

Bank to Paolistic Accounts—No One Else Implicated."

Elizabeth, waiting that morning, saw Henrietta coming down the drive. She noticed that her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining. With all the other girls Henrietta remained distant and cold, but she said Elizabeth walked home that night with their arms round each other.

The following morning came this announcement in the papers:

"The Hon. Ronald Fulcher, the president of the Mercantile Bank, has made good the shortage in the accounts of the cashier, and the bank will resume business on June 16th."

June 9th was Henrietta's birthday. She asked Elizabeth to take supper with her. Elizabeth had looked at the little book with "Friendship" on it many times during the week, but for some reason the white-wrapped parcel in her hand was not the book at all, but a box containing a little gold heart with "H" engraved on it. She handed it to Henrietta with a flushed face. "I hope you'll like this little heart, Henrietta."

And Henrietta, the proud, threw her arms round Elizabeth, and said with tears and little gasps, "O Elizabeth, how can you love me at all? I have been so hateful and cold to you, when all the time during the week I have thought of you over and over again. No one ever had a friend so true as Elizabeth." I never could have gone through the week without you. That first morning, when father said I must go to school, I

would have run away and hidden if you had not been on the bench waiting for me. I wanted to tell you, but I was so shy. I was so shy, when I was telling you what I believed was the test of friendship, and I said that hateful thing to you. O Elizabeth, you have shown me that the true test of a friend is to stand by you and understand, not caring for circumstances or silences. When I was going by Smith & Bennett's house this morning, I was thinking, I saw this little book called 'Friendship' and I bought it for you as just a little sign that I think no one ever had a friend like you."

Elizabeth's heart swelled with joy and pride in Henrietta. She was indeed the best friend she had dreamed her.

When she reached home, and had gone to her room, she took out the other little white book, the counterpart of the one Henrietta had given her, and held the two side by side. How many things had happened since she had brought the first one home! How much stronger and sweeter friendship was than she had ever known. That state, those of those books represented Henrietta and the other herself.

"I was wrong," she said, "with just the same thoughts."

private secretary to the governor, and report for duty when it was convenient. I served as assistant, but I was not in the office much; then, when I lacked three months of being twenty-one years, I was promoted to be private secretary.

When he became President, General Grant took him to the Executive Mansion, as it was then called, three members of his

Smith & Bennett's Dent, Porter and Babcock. Since the house was crowded, I occupied a room with General Grant, who was Mrs. Grant's brother and who had been a classmate and roommate of General Grant's at West Point. It was the beginning of a warm friendship between us that was never broken.

Various matters that grew out of the war, or that came with the change from one administration to another, brought enormous crowds to the White House. It was impossible for the President to see more than a small number of callers, and it was one of my duties to find out who those people were, and whether or not they had any real business with the President. At that time no one, outside of a few special classes of visitors, could see the President without first submitting the object of his visit to one of the secretaries. The result was that I saw a great number of people who merely wished to shake hands with him, three-fourths of the callers never saw the President.

The method of admitting large crowds for the President to receive standing had not then been adopted. General Grant sat at the head of his cabinet table, with a chair placed on each side of his callers, and it was one of my duties to find out who those people were, and whether or not they had any real business with the President. At that time no one, outside of a few special classes of visitors, could see the President without first submitting the object of his visit to one of the secretaries. The result was that I saw a great number of people who merely wished to shake hands with him, three-fourths of the callers never saw the President.

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The President was a good listener, so good, that at times he was contenting. He could listen to a long statement without showing by word or look the slightest indication of its effect. He could look at you through you, or into absolute vacancy, as best suited his mood; and yet he was never discourteous. He had a mind that reflected deeply, and, although this was less apparent, an alert mind. He was everything that was said, and, no matter how obscurely a remark was couched, knew what the speaker meant.

The change from military to civil surroundings made President Grant at first more reserved in his speech than he would have been if he had been familiar with the ways of politicians. But although he was so reserved, he was so friendly, and so kind, that he would talk easily and accurately; he always knew what he wished to say, and made it clear to others. Those who approached him frankly and directly, he talked with the same frankness, as far as circumstances would permit; but any attempt to beat round the bush at once put him on his guard.

In my office I took down upon a separate slip of paper the names of callers and a note of the subject would remind me of his business; if there was any chance of his seeing the President, I asked him to call on the next reception day. After the office was closed I submitted the slips to the President, briefly explained them to him, and wrote his answer on the back of each slip. Of course, if the business was important, I at once took the matter to the President; moreover, there were many men whose business I did not ask; I merely announced their presence. Senators and members of Congress, when they called on the President's office unannounced between the hours of ten and twelve. Often, if they came after hours, they left some message for him. Usually, when I took my notes to the President, I explained them in a few words, and he quickly decided what action he would see to it that he did not always end our interview. Frequently the subjects suggested ideas to him, and if he felt in the mood, he would talk on general matters.

It was this that I learned the true mind of the man. In our personal intercourse I nearly always called General Grant simply "General," and used the title "Mr. President" only on formal occasions. For years he had called me by my first name; after I became his secretary he usually called me "Mr. Douglas," possibly out of regard for my youth, for he was very considerate

of the feelings of others. Occasionally he referred to the familiar "Robert," but I do not remember his ever calling me "Colonel." I suspect that he did not value my militia title as highly as I did; and he may have felt that it did not accord with the fitness of things that a man so young as I should by honorary appointment outrank so many veterans.

Simple, Courteous and Kind.

THE qualities that impressed me most deeply were the simplicity and directness of his character, and his unassuming and kindliness to those who were under him. No employee had any hesitation in speaking to him, and his secretaries felt free to express their opinion on any subject. He listened to us patiently, and then followed his own judgment. It was hard to change him after he had once made up his mind, not because he had pride of opinion, but because of the force of his convictions.

If he were convinced that he had made a mistake, especially if it involved an injustice to others, he promptly corrected it as far as lay within his power. A United States marshal who had been made a mistake from office that afterward been indicted was promptly appointed when his case came to trial. The President thought that some reparation should be made to the man because he had been unjustly convicted, and since his position had been filled, the President gave him another important position. If he had merely been made a mistake from office, it probably would have been the end of the matter.

On one occasion I carried in the names of two men whose business seemed important. As soon as their names were mentioned the President said, "Yes, I know what they want, and I cannot see them." He then said that these two men and some of their friends had persuaded him to remove two prominent officials from their office, and to appoint them to the vacancies; that the ones who had been turned out had convinced him that he had made a mistake, and that the President promptly reappointed them; and that the men who had now come to see him wanted the occupants turned out again. "I may have done wrong," he said, "but I have done the best I could, and I cannot reopen the matter."

Once a Senator called just before three o'clock, and remained with the President for more than an hour. He was an able man, but he was one of those Senators who, and to Vance said, could be counted on to enjoy the Senate in two minutes and a half in case of a call.

After he had left, the President remarked, with an air of resignation such as he sometimes showed, that he had had headache, and had wanted to take a ride, but that the Senator who had come in was a good man whose feelings he did not like to hurt. "By saving him abruptly," he said, "I have done the best I could."

Senator's business was soon done, the President expected him to leave at any minute.

"I did not say anything. I was in hopes that he would talk himself out, and I was afraid of giving him a fresh start I said anything."

"What did he talk about?" I again asked. "The state of the Union," replied the President.

Persons who heard some of the speeches that were delivered at that time in Congress, when the House was in committee of the whole, will appreciate the full meaning of that remark.

The Letter From the Minister.

ON one occasion I found him trying to read a letter that had been written to him by a personal friend who was a United States minister in a foreign country. The letter, in a large, ornate, and very decorative script, was written with a blue pen on all four sides of a double sheet of a very thin, transparent paper, of the kind that was called onion-skin. When I entered the room, the President looked up at me and said, "I do think an American minister might afford to write upon only one side of a sheet of paper."

If the letter had been of general communication, the President would have promptly referred it to one of the departments; but evidently he wished to read it himself. So he went at it again with perplexed and determined look. After a while he picked up a plain sheet of white paper and placed it between the two leaves.

"Does it help you?" he asked. "Oh, yes," he said. "I could see three sides before, and now I can see only two."

General Grant had a keen sense of humor, and often expressed it effectively. He once said of his standing at West Point that his only chance of getting anywhere near the head of his class was to turn the class the wrong end foremost.

Another remark that is credited to him concerned his lack of musical talent. He said that he never could whistle more than two times;

REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT GRANT

By Robert M. Douglas, His Private Secretary

I SAW General Grant for the first time in May, 1865, at the review of the Army of the Potomac, in Washington, soon after the close of the war. He was standing in full view on the Presidential stand, and was holding his hat slightly raised. I was then sixteen years old, intensely loyal, and at an age when I would naturally be attracted by the personality of a great soldier. I was the elder son of Stephen A. Douglas; just four years earlier, I had received my father's dying message to support the Constitution and obey the laws of the United States.

The impression that General Grant made upon me I shall never forget, indeed, I have never fully understood it. In that moment of supreme glory, I expected to see him wear an expression of triumph, or at least of elation; but his calm, impressive face, with a tinge of sadness, seemed looking beyond the present, into the future or back into the past. Certainly the features were no expression of the conqueror.

I was then a student of Georgetown University, and when I was not in college, made my home with my stepmother in Washington. I told her of my earnest desire to meet General Grant. Shortly afterward we called at his home, and in her charming manner she frankly repeated to him all that I had said.

I was embarrassed by her unexpected notice, but was quickly reassured by the pleasant smile and kindly manner of the general. He had met my father in Illinois not long before his death, and admired his career, especially his devotion to the Union.

From about the time of our visit until my election to the Presidency, General Grant lived in the house that had been given to him in what was then called Minnesota Row. It was one of a block of three houses that Vice President Breckinridge, Senator Rives and my father had built in 1866, for their residences. After my father's death we moved back to the old home, almost directly across New Jersey Avenue. Our families became quite intimate, and I worked at General Grant's house. Mrs. Grant treated me with a motherly kindness that was my sincere and lasting attachment.

In 1866, General Grant accompanied President Johnson on his famous "swing round the circle," during which the President visited Chicago to lay the corner-stone of a monument to my father. I joined the party at Rochester, New York, early in September, and left it at Chicago. During the journey I saw much of General Grant, and usually rode in the same car with him. He seemed unimpressed by his surroundings, and apparently avoided appearing until after Mr. Johnson had spoken. When he did appear, he was received with great enthusiasm by the people.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the monument the people called for General Grant, and he stepped to the front of the platform. He was met by the wild cheering of thousands of persons; the shouting continued for several minutes. During that time the expression that had so deeply impressed me when I first saw him, again came over his face.

After my graduation in 1867, I went to North Carolina to look after what I had inherited from my brother and I was left from

my mother, who was the daughter of a large slaveholder. Although I was born in North Carolina, I had never before seen the state, and had many strange notions as to what it was like. I looked upon Illinois as my home, and fully intended to go to Chicago; but a chain of unforeseen circumstances made me a permanent resident of my native state.

As I was only eighteen years old, my relatives persuaded me to remain in North Carolina until I became of age. They pointed out that in the meantime I could study law and get my law license while I was looking after my property, and that I could then go to Chicago as a lawyer and not as a law student.

My Call at the White House.

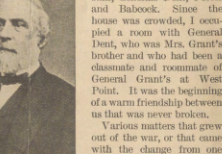
IN July, 1868, when North Carolina was readmitted to the Union and the state government was reorganized, Governor Holden appointed me his private secretary. It was a position that brought me into contact with the leading political and social leaders of the state. I was appointed aide to the governor, with the rank of colonel, a title which I was generally known until I went on the bench of the supreme court of the state.

In March, 1869, soon after General Grant was inaugurated, I called on him at the White House, in behalf of a friend. Toward the end of our interview he said to me: "What can I do for you personally?" I thanked him, but said frankly that I did not think it would be advisable for me to accept any office that he could afford to give to a man of my age.

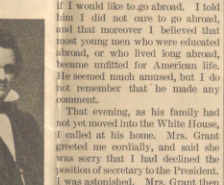
He hesitated for a moment, and then asked me if I would like to go abroad. I told him I did not care to go abroad, and that moreover I believed that most young men who were educated abroad, or who lived long abroad, became unfitted American life. He seemed much amused, but I do not remember that he made any comment.

That evening, as his family had not yet moved into the White House, I called at his home. Mrs. Grant greeted me cordially and said she was sorry that I had declined the position of secretary to the President. She was astonished. I told her that the general had told her that I had declined the position; they both regretted it, since they had been so kind to me. I replied that the general had mentioned no particular place, and that I had never dreamed of offering such an office to me. At once she asked, "Will you tell me now?"

I answered yes—that I could not decline a position that would bring me into such intimate relations with the general. She said that she would tell him, and immediately she went over and spoke to him. The general turned and held out his hand; he declared that he was glad I had accepted, and told me that I might return to North Carolina to close my office as



ROBERT M. DOUGLAS, FORMER PRIVATE SECRETARY OF PRESIDENT GRANT.



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, FORMER FRIEND OF PRESIDENT GRANT.

JUDGE ROBERT MARTIN DOUGLAS, A.M., LL.D.—The record of distinguished public service left by his father, Senator Stephen A. Douglas, has been continued by his son. He has been secretary to Governor Holden of North Carolina, private secretary to President Grant, United States marshal for North Carolina, master in equity for the United States circuit court, and associate justice of the supreme court of North Carolina. He has written many articles on economic and social questions.

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THE VENDETTA

BY ARTHUR WILKES COLTON

It was in October that Moses Durfee's dog, Ulysses, and Willy Flint's terrier, Samuel J. Tilden, came from opposite directions through the tall ferns, and so into the opening on top of the hill that we called Pisgah, just as the red fox came from the cattle ridge, slipping over the ground like the shadow of a cloud on the grass. Ulysses and Tilden made for him with all the tumult possible to them, and he slipped like a shadow into his hole. Then the disappointed dogs fell foul of one another, bit where they could find a bite, and filled the top of Pisgah with excitement. Thus the trouble began, and in election time, too.

The next afternoon men built a platform in front of the town house, with planks across the steps and soap-boxes under the planks, so that it was very shaky. The platform was for the speaker, who was expected to tell us exactly what we should do. There were benches on the platform for prominent citizens to sit on, in order to show that they were prominent and upright, and agreed with the speaker.

In due time the citizens sat on the platform in a row, the speaker in the middle. There were Mr. Atherton Bell, the minister, Deacon Crockett, and the rest, including Ulysses, who lay under Mr. Durfee's bench, quite unmoved, for Tilden was not far away on the same platform. Then Mr. Atherton Bell made a speech to introduce things.

"I count myself happy," he said, after a while, "that I stand to-day in this fair sunlight, under this blue arch of American freedom, to introduce to the assembled upholders of that freedom the honorable gentleman and distinguished orator, the Senator from —"

Now the Senator was a short, stout, kindly-looking man. The top of his head was very bumpy. You could tell he was a great man from the way he said, "Fellow citizens." And presently he got into an excited state of oratory.

"Our platform is firm as truth. It may not be moved." He meant the party platform, not the one on the town-house steps, which was shaky. Every one applauded. Ulysses got up, and said, "Wow!" S. J. Tilden said, "Wood!" and barked up. "My faith is pledged to this —"

"Hurnh!" "Woo!" "Woof!" S. J. Tilden was making for Ulysses. He had scrambled to the platform. They met in the middle. *Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap!*

"These are my principles," S. J. Tilden said, "and my feet from where they stand."

Bump! The dogs went against the back of the distinguished legs of the Senator from — and he came down into an undistinguished bipartisan mix-up with S. J. Tilden and Ulysses, as if he had no principles at all.

The prominent citizens rose in a body. The audience tried to help. One of the right-hand soap-boxes fell over and dropped a plank. Mr. Atherton Bell, Deacon Crockett, S. J. Tilden, Ulysses and the distinguished Senator slid down it together without distinction.

After the plank was set up again, and Tilden and Ulysses were carried away by a committee, the Senator mounted the platform gingerly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if dogs are going into politics, I'm going out."

"Hurnh!"

"There must be a hint to the franchise." And all upholders of freedom agreed with him.

On the day following, "Chub" Levy said he believed this thing between Ulysses and Tilden to be a vendetta, and Moses Durfee asked what was a vendetta?

"It's a row," said Chub, "that goes on forever, and you rise in all your relations."

"Oh! Angelica will like that." Angelica was one of the owners of Tilden. Probably she would like it. She was a girl of the kind that when there is a row and she does not immediately get into the middle of it, becomes unhappy.

It seemed probable that Angelica, as well as Willy Flint, her brother, the other owner of Tilden, would see how necessary it was, in order to establish the vendetta, that she should act in some violent manner toward each other. But none of the three backers of Ulysses fancied himself in the position of punching Angelica's eyes. And it seemed probable that if a single combat were proposed between Willy Flint and one of the three, Angelica would club the heads of all three over her shoulder.

You had to walk very carefully with Angelica. Now a vendetta, according to rules, can only be called off by the principals; that is, as long as the first couple keep it up, the relatives have to stay in. It was set down in the ministers' Political and Social History of Corsica that the principals were generally killed off to begin with, and the relations stayed in as long as there were any of them left who had energy.

We thought we would go and see Mr. Atherton Bell. He was a lawyer, and besides, he never took our ideas frivolously, as elderly people were apt to do. We went down the

hill from the Cross Roads, leading Ulysses by a string, and found Mr. Bell on the steps of the post-office, together with Harvey Cummings and Mr. Paulus, the postmaster.

"Oh! Ah! Yes!" said Mr. Bell. "A vendetta, a feud, Dear-me! Do you think Ulysses is serious?"

Moses was doubtful about Ulysses. Ulysses was seldom serious. But S. J. Tilden was serious. He was never anything else.

"But the presence and character of Angelica are embarrassing. She insists on her rights."

"Yes, sir."

"Very embarrassing. Chivalry, you know. Why, dear me! This is a most interesting, a most extraordinary case!" Mr. Bell took off his hat and walked up and down with increasing excitement.

"What, what! Harvey, you don't mean to say you ever heard of such a case before! Never, upon my word! Chivalry, vendettas, political dogs, women's rights, all mixed up! Never, never! Where's the other dog? Bring the other dog! Gracious! Will no one bring the other dog? Paulus, those dogs upset the platform, they did. The Senator has a bump on his head to my certain knowledge. What! Paulus, Paulus, you must refrain. Those dogs must be persuaded. They will involve their families in this—a deadly struggle. They will. I foresee it."

Mr. Bell's eye was shining, and he nearly got into a state of oratory, as the Senator had done. We children thought it grand when any one got into a state of oratory. It was better than fits.

At about this time Willy and Angelica Flint came up the hill, leading S. J. Tilden, and turned into the post-office. Mr. Bell saw them coming. He got out of his state of oratory slowly, and rubbed his hands.

"There now," he said, "—Then you say, 'Where now?' asked Harvey Cummings, indignantly. 'You go!' to sed me dogs a-fighter? I say, 'I ain't right.'"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Bell. "I'm going to persuade them to—a—refrain, for—a—the sake of their families. How? I—I don't know how."

Ulysses and S. J. Tilden were tugging at their strings and growling angrily. Mr. Paulus turned and went slowly into the store. Mr. Bell looked about him helplessly. Mr. Paulus was on with a bottle in his hand. He felt yield, which dropped naturally, dropped over in a heavy sink.

"Let 'em go!" he said.

"What, what! Paulus, what's that? What's that?"

Ulysses and S. J. Tilden flew at each other, tripped, rolled and mixed themselves. Mr. Paulus emptied the bottle over them, calmly. Ammonia," he said. "It's good for dog fights."

Ulysses and S. J. Tilden put on expressions that could not be forgotten. They backed off and looked at each other with intense dislike. Then they gave a mournful howl and went in opposite directions.

"They never met in friendship or enmity again. I think it was the opinion of each that the other had played a low trick and knew all about the snarl. If you put ammonia on the nose, it smells considerably. Whenever they saw each other, they remembered it, and backed off and went different ways."

PERTINENT.

It is the fashion in England to attach to houses names that in many instances are, by accident or misadventure—"Appletoe," where the only trees are fir; but, as this London chronicle story shows, fitness and humor sometimes govern the choice.

A retired Indian civil servant, on his return to England, yielded to his wife's importunities, and called his new house a new house.

"But mind," he emphasized, "it must not cost above three thousand pounds."

It cost double that amount, as houses have a way of doing, and when it came time to name the house, the owner had no considerable masculine feeling to put into it; so, not in memory of the Indian, he called it: "Mysore Place."

CAPABLE OF WIDER APPLICATION.

A CLEVER scheme for checking the discreditable practise of "joy-riding" is credited by the Boston Herald to Commissioner Bourke of the Public Works Department.

According to officials of the department a plain chauffeur, armed with joy-riding with his wife's machine, and had a collision. He then suspended him for a month.

When Commissioner Bourke was informed of the accident and the suspension, he said that if the young man wished to be reinstated in the city's employ at the end of the month, he must start as a laborer with his wife and himself.

"He can't go joy-riding with those," the commissioner dryly added.



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They are light, strong, durable, heavily nickel-plated and superbly finished. 40 years of skate-making experience are behind them and every skate is absolutely guaranteed. Our "U. S. Hockey Player" and No. 305 Rink models are the only skates made that have chrome nickel-steel runners. They are tough, hard, and stay sharp.

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The 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware is so well and favorably known as the standard of excellence in silver plate that it needs no special commendation from us. It has an intrinsic value that housekeepers everywhere recognize. We have offered this Silverware now for over twenty years, and it has given universal satisfaction.



CHOICE OF PATTERNS. We can supply this liner in the beautiful vintage pattern, an illustration, or in either the Rose of Sharon or the Old Glory patterns.

The New 26-Piece Chest of Silver

This Chest contains 26 pieces of the 1847 Rogers Bros. Silver, two pieces more than the Chest offered last year. The Silver is of the "XS Triple" grade, which is three times heavier than standard plating. The Set consists of

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 6 Dessert Spoons | 6 Table Knives |
| 6 Teaspoons | 1 Butter Knife |
| 6 Table Forks | 1 Sugar Shell |

THE OAK CHEST measures 9½ x 11 inches, and has a smooth polished finish. The hinged cover has a nickel-plated name-plate and fastener. The lower drawer of the Chest is fitted with a nickel-plated pull. The Chest is lined throughout with dark green satin, and has fitted positions for each piece of Silver.

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"BIG 5" OFFER. Send us between October 1, 1912, and October 1, 1913, five new solicited subscriptions for The Youth's Companion, and in recognition of your services we will present you with one of these fine Oak Chests containing 26 pieces of the well-known 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware. Price of Chest of Silver \$13.50. Sent by express, charges in either case to be paid by the receiver. Shipping weight 10 pounds.

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THE CONGRESS CLOSES.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE GREAT CONVOCATION IN CHICAGO.

Vast Crowds in Attendance—Monsignor Satolli and Archbishop Corrigan

Welcomed—The Papers Read

and Other Business Transacted—Woman's Work.

Colored Catholics, Etc.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13th, 1893.

The most interesting proceeding of the second day's meeting of the Catholic Congress, and not without its dramatic features, was the appearance of Monsignor Satolli. Escorted by Archbishop Ireland, he entered the hall and took his seat upon the platform beside the presiding officer.

The proceedings had already begun, but they were suspended when the Pope's representative came in, and all rose to do him honor.

In response to an eloquent address of welcome by the presiding officer, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, of New York, Monsignor Satolli responded in Italian, his words being translated by Archbishop Ireland.

Monsignor Satolli's salutation to the United States, in the name of the Papal Church, and his call upon the Catholics of America to go forward, in one hand bearing the Book of Christian Truth, and in the other the Constitution of the United States, called for a demonstration of approval such as has been rarely witnessed in a religious gathering in this country.

The representative of the Pope did not speak at great length, but his words were full of meaning and created a profound impression. He impressed upon the delegates the importance of their labors, and said the congress had the greatest power for good. He spoke of the interest the Pope had manifested in the present assemblage, and the expressed desire of the Holy Father that it would accomplish much good for the Church.

Monsignor Satolli said further, that here in America, was the key to the future, and that the Pope had especially charged him to speak words of hope, of blessing and encouragement. Among other things he said:

"It lies with the congress to concentrate all the great social forces of the Church for the accomplishment of the special work in which you are engaged. The great social forces are thought, will and action. These all must rest on the eternal principles of truth. Unless the human heart voluntarily subjects itself to the truth, virtue and social reforms will be impossible. Then, man has, first of all, his great duty to God, which never can be forgotten. He has also duties to himself and his fellow-man and, finally, he has relations to the great world of nature, over which his action is exercised.

"This congress is in the line of the first great social congress that ever was held, and that was when Christ, surrounded by thousands of children of Israel, delivered his great discourse on the mountain. The resolution was then given to all human problems. Then were laid down the vital principles that should regulate human conduct."

Archbishop John A. Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio, was then introduced to make the opening address. In substance he said:

The key-note of our discussion is an encyclical letter of the Pope himself,

which is destined to play an important part in the solution of all the questions with which it deals. Much of the trouble in the social world today is caused by the fact that the great principles of Christianity have been set aside, and material and selfish interests have been substituted as the great motive power of nations and individuals.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

At the session on Wednesday Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, was present. On his appearance he was tendered a spontaneous ovation.

The Archbishop, with the remark that the time of the congress might be better utilized in the hearing of valuable papers than in listening to a speech from him, took occasion to say a few words on the sublime faith which had upheld Columbus through all the trials that preceded his discovery of America.

Columbus was a religious enthusiast of the best sort. It was this religious enthusiasm, he said, which enabled him to hold his own when all the world looked coldly on his great project, and it was this, in the end, which had enabled him to triumph over every obstacle. He thought a well-deserved tribute should be paid to Queen Isabella, of Spain, whose religious zeal had, in a large measure, insured the success of the discoverer's enterprise. Although a woman, she parted with things a woman generally most dearly prizes—her jewels—to further the schemes of the great explorer. The Archbishop's brief address was liberally applauded.

Some time was consumed in receiving the reports of committees and sections, after which the reading of papers on the social question was continued.

Col. R. M. Douglass, of Greensboro, N. C., spoke of "Trade Combinations, Strikes and Arbitration." It was the opinion of Colonel Douglass that strikes must be finally regarded as the solemn protest of the individual against wrongs for which he feels that the law presents no adequate remedy.

He did not consider corporations should be denounced, but fictitious capitalization was a fraud upon the investing public, and said that it furnished the strongest inducement and most plausible excuse for oppression and extortion. Rates were raised so as to absorb the profits of legitimate industries, while wages were cut down to the point of starvation.

He had no sympathy with the randed rioter, and he should be promptly suppressed.

He dwelt at length on the evasion of taxes by the rich, and especially by corporate bodies, who make false returns to the assessment bureaus.

Frank J. Sheridan, of Dubuque, Ia., spoke upon the same subject as Colonel Douglass.

"Woman in the Middle Ages," was the title of a paper read by Anna T. Sadlier, of New York, during the afternoon.

"Life Insurance and Pension Funds for Wage-Workers," on which Prof. John P. Lath, of Chicago, and E. M. Sharon, of Davenport, Ia., spoke, was followed by "Immigration and Colonization," which called out for speakers the Rev. M. Collohan, of New York; Dr. August Kaiser, of Detroit; the Rev. J. L. Andreis, of Baltimore, and M. J. Elder, of New Orleans.

THURSDAY—WOMAN'S DAY.

Thursday was Woman's Day at the congress. There was a good showing

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 5.]

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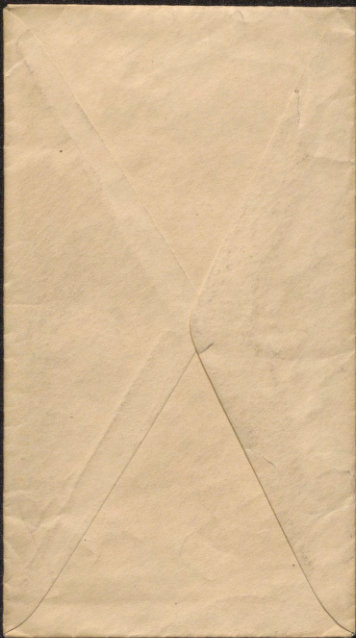
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Industrial News.

AL NEWS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1907

General Robert E. Lee

BY ROBERT M. DOUGLAS.

Formerly Secretary to President Grant.

In celebrating the centennial anniversary of the birth of General Lee, there will be thousands of tributes from those who loved the cause of which we was the noblest representative. And yet a brief tribute may not be amiss, and certainly will be none the less sincere, coming from one of different views, and whose early manhood was so intimately associated with his heroic rival.

Not as a soldier, or as the leader of a cause held sacred by millions, will I attempt to speak of General Lee, but simply as a man and a citizen. As such it is difficult to overestimate the magnanimity of his conduct, or the effect of his example.

Surrendering only when further resistance meant a useless waste of life, he accepted the situation in good faith, and never after uttered a word that could create feeling between the sections. His fighting was all done on the field of battle, and all the animosities of the past were laid aside when he sheathed his stainless blade. Recognizing that the future of the south lay in the educated manhood of its sons, he devoted the remainder of his life to its advancement.

He never engaged in political contests,

nor loaned his name to business enterprises from which he might have reaped a golden harvest.

He was a handsome man, of splendid presence and grave, but courteous bearing. The only time I ever saw him was when he called upon General Grant, then President. He modestly announced himself to an usher. Upon being informed of his presence the President directed me to bring him in at once. Their greeting was cordial, but it seemed that a feeling of gravity and almost of sadness came to both men with the recollections of the past.

The President, with his usual consideration, presented me to General Lee, who, knowing my family, greeted me kindly. I expressed my pleasure at meeting him, and then retired, feeling that no one should intrude at such a time. The visit was purely one of courtesy, and was short, and I believe that it was the only time they ever met after the war. Of Lee it may be truly said that no nobler champion ever went down with a lost cause, and yet retained in fullest measure, not only the love of those who followed him, but the universal respect and admiration of a reunited land.

MEN A WAIT E TOGETHER

ones in Durham Jail, Sen-
y 8, Face Fate Quietly.
t Companion.

himself. The little daughter, Mattie, was his only friend in the household, he said. She said to him: "Papa, stay all night. I will make you a pallet. I love you." He was in a frenzy, and the murder followed.

Hodges has made a good prisoner, and since his conversion he has done much in getting other prisoners interested in their future. His constant companion is a cat that he has in the jail. This cat and the condemned murderer are good friends, and each night they sleep together. "Come, Tom, let's go to bed," Hodges will say as he is about to turn in for the night. In response to this invitation, "Tom" jumps in the bed, is covered up, and sleeps during the night. Forsaken by the world, this murderer has made a close companion of the cat.

He has requested that his body be shipped to his old home in Danville, and be laid to rest beside his mother, who died many years ago. His niece

WINSTON 12-YEAR-OLD HELD FOR DRUNKENNESS

IS BOY WHO STOLE PTNS FROM
BOOK STORE—OTHER NEWS
OF CITY.

Special to Daily Industrial News.

Winston-Salem, N. C., Jan. 18.—James Hicks, who was implicated with James Southern in the larceny of fountain pens from the Watkins book store several days ago, was placed in the lockup this morning for intoxication. The condition of Hicks, who is about twelve years old, was pitiable.

The boy said that a man bought a quart of liquor from a saloon, and that he (Hicks) and two men drank all of it. Hicks was quite talkative, and he gave the chief the name of the man who gave him the whisky, and a warrant was issued for his arrest.

Revenue Officers Hendricks, Harkins, and Reynolds today seized and destroyed a blockade distillery and about three hundred gallons of beer near Baltimore, Yadkin county. The still has a capacity of one hundred gallons, and was being operated at full "speed." When the officers arrived they found