



At 80 years of age I had the first attack of Epilepsy, after trying 8 of the best doctors I grew worse and gave up all hope when a friend gave me a bottle of Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic.

A. O. H. Secretaries. ATTENTION!

We supply all the Divisions in this vicinity with our Blanks, Books, Tickets, Invitations, Badges, and in fact everything in the printing line, and why? Because first of all they are neatly printed, low in price and are delivered promptly!

Table with 3 columns: Item, Description, Price. Lists items like App'n Blanks, Nomenclature Reports, etc.

Mr. Frank O'Connor, of Rochester, spent last Sunday in town. Mrs. McElyea, of Binghamton, is visiting her parents...

Miss Julia Fenwick and Mrs. Cornelius Murphy spent Saturday and Sunday in Rochester. Miss Belle Shevlin left on Saturday for a visit with friends in Pennsylvania.

The young ladies of St. Louis' church will hold a lawn festival and dance on the 22nd inst., the proceeds of which are to go toward the church library.

Mr. and Mrs. Greer, of Batavia, were called to Clyde, by the death of Daniel Kavanagh. He was overcome by the heat which caused brain fever and resulted in his death.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing. From Our Societal Correspondents.

It is very probable that in a short time the Holy Family church will be beautified to a considerable extent. Rev. J. J. Hickey, pastor of the church, is busily engaged, with the aid of Architect Gilman, in perfecting plans whereby the intended improvements may be carried out.

St. Mary's Temperance Union hosts of a base ball team that can play ball. The Emmets, however, are not quite so fortunate—that is, when they play with the temperance advocates.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's church Tuesday morning, when Miss Lena Secley became the bride of Michael H. Cline. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Mulhern, pastor of the church.

Joseph Knittle spent Saturday in Clyde. M. T. Bradley spent Friday of last week in Rochester. Mr. Larkins, one of Lyons' best twirlers, sprained his wrist while playing ball at Canandaigua, Monday.

Mr. Stanley and wife of Oswego are the guests of Mrs. Stanley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McCarthy. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds of Oneida are the guests of Mr. Reynolds' parents.

William Denning and a friend from Newark wheeled to Lyons last Thursday. Mr. Allen of Rochester was the guest of the Misses Mackin on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming of Rochester, who have for the past week been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, have returned to their home. Master James Murphy of Newark is spending part of his vacation with Lyons friends.

Miss Rosie Knittle of Rochester, who has been the guest of her uncle, Peter Knittle, has returned to her home. Peter Keller, who has been under the weather for the past four weeks, has resumed business again.

Miss Bulger of Albany spent the past week in town, the guest of Mrs. Cornelius Murphy. Miss Julia Fenwick and Mrs. Cornelius Murphy spent Saturday and Sunday in Rochester.

Miss Lizzie Farrell and James Harrigan spent Sunday at Charlotte. Miss Belle Shevlin left on Saturday for a visit with friends in Pennsylvania. James Murphy of Buffalo spent Sunday in town.

The young ladies of St. Louis' church will hold a lawn festival and dance on the 22nd inst., the proceeds of which are to go toward the church library. It is hoped by all that it will prove a success.

William Carroll and family of Rochester spent Sunday with W. Mulrane. Miss Ella Farrell has accepted a position in the Willard state hospital.

NAN. I know a maid, a dear little maid. If you knew her, you'd love her, I'm so full of love.

A FRENCHMAN'S GOAT. The Frenchman had never been lucky with his goats. He lost them all the same way. One fine day they would break their ropes and run up the mountain side, where the wolf killed them.

How small it is! she cried. 'How could it ever have been so big?' Poor little thing! Finding herself perched up so high, she thought she was at least as big as the world.

Behind his house the Frenchman had a lot with a Hawthorn hedge around it. This is where he put his new boarder. He tied her to a stake on the most beautiful spot in the meadow, taking care to give her a good deal of rope, and from time to time he came out to see whether she were doing well.

'How happy one must be up there! What fun to frisk over the rocks without that horrid rope to make the neck sore! It may be good enough for a donkey or for a calf to be shut up in a pasture. Goats need the open country.'

From that moment the grass of the meadow tasted life. Life became a burden. She grew thin and her milk gave out. It was a pity to see her tug on her rope all day, with her eyes turned toward the mountain and her nostrils extended, breathing pitiously all the while.

'Listen, master. I am very miserable here. Let me run up the mountain.' 'Gracious me! She, too?' cried the Frenchman in dismay, and the bucket fell from his hand. Sitting down then in the grass at the side of his goat, he asked: 'How is this, Daisy? You don't wish to leave me, do you?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Daisy. 'Isn't there grass enough?' 'Oh, yes, sir.' 'Perhaps your rope is too tight. Shall I lengthen it a little?' 'That's worth while, sir.' 'Well, then, what is the trouble? What do you want?'

TO RENT AND FOR SALE cards for sale at this office.

that was fresh, tender, tufted, and with thousands of plants and herbs, very different, indeed, from the turf in the Frenchman's yard. And flowers there were large bluebells that tinkled in the wind and purple foxgloves with slender, drooping necks—in short, whole meadows of wild flowers smelling so good they turned her head.

Half tipsy with delight, the white goat tumbled around in it all, kicking her four legs up in the air and rolling down the hills all in a heap with the fallen leaves and the chestnut burrs. Then, quick as a flash, she would jump to her feet and be off like a flash, with her head between her knees, over the stumps and through the bushes, now on a high rock, now again at the bottom of a gorge, up and down and everywhere.

'How small it is!' she cried. 'How could it ever have been so big?' Poor little thing! Finding herself perched up so high, she thought she was at least as big as the world.

She thought of the wolf. All day long the little runaway had not given him a thought. In the same moment the sound of a distant horn came from the valley. It was the good Frenchman calling her back for the last time.

Daisy wanted to go back, but when she remembered the stake, the rope and the hedge around the pasture she thought she could not stand it any more and that she had rather stay.

Suddenly she heard a rustling of leaves behind her. She looked back and saw two burning eyes in the dusk, with two short ears standing up straight above them. It was the wolf.

'Monstrous and horrible! There he sat on his haunches, glaring at the little white goat and licking his chops. As he knew for sure that he would devour her the wolf was in no hurry, only when she turned her head he laughed wickedly. 'Ha, ha, the Frenchman's little goat!' and his long red tongue licked along the row of sharp white teeth.

Daisy knew she was lost. For a moment, as she remembered the story of old Russet, that had fought all night, to be killed in the morning, she thought it were better perhaps to let herself be devoured right away. Then, having changed her mind, she fell back a step, with her head low and her horns to advance, like the brave little goat she was, not because she hoped to kill the wolf—goats don't kill wolves—but merely to try whether she could not hold out as long as old Russet.

Wendell Phillips once, when he was interrupted by an unfriendly audience, stooped down and began talking in a low voice to the men at the reporters' table. Some of the auditors, becoming curious, called, 'Louder,' whereupon Phillips straightened himself up and exclaimed: 'Go right on, gentlemen, with your noise. Through these pencils'—pointing to the reporters—'I speak to 40,000 people.'

BIMILIA GIMILIBUS CURANTUR. This little here 'pome' is writ for fun. (Leastways, it's not for money).

A BIT OF JEALOUSY. Near the Parc Monceau is a pretty little house that seems to hide in a bush of climatic the home of a young and charming widow of 22. The sacrament of baptism gave her the name of Louise and the sacrament of marriage made her the Countess of Viry. She had as a pet and constant companion a delicate little Monecan poodle, all white and woolly, to which was given as its sole nourishment a lump of sugar in the morning and a sweet biscuit in the evening. His name was Nito.

Nito playfully pursued his mistress with barks of delight, at times seizing with his teeth the ruffe of her blue muslin dress, and propping himself upon his paws, pulled at it with all his strength.

In the midst of their play M. Jacques de Beauchamp entered the garden. The little widow, perceiving him, hid her self behind an orange tree. But Jacques ran to her and, surprising her, kissed her on the forehead.

'Ah, M. de Beauchamp,' she cried, 'that is not nice of you.' Louise was of medium height. She had very small hands and feet, white shoulders and thick black hair. Her teeth were so white that when she laughed they glistened like pearls. How well she carried her widowhood and in a way to honor herself! The young maiden is generally too timid and bashful. She blushes and casts down her eyes at the least word of compliment. The widow, on the other hand, has the right to bear everything, and when one speaks to her of love she knows readily what that means.

Louise leaned upon the arm of M. de Beauchamp, and they went into the parlor, followed by Nito, who threw some jealous glances at him who was to be the future husband of his mistress. Of course the poor little animal could not have known that it must have been a jealous instinct.

Louise and Jacques agreed so well that they had planned to be married. Nevertheless each of them had a defect. M. de Beauchamp was jealous and Mme. de Viry was coquettish.

'Louise,' he said to her, 'you will drive me to despair. You say that you love me, but how can I believe it when I see you smiling at every admirer and giving to every comer so sweet a reception? When I see you in society so full of life and gayety and hear your ringing laughter from the midst of a circle of ardent admirers, it is impossible for me to tell you the tortures and anguish I endure.'

'How did you get on in school today, Robert?' 'Tired Child (wearily)—Oh, I was wrong in my geography again! I forgot whether the Putumayo joined the Amazon east or west of the confluence of the Maranon and Ucayala rivers.

thing serious was about to happen. Louise returned shortly afterward, ashamed and humbled, and gave to M. de Beauchamp a little tooth as white as milk, which he carried to his lips and covered with kisses. Seeing this tribute of affection, Louise ran away.

Jacques had the tooth set in a medallion and carried it religiously around his neck as a souvenir. From that day the little countess became very sad. Only upon rare occasions was her face lighted up by a smile. She kept aloof from society as much as possible, but when she was forced by her social duties to appear among her friends they saw her keeping apart from the others or sitting in a corner with a serious air, her mouth closed like a prison door.

'Poor countess!' said some evil minded ones. 'She is getting old. How changed she is! She seems to be mourning the dead.'

'I am desolate and full of remorse.' 'You recognize the cruelty of your unreasonable request?' 'I will reproach myself for it all my life.'

Will M. Clemens catalogues in The Home Magazine some of the blunders of foreign novelists, a few of which we reproduce: 'Thackeray, who was exceedingly anxious to get everything right was perpetually getting things wrong. Names are mixed, the hero is sometimes called by the name of one of the other characters, and in at least one place an important personage is called by a name from another novel. This was Philip Firmin, whom he called Clive Newcome. Nor was this his worst blunder, for in another story he killed and buried old Lady Kew and later brought her again on the scene for the purpose of rounding off a corner of the story.'

'Thackeray, in his 'Virginiana,' makes Miss Esmond of Castlewood, in Westmoreland county, a neighbor of Washington at Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, 50 miles distant, and a regular attendant at public worship at Williamsburg, half way between the York and James rivers, fully 125 miles from Mount Vernon. In the same book occurs the following: 'There was such a negro chorus about the house as might be heard across the Potomac.' The nearest bank of the Potomac was 57 miles away.

'Anthony Trollope was heartily laughed at by his acquaintances for causing Andy Scott to 'come whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth.' But what is a slight error in this sort in comparison with Amelia B. Edwards' description, in 'Hand and Glove,' of her hero 'passing backward and forward like an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation.'

'George Eliot, whose knowledge of science is highly commended, in 'The Mill on the Floss' makes the odd blunder of having the boat overtaken in midstream by a mass of drift floating at a more rapid rate than the frail craft—a physical impossibility.'

The life of John Howard Payne extended over 80 years, from 1792 to 1852. The only literary work by which he is now remembered is 'Home, Sweet Home,' which was originally a song in an opera entitled 'Clari, the Maid of Milan.' The libretto was written in a few weeks. It is said by some authorities to have been written as early as 1818, but the opera was not produced until 1832.