

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE LITTLE WATCHER.

My papa's gone around the world,
Way off, past Grandpa's farm,
And every night I make some pray-
ers
To keep him safe from harm

My Mamma tells me curious things
About the land and sea
If Papa keeps on walking straight
He'll come round back to me!

He started on the turnpike road,
And I just thought to-day
That when he does come home again
'Twill be the other way!

He has been gone a long long time
For just a child to wait,
And every day I go and look,
From out the big front gate

Way down the road toward Willow
Pond,
As far as I can see—
For that's the way my Papa'll come,
When he comes back to me
—From Little Folks

LITTLE HINDRANCES.

A writer in Success says that every boy and girl should look well to the little things which cut down the average of success possibilities. For instance, little mannerisms, such as nervous twitching of the hands, fumbling with the fingers, fooling with whatever is within reach, peculiar movements, undignified postures in sitting or standing, a slouchy gait, a habit of saying sharp, unkind things, indulging in sarcasm—all these things interfere very materially with one's success possibilities.

Many a man with great brain power and fine physique who started in life with good prospects has failed to attain great success because of little idiosyncrasies, peculiarities of speech or manner, things not in themselves vicious or wrong, but which render him disagreeable or unacceptable to those who have dealings with him.

If it were possible for us to write of all the little things which have cut down the average of our success, and to calculate just how much each has contributed to the whole, it would be most helpful.

For example, one young man's advancement has been cut down twenty-five per cent. by bad temper, a surly, disagreeable disposition, an oddity, by carelessness in dress, an unbecoming or slovenly appearance or an unkind habit of criticizing.

Many a brilliant and capable stenographer has failed to advance because she had disagreeable habits, which annoyed her employer, who, while he recognized her ability, preferred a less able stenographer who had amiable and agreeable qualities. The lack of amiability has stood in the way of advancement of many an employe who wondered why he did not get along.

Disagreeable, hurtful and foolish habits, formed perhaps unconsciously, often become great barriers which keep us from otherwise well-earned success.

FOR LOVERS OF SHORT WORDS.

Some young ducks were swimming on a pond one night while moonlight poured out his song. For a time they listened, and then they shook their heads. "How much better we should understand him," said one, "if he would simply say Quack, Quack!" And with this the rest agreed.

A HAPPY LIFE.

William Blake, the poet and painter, whose delicate and mystical work, both in words and on canvas, was quite unlike that of any other man, had a singularly happy life. It was full of discouragement and greatly cramped by poverty, but of this he seemed to take no account. His mind was always filled with lofty and beautiful thoughts, and the world seemed to him but the entrance to a nobler state of existence. One day when he was an old man a little girl was brought to him. He looked at her tenderly, stroked her long curls and said: "My child, may God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me." He had not been well for a long time before his death. When his old friend, the artist Flaxman, died, Blake said:

"I thought I should go first. I can't think of death as more than going out of one room into another."
A little more than a year after that he died. On the day of his death he composed and uttered songs in praise of God so sweet that his wife as she stood by was enraptured by them.
My beloved he said to her they are not mine. No, they are not mine! —Youth's Companion

A STRANGE NESTING PLACE.

What Mr. W. Grey, proprietor of a sawmill at Neston, was working at a large hand saw worked by machinery he heard a squeak which suggested to his mind that some of the parts might require oiling. He removed the board which covers the hand wheels and belting and was greatly surprised at finding instead of unoiled machinery a couple of newly-hatched chickens, which traveled down to the soft earth beneath. Further investigation elicited the fact that the bird, which belonged to Mr. Grey, had made its nest almost immediately below the top of the belting, and later in the day six other chickens were found, the mother strongly resenting the intrusion which was made into her strange nest. The saw is working from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the evening, and the fact that the hen must have been there for at least weeks and has not been heard in any way during the whole time is truly remarkable. —Liverpool Catholic Times

THE "MANDOLIN QUARTET"

A Northern woman who has a winter home in one of the Southern States tells many amusing stories of her experience with the negroes of that region.

Not long ago she wished to give a little entertainment to some New England guests, and bethought her of a mandolin quartet of which one of her servants had talked to her on many occasions. She therefore commissioned the maid to ask the quartet to come to the house and play for her guests.

The next evening three coal-black men bearing banjos appeared at her piazza, and one of them announced himself solemnly as "de leader ob de mand'lin quartet."

"But where is the fourth musician?" asked the lady.

"We's all dere is," said the leader, with pride. "We do mand'lin quartet."

"But aren't those banjos you have in your hands?" feebly inquired the lady.

"Yas'm," said the man, patiently, "yas'm Dere's three ob us, an' we play de banjo, but we's de mand'lin quartet."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND'S SONG.

During Archbishop Ireland's recent visit to Rome he was often invited to pass his evenings at the Vatican with the aged Pontiff and some of the Cardinals. On one of these evenings the conversation having drifted to music and national airs, as expressive of the character and aspirations of a people, Cardinal Satolli, who during his stay in America had learned to know the Pauline prelate, suggested to the Pope that he invite him to sing one of the Irish national songs (of course, on such an occasion the desire of the Pope is taken as a command, and immediately after some members of the Papal choir had rendered Verdi's "Misereere," the Archbishop arose and sang a well-known Irish song, in his own inimitable voice, with such volume of resonance and feeling that as it swelled and rose through the ancient halls of the Vatican those venerable princes of the Church were visibly touched. The Pope himself seemed astounded and said to the Cardinals around him: "What pathos, what sincerity of feeling! 'Your Holiness,' answered the Jesuit, Cardinal Mazzella, 'it is not feeling, nor sincerity, nor pathos—it is Ireland's agony.'" —The Pilgrim

HOW DO YOU WRITE?

When the instructors at Rugby took a lad to task for his poor penmanship, he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse sermons than I do, it is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault!" Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army doing service in the German War. An order he received for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and cost many brave fellows their lives. —Saturday Evening Post

FOUR TYPES.

The correspondence column of The New York Sun is one of the most interesting features of that great metropolitan journal. In last Sunday's edition one correspondent, answering the query of another, writes:

"Some ten or twelve years ago I helped an Armenian friend to put into English an Arabic saying. Our version was published in The Independent and since then it has occasionally reappeared in public prints, in practically the same wording. I quote from memory, but think it might be called the 'correct form':"

"Man is four:
The man who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool—shun him

"The man who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple—teach him.

"The man who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep—wake him.

"The man who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise—follow him."

Another correspondent furnishes a vetted version of the Arabic maxim:

The man who knows not that he knows aught—
He is a fool, no light shall ever reach him,

Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught,
He is simple, take thou him and teach him

But whoso, knowing, knows not that he knows—
He is asleep, go thou to him and wake him,

The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows—
Cleave thou to him and nevermore forsake him

THE POPE'S BIRDS.

There is nothing about this great man, who is diplomat, statesman and theologian and holds the highest position the world has to give, that is anything but human. Elevated from the rest of mankind as he is—the prisoner of the Vatican, as he has been called—the Pope is human to the core. One of the nicest things I ever heard of him is his love for birds.

There were once certain bushes in the immense garden of the Vatican in which the birds loved to build better than anywhere else. One day the Pope was being wheeled about in his chair, when he saw two gardeners preparing to prune and reduce these bushes. "The birds' homes must not be touched," he directed, "let the garden be untidy if necessary, but do not touch those bushes."

In winter huge sheaves of wheat are fixed to poles in that part of the grounds overlooked by His Holiness's rooms, and he often sits for half an hour at a time watching his feathered friends at their welcome meal. —The Week End.

FOR THE SUSPICIOUS.

A young ladybird coming home was asked by her mother whether she had had a nice walk. "I met some very disagreeable people," was the answer. "Who were they, and what did they do?" "Mrs. Toad did not even turn her head when I passed." "Does she ever turn her head?" "Miss Mole pretended not to know me." "Does she every know anyone?" "Mr. Hedgehog turned his back on me." "Are you sure he was not asleep?" "Hector at the farm barked as I went by." "Is he not always barking?" "Mr. Bull came charging down behind me, I suppose it was the sight of my red coat, but I thought it very rude." "Was that all that happened?" "No, I met Farmer Brown." "Surely he was polite?" "Far from it! He shut the gate in my face." "I don't believe that one of them ever saw you," cried the young ladybird's brother. "And that was the simple truth—Fireside Fables.

FOR LOVERS OF INDOLENCE.

"I am sorry for you," said a toad on the bank to a May-fly in the air; "I understand you live only for a day."

"To a winged life, a day may be a lifetime," returned the other.

TO A DYING BADE.

O bubble, break! All heaven thou hast insulted in thy heart!
Ere Time its shadow on thee cast, Love calls thee to depart.

WHICH.

"I've found a four-leaf clover!" Nell said,
And up she hopped from the clover bed,
"Take it, Wamma—it will bring, they say,
Good luck through all the while long day!"

"Let me sweep Mamma!" said little Dan,
"I'll sweep, and dust and do all I can!"

Which, tell me now, helped Mamma the more,
The little girl with the luck-leaves four,
Or the little lad that swept the floor?

—Our Young Folks.

DEATH OF A CATHOLIC PEER.

An English Geraldine.

On Wednesday morning last week Lord Gerard died, at Eastwell Park, Ashford. William Canfield Gerard, second baron, was born in 1851, and was, therefore, in his fifty-first year. The deceased peer succeeded his father in 1887. Ten years previously he had married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Henry B. Milner. He was educated at Oscott College, and served in South Africa, 1899, 1900, as A.D.C. to Sir Redvers Buller, being mentioned in despatches. He held the D.S.O. Lord Gerard was the premier Catholic baronet but he was only the second baron. Every charitable movement had his support. He is succeeded by the Hon. Frederick Gerard, who was born in 1883.

The late Lord Gerard could trace his ancestry back to 1096. William Fitzherbert was then castellan of Windsor, and he had three sons, one of whom was Gerald. He married Nesta, daughter of Rees, son of Theodoro the Great, Prince of Wales, and had issue, William, the ancestor of the Gerald's, or, as they were called in those days, the Fitzgeralds. The family took a prominent part in the Crusades of the 12th and 13th Centuries, and they retain a memorial of their services in Palestine in the 13th century the name was changed to its present form "Fitz," meaning "son of," was dropped out, and Gerald became Gerard. On the family settling at Ince Hill, near Wigan, William Gerard married Joan, daughter of Peter de Bryn and Brindie, and hence the name Bryn in connection with the Gerard family. Sir Thomas Gerard attended Parliament in 1836 as one of the knights of the shire for Lancashire, and he was High Sheriff of the county. He died in 1816, and was succeeded by John Gerard, who was then twenty years old. The family do not appear to have taken any part in the famous battle of Agincourt, and they were not very prominent in the wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster. They were deeply attached to their religion, and a chantry chapel was erected at Windleshaw, and endowed by Sir Thomas Gerard, knight, to celebrate Mass for the souls of his ancestors. During the reign of Henry VIII, the family were loyal to the Crown, as is proved by the fact that the then head of the family took part in the war between Henry and the King of Scotland. Later on that loyalty to the Crown was put to the test, for the endowments of the chantry at Windleshaw were confiscated by Parliament, but we find a Gerard High Sheriff for Lancashire in the reign of Edward VI, and this same ancestor held the office in 1553 and 1558. The adherence of the family to the faith of their fathers was very marked during the reigns of Edward VI and Elizabeth. It was this adherence which probably impelled Sir Thomas Gerard in 1750 to consider how to effect the escape of Mary Queen of Scots, who was held prisoner at Chatsworth. The plot was discovered, and Sir Thomas and his confederates, Sir T. Slatney and Lord Dudley, were lodged in the Tower of London. Sir Thomas Gerard wrote to the Privy Council that the Queen (Elizabeth) had spared greater offenders, and he hoped she would not deal sharply with him. He desired opportunity for such service as might be a recompense for his past follies. Elizabeth took a serious view of the matter, and Sir Thomas was fined so heavily that he was compelled to part with his manor at Brynhill or Brindie, which had been in the family for many years. When the son of Mary Queen of Scots ascended the English throne, the Gerards reaped some rewards for their fidelity. They were amongst the first creations of

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baronets who were instituted to establish an English colony in the Province of Ulster in Ireland, and this was not the only instance of the King's appreciation of the sympathy of the Gerards for his unfortunate mother. Loyalty to king and faith marked their conduct during the disastrous dispute between Charles I and his Parliament. Most of the Catholic families in this district also took an interest in the Royalist cause. "Richard Gerard was a distinguished colonel, and courageously shared the misfortunes of his master. He himself raised and led an army of foot. After many vicissitudes of fortune, he was appointed, after the Restoration, cup-bearer to the Dowager Queen Charles II, in his futile efforts to oust the Puritans, stayed one night at the "Bryne," as the guest of Sir William Gerard. This was in August, 1650. During the stirring days of 1715 and 1745, the Gerards kept aloof from the mad dening strife of parties, and it was during this period the family built the present splendid residence at Garswood, then called New Hall. Hereabouts the coalbeams under the estates added greatly to the wealth of the family. In 1876, the thirteenth baronet, Sir Robert Tolver Gerard, was elevated to the peerage as Baron Gerard of Bryn.

MY SECRET.

"T is not what I am fain to hide,
That doth in deepest darkness dwell,
But what my tongue hath often tried,
Alas, in vain, to tell.

IT HAS MANY OFFICES.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be of much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

AFRAID OF AIR.

I wonder why so many are afraid of air. The one great foe of peace of mind is a "draft." Consumptive patients are kept in the open air all day long. Are we to wait until we are consumptives before we take advantage of it?

Air is cheap. It is almost a pity that it is, if it were an expensive commodity, the people across the way, whose bedroom windows are closely shut at night, would certainly insist upon their share. We must have air and we must have sunshine in our homes, if they are not to be asylums for invalids.—Herald of Health.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINER.

(very sternly, to Erastus Smith, colored, who aspires to the office of mail carrier). —How far is it from the earth to the moon? Erastus, (in terror)—Only, boss, if yo's gwine to put mo on dat route I don't want do job!

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an east India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

IN A NEW YORK COURT.

Judge—Have you formed or expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused in this case?

Man (draws as juror)—No, su. But I have sometimes thought—
Attorney (rising indignantly)—Your honor, this man acknowledges that he sometimes thinks. It is hardly necessary to say that we shall challenge him as a juror in this case.—Texas Sittings.

Old-Fashioned Grandmother.

—Now, Rhoda, you know you wear that towering hat with all those feathers on it just to attract attention (Up-to-date Descendant)—Why, grandmother, that's what they built the Parthenon for.

"What is your occupation?" asked the old physician, as he felt the patient's pulse. "I'm an oper. singer," was the reply. "Ah!" exclaimed the M. D. "What you need is a change of air. Suppose you try singing in a church choir."

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