

THE ANGEL AND BLACK JAN

(By E. Vance Palmer.)

They called her the Angel, because she brought all they knew of Heaven into the lives of those forty Australian miners struggling on the edge of the lonely desert in the West Country.

She was just six, and had spent two summers in Sunset Camp. When some time ago she had been left a little motherless mile far away back in a township on the Coast, and her father had to leave her to journey many miles away to his mining camp in the desert, she had sobbed her we heart out to go with him. He could not bear to leave the tiny weeping figure to the care of strangers, and so doubling greatly he had brought her with the camel-train over those miles of dry and arid plain to her desert home.

It was a risky undertaking, but the events of the two years had justified it. There was not a woman far or near, but every one of the rough miners was anxious to be her nurse. When work was done for the day they would steal to Joyce's tent under pretext of discussing the prospects of the field, but really to play "blacks," or "bushrangers," with the little golden-haired girl. And every evening they brought her something new—lumps of glistening quartz from their claims, or pets of wild animals they had caught on the plains.

She reigned over them like a queen, holding them all in thrall. Daily she was to be seen romping about the camp, her white frock showing up against the heaps of yellow mullock, and her glossy curls shining in the sun. She was never tired of making miniature mines in the gravel with her spade as she saw the others do, washing the soil in her little tin dish. Then when the sun went down she would climb to her daddy's shoulder and ride home to the tent to share his evening meal of damper and billy tea.

There was only one man in the camp who had never known the caress of her little clinging hands, or the prattle of her baby voice about his tent, and that was Black Jan. He was a dissolute vagabond—the bad man of the camp—and lived in a hut by himself away from the other miners. He had been accused of tent-robbery and cheating at cards, two of the blackest crimes known in the West, and his life had been spared more than once only because of his one redeeming virtue, a certain rough skill in surgery.

But he had been banned from the social life of the camp and left only on its borders, a hopeless outcast. The miners had the most precious thing in the world to guard—a little innocent child, and they did it with the utmost vigilance. Wherefore it was with the greatest astonishment that Black Jan heard one night a little hand beating on the flap of his tent, and a childish voice crying out: "Black Jan, are you there?"

He waited awhile too surprised to speak, when out of the darkness a wee white figure toddled towards the bright circle of his campfire, carrying in its arms a heavy long-haired dog. "My doggy's leg broke," said the child, "and they said Black Jan could mend legs, so I just runned over here."

She held the suffering animal up to him appealingly, and he took it in his arms.

"I don't guess your daddy knowed you came here," he said half-guiltily. "Daddy's away at the store waiting for the camel-twin, so I just brought it over without asking. You can mend it, can't you?"

She was almost sobbing as she saw signs of suffering in the dog's eyes.

"Well, I reckon I can," he said tenderly.

"An' you'll make him quite well so that he can wun about again?"

"I'll do the very best I know how."

He sat down on his bunk and took the injured dog on his lap. It seemed to know it was in friendly hands, and lay quite still awaiting the operation. Black Jan produced two thin pieces of pine, whittling them with his knife till they were smooth, and Angel, under his guidance, drew forth a bandage of linen from a bag in the corner.

The miner's reputation for surgical skill was not an empty one. Far back in the dim and remote past he had been a medical student in the cities until his dissolute character had driven him away into the desolate places of the earth. But he had always retained his early knowledge and he had in addition the soft touch of a woman.

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Angel stood at his knee and watched his rough hands bind up her suffering pet's leg with tender care. As she watched the look of pain pass from its eyes a great feeling of gratitude arose in her baby breast. All her little heart went out towards the big rough man whose hands had such a wonderful gift of healing.

"Black Jan, why don't you come and play wif me sometimes?" she said.

A flush rose to his cheek and he seemed to feel all the shame of his life at that moment.

"I guess I'm too old to play, Angel," he said.

"You're not as old as Snowy Pete, are you?" she said, referring to an aged miner.

"Perhaps not," he admitted reluctantly.

"Well, he can play bushwangers and bears and everything," she said stoutly. "Pwomise me, Black Jan, that you'll jus' twy and play some night."

There was nothing to do but promise, though he did so with a curious pain clutching at his heart. He thought of how Joyce would receive him if he ventured to come as a playmate to the little golden-haired girl.

The little child clamoured for his presence at the tent at night, till at length Joyce was forced to beg him to come as a favor. Thus was the outcast received back into the social life of the camp. Snowy Pete and Murray Dave forgot about his past, as they competed with him for Angel's favour by pretending to be a bear or a wolf or a lion.

The rest of the miners also felt that they could not exclude him from their society while the little innocent girl thought him a fit companion.

And so step by step, he won back his place in the community. It was a hard fight against an evil reputation and a host of accumulated vices, but with the golden-haired child's face ever before him the old vagabond worked his way out triumphantly.

And this was how he happened to be selected with a party of other miners to carry out some difficult operations in connection with a new mine. The fuses were lit simultaneously, and then at a given signal the gang hurried back out of the range of the explosion.

Angel used to sit on the mountain-side and watch the whirling fragments of rock as if they were some special fireworks arranged for her benefit. It was much better, she thought, for Black Jan and the others to play at this wonderful game, than to stay all day digging stupid holes to have her near them as they worked, her little face lit up with excitement as the huge rocks were hurled into the air with a roar as of thunder.

But one day when, having lit their fuses, they rushed back to the rock where they had left her, there was a hoarse cry from one of the miners. "Where's the Angel?"

At once the thought flashed on them all that she must have strayed unheeding into the zone of fire. At that instant while they waited horror-stricken, there was a groan of pain, and a man shot out of their midst and raced away down the hillside to where the fuses spluttered in the rock. It was Black Jan.

His feet were swift as the wind, and scarcely seemed to touch the turf which flashed under him. He felt that day that he was racing for something more than his life.

Back at the hill a little figure crawling from behind a rock sobbed in agony.

"Come back, oh, come back! I was only twyng to fwighten you."

But it was too late. There was a deafening roar that seemed to shake the earth, and at that instant the bright morning sunlight faded, and the gay world was blotted out from the sight of Black Jan the Outcast.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

At last the rest of the men gathered together under the tree and talked the matter over in low tones. The doctored man sat on his horse with his hands tied behind his back, looking the incarnation of wretchedness and misery. This was adding torture to his punishment, and he longed passionately for it all to be over. Then Murray Dave walked up to him and cut the thongs from his wrists.

"I guess you don't deserve it," he said, "but we're going to spare your neck this time."

And so Black Jan was given another chance.

His reformation proved full and complete. He worked steadily at his claim, instead of spending his days drinking heavily at the shanty, or fighting with the Arab camel-drivers.

"I guess we've just about scared him into decent ways this time," said Murray Dave.

But anyone who knew Black Jan could have told that his was not the nature to be thus frightened. Slowly but surely, he was trying to work out his own salvation, so that Angel would not shrink in loathing from him when the advancing years opened her eyes.

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Never was Ordained

"Professor" Thomas Augustine Dwyer, last winter exposed in Chicago, where he was assailing the Church, is still at large. At present he is "doing business" at Cleveland, O. Here is a summary of his career taken from the Chicago New World:

Dwyer was born in Webster, Mass., of good Irish-Catholic parents, and studied a short time at the Jesuit colleges in Boston and New York. In 1858 he was accepted on probation as a novice in the Paulist House of Studies in Washington, from which institution he was expelled for "inventive lying, fraud and deceit." One of his specialties from his earliest days—an expedient which he may still find useful—was "borrowing" of lectures from distinguished men which he afterward delivered as his own. In this way he secured the lectures on literature of Charles Warren Stoddard and those on Dante by Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls, which he repeated in many places, including not a few colleges and academies, with great success. Later, until he was ignominiously dismissed, he edited "The Orphans' Bouquet" for the Brothers of Charity in Boston. Then he became a Universalist preacher, repented and was taken in by the Dominicans at Somerset, next became an Episcopalian, once more repented, and so on ad nauseam. In a word, he has left and returned four times to the Catholic Church, and has worked as many other denominations

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LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

The closing exercises and distribution of prizes took place at Loretto Academy. Several choruses, instrumental duets and solos were artistically rendered by the young ladies. The occasion was honored by the presence of Rev. J. J. Connolly, S.J., and Rev. J. C. Coffey, S.J. At the close Rev. Father Connolly addressed the young ladies in his usual happy manner, congratulating them on the work so successfully accomplished during the past year.

HONOR LIST.

Senior Department.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by His Lordship, Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton—Obtained by Miss Ella Foley.

Gold Medal for Good Conduct in Boarding School—Obtained by Miss Antoinette Kennedy.

Gold Medal for Good Conduct in Day School—Obtained by Miss Lottie Pigott.

Gold Medal for English in Third Form, presented by the Very Rev. Dean J. M. Mahoney, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton—Obtained by Miss Katherine Halter.

Gold Medal for Mathematics in Third Form, presented by Rev. J. J. Craven, pastor of St. Patrick's church, Galt—Obtained by Miss Eleanor Schurter.

Gold Medal for Languages in Third Form, presented by Rev. G. Murphy, Dundalk—Obtained by Miss Florence Malone.

Gold Medal in Commercial Department—Obtained by Miss Clare Collins.

SILVER MEDALS AND PREMIUMS

Silver Medal for Catechism in Intermediate Department—Obtained by Miss Madie Brandon.

Silver Medal for Mathematics in Second Form—Obtained by Miss Helen Hanlon.

Silver Medal for English in Second Form—Obtained by Miss Gertrude Griffin.

Silver Medal for Fidelity in St. Cecilia's Choir—Obtained by Miss Antoinette Kennedy.

Commercial Diplomas—Obtained by Miss Clare Collins, Miss Loretto Coughlin, Miss Winifred Coughlin, Miss Agnes Schwan, Miss Margaret Armstrong, Miss Ella Callahan.

First Prize for English in First Form—Obtained by Miss Marguerite Schumack.

First Prize in Senior Fourth Class—Obtained by Miss Margaret Hamilton.

First Prize in Junior Fourth Class—Obtained by Miss Margaret Malone.

Prize for Prompt return after vacations—Obtained in Boarding School by Miss Florence Jores.

Prize for Prompt Return after vacations—Obtained in Day School by Miss Margaret Malone.

PREMIUMS IN JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Silver Medal for Catechism, merited by Eleanor Knowles, Marcella Anderson, Katie McKenzie—Obtained by Eleanor Knowles.

First Prize in Senior Third Class—Awarded to Miss Muriel Schofield.

First Prize in Senior Second Class—Awarded to Emma McQuillan.

First Prize in Senior Part Second Class—Awarded to Marjorie Cray.

Prize for Good Conduct, merited by Elsie McDonald, Eleanor Knowles, Martina Pigott, Emma McQuillan, Frances Orton, Thelma Busselle, Regina Kennedy, Muriel Schofield, Hilda Gordon, Frances Malcolm, Katie McKenzie—Obtained by Regina Kennedy.

Prize for Regular Attendance, merited by Eileen Sleeman and Bernadette Penneylogan—Obtained by Eileen Sleeman.

Prize for Writing, merited by Edna Dooley, Frances Orton, Helen Clark, Elsie McDonald, Emma McQuillan, Muriel Schofield, Marcella Anderson, Marie Heffernan—Obtained by Elsie McDonald.

Prize for Prompt Return after Vacations, merited by Martina Pigott, Frances Orton, Eileen Sleeman, Emma McQuillan, Frances Malcolm, Kathleen Thorp, Olive Kelly, Marcella Anderson, Marion Cartledge, Cleo Cogan, Marjorie Cray, Vera Higgins, Alice Collins, Eileen Kloefer, Bernadette Penneylogan, Freda Stuhl, Marie Heffernan—Obtained by Kathleen Thorp.

Prize for Ladylike Deportment, merited by Muriel Schofield, Frances Orton, Kathleen Thorp, Elsie McDonald, Emma McQuillan, Thelma Busselle—Obtained by Frances Orton.

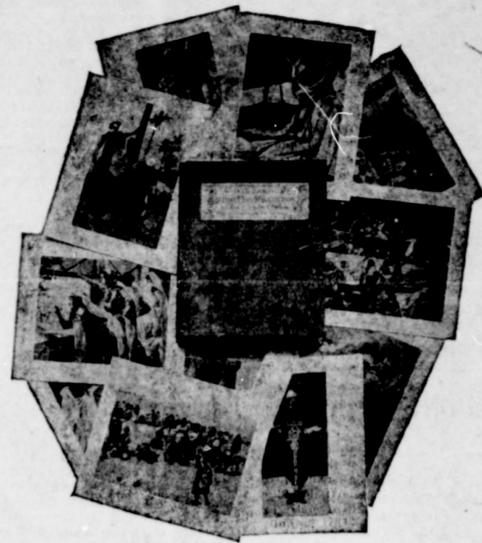
New Use for Wedding Rings

(From the London Globe.)

A handsome tabernacle of silver gilt has been erected in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. For years past, in anticipation of this event, a lady who has done much for the Cathedral has been collecting gold rings on which the inner curtains might hang. She has succeeded in persuading many of her friends and relatives to leave at death their wedding rings for this service. At the present moment the curtains of silk inside the tabernacle are supported by about fourteen golden rings which she has obtained, and on each of them the name of its donor is inscribed.

as he could. He is now the protege of the Methodists. He never received Holy Orders. He never was professor or instructor in the Catholic University, and most of the other statements made by him or in his behalf are equally false. His reputation for lying is so remarkable and so consistent that if he ever told the truth it must have been by accident.

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Formal Opening of 17th Session of Catholic Summer Schools.

Cliff Haven, N.Y., June 30.

With the celebration of the Mass on Sunday and a sermon by Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., President, the seventeenth session of the Catholic Summer School of America was formally opened here Sunday, for what augurs well to be the most successful session in the history of the Assembly. All is in readiness. The grounds, always pretty, are this year perfectly beautiful. From the handsome new station of the Delaware & Hudson on the west of the grounds to where the tersely-trimmed lawn rolls away to the historic lake, all is a perfect picture of loveliness.

With an extra week added to the splendid schedule of lectures, the friends of the school are assured an intellectual feast.

An unexpected large audience greeted Rev. John Talbot Smith last evening for the opening lecture of the occasion. Dr. Smith was at his best and spoke with much feeling and interest of "Quebec, Old and New." With an artistic sense of the beautiful, Dr. Smith pictured in most graphic fashion the romantic charms and historical significance of that ancient colony founded on the principles of the Catholic Church and of which Samuel Champlain still stands out as a splendid exponent.

The "Historical Significance of the Tercentenary Celebration at Quebec and the Centenary of the First Bishops of New York and Philadelphia," upon which Dr. Smith will lecture for the remainder of this week have a peculiar significance at this time. Dr. Smith has been invited to participate in the Quebec Centennial the latter part of July, and in return the School looks forward with pleasure to the unexpected visit of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The eleven weeks' session is full to the brim with treats, intellectual, social, athletic. The opening lecture of next week will be by Miss Helene H. McGrath of New York City, under whose guidance trips will be taken into the holy and historic land of the Bretons, to the habitat of the Vides Prochons, among the peasants of Ireland. Mr. James Francis O'Donnell, who has won recognition throughout this country and Canada, with the "Sign of the Cross," is to favor the school with two evening recitals. Miss Mabelle Hanlynn McConnell, whose superb voice made such a marked impression last year, is again to be heard at the School next week.

The Cliff Haven Dramatic Club, with Miss Mabel Crawley and Mr. John Harrington in the leading roles, will give its first of ten performances on Saturday evening next. A novel venture, these Saturday evening performances are bound to prove profitable and wholesome amusement.

All the cottages are open and the social swing will be inaugurated with a formal dance at the Champlain Club on Wednesday evening. The spacious ball room has been artistically decorated with flags and bunting for the occasion.

Besides these splendid intellectual and social features there will be something always doing out of doors. In golfing circles the McCall Challenge Cup will this year divide interest with the Conway Cup, the gift of Hon. Thomas F. Conway to the Ladies Golfing Club.

The camp opened last Saturday and the boys are making ready for the athletic contests which have been arranged for July.

All in all, things never looked more encouraging for the School.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are, get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.