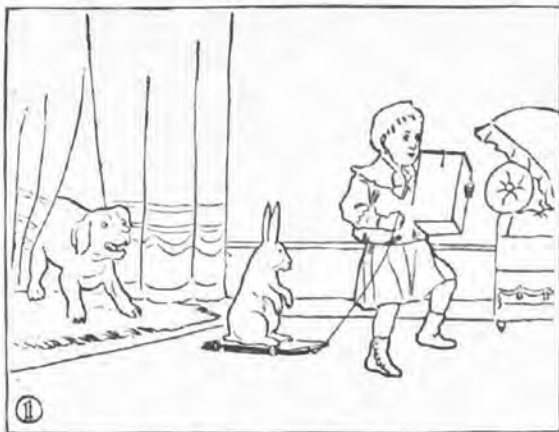
Success in photography is generally easy and simple, provided a little care and judgment is exercised in the development. It is well known that an experienced amateur can often obtain fair printing negatives from plates so much under or over exposed as to be complete failures in the hands of one less experienced, yet this can readily be attained with very little experience by the practice of what is known as Tentative Development; the principle of which is to immerse the plate in a developer composed of a minimum of alkali and reducing agent (pyro, hydrochinon, eikonogen, etc.) aiming to gain all possible detail with this weak developer, and at the same time gaining a knowledge of the further treatment required in case of over or under exposure, adding further alkali or reducing agent as may be seen to be required to build up detail and density in the image. Development so conducted is of course a slower operation than when a normal mixed developer is used, but the results amply repay for the extra time and care. It is also advisable to consider the subject of exposure and use the devel-

oper in proportions to suit; for instance, in portraiture all ingredients but the water should be decreased, the resulting weak developer produces the soft image requisite in a portrait, and avoids the necessity of much retouching. For landscapes it is necessary to considerably increase the quantity of the reducing agent, at the same time decreasing the alkali and adding a few drops of the restrainer, resulting in slower development but increased brilliancy, as nothing so detracts from a landscape view as flatness. Another important point to be observed in the successful production of bright, clean negatives, is that the plate should be covered during the whole process of development and the cover only raised to examine progress; this being observed, prolonged development will seldom be found to result in fog, as is too often the case.

PHOTOGRAPHING FALLING CATS.

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4. Rover—"Guess I'd better get out of this. There's too many surprises here to suit me."

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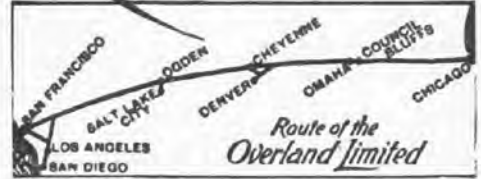
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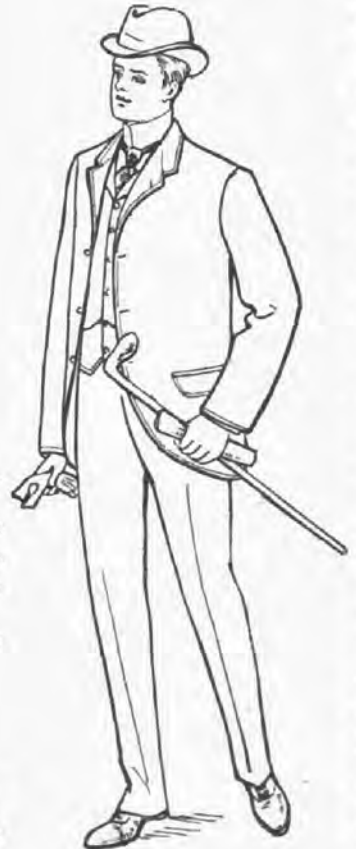
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VOL. VII.

MILWAUKEE, MAY 15, 1899

No. 23.

MEHITABLE'S SECRET.

BY ESTHER ROBERTSON.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAST DAY.

"It's a very queer thing to have 'Fast Day' and 'April Fool's Day' come at the same time, don't you think so?" said Mary Gray to Hittie, on their way home from school on the last day of March.

"Yes," said Hittie, "but I rather like it, don't you?"

The two friends were walking home from school together. March, however it had come in, was "going out like a lamb", and Minoka streets were nearly ankle deep with the melting snow and slush. Both the girls were rejoicing in new rubber boots as high as the boys, and would have regarded it in the light of a real misfortune to have the streets of the little village well paved and drained.

They waded along slowly in great content, taking advantage of all the deepest puddles they could find to walk through. They had, besides, long poles in their hands, which they had hidden carefully in the school hours under the steps to hide them from the boys.

All the school children played sailing boats now and used long sticks to pilot the little chips which repre-

sented ocean steamers, in their minds, down the small swift streams which were formed in by ruts made by cart wheels.

Later, when the streets were dryer, every one would roll hoop if they did not play ball. Some fashion always carried the day and the children followed in crowds as is the way of men and women both old and young.

"We shouldn't have had a holiday on April Fool's Day anyway," added Hittie, "so we don't lose anything by the days coming together."

"And isn't it lucky that it comes on Friday, instead of Saturday?" said Mary Grey. "You know if it came on Saturday we shouldn't have had any extra holiday at all."

"That's so," said Hittie, her content, if possible, deepening at the thought of this narrow escape. "Mother said I might ask you to come down and spend the whole day with me. You will come won't you?"

"I don't know," said Mary, doubtfully, "I will if mother can spare me."

"Oh, those horrid babies!" said Hittie, impatiently, "but your mother will let you come on Fast Day I know she will, and Mary," here Hittie bent her head nearer her companion and whispered mysteriously, "the older

ones think that they can get off on their walk before us, but I'm going this year; won't you? I am sure we're old enough now."

"Yes, but perhaps they won't let us," said Mary, mournfully.

"Never mind, you come down and we'll keep quiet and out of the way and when they start; we'll tag."

"Perhaps they'll send us home," said Mary.

"And perhaps we won't go," retorted the independent Hittie.

This last was a parting shot, for Mary Grey had turned into her own home leaving Hittie to go on alone. When she got home she found the older children of the family consulting on the next day's plans, but Hittie wisely concluded, from past experience warned, to keep her own plan to herself.

The first remark made by the Little Robbs on their return from school was invariably: "where's mother?" and this was always followed by, "I want something to eat." Satisfying herself that her mother was at home, and not out, for the Little Robbs objected very seriously to the mother going out, Hittie took her lunch and then seated herself on the lower step of the front stairs, and was soon buried in her story book. Presently, however, she was joined by her brother John who had been giving his hens their supper.

"What are you going to do tomorrow, Hittie?" said he.

"Going on the walk with the older ones," said Hittie, absently, but very imprudent. She was absorbed in her book and forgot herself.

"Are you?" said John in surprise, "then I'll go too."

"Oh, no, John!" said Hittie, now roused to a sense of the danger of her plans being spoiled, you are altogether too young, you would be sure to get hurt and cry."

Now John was only two years younger than Hittie, and between these two and the three older child-

ren was an interim of four years, so they were made two sets, as it were, and the older ones insultingly denominated the two younger as "the Kids." This was bad enough, but to be looked down upon as too young by Hittie was more than even John's sweet temper could bear.

"I'll go and ask mother," said he, gazing in righteous indignation on his perfidious sister.

"Oh, no, John!" cried Hittie in alarm, "Mary Grey is coming down to go with us and of course you can go if you want to, but don't you say anything about it, for the older ones would persuade mother to keep us at home. Mary and I are going to follow behind until they get out of the village and then run and catch up with them."

"All right," said John, "but I think they'll send us home."

Hittie gave a contemptuous sniff at the idea of anyone, always excepting that dear mother, making her do anything she did not want to do, and returned once more to her book.

The next morning proved a lovely spring day. There was the usual frolic, at the breakfast table, over flannel cakes made of real flannel, but looking so like the ordinary ones that even Father Robb was completely deceived; and the old, time-worn jokes of torn dresses and other illusions went round in perfect good humor, and much laughing. There had been some telegraphing among the older ones during the meal, and Hittie understood quite well that it meant a walk without "the kids", but she kept her own counsel and meant, nevertheless, to go.

"Did you hear Minot's Falls roaring this morning?" said John.

"I should think I did," said Hittie, "and last night too, before I went to sleep."

"They must be a beautiful sight now," said the mother. "Where are you going on your walk to-day, children?"

A walk on Fast Day was one of the old time customs of Minoka, and no one ever thought of asking: "Are you going to walk?"

"We are going to Minot's Falls," said an older sister cautiously, with a glance of warning toward Hittie and John, which Mother Robb understood. She gave that patient sigh, which belongs only to good mothers, and said:

"There is still a great deal of snow in the woods and you children play so roughly that I am afraid that some of you will get hurt."

Hittie was in fear that the next question would be: "Where are you and John going to-day, Hittie?" and to her great relief their came a diversion in the shape of Mary Grey, who came into the room with a great placard of "April Fool" pinned on the neat braids of her hair behind.

"Have any of you been 'April Fooled' yet?" cried Mary, as soon as she had returned their greetings. "For my part I don't think it's fair to tell anyone of an 'April Fool', I'm sure I don't want anyone to tell me," and she nodded her head so emphatically that the placard waved wildly round in the air. "What are you all laughing at?" she continued.

"Very well, Mary," said the father, "we shall keep it all to ourselves."

But Hittie could not bear to see her friend laughed at, ran and caught the paper off and revealed the trick to the discomfited child.

Ten o'clock saw a goodly company of young men and maidens collected for the annual walk. There were great congratulations among them that the younger ones were not present, teasing to go, as usual.

"Let us be off quickly before they come round," said they, and down the beautiful Main street they started in twos and threes, as it happened. At the bottom of the street they turned into a lane which ran up among the hills, the same that the family took on Sunday, and then into the rough cart

road. As they started to go in here one of the older boys looked back, and exclaimed: "Great Scott! Here come the kids." And sure enough Mary Grey Hittie, and little John came running and panting up to the crowd as if they were sure of a welcome.

"I thought we should never catch you," said Hittie, breathing very hard.

"Hittie Robb," said her older sister, very sternly, "Mother never said that you might come. Go back this minute. You can't go with us to-day. You know it perfectly well."

Hittie set her lips, and squared her chin, and only muttered two words:

"I'm going."

And all her friends knew quite well that the matter was settled.

"Very well," said the older lad. "But remember we are going through the woods and if you get hurt you must not cry or call for us to wait. If you will go with the older ones you must behave like them and take care of yourself."

"Wait 'til you are asked," said Hittie pertly.

The lad was not so rude as he seemed, for if any of the girls needed assistance there was no one more willing to give it than he, but he only wanted to give the children warning not to be troublesome on the coming walk, which he knew was likely to be hard for all.

Over a rough fence was the next move, and then began the hard work. Minot's Falls was situated in a dense wood, which at this time of year was nearly impassable on account of the deep drifts of snow which still lay in the woods, so the only way was to take the bed of the brook and work your way up the steep hillside by jumping from stone to stone. The water was now very deep, swift and strong. It was really a difficult undertaking for a man and of course still more so for the children, but they were all hardy and strong and

thought nothing of a wetting, even in ice water.

"You see we can keep up," said Hittie, "I knew we could go as fast as the older ones."

"I wish it wasn't quite so slippery," moaned Mary Grey, catching hold of the bough of a tree just in time to keep from falling, another step, and then a shriek, as down she went flat on her back in the bed of the brook, with her feet up stream. Up she scrambled, and in real sympathy Hittie and John helped her to wring the water from her skirts and then they started after the others once more, their spirits in no way abated by this accident, the vigorous exercise preventing them from getting chilled.

"Oh! oo! oo!" screamed Hittie, "I can't move."

Mary and John looked back and saw poor Hittie up to her arm-pits in the deep snow. She had tried walking on the snow at the side of the brook and the treacherous crust had suddenly given way and let her down to the ground. Mary Grey and little John came back, and looked anxiously at the helpless child. What should they do? In vain she tried to struggle out; she was held immovably.

A happy thought struck little John. "Take hold of the branch over your head," said he, "while Mary and I pull it down," and taking hold of the long graceful Hemlock bough which hung like a bower over the head of the imprisoned child, they pulled it down until it reached Hittie's upturned arms, and by its friendly aid she managed to struggle out. So at last they reached the top, all more or less wet, but glowing with the exhilarating exercise.

Then what a glorious sight fell on their wondering eyes. Minot's Falls, which in the summer was a mere trickling thread, was now swollen by the melting snow into an immense volume of water, which poured over a precipice, of about thirty feet, with

a rush and a roar, which could be heard for miles away. Deep into a natural basin it poured, sending up a cloud of spray, which had coated everything around with ice. The children could not hear each other speak and it was too grand and awful to please them long. The sides of the basin were nearly perpendicular, and coated with ice, but the children were not going home the way they came, by no means, that would prove tame, and up the steep glassy sides they scrambled, with much laughing and screaming and with many falls.

Again and again, poor Mary and Hittie slipped back until their knees and shins were both sore and bruised and they were nearly ready to give up in despair, until wise little John called out to them to stick their long staves, with which each one was provided, into the cracks and rifts of the rocks over their head, and pull themselves up by that. This proved good advice and the whole party at last arrived, with no bones broken, at the top of a long hill in a familiar pasture where the rest of the way lay plainly before their sight. "We're going home, 'steady by jerks,'" called out the leader of the party.

"How is that?" said Hittie, wonderingly to Mary Grey. There was no response. Mary knew no more than Hittie. The longest pole was selected and all the other thrown aside, as the children arranged themselves each side of the pole and grasped it firmly. The larger boys at the front and the three little ones at the end, all one behind the other. Then they started off with a steady trot down the hill. Faster and faster they ran. There was no road, and the hillside was very icy and slippery. Very soon the little ones behind hardly touched their feet to the ground at all, but clung to the pole for dear life, until!—Hittie did not know what happened, but there was a sudden shock; a sensation of giddiness, more shocks and bumps, and bruises, and poor Hittie found

herself at the foot of the long hill, with her arms thrust deep in a snow drift. When she could recover herself and look around she saw Mary and little John on the ground about half way down the hill and all the company scattered around in the same predicament, except those bad boys, who were indeed on the ground, but because they could not stand from laughing. They had purposely caused the disaster by suddenly coming to a standstill in the flight down the face of the hill and the impetus, so suddenly checked, sent the children flying from the pole like stones from a sling. Poor Hittie, being a stout and clumsy child, never stopped-rolling till she reached the foot of the hill.

All were ready to forgive the bruises and to try it again, and this time, warned by past experience, they were better prepared for the next sudden stop and kept their footing. Glowing, and full of spirits, they reached their homes very tired and hungry. Mary Grey was put directly to bed; her clothing was frozen as stiff as glass, but the little Robbs were let off with a change of shoes and stockings, and a drink of cayenne pepper tea; and were none the worse, on the contrary, much the better, for their rough outing.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE OF LOU'S CAPERS.

"Hittie," said Lou, mysteriously, that evening, after they had their tea and were somewhat rested, "Come;" and she beckoned her out on the portico.

"What do you think? I have lost mother's watch!"

"Where?" said Hittie, her voice and face full of horror.

"I don't know," said Lou, beginning to cry. "She let me take it to practice with yesterday, and I didn't take it off when we went to walk. I thought that we would want to know when we ought to start for home, you

know, and after we got up on the hill I forgot all about it."

"Don't cry, Lou," said the little sister, full of sympathy, "it's too late to go to-night, but we will start the first thing to-morrow morning and we shall be sure to find it."

"Oh; I hope so," said Lou, drawing a sigh from the bottom of her heart, "I know I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

"Oh, yes; you will," said Hittie reassuringly, "I'll go in and ask mother if we can't start right after breakfast and get it before anyone else does."

"Whoever saw such a child?" said Lou in a disgusted tone. "Now, Hittie Robb, remember you are leaky, and if you say one word about this to one single soul, I'll never tell you anything again as long as I live."

Promising to keep secret and somewhat discomposed by the accusation of being "leaky," Hittie ran in to join the family circle and her wounded feelings were not in any way soothed by John's remark containing also an insinuation which she deeply resented.

"Hittie," he said, "You were real brave to-day and didn't cry one bit, when you rolled down the hill."

"Of course I didn't, John Robb," said Hittie, indignantly. "I'm no more a baby than you are, and I'm two years older and not half so much afraid of the dark."

"I'm not afraid in the dark," said John in surprise, "what made you think so?"

"Well, then;" said Hittie, go up in the garret all alone without any light and knock on the window at the very farthest end. Now we will see if you dare!"

Now, John was not to be dared. He started up at once and ran up the stairs. The attic of the house, like that of most New England houses, extended all over the entire roof and the staircase which led up to it went from a dark unused room, so that it was really quite a test for a little fellow like John and one which Hittie

would have very much objected to trying herself. Someone had left the door open at the foot of the stairs and, with the usual "total depravity" of inanimate objects, it slipped in between the two groping hands and hit the poor little fellow a tremendous blow in the face.

The family were, in consequence, greatly startled by seeing him enter the room with the blood streaming from his face. He stood before them in silence, with his hands stretched pitifully to the mother with not a cry or word of complaint.

"Oh, John! what is the matter?" said Hittie, in a guilty tone, and a frightened look at that minister of justice, her mother.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Hittie Robb," said Emmie, her gentle spirit roused by the sight of her little brother's condition.

Mother Robb took him off to be washed and plastered and then, as only a mother can, soothed and comforted him until he fell asleep. Then she returned to the parlor to administer discipline to the mischievous sister who had caused the disaster.

"He is a brave little fellow," said she, "but his face will be discolored and bruised for a week, even if his nose is not broken. You may go to bed Hittie, and try for the future to be more considerate."

"Oh, mother!" said Hittie, "how could I know he would hurt himself. Just let me finish this chapter in the 'Wide, Wide World;' I do so want to know if Ellen got the letter from her mother and that horrid old Aunt Fortune, what she deserved."

"Go directly, my daughter," and when the mother spoke in that tone Hittie knew that there was no escape.

She rose, with a groan, and looked over at Lou to see if she could not have a companion in her banishment. Lou for wonder was sitting over by a window apart from the family circle round the table, very much depressed in spirits. She was gazing silently out

of the window; her thoughts were on the lost watch.

"Come up to bed with me, Lou," pleaded Hittie, "I hate to go alone."

"No;" said Lou. "I am not ready to go yet."

"Do come," said the child, persuasively. "You don't know how lonely it is to go up all by yourself."

"If John isn't afraid of the dark I know somebody that is," said Emmie.

"Do come, Lou, won't you?" pleaded Hittie, scornfully ignoring her sister's insinuation.

"I wish you wouldn't tease so," said Lou. "You make me waver."

"What's that?" said Hittie, gazing at her sister with open-mouthed admiration and storing up the word for future use.

"Why; a great mind to go with you;" and then, as though struck with a sudden thought, she added, "Come on then, I will go," and the two children kissed 'Good night' to their parents and ran up stairs as quickly as if they had passed the afternoon in study instead of the long hard walk.

When they reached the room which they shared together, Lou turned round and facing Hittie said impressively: "Hittie Robb, we must go up to the pasture and find that watch this very night."

"Up to-night?" gasped Hittie, vacantly.

"Yes; to-night. It will be ruined if it is left out in the wet all night, and besides the boys might find it when they go for the cows in the morning."

"Go for the cows!" exclaimed Hittie in amazement.

"Well, if they don't go for the cows now, they might begin to-morrow, for I am sure it's almost time, and besides they are up there for one thing or another every day, and somebody else might take it."

"Mother won't let us go," said Hittie, reluctantly.

"You mean that you don't want to go," said Lou. "Of course I shan't ask her. It's her watch and she would

rather lose it than have us go up again on the hills, as tired as she knows we are, but we ought to go all the more for that, and see, it's bright moonlight, and we can see as plain as day. We can go up and back in an hour. Then I can go to bed and sleep, but now I couldn't sleep one wink all night if I tried ever so hard."

Softly the two children stole down a back staircase and out the back entry door, leaving it wide open behind them.

"What a draught there is here," said the father, looking up from his paper.

"I suppose some of the children have left the door open," said the mother, getting up from her work and going out to investigate. She shut the door and locked it, little dreaming that she had locked two of her flock out in the dark and cold.

The two children clung closely together and walked rapidly down the centre of the street in the carriage road. It was freezing fast and the thin ice on the puddles cracked under their feet like glass. All was silent and quiet, not a soul was stirring in the little village, and the two were half frightened and half delighted at the idea of being out alone in the night. They met with no adventure and all went smoothly until they were well out of the village and at the top of the hill leading down into the brook hollow, where the light of the moon was shut out by a large elm tree, whose long swaying branches seemed like waving arms warning the guilty young consciences at the top of the hill to go back to their home.

"It looks awful lonesome down there," moaned Hittie, clinging to her sister's arm. "What is that thing down there by the tree. Oh! only suppose it's a bear."

"Nonsense, Hittie come along! one would think you were only five years old," said Lou, impatiently.

This was an imputation too dreadful to be borne, but after another

glance at that black icy water that looked so differently in the dark from the noisy rollicking brook which had seemed to enjoy their play in the day, she ventured one more remonstrance, holding her sister back in the meantime.

"Oh! Lou, let's go back and come to-morrow; do."

"Very well; go back if you like, I'm going for mother's watch," and pulling herself away from her sister's grasp, she ran down the hill. Hittie made a desperate plunge after her; anything rather than be left alone. They quickly crossed the little bridge and squeezing themselves through a gap in the fence, found themselves in the pasture.

"Now," said Lou, "where was it that we went 'steady by jerks,' for it must have been there that I lost the watch."

They easily found the spot from the disturbance that they had made in the snow. It would seem an almost impossible thing to have found so small an object in so large an expanse, but after a very short search, Lou suddenly gave a joyful cry and pounced upon a small black object lying on the white snow under a little evergreen tree. It was about an inch of the guard, the watch having melted the snow and sunk out of sight. It was made of black silk and so stood out in strong contrast.

"Oh! Gloriosa!" screamed Hittie, seizing the end of the guard while Lou with ungloved hands began to dig through the icy crust with all her might. She soon pulled it up and the two ran joyfully home without having met a single person in their wanderings.

It was after ten o'clock and Mother Robb was peacefully knitting and reading as her custom was.

Father Robb folded up his paper and remarked: "Isn't there time enough to have a game of back-gammon yet, Mother?" and then as the front door opened, he added in aston-

ishment: "Who can that be at this time of night?"

Before he could investigate, however, the parlor door opened and there stood the two children as fresh and smiling as though they were fully expected and that it was no extraordinary thing for them to take a midnight stroll on a winter evening.

"Where did you children come from?" said Mother Robb, with the calmness of despair of one whom nothing now surprises.

Lou held out the watch and told her story. "Really, Lou, what will you do next?" said the mother, opening her watch and holding it to the fire to dry.

"The losing the watch was a misfortune, but the going out after you were sent to bed was a fault which might have met with serious consequences both to you and your little sister. You may go to bed now, and every night for the next week directly after tea."

"You never told us not to," said Lou, in an injured tone.

"I did not expect to find it necessary," said Mrs. Robb.

"Things never come out as they do in stories," said Hittie, meditatively, as she pulled off her wet boots. "Now one day when I came in from school, Mary was frying doughnuts, and you know mother has forbidden us to eat anything between meals except a dry cracker, which I detest, and the doughnuts looked so nice that I ate three before I knew it. Well; we had about George Washington in our reading lesson in school that day and I thought I'd try mother. I went into the parlor and I said: 'Mother I have just eaten three hot doughnuts. I thought she would say: 'Come to my arms, my darling child,' but instead of that she said— Oh! I can't tell you how she scolded, and said I was a very greedy girl and that she was ashamed of me."

Here Hittie perceived that her sister was on her knees, saying her prayers, and that she would have to be very quick or Lou would get to bed first and leave her to blow out the light, a proceeding to which she had the greatest objection.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DREAMING OF HOME.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

It comes to me often in silence,
When the firelight sputters low—
When the black uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache,
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of the faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth and welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
But there'll be joy in the coming,
When I go home again.

When I go home again. There's music
That never may die away.
And it seems the hand of angels
On a mystic harp at play,
Have touched, with a yearning sadness,
On a beautiful broken strain,
To which is my fond heart wording,
"When I go home again."

Outside of my darkened window,
Is the great world's crash and din,
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in,
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.



THE ORPHANS.

ST. RAYMOND'S ABBEY.

BY W. A.

CHAPTER I.

ONE bright May morning, I stepped into my carriage and ordered my coachman to drive me to St. Raymond's abbey, one of the most flourishing monasteries in Ireland. Here, in prayer and study, a band of Dominican friars spent their quiet lives. In the morning light, all the beauties of the "Emerald Isle" stood revealed. The verdant valleys contrasted strongly with the deep blue sky and the golden sun which was just peeping over the distant hills. The grassy meadows were covered with flowers of many hues. Here and there were small groves in whose leafy bowers many a little feathered songster was even now warbling his wordless hymn of praise to his Maker. In the far distance, I could discern a crystal lake which glittered like a diadem of diamonds, as the sun's rays sparkled in its tiny waves. Along the edges of the lake rose picturesque hills, adorned with romantic pleasure nooks. Still further off, a river wound its sluggish course between the flowering fields. Occasionally, also, I saw the spires and towers of some village church, or castle pointing their silent fingers heavenward. Then again, I passed the lowly huts of the peasantry who, laboring under the burden of poverty, too little understood how much God had blessed them. I became lost in my contemplation of the beauty before me, and, as the varying scenes of this panorama passed before me, I marvelled at the wisdom of the All Powerful, which was thus displayed. My carriage rolled along the country road, but I took no notice of the time until suddenly my driver stopped. Before me was a massive iron gate. I dismissed my coachman with orders to call for me at four o'clock and passed

through the gate. Here stood the abbey, yet, more like an ancient castle than an abbey. Long years back it had been a castle, but now the sounds of gayety were no longer heard within its ivy-covered walls. It bore a look of age which impressed the beholder very strongly. As I leisurely strolled up the avenue, which, lined by tall oaks and tastefully arranged flowerbeds, led up to the front entrance, the faint strains of music were wafted to my ears. I heard the rich voices of the monks, and, though I could not distinguish the sacred words, my heart was filled with the deep solemnity which the strains of music, faint as they were, conveyed. Soon it ceased, but I stood still, for the music had charmed me. An atmosphere of piety reigned about the place. The roses and lilies, which grew so plentifully were only types of simplicity and purity of the monks. The tall oaks, on the other hand, reminded one of the strength and grandeur of Him whom these monks served. I soon awoke from my reverie and walked on. As I neared the portals I saw a monk standing there intently watching me. I soon recognized the abbot, Father Kenny, an old friend of mine. He had seen me coming, from the windows of his room, and had hurried down to meet me. He grasped my hand and greeted me in a kindly voice, "How are you, Mr. Conroy. I saw you coming in at the gate, but you were so long in coming that I came to meet you." I had at first been slightly embarrassed but this wore off immediately at his kind words. I assured him that I was well and that the well-kept abbey grounds had elicited my admiration and delayed me.

The abbot was a venerable man of probably fifty or sixty years of age. There was a certain air of refinement

about him that bespoke high birth. His snow-white hair was long and curled naturally at the back. His forehead was high and clear-cut; his eyes were strong and piercing. He was clothed in a cream colored cassock with a long scapular of the same color, reaching almost to the ground. Around his waist, he wore a leathern girdle from which hung a rosary. The abbot impressed all who knew him, with his sanctity. Age had placed a mark of reverence upon him, yet not age so much, as care. His bearing was withal majestic, yet he was the humblest of men. His history was a remarkable one. He had lost his parents at a very early age, and had not the slightest idea who they were. Reared in a Catholic orphanage, he had been early imbued with that love of God, which had later impelled him to devote his services to his Redeemer alone. Yet he yearned after his parents. He was ever troubled about them. As a child he had felt their absence keenly.

"It is such a beautiful day, let us go to the arbor, rather than to my stifling room," said the abbot. His voice was soft and sweet, having a slight touch of sad sternness in it. I followed him into the garden. To-day being the feast of St. Isadore," he went on, "we just celebrated a high mass in his honor. He was the patron saint of my holy predecessor. This explained the music which I had heard soon after entering the abbey gate. I did not reply, but my thoughts dwelt on the music which still rang in my ears. Finally we reached the arbor and seated ourselves on an old, moss-covered bench. "It is strange, Rev. Abbot," said I, "that this once grand castle should now be in the hands of a band of monks."

"You are right," replied the abbot, "but it is far more strange that the circumstances which led to its falling into the hands of the monks are shrouded in mystery. This castle was

donated to our monks some fifty years ago. It was, in fact, the first monastery of our order. A few monks were looking for a desirable location to open a small house, when this was suddenly offered to them. All trace of its former owners have disappeared. The very names on the tombstones have been obliterated. I was wandering about in the chapel the other day had happened to notice a small tablet, bearing this inscription:

'Emmet, Born 18—
Eleanor, Born 18—'

"How unfortunate that the last names were not given," I remarked. "Yes," answered Father Kenny, in a somewhat mournful tone, "but the day will come when all such mysteries are cleared up." As I glanced at his face I noticed a melancholy look which I had often before seen play about his features. A deep silence followed. I well knew what his thoughts were, but I felt disinclined to disturb him. After a few moments, he began, "Mr. Conroy, I hope you will pardon my un-Christianlike dejection. You have known me from childhood and have often been my confidant. Now as I am nearing my end, I long more and more for my parents. When first I was able to reason, I found myself in an orphanage in Dublin. I had been found in the streets. Here in this orphanage, I became acquainted with the Dominicans and soon I joined them. I often think that children value too little what their parents really are to them. They treat them meanly, disobey them without the least compunction, neglect them. But when once they are gone, ah! then they realize what they have lost; then they appreciate their parents. If an orphan could have his parents restored to him, how hard would he not work to gain their love, to make life happy for them?"

Even as he spoke, the abbey bell rang forth the noon-day Angelus. As the deep sound broke the stillness, we bared our heads and knelt a few

moments in prayer. The abbot invited me to dinner, and soon I partook of the plain but hardy fare of the monks. After dinner we repaired a few moments to the chapel. The chapel was built in an antique, Gothic style. On one side were ranged the tombs of the former occupants, rich knights and ladies, who were here quietly awaiting the call to arise. The sun, shining through the richly stained glass, reflected the brilliant hues of the windows upon the marble floor. The altars were of marble, but the tabernacle was of the purest gold. After leaving the chapel, we walked through the hall, admiring the various works of the painter's and sculptor's art, which were here displayed. At the end of the hall was the abbot's room. On the wall were hung a few pictures of rare art, among them being an excellent copy of the famous Laocoon of Phidias, now in the Vatican at Rome. In this room we discussed old reminiscences. As the hour for my departure drew near, he conducted me to a small side room, almost bare, save for a few pictures which bore the marks of age. Taking up one of these the abbot handed it to me with the remark, "We found this picture, the other day, in the conservatory. Look at the lady's face, so calm and gentle!" It was a picture of a lady, and I was at once struck with the resemblance which she bore to the abbot. Both had the same kindly eyes, the same noble forehead. I continued to gaze at it, but soon a monk announced the arrival of my carriage. The abbot accompanied me to the gate and, after he had given me his blessing, I departed. He continued to gaze after me, but soon the hills hid me from his view. He stood watching my departing coach, the gentle May breeze playing with his scapular.

CHAPTER II.

The next day the abbot and another monk started out to conduct a mission in one of the neighboring towns.

The good father found great delight in bringing souls to the true path. The morning was again beautiful. The sky, with the exception of a chain of feathery clouds to the east, was serene. Punctual to the minute, the abbot and his companion stepped into the coach. The journey was to be a long one, so both spent the time in reading their breviaries, partly also in pious conversation. Their talk turned, involuntarily, upon the mission they were about to give. They were filled with a holy zeal for the work of saving souls. They strained every energy, as they labored in the vineyard of the Lord, to gain the souls of the erring. It seemed as if their hearts were filled with a taste of that joy which the angels feel when one sinner does penance. As they tried to pierce the misty future, their horses suddenly reared and overturned the carriage. The abbot was thrown violently to the ground, but the other monk escaped with only a few skin bruises. The abbot lay perfectly still and his companion was perplexed as to the right course to pursue in this strange region. The driver, after a few moments reflection, remembered a convent a short distance down the road.

"A convent!" joyfully exclaimed the monk, "how fortunate!"

Between them they carefully and reverently carried the injured abbot, and soon saw, to their joy, a convent not far away. They were readily admitted by a venerable looking nun, a Dominican. She explained that this was the convent of St. Catherine. Her attire, of course, resembled that of the monks with the exception of a black veil over her head. She was small of stature, but she walked with an unusual grace and elasticity of step. She soon brought the Mother Superior, who, after hearing the sad tale, was filled with compassion and solicitude for the sufferer. The abbot was put in a pleasant room, whose windows looked upon the convent gar-

den. The good nuns took tender care of him, but still it was about two weeks before he was able to continue his journey. It was his wont, as he lay in his bed, to admire a beautiful painting of the Ascension, executed by one of the nuns. The colors were very delicate and the figures seemed endowed with life. His attendant, the nun who had first admitted them, strove in every way to make him comfortable. He had watched her carefully during his illness, and short as the time had been, he had gained a deep insight into her character. Her pure eyes seemed to reflect the virtues of her soul. She, on the other hand, had felt herself drawn to the priest. One morning he noticed that she seemed very sad, and he inquired into the cause of her sadness.

"For a long time," she said, in reply to his inquiry, "a most important matter has preyed upon my mind. I trust that you, Father, as a priest of God, and with your experience, can help me. Hitherto I have always resigned myself to the holy will of God, but an interior voice bids me tell you my story. I have now been in this convent twenty-eight years, and they have indeed been happy years. But a cloud has ever depressed my spirits, and at times I have become almost despondent. The cause of all this worry is that I know not who my parents were. I was found in the streets of Queenstown by an old man, who placed me in the care of the Dominican sisters stationed there. All inquiries after my parents were fruitless. No one knew me, nor whence I came. So I remained with the good sisters, who fed, clothed and educated me. As I grew up I felt a vocation for the sisterhood, and accordingly took my vows under the name of Mary Margaret. But my heart tells me that perhaps my parents are still alive, and if you would help me and them with prayers, Father, I would feel at peace. From the marks on my clothes it was learned that my baptismal name was

Eleanor and by that name I was known prior to my entrance into the convent."

The abbot then told her his own story, and added such words of consolation as only such a one as he could give. As the vesper bell presently called the little nun away, the good father sat for some time in silent meditation. The next day the two monks continued their journey. The sisters felt a keen regret at parting, for the priests had given them both spiritual and temporal advice, which stood them in good stead.

The sun was setting behind the distant hills, giving promise of a glorious morrow and the evening breeze gently swayed the tall meadow grass to and fro, as the monks rode into B—, where they were to give the mission. The carriage stopped at the parish house, and they were warmly greeted by the parish priest. He wore a long black cassock, which contrasted strongly with the white habits of the monks. His face wore a jovial expression and broke into smiles, when he remarked:

"Sure, I thought you would never come. I have been as impatient as a school-boy. Every little while I would race down to the gate, until at last I feared that another accident had befallen you. But you must be rather hungry after your long ride. And you especially, Father Kenny, in your weak condition."

He led them into a pretty little dining-room. On the sideboard were displayed a number of pieces of antique silverware. The walls were adorned by a richly-wrought crucifix, and one or two pictures of fruit, true to nature. A wholesome repast was placed before the priests, who relished the food before them and did full justice to it. The abbot recounted his experiences with the nuns in the convent of St. Catherine, and found a willing listener in the parish priest. The evening passed pleasantly away. Fortunately there were no callers, so

they were not disturbed. They once more lived over old scenes in seminary life. Father Kenny even found a melancholy happiness in recounting some of his early days in the orphanage. Often the priests laughed merrily as some student escapade was related. As the clock struck nine, they retired. The night was warm, and through the open windows was wafted the music of the village bagpipe, lulling them to sleep.

The mission opened next day. The small church was crowded, and when the abbot gave his opening sermon, the Holy Ghost filled his heart and he spoke in the most eloquent strains. His fame as a preacher soon spread about the country-side. From far and near, day after day, the people flocked. At each service the church was filled to its fullest capacity. Gray-haired men and women came to this holy place as children to their play. Hardened sinners and apostates once more entered the sacred edifice. Tears of contrition coursed down their cheeks. They were once more made heirs of heaven; once more they received the Holy of Holies, their God and Redeemer, from the sacred hands of the priest. Well did they recollect the happy days of First Communion and Confirmations. After the day's work was over, the fathers were never too tired to listen to those who came to the parish house. They met them willingly and were only too glad to give them comfort.

One evening, just at dusk, as Father Kenny was walking up and down, he perceived a man coming towards him. He walked with bowed head. His clothes showed that he was of the wealthy class. Father Kenny met him with a smile, for he read the signs of trouble on the man's brow.

"Father," began the stranger, "I have come to you for advice." The priest conducted him to a remote part of the grounds where, on a rustic seat surrounded by flowering shrubs, they

seated themselves. The man then continued his story. "I am a man over eighty years of age, but have not seen the inside of a church for over fifty years. I was induced to hear you, as you were said to be an eloquent preacher. I stood in the back of the church this morning, and heard your discourse on the love of one's neighbor. Father, it is in this that I have sinned most grievously. Now I see plainly how heinous my crime has been. While yet a young man, scarce twenty years of age, I, with some companions considerably older than myself, conceived a violent hatred for a certain Lord Kenny (the abbot started) and we determined to force him to leave the country. He was a kind and God-fearing man; kind and good to us, but jealousy drove us onward. We resolved to carry out our grim purpose at all costs. He had no relatives, save a wife and two little children. We wished to get his property. By foul means we gained possession of the children, a boy and a girl, while he had to flee with his wife to America. Not wishing to kill the children, we placed them in orphan asylums. The boy was called Emmet and the girl Eleanor. What became of them I do not know. So far our plans had prospered, but we dared not take possession of the castle. We despoiled it of nearly all its valuables, defaced all traces of its former owners, and then abandoned it. We never again heard of the lord and his lady." A repentant tear rolled down the old man's cheek. "The castle for some time stood empty. Nothing was removed from it and then the government ceded it to a band of Dominican friars who had come to this country a short time before and the place is now known as St. Raymond's Abbey."

Father Raymond again started but quickly recovering himself his countenance showed the utmost composure.

The man closed with the words: "Since that time, I have had very little

peace, though over sixty years have passed. I am now ready and willing to make full restitution, and therefore ask you how to do it."

"That is difficult, but it is your duty," replied Father Kenny, "to make every endeavor to trace the former owners and to restore their property to them."

He then exhorted him, in a few words, to make his peace with God. Kneeling down, the old man made a sincere confession of his whole life. He received absolution and as the consoling words fell upon his ears, his heart felt lighter than it had done for many a year past. A heavy burden had been lifted off his shoulders and he proceeded in his work of restitution. The following day, to the surprise of the community, he approached the holy table with the rest and received the Bread of Life. Oh! what an inexpressible happiness it was to him to be once more permitted to approach the Communion rail. The mission closed next day, and Father Kenny returned to the Abbey. He now knew the mystery of the Abbey. He now knew who his parents had been. He hastened to greet his sister in the convent of St. Catherine, the little nun who had taken such tender care of him. Who can describe the meeting of the brother and sister. They were soon, though they did not know it, to find their parents. The Abbot immediately took steps to trace them.

CHAPTER III.

Some time after this, the Abbot went to —— to meet an American monk with papers of importance. He walked down to the pier. In the distance could be seen a steamer swiftly approaching. She plowed through the waves, scattering the white foam on both sides. Father Kenny paced impatiently up and down. At length the ship steamed into the harbor and in a few moments the passengers landed, glad once more to set foot on terra firma. One after another they

met their anxious friends and walked off with them. The strange priest also found Father Kenny and was heartily greeted by the good abbot. Alone did one old lady humbly make her way through the crowd. She was poorly dressed, and in deep mourning. Father Kenny noticed her and it seemed to him as if her face was a very familiar one. Deep lines of sorrow were drawn upon her lofty brow. The two priests made their way to the cathedral to return thanks for the safe voyage of the one, and the old lady followed them. The three knelt a few moments and thanked the Almighty for His goodness in preserving them. As they rose to depart, the two priests observed the old lady. In the vestibule she lightly touched Father Kenny on the arm and asked him if he could direct her as to the road to D——.

"My good lady," politely answered he, "I am bound for there myself, and will be only too glad of your company. Have you ever been in Ireland before?"

"Why, certainly," she replied, "I was born and married here. My husband and I lived very happily for a time. He was a lord and we enjoyed all the blessings that wealth could bestow. Then we went to America, and many a hard day we spent there. We both worked earnestly, but it was a hard struggle to make both ends meet. Many a time after the day's work was over, we would sit at the door of our cottage and think of the pleasant days in old Ireland. We sighed after our own sunny clime and wished we were home once more. God finally blessed our efforts and we were getting in more comfortable circumstances. My husband had set his heart on returning to Ireland to die, but alas! just as we were nearly in a position to begin our journey homeward, he took sick, and after a brief illness, died. May God rest his soul!"

"Amen," piously responded both priests.

"I remained in America another

year," continued the lady, "and then returned to my native soil—"

Father Kenny was struck by her narrative and inquired, "But what, if I may ask, caused you to leave your pleasant home in Ireland, and what is your name?"

"My husband," answered the lady, "was very rich, and this caused jealousy on the part of some of our tenants. They formed a plot to make us leave the country. First they stole our two children and then forced us to leave. My husband's name was Lord Kenny and we lived in Kenny castle, R—— county."

Father Kenny recognized his mother. He could restrain himself no longer, and faintly articulating the two words, "Mother! Mother!" he clasped her in his arms. The other

priest walked away, for the meeting of the son and mother was too solemn to be witnessed by a third person. Soon the coach arrived and they were rapidly taken to St. Catherine's Convent. On the way the abbot acquainted his mother with the tale of what had happened to himself and to his sister. He now realized that the mysterious tablet referred to himself and to his sister, and that the picture which he had found was his mother's. Arriving at the convent, Sister M. Margaret was summoned and the mother and daughter lay in each other's arms. The mother spent her remaining days with the sisters, where she was often visited by her reverend son. Here in peace and contentment she found rest after her long years of pain and sorrow.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

Beady and slow comes down the rain
And tramples onward o'er the plain,
And clashing, flashing down, the drops
Come clattering o'er the dark treetops;
With slanting tread, full swift and broad,
Ride battering down upon the road;

The dust flies out like steam,

The storm now harsh and harsher grows.
The rain now fast and faster flows.
The hosts of darkness lowering close.

Now the swift lightnings gleam.

A hush falls o'er the earth again,
As if 't were wrenched by deadly pain;
Then wild and dread with bursting tread
The crashing thunder stamps o'erhead.
The sounds roll backward high and fierce,
All the wide walls of heaven pierce,
A thousand echoes downward shout,
The hills take up the tones about,
Till, mumbling, rumbling in their sound,
They rolling strike the horizon round
And, growing fainter, break behind
The prison of the rain and wind.

A sudden gust is onward tost
And, sweeping onward, on is lost.
Then wild is hied a bursting tide,
As if all heaven were opened wide:
And, rolling, beating, fierce and fleet,

Rides sweeping down each liquid sheet.
The stout limbs crash, the loud wind roars,
The clashing rain-flood downward pours;
And wave on wave and shock on shock
The tempests beat, the treetops rock,
The chimneys roar, the windows shake,
Rattle the doors, the house walls quake;
The bellowing thunders o'er us break.

The storm now reaches to its height.
Now blacker lowers the murky night.
The blue-tinged lightnings flash more
bright

And cleave the dark in twain,
And still within the rayless black
Are swallowed up again.
With broken jags, a fiery gleam,
And pouring down a livid stream,
There comes—the very marrows thrill,
While all again is deathly still—
The walls of heaven seem to crack
And fling their yells of ruin back
And pealing forth, as on the earth
They'd bring a chaos into birth;
But that the wrath within them pent,
Though laboring still, can find no vent,
But labors bursting till 't is spent.

UNCLE BEN'S STORIES.

XIV—ON THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

BY HARRY DEE.

ONE day Gracie was reading of the Hawaiian Islands, and knowing that Uncle Ben had spent much time there she naturally asked him for more information about the wonderful gems in the Pacific Ocean.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben, "the Hawaiian Islands have always had a peculiar charm for me, and it was with the most pleasant anticipations that I made my second visit there. I went from San Francisco to the island of Oahu, upon which Honolulu is situated. This was in 1892, when Queen Lilioukalani was on the throne.

"It was an exhilarating sight as we sailed into the harbor after our long journey, and we were glad to land in this country of linen suits and panama hats. I found considerable excitement among the American population, owing to the queen's obnoxious ideas concerning the methods of government, and which a year later resulted in her being dethroned.

"This beautiful group of islands (there being fifteen in all, but only eight being inhabited and having an area of about 6,700 square miles, or about that of New Jersey) was discovered by Capt. Cook in 1778. This was the first knowledge the natives had of an outside world, they always supposing that they were the only people in existence. Each island was then governed by its own chief. Four years after its discovery, the king of Hawaii Island (the largest) captured two Englishmen, and also secured some muskets and cannon, and upon pain of death, made the two white men help him in conquering the other islands. This was finally accomplished, the last and farthest being

the island upon which Honolulu now stands. The king there made a desperate stand, but the invaders were too strong, and with the aid of the firearms, the poor natives were driven back, up the valley of Nuuanu, and finally over a high precipice. I visited the place with a guide and was shown where the men had thrown themselves 500 feet over the rocks to escape their enemies. Later the king removed his capital to Honolulu, where it has since been.

"The Catholic missionaries had a hard time in gaining permission to carry on their noble work. They first came to Honolulu in 1827, but Protestant missionaries had been there several years before, and King Kamehameha refused the Catholics permission to land. Many years later they secured permission and now are firmly established, and have several handsome edifices.

"The natives of the island of Hawaii were formerly very superstitious, and worshipped many different kinds of gods. In their simple minds the Kilauea was one of the greatest powers of which they knew, and when the eruptions were more violent than usual, they supposed the god of fire was angry at them, and they supposed that the only way to appease the wrath of the fire god was to cast several people into the fiery crater. This practice was left until a convert to Christianity publicly did a number of things that were always supposed to mean instant death. Before thousands of frightened natives she defied the fire god to harm her. The people expected her to drop dead at any moment, but she declared everyone of their ideas foolish and defied every kind of petty god to injure her. She declared that there

was only one God and His Son Jesus. When the natives saw that she was still alive and unharmed it made a little impression on their dull minds, and no further human sacrifices were made.

"It is not surprising that the natives are indolent, for the great national dish poi provides them with about all the food needed to sustain life. It is made from the roots of a water plant and a little patch will keep a native family supplied the year round. They are cooked, crushed, left to ferment and then ready to eat. The sticky, sour mass is put into a large bowl, and the natives sit around and eat it with their fingers. Besides he can get fish, clams, etc., at the beach, and behind his straw hut he can pick all manner of tropical fruits. It is always the same—there being no winter. One day is like the other in this balmy land.

"One of the most interesting things I witnessed there was the skill of the natives in riding the surf. Surf-riding was a great sport of the natives. The boards they used looked for all the world like the ordinary ironing board your mother has—round at one end and square at the other. I cannot but cease to wonder at the skill with which many of the natives would gain the crest of some monster wave, which would rush madly in shore and only at its breaking would the native be cast up on the white sands of the beach. The natives seem to spend as much time in the water as on land, and to learn to swim is one of their earliest accomplishments.

"All the islands abound in beautiful scenery, and I made trips to Molokai, Lanai, Mani, and Hawaii. The latter island is probably larger than all the others put together, and it is also possessed of the finest soil. In fact the vegetation that springs from the lava rocks are beyond belief, and no American hot-house, with the finest soil obtainable, can duplicate it. The great product on this island is sugar; coffee

is also largely grown. You know the whole group of islands is of volcanic origin, the great volcano of Kilanea, on Hawaii island, being always active, and also being the largest in eruption in the world. But two others on the same island are larger, but now extinct.

"It is on the Island of Molokai that the lepers live. It is the home for all such on the Hawaiian islands. We did not stop there on our way from Honolulu to Maui island, but saw the land as we passed. Great care must be taken in regard to this most awful disease, so people are not allowed there only under certain conditions, and at certain times. It is on this island where a number of priests have heroically gone, saying goodbye to all relatives and friends, for the person who once goes among the lepers cannot again mingle among other people. There are many men there of all professions and high education.

"The population of the islands is over 100,000 people now, of which about 30,000 are natives; 24,000 Japanese; 22,000 Chinese; 15,000 Portuguese; and only 3,000 Americans. Yet the Americans are the controlling element, they being the men of push and capital."

"Oh, Uncle Ben," said Gracie, "didn't you have an adventure there?"

"Well, nothing of a very dangerous nature. But in our cruises from island to island we were constantly in danger of being drowned in the surf. But the great skill of the natives in handling boats prevented any mishap. At one point, I think, on the coast of Hawaii, we were hauled up in baskets several hundred feet to a village on the top of a cliff."

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could all make a trip there with you, Uncle Ben?" continued Gracie.

"Perhaps, some day, we can, if some of my ventures turn out fortunately. I may be rich next year, and then again I may be poor. But I can assure all of you children that if for-

tune smiles upon me I shall take you all with me on some pleasant, safe trip."

"Let us all pray for your success, then," returned Gracie, smilingly.

[With this issue the stories of Uncle Ben are concluded, for a time, at

least. Uncle Ben is now in foreign countries, and may not be heard from for a long time. The stories of his adventures have been well received, and no doubt the many readers of *Our Young People* will ever remember him with pleasure.]

A LETTER FROM AUSTRIA.



ALICE AND HER DOG NIMROD.

Budapest, April 4, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline:

This is my first letter to you. It will not be a very long one. I will only let you know who I am. I am a little Hungarian girl, and have been for six years in the convent of the Sacred Heart. I was ten years old when my good parents placed me in the Sacred Heart. I have one sister and like her very much; she was not educated here and is very sorry. I have learnt English for three years and I like this language, it is very beautiful. I enclose here my photograph, but it is not very well taken,

because my sister took it, she is an amateur photographer. When I was a little child at home, my sister called me a little boy, because I was so fond of horses and dogs, and I played about with the little horses all day long. I am also photographed with my favorite horse, but the picture is so large that I will not enclose it here, only the one with my dog, whose name is Nimrod, he is a very good hunter. When I go home at end of June I will continue to learn English so as to speak very well. Good bye, Dear Cousin Angeline. I am, your new cousin,

ALICE LUKACS.

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Milwaukee, May 15, 1899.

What you cannot relate freely had better not be done.

The wonderful work of God is never more manifest than in the spring of the year.

Without love there can be no sympathy, for the one is founded upon the other. Nor can there be true friendship without sympathy. Those who have love and sympathy are twice blessed—both to the giver and receiver.

A farmer went out with his little son into his corn field to see if the corn was nearly ripe. "Father," said the boy, "how is it that some stalks bend so low, while others hold their heads upright? These must be the

fine ones; and the others, which bow so low to them, must be very inferior." His father plucked a couple of ears. "Look," said he, "at this ear which bends itself so modestly. It is full of the finest grains; but this, which sticks itself so proudly aloft, is almost empty. It is the same with people. Those who are most worthy and most gifted make least pretence."

SACRED PRECINCTS.

The home-life must be the sweetest. Keep out all bickering and strife. The world is full of back-biting and misunderstanding and envy. The home must be a refuge. The man is to be pitied who, after a hard day's sail amid the storms of business cares and fears, cannot drop anchor at eventide in the quiet harbor of a peaceful home. We want to get rid of our grumbling, fault-finding spirit in the home, and learn to speak words of praise and approval. It is as easy to tell the wife when she does well as when she misses a button or has weak coffee; it is wiser to praise the children for their good deeds than to be unceasingly nagging them about their mistakes. Make them happy and richest results will follow.

LAX CATHOLICS.

A lax Catholic is the favorite of the world. There is nothing the world loves so much as a bad Catholic, with one-exception only. A good Catholic is a rebuke to the world, because his life is founded on a high standard. But a lax Catholic, whose life falls below that standard, gives a consolation and a relief to the lax conscience

by which the world lives. There is something, however, worse than this. A bad priest is the world's saint. When the world finds a bad priest, it coddles him with all manner of indulgence. Can anything be more in the spirit of the world than this? There is only one thing worse than a bad priest, and that is a bad angel who fell from the presence of God Himself. And the world in receiving a bad priest with so much love and favor, is acting in accordance with the spirit of the bad angel, who is the God of this world.—Cardinal Manning.

HOW TO PRAY.

In order that the prayer may be always truly human, let it be in all ways sincere. Say and do those things that serve to bring you nearer in feeling to your God. Kneel when you pray, if that action come spontaneously as a true way of forgetting the self in higher things. Bow down in prayer, not to be seen by others, nor in the way of shocking your own self-reliance, but to do it when action seems to fit the mood, and to express you glad reverence for all that is better than yourself.

When the body bows thus, the soul is looking up into the face of the Eternal. This upward look of the soul is the essence of prayer—a brave and hopeful lifting up of the spirit of a man. When any one is cast down, forsaken, crushed, imperiled or in any other way stricken, let him not yield to the mood of fear or sorrow, but rather let the spirit hold itself erect and manful, face to face with the light eternal, heart to heart with God, the life that is larger than ours.

All such prayer is rich in reasonableness, strong in helpfulness, noble in its manliness. The progress of souls rests upon such prayer. It is the mainstay of civilization, the angel of the home, the comforter of men in trouble and their guide in darkness. It is victory over sin. Learn then its simple wisdom, choose its manly way and so advance into your grander life.

THE SEED.

A young German countess belonging to Hanover was a noted unbeliever. She was especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. Before her death she gave orders that her grave was to be covered with a slab of granite, clamped to other stones, and that on the granite slab should be engraved the following words:

"This burial-place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened."

All that human power could do to prevent that grave from being opened was done. But a little seed found lodgment in a crevice of the stones which covered the dead body of the countess and sprouted. The tiny shoot found its way between the stone side and the slab which lay on the top of the grave. It grew by degrees, and at last actually lifted the heavy slab and forced the gravestones apart. Thus the grave was opened after all, and that too without any miracle.

The people of Hanover are said to regard this grave with a kind of awe, feeling as if it were a kind of prophecy of the great Resurrection Day which is yet to come.

In the natural history department will be found particulars of amazing lifting power of plants.

THE YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

BY CUTHBERT.

(CONTINUED.)

It was a long journey on the electric road for the old lady. The novelty of it pleased her at first; but there soon began a down-pour of fine mist, and the weather had turned very cold. The excitement of the day's journey was already beginning to tell on the doctor's mother. The narrow streets and tall business houses, and the noises of trade, rather terrified her, but as she rode farther out of the city the houses began to have patches of ground in front of them, and finally she saw residences situated in large and well-kept lawns.

Several times she asked the conductor whether she had not passed Fay street. He was surly, and at last she was afraid to ask him any more, and began to think he must have passed it and was now taking her to the end of the line, and would let her off at the proper place on the return journey.

Suddenly the bell rang and the conductor, between a bark and a growl, announced "Fay". Barely allowing her time to touch the ground, the car whisked off again. Mrs. Tolmin was left standing in the middle of the street, not knowing which way to turn. Asking another policeman where No. 2428 was, she found, to her delight, that it was close at hand.

Her dress and shawl were quite damp from the heavy mist and she was now thoroughly tired, but soon, looking up, she was rejoiced to see the name of Austin Tolmin, M. D., on the glass transom of the great front door.

Mrs. Tolmin had at length arrived at her destination. The house she saw before her was one of the largest in the city, and from every window poured forth a flood of light into the now gathering darkness outside. Could this be her son's house—her boy's house? They had told her that

he was now a great physician, with a large practice, but who could have believed that he could live in such a grand house as this? Then a sickening thought came to this woman of simple habits. Perhaps, after all, he would not be pleased to see her, and would say that she had better have remained at home!

After a moment's thought her simple love told her this was impossible. She still held the now dripping chrysanthemums in her hand, and as she perceived their resin-like odor she took courage. Surely when he saw those flowers from the old homestead garden he would be her boy again. That sickening fear that just now came upon her was only a passing, foolish fancy. These flowers—a talisman of youthful memories—would bring him to her arms. Why had she frightened herself? Nevertheless it was timidly and tremblingly, and with a strange sinking at her heart that she rang the great door-bell.

The big door instantly opened as if by magic and two uniformed men-servants stood before her as if to bar her entrance.

The wife of Dr. Tolmin was one of the great society leaders of the city, and that night she was giving a reception which she hoped would place her on the pinnacle of social eminence. This accounted for the sudden opening of the door, as well as for the bright lights in all of the windows. Of course, the little black-dressed traveler knew nothing of all this, and was as much surprised at the sudden opening of the door as were the two men at sight of her.

"What do you want, ma'am? The Doctor doesn't see patients after office hours," said one of the men. "You can't see him now," continued this pampered menial, "because we have a

reception this evening and he can't see anybody."

"But I'm his mother, sir, and he will see me," said the overwhelmed Mrs. Tolmin, now tired, faint and bewildered.

"Oh, come! that won't do. That game won't go, you know," said the man of whiskers. "You had better clear out of here before the doctor comes."

"I tell you he is my son. Go and tell Austin—Dr. Tolmin—I am here," replied the widow with considerable dignity. The doorkeeper hesitated.

The other servant whispered something to his companion, which elicited a remark part of which Mrs. Tolmin caught. It was something to the effect that "it may be true, you know, and it's better to do as she says."

"You can't sit here with all the guests coming, ma'am," said the footman in an altered and more respectful tone; "you had better come into the ante-room and I will call the Doctor."

He showed her into a small chamber off the main hall, and she sat down, trembling violently. Several times, while she waited, the bell rang and guests were ceremoniously ushered into the great reception-room, from whence she could hear the animated hum of conversation and laughter. All seemed a strange, wild dream to her. How she longed to be back at her own fireside in peace!

The minutes wore on, yet no one came. Again and again she looked at the bunch of yellow eyes she held in her hand, a love-offering for her boy. Would he never come? Did he refuse to see her? She looked again at the chrysanthemums and said that was impossible.

At last she heard a rustle of silk along the mosaic pavement of the hall and the tread of a man's feet. Her heart beat wildly. After long, long years of separation she was going to see her boy again and clasp him to her fond old heart.

But her joyful anticipations were soon checked.

"I must insist, Austin," the old lady heard a voice say, "that your poor patients do not come to the house. If your practice interferes with our social relations you must give it up. This is intolerable, and on my reception night, too! I have given James strict orders to admit no one on reception nights in future." And again the widow heard the soft rustle of silk as the Doctor's wife rejoined her guests. In leaving her husband she passed the portal of the ante-room, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Tolmin saw her daughter-in-law.

She was elegantly dressed, diamonds and flowers in her hair, and she was faultlessly beautiful, but the widow saw that she was a cold, hard, ambitious beauty.

Mrs. Tolmin had determined to become the reigning queen of society in a city of many reigning beauties. To attain this position was no easy matter even for a woman beautiful, talented and possessed of an enormous fortune. Unfortunately, in following her ambition she had not hesitated to assume "advanced," and even infidel, positions and had for years given up the practice of her religion. Her course of action had insidiously, although almost imperceptibly, influenced her husband, who, while he held to the faith of his early years, was gradually losing sight of the practical side of his religion. The separation between theory and practice was, with him, becoming wider every day.

There was a slight pause after the speech of his wife before Dr. Tolmin entered the ante-room, during which the widow could actually hear her heart beating. She was becoming afraid of her successful son. At last he stood in the doorway.

"Austin!"

The mother had risen. Both hands were stretched out. Her whole soul was in her eyes, which looked longingly, hungrily for love. The son re-

mained standing in the doorway, one hand nervously stroking his moustache, the other in the pocket of his evening dresscoat.

"Austin!"

Once more she called her boy's name, her arms still extended. Then, as she realized the horrible truth, that her embrace was refused, she let them fall. Dizzy with hopeless disappointment, she would have fallen, too, had she not leaned heavily against the table. The world seemed turning to dust and ashes. She was tasting a bitterness worse than death.

"This—eh—this is a very unfortunate visit just at this time. My wife is holding one of her fashionable receptions to-night. I did not know, really, that you were coming, or I would have writ—"

"No, no, I thought I would surprise you. I haven't seen you for so many years, and, Austin, I have brought you some of the yellow 'santhums' you were so fond of when a boy at home."

"Yes—eh!—thanks very much—very much; but you know how it happens that I cannot entertain you to-night. I have fully explained, I believe, and—" he paused.

"Entertain! Entertain his own mother!" thought Mrs. Tolmin. What did she know about the opportuneness of her visit? All she realized was that her son, her boy, Austin, did not want her! Her lips turned white. She felt herself becoming dazed. The difficulty of gaining access to him, and his embarrassed, heartless reception benumbed all her faculties, as one is benumbed in the presence of great horror. She felt a leaden weight at her heart, and was conscious of a presentiment of further troubles. Beyond this she could not at the moment be said to reason.

"As I have said," Dr. Tolmin continued, not altogether heartlessly, for there was a certain quaver in his voice, "I cannot entertain you to-night. Could you not manage to

come some other time, when we have no company? I am awfully sorry it is so, but you see how the case stands, do you not?"

"Yes, yes, I see, I see," answered the mother in a dazed kind of way, conscious only of the deepening pain at her heart.

"I know you will excuse me," he continued, as he walked to the front door, "when I tell you that I am required in the reception-room at once. In fact, I have been too long away. Awfully sorry, really."

The door was now wide open. The son was about to offer a sacrifice to the Molock of fashion, and the victim was—his mother!

"Yes, yes, I—I go," said the poor dazed creature, as she stood on the wire mat outside. Her mental agony deepened, the pupils of her eyes dilated, and for the moment she was literally choking with grief.

"Good-bye," he said, not unkindly. "Wait, though, a moment. I will send some one to conduct you to a hotel."

He left her on the doorstep, and a servant passing a moment later, and perhaps not knowing that she was there, closed the door. The poor woman stood motionless for a moment or so after the door had closed. She scarcely breathed. She felt stifling. She had a dim consciousness that grief would kill her. Her temples throbbed and her anguish was an acute physical pain. With a low moan, such as a human creature can give once and live, she put her hands over her face and for a moment tottered and seemed about to fall. Whether she had heard the offer to conduct her to a hotel or not, she was too much occupied by her sorrows to heed it. She went unsteadily down the steps. "Denied by my own boy! Turned away!" she moaned again and again convulsively. Her grief was too great for tears, but she uttered a low, crooning sound, like some poor dumb animal in pain.

Motion she felt to be imperatively

necessary, and she moved on out into the darkness and the cold starlight. Whither she went she knew not, nor cared. She had money, but that was useless, for she knew not where to go. A servant—an extra servant, hired for the night's festivities—passed her, searching for some one, but he did not recognize the bowed old creature as the person whom Dr. Tolmin had asked him to conduct to some hotel.

The poor, tired woman, weak and faint from contending emotions, walked on and on until she came into a less aristocratic portion of the city. At length her strength failed her, and she was compelled to sit down on the steps of a small but comfortable-looking house. This was the last thing she remembered for many a long day.

As Dr. Tolmin was returning to the brilliantly illuminated reception-room his butler met him, holding a bunch of common yellow chrysanthemums. He started as if he had been stung.

"Take them to my study," he said surlily, and passed on.

"Now, deary, do just take a sup of this beef-tea. It'll do ye good," said a kind, motherly woman, as she stood at the bedside of the Widow Tolmin

and watched the old lady slowly regain consciousness.

When Mrs. Tolmin became unconscious she fortunately fell into the hands of a good Samaritan. Mrs. Langley was a kindly, middle-aged woman, who had known sorrow and suffering in her time. To time and inclination to do good she united the rare quality of being a natural nurse. Her children, now all grown up and flown to other nests of their own used to say that it was worth while getting ill "just to have mother nurse us back to health." Her husband, holding a responsible position in a wholesale house, had plenty of means to enable his wife to ride her hobby unmolested, much to the satisfaction and alleviation of the misery of the immediate neighborhood. She was delighted to have a case of nursing right at home, and was perfectly in her element.

"Take a sup of this broth now," she said to her patient.

"Where am I?" asked the widow, as her eyes wandered around the neat little room.

"Ye are in good hands, deary," said the nurse soothingly, "and when ye are stronger I'll tell ye all about everything."

TO BE CONTINUED.



EYES HATH SHE NOT, YET SHE SEES.

BY MARIE DEACON HANSON.

THOSE of you who have read interesting accounts of the blind girl, Helen Keller, will, I feel sure, read with equal interest a sketch of another little girl, whose history is quite as wonderful. Some one has said, "Had there been no Helen Keller, it is likely that there would have been no Willie Robin; that is, no Willie Robin as she is to-day, in her present state of mental development."

Fourteen years ago, there was born to a happy mother in the Lone Star State, a beautiful baby girl who was named Elizabeth Robin, though later the name of Willie attached itself to her, and by this she is known to-day. She was as strong, healthy and sunny-natured a baby as ever delighted a mother's heart; but when she reached the age of eighteen months, a severe illness attacked her, which left her blind and deaf, and consequently, dumb. For the first six years of her life, Willie knew how to express only two things. If she desired anything to eat, she tapped her lips with her fingers; if thirsty, she crossed her arms and beat her hands upon her breast. To-day, her mind is no longer a blank, but filled to the brim with thoughts of what is revealed to her, and of what she feels and understands. She can read, write and sew, articulate in that peculiar way common to those afflicted as she is, and make herself useful in many ways. This would seem small recompense to those children who can see, hear and talk, were they to be deprived of these senses. But, when asked by strangers if she is happy, Willie's invariable reply is:

"Very happy. Other children hear and see unpleasant things that I cannot; and so everything for me is pleasant."

And how was this wonderful thing accomplished—the making of the

blind to see, as it were, the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear? How was life made a real thing for this afflicted child, a happy reality which will grow deeper and richer and fuller for her as the years pass, and new ideas and experiences come to her?

One day, Mrs. Robin read in a stray magazine an account of what had been done in Helen Keller's case by noble, unselfish hearts in the kindergarten for the blind at Boston, where Helen Keller had been educated. So, filled with hope for her own child, the mother appealed to this institution, and after some delay, the little Texas girl was received as an inmate.

Shut your eyes, dear reader, and put your fingers in your ears, and learn what it partially means to be blind and deaf. Then, think of Willie entering the kindergarten in this condition, intensified by being dumb, and, at the end of two weeks from the time of her first lesson on the names of certain articles—the latter having been passed to her sensitive fingers for examination, and their names spelled on the palm of her hand—being able to make letters in her hand signifying the objects she touched. At the end of a month she had learned twelve words, and if her teacher sent her for the article designated by these words, she brought the right ones. In nine months she had learned more than one hundred words, and had also learned to articulate "mamma, man, Tom," and a number of other words.

It was during a doll-show held in Boston for the benefit of the kindergarten, that Mrs. Whiting—to whose niece I am indebted for the facts of this sketch—met Willie, and being instantly won by the child's lovely face and gentle manner, made her acquaintance. Since then, Mrs. Whiting has done much to help Willie, and in her own beautiful home has set

aside a dainty bedroom and playroom, which are kept at Willie's disposal. One of the most treasured gifts in Mrs. Whiting's home is a pillow-case made by Willie's small hands, and given "with much love, to Mamma Whiting," as she calls her benefactress. Miss Poulsson, one of Willie's kindergarten teachers, tells a pretty little incident in connection with the pillow-case, giving a glimpse of the child's lovable disposition.

When Willie was told to get her sewing one day, she demurred, spelling very slowly, and only half forming the letters, and scarcely touching them to the teacher's hand: "I do not want to sew."

"But remember how pleased dear Mrs. Whiting will be with a pillow-case which you have made!" Miss Poulsson said.

"Oh, yes; and I will sew then," was Willie's reply, a smile taking the place of the momentary cloud as she hastened to get her sewing.

I wish I had space and time to tell you of all this dear child has learned in the kindergarten. It is wonderful. She reads some of the children's stories written by Susan Coolidge, which have been arranged with raised figures especially for the pleasure of blind children. She has learned to keep her room in order, and before she had been an inmate of the kindergarten many days, so anxious was she to be helpful, that one morning she was found trying to make her bed.

At the end of the third year in kindergarten, she was taken home to visit her parents, and the meeting between them was affecting beyond description, the mother's heart swelling with thankfulness as she saw this lovely, winsome creature returned to her so full of gaiety, helpfulness and resource. Willie recognized her parents at once by running her slim little fingers lightly over their faces. Mrs. Robin was very ill during a part of her daughter's visit, and it was very lovely to see how Willie filled the po-

sition of elder sister, teaching her little sisters to walk about on tip-toes so as not to disturb their mother.

At the conclusion of her visit, Willie was taken back to the kindergarten, there to resume her studies, and though she pleaded to be allowed to remain at home with her parents, when told it was best for her to return to Boston, she did so without further opposition.

As sweet and lovable a child as Willie is, she is not unlike other children in that she sometimes wants her own way when it is not wise to let her have it. Miss Poulsson tells a little incident about her in this connection, showing the gentle spirit in which the child took her punishment.

One day, Willie did not yield obedience, and proved herself very difficult to manage, whereupon Miss Poulsson sent her to her own room, bidding her remain there until she was in a better frame of mind, when she could let her teacher know. Shortly afterward, Miss Poulsson heard a noise, which sounded as though a tiny foot were being stamped upon the floor, but it was not repeated. Later investigation showed the way in which Willie's season of solitude had been spent. Her little room had received a thorough putting to rights. Everything in her bureau had been folded and put back in apple-pie order. Every dress in the closet had been taken down and re-hung; boots and shoes set toeing a line, brush and comb cleaned, and articles on the wash-stand and towel-rack rearranged. This done, a few extra touches were put to hair and finger-nails, and then a very tidy, sweet-faced little maid announced herself at her teacher's door by a knock. Into the open palm stretched out to receive her communication, she spelled:

"I have been very good now;" and then repeated, aloud, "I have been very good now."

Could any child have shown sweeter spirit than this? Truly, as Miss Poul-

son says, the golden saying, "Outward order tends to inward clearness," could not have been better exemplified.

There are so many who fit themselves for the rebuke, "Eyes have they, and see not." But of this little "Lone Star" child, with her sweet

spirit and loving heart, may it not be said, "Eyes hath she not, yet she sees; ears hath she not, yet she hears; dumb is she, yet she speaks"? And all honor and blessing be bestowed upon those who have made possible with her these wonder!—From The Young Churchman.

SHORT STORIES.

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecelia.

"No. Look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecelia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is!" said Mark. Then he read aloud:

"March 8. Ben lent me his hat.

"Here again.

"July 4th. When I lost my dollar, he made it up to me kindly."

"Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, Ben is a good boy after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" asked Cecelia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me."

"You would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory. So I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and, when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book."

AN UNPATRIOTIC CONTRABAND.

One of the funniest stories of the civil war was related by Mr. Lincoln as follows:

Upon the hurricane-deck of one of our gunboats an elderly dandy, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy regiments at the Fort Donelson battle, and

part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject.

"Were you in the fight?" I asked.

"Had a little taste of it, sah."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sah; I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sah; and would hab run soonah, had I known it war comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sah,—cookin's my profession."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by the side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's wuth more to me, sah."

"Then you must value it very highly."

"Yes, sah. I does; more dan all dis world; more dan a million ob dollars, sah, for what would dat be wuth to a man wif de bref out of him? Self-preservation am de just law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values on der libes; mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction is dat to me, when de power ob feelin' am gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin, sah—I regard them as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were all like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sah; dar would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scale 'gainst any government dat ever 'xisted, for no government could replace the loss to me."

 * **NATURAL HISTORY.** *

AMAZING POWER OF PLANTS.

Experiments have just demonstrated that one of the most amazing things in nature is the lifting power possessed by a growing plant. Science, which thought it knew a few things about nature's forces, has been startled to find that such an insignificant, common-place vegetable as a squash is capable of elevating a 5,000-pound weight by the mere force of its resistless living power of expansion. Given the requisite number of these products of nature and the squash could elevate a modern sky-scraper or rend a rock.

The experiments that have shown the marvelous force latent in the vegetable world were conducted by Mr. Charles H. Ames at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst. The attention of the president of the college, W. S. Clark, was directed to the matter, and he, together with other gentlemen interested in opening up new pathways to knowledge, made further experiments. A squash was procured and a harness constructed on such principles as would enable the plant to exert to the utmost its lifting powers. Mr. Clark says:

"At first we thought of trying the expansive force of some small, hard, green fruit, such as hickory nut or a pear, but the expansion was so slow and the attachment of the fruit to the tree so fragile, that the idea was abandoned. The squash, growing on the ground, with great rapidity, and to an enormous size, seemed on the whole the best fruit for the experiment.

"Accordingly seeds of the mammoth yellow Chili having been obtained from Mr. J. J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, they were planted in the propagating pits of the Durfee plant house, where the temperature and moisture could be easily controlled. A rich bed of compost from a spent hot-bed was prepared, which was four feet wide, fifty feet long and about six inches in depth. Here, under the fostering care of Professor Maynard, the seeds ger-

minated, the vine grew vigorously, and the squash lifted in a most satisfactory manner.

"The experiment was watched day and night by relays of the scientists interested. An ingeniously constructed apparatus for testing the lifting power of the plant consisted of a frame of seven-inch boards. In this frame-work the harnessed squash was deposited, the harness consisting of iron straps completely encircling the squash. To the harness was attached a lever on which were placed the weights to measure the lifting capacity of the vegetable. As the growing squash elevated the weights, others were added. A careful record kept shows that the lifting done was as follows:

21st of the month.....	60
22d of the month.....	69
23d of the month.....	91
24th of the month.....	162
25th of the month.....	225
26th of the month.....	277
27th of the month.....	356
31st of the month.....	500
11th of next month.....	1,100
13th of next month.....	1,200
14th of next month.....	1,300
15th of next month.....	1,400
27th of next month.....	1,700
30th of next month.....	2,015
3d of third month.....	2,500
12th of third month.....	2,500
18th of third month.....	3,120
24th of third month.....	4,120
31st of third month.....	5,000

"When the squash had lifted this amazing weight the harness gave way under the great pressure and it had to be removed.

"The result proved that what have been regarded as fairy tales were actual facts; that a growing plant can lift a tree, split asunder the solid granite, and move masses in a manner that prior to these experiments may well have been deemed incredible."

 * PUZZLES. *

[In sending answers to puzzles, always give the number. Send in answers as soon as possible. Address, Cousin Angeline, care of Our Young People, Milwaukee, Wis.]

NAMES OF SOLVERS.

The names of the solvers to the puzzles in the four issues of April and May will appear in the issue of June 15, thus showing result of the contest in detail. There are about thirty solvers for the beginning of the contest, and all have done well, several answering every puzzle in that issue.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 172—(a) Take one-sixth of Thames, two-fifths of Indus, two-sevenths of Vistula, one-third of Wisconsin, one-fifth of Pecos, two-sevenths of Dneiper, and make from it a North American river; (b) Take one-fifth of Washington, two-ninths of Jefferson, one-seventh of Madison, one-sixth of Monroe, two-ninths of Cleveland, and get the name of a former president

Milwaukee, Wis. HARRY KRUSE

No. 173—

A man came running down the street;
 He ran and never tarried;
 You'd think that he could hardly walk
 With all the things he carried.

1. Some instruments of music; 2. some parts of a noble ship; 3. a wooden box; 4 and 5. two kinds of fish; 6. and several ends of whips; 7. he lightly held a noble stag; 8. He weapons also bore; 9. two tops of trunks were on his head; 10. and yet two caps he wore; 11. He carried children going to school; 12. Two quadrupeds, not small; 13. and weather-cocks,—some blue, some red; 14. the steps of a hotel; 15. Some flowers; 16. two buildings; 17. Lofty trees; 18. a noble monument, erect.

And all these things he bore with ease!
 Yet empty-handed ran;
 And looked as if he carried naught—
 That over-burdened man.

Milwaukee, Wis. LEO HANNIFIN.

No. 174—What is that which nobody wishes for, but if he has it he wants to gain it, and if he gains it, he has it no more?

LIZZIE SULLIVAN.

No. 175—What is it from which you take the whole, some will remain?

St. Louis, Mo. LEO FARLEY.

No. 176—I peeped through a keyhole and saw sixty people, and yet there wasn't a single one there. How is that?

Janesville, Wis. STELLA MORRIS.

No. 177—Explain how, through marriage, a man can become his own grandfather.

New York City. EMIL S.

ANSWERS.

No. 157—Because I'm waiting for the crown."

No. 158—(a) Small fish; none, you will have to put them in.

No. 159—(a) When he is laying in port; (b) because it is good for nothing without its tender; (c) because we must all give it up.

No. 160—
 The lily will droop and its leaves decay,
 The rose from its stem will sever,
 The shamrock and thistle will fade away,
 But the stars will shine forever.

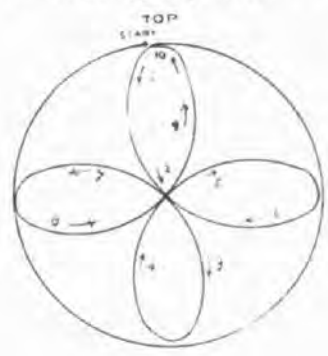
No. 161—The man is in the tree.

No. 162—Dandy, berry, many, your, rend, my whole is

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
 O u r M e r r y B a n d

No. 163—
 O R I F I C E
 R E M O V E
 I M P L Y
 F O L D
 I V Y
 C E
 E

No. 164—Made without taking pen from paper, or retracing any lines:



No. 178—What animal is that which, in the morning, walks on four legs, at noon on two legs, and in the evening on three?

Highland, Wis.

ALOIS BAHLE.

No. 179—Riddle—

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear

A golden apple doth appear;
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

St. Paul, Minn.

LIZZIE JACKELS.

No 180—(a) Add one to nine and make it twenty; (b) subtract 45 from 45 and have 45 left.

East St. Louis, Ill.

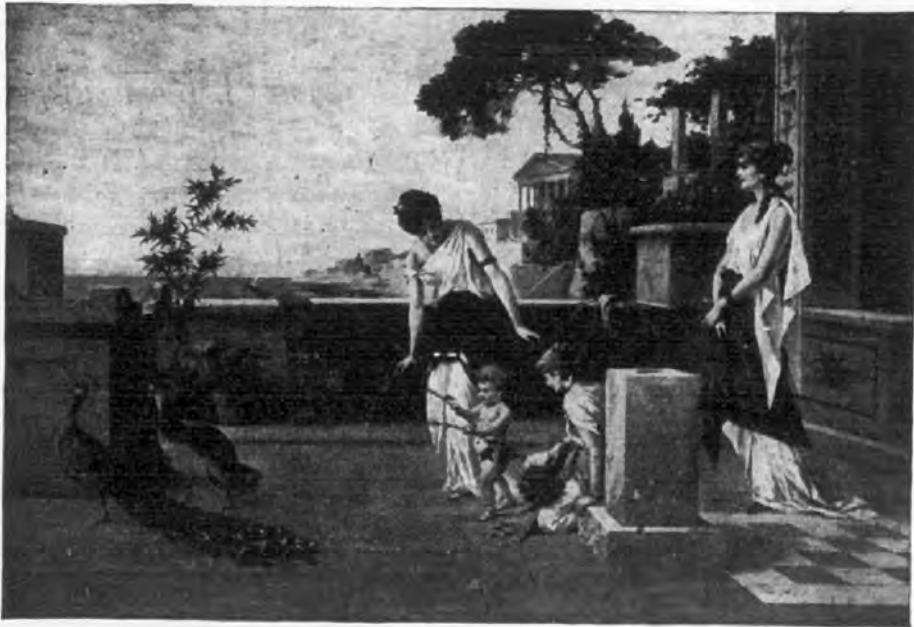
BERTHA C. PIDGEON.

GOOD FRIENDS.

See illustration, page 936.

See faithful old Rover and the little kitten. Rover is hungry, but is generous enough to allow the little kitten to drink the milk in the plate. Little Mary is always afraid to leave her pet kitten alone with the dog, so she makes her mamma come with her and watch while the kitten drinks her milk. But we do not think old Rover would harm the kitten, for it is so small and helpless that he simply looks on in curiosity. Rover is af-

fectionately true and justly beloved, and has never yet done an act that required a stern word. He seems to know that kittie should not be harmed, so he rather stands as protector than an enemy. One day a big strange dog came into the yard where Rover lived. The strange dog saw kittie and was about to begin an attack when Rover interfered, and the strange dog was glad to escape.



THE FAMILY PET.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT



GOOD FRIENDS.

 * * * * *
LETTER BOX.
 * * * * *

[Contributions to this department must be written on one side of the paper only, always with pen and ink, and addressed to **COUSIN ANGELINE**, care of **OUR YOUNG PEOPLE CO.**, 146-150 4th St., Milwaukee, Wis. The name and full address of the writer should accompany the letter to insure its publication, as well as the nom de plume, if one be used.]



CLUB CRY.

Here we stand!
 Here we stand!
 We are the members
 Of Our Merry Band.
 Ha! ha! la!
 Hee! hee! hee!
 Nothing's the matter
 With the O. M. B.!

"What's the matter
 with Our Young People?"
 "It's a-l-l right!"

DEMAND KEEPS UP.

To My Dear Cousins: The demand for buttons continues to keep up and orders for many more have been sent in. We wish to supply all subscribers of Our Young People with these pretty emblems, and all that you need to do to secure one, is to make application for same on a postal card.

Many members of Our Merry Band continue to send in new subscribers, which not only allows them 25 cents for their work, but gives them the consciousness of having done something towards increasing the membership of the band.

There are many interesting letters in this issue, and I should much like to say a few words to many of my dear cousins, but I feel that the space should be reserved for the letters, as there are many waiting to find place in these columns.

With love to all the cousins, I remain,

COUSIN ANGELINE.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 24, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you, I hope it will not find the path to the waste basket. I am eight years old and go to the Holy Rosary school. My teacher's name is Sister Sybilane. She is very kind. I like to read the stories in the magazine very much. I think Uncle Ben's stories are very nice. I have two sisters, one is a little baby, two months old. Her name is Margaret Agnes. I remain

Your new cousin,
JOSEPH KENNEALLY.

Burlington, Wis., March 24, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: Here comes a merry little cousin from Burlington, who seeks admission to your flower garden. I wonder what flower I should be? You already have so many flowers. I fear I shall not find room. Oh! now I have it. Next week will be Holy Passion Week, so I will be your Passion Flower, May I? I read through the letters of Our Young People to-day, and saw therein a letter from my cousin from Lake Geneva. I wonder if she can guess who this is from? Last Sunday we had Forty Hour devotion here, and Tuesday evening, the solemn close.

Forty little girls and twenty little boys marched before the blessed sacrament Sunday morning and Tuesday evening. The little boys wore black waists, with red sashes, and carried lighted candles, while the little girls wore white dresses, a wreath on their head, and carried a bouquet of flowers. My chum, Loretta Uhen, and I were also among the number; and as usual we were partners. Well, now, dear cousin, I must tell you a little about myself. I am eleven years old. I have dark hair and brown eyes, and am rather small for my age. I go to St. Mary's school and church. I am in the fourth room and eighth grade. My teacher's name is Sister Salutaria. Just now we are preparing to give a concert for the benefit of our school on Easter Monday. The sisters are drilling us so thoroughly that I feel sure we will make a grand success of it. I must not forget to tell you about that sweet little baby brother of mine. He is thirteen months old, his name is Alois, and, oh! he is such a little darling. I also have a little sister who is two years old. We call her Tuttle, for a pet name. Do you skate, dear cousin? I have a pair of skates, and Loretta Uhen and I together have enjoyed skating on the ponds around home. The skating on the river was not very good this winter. I just enjoy reading Our Young People, and think it is one of the finest magazines published. All the members of our family, the older as well as the younger ones, like it. You just ought to see us rush for it when my brother brings it home. Each one wants to be the first one to get it. It is long past bedtime, so I must close for this time, but if I see this in print, I will write again and describe our beautiful Burlington to you.

From your Passion Flower,
FLORENCE PRASCH.

March 24, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: This is my first letter to you. We have been taking Our Young People for six or seven years, and we like it very much. I go to St. Bernard's Academy and my teacher's name is Madam Ursula, and we like her very well. I go to the Sacred Heart church and Father Green is the pastor. We are preparing for our first Holy Communion. I am ten years old, and I study catechism, reading, arithmetic, grammar, spelling, history and geography. As my letter is getting long I will close.

Yours forever,
MAGGIE DUGGAN.

Memphis, Tenn., March 24, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: Here I am again, for the third time, hoping that I will be just as welcome as I was the first time. I have now three sisters and three brothers, as we have a dear little baby brother. I think he is the sweetest little thing. He is only two months old. We had him baptized and his name is John Patrick Doyle, after our two grandfathers. I like Uncle Ben's stories, especially those with pictures. Cuthbert's stories, too, are lovely, but we still watch for some about girls. I always look at the letters and puzzles, and I would be so proud and happy if I could get a premium. I hope you will

think this letter fit to be printed, and that you will find room for a greeting at the end of it. We miss your part very much. With love to you and all the cousins, I remain

Yours affectionately,
MARY DOYLE.

Lake Geneva, Wis., March 24, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As my sister is writing to you, I thought I would, too. I am seven years old. I have a pug dog, and he is awful fat. I also have a canary bird that sings very sweetly. I have three sisters and two brothers. My studies in school are reading, arithmetic, spelling, music and language. As this is my first letter I will not make it any longer, so good-bye.

Your new cousin,
KATHARINE BRIEGEL.

Lake Geneva, Wis., March 24, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I saw my letter in print it gave me courage to write again. We had an entertainment of "Brac, the Poor House Girl," St. Patrick's night. It was just lovely. I suppose you are very busy. My friend, Mamie Watson, takes Our Young People, too. We are always looking for it. I wish summer was here. How I do dread winter. It has been so cold here. We have stations every Friday night here, and on Sunday night we pray the rosary. This summer I am going to receive confirmation. We are going to study Bible history pretty soon. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will have to close.

I am your cousin,
FLORENCE BRIEGEL.

Menominee, Mich., March 25, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have seen but a few letters from Menominee, I thought I would join your merry band. I miss your few lines of greeting after each letter. I have often wondered where Cousin Adorine has gone, and why she did not say good-bye to us. I thought it very kind of you to bring those letters to Santa Claus, although I did not write any. Most of my friends take Our Young People. Hoping to see this in print, I remain

Your cousin,
MARIAN WOESSNER.

St. Paul, March 25, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: We have a little baby brother here, and he is the sweetest little boy in the world. He is only fifteen months old, and he can dance and sing. I go to St. Mary's school and our pastor's name is Father Gibbons. He is so kind to us. My sister's name is Sister Mary Anna. My studies are catechism, arithmetic, geography, spelling, reading, language. Our class was very good to me. I got everything I asked for. As my letter is getting long and not very interesting, I will close, with love to all the cousins.

MARY GEHAN.

Green Bay, Wis., March 26, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I have been taking Our Young People for a number of years, and enjoy reading the many letters you receive from all its members. I have often wanted to write to you and become one of your little band. I attend St. John's school and I am in the fifth grade. I will be twelve years old in June and expect to receive my first Holy Communion some time this summer. This is all for this time, hoping you will welcome one who is better late than never. I remain

Your new cousin,
IRENE MAY DE GUIRE.

St. Louis, March 25, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I like to read in Our Young People. It is very interesting. I like to read Uncle Ben's stories. I go to St. Peter and Paul High School. I am thirteen years old. I hope my letter will not reach the dreadful place called the waste basket. I remain

Yours truly,
HENRY WESSELS.

St. Louis, Mo., March 27, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter it will not be a very long one. I have taken Our Young People for about a year and like it very much, as the stories are very interesting and nice. I think I will try to solve some puzzles in the coming contest. I attend the S.S. Peter and Paul's school. My teacher's name is Bro. William, and my branches are: Catechism, Bible history, English and German reading, grammar, arithmetic, geography and United States history. The pastor of our church is Rev. Father Goller. He is a venerable old man, very pious and kind. As I am a member of Our Merry Band, I would please like to have a button. I will have to close, hoping to be counted as one of the cousins, and that this will escape the waste-basket, I remain

Your loving cousin,
ALOYSIUS KINKEL.

St. Louis, March 27, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you, I will make it very short. I have been taking Our Young People for quite awhile. I enjoy the stories of Our Young People. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am going to make my First Communion. I wish to surprise my parents with this letter. Hoping this will not reach the waste basket, I remain

Your new cousin,
BERNARD BRINKMAN.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 27, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I have read so many letters in Our Young People that I thought I would write one. My papa and mamma read the stories to me and I enjoy them very much. I like the funny pictures at the back of the paper, too. I am nine years old, and attend the Whittier school. I would like to have one of the buttons and become a member of our merry band, and my papa says he would like to form a club among the children who take Our Young People in Minneapolis. He says he thinks we would all enjoy ourselves at the meetings, and might furnish some good stories for the paper. Papa says besides getting new subscribers for you it would unite the Catholic Young People of the city. Hoping you will not cast my letter aside, I remain

Your Cousin,
MABEL CARROLL.

A very good idea, Mabel. I think it would be very nice to have "Our Merry Bands" in every city. Here the children could meet, probably at the different homes, and then write letters to me of their proceedings. I shall be pleased to hear of the first band organized.

Marshfield, Wis., March 27, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I am preparing for first Holy Communion, which will take place in May, and expect to be confirmed in June. We have enjoyed our new school building very much the past year, and are all fond of our pastor, Rev. Father Elson. Yesterday was Palm Sunday, and as cold and wintry as ever, but the sleighing was very good. I think this is rather severe weather for the young flower cousins, but will see them all a little later. I

belong to a little militia company. We drill and have lots of sport. We have suits, guns, knapsacks, canteens and most everything a real soldier could have. We even have a bugler. The boys are all my size (twelve years) or younger. We take long marches sometimes, and put our lunch in our knapsacks. With regards to the cousins and to you, I remain

Your loving cousin,
HAROLD E. VOLLMAR.

St. Paul, Minn., March 27, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I am a little girl ten years old and I go to the Ramsey school, and the St. Mark's church, and I am in the "A" Third grade. Our pastor's name is Rev. Father Doyle. Miss Gaskell is my teacher's name. I am very anxious to join Our Merry Band. We are having a good deal of snow this winter, and I wish it would hurry and get summer, so that I might gather some wild flowers. I will close.

Your new cousin,
CLEMENTINE E. TRAVERS.

Kansasville, Wis., March 28, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I have been a subscriber of Our Young People for over three years and have often thought of becoming a member of "Our Merry Band." I am very much interested in the various departments of Our Young People, especially the stories. I have sent in answers to the puzzles several times, but have never been successful in winning a prize. I go to the public school and study reading, writing, arithmetic, history, physiology, geography and spelling. I live about one-half mile from Eagle Lake, which is noted for its resorts, scenery and fine fishing. It is one mile long and about three-fourths of a mile wide. We have a church here, and our pastor's name is Rev. Father Freimann. As this is my first letter, I will detain you no longer. Your cousin,

WM. L. COX.

Cedarburg, Wis., March 28, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you I will not make it very long. We have taken Our Young People a number of years; but I have never had the courage to write you. I like to read the letters and I think the stories are very nice. I read in the last issue about the club you are organizing, and I would like to become a member of the "O. M. B." if you will admit me. My sister wrote to Cousin Adorine a couple of years ago. I am fourteen years old, and I received my First Holy Communion last May and I think I will be confirmed next March. The children of the First Communion class have a sodality called "The Children of Mary," and we go to communion every month. Our pastor's name is Rev. J. W. O'Keefe, and we all like him very much. I go to a public school, as there is no Catholic school here. Cousin Angeline, how did you enjoy this winter? There was not much skating here, but I wished there had been more, because we all enjoy that kind of sport. I have five brothers and three sisters. Our baby is a year and a half old, and her name is Geraldine. She is a very nice little girl when she is asleep. She is very playful and we have lots of fun with her. I sing in the choir at Low Mass and at vespers. There will be a double funeral here to-morrow. Dear cousin, I hope the Easter rabbit will be good to you and bring you lots of nice eggs. Don't you get tired of reading all the letters from your cousins? I think I would get tired. Well, I will not tire you any

longer with this letter, as it is bed-time. Hoping this letter will not reach the waste-basket, I remain
Your loving cousin,
NORAH KENNEY.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 28, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I have taken Our Young People for two years and find it very interesting, especially "Uncle Ben's Stories." I am in the fifth grade in the public schools, although I go to mass and Sunday school at the Immaculate Conception church. Our pastor, Rev. J. J. Keane is one of the nicest men that ever lived. My Sunday school teacher's name is Sister Celestine, and she is also very nice. You can't expect much the first letter, but if I am accepted as a cousin, I will write quite often. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain

Your country's flower,
"THE GOLDEN ROD."

Devernon, Ill., March 28, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you, I will not make it very long. I will be eleven years old the 5th of July. I like the stories in the Young People book. It will be a week ago to-morrow since I have been to school. The teacher has got the mumps and the school is closed. My sister takes the Young People book too. I have got two sisters. I live on the farm. I walk a mile and a quarter to school. My studies are reading, spelling, arithmetic, language and writing. Hoping this will escape the waste-basket, and will see it in print, I will close.

CHARLIE DENTON.

Chicago, Ill.,
March 29, 1899.



Dear Cousin Angeline: Are you enjoying winter? Are you not glad Easter is coming? I am very glad, because we always look forward to having a good time on that day. Since I wrote to you last I have been promoted to sixth grade. My studies now are: Catechism, arithmetic, (oral and written), United States history, grammar, physiology, Bible history, geography, reading, writing and spelling. My teacher now is Sister Mary Theodosia, who is very kind. I am reading "Mehitable's Secret," "Life at Eventide," and have read "The New Tenant" and "Grandma's Shelling-Bee," and think they are all very nice and instructive. Please send me a club button. Enclosed is my photo.

Your rose-bud,
MARIE E. GIBBONS.

As you failed to send the street address, Marie, I have been unable to send you a button.

Broderick, California, March 29, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have never seen any letters from here I thought I would write a few lines. I hope I will be admitted into your merry band. I have taken Our Young People for nearly two years and like it very much. If I see this in print I will write a more interesting letter next time.

Yours truly,
NECTARINE BLOSSOM.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 29, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I had read many of the letters in the Young People, which my brother takes. I am ten years old. I go to trapezoid school. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Byrns. We are having our Easter vacation this week. I go to the St. Lawrence church. Our pastor's name is Rev. C. Genis. I hope my letter will not reach the awful waste basket.

I am your new cousin,
KATHARINE PICKETT.

Cahill, Minn., March 29, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have never seen a letter from Cahill I thought I would like to join the merry band. I have taken Our Young People since June and like the stories in it. I am much interested in "Mehitable's Secret" and hope it will continue for sometime. I have four sisters and one brother. I live in the country and go to the district school. Last year I won quite a number of prizes. As this is my first letter I will not make it very long. I will close hoping to see it in print. I remain, Your new cousin,

AGNES DUGAN.

Kenyonville, Orleans Co., N. Y.,

March 29, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter it will not be very long. I used to live in Grand Rapids, Mich., but we moved to New York. I go to school every day. My studies are reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography. I like arithmetic best. It is not a Catholic school and I learn my catechism at home. We go ten miles to church. Hoping it will not reach the waste basket. Your new cousin,

MARY PETTIT.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 29, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As this is my first letter to you I will not make it a long one. I am a little boy nine years old. I go to school and am in the second grade. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have been taking Our Young People for two years and like it very much. Hoping my letter will not reach the waste basket. I remain,

Your cousin,
JAMES COGWIN.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 31, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: This is the first letter I have written to you and I am very anxious to join the merry band. I am ten years old and in the B fourth grade at the Van Cleve school. My teacher's name is Miss Hamlin. We have taken Our Young People for two years and we all enjoy reading the stories very much. I am the youngest of two sisters and a brother. I have a pet dog named Jip. He is very pretty. His hair is curly and black and white. He pulls me on the sled every place I go. I have a vacation this week and I spend most of my time helping a poor sick lady. I must close, bidding you all good-bye. Your cousin,

SADIE VAN RICKLEY.

Earlington, Ky., April 1, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I have neglected to write a letter for so long that I am almost ashamed to do so now. I have taken Our Young People for two years and I am delighted with it. I like Uncle Ben's stories very much.

I go to school and am in the 5th grade. I have nine studies, viz., drawing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, spelling, writing, Bible and United States history and composition. I have one brother and three sisters. Hoping I have not tired you by a long missle, I am,

Your new cousin,
THE BICYCLIST.

Homer, Neb., April 1, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I saw my last letter in print I concluded to write again. Aren't you glad spring is here? We shall have spring flowers soon, I hope. I will try to get a new subscriber for Our Young People and I wish you would please send me one of your beautiful buttons, as I wish to join our merry band. I am eleven years old and am in the eighth grade. I hope all my cousins are well and you too. Well I must close as my letter is getting quite long. With love to you I remain,

Your cousin,
SWEET PEA.

Homer, Neb., April 1, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: As I have never written to you I concluded to write. We shall have spring flowers here soon. I will try to get a new subscriber for Our Young People and I wish you would send me a button as I wish to belong to our merry band. I am thirteen years old but I will be fourteen the 30th of May. Well I must close. Hoping to see my letter in print I remain,

Yours truly,
VIOLET.

Harper, Iowa, April 2, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: Seeing letters from all parts of the state except Iowa I thought I would write a letter to you. I received my badge a few days ago and I am very proud of it. I am well pleased with Our Young People paper. I think "Mehitable's Secret" is very interesting and also Uncle Ben's stories. We have a splendid school but a poor building. Our teacher's names are Sister Luica and Sister Baptist. Rev. Father Grothe our pastor is doing all he can for a new school building this summer. Hoping to see my letter in print I remain, Your new cousin,

MARGARET V. STUEGEL.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, April 3, 1899.

Dear Cousin Angeline: I have seen a few letters from the cousins in our twin city, Omaha, but I have not seen any from Council Bluffs, so I concluded that I would write a short one to you. We have taken Our Young People for nearly a year and we all enjoy it very much. We always watch anxiously for the next issue. I am reading "Mehitable's Secret" and "Light at Eventide" now. My little brother is very much interested in Uncle Ben's stories and the funny part in the back of the book. I go to the high school in this city and am in the ninth grade. I am taking the Classical Course and my studies are Latin, Algebra, English Composition and Physical Geography. Algebra is my favorite. I have so much to say to you, dear cousin, that I am afraid if I write all I want to it will fill one whole page in the magazine so I will close, hoping to see my first letter to you in print. I am,

Your new cousin,
FORGET-ME-NOT.

 * STAMP COLLECTOR. *

[Notes of interest and letters to this department should be addressed to "Stamp Department," care of Our Young People, Milwaukee, Wis.]

STAMP NOTES.

Everybody almost is collecting stamps in this year of grace 1899, or at least knows someone who does. The boys are full of collecting excitement.

The enthusiastic collector is always looking forward to the time when he will make a great "find." In his dreams he often is the lucky finder of rare lots of stamps, even if in his working hours the finds do not materialize. Great finds have been made in the past and probably will be made in the future, and why should not he be the fortunate individual?

The idea of corresponding with foreign collectors and exchanging stamps of your country for those of their land is attractive to many philatelists. Anticipation of the plan is sometimes more pleasant than the realization of it. Foreign correspondents are often very unsatisfactory; they, as well as yourself, are looking for the better of the trade. Again, it may happen that the relations entered into will prove pleasant and profitable.

"I have a large assortment of stamps and would be pleased to exchange, and will send sheets to anyone interested in collecting stamps.
 J. M. RUGEN,
 2108 W. Lake St.,
 Chicago, Ill."

I noticed in Our Young People several items concerning stamp collecting. Will you kindly let me know whether you collect stamps of all denominations? That is, the cancelled red two-cent stamps, as also the one-cent? I have several thousand of all denominations and will send them to you if you take them. Kindly let me know as soon as possible, and oblige.

Respectfully,
 URSULINE SISTERS.
 St. Michael's School, Frostburg, Md.,
 April 25, 1899.

[In answer to the venerable sisters, we would say that St. Francis, Wis., is the address of the St. Francis Xavier Union of Stamp Collectors. The Union desires all the cancelled stamps they can secure.

Great and wonderful things have been done with these seemingly worthless stamps. For instance, thousands of children in the Chinese empire have been rescued from a cruel death and regenerated in the waters of baptism, by these little stamps; thousands of poor, unhappy mortals, doomed to slavery by cruel and barbarous Arabs, have gained their liberty by means of cancelled stamps; hundreds of educational institutions have been established for planting the Holy Catholic Faith among savages; orphanages have been instituted, schools built, churches reared, and missions founded in the very midst of barbarism by funds realized from cancelled stamps. The list might be continued indefinitely. These cancelled stamps are sent to foreign countries and sold, and big sums realized, which is used in missionary work.]

POSTAL CARDS.

It seems almost incredible that there should be over 8,000 varieties of postal cards, but this is the extent claimed for the Watson collection. These, however, include various issues of the same nation and denomination, and also cards issued for special occasions. Postal cards have been in circulation a little less than twenty-four years. The idea originated with Dr. Emanuel Hermann, a professor of national economy at the Imperial Academy in Wiener, in Neustadt, Lower Austria. His ideas, under the head of "New Means of Correspondence by Post," were published, and attracted the attention of the Government officials. The Austrian Director-General of Posts took up the idea, and succeeded in having an issue of postal cards put in circulation in 1869. The original name given to the postal card was the "correspondence carte."

DICTIONARY FOR COLLECTORS.
 TERMS IN EVERYDAY USE DEFINED.

Albino—A stamp which is only an impression of the plate upon the paper without color.

Batonne—Has parallel lines in its substance further apart than in laid paper, and serves as a guide in writing. It may also be

laid or wove. English collectors call this "foreign note."

Bogus Stamps—Those of which there are no originals. This name is sometimes applied to counterfeits.

Continental—European stamps of common grade.

Counterfeits—Imitations of genuine stamps.

Diagonally Laid—Paper with lines appearing diagonally across.

Dies—The engraving of stamps from which the impression is taken.

Embossed—Stamps having the design in relief, which are printed from a sunken die. See United States envelopes. This word is sometimes used to designate "grilled" stamps.

Enameled—Paper with a colored surface finely calendered.

Error—A stamp on which some mistake is made, either in the engraving, color, perforation, printing of surcharge.

Essay—A design for a stamp submitted for approval and which shows the stamp

as it will appear when printed. This name is usually given to designs that have been rejected.

Fac-Similes—Imitations of stamps. They only differ from counterfeits in that they are made and sold as copies of rare stamps.

Fake—A name given to a stamp that has been fraudulently manipulated in order that its value might be increased; also, used to denote bogus or "suspicious" stamps.

Fiscals—Revenues.

Forgeries—See counterfeits.

Glazed—Paper much like enameled, but usually thinner.

Government Counterfeits—Stamps which are obsolete and the plates destroyed, and which are reissued by a government from new plates in imitation of the original issue. See United States 1847 issue, called reprints.

Government Reprints—Stamps reprinted by a government from the original plates after the issue is obsolete.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE DARK ROOM.

Editor Amateur Photograph Department: I always see it stated so firmly that every amateur should have a dark room, however small. There is a great deal more advise that is given the amateur, both good and bad. Now I wish to say in regard to a dark room that closets, etc., cannot always be spared by the women folks. They do not want the walls blackened, and many times are not in full sympathy with the youthful photographer. I have never had a dark room and yet have developed plates by the score, without a suspicion of fog or other injurious matter. After the kitchen is deserted in the evening I take possession, close the blinds and curtains, and then have as nice a dark room as you please. There is plenty of room for trays and chemicals, and plenty of water in the sink. You are then sure of clear plates and best possible results.

Of course some amateurs can hardly wait for evening to come, but that is only in the first stages. After some experience

he is able to wait a few hours before developing his plate.

So have your dark room if you can; but the kitchen in the evening is even more secure.

AMATEUR.

FOCUSING.

The first thing a beginner has to learn is how to focus, and this I believe to be generally looked upon as synonymous with getting the image sharp on the ground-glass screen, and there it ends, or is supposed to; but in reality this is only a preliminary matter, as the real focussing is putting in practice the knowledge of the artistic values of objects as the component parts of a picture. No amount of written directions will be of much use, as this matter depends entirely on art knowledge and culture, the only safe guides in making a photograph a picture.

The following remarks may be some little guide in reducing focussing to something of a system, although every picture taken requires some modification peculiar

to itself. We begin by carefully observing the subject we propose to photograph, noting the most conspicuous, or those objects which we desire to form the most attractive parts of the composition, and then mentally reduce it to the form of a picture, imagining how it will appear as a flat surface. The concave lens is useful in giving assistance at this point, especially if it is masked down to the shape and proportion of the picture we intend to make. Now look on the ground glass, and note the effect, which will be somewhat different to that given by the concave finder, increase of size altering the apparent value on the different portions to each other. Be in no hurry, but thoroughly well consider the image in all its bearings, altering the focus to and fro until the best effect is obtained according to our preconceived ideal.

This proceeding will occupy some time, but it is not by any means thrown away. Conscientious workers, who really know what constitutes a good picture, and how to make one, frequently spend most of their time, when out photographing, in focussing, or, in other words, composing their pictures, for composition and focussing are part and parcel of the same operation; either badly performed will vitiate the whole. A general rule in landscape work may be given, that the nearer the object to the camera the sharper it should be, and in portraiture the eyes of the model should be the best defined part. Nose, mouth, and ear follow closely after in importance. Old portrait lenses having so little depth of definition, it is necessary to focus very carefully on those points required absolutely sharp. Lenses of the rectilinear type are much more easy to work with, on account of their greater depth focus, and the probability is, if the eye was focussed sharply, all the rest of the head would be sharply defined too. For groups this quality is valuable, but for single figures a good portrait combination generally gives the most artistic result.

Atmosphere is not dependent on focussing, although a semblance of it may be introduced by want of definition, but it is upon exposure. A properly exposed and developed picture will always possess proper aerial perspective, and there will be no necessity, by intentional want of sharpness, to imitate it.

EARN MONEY WITH A CAMERA.

A bright young amateur photographer in almost any town can make money with his camera by doing a class of work that would otherwise not be done. There are many opportunities among furniture makers, carriage makers, china, glass

and jewelry manufacturers, manufacturers of machinery, etc., who do much of their advertising through the medium of photographs, and if the amateur can show good specimens of work he can obtain orders for work, unless the proprietor has some one whom he employs regularly. There is one boy who paid his way through school by making photographs for a man who made a specialty of carved stone. As no two buildings were decorated exactly alike, he had photographs made of each piece of carving, and this boy made the pictures. He is now in college, where his camera still accompanies him as a source of income.



CITY HALL, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Taken from the 13th story of the Pabst building. Korona Camera, Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

The picture of a flash of lightning reproduced in the issue of April 15, caused considerable interest, and a desire from several to know just how it was caught. It was quite simple. The camera was focused on a part of the sky from an upper window, and the shutter opened. It was left there for some time, but as soon as the lightning flashed in the sky in range with the camera, the shutter was closed and the picture secured. There is no danger of over-exposure on a dark night, even though there are a number of flashes in other parts of the sky, and as can be seen by the picture there is no detail at all on the neighboring house in the foreground.

A CHANGED APPETITE.



1. Mr. Gormandizer had such an appetite for eating and drinking that it seemed impossible to satisfy it. Waiters would watch him in astonishment.



2. Finally he fell sick and Dr. Pills was called in. The case was too deep for him to decide alone, so he concluded that—



3. He would call in another doctor for a consultation. It was decided that the stomach must be removed, so he was brought—



4. To the hospital, put on the operating table, and the doctors removed the stomach from his body, and inspected it.



5. It was washed thoroughly under the pump and put on a post to dry, when the dog smelled it and seized the important organ—



6. And ran away with it. The doctor gave chase, for what would become of their patient if he lost his stomach?



7. It was decided that some kind of a stomach must be secured, so the butcher was called in to see if he could supply one.



8. He killed a calf and quickly removed the stomach and the doctor ran back with it to their patient.



9. It was replaced and in a short time Mr. Gormandizer was able to get about.



10. But now he can eat only raw cabbages, raw potatoes, carrots, etc., and abhors liquors of all kinds. The calf stomach did it.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

STAMPS FOR COLLECTORS,

War Department. 1873. 9 varieties, (1, 2, 3, 6, 10, 12, 15, 24, 30) unused for.... \$0.90
 100 varieties of foreign stamps..... .12
 15 varieties of Cuba and Porto Rico..... .15
 Or we will send the 3 lots above, postpaid for..... 1.00

Fine foreign stamps on approval at 50% discount. Agents wanted who can give reference and make prompt returns, no others wanted.

CHESAPEAKE STAMP CO.,

212 W. Saratoga St., BALTIMORE, MD.



DID YOU EVER COLLECT STAMPS?—
 There is much pleasure and money in it. For only 5 cents we will start you with an Album and 50 different stamps from Cuba, Phil. Isl., Porto Rico, etc., and our 80-page list, etc. We Buy Old Stamps. Standard Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.

\$5.00 Entire Collections of Stamps \$30.00

1000 Varieties price, \$ 5 00
 1500 " " 12 00
 2500 " " 30 00
 U. S. 1890 issue, 1 to 30c, used (10 var.)..... .25
 U. S. 1895 issue, 1 to 50c, used (10 var.)..... .15
 U. S. Revenues, old issues, 15 var., catalogue value, \$1.25..... .25

These packets of stamps are as far ahead of all other packets as the UNITED STATES is ahead of SPAIN. 2c postage extra. Cash, money order on Baltimore City P. O. with order.

JOS. B. BURLEIGH, JR.,

GOVANSTOWN, BALTIMORE CO., MD

THE 1898 WAR STAMPS.

A set of 12 varieties; 1/4c, 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00, and the 1c and 2c I. R. surcharged, post free, 15c.

Selections sent on approval.

Price lists free.

GEO. T. CARTER,

265 HALSEY STREET,

BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. A.

RE-ISSUES.

Artist—"Do you like things done in oil, Miss Stineow?"

Miss Stineow—"Oh, yes. I adore sardines, Mr. Schultz."

Customer (entering poultry shop): "I should like a nice, fat goose."

Small Boy—"Yes, sir. Father will be down directly."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty proud ob dah ancestors. But of de ol' folks wus alive I has my douts 'bout wethur de feelin' would be reciprossified."

"Those folks next door must have bought the house."

"What makes you think so?"

"I heard her scolding the maid for driving a picture-nail in the plaster."

"New, Bennie, here's the medicine, and here's the sixpence papa left to pay you for taking it."

"All right, mama. If you take it and don't tell I'll give you half."

Excited Lady (at the telephone)—I want my husband, please, at once.

Voice (from the Exchange)—"Number, please?"

Excited Lady (snappishly)—Only the fourth, you impudent thing.

"Are you aware," said the garrulous visitor at the seaside boarding-house, "that ox-tail soup was the invention of the French refugees, who used to beg the ox-tails because they had no money to buy soup bones?"

"In other words," said his friend, "they were reduced to the last extremity."

Great Moth Cure.—Mrs. Brown: "John. I want you to buy me some tobacco to put under the carpets. They say it's the best thing in the world to keep out moths."

Mr. Brown: "Here's that box of cigars you gave me last Christmas. I think that will be even more effective than tobacco."

FREE TO

Rheumatism Sufferers

SAMPLE OF REV. H. JANSEN'S RHEUMATIC CURE.

...WRITE TO...

H. H. HACKENDAHL,

840 NATIONAL AVE. - MILWAUKEE, WIS.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines," by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, H. L. Barber, Gen. Mgr., 336 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED, STEAM HEATED
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