"My Specialty." BY MAUDE MILLER.

"What is your specialty, my dear?"
Inquired my friend, the fair Miss Bates.
"Pray, does your inclination run
To decorating china plates?
Yee painted five such charming plies,
Of peaches you could almost eat;
Or, dear, perhaps your fancy runs
To painting tiles—they are so sweet."

I smiled, and looked around the room.
Althow I loved the home-like place,
And yet no painted china there.
No colored tiles, or costly lace;
My rose-bush blooming on the sill,
The simple curtains, looped with blue.
When peeping through the open door,
I saw a head of golden hue.

What "buttercup," though painted flue,
Has such a gleam as baby's hair?
What "lily" on a china plate
Can with his forehead white compare?
And ah' no peach, though pink in hue,
But pales in beauty 'side his cheek.
So, calling in the tiny rogue,
I opened then my lips to speak:

"My friend, 'my specialty' consists
In doing well a mother's part;
To train each day these busy feet,
To sow good seed in baby's heart,
Engraving on his infant mind
Enduring pictures, not to fade;
So that I have this thought to cheer
I have a good foundation laid.

"To try my best, since I'm a wife.
To keep my husband's love and home
To beautify these rooms with care,
So he will have no wish to roam.
To photograph upon his heart
Pictures of sweet domestic bliss;
That is, dear friend, my earnest work.
"My specialty,—and only this."

From the Catholic World.

A WOMAN C" CULTURE.

CHAPTER XV THE HEIRS ARE DEAD.

Killany was not the most ingenious of plotters, nor, considering the experience which his adventurous life had given him, the shrewdest and coolest of men. Likes and dislikes were rapidly formed in his become sheak which the true Boles in the sheak which the same sheak which the s bosom-shoals which the true Bohemian ever avoids—and he gave them cunning but ready expression. Where they interfered with prudence, prudence often got the worst of it. His natural clear-headedness often yielded to passion. Even his own interests were occasionally injured by insane attempts to gratify the desire of revenge. Something of the honorable dispositions of earlier years still lingered in him. He had still the instincts of the gentleman, and years of criminal associa-tions had not wholly destroyed them. He tions had not wholly destroyed them. He could not pocket insult or contempt al ways, although his training and his interest urgently insisted. It was to his interest that Olivia should not be made an open enemy. Her influence with Nano was powerful and dangerous, yet not impossible to be destroyed. A little patience, a little scheming, and the thing was done. Better and closer friends than she and Miss McDonell were parted every day by easily-manufactured causes. But Olivia's silent and undisguised contempt for him stung him into retaliation, and, to add to the bitterness of his revenge, there was the bitterness of his revenge, there was the newly-risen fear of a rival in the handsome, virtuous Dr. Fullerton. He scarcely waited to reckon consequences. He felt assured that the Fullertons would find it difficult to stand against a shower of welldirected calumnies. Their poverty, their pride, their slight acquaintance in the city would dishearten them too much that they should enter on a contest with society, which, having once received an idea, never lets go its hold on any consideration. By one hasty act he arrayed against himby one nasty act he arrayed against min-self the doctor, Sir Stanley, and probably Nano; and should the matter be investigated closely, and the charge proved false and traced to him, society's doors would be shut against him. These probabilities, in the heat of his passion, he looked on with disdain. They with disdain. They were not likely to happen. His cunning was of too high an order to permit him to means of his own footsteps. The condition of his affairs by that time would be so materially changed that if he were disso materially enanged that if he were dis-covered he could afford to snap his fingers at the enemies. Moreover he had a strong and well-grounded suspicion that the Ful-lertons knew very little of father or mother. They never spoke of them, never seemed to have relatives or influential friends, and were reticent in their early life. It was just possible that in secretly undermining their good name he had struck upon the secret of their lives, the skeleton of their closet; and if his good fortunes really so favored him he was well rid of them forever. Carrying the war into Africa Dr. Killany called this movement, but it did not promise to succeed quite as well as the expedition which gave se to the saying. He had skilfully entangled Nano in the

He had skilfully entangled Nano in the meshes of his schemes, and was drawing her more and more, as the days passed, towards the evil act of which they were the preparation. Even here he had not acted with great tact, although his judgment was unquestionably good. He was so confident of his thorough understanding of Nano's character that he was often led into blunders in her regard surprising enough to himself when he examined them dispassionately afterwards. Her attachment to good and hatred of what was radically evil still puzzled him. He thought he knew the strength of her instincts, but it had not entered into his mind that she would be willing to surthat she would be willing to surrender her fortune, or its greater part, to strangers without a struggle. Her firmness on this point, however, had necessita-ted the fiction of the death of the heirs. She had seized upon this door of escape eagerly. It was the straw to the drowning eagerly. It was the straw to the drowning man, and, though it lay weakly enough in her hands, her frenzied fancy magnified it with a certainty of safety. Much as she distrusted Killany, it never occurred to her that, interested as he was in the affair, the thing might be a clever invention. His own conduct was strangely mysterious. The idea had not come to him as a last resort. It had formed part of the mysterious. I he idea had not come to him as a last resort. It had formed part of the original plan of action, and had suggested to the scheming doctor the newer and more practical idea of settling the question to his own satisfaction, whatever story he determined to offer to Miss McDonell. The fact of the death of the children was most important to those who expected to have any share in the McDonell estate. have any share in the McDonell estate. If they lived it was best to know their where abouts, for accidents might make them acquainted with their rights and set them to make inquiries. If they were dead no more was to be said about them. It was necessary that the fact should be

danger was too remote to cause him fear, or even uneasiness. The necessity of the hour was uppermost with him, and he spent his time and his energies in building an elaborate case, strengthened with innumerable forged documents and backed by the testimonies of Quip and backed by the testimonies of Quip and Juniper. To Mr. Quip he had entrusted the task of finding so much about the Juniper. To Mr. Quip he had entrusted the task of finding so much about the children as would assist him in making out the required documents; and the deep gentleman not only did all that his deep gentleman not only did all that his master commanded, but, going further out of pure curiosity, developed some startling complications of the game which Killany was playing. Moreover, their importance can be suspected when it is known that Mr. Quip said no more to his master and did no more for him than he had been hired to do, and that the he had been hired to do, and that the possession of his newly discovered facts left him in a stupid condition for days

afterwards.

Killany was not ready with his papers and witnesses on the day appointed, nor for many days, and Nano was too proud to ask him the reason, too cautious to to ask him the reason, too cautious to show any great interest in the proceedings. He delayed the examination partly from policy, partly from necessity. The work of preparing printed documents and forged letters, of harn onizing the whole scheme so thoroughly that she could by no means suspect the trick, and of coach-ing the witnesses, was not so easy as he ing the witnesses, was not so easy as he had imagined, and Mr. Quip, who was general superintendent, fought hard for additional time in order to perfect his own secret plans, and lied with a success and sections of the superior of the success and sections. pertinacity that actually disarmed his master. Killany wished also to make master. Killany wished also to make Nano more eager and more irritable. It nettled him to see how well she kept up the role of indifferent observer, and how powerless he was to pull from her face the mask of icy composure. It was imperitive, too, that the impression of McDonell's madness should seize upon the minds of outsiders as to float back to her by a of outsiders as to float back to her by a thousand little channels. She would then be prepared for the violent measure of her be prepared for the violent measure of her father's incarceration, and would feel that the act was justifiable when supported by the suffrages of her friends. He had been careful to spread, with all the cunning at his command, the report of McDonell's failing intellect. He had been more successful in consealing his own shore in the failing intellect. He had been more successful in concealing his own share in the matter than in doing the same in the latter scandal of the Fullertons. Society was surprised one morning to find itself talking quite naturally of the fact and commenting on the possible consequences. Where it began was not known and could not be discovered. Like an insidious internal disease it had crept upon them; the whole system was attacked, and it became impossible to discover the causes. Society accepted it unhesitatingly when every one talked of it, and came, with the conventional tears, hints, and hidden sarcasms, to sympathize with the lady who was to suffer. Nano first perceived it, not understanding, on the night of the reception, in the looks, half-pitying, half-prophetical, cast at her father, in the mysteriously-worded assurances of esteem and appropriate from her friends and acquisint. cessful in concealing his own share in the ously-worded assurances of esteem and sympathy from her friends and acquaint-

ances, more than all in the irascible man-ner and eccentric behavior of the merchant himself. A strange affection for him had sprung A strange affection for him had sprung up in her heart since his illness. It was unreasonable, she thought, and it annoyed her that it came at a time when the old indifference would have been so acceptable. Every real or fancied slight on him would have only stirred her pride before as an indirect insult to herself. Now it migraed her with physical rain and filled pierced her with physical pain and filled her eyes with tears. He was old and feeble. He needed her, his child, in his feeble. He needed her, his chiral, weakness. He preferred her before the world and his weaith in the going down to the tomb. And she was to be harsher to him than a stranger. Under the appearance of necessity she was to put him in bonds, for caresses give him blows, and for affection hatred. She could not have treated her enemy worse. A sea of bitterness surged over her heart.

"Let them mock at him," she thought remorsefully; "all they can do or say will

remorsefully; "all they can do or say will not weigh the weight of a hair against the

not weigh the weight of a hair against the mountain of my ingratitude."
With so many influences for good tugging at her will it might have appeared strange that she trod so resolutely the path leading down to crime. Her own instincts, her education were utterly opposed to the course she was pursuing. Her newly-born love for her father, her affection and admiration for Olivia, the incipient liking for Dr. Fullerton, the utter detestation of for Dr. Fullerton, the utter detestation of for Dr. Function, the utter detestation of Killany, were so many chains which bound her to virtue, and they were hard to be broken. Yet her Mephistopheles was never absent from her side, and, when her resolutions for good were about to be taken, put forward in more startling colors the losses she was certain to sustain, and assured her that her sin would have no influence on her faithful friends. Downward with the tide she drifted, and the voice of the tempter would not let her thoughts rest for a moment on the deso-late ocean waiting to receive her into its

A clear sky, with the cloud in it no bigger than a man's hand, looked down upon the daring sailor in Bohemian seas-Killany. As he planned, so went every-thing. McDonell was mad, or nearly so, thing. the world said; Olivia probably so occupied with her own troubles as to need all er sympathy for herself; and Nano was at the point of desperation. With an eye to dramatic effect Killany introduced his witnesses and his forgeries at this junc-ture. He came in the afternoon of the

ture. He came in the afternoon of the day succeeding the reception, with a bundle in his hand.

"Your patience is to be rewarded to-day," he said, smiling in his aggravating fashion. "I must thank you for your forbearance. Lam ready to prove to you

fashion. "I must thank you for your forbearance. I am ready to prove to you that the children of whom we have so often spoken are really dead."
"I am interested," she answered briefly, and waited, with her eyes fixed on his face, until it should be his pleasure to begin.
"As you have been already made acquainted with the leading facts in the history of these children", said Killany, "I shall deal only with the circumstances which is of highest and immediate interest to you—their death. After it pleased your father to accept the office of guardian for the children of his friend, and to make away with the fortune which had been left to them, he put the little Hamiltons in American known in either case; yet Killany took no steps in that direction. Dead, the heirs could do him no harm; living, the

factor. Here are the of what I have said."

of what I have said."

He opened the bundle of papers which he carried and passed them over to her one by one. They were a cleverly-connected series of forgeries, consisting of letters, declarations, and newspaper notices. The letters and declarations, were from the letters and declarations were from the superiors of the college and convent in which the children had resided, from the declarations who attended them in their illdoctors who attended them in their illness, and from strangers who had been inness, and from strangers who had been in-terested in the orphans. The notices were slips from the papers of the neigh-borhood and time, describing or mention-ing the death and funeral. In a court of ing the death and funeral. In a court of law they would not have been worth the value of a pin, but to the lady for whom they were intended they had the strength and validity of sworn testimony. She read them in silence carefully, raising her eye stealthily at times to note the expression of his face. She did not dream of deception. She was wondering only what wages he expected for his work, since he wages he expected for his work, since he

wages he expected for his work, since he was not a man to give his services in so important a matter gratuitously. When she had finished he said:

"I have brought one witness, or rather two, who can throw more light on the affair—a Mr. Juniper, whose mother was acquainted with the Hamiltons during their stay in Naw York, who remembers their stay in New York, who remembers to have seen the children, and who attended the boy's funeral some years afterwards. The other is Mr. Quip, my assistant. He collected most of the evidence which you now see before you. you wish to see them?"
"By all means," she answered.

does not make so great a difference, perhaps, but I shall not have to accuse my-self of negligence in this affair here-

The servant was ordered to conduct Messrs. Quip and Juniper from the waiting room below to the lady's apartment. The two worthies had been awaiting in much bad humor the invitation to ascend. Juniper was restless and shaky, not con-cerning the falsehoods he was to swear to, but the compensation he was to receive.
Mr, Quip cool and indifferent as usual, had red to excite Juniper's gratitude endeavored to excite Juniper's gratitude to the pitch of presenting him with ten per cent of the promised reward. When that gentleman refused to be grateful Mr. Quip declared his intention of forcing him

Quip declared his intention of forcing him into the proper state of feeling.

"Ten per cent is my price," said he decidedly, "and you may thank your stars that I let you off so easily. If I chose to take fifty, couldn't I do it? If I chose to take all, couldn't I do it? Why be so unreasonable as to grumble at a very reasonable proceeding?"

And he began to examine the parlor, receiving such corraments as were not

removing such ornaments as were not likely to be missed and could be safely stowed in his vest-pocket, Mr. Juniper grumbling the while, but unobservant of his comrade's doings. The servant came to summon them to Nano's presence.

"I'll not go," said Juniper with gloomy determination. "Ten per cent is too much.

I'll see Killany."
"Ten per cent.," answered Quip promptly, "is too little. I take fifteen now, and for every minute you hang back I add five to my first demand. If it reaches one hundred, Juniper, I'll do the job myself." job myself."

In so far as real emotional insanity concerned, there was but a slight difference between the asylum-keeper and his crazy wards. He glared at the impassive Quip, and was stung to fiercer anger by

"Ten per cent you can have, money-shaver and poi—" Quip's hand flew to Juniper's mouth in

other. Come, you cowardly dog!

The keeper became silent and lamb-like, come. and followed him from the room. The servant had gone on shead. Nano was not at all impressed by the personal appearance of the witnesses. Quip's villany and cunning shone in every line of his countenance and in every motion of his lithe, crooked body. Juniper's coarseness and vulgarity spoke quite as dis-tinctly and obtrusively. It was hard to distinguish whether greater disgust was aroused by Quip's cool impudence or Juniper's vile cringing in the presence of Killany and Miss McDonell.

Killany and Miss McDonell.

"You will tell this lady, Mr. Quip," said Killany, "the history of the investigations which these papers represent." And he pointed to the documents scatthe table.

tered over the table.

Mr. Quip plunged into explanations with great earnestness, and told his tale with an elaborate elegance that surprised his hearers. He was at home in spinning out to a gullible audience a well-connected, highly-favored, and important lie. He dealer or particulars, and rushed into describe the surprise of the s dwelt on particulars, and rushed into descriptions of scenery with the ardor of a novelist. He could not, however, resist his old habit of poking fun at his hearers, but as on the present occasion they never dreamed of so much impudence on his dreamed of so much impudence on his part, he was left to enjoy the laugh alone. Mr. Juniper followed, when he had done, and spoke bashfully but explicitly on what he knew of the children. It was even more satisfactory than the testimony of

the documents.
"I was intimate with young Hamilton," he said, in accordance with Mr. Quip's instruction, "and called on him at the ollege quite often. He stayed sometime at my mother's house for a few days, and once in a long time his sister, a baby-girl, once in a long time in sately as year, yearly pretty and loving, was sent down to see him. He was very much cut up when she died, and, being a delicate lad himself, it told on him somewhat. He died a month afterwards of fever. They builed him in the graveyard there, and put a him in the graveyard there, and put a stone over his grave. You can see it at any time. It is a good many years since then, but the graveyard is kept in tiptop repair and the stone is still standing."

"Did you ever see the gentleman," asked Nano, "who provided for those in the stone is still a standing."

"But once, I think, ma'am, and my re-

collection on that point is not very clear. I do not remember his name or his face. My mother may know that."

"That will do," said the lady, and the physician motioned them from the room. There was silence for a long time. Nano was thinking with considerable relief of the death of the heirs, and indulging, since she could safely do so, in a womanly pity for their mournful fate. She had nothing to say to the doctor. He had done his duty. He had removed a light obstacle from her path and placed a heavier—himself—in the way. She was anxious for him to depart, wondering as before when he should ask compensation for his labors, and of what nature would be his demands. Killany, however, had may be come the should destroined to the same that the same that is not to the same that th for his labors, and whe the be his demands. Killany, however, had much to say, and was quite determined to remain until it was said, if she did not

imperatively dismiss him.
"You are satisfied?" he asked. "Quite satisfied, doctor, and infinitely obliged to you. I may retain those

papers?"
"By all means. But I would like to by all means. But I would like to know if this examination has not removed some of your scruples against the meas-ures I advised some time ago."

some of your scruppes against the measures I advised some time ago."
"I may say frankly they have not. I scarcely thought of the question since, save to wonder if what you asserted were really true. there she hesitated, and seemed

undecided to speak further, for he was looking at her with sharp eyes, as if wait-ing to pick up the first wrongly-chosen word. "I hoped," she continued, when he did

not speak, "and I do hope still, that when these facts have been presented to

my father—"
"I beg pardon for interrupting you," he said, laying one hand impressively on her arm, "but that hope is foolish. Your father has wrestled with the same idea for years, and it has not shown him a way out of the difficulty nor offered any solution question. The deep rooted and fiendish superstitions of his creed have such power over him that nothing you can say will move him from his determination to give the property to the poor. The nal safety of his soul rests on that act, he believes, and he is too shrewd a business man, and too sincerely frightened by his present health, to leave to you a few thousand dollars at the cost of his eternal happiness. If it were to drive you into disgraceful and absolute poverty, he would do this thing and rejoice that he would do his thing and rejorce that he had done it. He is becoming more irritable and uncertain. His business has suffered some not trifling losses by his late blundering, and men shake their heads and wonder that he is permitted to go on in this way. Some of his eccentricities you have seen with your own eyes. The opportunity of ending the miserable uncertainty in which you live is now before you. Seize it while you may, for a reac-tion may come and what is now a work of charity may be made a crime.'

"I understand," she answered her coldness increasing in direct opposition to his warmth and earnestness. "But I think, and I prefer to be alone. shall know my resolve shortly."

He rose with polite and deferential

haste. Her manner was unmistakable, and he flattered himself that he knew "As you wish, Miss McDonell. You

understand the crisis that has arrived in your affairs, and you will decide as you ought, I feel certain; only remembering that some dispatch is required. "Good day." He went away directly, and she fell into one of her day dreams over the nearness of the danger and her contemplated crime. The overwhelming sadness and disgust that follow upon the fall of the virtuous had lately become her portion. When alone and undisturbed it gathered around her like a thick, poisonous atmosphere. ir g, with a bloody hue, and her resistance to it filled her with despair and overcame It colored her thoughts, sleeping to it filled her with despair and overcame her with physical weakness, as in the case of one who struggles madly with a noth-ing. Still, her resolution was not weak-ened by her distress. Some time this terrible deed must be done. She was put-ting it off until the latest moment. She Quip's hand flew to Juniper's mouth in time to break off the utterances of the odious word, and his fingers tightened on his throat with deadly vehemence.

"For the last time, Juniper," he hissed.

"If you ever utter it again I will not hesitate to do for you what I did for that tate to Gorge you cowardly door!" was resolved to strike the blow, and other with the string it off until the latest moment. was resolved to strike the blow, and could not put her hand to the weapon. Under the pressure of so much doubt and dread her life was becoming a martyrdom, and her cheeks grew pale and her eyes heavy, despite the strongest efforts of her indom-itable will. Her meditations lasted for hours, and to night the stars, her loved stars, were looking in through the familiar window on her reclining form, and reflecting themselves in her upturned eyes, be-fore she was aware that night had fallen.

> "your father requests your presence in the library. TO BE CONTINUED. A Word to Girls.

The woman who is indifferent to her The woman who is indifferent to her looks is no true woman. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out this intention of her Maker. But that dress is to do it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe. Just because we love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, we would Just because we love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, we would urge them to such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no modiste can supply. A well-known author once wrote a very pretty essay on the power of education to beautify. That it absolutely chiseled the features; that he had seen many a clumsy nose and thick had seen many a clumsy nose and thick pair of lips so modified by thought pair of lips so modified by thougawakened and active sentiment as to unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground of intellectual refinement that we often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian summer of good looks and mellow tones.

The question of disestablishment in Scotland is coming to the front with increased force every day. Bodies of the Free Church, as well as of the United Free Church, as well as of the United Presbyterian Church, are taking strong ground in favor of it. In the Glasgow Free Presbytery recently Prof. Bruce op posed disestablishment, on the ground that the true policy of the Free Church at the present time is "to cherish a spirit of quietness, confidence, patience and charity, and to aim at internal efficiency in all dequietness, confidence, parience and charly, and to aim at internal efficiency in all departments of her work." He was beaten by a vote of 75 to 17.

A MARVELLOUS RUFFIAN.

Singular Career of a Bogus Priest and Doctor-The Infamous "Gaston de Rohan."

An important arrest was made Friday night by officer Franzer of the Larrabee street station, in the person of 'Rev.' Gaston De Rohan, one of the most accom-plished adventurers in the country. De Rohan is wanted at Jefferson City, Mo., Ronan is wanted at Jenerson Chy, Mo, to serve out a five year term for forging the name of Rev. H. Von der Landen, a Catholic ecclesiastic of St. Louis, to an order for \$200. He was arrested and convicted in 1879. At the penitentiary he got in good graces' of the officers and was made guard in the hospital. In the fall of 1880 he escaped, in company with two other prisoners. HIS REAL NAME IS ADAM GORTER Gorter's career has been a remarkable one. He was born in Holland in 1850,

one. He was born in Holland in 1850, and when a boy he crossed the ocean and entered a Catholic school in Nova Scotia, to study for the priesthood. He passed through all the grades of study preparatory to ordination. He returned to France and there forged the paper necessary to gain recognition from the church authorities and then went to Italy, where he lived for two or three years under the he lived for two or three years under the patronage of the church ecclesiastics. Gorter was next heard of at Savoy, France, in 1873, where he served two years in prison—on what charge could not be learned. Since his release he has per-sonated different dignitaries of the Catholic church in Europe and America, and has, also, at times, gone through the guise of a foreign nobleman. In 1876, after his release from the Savoy prison, he turned up in New Orleans as the Viscount A. de Gortons, and succeeded in hoodwinking a number of turf-hunters in that city. He was next heard of in Galveston, Tex., where he had resumed his priestly garb. His exploits during the following year were little less than marvellous in their number and the success with which he carried them on. At Kansas City he 'worked' for a few days as Dr. de Douge, and there changed his title to the Baron d' Alonzo. Various towns in Kansas and was next heard of in Galveston, d' Alonzo. Various towns in Kansas and Missouri were honored by his presence, he passing under a dozen aliases. The skill with which he had forged the papers he always presented to the ecclesiastica authorities, and his consummate audacity kept him away from any exposure. During this period he is known to have officiated at mass on different occasions. In the fall of 1877 he was heard from at Belgium, where he represented Ostend, THE COADJUTOR OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF

SAN FRANCISCO.

He shortly afterward returned to America He shortly afterward returned to America and passed a few days at Troy, N. V., where he assumed the unromantic title of Norman Sweeny, D. D. Thence he drifted to Savannah, Ga., and from thence to Montreal, Can., always keeping his priestly character and a plentiful supply of aliases. From Canada Gorter again shifted his quarters to the west and supply of aliases. From Canada Gorter again shifted his quarters to the west and visited Denver, Little Omaha, Austin, Texas, Memphis and St. Louis. While at St. Louis he is said to have officiated a few weeks as parish priest. The Catholic ecclesiastics there had no suspicion of his true character till his forcery was discovered. After his escape from the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Gorter, acc ing to his own story, wandered on foot to Sherman, Tex., where he procured a horse and followed the Rio Grande down into Mexico, acting during the journey the role of a ranger. He next visited Honduras, and from there went to Cuba, serving on board a ship as steward. By the same means he reached Halifax. While operations, and succeeded in imposing on the Catholic community. He is even said to have assisted in the ordination of an archbishop at that place. Gaining the an archbishop at that place. Gaining the confidence of a lady under the guise of a monk, he stole \$300 from her. News of his monk, he stole \$300 from her. News of his exploits reached St. Louis, and steps were taken to secure his return. His extradition papers were signed by President Gartield last summer, and are said to be the only state papers to which the president affixed his signature after Guiteau's shot was fired. Some flaw in them, however, enabled Gorter to remain in Canada. For some reason he was not prosecuted for the theft of the \$300, and shaking the dust of Halifax from his feet he started on a tour through the provinces, which finally brought him to Manitoba. The ally brought him to Manitoba. The climate, he says, was too cold there, and he determined to return to France. With this intention he came through Dakota, and stopped a few weeks at the retreat of the Trappist monks, near Dubuque, Iowa. He came to Chicago about a week ago, on his way to New York, and his presence in the city has been the means of bringing his promising career to a close. While here he stopped at the hospital of the Alexian Brothers, on North Market street, representing himself as a member of one of the Catholic orders of monks. He gave his name as Victor von Arrenberg, and in answer to the questions of "Madam," a servant said from the door, berg, and in answer to the questions of the Brothers stated that he had been in

this country six months. THE EASE WITH WHICH HE SPOKE THE LAN-

GUAGE
aroused the suspicion of the Brothers,
and they wrote to St. Louis for information. Friday morning a letter and photograph were received, giving his history so far as it was known. In the meantime Gorter had improved his opportunities and had been out on several begging expeditions. At St. Michael's church he secured ons. At St. Michael's church he secured a very snug little sum. At the Jesuit church, Twelfth street, he saw a member of the order whom he had known in St. Louis, and he charges his arrest to him. The fear of recognition evidently hastened his plan of departure, and he appropried his plan of departure, and he announced his intention of leaving for New York, Brother Aloysius, of the hospital, but was refused, and said he would call again in refused, and said he would call again in the evening before leaving. The photograph and description received from St. Louis were at once placed in the hands of the police, and during the day a sharp lookout was kept. In the evening officer Franzer caught a glimpse of him as he was getting in a street car at Market street near the Brothers' hospital, and the arrest was made. Gorter took his arrest cooly. Last night in conversation with arrest was made. Gorter took his arrest cooly. Last night, in conversation with a reporter for the Times, he asserted that since his escape from the penitentiary

he had led an honest life. He gave a most interesting account of his adven-tures and related his success in personating priestly characters with evident relish. He was inclined to take a pessrelish. He was inclined to take a pessimistic view of his future, and deplored the fact that his endeavors to follow the path of honesty resulted in disaster, while his attempts in the line of foreign courts and ecclesiastics had been highly successful, and kept him always supplied with money. Gorter is an accomplished linguist, speaking six or seven languages. A clear cut face and a pair of the keenest of gray eyes give him the appearance of one abundantly able to follow the course of swindling which he has pursued so successions. abundantly able to follow the course of swindling which he has pursued so success-fully. He had photographs of himself in several of his ecclesiastical habits, which presented a decidedly clerical appearance. In his reliable he had the more than the series of the In his valise he had the vestments worn by the highest dignitaries of the Catholic

Last night a telegram was received from the chief of police at St. Louis, saying that Gorter was wanted there badly, and asking that he be sent there as soon as possible, he will leave this morning underthe charge of officer Franzer, and to morrow he will be where his greatest triumphs as a personator of ecclesiastical offices were reaped. -Chicago Times.

THE FOLLY OF GIRLS.

A thousand times the old story, which had such a tragical illustration recently, has been told through the press and whis pered in society, and still the lesson is not learned. A young lady, just out of the schoolroom, is fascinated by the attentions of a man of the world, and nothing can persuade her that he is not the noblest, the bravest, the best of lovers. What does she know, poor thing, of the secret lives of these gallant gentlemen? She reads the legend of excess and evil courses, written on the bleared eye and tremulous lips, and she cannot understand it. She hears a whisper, perhaps, of scandalous prodigality and excess and she shuts her little ears and loves her hero all the better as the victim of detraction. She knows nothing of his previous history, nothing of his daily occupations, nothing of his asso-ciates. She little imagines that his soft ciates. She little imagines that his soft compliments conceal a cruel temper, and the hand that presses hers so tenderly is a brutal hand, fit only for deeds of violence. That he is a gambler and a crunk-ard, false, quarrelsome, idle, selfish and sensual; that he is at war with his parents and a tyrant in the company of others, she might learn if she would exercise as much caution in choosing a husband as in choosing a bonnet. But young women have a dim notion that it is grand and noble to take a lover on trust, to despise good counsel and filial obedience, and they hug themselves with the sweet delusion that they are heroines, when they are

only fools.

The girl triumphs, of course, over father and mother. Those who really love her follow the wedding festivities with aching hearts, and watch the future with acting nearts, and watch the future with sorrowful apprehension. The inevitable sequel is not long delayed. For a few short weeks life is a dream of soft senti-ment and new gowns. Then the truth begins to dawn upon the poor little heart. She has sold herself for a passing fancy. Neglect is soon followed by angry words and contemptuous looks and brutal jests. The gallant gentleman goes out cursing in the morning and comes home reeling at night. Her jewels are sold to buy bread, and he steals the money to spend if for drink. There is a hideous bruise or While the white neck of which he used to say rapture. She nides nerselt in terror from the face on which she thought she could gaze forever. Sometimes, with the cour-age which seems to be given only to certain women, she holds a proud and smiling face to the world, hides the brutalities of her master, covers up her hardship, dissembles hunger, and no one knows, except the husband, when she rests at last from her sorrows, that the brave heart was broken in the first months of the marriage. Sometimes the sad story ends in that common curse and punishment of American marriages, a legal separation, and sometimes in the one catastrophe which is worse than divorcein murder.—[New York Tribune.

The Fate of an Atheist.

The Rev. Mr. Miln and his atheism have suddenly dropped into unexpected obscurity. He lifted his head up for an instant, cried out, "I think everybody who instant, cried out, "I think everybody who believes anything is a fool," and then sank out of sight again. The world looked at the spectacle, and one said, "Didn't you hear somebody say something?" and another replied, "I thought I heard a noise, but I don't know what it was," and then they trudged on, leaving the poor preacher to wonder why sach a man as he could say what he did and produce no effect at all. This is a free country, and there is no law against free country, and there is no law against a man sitting on the limb of a tree until he gets tired and than sawing the limb off he gets tired and than sawing the limb of and getting a tumble. The sport is not considered healthy and will never become fashionable. As for his atheism, we say as Mr. Lincoln did on another subject, for those who like that sort of thing is is just about the sort of thing they would like.—New YorkHerald.

Admirable Ingenuity and Fidelity,

Among the many instances that are re-Among the many instances that are re-corded of female wit and fidelity, perhaps the most remarkable is that of the ladies who, after the battle of Wiensberg, were with their husbands besieged in its cas-

In this great battle fought in 1140. Conrad III. defeated Henry Duke of Guelph. When Conrad laid siege to the castle he granted leave to the women to depart, with permission however to carry with them whatever they most

These devoted ladies each carried her