

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

October 7, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
The Holy Rosary.

„ 8, Monday.—St. Bridget, Widow.

„ 9, Tuesday.—St. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.

„ 10, Wednesday.—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.

„ 11, Thursday.—St. Canice, Abbot.

„ 12, Friday.—St. John Leonard, Confessor.

„ 13, Saturday.—St. Edward, King and Confessor.

St. Bridget of Sweden, Widow.

St. Bridget, the foundress of an Order of religious, was born about the year 1302 of the royal family of Sweden. The state of marriage which she embraced by the advice of her parents did not cause her to lose her fervor for the pious exercises she had shown from her tenderest years. After having become a widow (1343) she consecrated herself entirely to works of charity and to exercises of piety, and founded the Monastery of Wadstena (1344) on the shores of Lake Vettern. The Order was confirmed, under the title of 'Order of the Saviour,' by Urban V., in 1370. The religious followed the rule of St. Augustine and the particular constitutions which their holy foundress is said to have received by divine revelation.

St. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.

St. Denis, the first Bishop of Paris, and one of the most illustrious writers of the early Church, is believed to have been identical with Denis, the Areopagite, converted by St. Paul. He was martyred, with several companions, on the hill of Montmartre, in Paris, about the year 119.

St. John Leonard, Confessor.

St. John was born in Lucca, in Italy. As a priest, he effected such a complete reformation of morals in Lucca that its inhabitants rivalled the early Christians in fervor. He himself seemed to have imbibed that burning zeal which caused the apostles to traverse the world in order to convey to all nations the teachings of Christ. Anxious for the propagation of the true Faith, and unable himself to leave Italy, he devoted his time and abilities to the training of suitable young men, who were destined, after their ordination, to proceed as missionaries to heathen and heretical countries. He died in 1609, at the age of sixty-five.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

AVE MARIA!

Hail, Holy Mother, full of grace!
The light that shines from out thy face
Tells of a love divine.

Give me a spark of that same fire,
Give me the grace to lift me higher
To share thy trust sublime.

The look the Child gives back to thee,
Oh, may He give it once to me,
And may He too be mine!

'Ave Maria.'

Every revelation of a secret is the fault of him who first told it.

If thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank to him.

Where secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off.

Knowledge of the world consists in respecting its futilities.

We know that beautiful acts make a beautiful life. What you preach or say does not affect your character much; but the instant you do a thing it becomes a part of your very self and colors your life.

There is such a thing as a man having in this world spiritual possessions as well as material possessions, and being thus possessed he can look through the shadow and see the substance, he can reach out and touch vanished hands, see the faces of those whom he has loved and lost, can come into close fellowship with God and being pure in heart can see God.

The Storyteller

THE STORY OF GLORIANA

For three weeks we had advertised for a cook—in vain. And ranch life, in consequence, began to lose color and coherence. Even the animals suffered: the dogs, the chickens, and in particular the tame pig, who hung disconsolate about the kitchen door watching, and perchance praying, for the hired girl that was not.

'This,' said my brother Arthur, 'spells demoralisation.'

He alluded to the plates that lay face downward upon the dining-room table. We had agreed to wash up every other meal, saving time at the expense of decency. One plate did double duty, for we used the top for breakfast and the bottom for dinner. Before supper we scrubbed it thoroughly and began again.

'And this bread of yours,' I retorted warmly—the plate labor-saving scheme was a happy thought of my own—'spells dyspepsia.'

'True,' he admitted forlornly, 'I can make, but not bake bread. In a domestic crisis like this many things must be left undone. We must find a cook. I propose that we ride to the village, and rope some one.'

We discussed the propriety of such a raid with spirit. I contended that we might have reason to regret, at the end of another rope, so high-handed a proceeding.

'You are right,' said Arthur. 'However, it's always darkest before dawn, and I've a feeling in my bones that the present state of affairs cannot last. Something will turn up.'

He proved a true prophet. That very afternoon Gloriana turned up.

We were sitting upon the verandah oppressed with the weight of beans, bacon, and sodden biscuit. As we smoked in silence our eyes rested gloomily upon the landscape—our domain. Before us lay an amber-colored, sun-scorched plain; beyond were the foot-hills, bristling with chaparral, scrub-oaks, pines, and cedars; beyond these again rose the gray peaks of the range, pricking the eastern horizon. Over all hung the palpitating skies, eternally and exasperatingly blue, aquiver with light and heat.

'Somebody's coming,' said Arthur.

The country road, white with dust, crossed the range at right angles. Far away, to the left, was a faint blue upon the pink hills.

'It's no wagon,' said Arthur, idly, 'and a vaquero would never ride in the dust. It must be a buggy.'

Five minutes later we could distinguish a quaint figure sitting upright in an ancient buckboard whose wheels wobbled and creaked with almost human infirmity. A mule furnished the motor power.

'Is it a man or a woman?' said Arthur.

'Possibly,' I replied, 'a cook.'

'She is about to pay us a visit. Yes, it's a woman, a bundle of bones, dust, and alpaca, crowned with a sombrero. A book-agent, I think. Go and tell her we have never learned to read.'

I demurred. Finally we spun a dollar to decide upon which of us lay the brutal duty of turning away the stranger at our gates. Fortune frowned on me, and I rose reluctantly from my chair.

'Air you the hired man?' said the woman in the buggy, as I looked askance into her face.

'I work here,' I replied, 'for my board, which is not of the best.'

'I'm a book-agent.'

'I'll call my brother,' said I.

After he came we listened patiently as she read half a page from the volume she was selling. Her voice rose and fell in a sing-song cadence, but certain modulations of tone lent charm to the words.

'That is very nice indeed,' said Arthur. 'But I have something to ask you. Do you make twenty dollars a month at this business?'

She shook her head sorrowfully.

'This is September,' said Arthur, 'and within six weeks the rain will begin. What will you do then?'

She regarded him wistfully, but made no reply.

'Your mule,' continued Arthur, 'is about played out—poor beast. Will you stay here this winter and keep house for us? I daresay you can cook very nicely; and next spring, if you feel like it, you can start out bookselling again.'

'My cookin' is sech as white folks kin eat, but—'

'We will pay you twenty dollars a month.'

'The wages are more'n enough, but—'

'And the work will be light.'

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