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Miss Agnes Dempsey, who has been attending college at Detroit, Mich., is home on her vacation.
 Rev. John J. Bergen has been made pastor of the parish in Cuba, Allegheny Co., this State. It is a large and growing parish.

W. H. Saunders is reported by letter to be quite so well as some weeks ago, and that Colorado does not all agree with Mrs. Saunders. She will soon return east unless her health improves.

The closing exercises of St. Francis de Sales school were held at the new church on Main and William street, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The children conducted themselves in a very pleasing manner, and much credit is due their past teachers for the talents and conduct exhibited by all taking part. A class of 84 graduated.

James Coppinger, aged 21 years, died at the home of his parents on North street June 23, after a short illness. The community sympathize with the family over their great loss of two sons within one year, both of whom had reached the age of manhood.

Harvesting has just begun and the farmer are very busy gathering the crop which is very light owing to the dry weather.

Miss Kate Coruddy, of Auburn, is spending the summer with Miss Julia Costello.

Miss Mamie Shaw, of Shortsville, is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. James Hartnett.

John Conran has improved the looks of his residence on North street with a fresh coat of paint.

James Smith of this place, was quite seriously injured by falling from a ladder while working on bars in Venice last week.

Miss Bridget Welch has returned home from Rochester, where she has been attending school.

Miss Lizzie Rafferty, who has been teaching school at Merfield, and Miss Katie Rafferty who has been teaching at Gullyville Seminary, have returned to their home in Seneca Falls after a very successful term.

Miss Anna M. McCormick and Miss Katherine Donnelly, students of Rochester, are home for vacation.

The Leo Columbian Reading Circle closed their rooms on Friday for the summer. The President, Miss Anna Moran will attend the Plattsburgh Summer School, as a delegate from this circle.

Stephen Cassidy, of Syracuse, was the guest of friends in Clyde Sunday.

George Flynn, an old resident of this village, died at home on Thursday evening, after a short illness. He is survived by three sons and one daughter, who mourn his loss. The funeral services were held from St. John's Catholic Church on Saturday morning, Rev. J. J. Gleason officiating.

Miss Maria Weiss was in Jordan for a few days this week.

The Clyde glass factory closed on Saturday evening for a few months. A new firm has been organized, who will take charge of the factory the coming year.

John Terry and daughter Marie, of Syracuse, were guests of relatives this week.

CATS HARD TO TRAIN.

Years of Patience and Plenty of Kindness Before They Will Learn Tricks.

An English exhibitor of trained animals, Mr. Leon Clark, is reported as saying that, though he has educated all sorts of animals, from lions downward, he has found that the most difficult of them all is the cat. He has to treat this creature with extraordinary care. A dog is sensible, a monkey accommodating, and a rat either forgives or forgets—but a cat! She is a hopeless bundle of sensibilities. Strike her once, if only by accident, and she will never perform again. Kindness is not only politic, it is absolutely necessary in the training of cats.

Although 80 cats are sufficient for his entertainment, he has 80 or more with him, for cats are very skittish creatures, and when they take the whim in their heads it is useless to take them on the stage. When Mr. Clark enters the stable, the mewling is prodigious, and he is instantly buried in a moving mantle of cats. It took him four years to train some of his animals before he could put them upon the stage. A parachute cat, which climbs up a rope to the roof of the theater and flies down by parachute, is the second which has done the trick. A curious feature of the show is the way in which the cats walk over a rope of rats and mice and canaries, stepping singly between the little fluttering bodies. This mighty forbearance is brought about by training up the cats from kittens in the same cage as the mice and birds. There are only six of his rats. The cats and mice come from Java.—Exchange.

ALASKA'S BIG BEARS.

GOOD FISHERMEN, ROADMAKERS AND FIERCE FIGHTERS.

What Hunters Who Have Met the Grizzly Have to Say of His Alaska Cousins—They Do Not Fear Man and Will Fight White Mortally Wounded.

A traveler who recently returned from Alaska says: "The Alaskan brown bear is a huge, shaggy animal, varying in length from 6 to 12 feet and weighing from 500 to 1,500 pounds. I found him to be an expert fisher, and during the salmon season he frequents all the rivers supplying into the Bering sea and the north Pacific and their tributaries as far as the fish go. After the salmon runs over the animal retreats into the recesses of the hills, where berries and small game are plentiful. Among other things he does besides fishing and occasionally showing up a hunter, he is a good road maker for this part of Alaska. Not only are the banks of the streams trodden into good trails by these huge lumbering beasts, but the swampy plains are treaded in every direction by paths leading to the hills. The traveler will do well to follow them in pursuing across the country, as they save a day's lead to the best feeding places in the mountains and form the best routes to the hills.

A hunter who has spent some time there recently says: "The brown bear has been my experience for me, and I have always fought equally with the bear. We had been working up against a strong current of the K-wak river all day, and toward nightfall pitched our tent at the base of a high bluff forming the right bank of the stream. While supper was being prepared I climbed the bluff to get a look at the country and was walking along with my gun carefully held in my left hand. The top of the bluff was densely covered almost to the edge with spruce and alders, and the undergrowth was so thick that it was impossible to see more than a few feet through it. Ahead of me a cluster of rocks offered a temporary place to sit down and enjoy the view, and I made for it. Just as I reached the nearest rock a tremendous shaggy animal arose apparently from under my feet, and I immediately recognized in him the brown bear of whose ferociousness the natives had been telling me for weeks. My first instinct was to shoot, and I probably would have done so had my gun been in my right hand, but the first motion I made the bear reared on his haunches and was so formidable looking that I concluded to wait and see what he intended doing. After a moment's hesitation, during which he turned his head from side to side and licked his chops in a most suggestive fashion, he dropped on all fours, and with wonderful quickness turned and sprung out of sight in the dense undergrowth. When I returned to camp and related my experience, Tah-tah-rik, my native guide, assured me that the bear must recently have concluded a heavy meal, or otherwise he would have attacked me.

"Some officers from some of the vessels of the Bering sea fleet went ashore at Eoredeen bay during the summer of 1891 on a deer hunt, and one of the party saw a bear about 100 yards distant eating berries. Without thought of the consequences, he raised his gun and fired at the animal.

"The shot went wide of the mark, but at the report of the gun the bear started for the hunter on a dead run. His charge was met with a shower of bullets from the officer's repeater; but, although badly wounded, the infuriated animal did not hesitate an instant and rushed straight at his enemy. When within about 10 feet of the hunter, the bear rose on his haunches and prepared to pounce. Blood was pouring in streams down his body. One bullet had shattered his upper jaw, but he was so full of fight that the final outcome of the struggle would have been extremely doubtful had not another of the party arrived and ended the fight by shooting the brute through the brain. An examination of the bear's body showed that he had been struck six times. Three of the shots were in parts of the body ordinarily considered vital and would doubtless have caused death, but the vitality of these animals is almost incredible. Instances are cited of their running over 100 yards after being shot through the heart.

"Last summer, while I was at Sand Point, two hunters came in, after an absence of over a month in the vicinity of Portage bay, and reported having killed 83 bears. One day they killed seven. In order to show that they were not spinning hunters' yarns they brought the skins with them, and sold them at a trading post at Sand Point. During the summer of 1891 two prospectors were looking for coal lands near Port Moller, and about a mile from the shore they came upon an immense brown bear engaged in catching salmon in a small stream. One of the prospectors immediately opened fire, and evidently wounded the brute badly, but he got out of sight in the thick brush. Being anxious to secure the skin the two men started to follow the wounded animal. They had not gone a dozen steps before the enraged and wounded brute turned on them, and before either one could fire a shot he seized one man by the leg and bit it nearly off, and then sprang upon his companion and knocked him senseless with the blow of his terrible paw. Having, as he thought, finished his enemies, the bear quietly ambled off, and was subsequently found dead a few hundred yards from the scene of battle."

With Tears In Her Eyes.
 She was thrown on the world. "Merciful heaven!" she gasped. Considerable turf was knocked off the world when she struck it.

Before anybody could reach her she had risen and was swiftly leading her bicycle away.—Town Topics.

GRIEVANCE OF A SUBURBANITE.

He Quickly Resented the Impertinence That He Was Laid

"I'm a pretty easy going kind of a fellow," he said as he poked his head into an Illinois Central suburban ticket office window, "but it seems to me you're sort of rubbing it in."

"What's the matter?" asked the ticket seller.

"Oh, I suppose I ought not to complain, but I always get the worst of it every day, and I thought maybe I could get this one matter fixed just for a change."

"I think the company is anxious to do anything it can to please its patrons," said the agent. "What is your trouble?"

"Well, you see, I am an inveterate smoker."

"Yes."

"And out where I live the entrance to the station is at the south end of the platform."

"Yes."

"It's the same way at Randolph street."

"Yes."

"And you put the smoking car at the north end of each train, no matter which way it is running."

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Can't you see that I have to walk the whole length of the train to reach the smoker, and the whole length back again when I get down town. It isn't fair. I ought to get the best of it at least at one end of the line. You can't change it? Well, then, would you advise me to wear a gavel smoking ring?"

"Smoking ring?"

"Well, I don't know. If it was used for the work, I'd move. By the way, you don't think it lazy, do you? You don't think I'm justifiably complaining under an adverse fate?"—Chicago Times Herald.

ASKING THE CAPTAIN.

Just What Happened When Information Was sought From the Commander.

"Once on an ocean steamer," said a traveler, "we had a heated shaft bearing, or something of that sort, so that the engines stopped for five or six hours. I had often read and heard about how the captain was the great mogul aboard ship, how about all things pertaining to the affairs of the ship he held aloft and must not be approached by the passengers, and that it was a sort of violation of the unwritten rules of the sea for a passenger to ask the captain any thing. And there may be some reason in all this, if one passenger might ask him, so might, and surely the command of the ship ought not to be unnecessarily disturbed by useless questions. We had been lying there three or four hours waiting. There was no danger whatever, but it was a delay and an incident of interest, and of course all the passengers talked about nothing else—the common information was that the delay was due to a heated bearing."

"I was standing on the upper deck by the door to the main companionway leading to the deck below. The captain came along the upper deck from the after part of the ship and went below by that companionway. He must pass within a foot of me, and under the circumstances it did not seem like a violently unseemable breach of salt water etiquette to ask him what was the matter, which I did. A passenger who stood on the other side of the doorway looked at me with the amused smile of an older traveler. The captain said nothing. He simply passed on, to all outward appearances quite unconscious of my question or even my presence."—New York Sun.

The Tree Killer.

One of the curious forest growths of the isthmus of Panama and lower Central America in general is the vine which the Spaniards call matapalo, or "tree killer." This vine first starts in life as a climber upon the trunks of the large trees, and, owing to its marvelously rapid growth, soon reaches the lower branches. At this point it first begins to put out its "feelings"—tender, harmless looking root shoots, which soon reach the ground and become as firmly fixed as the parent stem. These hundreds of additional sap tubes give the whole vine a renewed lease of life, and it begins to send out its aerial tendrils in all directions. These intertwine themselves tightly around every limb of the tree, even creeping to the very farthest tips and squeezing the life out of both bark and leaf. Things go on at this rate but a short while before the forest giant is compelled to succumb to the gigantic parasite which is sapping its life's blood. Within a very few years the tree rots and falls away, leaving the matapalo standing erect and hollow, like a monster vegetable devilfish lying upon its back with its horrid tentacles clasped together high in the air. Morgan, "Central America Afoot," says: "Corelike arbors of matapalo are to be seen in all directions, each testifying to the lingering death of some sylvan giant that formerly supported it."—St. Louis Republic.

How Massachusetts Treats Debtors.

Some recent letter writers in various newspapers have been complaining that Boston is provincial in several respects. So it is. But the charge may be extended to the state just as well. It is said to be possible to imprison a man for debt in Massachusetts, barbarous as it is looked upon in other regions, and it is said to be possible, too, for a creditor to intercept the salary of a man with a family, except \$10 a week, and this, too, even if there are a dozen in the family, and the judgment debt is really another person's. When one learns of such things as these, one ceases to wonder at the extent of the emigration from regions where such things are possible.—Boston Traveller.

From Her Standpoint.

"He—the doctor has told me to take a walk every evening for exercise, but he says I ought to have some object in view. She—Why not think of home?"—New York Herald.

HER SILVER SPOONS.

THEY REMAINED HER PROPERTY, BUT WERE VERY COSTLY.

After Buying Them Three Times She Refused to Risk Them Any More—A Little Story Bearing on the Question of the Wife's Property Rights.

The following story was told in a paper read by Mrs. M. J. Coggeshall at a meeting of the Woman's Suffrage society of Des Moines and published in The Saturday Review of that city.

Today, when we women have not outgrown the pretty fad of collecting souvenir spoons, the great variety and beauty of which were unknown to our grandmothers, allow me to recall the story of a great aunt of ours who also loved spoons, but whose plain cupboard drawer contained no sets of dainty after-dinner coffees like those from which we love to sip as we sit in our clubs and talk of culture.

This aunt when a young woman was a teacher in a country school until she had saved enough money to indulge her great desire for a set of silver spoons. She was married soon after to the young man of her choice. Six years passed by—years of hard work and economy for both, happy years, though no children had come to bless their union—when by a sudden illness the husband was taken away. The day after the funeral the grieving wife was surprised by the entrance to her home of the two brothers of her husband, bringing with them the village lawyer. They told her they had come to set a value upon their brother's property, in order that she might know what part of it was hers.

She held her peace as they set down the worth of each article of furniture in the little home, until they finally came to the box of spoons.

Then she spoke and said: "These are mine. I bought them with my own money before I was married."

"Yes, ma'am," said the lawyer, "but you know, ma'am, that after a lady is married everything belongs in law to her husband."

So all the little property was divided, the brothers taking half, and she took the spoons with the rest at the price that had been set upon them. But it obliged her to give up the home, and she, with her few effects, went into rented rooms and began life anew. Occasionally teaching a school and always sewing when possible, she supported herself very comfortably for about three years, when a lifelong friend of her husband, an excellent man, offered her his hand in marriage.

She liked him well, and her friends told her it was the best thing to do, and she thought with pleasure of again being mistress of a home. So they were married.

In a few years her husband's health declined, and for many months she gave him most tender and unceasing care. She had a few times spoken to him about making a will, but as it seemed an unpleasant subject she had ceased to mention it. Finally the end came.

There had come to attend the funeral his nearest relative, a nephew from New England, whom she had never seen before. In a day or two he brought two men to the cottage to appraise the property, and again was there a price set upon the well preserved spoons. On the evening of that day as she was preparing supper the nephew entered the kitchen and said: "Aunt Liza, I am disposed to be very easy with you. The worth of all of uncle's property has been carefully estimated, and I will allow you to include in your half of it any article of furniture you may choose."

And again she paid the price of her first darling purchase of silverware, but there was not enough left after the half was taken for her to keep the house and lot, so they went into the hands of strangers, and with her old Aunt Liza again went into cozy, but hired rooms. She was a pattern of thrift and frugeness, as a smart widow of the neighborhood was well aware, and in less than a year he made a call upon the comely matron. He was wise enough to make his first visit short, but lingered a moment in the door and suggested that in the near future they become better acquainted.

She answered, "I am living here very comfortably, and I think, Mr. Johnson, that it will not be worth while for you to call," and closing the door hastily she turned to her cat and said:

"No, Tommy, I have bought those spoons three times, and I don't intend to risk them any more."

Time and Step.

"Sometimes," said an old soldier, "one sees the captain of a company marching proudly along, in time with the music, but out of step, the company right, the captain wrong. Distinguishing. But then I have seen a musician marching out of step to the music of his own band, and there is how and then a soldier who never really learns to keep step. The familiar order is, 'Left, left, left, left, the left foot down at the heavy tap of the drum.'"—New York Sun.

Thin as the Mist.

Scene, a town in the north on a very misty day.

Sandy McKay (coming out of a public house and meeting his minister face to face)—"Losh, sir, it's an awful deceivin' thing, this mist. D'y'e ken (impressively), I wandered in there the noo, think it was the grocer's!"—London Globe.

The Canadian element forms two-thirds of the foreign population of Maine and New Hampshire, one-half of that of Vermont and one-third of that of Massachusetts.

Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others? Both. And in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence.—Elihu Burritt.

Tasmania was named in honor of Tasman, the discoverer.

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