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echool came to town and smiled patronizing at old Dr. Oglesby plodding around in his muddy buggy.

"These youngsters called him 'old Dr. Oglesby' before he was forty years old. And they 'patronized' him out of one patient after another until with the loss of some who did pay and the deplorable loyalty of some who did not pay, his income sometimes dwindled uncomfortably close to the vanishing point. Of course, I was growing up to a serviceable age, but father's heart was set on my going to college. We used to have a family council once in a while, to discuss ways and means, and it sticks in my heart like a knife to this day the look that would come into father's eyes as he would say:

"Donald, boy, your father doesn't amount to much, does he?"
Loglesby was silent for a moment, and I, for my part, was too puzzled to answer.

"Perhaps you won't understand—or

I, for my part, was too puzzled to answer.

"Perhaps you won't understand—or
it may not appeal to you," he said at
length, somewhat apologetically; "but
the wonder of it has never quite worn
off me. I wish I could make you see
father as he must have seemed to
others at the time I was in college—
for we finally scraped together the least
possible sum that would take me there.
You could find his apparent prototype, I
imagine, in almost any little town.
Rather shabby, slightly stooping, likely
to pass you without seeing you, but
always kindly and gentle. It was evident his mind was bent on his work,
and nobody wanted to hear about that.
"Oh, of course, I was nice to father!" and nobody wanted to hear about that.
"Oh, of course, I was nice to father!"
Oglesby's lips curied. "Can't you see
me? I've seen other young cubs being
'nice' to their father, and I've wanted
to take them by their heels and shake their ideas into some sort of order. I 'patronized' him, too. To me he was an unsuccessful man who had achieved in the constraint of the constraint of the constraint of the constraint. The constraint of the constra

in good season.
"In the meantime I was 'nice' to father in an off hand, superior fashin. I didn't encourage him to talk about his work. I 'didn't care for medicine.' Mother—well mother was dear and all that, but mother didn't care for medithat, but mother didn't care for medicine, either, and my sisters shared the family indifference. In fact, the subject, as I remember, was rather tabooed because it was not pleasant. I shouldn't wonder if you've seen the same sort of thing in other families." Oglesby said, and I nodded reflectively. "Well," he went on, "I pegged through college, as you know, and then I went into a bank at Plainville. Thanks to some luck and a good deal of plugging, I got to be cashier in a 'ew years, and I guess I thought I was very nearly the mort promising young man

nearly the mort promising young man in the country. I know father thought so. You ought to have heard him say,

Ma, son thinks so and so."
"You can't understand, Carter," he said, "how the memory of a thing like that makes a man feel hot all over. You've never taken the service and the —the homage of a better man than you and thrown him a bone—yes, call it a bone!—in return. And that man your

own father!"

I made no reply, being at that moment occupied, with a sudden, sharp question. I was asking myself, "Did I do that?" But Oglesby went on.

"I like to think," said he, "that little by little I was coming to the truth. Father had a country practice which seemed extensive enough, geographically speaking, and sometimes I

graphically speaking, and sometimes is went with him on long Sunday rides. I afterward four dout that not one of a sterward four dout that not one of are of the patients he visited throughout the countryside was a paying one. In some cases they didn't even ask him to some. He took all that trouble in to some. He took all that trouble in order to study certain diseases and their treatment. It was his hospital. But the wards were miles long and the patients far apart. Perhaps you don't know that insanity and certain nervous diseases are comparatively common among farmers' wives. They seem to be among the perquisites of the poor things. Diseases of the brain, or things. Diseases of the brain, or rather diseases affecting the train and nervous system, seemed to appeal especially to father. So he went to the farmhouse on one pretext or another, farmhouse on one pretext or another, always on the alert for cases he might

study—and help. "Agnes and I began housekeeping in a little house next to father's, and were a little house next to father's, and were so happy that the rest of the world went into a sort of total eclipse so far as we were concerned. Agues came out of her trance oftener than I did, I guess, and she and father became great cronies. As for my Sunday rides with him, there was an end of them. You him, there was an end of them. You couldn't pry me out of the immediate vie'nity of Agoes. But she often went with him when I was at the bank, and gradually I began to take an interest in things she repeated from his talk to her. I don't imagine that, at the start, she "cared for medicine' any more than the rest of us did. I suppose she assumed the virtue, and as her reward, she really did become interested—as no assumed the virtue, and as her reward, she really did become interested—as no one could help being when father opened the doors of his experience.

"Agnes and I had been married hand."

about a year when she went for a visit to her mother, who had moved to the city soon after our wedding. It seems rather hard on the poor girl, but both of us have been glad it all happened as it did. If she had stayed at home, father would have noticed the begin ning of the trouble and have righted it they and there in which case." and ning of the trouble and have right then and there; in which case," and Oglesby looked up with a sharp nod, "I might never have known that I was,

as you say, the son of a genius."

"No," I said encouragingly, though I hadn't the faintest idea what he he said.

"Four weeks after my wife went away," Oglesby continued, "her mother telegraphed that Agnes was ill and for me to come at once. I rushed home, threw a few things into a bag and ran over to father's to tell them I was rough. I'll payor towart his calm. was going. I'll never forget his calm tone as he got up, picked up his hat

and said:
"' We will lese no time."
"' Father,' I said, ' you needn't go.'
"' We have no time to lose if we want to take this train,' father said,

just as if I hadn't spoken, and he kissed mother good-by and opened the

door. "The ride on the train that day The ride on the train that day brought me closer to my father than I had ever been in my life. I was comforted by his presence and found myself appealing to him in a dozen ways. Even then, though, it was only as my father that I was knowing him better. I was as far as ever from dreaming that he was a wonderful physician. That was all to come."

Oglesby smoked in allence a while.

was all to come."

Oglesby smoked in silence a while.
Then he began slowly.

"I don't suppose you ever—went through the experience—of having your wife—lose her mind?"

I shook my head, surprised.

"No," I said, "oh, no!"
Oglesby leaned forward a moment, his elbows on his knees. Then he looked up, smiling a rather unsuccess ful smile.

"It's hell." he said. "I know."

Iul smile.
"It's hell," he said. "I know."
"Why—old fellow"—I stammered.
"It was all over long ago, thank
God! Don't let's think about it—that

way. He seemed to shake off the memory with a straightening of his broad shoul-

"When we reached Agnes," he went on, "she was in a delirium which no one had been able to quiet. The physician they had called in had at least fourteen good reasons for assuring us that the case was very serious, and when he said serious with his lips, he when he said 'hopeless' with every other part of him. At least fourteen reasons! And one would have been enough for me. I was frightened I couldn't see a ray of hope anywhere, not even when father came to me and patted my

sther came to me and patted my shoulder reassuredly.
"Don't worry, son. Agnes is quieter now, and she will be all right soon."
And I can see now the stung look in his eyes. He had been so happy in knowledge that Agnes would be all right and head to be a see see to put an end and had been so eager to put an end to my anxiety! and that was the way I met him—with the curtest sort of

a snub.
"Well," Oglesby drew a deep breath,
"I saw that he was hurt, but I said to
myself that there was only one thing to
be considered just then, and that was, what would be best for Agnes. So, while I tried to be kind about it, I told father that I wanted Dr. Benson called at once. You know, Benson is one of the masters of diagnosis in this country, and I think it eased father's heart to see that it was at least for a great man he was put aside. He was very gentle and kind with me and said no more about his own opinion of the case.

more about his own opinion of the case. He certainly was a trump, Carter.

"Well,' Oglesby went on, after a pause, "Benson was sent for at once and came in the course of an hour or two. It happened that the physician who had been called in by Agnes' mother was not there, so father took Dr. Benson in charge to explain the case. I don't think they expected me to be present, but I was possessed by an unreasoning terror that I might miss some chance of helping my wife. As for father's explaining the case, I was so skeptical of his ability that I really expected to become an important factor in the consultation by eking out his meager knowledge. So I followed them into Agnes' 100m, and they let me stay.

"Then "esid Oglesby, with a sudden

me stay.
"Then," said Oglesby, with a sudden lifting of his head and a ring in his volce, "then came the surprise of my voice, "then came the surprise of my life. A few questions from Dr. Benson and my father turned, before my very eyes, from the rather apologetic man of small success to the great physician.

"I suppose the contact with a man who could understand and appreciate him was an inspiration. He had never allowed himself the extravagance of going to medical conventions, or to the

he would not have had the self-confid-ence to approach them.

This was different. It was his place, his duty, to give the consulting physi-cian all the information he could and, once launched, he was swert on by the current of his wonderful knowledge. In three minutes Benson had ceased asking questions. In five minutes he was an absorbed listener. In ten min-utes I was forgotten by both men as completely as if I had been a medicine bottle on the table in the corner.

"Half of it was Greek—worse than

" Half of it was Greek-worse than Greek—to me, and yet I felt the lucidity of it to the initiated mind. As for ity of it to the initiated mind. As for confidence, I had a queer wish that I could get into physical touch with my father; he seemed so much the embodiment of calm, sure knowledge. I didn't have any anxiety about Benson's verdict. I suppose I could see that he agreed with my father, but, anyway, I was sure that Agnes would be all right. Father had said so. There were tears of relief in my eyes as we went into the next room and he talked on and on, in that new vibrating voice, while Benson threw in a sharp word of inquiry now and then.

threw in a sharp word of inquiry now and then.

"They turned me out of the room after a while, and I went humbly, too, and willingly. I cried like a girl, I remember, when I got out. I was so glad about Agnes and so wonder-struck over the transformation in my father. When the two men finally came out together they were still talking; but at sight of me Dr. Benson seemed to recall himself. He looked a little puzzled, as if he scarcely knew what to say. as it he scarcely knew what to say.
Then he turned to my father.
"I don't think I caught your name,"

again he stopped short. 'Your father!'

"Then he stared curiously at me. "Then he stared curiously as use,
"'Well, young man,' he remarked,
dryly, 'I don't know why under heaven
you called me in, but I'm very much
obliged to you for doing so.'
"'What is your fee, doctor?' I

managed to stammer.

"'Fee?' He was pulling on his gloves and was thinking intently. Then he seemed to come out of his reverie.
'Eh! What? Fee, did you say? It

the profession, he said.

"Then he turned his back on me, took my father by the hand and held it. for a good minute, giving it a little shake now and then.

shake now and then.
"'Fee! he chuckled. 'I'll get my
fee all right, eh, doctor. Let's see! I'm
to call for you at 9 o'clock tomorrow
morning to go and have a look at that
case I was telling you of. You'll be

case I was telling you of. You'll be ready at 9?'
"'Yes,' said father—the new father I had just discovered. 'I'm pretty sure, she can be helped.'
"As Dr. Benson went out of the door, he looked back at me and shook his head, as if he despaired of me.
"'Fee!' he chuckled again. And then he muttered: 'Plainville! Good Lord!'

Oglesby smiled at me with pleased light in his eyes. Then he picked up

the daguerrotype.

"Taat was the way it happened,"
he said. "Wasn't it wonderful? I
found this daguerrotype as I was helping to pack my father's things when he
came to the city to take up his new
work. Even then, when the change of
fortune made us all feel as if we were living in a rose-colored dream, the pic-ture used to give me a headache. Just think, Carter, of all those long, slow years when he could feel his ideals and

ambitions being swallowed up, inch by inch, in a hopeless bog of failure—at feast, apparent failure.

"I remember the day I came across this pleture. I opened the case carelessly, and it seemed as if the fine, big possibilities which made his face so full of life and hope then were reproaching me with those years. Yes it gave me a heartache when I did find it; but I wonder how I should have felt if he had died, an obscure and apparently un-successful country doctor and I had

successful country doctor and I had found it then.

"I expect," Oglesby said thoughtfully, "I expect there are plenty of daguerrotypes like this, put away in old trunks and boxes. Pictures full of life and hope and promise—all unrealized because circumstances have shut them. I tall you. the door against them. I tell you, Carter, it makes a man think twice before he calls any one unsuccessful, doesn't it?' It was a good minute before I remem-

It was a good minute before I remembered to answer.

"Yes, it does," I said slowly.

I picked up the daguerrectype and opened it again. But there was a mist between my eyes and the picture, so that I could not see it clearly. It was not the face of Oglesby's father at all. The one I saw had thin temples, tired eyes, a patient mouth, a framing of scant white hair. But there was something sweet and brave and honest in every worn line. I remembered how, sometimes, when my mother kissed the tired eyes there would be tears in her own. If I had only—

wn. If I had only—
My heart contracted with a sharp pang of regret and envy as I bent my head lower over the daguerreotype of Oglesby's father.—Scribner's Maga-

A LETTER ON SLANDER.

Chas. C. Starbuck, Protestant Theologian in the Sacred Heart Review.

If Catholies would not be slandered they should not slander. A very con-spicuous English Catholic clergyman once wrote to a friend of mine, who showed me the letter, that he never showed me the letter, that he never knew a cultivated Catholic that could endure Marshall's attack on Protestant endure Marshall's attack on Protestant missions. For himself, he owned that he had never been able to read more than an occasional page. The little book of the Rev. Nicholas

The little book of the Kev. Nicholas Walsh, S. J., is much less objectionable, yet he says that Adoniram Judson, the famous Burman missionary made no converts, and that he finally gave up the work and came back to Boston and died here. Neither statement is true. Dr. Judson made few Burman converts, but hesides his translating the whole but besides his translating the whole bible into Burmese, his few converts opened the way to the Karen missions which now include more than 100,000 Christians, most of them Baptists, but a certain proportion Anglicans or Cath-olics. Dr. Judson is the root of this whole success. Moreover, he continued in the work until his death, at the age

of sixty two. How much more honorable is the frank acknowledgment given by an English Jesuit to the enlightened English Jesuit to the enlightened labors of the American Presbyterians among the Copts in Egypt, and to the essential help they render to his endeavors to redeem this ancient Church from her stagnant isolation. How honorable, too, the careful courteousness of the French Catholic official report on Protectant missions! Still port on Protestant missions! Still more the appreciative work of the Abbe Viviani. I think I have his name right. Probably he is a Christian kinsman of the notorious Socialist Viviani, whose atheistic speech the Chamber of Deputies has honored with publication throughout France. The family talent seems to be parted be-tween Christ and Apollyon.

If Catholics will imitate the brother-

ly cordiality of that Bible society which has its seat in the Vatican, they will be invulnerable. Until then they he said.

"'Oglesby,' said father.
"'Oglesby,' he repeated, as if trying to place him. 'You—you haven't been practicing here long, have you?
"'I don't live here,' said father, with a touch of his old manner. 'I live in Plainville. It's a small town. You may not have heard of it.'
"Plainville!' exclaimed Dr. Benson.
"'He didn't seem able to say anything more, so I ventured the information that Dr. Oglesby was my father.
"'Your father!' he exclaimed, and which has its seat in the Vatican, they will be invalnerable. Until then they must content themselves with alleging that what they say against the Protestants is a mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants say against the Protestants is a mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are more drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are more drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they say against the Protestants is a mere drop in the bucket to what they say against the Protestants is a mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the stants are a

sources of the Castilian tongue must be terribly taxed. Curiously enough, however, El Abogado seemed always to hold the person and character of Leo XIII. secred from attack. Surely this will effect no mean mitigation of the retribution to be exacted of the editors hereafter.

We remember that Ridolfii, a Florentine banker, having business in England, thought he might also do something for the Church. Accordingly he went to the Pope, and proposed a plan for deposing Queen Etizabeth. The Pope approved and sent him to Madrid, where Philip added to the plan of deposition a plan of assassination, Ridolfii then went on to England, but finding the English Catholics (with a few exceptions) stubborn against murdering the Queen and not very friendly to dethe Queen and not very (riendly to de-throning her, he transacted his own business and went home to Florence, where he relapsed into his former

Now Mr. Lansing, who has the most extrao dinary amount of information never known to mortal man before, and never to be known again, tells us that Ridolfi has been canonized, and suggests that it may have been for his plot against Elizabeth. Whether for the plot or the failure he does not say, probably the former.

Of course, if Mr. Lansing says any-Of course, if Mr. Lansing says anything, the presumption is overwhelming against its truth. I would hardly take his word that the Ohio runs by Cincinnati, if I had not been there, or had not had near kindred long living there. Still I would not be too incredulous. For instance, he once mentions Rhode Island, and I firmly believe there is such a State, for I have been through it. Indeed, should Mr. Lansing inform me that he had had fish Lansing inform me that he had had fish for dinner, Popish as this might sound, I should believe him without hesitation.

Accordingly I have importuned two friends to take up a wearisome search through the calendar, and they have brought out not one St. Ridolfii, but three. Surely now Mr. Lansing will begin to lift up his head. Unluckily, however, not one of the three will serve his turn. One is a Swiss boy (Rudolf;) one an Italian Bishop, and one an Italian Jesuit. The Florentine layman and banker does not appear.

However, Father O Brien informs me

that a century since there was residing at Rome a certain Rudolf Schadow, whom the Romans, after their manner, knew as "Messer Ridolfo." Being a Geras "Messer Ridolfo." Being a German Protestant artist, but becoming a Catholic and dying in a high reputation of piety, he might easily be popularly designated for awhile as "Saint Ridalfo." An English visitor might easily catch up the word, and knowing no Ridolfi but him of Elizabethan celeb Ridolfi but him of Elizabethan celebrity, might inform his countrymen that the banker's attempt on the life of their great Queen had been rewarded with a place in the calendar.

Such a story, once alloat, and seeking for lodgment in some brain empty of reality and full of calumnious cobwebs, would seen find out where to take up

would soon find out where to take up its quarters. We may therefore leave it to rest in the Fool's Paradise in which it has found entertainment.

it has found entertainment.

Lansing tells us that Boman Catholics hold that one may be a bad man but a good Pope, a bad man but a good Bishop, a bad man but a good priest. Note the lcw cunning of the fellow. Taking advantage of the ambiguous meaning of "good," sometimes signifying morally excellent and sometimes legally valid, and knowing that he has to do with hearers as malevolent as himself, and even more idiotic, he slily swaps meanings and puts into the mouths of meanings and puts into the mouths of Catholics a formula which they never use, cunningly concealing from the simpletons who crowd around him the fact that he and the Catholics believe just the same thing. For instance, let us say that the minister who baptized him turns out a hypocrite. Would he be rebaptized? Of course not. He would simply say: "The man was a scoundrel, but his authenticated official acts hold good, and are not to be re-peated." In other words, he believes just as the Catholies do. But by his tricky dishonesty he easily deceives such hearers as commonly resort to him. No device could be too transparent to take them in.

Long on Profession, Short on Prac-

tice. Says the Sacred Heart Review :

Says the Sacred Heart Review:
"The Catholic Church is not responsible for individual Catholics who are dishonest in public or private life. The tares will grow with the wheat until the end of time. It is hard, however, to convince non-Catholics of this; and the Catholic body, and by this we mean Catholic citizens, are unfair to themselves and to the Church when they give their votes to elect a man who is give their votes to elect a man who is long on the profession of Catholicity but short on its practice."

weak and sickly.

editors hereafter.
We remember that Ridolfii, a Flor-

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us off our guard. The religious indifferentism so prevalent at the present day not only creates a literature of
indifferentism; it is largely created by
such literature. And if our young
Catholic men and women do not get
acquainted with any literature except
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