

# Friends at Court

## GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 10, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Easter. The Patronage of St. Joseph.  
 „ 11, Monday.—St. Alexander I., Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 12, Tuesday.—SS. Nereus, Achilles, and Companions, Martyrs.  
 „ 13, Wednesday.—St. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr.  
 „ 14, Thursday.—St. Carthage, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 15, Friday.—St. Dymphna, Virgin and Martyr.  
 „ 16, Saturday.—St. Brendan, Abbot.

St. Alexander I., Pope and Martyr.

St. Alexander was a native of Rome. After a pontificate of nearly ten years, he received the crown of martyrdom in 119.

St. Carthage, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Carthage was the first Bishop of Lismore, in the South of Ireland. He founded there a monastery and a school, which became so famous that scholars flocked to it from all parts of Ireland and Great Britain.

St. Brendan, Abbot.

St. Brendan was a native of Ireland, and a disciple of St. Finian. Passing into England, he established there two monasteries. On his return to Ireland he continued the same good work, and founded, among others, the famous abbey of Clonfert. He died in 578, in the 94th year of his age. According to a legend, accepted by some historians, St. Brendan voyaged to America, and landed in the neighborhood of the present State of Virginia.

## GRAINS OF GOLD

### THE PROMISE.

Every day hath its burden,  
 By trials and griefs oppressed;  
 But every day hath its promise,  
 For night brings peace and rest.

Every night hath its darkness,  
 Sad thoughts crowd thickly then;  
 But every night hath its promise,  
 For the day will dawn again.

—'Ave Maria.'

Moods and whims are the ugly weeds you must guard against if you want to keep the garden of your heart fair and lovely.

If earth rewards duty with such munificence as it often does, how richly, thank you, will God recompense those who keep His precepts.

No doubt age has many privileges and consolations that are denied to youth; but the difference between the two is that youth is blissfully unconscious of what are its limitations, while age is haunted by the important memories of all that it has been compelled to surrender.

Culture means mastery over self, politeness, charity, fairness, good temper, good conduct. Culture is not a thing to make a display of; it is something to use so modestly that people do not discover all at once that you have it.

We were made to radiate the perfume of good cheer and happiness as much as a rose was made to radiate its sweetness to every passer-by.

He who seeks strength will seek the strong. The soul finds itself in the atmosphere of greater souls, in touch with the things and thoughts that are infinite. For spiritual strength there must be touch constantly with spiritual being, the constant nearness in thought and desire to those unseen forces and that life which even the most unthinking must realise at times.

As you slide along past youth into middle age get a good grip on your enthusiasms. Life looks black after they are gone. It is a good thing, too, to renew your own life in an intimate interest in the life of some young friend. Few things are more helpful or more beautiful than friendship between the young and the old. They have everything to give to each other. What is most pitiful in both—youth's uncertainty and need of encouraging sympathy, age's unfulfillments and need of softening tenderness—is soothed and neutralised by a sharing of interests and affections.

# The Storyteller

## THE MAYFLOWER AT THE GULCH

(Continued from last week.)

Bob was moody and silent. The poor fellow was intensely, fiercely jealous. Ruth, too, was very quiet. In her heart, she bitterly resented her betrothed's attitude to these, her beloved friends. She leaned back in her chair, and calmly, dispassionately, compared him with the men sitting opposite—not to his advantage.

Soon she pleaded fatigue, and bade her friends good-night. From behind an acacia tree in the garden, Bob watched her walking up the street, escorted by Thornton Best. He noticed with satisfaction that there was no lingering leave-taking at the door of Bentley's Bowler. The girl seemed to be cold—a brisk wind was blowing down from the foothills,—and she went in at once, while Best kept on his self-satisfied way to the hotel.

'He talks like a turkey cock!' thought Bob, disgustfully. 'If it were any one else I should not care; but that tailor's block!'

He lit a cigar and pulled away moodily. In front of Doctor Stewart's office, across the road, a horse was standing, pawing the earth restlessly. 'Doc' was an elderly man, reputed very skillful on those rare occasions when he was sober. People said that he was destroying himself with opiates and drink; but it was a case of Hobson's choice with them, for he was the only physician within ten miles.

The Doctor's door opened suddenly, and a man evidently a Mexican, with a girl in his arms, sprang down the steps, leaped on the horse's back, and was gone up the street like a whirlwind. Bob stared after this apparition.

'Who r'd'th so late through the night wind wild?' he murmured, the quaint old legend of the Erkl'ing recurring to his mind.

'It is really a father and child,' replied Mrs. Luke, who had come out unnoticed and now stood at his elbow. 'That is Prospero Diaz and little Carmela. I wonder what can be the matter?'

She shivered, although a fleecy shawl covered her shoulders. There was an unmistakable air of tragedy in the figure of the reckless rider with his spurs sunk deeply in the horse's flanks, and the child's hair streaming in the wind.

'Let us go in,' said Luke, who was standing beside his wife. 'You had better stay with us for a few days: Bob. You are beginning to look seedy.'

Ruth went about her household tasks the next morning with less than her usual sprightliness. Had Thornton Best changed or had she? In New York, one short year ago, he had seemed to her the beau-ideal of everything manly and good; now she found herself criticising his every move and speech. It was puzzling, certainly, but his very presence seemed to irritate her.

There was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Luke Dillon walked in quickly.

'My dear,' she began, 'do you know that little Carmela Diaz has smallpox? Luke was told of it in the store a few minutes ago. After you had left us last night, we saw the father ride away with her from Doctor Stewart's house, like one possessed.'

'But where could she have caught it?' asked Ruth very much startled.

'That is hard to say. It seems that an Indian once died of smallpox in that filthy old abode where they live. But that was a long time ago.'

'Poor little Carmela!' Ruth said with a sigh.

'God help her! The worst of it is, that there is no one to care for her except that half-insane father of hers,' continued Mrs. Luke. 'Old Tia Dolores is on the other side of Las Nivas, attending the mother of a large family who is down with typhoid. Everyone else seems afraid of smallpox.'

'I am going to her,' said Ruth, calmly. 'I never take any disease, and I was vaccinated a year ago.'

'You. Ruth? Nonsense! Your uncle and your brother would never forgive me if anything happened to you during their absence.'

'But nothing is going to happen to me, dear Mrs. Luke; for I shall take proper precautions. I must go and get ready at once.'

She went hurriedly to her bedroom, where she made up a parcel of bed linen, soap, towels, and so forth. Then she took from the pantry some Liebig's extract, condensed milk, and other delicacies.

In the meantime, Mrs. Luke had noticed Thornton Best approaching the house, and half opened the door