

**DISAPPOINTMENT OF A MUCH MARRIED MISSIONARY**

Talking of missionaries, I have just heard of one who seems to have had very hard luck in his matrimonial ventures. He had married in England and taken his wife to India. At the end of two years' time his wife died and he received permission from the head of his Society to return home. There he soon consoled himself, and with his second spouse returned to the field of his former labours. But Fate dealt him another blow, and at the end of a year he was again a widower. Again he asked for leave to return home, but the society leaders informed him there was an unseemly Bluebird sort of flavour about his matrimonial doings, and they did not feel justified in the expense of two holiday trips for him in two years; but if he would appoint a friend in England to represent him they would furnish him with a desirable young lady as his third bride. This was agreed to and in due time the steamer bearing the lady was signalled and the bridegroom-elect went down to meet his new partner accompanied by a married friend. On the return of the latter to his house he was pounced upon by his wife, who demanded to be told all about the affecting meeting of the happy pair. "Did Dr. Meekly seem overjoyed when he saw Miss Ranterby for the first time?" asked the lady. "Well, he certainly was flurried," was the reply; "but I don't think that 'overjoyed' is the correct term to apply." "But surely he seemed highly pleased?" demanded the inquisitive lady; "for mercy's sake do tell me exactly what he said and did." "Well," explained the cornered husband, "when Dr. Meekly saw the lady first she was at the other end of the vessel, but the friend who had travelled with her brought him over and introduced him. The Doctor spoke a few words to her only, and then turning aside he passed his hand over his eyes as though he were in great pain, and murmured audibly: 'Red hair for the third time—and after all my praying too!'"—The Flaneur in the Sydney (Australia) Freeman's Journal

**THE KING OF ENGLAND AND THE FRENCH NUNS**

A Pleading Incident Reported by a Paris Correspondent

The New Orleans Picayune of recent date, had, in its Paris Correspondence, a story about Edward VII. and a party of French nuns, which shows how thoroughly affable and good-natured is the present King of Great Britain and Ireland.

A party of nuns, eleven in number, forced either to give up their sacred calling or to leave France, had made arrangements to establish themselves in a quiet, beautiful, little city of England not far from London, and started on their journey by taking through third-class tickets via Boulogne-Folkstone. Be it noted that not one spoke a word of English, not even the Mother Superior. The short sea trip from Boulogne to Folkstone had been rather rough, and had considerably fatigued the poor sisters whose first sea voyage this happened to be. However, as the railroad officials in France had assured them there would be a train ready for them at Folkstone on arrival of the boat, the Sisters consoled themselves with the thought that they would soon get over the little inconveniences of the sea.

Well, the boat did arrive at Folkstone, and the Sisters followed the crowd along the great quay to the station. Arrived there, almost among the last, because they were timid and lacked the somewhat uncouth aggressiveness of the veteran travellers, they saw the train; O yes! But found all the third-class seats taken. Their feelings at this discovery can better be imagined than described when—O good fortune!—they espied a gentleman whose headgear was a white cap. As all station-masters in France wear white caps the good sisters naturally thought that this gentleman was the one to address themselves to, and the Mother Superior went to him with reverence, and asked him if he spoke French. The gentleman, taking off his cap, answered in the purest French accent, asking what he could do for her and her companions. The Mother Superior quickly explained their dilemma, showing the gentleman her third class tickets. The Sister was assured a carriage would be immediately attached to the train, and that he would soon return and see they were comfortably seated. The gentleman left at a brisk pace, while the Mother rejoined the other Sisters, all anxious to know the result of the interview. Needless to say they were all happy when the

Mother had told them. Presently a locomotive came with a first class carriage, which was attached to the train. The gentleman with the white cap had arrived at the same time, and, bowing politely bade the Sisters to get in. But the Mother Superior had noticed it was a first-class carriage, and again mentioned to the gentleman that they had third-class tickets. On being assured it made no difference, and that they would not be asked to pay anything extra, or be annoyed on that account, the Sisters took their seats, the gentleman wished them "bon voyage," bowed and the train left.

Now, King Edward was the gentleman with the white cap according to the Picayune's correspondent. He was on a cruise, and his yacht was at Folkstone. By the merest good fortune for the nuns, his Majesty happened to be at the railroad station when they arrived; and it goes without saying that this charming little episode had been respectfully watched by all those on the platform who knew the gentleman with the white cap was none other than the King.

A few months had elapsed when a gentleman who had been an admiring witness of the proceedings, was stopping, for a few days, at the place the Sisters had chosen as their new residence. Luck would have it that he met the Mother Superior, and he respectfully approached her, asking what impression King Edward had made upon her. The good soul answered she did not know the King, never having met him. "Oh, yes!" replied the gentleman, "you know and have seen his Majesty;" and then he related to the grateful but amazed Sister under what circumstances she made the King's acquaintance at Folkstone.

The good lady laughingly remarked that she and her companions had unanimously voted that the French railroad officials, proverbially known for their courtesy, were very much outdone by their English colleagues, whose kind, respectful and generous treatment on the Folkstone occasion they would never forget, and she incidentally remarked that the good King of England, though a Protestant, could teach a lesson to M. Combes. M. Combes, who has probably been informed of the incident must think so too!

**THE IRISH AND FINANCE**

It is probable that most of the reputation as had financiers which attaches to the Irish comes from the happy-go-lucky landlordism of two and three generations ago. The spirit of those times is exhibited in many a song and story; as for instance in the "Rakes of Mallow."

"Spending faster than it comes,  
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns."

The Irish peasantry are naturally thrifty. Their poverty is due to nothing innate, but to a system and an environment. Three Irish immigrants O'Brien, Mackey and Fair, once became the Bonanza Kings of Western America. Last week it was an Irish-American financier, Thomas F. Ryan, who finally pulled a Yankee enterprise, the Equitable Life Insurance Co. out of its troubles, and reorganized a situation involving hundreds of millions.—Milwaukee "Catholic Citizen."

A Scotch dominie, after telling his scholars the story of Ananias and Saphira, asked them: "Why does not God strike everybody dead that tells a lie?" After a long silence one little fellow exclaimed: "Because there wouldna be nobody left."

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**SERVIA'S CENTENARIANS**

A STUDY OF OLD AGE

Servia is the country which contains the largest number of centenarians in proportion to its population of 1,300,000 inhabitants, their number being 595. Ireland has only 578 with four million and a half of inhabitants. Spain has only 401 in 17,000,000 people, while France has only 213 out of 38,000,000. England numbers 192 centenarians, Germany only 8, Norway 23, Denmark 2, and Switzerland none at all.

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