

Morning Star and Catholic Messenger, NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1876.

JUVENILE COLUMN.

THE WOOD GATHERERS. What a pleasant occupation little Gretchen and Hans followed during the summer and autumn, and how cheerful and comfortable their labor made the snug little home in which they lived.

"Oh, how nice it will be," interrupted Gretchen, clapping her hands; "and then father will do nothing but look about the store when you are out attending to business, and some day we will all ride in a carriage, and have parties, and oh, such nice times!"

"I declare," said her mother, as she dropped her spectacles from her eyes, and looked up from the stocking she was industriously knitting, "what are you children talking about?"

"Only about what Hans is going to do when he gets to be man," replied Gretchen. "Well, I hope," said his mother, "he will always be good, and do what he can to make his father and mother happy, and be a comfort to them when they grow old."

"What Hans would do when he became a man was the topic of many a conversation, while Gretchen and he were wandering about the forest, searching for faggots. It was a subject of which they never tired; the bright future they pictured cheered them during their many trials, and relieved their present poverty of all its hardships, and they never doubted they would see the fulfillment of all their hopes.

Far into the forest they had built a little hut with branches of trees, and had covered the ground with leaves, and in it, during the heat of the day, they rested and ate their lunch; here they sometimes took refuge from a sudden shower, and here, more than in other places, they discussed their plans for the future.

Hans and Gretchen had been unusually busy one morning, and had collected quite a pile of faggots; they had eaten their little meal, and seated themselves in the hut for a rest and a talk on their favorite subject. Hans was all impatience for the time to come, when he could go out into the world to seek his fortune; Gretchen was quite tired, and while Hans was telling her of the wonderful things he intended to do, she fell asleep.

Hans stopped in the midst of his description; at first he thought he would awaken her, then, as she was sleeping so peacefully, he concluded not to disturb her, so he stretched himself on the bed of leaves to rest, while Gretchen was sleeping.

For a long time all was quiet, nothing was heard but the chirping of birds and the humming of insects; after a while, Hans thought he heard footsteps, and then the bushes were suddenly parted, and to his surprise he saw a little man, who looked inquiringly about, and then he said he had lost his way, and would be much pleased if Hans would direct him back to the road.

care for no one in his prosperity, no one now cared for him, and for days he lingered in pain, and fever, with no loved one near him. Oh, how he wished for his mother and sister! again and again he called their names. "Gretchen! Gretchen! dear Gretchen!" If she would but come to him, oh, how he would love her; how he would redeem the promises he had made when a boy! "Gretchen, dear Gretchen!"—why, she was by his side! and they were again in the little hut in the forest!

He started up, rubbing his eyes, and seized her by the hand. Was it really Gretchen, and was he still a boy? Was it all a dream? Gretchen stood, laughing, by his side, and asked him what he had been dreaming. Yes, it was only a dream, yet it made a great impression upon Hans; he told his sister all about it as they walked home, carrying the bundle of faggots, but Hans assured her he would rather be poor, and have the love of sister and father and mother, than be the wealthy, heartless man he had dreamed of.

One night, after speaking in his usual fashion to an audience of many hundred persons, Bob Ingersoll went to his chamber, and laid him on his bed to rest. He had a dream.

The man dreamed that he stood in space, face to face with a great clock, that slowly beat out the seconds of a miserable existence. The face of the clock was as ghastly as the face of death. The hands crawled over the face like the worms of corruption, and crawled slowly on toward the midnight hour. Every tick of the clock was the splash of a great drop of blood in a pool of gore. Every plash of blood sprinkled in his bosom with hideous red. He tried vainly to wipe away the stain; but he found that his hands, too, were red like his bosom, and like the pool of blood at the foot of the clock. But the hands of the clock crept on to midnight.

There shot in around him a hot and flaming fog of night. Then the hopes and loved and hated and aspirations within him groaned and gasped and died. The hot, suffocating shroud of vapor wrapped him more closely, and he, too, groaned and gasped; but death came not to him as it had come to his hopes and affections. He stood there alone in the dying universe, alone with the great clock that splashed blood at the beat of every miserable second, while the hands crawled on to midnight.

To this man every breath was agony, every heart throb a century of pain. He felt his bones crumbling in decay and his flesh rotting while it clung to him. His tongue was swollen in his mouth. His throat was dry and horribly bitter. He cared no longer for the stains of red blood, but bathed his brow and his eyes in the pool, and moistened his lips with the clotted gore. In the same breath he blasphemed and prayed for the light of the morning.

The hands of the clock reached midnight and stopped. There was no growing hours thereafter, no dawn, no morning light, no sun. Even the blood stopped splashing, and the pool dried away so that he could no longer moisten his lips or quench the indescribable thirst that consumed him.

In anguish that was terror, and in terror that was agony, he broke the awful silence, and cried: "Is there no sunlight?" A voice, louder and harsher, hoarser, and as sneering as his own, answered out of the silence: "There is no sunlight for the stirrer up of strife."

After an eternity, again he cried: "Is there no dawn?" And the voice replied with a bitter sneer: "There is no dawn for the denier, the liar, and the blasphemer."

INSURANCE. TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE Crescent Mutual Insurance Company, NEW ORLEANS, MAY 20, 1876.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes items like Fire premiums, Marine premiums, River premiums, Earned premiums, Losses paid, and Assets.

The above statement is a true and correct transcript from the books of the Company. THOS. A. ADAMS, President. HENRY V. OGDEN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES: Thos. A. Adams, Edward Pillsbury, Sam'l B. Newman, Fred E. King, Sam'l H. Kennedy, John C. Cameron, John Phelps, J. L. Harris, Adam Thomson, Andrew Stewart, Henry Abraham, Joseph Stone, P. N. Strong, Victor Meyer, Joseph Bowling, L. C. Jury, Edward J. Gay, Edward Nalle, John M. Sandidge, George W. Sentell, Simon Herabridge, A. Levy, Simon Forchheimer, John Brunson, Joseph B. Wolfe, Wm. H. Matthews, R. B. Post, John V. Moore, M. F. 28th, Paul E. Mortimer.

FACTORS' AND TRADERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, 37 Carondelet Street. Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes items like Premiums for the year ending April 30, 1876, Losses paid, and Net Profits.

HIBERNIA INSURANCE COMPANY, Office, No. 37 Camp Street. Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes items like Earnings, Losses Paid, and Net Profits.

BELLS. BLYMYER MFG CO. Church, School, Fire-alarms, Fire-locks, low-priced, warranted. Catalogue with 100 testimonials, price, sent free.

MCSHANE BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture those celebrated BELLS for CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, ETC. Price List and Circulars sent free.

TROY BELLS. THE JONES & CO. OLD ESTABLISHED TROY BELL FOUNDRY, Troy, N. Y. continue to manufacture those superior Bells which have made Troy celebrated throughout the world.

EDUCATIONAL. ST. MARY'S DOMINICAN ACADEMY, GREENVILLE, CORNER ST. CHARLES AND BROADWAY STREETS, NEW ORLEANS.

This Academy, under the charge of the Nuns of St. Dominic, occupies a beautiful site near New Orleans. The plan of instruction unites every advantage which can contribute to an education at once solid and refined.

YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE URSULINES, TWO MILES BELOW NEW ORLEANS.

This Institution, which the inhabitants of Louisiana and the adjacent states have kindly favored with their patronage for more than a century, needs no particular recommendation to be introduced to public notice; it will therefore suffice to give an outline of the plan of education pursued by the Tutoresses of this Establishment.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION. The health of the pupils is an object of uninterrupted solicitude for the Ladies. Particular attention is paid to their food, which is always pure and abundant.

THE JESUIT FATHERS. This Institution, chartered by the State Legislature, and conducted by the Brothers of the Sacred Order of St. Ignace, has been in successful operation since 1855.

SPRING HILL COLLEGE, NEAR MOBILE, A. LA. This long-established Institution, so favorably known to the people of the South, will enter upon its forty-fifth Scholastic year on Wednesday, October 4, 1876.

COLLEGE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, CORNER OF COMMON AND BARRON STREETS, NEW ORLEANS.

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, NEW IBERIA, LA.

EDUCATIONAL. JEFFERSON COLLEGE, (ST. MARY'S), PARISH OF ST. JAMES, LA. Situated on the Mississippi River, Sixty Miles above New Orleans.

This ancient and magnificent establishment, incorporated by a law of the Legislature, and empowered to grant diplomas and degrees, will open on THURSDAY, October 24, 1876.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS, MO. Under the Direction of the Jesuit Fathers.

ST. CHARLES COLLEGE, GRAND COTEAU, PARISH OF ST. LANDRY, LOUISIANA.

ST. STANISLAUS COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, BAY ST. LOUIS, MINNESOTA.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, NEW YORK.

ST. VINCENT'S BOARDING SCHOOL, AT DONALDSONVILLE, LA.

PLAIN BOARDING SCHOOLS. The Catholic Orphan Asylum at Natchez, Mississippi, will receive boys and girls as boarders, for the charge of \$10 per month, always paid in advance.

NIGHT SCHOOL AT St. Alphonsus' Convent of Mercy. Hours—6 P. M. to 8 P. M. Terms made known at the Convent.

EDUCATIONAL. MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, EMMITSBURG, MD. Regular Session begins September 5, 1876.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, NEAR MOBILE, A. LA. This Institution, chartered by the State Legislature, and conducted by the Brothers of the Sacred Order of St. Ignace, has been in successful operation since 1855.

ST. VINCENT'S HOME FOR BOYS, No. 371 Bienville Street. The Rev. Fathers of Holy Cross, in charge of the Home, having completed an extension of the building, a few boys, having parents or guardians able to pay a small sum for their board and education, will be received.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. Hours—8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Lessons in Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Gold Embroidery, Wax Work, Flowers, Dress Making, etc. given in private or in class.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

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