

The Catholic Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
137 E. MAIN STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
BY THE
CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

If paper is not received Saturday notify the office
without delay any change of address giving
both old and new.

Communications solicited from all Catholics,
and every instance by the name of the
author. Names of contributors withheld if desired.
Pay no money to agents unless they have cre-
dentials signed by us up to date.

Advertisements may be made at our risk, either by
direct express money order, post office money or
registered letter, addressed E. J. Ryan,
Business Manager. Money sent in any other
way is at the risk of the person sending it.

Advertisements.—The JOURNAL will be sent to
every subscriber until ordered stopped and all
arrearages are paid up. The only legal method
of stopping a paper is by paying up all dues.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
\$1.00 Per Year, in Advance.
Entered as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY AUGUST 20, 1892

Weekly Church Calendar.

SUN.—11th Sunday after Pentecost. St.
Joseph, Father of the B. V. M. Less.
Ecclesi. xxxi. 8-11; Gosp. Matt. i. 16.
MON.—22nd—Octave of the Assumption. St.
Timothy and Companions. Martyr.
TUES.—23rd—St. Philip Benizi. Confessor.
Vigil of St. Bartholomew.
WED.—24th—St. Andrew the Apostle.
THURS.—25th—St. John the Baptist.
FRID.—26th—St. Zephyrinus, Pope and Mar-
tyr.
SAT.—27th—St. Joseph Calasanizio, Confe-
ssor.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING.

The meeting of Archbishops to be held in New York next October will be of great importance. The following letter in relation to it has been sent out by the Secretary of the Propaganda:

Monsieur: By our letter to all the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, sent in the name of the Holy Congregation, on the 3d of May relative to the grave question of the parochial schools, which was giving rise at that time to lively conflict, we informed you that the members of the Congregation advised that the Archbishops search with care in their next reunion for a means of supplying the religious needs of Catholic children who, outside of the system of parochial schools, frequented in great numbers the public schools.

Everybody renders homage to the virtues and wisdom of the eminent prelates governing your ecclesiastical provinces, and we are able to await cheerfully the abundant fruits of their enlightened spirit in regard to the education of young Catholics.

Meanwhile, as in so grave a matter of discipline, which interests every diocese, it is desirable to accumulate upon the question debate, advice, and the light of authority. It is considered best that the metropolitans of each province confer first with their suffragans on the subject to be debated in the congress. When the advice of the Bishops is received and agreed upon, the deliberations of the Archbishops will be easier, and the resolutions reached will be important, owing to their having had the support of their confreres. This procedure should be observed each time the Archbishops of the republic hold their reunions. Although the reunions do not declare ecclesiastical laws, if they formulate proposed matters of discipline of general application there will be more prudence and efficacy in their proceedings after they have taken the advice of all those whom the Holy Spirit has charged in your country with the direction of the Church of God.

Permit me as a Bishop to rejoice with all the episcopate of the United States at the admirable concord which reigns among the members concerned therein, which, in your free country, assures the prosperity of the Church and facilitates its progress. I pray God with all my heart to guard you long in health.

Given at Rome, in the palace of the Congregation of the Propaganda, July 31, 1892.
MERCURIUS CARD. LEODACHOWSKI.

POLITICAL PAPERS.

We believe it is better that Catholic papers be not connected with any of the great political parties. They should be free to condemn what is bad and applaud what is good in either organization. The Catholic journal will be loath to publish what would injure the party which it gives allegiance, while the editor of a Catholic paper, in the exercise of his duty, should not expect that it will

Still, there are papers which take one of the other side in politics, and are model Catholic papers at the same time. The esteemed *Republican* and the grand old *Pilot*, of Boston, both battle for the cause of Democracy with a zeal only excelled by that which they show in defending religion. So long as they do not drag Irish nationality or the Catholic religion through the dust of a political campaign, no serious fault can be found with them.

But there are other political Catholic and Irish-American papers whose course merits the severest condemnation. We refer to those whose columns are now being filled with articles telling "Why Irish-Americans should favor Protection," or why they should not, etc. This dragging of nationality into politics should be resented by all who love the land from which they came. Arguments to influence voters should be made on the ground that one party will govern this country more prudently and satisfactorily than the other; that it will adopt a policy which will be better for the welfare of this Republic. As citizens of this nation voters should seek to promote its welfare when they cast their ballots, and not the welfare of Ireland, Germany, or any other European country. We may add here that we love the people of these nationalities too well to enjoy seeing them duped by designing politicians, and therefore say: Keep your own or your father's nationality apart from your politics. Vote as an American citizen, and beware of arguments addressed to you as an Irishman or a German.

In one article that has come under our observation, we find the plea made that a protective tariff would injure some of the English industries. Whether the present tariff law is an iniquitous measure and whether it does injustice to the poor while favoring the rich, is a point for the partisan papers to settle. We do not care to discuss its merits. We do hold, however, that the man who will vote to maintain that law simply for the sake of hurting a few English manufacturers, is false to his duty as a citizen and ungrateful to the country which shelters him. If he upholds the tariff, it should be because he believes it advances the welfare of the people of these United States.

"CUTS" AND "SLAPS."

We are all familiar with the person who wounds the feelings of his or her associates by an unkind "cut," a little remark containing an insinuation or reminder which is unpleasant to some person and often causes pain. The person guilty of "cutting" usually lacks the courage to make a direct attack upon the one whom he wishes to injure, and is a small specimen of humanity, taken at his best.

In modern journalism we find a practice that is fully as cowardly and reprehensible as the "cut" of fashionable society. It may be called the "slap," and like its kinsman, is a always contemptible. It may show smartness to write a four or five line paragraph containing a cute slap at some one, but it is that smartness which proceeds from a mind wherein low cunning abides to the exclusion of real ability.

The "slap" sometimes contains very little malice; it may be a good natured hit at some person's peculiarities, meant more in fun than hatred; but there are others as full of venom as the pen of the writer can make them; some so vile that if their true meaning was understood, the writer would be scorned by all pure and fair-minded men.

The "slap" is yet in its infancy. It should be strangled before it has grown beyond childhood. Let us hope, at least, that it will be banished from Catholic editorial sanctuaries.

Criticism should always be tempered by charity and ought never be made without some good end in view. Honest criticism is never dreaded by good men, and the fair-fighting critic will, at least, win the respect of his opponent; but the creature who shoots his little pop-gun, loaded with malice, from behind some journalistic fence, at a personage whom he dare not attack openly, is only entitled to

that consideration which society accords to the vitrol thrower and the guerilla.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The first session of the Catholic Summer school closes at New London to-day. As an illustration of the learning possessed by the children of the Church, it has been a pleasing success. He must be stupid indeed who would accuse the Catholic Church of fostering ignorance after noticing the number and kind of topics treated upon by the lecturers and the masterly way in which they have been handled. Science, literature, art, religion and the drama, it has been shown, have no more enthusiastic votaries than those who also give their allegiance to the One True Church.

It is to be hoped that the lectures will be published in book form. They would make a valuable encyclopedia of information on Catholic matters. Such a work might profitably be presented to those who occasionally bring up the time-worn charge of ignorance against the church. The non-Catholic who attempts to read and digest these treatises on religion, philosophy, etc., will, for some weeks be too busy to misrepresent his Catholic neighbor.

It is also to be hoped that the success of the assemblage will give an impetus to the Reading Circle movement, and that the number these useful organizations will increase.

The *Post-Express* has been fair enough to re-publish in full the JOURNAL's article from which it quoted an extract a few weeks ago. By so doing our esteemed contemporary has lost nothing in public estimation. It has proven the soundness of the position we assumed; that before seeking to intimidate a fellow-man, it is always best to learn the effects of an appeal to his sense of right and justice. Such an appeal we made to the *Post-Express*, and lo! all that could reasonably be expected was granted. Now had we sought to intimidate it, what a row would have been raised.

ROCHESTER citizens have cause to be thankful that their city has thus far escaped the ordeal through which Buffalo is now passing. If the strike does extend to this city, we sincerely hope it will not be accompanied by conduct which will render the presence of militia necessary. The best place for unemployed workmen, when not seeking other employment, is at home. There they will not become involved in trouble.

The pastor of one of our city Catholic churches fitly characterized the long prayers which are so often heard in certain denominations, when he referred to them as "those eloquent prayers which tell Almighty God what He ought to do."

The *Brooklyn Leader* comes to our table after an absence of many weeks. We have now hopes that the *Catholic Columbian*, a copy of which has not reached us in many, many months, may likewise re-appear.

Nervous Exhaustion. The ultimate nutrients of the body, whether of the muscles, membranes, nerve or cerebral substances, are the cells. These cells select the appropriate nourishment from the blood, assimilate it and throw off the debris—the poisonous waste, always fatal if unduly retained.

No other organ is so constantly in action as the nervous system. It is never fully at rest, day or night. The cells of every tissue must be kept incessantly at work. Every thought, feeling, purpose, volition, every excitement of pleasure, pain or passion, all concentration of mind in study, business or care, uses up brain substance and transforms it into waste product.

In normal mental action this waste is taken care of and duly eliminated; but in prolonged excessive mental activity the waste accumulates, and, according to Dr. Cowles, acts as a poison to the nervous system, interfering with their normal action.

An early result is simple fatigue of the brain, which rest may soon relieve; at a later stage, the overactivity being longer continued, there is excessive irritability and weakness of the nervous system. The tendency is always toward grave mental disease, often merging into insanity.

Among the physical signs are tremor of the face, tongue and hands; but the earliest and most important sign are mental symptoms—forgetfulness, mental depression. This disease, by its gradual development, should be treated early.

ROSE BOW.

Plant above my lifetime heart
O'er the red soil of my blood,
As if the love pent there so long
Were pouring forth its flood.
Then, through them, my heart may tell
Its tale of Love and Grief,
And I shall feel them grow from it
And know a vague relief.
Though rotting around shall feel their roots
And into them myself shall grow,
And when I bloom at last as they
She on that day shall know!
—Anna Reeve Aldrich.

FOR DAVID.

The Weeping Willow telegraph office faced the level prairie. Up and down before it like shining ribbons lay the railroad tracks, converging mysteriously until distance blended them into one. Back of it flared the wide main street, with stores and cottages indiscriminately mingled, which marks the disconsolate prairie town. Beyond, inclosed by a white picket fence, straggled the desolate graveyard.

The only thing in plenty which nature supplied was room. There was an abundance of space. It was quite a walk to cross the street. Neighbors' houses stood aloof. Nobody was crowded, even in the graveyard.

The telegraph operator, satiated with landscape, leaned back, stretched himself prodigiously, yawned audibly and collapsed in his chair, which creaked in vexed remonstrance. He tossed a remark over his shoulder, "So this is what you are yearning for, Dave!"

Dave took his cane, and limping to the door viewed the inertness in silence. Then he roused himself and said cheerfully:

"The telegraph operator is all I'm good for since I got hurt."
"Seems like the company might have done more for you when you got smashed up in their own accident. 'T wouldn't have hurt 'em none to keep you as a conductor," grumbled his friend.

Suddenly the afternoon stillness was broken by excited voices and the sharp barking and yapping of dogs. Joe brought his feet to the floor in hurry.

"I can't leave the machine, Dave. Go and see what the rumpus is about. I bet Brier Rose is up to something. It takes that girl to stir up the boys. No, Foxy," he said to his terrier, who was whirling around in an ecstasy of anticipation, "you stay here. If Brier Rose is at the bottom of it, a little feller like you might get lost in the shuffle."

Dave obediently limped up the street, where, in the midst of a crowd of rough men, stood a girl holding some little animal high above her head, while the dogs leaped and mapped around her.

The girl, with scarlet cheeks, begged and scolded and threatened them all to their infinite amusement.
"Call off your dawg, Jim," she said fiercely to the owner of the largest, whose leape sometimes almost reached the quivering little object in her hands.
"Throw down the beast an I will," he answered.

"If that there dawg gives another jump I'll pizen him before sun up," she said slowly.
Jim made a lunge for the dog and sat on him to keep him down, while the crowd hooted in derision of his obedience.

"What's all this?" cried Dave, coming up and pushing his way through their midst.
"Brier Rose is being held up," cried a voice.
The crowd yelled with delight. The girl's whole face became white with rage as she singled out the speaker.

"You'll pay for that, Ben Miles, as you've paid before," she said.
"Call off those brutes," cried Dave, rapping the nearest dog with his cane.
"For shame, to tease a woman!"

"Look a-hyer, stranger," said a young giant menacingly. He towered above Dave, who stood his ground.
"I'm lame and no account in a fight," said Dave; "but half a man ain't goin' to see a woman tormented."

"Who in thunder," began his threatener, but Ben Miles laid a hand on his arm.
"Hold on, Jim," he said; "that there's Dave Comstock, conductor of the smashed up No. 1."

"Not the feller that got hurt savin' the baby?"
"The same."
"She's stranger," said the mollified Jim. "You're welcome to interfere. Give us yer hand. We wouldn't hurt her fur nothin. Bless my stars! Brier Rose can take care of herself better'n most men."

The dogs were all held now, and the girl put her tired arms down. She looked curiously at the man, whose brave story she knew by heart, as she heard him defend her.

To be sure, she had been defended before; there was hardly a man who would not have risked his life to save her, but they teased her unmercifully when they got the chance. Dave's interference was on a new line. She did not quite understand it, but it appealed to her at once.

Her with every beat in Weeping Willow than with any of the boys. She didn't even get a head for anybody but old Bryan; you notice I make no mention of heart concernin' Brier Rose; I don't hear to talk of what she ain't got—and just now she's specially bewitched about him. After keepin' straight for forty years he's taken to drink. The girl knows he'll lose his job if the company gets wind of it and she watches him like a hawk."

"What's Bryan's run."
"Horsehoe to Powder Crik. She knows every inch of the track and siding. And I want you could see her handle the critter. She knows all Bryan does, and she's a heap sicker quicker calclatin' than the old man. It's worth while to see her oil and clean the machine. She goes over it spry as a kitten."

"She's handsome," said Dave simply.
"Humph! Handsome is as handsome does," observed Joe grumpily. "She is as cold as ice and hard as a rock. It's my belief that she ain't got no heart same as other wimmen. And assey? Lor!"
In spite of what he had heard, or perhaps because of what he has heard, all things rose the melancholy town itself, grew rose colored to Dave's sunny eyes. With his unflinching cheerfulness he waited hopefully for news of his appointment at Red Valley, and hovered, as if fascinated, around engine 44.

Neither the boys nor old Bryan were slow to notice this, the latter having accepted such attentions periodically from all the young men. It was so inevitable a proceeding that up to the time of the Middleton's dance they paid no attention to it.

But that night something extraordinary occurred.
The next day, as Brier Rose rode down the street on her hardy little pony, the boys gathered around her eagerly, notwithstanding the fact that she had a stout little whip in her hand. They had something new and strange to tease her about.

"Brier Rose," called out Jim as she drew rein, "you don't care nothin about dancin, do you?"
"You'd rather set all the evenin, wouldn't you, now?"
"You like the name o' Dave, or do you reckon you'd rather have Comstock?"

Rose looked from one to the other as the bottled up tamsils fell rapidly upon her ears, her cheeks and lips growing scarlet. For once her ready tongue failed her. Small need to ask them what they meant. "Foxy well she knew. But was her subjugation apparent in such a trifle? And so soon? And Dave as yet had said nothing. Emboldened by her silence, they went further.

"What does he say about it?"
The shamed crimson leaped to her very temples and receded, leaving her face pitifully white. Her wounded pride now panted for but one thing—a way out. Probably he knew it too. She saw him coming down the street.

"Do you love him? Say, Brier Rose, do you love Dave?" cried the one farthest from her whip.
Her courage came back at Dave's approach, and the spell of her unwonted silence was broken.

"Do I love him?" she cried, looking him fairly in the face. "I come nearer to hating him!"
She turned her horse sharply, and the blows the boys had expected fell on her fiery little pony. He craned his neck and went up the street on a dead run, but fast as Rose flew the grievous look in Dave Comstock's blue eyes kept pace with her.

That night Joe digested around, unable to decide whether or not he should speak to Dave about the occurrence of the afternoon. Dave's genial smile and cheery hopefulness were gone. He sat with his face buried in his folded arms. Joe coughed noisily and said nothing. Dave looked down at his poor maimed foot.

"Joe, do you know that little baby I saved from the wreck had brown eyes like Brier Rose? I remember the baby smiled when I held it out to the men. You know my foot was caught and I couldn't move. I've never seen Brier Rose smile at me that way. If I had saved her perhaps she would. Do you think so, Joe?"

At home Rose was thinking of the story of Dave's bravery in the wrecked train, of the lives he had saved, of his defense of her.

And today in return she had mocked him. Aye, if the look he gave her spoke truly, she had cut him to the heart. Tears—tears in the eyes of Brier Rose!

The position of telegraph operator at Red Valley was given to Dave Comstock. The afternoon freight, heavily loaded, had just pulled clumsily out of the Weeping Willow station with Dave on the rear platform of the way car.

The 44 having come down on the rear of the freight as second engine had stood on the siding waiting to go back to Horsehoe for the midnight express.

Old Bryan was up in a crowd of men in front of the postoffice. Brier Rose watched him anxiously. As long as he kept away from the Owl she felt easy. He knew she was watching him. He also knew that she would not hesitate to come after him if the Owl proved too strong an attraction. Therefore he kept away.

She trod fearlessly along the side of the boiler, rubbing the handrail with a black, oil sodden cloth. She touched the engine as if she loved it. Every part of it shone like the sun. Every valve worked with precision. Every screw was secure. Joe laughed to see her fling a shovelful of coal into the furnace like a born fireman.

His own machine called his attention from the 44. Then Rose heard him cry out, and springing down she rushed into the station.

"Rose! Rose!" roared Joe in dismay. Rose turned white to her very lips. She covered her face with her brown hands. Only for a moment, though. Then she flung back her head and looked Joe full in the face.

"I can save him!" she cried. She sprang for her engine and clambered into the cab.

"Rose! Rose!" roared Joe in dismay. Rose turned her white face toward him imploringly. "Be at the switch, Joe, and listen for my signals as you value Dave's life!" she cried. Then she pulled the throttle valve out to its full extent. The engine shivered all over, and at fifty-two miles an hour the 44, driven by Brier Rose, leaped down the track to meet the runaway.

There was not a moment to lose. A certain number of miles, lessening every moment, lay between the lumbering freight with Dave on board, and the mad, senseless, runaway engine. Between them was Brier Rose, with just a chance of safety.

She knew that a loosened rail or any obstruction would hurl her to her doom, and still not divert disaster from Dave. The whistle of the 44 shrilled out an unearthly screech continually, to warn even the birds from fluttering too near the messenger of life.

The engine rocked from side to side at the dizzy rate of speed. For the first time the odor of hot oil made Rose feel faint. She hung half out of the cab window, panting for breath, and her hands clinging crazily to the window for support.

Suddenly she saw smoke in the distance. Larger and larger grew the black speck on the track. Faster and faster flew the 44 to meet it. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. When she could plainly see the shape of the approaching engine she closed the throttle with a rush that made the 44 tremble. She reversed her engine, and at little less than twenty-five miles an hour began running away from the runaway.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it gained on her brave engine. A horrible fear took possession of her that it was coming so slowly, and that they both would reach Dave's train before she stopped the runaway. She changed the speed and let the engine gain on her faster.

"I can signal for the siding if I fail," thought Brier Rose. "Joe will obey my signal." But she shuddered.

In sight of Weeping Willow at last. The 44 whistled frantically. Rose signaled for a clear track, and only a train length apart the 44 and the runaway flew past the little station platform, crowded with every man, woman and child in town.

Joe understood her plan now. He bounded into the station, frenzied with excitement, telegraphed to Red Valley what Brier Rose was doing, and then from sheer nervousness he squeezed Foxy until he yelped wildly.

Out of sight of Weeping Willow and Dave's train in the distance. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. The 44 snorted in defiance of being caught. Rose braced herself for the shock. Craighi came the cowcatcher of the runaway into the unprotected rear of the gallant 44. Rose had loosened her hold, and the concussion flung her to the floor, with her soft cheek against the cab seat.

Faint with her fall she gathered herself together and shut off the steam. Then, with the nose of the runaway viciously pushing the 44, Brier Rose crept like a cat over the tender, down over the trembling engine, and on her hands and knees she crawled over to the runaway, up along the boiler side into the cab and crashed the throttle shut when the 44 was within a car's length of Dave's train.

When she came to herself she was in the Red Valley station. Dave was bending over her and calling her name with trembling lips. She opened her eyes and smiled into his face.

"Oh, Brier Rose, how could you do it?" he whispered, with a shudder.

"I did it for you, Dave—for you."—Boston Globe.

Distrust of Government.

Yes, we distrust the state, whatever its name or shape; we distrust its prudence, its lights, its doctrines and its aims; its processes, its methods, its propensity to regulate, its obstructiveness and its self conceit; its morality, its conscience and its probity. It worries us to see in it the organ of right and the instrument of justice. We cannot arm the state with new rights or fortify its power on one side without re-enforcing it on all sides. The domain of public authority cannot be extended over all interests and private contracts without enslaving the individual and subjecting the family to it.

No article of political science can find means to make the state the master of economical life, the omnipotent arbiter of the mill and the shop, without our societies that live by work being taken wholly into his hand.—A. Leroy Beaulieu in Popular Science Monthly.

Impure Air to Blame.

Speaking of fresh air an English authority says: "We suspect that not liability to cold, but to gout, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, some forms of headache and many forms of nervous irritation are to be conquered by constantly giving lungs and skin a fair chance of getting rid of these poisons. We suspect that much of the intemperate drinking in towns results from the depressed feeling which follows work done under the same conditions."

Recommended as Animal Painter.

A remark made by a clever London lady the other day is worth recording. A gentleman whom she much disliked said to her: "I know that you have a great and deserved reputation for artistic taste. Now would you kindly excuse it on my behalf by telling me whom you would recommend me to have my portrait painted by?" The reply was: "I would recommend you to have your portrait painted by a pig."

Business Directory.

CATHOLIC JOURNAL CO., 137 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
JOHN W. OSBURN, 10 E. Main St., cor. Water.
CULROSS BAKERS, 30 and 32 State St.
THE FOWLER BROS., 10 E. Main St. and State St.
MERCHANTS' BANK, E. Main St.
ONE-PRICE RECK, 10 E. Main St.
HOLLISTER, LUMBER CO., Ltd., 206 North Goodman.
Dumfries.
MADAME LANG, 47 E. Main St.
Druggists.
A. C. DEMPSEY, 10 E. Main St.
G. H. HAAS, 10 E. Main St., cor. Water.
CURAN & GOLD, 44 West Main St.
GEO. HAHN, 50 State St.
Furniture and Hardware.
SHALE & MILLOW, 75 and 80 E. Main St.
Parfumeries.
H. B. CHAVES, 10 E. Main St.
L. D. YOUNG, 10 E. Main St.
J. C. KING, 10 E. Main St.
H. B. CHAVES, 10 E. Main St.
MISS S. C. MICHENER, 10 E. Main St.
H. B. CHAVES, 10 E. Main St.
NEW OSBURN HOUSE, 10 E. Main St.
CONGRESS HALL, Central Ave.
JAS. M. NOLAN, 10 E. Main St.
Installation of Organ.
JUDSON & WOOD, 5 and 7 Mumford St.
L. M. OTIS & CO., 10 E. Main St.
J. J. ELLIOTT, 10 E. Main St.
GEO. BAKER, 10 E. Main St.
GEO. H. DAVIS, 10 E. Main St.
JAS. G. AUSTIN, 10 E. Main St.
OAKS & CALHOUN, 10 E. Main St.
L. G. BERNARD, 10 E. Main St.
HORACE B. GERR, 10 E. Main St.
CATHOLIC JOURNAL CO., 137 E. Main St.
JNO. R. MARTIN & CO., 73 State St.
D. J. McLENNAN, 27 E. Main St.
W. C. CUNNINGHAM, 10 E. Main St.
HENRY LILLY & CO., 10 E. Main St.
CASPAR WEHLE'S SON, 10 Mumford St.
McGREGAL BROS., 10 North St., near E. Main.

Wheeler & Wilson.

PAWN BROKERS.
39 East Main St. Sign of Main St. Clock.
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Etc.
FOR SALE.

Trained Cats.

I have been a cat fancier all my life, and I have had some of the most affectionate and some of the cleverest cats that ever adorned the domestic hearth of man; but the Canterbury cats were a revelation. Fancy over a dozen sleek, handsome pussy cats walking the tight rope, blowing a trumpet, holding up a bottle between their paws and drinking out of it, jumping through hoops of fire and generally performing feats which would make even Tom Jennings' acrobats take a back seat; and ask the Link boy to go first with the light. I would not have believed such a performance as that gone through by Mr. Leon Clark's feline friends possible had I not seen it.

Talk about infant prodigies, you should see what his kittens can do! Little Josef Hofmann and Master Otto Hegner would be proud to acknowledge them as brothers in art.

The entire show is a marvelous example of what can be done even with the most unpromising animals by patience and kindness. The climax is reached when two cats, at a simple word of command, go up onto a rope stretched across the entire length of the hall and high as the roof and coolly walk across it, pretending to fall in the middle and executing with most perfect address all the little tricks with which M. Blondin used to heighten the excitement of his performance.—London Referee.

Curiosities in Bookbinding.

Extravagance in binding has frequently furnished an opening for the display of fantastic tricks and fads. In a book-seller's catalogue at hand, as I write, is an advertisement of a Latin copy of Apuleius' "Golden Ass" bound in the skin of a Jerusalem ass, the leather being still unharmed. A book by Jeffery Hudson, the noted dwarf, was bound in the silk waistcoat of Charles I, the dwarf's patron saint. A deluxe edition of Fox's historical works, specially fitted up for Edwards, the philosopher, was bound throughout in foxskin, forty-seven pelts of these little animals being required to complete the job. O'Connell, who so delighted in the possession of a first edition of Bacon's works, had the entire set rebound in pigskin, and always lovingly referred to them as his "Baconrind" books.—St. Louis Republic.

On the Cheap.

A—Fraudulent Tom must be buying in on a large scale; I see her nearly every day coming out of one shop and going into another.
B—Nothing of the kind! She only calls at those establishments where foreign languages are spoken, talks a bit of French without buying anything and thereby saves the expense of conversation lessons.—Blatter and Blunten.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt.

The death of a woman and the injury to an engineer, who sat down on the track and were struck by a train a few days ago on the Chicago division of the Pan Handle show how careless railroad men sometimes become. The same kind of an accident was narrowly averted on the Indianapolis division of the Pennsylvania a few days ago. One of the engine engineers of that division was sitting on the ground on the track while waiting for a train, and both a passenger train and a freight train passed within a few feet of him without stopping.