

Here the stranger leaned forward, gazed sadly at Colonel Barry, and placed a warning hand on his knee with no thrilling emphasis that the well-known suburbanite felt his nerves jump. Quickly recovering himself, he said:

"Look here, are you in the amulet business?"

"My interest is purely altruistic, sir," replied the small man. "My heart aches at your peril. I once had a grandmother—"

"Now, pardon me," interposed the colonel, firmly, "but I decline to have your grandmother's fate dangled before me. If you want to explain what you mean by your extraordinary remarks, why, go ahead."

"Do you ride often on this line?" asked the stranger.

"In a long career of commuting," admitted the suburbanite, "this is the first time I've ever seen a horse car within gunshot of an incoming train. And this one was escaping as fast as it could."

"Then you doubtless failed to notice that the car is No. 13."

"No! Is it?" exclaimed Colonel Barry, with something very like discomposure.

"And if you'll count up the passengers," continued the other, "you'll find we are just 13."

"And I was the last one on," muttered the valiant colonel.

"You were," agreed the apostle of superstition. "Moreover, today is Friday."

"Well, it isn't the 13th, anyway."

"No; but you must be aware that for a man to wear an opal on Friday is of itself flying in the face of Providence."

"Don't know anything of the sort," snapped Colonel Barry, fidgeting in his seat.

"Furthermore, the horse is a white horse and is driven by a red-headed driver, which is sufficient to doom the entire load of passengers."

"I've got company then," said the colonel, swallowed hard.

"But the rest of us are not so badly off as you. As for myself, I am the seventh son of a seventh son, and I have my fingers crossed, not to mention the matter of a rabbit's foot and a dried horse chestnut which I carry in my pocket. That insures me against harm; but even at that, I shouldn't think of wearing an opal ring on Friday. What are you trying to do with your fingers?"

"Nothing," said the colonel fiercely. "I've got a cramp in them."

"Oh, I thought perhaps you were taking precautions. The middle finger should go over the first fingers. Yes; that's very well."

"Quite interesting; very," remarked the suburbanite. But there was not heartiness in his tone, and he did not go to the trouble of unravelling his digits.

"To complete the count of your ill-omened coincidences—I beg pardon, did you speak."

"Something in my throat. Go on."

"There's a cross-eyed girl on the corner who's been trying to look at you ever since you got on. The evil eye is an ancient superstition, but my uncle—not going to get off, are you?"

Muttering something about the air in the car being close the colonel clasped his packages to his bosom and slid out upon the platform, followed by his informant.

"Yes," continued that garrulous person, "it's very curious how these things influence our lives. Some mysterious, incomprehensible attribute of matter or events brings to us or warns us against evils. Is that a gravestone by the wayside?"

"No, it isn't," almost shouted Colonel Barry. Good day to you, and I hope never to meet you again."

As a matter of fact the colonel was still some distance from his cross road, but he preferred to walk the rest of the way. Perhaps he was a little shaken in nerve, and then, he had forgotten a curve in the track, and just as he was swinging off the car jerked on the curve, his foot slipped, and he plunged at some length into one of those large puddles which furnish a basis for Penitence park's claims to be considered a watering place. Out flew his mutton chops in one direction, while his grass seed scattered the material for a lawn in the middle of the Port Chester pike. Colonel Barry emerged very much of a wreck, and if he had had a gun he would have cheerfully stood trail for the murder of the stranger who from the rear platform of the car shouted:

"I warned you of it, but you refused to believe. It was the opal," and as the car rattled away his diminishing accents prattled of death and destruction and disaster, mingled with 13's and cross-eyed girls and red-headed men who drive white horses on Friday trips.

Having gathered up the mutton chops, Colonel Barry proceeded, a very sodden relic of the spruce commuter who had started out in the morning. The dog of his neighbors, the Towsters, refused to recognize him, and, rushing out, bit him on the calf of one leg, and liked that so well that it bit him on the ankle of the other. At the door Mrs. Barry met him with ascending hands "George!" she cried. "Something's happened to you! You've fallen down," and eyes of dismay.

"No," said Colonel Barry bitterly, as he dripped mud on his own front porch. "What makes you think that?"

"And oh, George! Are those the mutton chops? What can I ever do with them?"

"Make mud pies out of them," growled the colonel.

"I'm so glad you've got home, because I've been awfully worried about you. Today a bird flew right into the library and lighted on the bookcase about your picture. It gave me such a chill. I know it was silly, but I couldn't help it. Aren't you a little bit superstitious yourself? Just a little?"

Mrs. Barry was greatly surprised and grieved at the emphasis with which the colonel emitted one explosive monosyllabic word. Then he went up to make himself presentable. Mrs. Barry now tells her friends that the colonel is the most unsuperstitious man that ever lived, and that even the mere mention of a superstition puts him completely out of patience. But she doesn't know why.—New York Sun.

TRIBUTE TO JOSEPH BANIGAN.

Colorado Catholic: In the death of Mr. Joseph Banigan, which occurred at his late home in Providence, not only the Catholics of Rhode Island suffer loss, but the Catholics of the whole country are made to mourn. He was in truth an exceptional man and, unfortunately, there are not many of the same kind. Mr. Banigan had many interests in this part of the country, his investments running into the millions. The readers of the Colorado Catholic in Colorado and Utah who have known and met Mr. Banigan in a business way will be interested in the following estimate of him from the Providence Visitor, published at his late home:

In the death of Mr. Joseph Banigan, the diocese of Providence and, in fact, the Catholic body in this country, have lost one who was an admirable example of the Christian philanthropist and the practical Catholic. Mr. Banigan was a man of many millions, and in recent years, so rumor had it, his fortune grew to vast proportions;

but the large interests he had in various kinds of business did not distract him from the needs of the poor and suffering.

For many years there was no more conspicuous citizen in the business world of this state. He achieved prominence by his individual, unaided efforts, and he was always successful. He began life in poverty and he never tried to forget those days. Many of our fellow citizens remember well when he was a fellow workman, a promising young man, who redeemed amply in later life the promise of his youth.

Handicapped in a hundred ways, he won his way to wealth beyond the wildest dreams of his youth. He became a master of the rubber trade in all its branches. He knew not only how the plant grew and where it grew, he knew besides the intricate details of the complicated machinery used in its manufacture. His fine business capacity made him a leader of men. While others were humming and hawing about incidentals, he made straight for the heart of any business enterprise and grasped in a few moments the essentials of any scheme, no matter how involved. He was cautious and slow in deliberation, but quick in action, so quick, indeed, that his competitors in business were often mystified and taken by surprise by his movements.

A self-reliant, successful man, he looked over his past and was often as much at a loss as anyone else to make out how his vast wealth came to him. Reserved and reticent, he was averse to ostentation and never courted publicity. God had given him great wealth; he made no hesitation about giving it back generously to those causes and works which seemed to him to be especially deserving of assistance. It would not be hard to place \$300,000 which during his lifetime he bestowed on various charities in this diocese, and his private benefactions equalled, it is said, his public.

His help, when he was their sole employer, fared well and loved him, for he was not only an employer but one who took a lively interest in their welfare. He was an exemplary member of St. Joseph's parish. Always, when he was at home, he could be found on Sunday assisting at the last mass, the same modest, devout, reverential Catholic as he was in youth, for success had certainly not turned his head. In his last illness he clearly recognized the end and found then his especial comfort in religion. Frequently during these weeks of anxiety he received the blessed sacrament, and it was noticed that his physical condition improved on these days.

He was a man of whom we, certainly, may feel proud. His character, rather than his wealth, commanded admiration. What the world saw of him, what men knew, and all, we believe, there was to be known bespoke a man upright, keen, able and above all animated by Christian sentiments. May God give him eternal rest and console the hearts of those who mourn for him. Certainly there will be many of God's poor all over the country who will offer a prayer for the repose of his soul.

Again the cavalry troop from Utah must bear a disappointment, says a Tribune special. It is not going to the national parks on Thursday, as was contemplated, but will remain in camp for a day or so longer. The news was the cause of much regret among the boys, who thought that at last they were to move.