

MARSHLANDS.

herself to bring her back. In a short time she located the erring one in the insane ward of the Philadelphia hospital. The girl was restored to her remorseful parents, and by careful nursing was gradually brought to reason.

Sister Gonzaga has a countenance of great benignity and firmness, a high forehead, a kindly mouth, and eyes which even age has not been able to dim. She is a model of graciousness and good breeding, and her well-balanced and well-trained mind is seen in a remarkably strong and accurate memory. The story of her life is well worth the telling, serving, as it does, as a model and incentive for those who would be successful in their chosen vocation. Sister Gonzaga's magnificent work has practically been unknown to the world. Beyond a fugitive paragraph now and then in the newspapers, nothing has been written concerning her wonderful labors in peace and war. Such a thing as a complete sketch or biography has never been attempted. A reflection on this fact is not without profit. Sister Gonzaga of course stands out conspicuously as a woman of great force and power; but there are many hundreds of others who are quietly, unostentatiously doing work which, if it were properly known, would be appreciated and applauded by the world

"An Old Timer."

A story is told of that witty genius Sir Hastings Doyle, something as follows: While he and a number of his friends were spending a social evening after the manner of their times, one of his guests, Sir Edward Kenny, while drinking a glass of champagne accidentally swallowed a bit of the cork.

After a very exciting scene of fear and dismay, he succeeded in getting Sir Edward to rights and relieved of the cork. Sir Hastings quietly remarked, "Gentlemen, I never knew cork was on the road to Kilkenny."

Domestic.

We have heard it said of a W. C. T. U. lady, that in presenting a plate of bread to a tramp, she accompanied the gift with the remark "I do not do this for your sake, but for Christ's sake." Mr. Tramp quietly remarked, "then for God's sake please put a little butter on it."

We often see a woman with a bold dashing aspect, driving with careless ease a beautiful horse up and down the Main Street; quite as frequently we also see a gentleman, prominent in social, political, financial, and church matters, drive a fast, beautiful thoroughbred hitched to a racing gear. Such display goes far to antagonize the efforts of the Y. M. C. A. and ye editor with our young growing folk.

Sorry we were to see our great Cumberland politician return to active public life. We only hope he will have no chance to realize, as so frequently champion athletes have, that they had grown old and lost their great powers, only to fully realize this after a stinging defeat at the hands of some youngster—we hope not.

It is said our new Mayor is already becoming "Cocky," now draw it mild our little man, our sweet William.