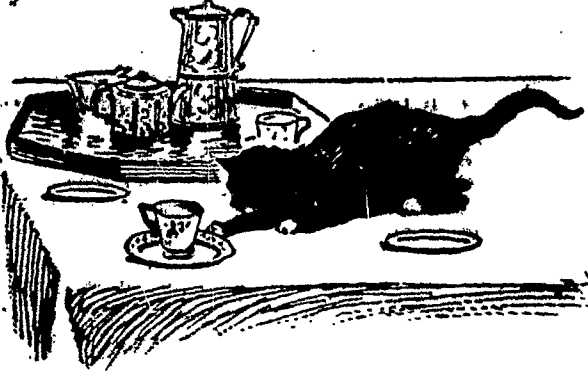


FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Philip's Trained Cat.

"I expect you will be interested to hear that 'Flip's' cat, January, whose wonderful doings I chronicled last week, has learned a new trick. What that animal will become in time is beyond me. How he remembers all he has been taught is simply wonderful, I think. We expect dogs to be clever and knowing, but we seldom ask more of puss than that he should be fond of us, keep his coat clean and glossy and wage war upon the rats and mice. But January is an exceptional cat in every way. His latest accomplishment is finding a hidden biscuit, a dainty of which he is, strangely enough, very fond.

When the tea comes in, his young master, Philip, takes a biscuit, and showing it to him asks him if he would not like to have it. To this cat on January re-



plies by standing up on his hind legs and giving a plaintive mew. Then he is made to hide his head until the biscuit is secreted about the table. At the word of command he is let free and proceeds at once to search for the dainty. Gravelly he walks round the table, picking his way carefully among the china, and looking knowingly under the edge of the plates and saucers and into each cup. Sometimes he finds it at once; at other times he is not so successful, but he never gives up in despair and sooner or later always produces the coveted prize from somewhere on the table.—Fall Mail Budget.

Hazel's Protector.

"I'm going to find my papa, so I am," said Hazel, with a knowing little nod. So she started out.

Mamma was in the garden weeding her pansy bed. Roy had gone down town on an errand, and Mary was busy in the kitchen, so there was a good chance for Hazel to get away without being noticed.

By and by mamma came into the house for a drink of water. She looked around for Hazel, and not seeing her she feared that her wee girlie was lost.

Mamma was so frightened at the thought that she sank into the nearest chair. When Roy came, she sent him to find the baby. Down the street the little boy hastened, looking in every direction.

He was turning a corner when he saw something that made him smile. The little sister was strolling along looking as happy as a child could.

Her apron strings were untied, and holding fast to the sash with his teeth was Nebuchadnezzar, but he was called Neb by all save his master.

"I haven't found papa yet," wailed Hazel as her brother took her in his arms and started homeward. "We were just going to find him, I and Neb."—Rena Reynolds in Our Little Ones.

Grandma's Trees.

Tom's grandma had a number of cedar and pine trees in her yard. One day Tom could not be found, but after a long time put in an appearance and to his mother's inquiry of where he had been answered, "I've been playing under grandma's Christmas trees."—Youth's Companion.

Real Bills.

First Little Girl—Oh, I've got just the loveliest doll you ever saw, an I'm so happy with it I don't know what to do. Second Little Girl—Is it big?

First Little Girl—Big? It's so big it moos' breaks my back to carry it.—Good News.

Defined.

A little Auburn boy evidently has older sisters, for when his teacher asked him the other day to define the word "fellow" he spoke right up and promptly said, "A fellow is somebody who comes to see yer."—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Mrs. Kendal's Doll.

Mrs. Kendal, the English actress, was presented with a pretty little doll by some lady friends in Philadelphia while she was playing in that city. The doll



was dressed to look like a little Quakeress, and Mrs. Kendal is very fond of the cute little woman. The illustration is from a photograph taken in London after Mrs. Kendal had returned to her native England.

The Squirrel's Lesson.

Two little squirrels out in the sun.—One gathered nuts and the other had none. "Time enough yet," his constant refrain; "Summer is still just only on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate: He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.

Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud And gave little squirrel a good one with a shovelful.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Short and Sweet.

"Loo-can-the-mum Vul-ga-re"—oh, you have a long name, too. You poor, dear little daisy, I can sympathize with you. Does not your head feel heavy with that dreadful name to hold, And don't you feel, Leucanthemum Vulgare, very old?

I do, dear, when I'm member, though they think my name is "sweet!" And love to say it

it over—"Gladys Constance Marguerite."

And then, when you've been naughty, does your daisy mamma say,

"Leucanthemum Vulgare!" in such a stern, sad way?

Mamma does—oh, daisy, dear, how many times she's said, "Now, Gladys Constance Marguerite, go right up stairs to bed!"

And then I know I'm very bad, for that's my punishment name.

Oh, daisy, dear, do you suppose all mamma does the same?

But I love best to call you, dear, just "daisy," for, you see,

That's my pet name, the very same that every one calls me.

And we are twins now, are we not? for both of us have woe.

About our long, long "punish names" that no one ever knows.

They may be "grand" and "dignified" and "sweet" and all the rest.

But we both love dear—"don't wet—our short daisy names the best."

—Abbie F. Brown in St. Nicholas.

An Elephant's Sunshade.

On hot summer days in New York, when the mercury is well up in the nineties, it becomes almost a necessity to carry an umbrella or shade of some kind to protect ourselves from the burning rays of the sun. We should hardly expect, however, a native of India—residing in this city—to have the same need for a sunshade, particularly when the native is a huge Indian elephant. That an elephant should feel the heat in our climate seems rather absurd, but as he does it is quite in keeping with the general intelligence of this animal that he should invent some means of protecting himself from it.

The elephant inclosure in Central park contains no trees nor shade of any kind, and on those hot days when the heat is almost unbearable it seems hotter there than elsewhere in New York. Grouped around the inclosure are usually scores of persons, many with sunshades and umbrellas, intently watching the elephants. Some of the huge animals are carefully tossing hay upon their own backs, while others whose backs are almost covered may be seen peacefully resting. Newly mown grass is what the elephant prefers for this purpose—perhaps because it feels cooler than hay—but hay answers the purpose very well.

How many visitors to the park on these warm days have realized that they were not the only ones carrying sunshades, and that the elephants were protecting themselves in like fashion?—Meredith Nugent in St. Nicholas.

There Are No Cradles in Japan.

Japan does not know the cradle. As Diogenes made a cup of his hollow hand, thus the Japanese mother makes a cradle with the back of an older child, an ambulating, delightful cradle, where it stays from morning to night, and is un rhythmically rocked according to the chances and sports which the day offers to its patient and loving victim. Her own back of course is its first cradle.—Albert S. Ashmead, M. D., in Science.

The Child Harpist.

Little Isabelle Bressler, the child harpist who created a sensation at Chickering hall, New York, recently by her admirable playing, was born in Lima, Peru, in 1879. She was taken to Paris in 1888 and entered the conservatory, where she received a first prize for harp playing



last year. Since then she has been giving concerts in Havana and South America, meeting everywhere with the most extraordinary success. The child seems to be not only a remarkably brilliant player, but a good musician as well, displaying a taste and delicacy far beyond her years.

Rosa Bonheur Against Mixed Schools.

Rosa Bonheur disapproves of the feminine attendance at the Ecole des Beaux Arts on the ground that the young men students are too badly brought up and too vulgar to permit of young ladies associating with them. "Had we American manners," she says, "and was there but a little more respect for women here, the state might create mixed schools, but with the character of the male student of the day it is wrong to think of it."



Whose Willing Working Wife.

Up with the birds in the early morning—The dewdrop glows like a precious gem; Beautiful tints in the sky are dawning, But she's never a moment to look at them. The men are waiting their breakfast early; She must not linger, she must not wait; For words that are sharp and looks that are sure Are what the men give when meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning, If she would but look over hills and trees; But here are the dishes and there is the churning—Those things must always yield to these. The world is filled with the wind of beauty, If she would but pause and drink it in; But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot and her hands grow weary; Oh, for an hour to cool her head Out with the birds and the winds so cheery; But she must get dinner and make her bread.

The busy men in the hayfield working, If they saw her sitting with idle hand, Would think her lazy and call her shirking. And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that the heart within her Hungers for beauty and things sublime, They only know they want their dinner, Plenty of it and just "on time."

And after the sweeping and churning and baking, And dinner dishes are all put by, She sits and sews, though her head is aching, Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others, She says as she patches their frocks and hose. For the world is quick to censure mothers For the least neglect of their children's clothes.

Her husband comes from the field of labor; He gives no praise to his weary wife; She's done no more than has her neighbor; 'Tis the lot of many in country life.

But after the strife and weary toils, When life is done and she lies at rest, The nation's brain and heart and muscle—Her sons and daughters—shall call her best.

And think the sweetest joy of heaven, The rarest bliss of eternal life, And the fairest crown of all will be given Unto the worn-out farmer's wife.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Wonderful Frog-ess of Helen Keller.

When Prof. M. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston, visited Greece some time ago he told the Queen about Helen Keller, the remarkable child who, though born blind and deaf and dumb, has learned to articulate and can speak as freely and fully as any unimpaired person. When she wishes to hold a long conversation with anybody dear to her she places one finger across the lips of the speaker and another on the throat at the larynx. In this way she understands every word that is uttered as rapidly as could be understood by a person with good eyesight and hearing. The interest which the Queen took in Helen was so intense that she exacted from Mr. Anagnos a promise that he would let her read every letter that Helen wrote to him while he was at the Greek capital, and when he was about to return to this country she induced him to permit her to retain several of the letters that she had read, which are treasured very highly at the court. The Queen expressed on more than one occasion her surprise that Helen, who is not yet in her teens, should have so remarkable a command of the purest English, and hinted that the child might have had some assistance in the preparation of her wonderful letters. But Mr. Anagnos disposed of that thought by informing the Queen that there was no person connected with the institution who could write English so faultlessly pure and sweet as Helen wrote, since the little girl never had had an opportunity to form acquaintance with any but the loftiest models of the language.

Wellesley's Boating Crews.

All winter the class boating crews at Wellesley have been going into the gymnasium for regular training preparatory to the summer boat race on the lake within the college grounds. The first attempt at scientific training in oarsmanship was made on the lake last autumn and with marked success. It was not until the fall of 1891 that physical training was made a full and regular course in the college. Now every freshman that enters Wellesley receives a thorough physical examination, including measurements and strength tests, and from each three hours' work are required each week. The result of the experiment shows a gratifying development of physique, improvement in the vigor and carriage, and also an increase in capacity for mental application. It is an interesting fact that while the records show an increase in strength of 100 or 150 pounds in the back in six months, the strength of the legs sometimes decline rather than increase, indicating that the young women were accustomed to walking more before they entered college than to exercising other members of the body than the locomotive extremities. A woman examiner and a woman instructor have charge of this department, but their work is much hindered by the inefficient room and appliances of the gymnasium, which can accommodate only the freshman class at one time in the regular drill.

Marquise di Lanza and Theosophy.

The report that the Marquise di Lanza, the novelist, was about to embrace theosophy, and if possible reach the exalted Mahatma stage, where the astral body is developed, is erroneous. The Marquise, who is known in the United States language as Clara Lanza, the daughter of Dr. Hammond, has embraced literature, but she is not trammelled by any complex views on religion. Her friends assert that she has too much common sense to run after strange gods, even if she had the time. During the day she pushes a sub pen over many folios of paper and in the evening she entertains her friends. But neither Buddha, Gautama nor Joss is worshipped by the fair novelist.

my admirers at Beverly were deeply interested in the story. It was not a financial success and that it would be only obliging on my part and in accordance with my known kindness of heart if I were to restrict the development of the roman to half its intended length and to accept \$5 in lieu of \$10 as my reward. Having no desire that the rash Beverly printer should squander his own or his children's fortune in the obscurity of Warwick Lane, I immediately acceded to his request, shortened sail and went on with my story, perhaps with a shade less enthusiasm, having seen the shabby figure it was to make in the book world. I may add that the Beverly publisher's payments began and ended with his noble advance of 50 shillings. The balance was never paid, and it was rather hard lines that, on his becoming bankrupt in his poor little way a few years later, a judge in the Bankruptcy Court remarked that, as Miss Braddon was now making a good deal of money by her pen, she ought to 'come to the relief' of her first publisher."

Took Her Hero's Name.

"John Strange Winter" was not Mrs. Stannard's first non de plume. For several years, writes Grace Wassell in the Ladies' Home Journal, she signed herself "Violet Whyte," and before she was 30 had written and published forty-two novelettes under that pseudonym, but when "Cavalry Life" was about to appear her publishers advised a masculine non de plume and she accordingly chose "John Strange Winter," the name of one of her favorite characters in the line of her own delightful stories. Of course Mrs. Stannard will always be known particularly by her portrayals of army life, and surely there were never such army stories written as her "Garrison Gossip," "Army Society" and "Booties" stories. Perhaps her great success with these stories is in some measure due apart from the fact that she once lived in a barrack town—to the fact that her characters are originally an army officer, being one of the picked officers chosen from the Royal Artillery to attend the Queen at the coronation. He afterward entered the church. She has always loved the army and army life. Even after having achieved quite a success it was not generally known that John Strange Winter was a woman.

A Man's Club With Liberal Ideas.

One of the principal clubs of St. Louis includes in its constitution a by-law which provides "that the members' wives and daughters and lady friends shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the club," and by this provision is the organization distinctive among its kind. So generous is the sentiment that one readily forgives the "lady friends" of its wording. The plan to admit women to the club was at first ridiculed, then bitterly opposed and finally accepted, with the proviso that if found detrimental to the interests of the club the women would meet the fate of the Chinese. But the results have shown that what was considered to be a doubtful experiment has been the means of building up an institution the like of which is not to be found in the country, so the members claim. It is the boast of the officers that no woman dwells in the city so pious that she would not wish to be known as a friend of the club, nor one of the boys that does not consider it an honor to be connected with the club. They have a membership of 750, a club house valued at \$300,000, a fine library and accommodations for 1,000 guests, and the name is the Mercantile Club.

Cromwell's Daughter.

A story goes that all that was left of Oliver Cromwell after the exposure, with Blake, etc., at Tyburn, was removed by night by Lady Fauconberg and buried in Chiswick Church, where her ladyship is also at rest. She was Cromwell's third daughter, married at Hampton Court and died at Sutton Court, next to Chiswick House, in 1713. In the Chiswick legend, says Leisure Hour, she is the youngest daughter, but that she was not, the youngest being the Frances whom Charles II. wished to marry, and who died as Lady Russell of the Buckinghamshire Chequers in 1720. Lady Fauconberg, "handsome and like her father," according to Dean Swift, who knew her, was the most conspicuous of Chiswick notabilities in her day. And the oldest inhabitant will tell you how he heard from another oldest inhabitant, who had it from the oldest inhabitant of an earlier generation, that the great event of the Sunday morning service in Chiswick Church in the later days of Queen Anne was the majestic old lady's arrival and respectful greeting.

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