

I used to dream so often! And the organ, on which Sus the clerk used to play so beautifully, while we sang with loud and earnest voices:

"Ave Maria,
Gratia plena!"

The traveller sang these last words with a loud voice. The associations which it suggested must have affected him deeply, for a glistening tear rolled down his cheek. Silently he moved on, sunk in forgetfulness, till he had reached a little bridge which led across the stream to a marshy meadow.

An indelible smile now lighted up his countenance, as if his whole soul beamed there.

"Here," he said, with emotion, "I first took Rosa's hand in mine. Here our eyes first made that mutual confession which reveals heaven to the young and ardent, but yet trembling heart. The yellow water-lilies sparkled in the sunshine then as now; the frogs croaked merrily, and the larks sang overhead."

Crossing the bridge, he stepped upon the heath.

"Ah," he said to himself, "even the little frogs which saw our love are dead—the flowers are dead, the larks are dead! Their children now greet the grey-haired man, who returns among them like a spectre from the past. And Rosa, my dear Rosa! does she still live? Perhaps! Married, it may be, and surrounded by her children. Those who are left behind forget, alas! the unhappy brother who roams far from his home!"

A serene and cheerful smile played round his lips.

"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "there boiled up in thy bosom just then a feeling of jealousy, as if it were still spring-time for thy old heart. The season of love is long since passed for thee. Well, it matters not, if only she recognizes me, and has not quite forgotten our ardent attachment. O God! then I shall no longer lament my long journey of eight thousand miles; and shall go, half consoled, to join my parents and friends in the grave!"

Not far from the village, he entered a little tavern, of the sign of the "Plough," and asked the landlady to fetch him a glass of beer. On the hearth, by a great pot, sat a very aged man, who stared into the fire like an image of stone. Before the woman had returned with the beer, the traveller had recognized him, and, sitting down beside him, took his hand.

"God be praised, that He has granted you so long a life, Father Joris. You are one who belonged to the good old times! Do you not know me, then? No! The wild boy who used to creep through your hedge, and eat your apples before they were ripe?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" muttered the old man, without stirring.

"So it is," sighed the traveller. "But tell me, Father Joris, is Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter, still alive?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" hummed the old man, with a hollow voice. The woman reappeared with the beer.

"He is blind and deaf, sir," she said. "Do not speak to him; he does not understand a word."

"Blind and deaf!" muttered the stranger despairingly; "what devastation inexorable time spreads in thirty years! Heavens! I wonder here amid the ruins of a whole generation of men!"

"Did you ask after Rosa, the wheelwright's daughter?" resumed the woman. "Our wheelwright had five daughters, but there was no Rosa among them; for the oldest is called Beth, and is married to the postman; the second is Gonde, who is a milliner; the third is called Nele; and the girl, Anneken; and as for the little child, it is rather silly, poor thing!"

"But I do not refer to these people at all," said the traveller with impatience. "I speak of Kob Meulincz's family."

"Oh, they are all dead, long ago, sir," was the woman's reply.

This was a severe blow to the traveller, and, much agitated, he rose, and left the tavern with feverish haste. Before the door, he struck his hand upon his brow, and exclaimed, despairingly:

"O God! she too! My poor Rosa dead! Always, always that inexorable word 'dead'! Nobody on this earth knows me again. Not one looks at me with the eye of a friend!"

To be continued.

Hon. Walter Scott Arrested—Breaks Jail

At Pembina, N. Dak., en route from Victoria, B. C., via Winnipeg to Detroit through Minnesota, Hon. Walter Scott, ex-premier of Saskatchewan, was peremptorily ordered from the Northern Pacific train at 10 o'clock, July 28th, forenoon by U. S. Immigration Officer E. R. Russell, and kept locked up during three and a half hours until nearly 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in a strongly barred cell. Mr. Scott alleges that he then liberated himself by breaking through the plastered wall into a hall, which led to a stairway into a ground-floor office and thence it was simple to open a window and regain freedom. A jagged hole in the wall confirms the assertion.

Officer Russell later found Scott in the Northern Pacific Telegraph office, said he should be arrested, went out and returned together with a man whom he said was a constable, but changed his mind on being shown a draft of a telegram which Scott was filing addressed to Sir Robert Borden, premier of Canada, regarding the incident.

Scott's statement is to the effect that officer Russell became angry and overbearing over the perfectly truthful answers which Scott made to the officer's questions at the outset. He alleges that he told the officer that he was a citizen and that he had no fixed residence during three years past and that if he now followed any business it was farming. Officer Russell professed to believe that these answers were not truthful and in the end as stated ordered Scott from the train and locked him in the cell.

At four o'clock A. R. Davidson, of Messrs. Davidson & McRae, Winnipeg, motored into Pembina, going south. Mr. Davidson kindly offered his services. He would take Mr. Scott back to Winnipeg or elsewhere. Scott expressed a wish to go to Noyes to take the Soo Line evening train on to Detroit, but officer Russell forbade this; his order was that Scott must return to Winnipeg and obtain a passport, but it is understood that regardless of officer Russell's threat to have him again arrested if he attempted to do other than return to Canada, Scott made his way to Noyes and boarded a southbound Soo Line train presumably for Detroit.

Sir Robert Borden has already made a protest to Washington against the unmerited indignity to which ex-Premier Scott was subjected.

Do not throw away cheese. Even the dried pieces can be grated and kept in covered glass jars where it will keep nicely and be ready when you want it for macaroni, rice, potatoes or any starchy food.

The unsightly marks caused by the drippings from faucets in the porcelain tubs, sinks and bowls can be readily removed with pulverized chalk moistened with a few drops of ammonia. Apply with an old toothbrush.

Fifteen Years Ago

From No. 25 of St. Peter's Bote
At Melfort, on the new C. N. R., they are building a flour mill of 100-barrel-per-day capacity. An elevator of 40,000 bushels capacity is also in the course of erection.

The warmest day in St. Peter's Colony in June was on the 17th, it being 84° Fahrenheit. On June 30th it rained .72 of an inch—This number of the paper has a subscription list for the new church at Rosthern. The church is dedicated to St. Odilo, fourth Abbot of Cluny in France. Attention is called to the fact that the Mayor's name, H. A. McEwen is not only not at the head of the list, but does not appear in it at all. The total of the subscription is \$960.

Lake Lenore reports that at a recent meeting of the parishioners it was resolved to build a church and Messrs. Revering and Hoffmann were appointed to superintend the work. The very next day the people went to the bush to cut the necessary logs.

The correspondent from St. Peter writes on July 27th that last Saturday Father Prior Alfred returned from his trip to Minnesota. Father Benedict came out from Rosthern with him for a visit. Prior Alfred announced that now that he has Father Benedict to look after the Catholics in Rosthern he can devote his entire time to the Colony, and will soon visit all the parishes and missions. The rails on the C.N.R. are laid to within 60 miles of the Monastery. A trestle 40 ft. high is to be laid across the creek. The construction of the road-bed at this creek is estimated to cost \$6,000. The side track for a station at St. Peter begins about 500 rods west of the creek and will have a length of 2,000 ft. The post-office here was called St. Peter's Monastery. This was changed to Münster. It will be so called after August 1st. Münster comes from the Latin word Monasterium i. e. Monastery. Father Mathias, the subprior, is busy digging a well. One well near the Monastery is only 12 ft. deep and contains five ft. of good water. Fr. Casimir's father, Paul Cisnowski, is busy making hay on his homestead, a mile south of the C. N. R. road-bed.—Mrs. Anton Eimer is very sick at present.

The Government has recently erected a weather bureau at the Monastery.—Rain is needed just now.—A physician would have a good practice in the Colony.

A correspondent writes from St. Anna that Werner Halbach has "red-top" that measures 5½ ft., nearly his own height which is 6 ft.—On July 27th Nic Braun and Miss Theresia Schultz were united in the holy bonds of Matrimony.—Mrs. Hofmann is here on a visit to her son, the pastor of the parish.—Anton Schneider, a new settler, is busy erecting a house. He is well pleased with his land.—Our pastor recently received \$50 from a generous member of the parish for a Monstrance, Missal and a Ciborium.—Last Sunday, July 24th the women of the parish organized into a society.

ADDENDA:

On Aug. 14th a meeting was held at Schaeffer's by Father Chrysostom. The following were elected as a building committee: Aug. Neumier, Gottfr. Schaeffer, Aug. Hellmann, Jac. Grunski and Pet. Weber. The church, which was begun last April on G. Schaeffer's land is to be finished without delay.

"We utilize everything in our business," said the pork packer. "When we kill a hog nothing is lost but the squeal."

"We beat that," said the lumber manufacturer. "When we cut up dog-wood we do not even waste the bark."

MIGHT BE IMPROVED.

"What do you think of the Army as far as you have gone?" inquired a sergeant of a newly arrived recruit at camp.

"I may like it after a while, but just now I think there is too much drilling and fussing around between meals," was the reply.

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