

HEARTLESS SHEILA SHEA.

Share, the parish is so quiet,
Sheila Shea,
All the folk are saddened by it
In a way,
An' the whole o' thim ara waitin'
For the joy o' celebratin'
Somethin' lively; like a weddin', let us
say,
Sure, ye know it is the duty
Of a girl that's blessed wid beauty
To be careful not to let it waste away.

Has no sense o' sorrow found ye,
Sheila Shea,
Faix, the world revolves around ye,
An' it's gray,
Still, the spell will soon be broken,
For, although ye have not spoken
Sorra word o' what I've begged of ye
To say,
If ye will not grace a weddin',
"The mornin' will soon be doun," an'
There's some comfort in a funeral, any-
way.

Do ye hear me, Sheila Shea?
Shure, how can ye be so gay,
Wid such quiet all about ye, that ye sing
the livelong day?

Do ye hear me, Sheila Shea?
Shure, how can ye be so gay,
Wid my breakin' heart so near ye, that ye
sing the livelong day?
—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Prettiest Cat in Wien.

By Ellis Meredith.

When Martin Dornheim died in Colorado, he left his motherless daughter, Hilda, to his brother, Heinrich Dornheim of Vienna. Hilda was Western-born, and the strange uncle who came all the way to the Rockies after her regarded her with mingled emotions. She was so strong and self-reliant, yet so affectionate; so independent, yet so eager to please; so childlike in spite of her seventeen years, yet so womanly in her black garments.

"If, now, she were going to Johannes or Anna," he reasoned, "it would be different. She could not be lonely with all those young folks around her; but with only Jaroslav and me, in my dull old house, with prim old Katia, ach, the Heimweh will come in spite of us!"

He tried to prepare her for the change as the steamer neared Hamburg but she slipped her hand in his and looked up with that "old" look that made him feel she was a woman.

"Don't worry," she said gently, "don't worry, Uncle Heinrich. Ever since die Mutter died I have been used to being alone with just my father, and I would rather be with you and Cousin Jaroslav than with a lot of young folks who were gay and happy; for though I do not mean to be sad, I cannot help it sometimes, and I should not like to spoil their good times. Besides, I shall see them often, nicht wahr?" Then with a little laugh, "If I do get homesick, Uncle Heinrich, please will you get me a kitten? Every time I think of my big gray Tomasso that I left with Mrs. Schmidt at Montrose there comes a lump in my throat.

But after a whole year in Vienna Hilda had never once shown a sign of the dreaded homesickness. She had fitted into her uncle's silent household almost like a daughter of the house, and although old Katia was disposed to look askance at her Americaner ways, Hilda soon won her over by her praise for the great and wonderful city of Wien, where she found something new and interesting every day. Fortunately Hilda had spoken German all her life so she found little difficulty in getting about by herself.

The girl wandered all over Mariahilf, where one may yet see the old-fashioned houses that remain from the middle ages; she saw the Hoher-Markt on Christmas eve, when it looked like a scene from a pantomime; she spent weeks in the galleries, days in the museums, and many a long entranced hour in the gardens. She had the usual disappointment when she learned that the real "Beautiful Blue Danube" does not flow directly through Vienna, but she forgot it when she heard Strauss himself lead his own orchestra.

One day, as her cousin went to his office, he noticed as he turned down Josephine Strasse flaring posters that told of the European tour of a famous American band. He had a German contempt for American music, but as he read the name he remembered that Hilda had spoken of the leader, and would be almost certain to wish to hear him, if only because he came from America. He bought the tickets and telephoned to Hilda to call for her seat at the box-office and he would join her later at the concert, or at least be there in time to take her home. It was very late when he came down to the rotunda in the Kaiserliche Prater, so late that he did not take his seat, but stood at the back of the vast hall.

Finally he deserted Hilda. She was sitting a little apart, and her face was very white, as if she had put tremendous strain upon herself. The last number was a medley of national airs, and as the band crashed into "The Star Spangled Banner," she rose and remained standing, to the astonishment of her neighbors. She had forgotten them, the place, herself, everything. She was an American, listening to the bugle call of her own country, and as the notes gave way to those of the Austrian national air, she buried her face in her hands, conscious for the first time that she was a stranger in a strange land.

Her cousin, watching her, knew that at last the dreaded Heimweh had come. She was merry that night, so gay and full of fancies that her uncle laughed again and again at her jests; and it was not until she had gone to her room that the younger man told of the little scene in the concert hall. "She has been fighting tears all the evening," he said, in conclusion. "She is so homesick that she would give all Wien for one hour among her mountains. What shall we do, father?"

"Shall we send for her Aunt Anna, or her Cousin Elschen?" ventured his other, helplessly.

"That would be no use. They could not help her. We must find her something else to interest her; but she is

so different—" He stopped with a shrug and a gesture. Something in the outgoing hands reminded the older man of the day so long ago on ship-board, and his face brightened.

"I have it!" he said, delightedly. "Tomorrow morning I shall buy her the prettiest cat in Wien; you shall see. That will comfort her."

The next morning found him in a tiny store, far from the fine shops and magnificent restaurants. It was a dingy little place, filled with bird-cages, goldfish, tame rabbits and, in a back room, cats and dogs, which eyed each other warily, with occasional growls, hisses and barks.

The animal fancier was expatiating upon the beauties of the cats that lay in sleek and sleepy luxury about them, and Herr Dornheim was hesitating between a jet-black with topaz eyes and a white one with a most engaging little pink mouth, when he heard a low moan of pain.

The face of the fancier turned a little more ashen, and there was a pained look about his mouth as he said, in answer to the glance of surprise:

"It is—a kitten that I—that I found in the alley. The boys and the dogs had nearly done for her, and I have had no time—no, do not look at her! She is a most unpleasant sight."

Herr Dornheim lifted the cloth. The kitten was a gray Angora, with very curious markings, half-invisible now in blood and dust, her fur torn, one paw mangled, a small heap of mites, with no beauty save a pair of beseeching eyes, that she turned upon them in almost human entreaty. The old fancier stood wringing his hands in an agony of misery that checked the words that rose to his customer's lips.

"I found her only half an hour ago!" he muttered. "I shall see if I can do anything for her; if not, the chloroform. Will mein herr take the white or black one?"

"Neither," answered Herr Dornheim shortly. "I'll take this one," pointing to the injured cat.

The man looked at him in blank amazement. "But mein herr asked for the most beautiful—"

"I know," answered Herr Dornheim, "but I had not seen this one then."

"I could not sell her, mein herr. I do not think she will live. It would not be honest, and you said you wanted the most beautiful for your little girl, nicht?"

"This one will be the most beautiful to her."

The man said no more but put the kitten into a wicker basket, with a tiny comb and brush, a box of ointment and a package of catnip.

"You may pay for these things but not for the kitten. Tomorrow I will sell you one."

Some strong emotion seemed to overcome the old man, and he almost hurried his purchaser away, his face working and his hands trembling.

Herr Dornheim never doubted the wisdom of his purchase until he stood on his own steps. The kitten had not moved. Perhaps it was dead. It would be a sorry jest to bring home such an object to the homesick girl.

And what would Jaroslav say? It was too late to turn back, for the girl had been watching for him, and flung open the door. And then, as he would have explained, a plaintive wail from the basket saved him the trouble.

"O uncle," she cried, delightedly, "you remembered? You have brought me a kitten—the prettiest in Wien!"

She took the basket from his hands, and hurried into the sitting-room and raised the cover. The forlorn atom of catnip raised herself, torn, bloody, encrusted with dirt, the bruised paw extended as if entreating aid, while she put the other on the edge of the basket and looked straight into the pitiful and bewildered eyes of the girl.

"Father," cried Jaroslav, impatiently, "what were you thinking of?" He stopped at a gesture from his father.

The girl had taken the kitten up so gently that its fears vanished, and with the basket under her arm, slipped away to wash and bind up the little patient. Fortunately there were no bones broken; a bath removed the blood and dirt, and the hurt paw was soon bound up. Wrapped in warm flannel, while Hilda brushed and combed the beautiful fur, the kitten gave a weary purr and fell asleep.

"My son," said the old man gently, "if thy mother had lived thou wouldst have known more of the mother heart. There were many beautiful cats, but I bought the child the only one that sorely needed her. It is a small thing, truly, but even the sorrow of a kitten may help one to forget one's own grief."

A few weeks later the kitten seemed in a fair way to substantiate her little mistress's claim, and be the prettiest cat in Wien, after all, and Hilda asked for the address of the fancier,

that she might buy more catnip and other supplies.

When Hilda explained her errand, the old man leaned far across the counter, clutching it with his lean, brown old hands.

"Did she live?" he asked, piteously. "Did she really live?"

"Live?" answered Hilda. "You should see her! She is the prettiest and the worst spoiled kitten in Wien!"

The fancier sat down and buried his face in his hands. "Du Hoger Gott! She was my granddaughter's kitten," he went on, when he could control himself a little. "She ran away, and the dogs chased and tore her—"

"And your grandchild is dead?" asked Hilda, full of sympathy.

He shook his head. "I know not. She was like the kitten—she ran away. Mein Gott in Himmel! The dogs they may chase her now—she is out in this great world alone—"

His frame shook with great, tearless sobs.

For a moment Hilda was too shocked to know what to say or do, but while she waited silently she thought out a plan. It was late in the afternoon, and the rain was beginning to fall.

"Perhaps you would deliver the things," she said. "You could close the shop early. It is not likely many people would come tonight, is it? And then you could see her. I am sure you would be happier if you knew how round and plump and dear she is."

Then, as he hesitated, "My uncle will be glad to have you see what a good doctor I am." And he promised to come.

It was after eight, when he arrived, and the girl's uncle and her old bachelor cousin made him as welcome for her sake as if he had been all the desirable things he evidently was not. There was something almost painful in his joy over the rescued kitten, and he touched her as if she were a little child.

Very haltingly he told the story of the wifful granddaughter's discontent, and her running away to earn her own living and be free of his restraint. And when he went back to his menagerie he carried with him a hope that he might still find his own little one, and save her from danger and hardship.

After that, every two or three weeks the old man slipped quietly in for half an hour and slipped away again, like an unobtrusive shadow, always bringing some small offering for the kitten. Something of the pity the girl had felt for the animal was transferred to the old man as time went on, and there could be no question of the success of Herr Dornheim's experiment.

What newspaper people call "the human interest" had taken hold of Hilda, and she had many plans for helping the old man find his lost grandchild—all of which her Uncle Heinrich told her were impracticable.

One bright morning at the beginning of spring, when the windows were opened to let in the soft, sweet air, Hilda became conscious that the kitten was behaving in a most unaccountable manner. She raced back and forth along the window-sill, as if she heard herself called, and rushing to Hilda, ran back to the window.

The same thing happened for several days, and Hilda noticed that it was always about the same hour. It must be some one that the kitten knew. Hilda hid behind the curtains and waited, her heart thumping; and the kitten sat at one end of the tulip-box, making her toilet, as if she were expecting company.

After a long half-hour of waiting, there came a soft call, and Hilda, peeping out, saw a white-faced young girl with heavy brown hair and work-roughened hands, holding a thin cape about her bent shoulders.

She coughed as she spoke to the kitten, and her voice was low and faint.

Hilda waited no longer. She slipped out of the room, down the steps, and flung her arm about the girl as she stood on tiptoe, vainly trying to reach up far enough to stroke the arching back of the fluffy Angora.

"You are Gretel!" Hilda cried. "Oh, I know you are Gretel! No, don't go away! I shall not hurt you. See, I have been keeping your kitten for you. She was homesick when you went away, and she is so glad to have you back."

Very gently she led the girl in, and as she subsided, shivering and crying, a little heap of mingled woe and joy, upon the rug, the kitten nestled down in her arms with a purr of content.

"This is really the finest cat in Wien," said the old fancier. "I do not believe there is a finer in Europe. If there were, ach, gnadige Fraulein, I would walk a thousand miles to get her for you, as you brought my Gretchen to me."—Youth's Companion.

The Doctor's Progress.

One of Dr. Seward Webb's neighbors in Vermont is an aged physician, whose family practice extends for miles around. His son took up medicine and moved to a Western state, where, after a lapse of five years, the old man visited him. "Take me around your ride an' let me see the extent o' your practice," said pater.

In the course of the drive the father remarked two new meeting houses with graveyards attached, which the young man informed him had been erected since his residence there. He also told his father that he had frequent calls to places beyond his regular circuit. When the old Vermonteer returned home the first question his wife asked was—"How's Fred doing?" He replied: "Very, very well; in fact, first-rate. He has already filled one graveyard full, another nearly so, and seems to have a pretty fair chance in the surrounding country."—New York Press.



A Three-Cornered Tear.
A three-cornered tear is best mended invisibly with tailor's mending plaster, which is applied to the back of the material.

To Darn Serge.
When darning cloth, serge or tweed, it is best to unravel a strand of wool from the raw edge of a turning, if it can be procured, and use this to mend the material with.

Definitions for the Cook.
Aspic—Savory jelly for cold dishes. Au gratin—Dishes prepared with sauce, cheese and crumbs and baked. Bouchees—Very thin patties or cakes—as name indicates—mouthfuls. Bisque—A white soup made of shell-fish.

Bouillon—A clear soup, stronger than broth, yet not so strong as consommé, which is "reduced" soup.

Brasée—Meat cooked in a closely covered stew pan, so that it retains its own flavor and those of the vegetables and flavorings put with it.

Canneton—Stuffed rolled-up meat. Consomme—Clear soup or bouillon boiled down till very rich, that is, consumed.

Croquettes—A savory mince of fish or fowl, made with sauce into shapes and fried.

Croustades—Fried forms of bread to serve minces or other meats upon.

Entree—A small dish usually served between the courses at a dinner.

Fondue—A light preparation of melted cheese.

Mayonnaise—A rich salad dressing.

Nice to Know.
Lemonade or fruit punch—10 quarts to 50 people.

Frappe and sherbet—2 to 3 gallons for 50 people (varying with the manner of serving on account of melting).

Tea, served with other things—1 gallon to 50 people.

Coffee—25 to 40 cups to a gallon. Chocolate—25 to 30 cups to a gallon, 1-2 pound of chocolate.

Whipped cream—1 quart will yield 25 spoonfuls.

Loaf sugar—1 pound for 25 people. Berries—7 to 10 quarts for 50 people. Sugar for berries—two pounds for 50 people.

Wafers (varying with the kind when other cakes are served)—3 boxes to 50 people. Small cakes are usually sold by number.

Cake, varying with the kind, size and manner of cutting. Cut in quarters, then sliced, a large round cake may serve between 20 and 25 people.

Plum pudding—1 pound to 4 people. Bonbons—1 pound for 16 people. Salted nuts—1-2 to 2 pounds for 25 people.

Olives are computed by number to suit an occasion. There are 200 to 210 in a quart bottle.

Timbales and patties—25 may be filled from a quart of mixture.

Croquettes—1-2 quarts meat make croquettes for 25 people.

Potato chips—2 pounds serve 25 people.—The Household.

Recipes.
CROUTONS.—To make croutons cut pieces of dried bread in inch pieces, spread on plates and brown crisp in the oven.

Potato Crust.—Rub through a wire sieve half a pound of cold potatoes and mix with them half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, a quarter of a pint or even less of water, so as to make all into a light paste. Roll out lightly on a board to a quarter of an inch thick and cover the pie with it. This is a light pastry and suitable for sweet or savory dishes.

Herring Omelet.—Beat six eggs to a froth and to them all the flesh from a red herring, carefully boned and flaked with a knife. Stir in also a teaspoonful of milk, a pinch of salt and both black and cayenne pepper. Melt a small piece of butter in a frying-pan and then pour in the mixture, cooking it over a moderate fire. When the omelet is browned underneath double it over and serve at once decorated with sprigs of parsley.

Bean Soup.—Beans make a fine cold-water soup. Wash one pint dry white beans and put to soak over night in cold water. In the morning put into a kettle with two and a half quarts cold water, an onion, quartered, a piece of a ham bone or little piece of salt pork, a small bunch of parsley, four sticks of celery, sliced. Cook until the beans are quite tender, take out the meat or bone and press through a puree sieve. Season with salt and pepper, put over the fire to heat thoroughly again, add a cupful of milk and serve with croutons.

Boiled Salt Fish.—As salt fish are apt to be too salty a couple of hours is not long enough to soak them in cold water and for the following recipe it is better to soak them over night, changing the water as often as possible—four times at least. Boil it then for about an hour in the last water in which it has been soaked, which may be half milk if preferred. When boiled pound in a mortar with a gill of cream sauce. When smooth reheat, and add two ounces of good butter, stirring till the butter is melted and well mixed with the fish. Just before serving squeeze in the juice of a lemon.



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HALLS OF CONGRESS.

An adjournment was taken because of the death of Senator Russell A. Alger.

A message from the President urging ship subsidy legislation was received.

In the House the Diplomatist and Consular and the Military Academy Appropriation bills were passed.

The House Committee on Naval Affairs voted in favor of authorizing a second big gun battleship of 20,000 tons.

Senator Morgan prepared a report reflecting upon the financial conduct of canal affairs by the Canal Commission.

The House Judiciary Committee voted 9 to 7 to report the Littlefield bill giving the States power to regulate whisky traffic.

A message from the President urging the enactment of a model insurance law for the District of Columbia was received in both houses.

The Pension Appropriation bill was passed, after the provision for all the pension agencies except the one in Washington was eliminated.

Minority members of the House Committee on Merchant Marine are at odds over the report to be submitted on the Ship Subsidy bill.

The House failed to respond to an appeal by Representative Longworth for a \$5,000,000 appropriation to construct homes abroad for American diplomats.

A message was received from the President recommending provision for American representation at the International Maritime Exposition at Bordeaux this summer.

Representatives Livingston, of Georgia, and Burleson, of Texas, introduced a resolution in the House directing the Bureau of Corporations to make an investigation of the New York Cotton Exchange.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Boxing clubs are doing very well in New York just now.

It is seldom that boxmen, once they lose their grip, are able to regain it.

Cornell has adopted the graduate coaching system for her football eleven next season.

Jack Dunn is working hard to get a team of pennant winners for Baltimore, for he gets a \$1000 bonus if he turns the trick.

Professional billiardists are again promulgating the idea that a one-night match is too short to decide world's championship titles.

W. K. Vanderbilt eclipsed all owners of race horses in the matter of money won during the season. His horses in France won \$225,000.

Eugene Hildebrand, the leading rider two years ago, has been forced to retire, as he finds he cannot make the weight acceptable to owners.

The athletic grandstand that will be erected in England for the Olympic Games next year will seat 367,000 people. At Athens the Stadion seated 90,000.

Walter Eckersall, the mighty leader of the Chicago University football team, has announced his intention of taking part in baseball and track athletics this season.

Eben M. Byers, of Pittsburg, national amateur golf champion, expects to sail for England next month to play in the British amateur championship tournament.

It is rumored at New Orleans that Frank O'Neill intends to become a jockey again, owing to the scarcity of really good riders, any one of whom can earn at least \$20,000 a year.

Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, was born in France; his father was an American, his mother an English woman; his first language was Italian, and he was educated in Germany.

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Says the New Orleans Times-Democrat: "We have accepted responsibilities which require a large navy and have been niggard about supplying the ships and the bluejackets to man them. The strength of the navy should be continually increased until we have reached a point of absolute safety, which will not be for many years. We should not be niggard in making provision for either material or personnel."

HER GIVEN AGE.
Bacon—The average age of persons arrested in New York City is 23-1-2 years, and one out of five is a woman.

Egbert—I suppose the age Hable to be given by the woman brings the average away down.—Yonker's Statesman

PECULIARLY FITTED.
"Now," said Flannigan, after the accident, "we'll have to send some man to break the news gradual to the poor man's wife."

"Send Hannigan," suggested Finnegan. "He's just the man to break the news gradual—he stammers so."—Philadelphia Ledger.