

Nothin's good enough for him watter's bright—he wants it dim; Winter comes with frosty rime.

Swears he'll freeze fore summer-time; Summer comes, it's heat is felt.

Swears that he is goin' to melt!

Can't half please him, if you try,

So don't mind him—pass him by!

Goes for one man with his vote-(Wrapped in a five-dollar note)
Bets on him—looks awful wise;
Tother feller gits the prize; But that doesn't put him out— Got something to growl about! Swears 'twas fraud, with knowin' eye-Jes' don't mind him—pass him by!

All he wants in this creation— After vittles an' salvation— Is good lungs to help him howl An' & livin' chance to grow!! If he's fat, or if he's slim, Growlin's meat an' bread to him! Reg'lar business! makes folks sigh-But don't mind him—pass him by! -Atlanta Constitution

A Broken Clavicle.

Fifty years ago European audiences fistened with rapt admiration to Rubini, a tenor, of whom it was said that, though he himself could not act he made his voice act for him. The intensity of expression he gave to his voice, the judicious use of the tremolo. and the management of light and shade produced a thrilling effect. But his great vocal feat consisted in taking the B flat of the upper stave without preparation, sustaining it for a long believe their ears. .

The adventurous are always on the edge of danger. On one occasion known, after repeating this vocal feat.

Rubini, after repeating this vocal feat.

The adventurous are always on the nearly seven years the clamor, unconduction duty along the l'otomac near Nolan's that the Anarchists were heroes and Ferry, Md., a German of that company with its wonted power, brilliancy and duration, but at the cost of a broken

found that the tension of the lungs had been too powerful for the strength of his collar-bone. Two months' rest would be required to reunite the clavicle, and this the singer declared to be impossible as he had only finished several days of a long engagement.
"Can I sing at all with a broken

collar-bone?" he asked. "Yes; it will make no difference in your voice," answered the surgeon. "But you must avoid lifting heavy weights, and any undue exertionabove all, you must leave the B flat

Rubini continued to sing with a broken clavicle until the termination of his engagement.

A Vision of the Future.

When our younger friends revisit the Empire City in 1923, they will complete their series of bird's-eye views by surveying that of which so many are now dreaming—the greater city of the future. The idea of "Greater New York" has of late taken hold upon the public mind. Movements once begun, in view of such a conception, never go backward. The civic pride now awakening is sure to fulfil its mission with increasing ardor. Thousands of my readers will live to ascend some tower above the Harlem River, from which they will see not only Manhattan Island, filled to all its shores with buildings, and the acropo'is where are grouped the Mausoleum, Columbia University and St. John's Cathedral with its dome and cross at the highest but will also gaze upon the residential city to the east, with its series of magnificent parks, its beautiful | States gives employment to about mansions set in garden closes, its 1,000 people. speedways; plazas, and broad-shaded streets. In the distance, the Brooklyn district will beacon from Long Island's shore, huge as New York is now, and united by bridge after ridge with what will then be the district of New \$2,500,000. On April 6th it is to be York. For, while both the present cities may retain their present titles, the imperial metropolis will inevitably be consolidated under one name—and that, perhaps, neither Dutch nor English, but aboriginal. There is none more purely American than Manhattan, and none to which the term "historic" more truthfully can be applied.

E. C. Stedman, in April St. Nicholas.

An "Office Cat" Worth Having.

A parsonage cat whose favorite seat is on the study table has found a new 2,836 separate pieces. use for himself. He watches his master's pen, and occasionally, when the in Seattle, Wash., are supplied with pinned up to the lapel, in which was writer is tired, takes the holder in his tools and set at work chopping for the the little bronze Grand Army button. mouth. But his real usefulness is to act as a paper-weight. When a sheet is finished and laid aside, the cat walks gravely to it and takes his seat on the paper... As soon as another is laid aside. he leaves the first and sits down on the second. Sometimes, to try him, his master lays down, on different parts of the table, sheets in rapid succession.
But. "Pohatah" — the tat — remain seated, shrewdly supposing that to be fun, not business. When work begins , anew, the cat seats himself on the last paper laid down, and waits for another. Thus he shows that he watches his master's work, and perhaps thinks it bonnets. his duty to keep the paper from blowing away.—April St. Nicholas.

Intelligent Cow-Col. I. D. McDonald of Columbia City. Ind., as reported by the Indianapolis News, tells a good story of ani-mal intelligence. He had bought a lot of stock, including a cow and her calf. which he was driving home. The cow's affection for jits offspring had Concept attention and the concept and the conc

heir feet the mother cow among the

The calf, meantime, was taken by the current several rods down-stream, and when the poor cow regained her focting and discerned this, her distress was apparent. Instead of making for the opposite shore, as the other animals had done, she swam down the stream below her calf. The current drove the young creature against the protecting bulk of the mother.

The cow, satisfied at this state of affairs, started for the shore, the calf awimming alongside of her. About midway of the river the swift current. stiking the calf in the fore-quarter, swept it behind the cow, and again it floundered down-stream.

Once more the mother went to the resome. She had to swim around to the other side of the calf, and this done, she had to steady herself in the stream until the calf was against her side. Her efforts were this time successful, and dow and calf swam safely to shore.

Hardly a Courier.

It is related of Felix Moscheles, the pianist and composer, and the much loved teacher of Mendelssohn, that at one time, after a concert tour, he took the vessel from Calais to Dover in most unpropituous weather.

"It was a day never to be forgotten!" he says: "We spent fully fourteen hours on the stormy sea. I was tor-mented with all the sufferings of seasickness. At last, about midnight, when we were getting near Dover and the steward asked me for my passage fare, I only had strength to point feebly to my well filled pocket. 'For shame!' exclaimed the steward; 'a courier, and so seasick!'

"And whence did I get this title of courier? At the Austrian Embassy they had stamped my large packet of music with the Imperial seal, and in-scribed it 'Despatches.' so that I might travel free of tax and delay, and the stewart quite naturally supposed I was the bearer of despatches, crossing and recrossing the channel frequently."

To catch some echo of their tragic death. The musician does not say whether he explained the mistake or not, but he does state his relief when, arrived The pain, the horror, or the dread affright. at Dover, he exchanged the vessel for the mail-coach, and his qualms were But earth is not in sympathy with war;

The Trial of the Chicago Anarchists. Joseph E. Gary, the presiding judge time, and then letting it imperceptibly at the trial of the Chicago Anarchists, die away. The listeners could hardly thus sums up his article on this subject in the Century for April: "For pany C, Twenth-eighth Pennsylvania and being a second time encored, found martyrs, victims of prejudice and fear. named Kauffman, was put on a post himself unable to produce the expected Not a dozen persons alive were pre- on a tow-path, with instructions to note. Determined not to fail, he pared by familiarity with the details keep his eyes upon the river in order gathered up his vocal strength and of their crime and trial, and present to detect any boat in crossing the made a supreme effort. The note came knowledge of the materials from river from the opposite side. Kauffwhich those details could be shown, to man espied alog with a dead branch present a succinct account of them to standing up from it, the log floating the public. It so happened that my leisurely down with the current. On A surgeon examined the singer and position was such that from me that the top of the branch was seated a account would probably attract as small white cwl. It looked weird much attention as it would from any enough in the bright moonlight to other source. Rightminded, thought- Kauffman, and he immediately chalful people, who recognize the necessity lenged, "Who goes dere!" Back came to civilization of the existence and en- the answer from the owl, "Whoo, forcement of laws for the protection of whoo!" "Yes, dot is vat I say, who!" human life, and who yet may have had No reply from the owl. Kauffman immisgivings as to the fate of the An- mediately fired his rifle at it, and the archists, will, I trust, read what I owl flew straight at him with its pecuhave written, and dismiss those mist liar cry, whoo, to-whoo. The Dutchgivings, convinced that in law and in man dropped his rifle and, with punished, not for opinion, but for hor-

> From an old number of the Philaback a lost slave:

From the subscriber ran away,
October last the eighth day,
A dark mulatto man, named JOSS, Not heard of since unto my loss; Just 26 years in his age, 5 ft. 10 in., I'll engage He is in height, and I suppose A scar on one side of his nose. He also on the fiddle plays, And fond of spir tous drink always; And when he has got pretty mellow An impudent talkative fellow. Has much of a mechanic mind; Few better farmers you will find. Who e'er in jail does him secure, And notifies me. I'll insure Them 30 DOLLARS when they please Paid as reward, by

JAMES HAYES.

For Young Readers. The railroad service of the United

To force the timid bachelors of Canada into matrimony, there is serious talk of imposing a tax upon them.

Kangaroos are such a plague in Australia that the government pays a States Court Luilding in Boston about bonnty of eight pence for each of these five years ago he was engaged in crossanimals that is killed.

A cheerful old couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Ballenfer, of Mattoon, Ill., have just celebrated the seventy-sixth anniversary of their wedding.

A perfect steam-engine, only 8 1-2 inches long, has been made by Henry Case, of Gloversville, N. Y. It contains

All idle men who are willing to work, sleeve of his coat was empty and city at fair wages.

Henry Adamson of Porter County, Ind., went to bed the other night with perfect hearing. When he awoke next he asked in a kindly way.

morning he could not hear a sound. "I went out with the E

Many of the potatoes sold here as Bermuda tubers are fraudulent. They are of native growth, and treated with acids to make them look like the Bermuda vegetable.

In the Department of Herault, France, it is estimated that 800 pounds of small birds are annually trapped and killed to furnish gay feathers for

Ice cutters of Buxton, Maine, found a half-blown lily imbedded in one of the cakes. It was carefully thawed out placed in a sunny window, and it soon the officers and had in him the talent blossomed as beautifully as a lily in for the making of a fine officer. The midsummer.

The Scotch of It. A wealthy Scotchman had a pet idea weather columns of the ship's log, that he would leave his two daughters showing the readings of the barometer, their weight in \$1 notes, but when he thermometer, and to heave the chip log for her speed.

The Captain, ip company with the the draw the beam he had to alter



. A Grass-Grown Battlefield. MRS. N. B. MORANGE.

Sweet grasses clothe the valley where they Of that dark time, Nature has naught to The tender flowers nod where breathed their

A thousand soldiers in the bloody past. You would not dream that once this tran-

quil spot Had felt the burning hail of rifle shot; Or heard the acreaming of the deadly shell, Or the wild triumph of the Rebel yell. Hark! Is not that the marshalling of men? Does not a war-like bugle wake the gien! Is not the trampling of ten thousand feet. Heard, keeping rhythm to the drummer's

No; not an infant in its mother's arms Breathes freer than this scene from war The record of that awful day is writ In human hearts. Here is no trace of it.

It should be haunted. Phantom host should And cloud with battle-smoke the smiling The clash of meeting bayonets we should

And booming cannon shock the listening We stand in awe and list with bated breath

It does not seem that time could banish

How speedily she covers every scar! Is not the screen she waves o'er graves for-

A mute denia' of the battle fought?

The Dutchman's Ghost.

In the autumn of 1861, while Commorals the Anarchists were rightly a screech, ran to the reserve post, with the owl following close over his head. "Took him avay, took him avay." The reserve ran out to see what the noise was, asking Kauffman what the trouble was. 'Vell, delphia Aurora is taken this curious poys, I shoot at a ghost und he run right at me, and he nearly catch me." Pennsylvania of slaveholding in 1803, About this time one of the reserves had and tender heart of Abraham Lincoln. and how one man endeavored to get | caught the owl that flew into the bough house the boys had built for shelter. He brought it out and asked the Dutchman if that was his ghost. Says Kauffman, You dink I was some tam fools? You dink I toant know a ghost ven I sees him from some bird?" Afterwards when any of the boys would hear man an say,"Run, Dutch, there is another one of your ghosts." Sometimes when Kauffman was boasting of his mother," assured the intercessors of bravery, some one of his company young Musgrove's safety. would take all the wind out of his sails by asking him if he had seen a ghost lately.—L. Blundin in the Volunteer.

The Soldiers' Friend.

The number of pension claims that Gen. Butler put through without fees no man can tell, for if the claim was one that he regarded as warranted and Sommerset County, where there was a the claimant was poor, he never refused to take it in hand. During the latter years of his life especially, he delighted in doing good in this way. and he seemed to enjoy his good work Forty years ago the Mormon Temple so much that one felt tempted to question whether his motive was not after by that Eastern Shore man who caused Princess Anne to be made a port of enall a selfish one.

A Grand Army button was the "open sesame" to his heart. In the Old United examining the witnesses in a very important distillery case. His cross-examinations were always a terror to witnesses on the stand. He had examined a half-dozen of them with unusual severity, walking up and down before his lawyers' table as he did so with evenmore theatric effect than was his wont.

A new witness was called. An old man hobbled to the chair. The right Gen. Butler's eye caught sight of it. His manner changed at once.

"Where did you serve, comrade?" "I went out with the Eighth Massachusetts when you led us down through Baltimore, General," the old fellow answered in a shaky voice. "and I served right through until I lost the

arm at Fort Pike.' The following day the applicant received several thousand dollars for the loss of his arm, and a stated amount each month during his natural life.

A Midshipmah's Wit. On board a man-of-war bound home from China was a young midshipman named Jones. He was a favorite with midshipmen on board stood their watch forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the

officer of the deck, was walking the weather side of the poop deck convers ing when Midshipman Jones came aff

to write up the log. The barometer, a mercurial one, was hung in the Captain's cabin, and Jones, having read it, helped himself liberally to the Captain's sherry on the cabin sideboard. In walking the poop the Captain hap-pened to glance down the cabin skylight and saw the midshipman's proceedings. When Jones came up on the poop to heave the log the Captain addressed him as follows:

"How is the barometer, sir?"
Jones saluted and said: "Steadily rising, sir; steadily rising.' The Captain then asked: "And how

is the decanter, sir?" Jones was taken aback, but with a steady voice replied: "Steadily fall-

ing, sir; steadily falling." This reply was too much for the Captain, and bursting out laughing, said: "Young man, your bright reply has saved you from punishment, but it is a long way to 'Frisco, so hereafter I beg of you not to consult the decanter as often as you do the barometer."—Detroit Free Press.

Confederates in Yankee Garb.

"Let me tell you a queer fact," remarked Major J. B. Harlow to The Man About Town one day the past week. "I don't know that the idea has ever occurred to another person, but I have asked many of our friends about it and their experience and observation tally with mine. Now to the point: It is a curious truth that just after war whenever a 'Yank' bought a suit of clothes it was gray, pepper and salt for instance, while the 'Johnnies,' when able to do so, invariably bought blue. When I came out of the army I bought a suit of gray, or pepper and salt, and all Union soldiers I have since asked about the matter did the same, while the Confederates bought blue. I have often wondered why it was, and come to the conclusion that after three to five years' service in 'the the blue, and their first wish was to get something as far removed in color as possible, consequently they took the gray. It was the reverse on the part of the Confederates and they took the blue. When you realize that the only colors in use for men's wear are the blue, black, brown and gray, you see that the selection was circumscribed. Now that fact is dying out and sentiment growing the Yanks are returning to the blue and the Johnnies cling to the gray.—St. Louis Republic.

New York's Free Night Schools.

The night schools of the Cooper Union, New York, are all free, and are divided into two sections, the scientific and the art. The studies pursued in the former are algebra, geometry, natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, geology (from October to January), descriptive geometry, electrical measuring (from January to April), analitical geometry, elementary mechanics, trigonometry, differential, and integral calculus, applied mechanics, analytical chemistry and mechanical drawing. They are divided into a curriculum of five years. Any student may attend for as long or as short a time as he pleases, though if he is absent three times without satisfactory excuses he forfeits tuition in the school. The art 13 East Main Street, sections studies are rudimentary drawing, decorative designing, form drawing, architectural drawing, modeling in clay and prospective drawing.

Had a Narrow Escape.

Dr. Thomas Musgrove, now a dentist of Philadelphia, is an ex-confederate with an excellent reputation as a soldiar, but he made a narrow escape from an ignominious death during the war and he owed his life to the great The young man seized a favorable opportunity to slip through the lines and visit his parents in northern Delaware. He was recognized, however, while within the union lines, seized and held as a spy. He was innocent of any evil intent in visiting the North and influential friends presented his case to the an owl hoot, they would call Kauff. President. Their story was convincing and Mr. Lincoln saying: "It's a pity a poor fellow can't come to see his

Old Colonial Architecture.

Some of the most charming examples of colonial architecture survive in the old homesteads of Annapolis, Md., and in like homesterds throughout Anne Arundel County. The show place of the Eastern Shore was for many years old Westover, near Princess Anne. great ball-room, much used in the foxhunting days of the Wilson's ancestors of the late United States Senator, E. K. Wilson. Princess Anne itself has several interesting houses, including an enormous, rambling old dwelling, built try, in order that he might the more conveniently import from Europe the furniture for his new mansion.

Not in the Country.

There are many places in Ireland to which are attached legends wherein his Satanic majesty figures. The Devil's Gap, the Devil's Bowl and many others might be mentioned. A bright story of Irish' wit is told in this connection by an exchange.

One day an English tourist was being shown the sights by a guide. The "Gap" and the "Bowl" had been visited, and the tourist remarked. ""What an amount of land the Devil ssesses in Ireland! He must be an împortant personage in your coun-

"Wisha, then," said the guide, promptly, I an yer honor's right; but, like the rest iv the landlords, he's an absentee."

Work for Cranks. The time-worn "million stamps" lie

still survives, and is likely to prove immortal. People all over the country are trying to accumulate 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps in the belief that a standing offer is made by the government or by somebody of a big prize for such a collection. Some think that \$10,000 is the sum guaranteed, weile others imagine that the reward is the endowment of a permanent bed in a hospital. The popular notion on this subject being somewhat undefined letters asking about it are constantly received at the Postoffice Department, Washington. But no denials serve to destroy the widespread faith in this strange chimera.

Miss Mary Anderson, now Mme. de Navarro, lives in absolute privaly in a small house near Tunbringe Wells. She spends her time studying Spanish under her husban i's tuition.

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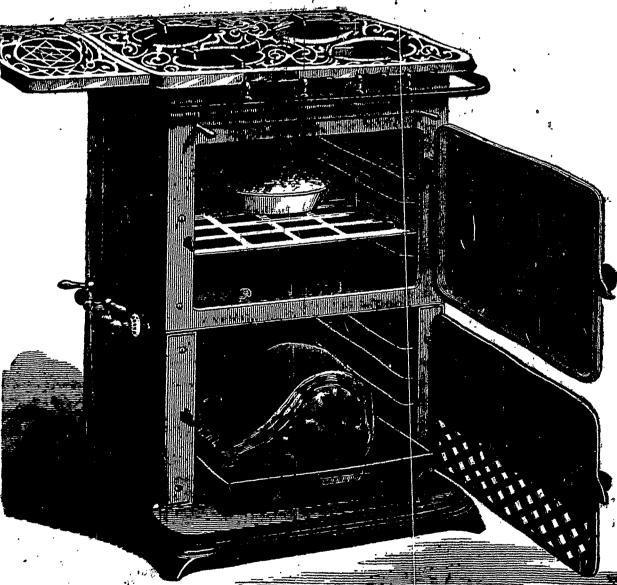
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