Breaux Bridge, La., May, W. At 60 years of age I had the first awack of Epiworse and gave up all hopes, when a friend gave mes a bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. Atthough I had not the least faith in it, I thought "Eill but it is a quick over, for, after using it only 8 days I was a great deal better and after using it 6 months I am well.

A. Victorier.

Worth its Weight in Gold. Wooster, O., June 🐃

I was completely worn out with nervous ex-massion, tried all sorts of doctors and medicines without any benefit but the effect of Paster Long's Nerve Tonic was marvelous, it restored W. North St. Are. P. Booles.

Cirtified by G. J. Krieger, Druggist. A Valuable flook on Revous Dis-cases and a sample bottle to any ad-dress. Foor patients also get the med-boine free.

This remarky has been prepared by Boverend E.

Tissais, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 152, and 12 are

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, IL. 49 8. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. & Apr \$6. Zerze Hise, S1.75. 9 Bottles for 86. For Sale at 125 North Clinton St.

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.

Can we not supply your

Please examine the following list, all or which are kept on hand ready for quick

App'n Blanks (new lorm		75
Notification of Arrears		50
Sick Committee Reports		75
Motice of Absentees		50
.Due Cards (best yet)	t	50
Notice to Applicants.		50
Investigation Notices		•
	_	50
Letter Heads (new design)		00
Eavelopes		75
Cloth Cover Due Books good to	<b>)</b> [	
five years.		00
Pin, Sec. Quar. Reports	. 1	00
Treas. Quar. Reports	-	00
	E:	ch
Order Books		80
Receipt Books		10
B. Secy's Ledger	2	ĭ
Fin David		٠.
Day Book	1	

All kinds of Society printing. Estimate furnished. Samples sent on application. Send for Order Blank. All orders specive prompt attention. Address communications and make drain

CATHOLIC JOURNAL Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Dansville

Mr. Frank O'Connor, of Rochester, spent last Sunday in town.

Mrs. McTighe, of Binghamton, is visiting her parents Mr and Mrs. H. Hubnitus.

The newly elected officers of the Chili dren of Mary of St. Patrick's church are President, Miss Alice Rowan; vice-president, Miss Cecelia Dougherty, secretary, Miss Efizabeth Welch, Treasurer, Miss

Fisteen fresh air children arrived in Dans ville on Thursday. They will be eared for by various members of St Patrick's congregation.

John Noland of Rochester, was home last

Mr. and Mra. John Smith, of Lockport, have been guests of Mrs. Frank Echrich. for a few weeks

The friends of Mrs. Tunis Nares, o Corning, were shocked to hear of her sudden death from beart disease on Monday last Mrs. Nores was formerly Miss Matie Quigley, of Danaville and was married but two months ago. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's church (Dansville) Thursday morning at y o'clock, Rev. J. T. Dougherty

Clyde. .

Mrs. John Mynongh, and daughter Marguerite, of Cicero, Ill., are the guests of relatives in town.

Mrs. B. Joyce and daughter Katherine, who have been visiting relatives in Memphis, Tenn., returned home Monday evening. They were accompanied by Mrs. loyce's grandson, Walter Moriarity.

Mestra. John O'Neill and M. E. Weich of East Syracher, were entertained by their lady friends several days last wenk

Mr. and Mrs. Green, of Batavia, were called to Clyde, by the death of Daniel Kayansugh. He was overcome by the heat which cattled brain fever and resulted in his death. He was 23 years of age and is survived by a father, mother and one sister. Miss Maria Walsh left Monday for East Syracuse where she will remain for several

friends Monday. Miss Mary Connors has returned from Swracuse.

Misses Maria Walsh and Catherine Mouiarity and Messrs. John O'Neill and M. E. Welch, of East Syracuse, spent Saturday as Sodus, They report a good time.

OUR AGENT.

Mr. A. Berman, our traveling agent, will call on subscribers in Seneca Falls, Waterloo, Geneva, Stanley, Bushville, Penn Yan, Dundee. Watkine Willard, Ovid and Romulus.

PARTED. Myon do not see any news from your parish in THE JOURNAL Write dent in every parish in the diocess.

the second second was the second seco

## DIOCESAN NEWS.

Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents. (Continued from 7th page.) Auburn .

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. It is intended to erect a new sacristy building and adoin he upper portion of the edifice with hand some spires.

Edward Dunn, who resided with his son, Edward Dunn, jr, of Cottage street, suf fered a severe sunstroke Friday afternoon, from the effects of which he died a few hours later. Mr. Donn was working on a farm in Schoo when stricken. His funeral was held from St. Mary's church Monday morning.

and burial was in St. Joseph's cemetery. St Mary's Temperance Union boasts of a base ball team that can play ball | The Emmeste, however, are not quite so fortunatethat is, when they play with the temper-ance advocates. The two teams played a short gaine last Saturday, the second of the season, and to the juy of Father Gibbons' temperance aggregation the Emmetts were defeated for the second time. Hard luck for "Robert's" friends, but they say they will defeat that temperance crowd if it takes

A pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's church Tuesday morning, when Miss Lena Seeley became the bride of Michael H Cilne. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Mulheron, pastor of the church, in the presence of a large number of fi.e. is of the young couple. Both brile and groom are well known and popular young Auburnians, and their many friends with him. will wish them a life of unalloyed happi-

Joseph Knittle spent Saturday in Clyde. M. T. Bradley spent Friday of last week n Rochester

Mr Larking, one of Lyons' best twirlers. aprained his wrist while playing ball at Can andaigua, Monday.

Frank Langton of Buffalo is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Violet on Catherine street. Mr. Stanley and wife of Oswego are the

guests of Mrs. Stanley's parents, Mr. and the goat!
Mrs. Daniel McCarthy Mr and Mrs Reynolds of Oneida are the guests of Mr Reynolds' parents. William Denning and a friend from New

ark wheeled to Lyons last Thursday. Mr. Allen of Rochester was the guest of the Misses Mackin over Sunday.

Mr and Mrs. Fleming of Rochester, who Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, have returned to the gram so demurely that the French

spending part of his vacation with Lyons won't grow tired here!" friends. Michael Kane and family of Rochester.

Robinson on Geneva street. Miss Rosie Knittle of Rochester, who has been the guest of her uncle, Peter Kmittle, has returned to her home.

are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Michael

Peter Selfer, who has been under the weather for the past four weeks, has resumed business again.

Palmyra. Miss Bulger of Albany spent the past week in town, the guest of Mrs. Cornelius Marphy.

Miss Julia Feunell and Mrs. Cornelus Murphy spent Saturday and Sunday in

Miss Lizzie Farrel and James Harrigan spent Sunday at Charlotte. Mass Belle Shevlin left on Saturday for

visit with friends in Pennsylvania. lames Murphy of Buffalo spent Sundayin

Pittaford.

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

all that it will prove a success. William Carsoll and family of Rochester spent Sunday with W. Mullane. Muss Ella Farrei has accepted a position

in the Willard state hospital. The rain on Sunday last was wel-

comed by many, as it subdued the terrible heat which reigned last week. Mrs. J. Sullivan has been spending a few

lays of the past week in Rochester. Miss Bessie Mullane is visiting with

riends in Egypt. Miss Kittle Mansion of Rochester is the guest of Miss Mamie King this week.

Honeove

Daniel Leahy of Buffalo was home from

Buffalo over Sunday Ella Costello of Canadice has been very ill but is improving.

Miss Mary Cotter is home from Buffalo. where she has been attending school for the

nast vear. The Honeoye cheese factory is doing a good business.

Archbishop Corrigan of New York is spending his vacation at Bishop McQuaid's place at Hemlock lake. Rev. J. W. Hen.

drick is also a guest there. Last Thursday afternoon, Thomas Finnigan, only son of Peter Finnigan, was drowned at Long Pond while in bathing. Young Finnigan could not swim, and in company with Martin Hendrick, who was also unable to awim, remained near the shore. While supporting himself by clinging to a boat near by he suddenly threw up terry Collins, of Lyons, called on Clyde his hands without any warning and sank to the bottom. The body was recovered about three hours after, by Cyrus Watkins, in 12 foot of water. The funeral was held at 10:30 o'clock, Saturday morning from St. Rose's church and was an unusually large one. The serrowing family have the

sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement. The following people were in Lima Saturday to attend the funeral: Michael. Patrick and Joseph Slattery. Edward Haggerty, Eugene Carroll, Frank Connors, William Griffin, James Courneen and wife, and Mrs. Haves and daughter. The golden jennets opened to make a Sister M. Rose of Nazareth Convent. Rochester, is in town.

Mrs. Thomas Boyle is in Lima, visiting her welcome. relatives and friends. Mrs. Mary Grace, of Rochester, was in

town Saturday and Sunday. TO RENT AND FOR SALE cards for mie at this office.

I know a maid, a dear little maid If you knew her, you'd woo her, I us andly afraid. So I think it as well Her name not to tell,

Except that she's sometimes called Nan.

She has a hand, a soft little hand. Did ven feel it von'd steal it. I quite understand. Bo I think as well To reveal not the spell That lurks in the fingers of Nan

If their dance should entrance you Til feel no surprise, So I think it as well The whole truth to tell-She's my own leaby daughter, my Nan. Cora Stuart Wheeler in Woman's Home Con

Bright are her eyes, her clear hazel eyes,

## A FRENCHMAN'S GOAT

The Frenchman had never been lucky

He lost them all the same way. One fine day they would break their rope and run up the mountain side, where he wolf killed them. Nothing held them back, neither the kindness of their master nor the fear of the wolf They were independent goats, so it seemed, who longed for freedom and fresh air at any price.

The good Freuchman, who did not understand the nature of his animals in the least, was bewildered. He would say: "It is all over My goats don't like to stay with me. Y anan't keep any more.

All the same d not get discourag lost six goats, one aged, for aftafter the , he bought a seventh, he was careful to take it only th while it was still young, so that it might get used the better to staying

Ab, madcap! She was a dear crea ture, that little goat of the Frenchman! How pretty she was, with her soft eyes, ber funny chin whiskers, her shining black hoofs, her little striped horns and with her silky overcoat of white fur She was almost as beautiful, my mad cap, as the little white goat of Esmer alda, and, with all that, good and affectionate, allowing herself to be milked without stirring, without ever putting her foot into the bucket. A darling lit-

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. The lit have for the past week been the guests of the goat was very happy and cropped man was delighted "At last," thought Master James Murphy of Newark is the poor man, "at last there is one who

> The Frenchman was mistaken. The One day she said, looking up at the

mountains: "How happy one must be up there What fun to frisk over the rocks with out 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 fist. Life became a bur den. 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 to ward the mountain and her nostrils extended, bleating piteously all the while.

The frenchman saw very well that something was the matter with his goat, only he did not know what it was. One morning, when he had finished milking her, the gout turned her head and said in her own speech:

"Listen, master. I am very miserable here. Let me run up the moun-

"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 Daisv. "Isn't there grass enough?"

"Oh, yes, siz." "Perhaps your rope is too tight. Shall I lengthen it a little?"

Tisn't worth while, sir." "Well, then, what is the trouble? What do you want?"

"I want to run up the mountain side." "My poor love, don't you know that there is a wolf up in the mountains? What will you do when he comes?"

"I can butt him with my horns, sir." "The wolf will laugh at your horns. He has killed my other goats, who had longer horns than yours. You have heard of that old Russet, who was here last year-an old mother goat, strong and ugly like a buck? She fought all night long with the wolf, then in the morning the wolf killed her."

"That doesn't make any difference, master. Let mego up to the mountain. "Great heavens!" said the Frenchman. "What on earth have they done to all my goats? Another one which the wolf will take from me. No. no. 1 will save you in spite of yourself, naughty thing, and lest you break your rope I will lock you up in the stable,

and you shall stay there for good." So the Frenchman put the goat into a dark stable and looked and bolted the door behind him. Unluckily he had forgotten the window, and his back was scarcely turned before the little one

jumped out. When the white goat had climbed the mountain, there were joy and happiness everywhere. Never had the old pines seen so pretty a creature. She was welcomed as a little queen. The chestnut trees stooped down to the very earth to pet her with the ends of their branches. passage for her and smelled as sweet as they could. All the mountain side bade

You can fancy, madeap mine, how happy our little goet was—no more rope, no more stakes for her, nothing to keep her from frisking about and grazing where she liked. There was grass there up to her borns and higher, grass

that was fresh, tender, tufted, and with It thousands of plants and herbs, very different, indeed, from the turf in the Frenchman's yard. And flowers too. There were large bluebells that tinkled in the wind and purple forgioves 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 tumbed around in it all, kicking her four higs up in the air and rolling down the hills all in a heap with the fallen leaves and the chestnot burs. Then, quick as a flash, she would jump to her feet and be off like a flash, with ber bead 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. You would have thought that there were a dozen goats on the mountain. Ah, not Daisy wasn't afraid of maything. In a single bound she jumped over torrents where her fur was splashed with spray and white foam. Dripping and cut of breath then, she stretched herself out on some flat rock and let the sun dry her. Once when she went to the edge of the cliff with a clover blossom in her mouth she saw below, far below, her in the valley the house of the Frenchman with the pasture behind it The sight made her laugh till her sides achi d.

"How small it is!" she cried. "How could it ever have held mar-

perched up so high, she thought she

was at least as big as the world Suddenly the wind freshened; the mountain turned purple, it was even ther the Countess of Viry. She had as a ing. "Already!" said the little goat pet and constant companion a delicate as she stood still with wonder.

Below the meadows were drowned in mist. The Frenchman's pasture was lost in the haze, and of the little house nourishment a lump of sugar in the only the roof and a thin wreath of morning and a sweet biscuit in the even smoke could be seen. She listened to the ing. His name was Nito. bells of the cattle going home and felt | It was 4 o'clock. Louise was running sick at heart. A hawk that was flying along the pebbly paths of her garden, back to his nest touched her with his fitting among the rosebushes like a wings as he shot by. She shivered, butterfly. Then there came a deep, long howl from Nito playfully pursued his mistress "Hoo! Hoo!"

She thought of the wolf. All day long with his teeth the ruffle of her blue the little runaway had not given him a muslin dress, and, propping himself thought. In the same moment the upon his paws, pulled at it with all his sound of a distant horn came from the strength. valley. It was the good Frenchman In the midst of their play M. Jacques calling her tack for the last time.

de Beauchamp entered the garden. The calling her tack for the last time.

"Hoo! Hoo!" howled the wolf.

she remembered the stake, the rope and thankht "Ah, M. de Beaucuan thought that is not nice of you." Daisy wanted to go back, but when her on the forehead. she could not stand it any more and Louise was of medium height. She that she had rather stay. had very small hands and feet, white that she had rather stay.

· them. It was the wolf.

wickedly. Ha, ha, the Frenchman's | that means.

Daisy knew she was lost. For a mo it were better perhaps to let herself be been a jealous instanct. devoured right away. Then, having Louise and Jacques agreed so well changed her mind, she fell back a step, that they had planned to be married. with her head lew and her horns in ad Nevertheless each of them had a defect. vance, like the trave little goat she M. de Beauchamp was jealous and was, not because she hoped to kill the Mme. de Viry was coquettish.

hold out as long as old Russet.

little horns came into play. Brave little goat! How she threwher greedy little thing would quickly crop I endure.' one more tuft of her dear grass and come back to the fight with her mouth Louise. "I am gay, it is true, but is full. It lasted all night. From time to that a crime? And why should I be cold time the Frenchman's goat glanced up to those who approach me only to say at the stars, shining through the clear pleasant and agreeable things?"

night overhead, and said to herself, 'Oh, if I can only hold out till dawn!" Daisy's horns butted faster and harder, to show your teeth. You know very ly. A faint light appeared in the east.

crowed boarsely. "At last," said the poor animal, who only wished for the day so as to die.

blood. Then the wolf fell upon the little be light hearted." goat and devoured her.

Goodby, my madcap. The story you have heard is not atale of my making. If ever you go to France, the Frenchmen will often speak to you I "the pretty goat of the Provence. who fought all night with the wolf, and then, in the morning, the wolf ate her up.

You understand me, madeap? "And then, in the morning, the wolf ate her up." - From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

Powerful Speaking.

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 such as is used by surgeons. 40,000 people."

A little girl in town said the other day: "Oh, grandmother, don't make me tist." two dresses just alike. I'm afraid people will think I'm twins."-Roanoke doir, followed by Nito, his tail between (M. C.) News.

BIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

Now this here "pome" is writ for fun (Leastway -, it e not for money).

And when will read ug it you've done

You'll core it as ful funny Beades what a nere it a very clear. As small i - pear hereafter, There's maught for giving health that's

hear As good as killing laughter.

But just read on, and when you've done You Il find jourself much better. My muse will make you die with fun If I will only let her Leastways, you U have a perfect fit (Laugh berg), as said the tailor. If her exhibitions well of wit

Doesn't dry up and fail her. For they are simply killing (Laugh love, surpassing philter's spell For heart's distempers' stilling. Don't see the point? Laugh all the same The joke's on you! (Now anicker)
If you il just follow up the game,
You'll die with mirth the quicker.

Some say thus life a but one huge joke, if people only knew it. (Now, here just double up and choke Now, don't take time to catch your breath But rear and scream with laughter.

I may explain hereafter -Emile Pickhardt in Boston Globa.

## A BIT OF JEALOUSY.

Near the Parc Monceau is a pretty little house that seems to hide in a bush Poor little thing! Finding herself of clematis 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 little Mexican poodle, all white and woolly, to which was given as its sole dentist put in a new forth "

with barks of delight, at times seizing | caprice?"

little widow, perceiving him, hid her "Come home! Come home!" blew self behind an orange tree. But Jacques ran to her and, surprising her, kissed

"Ah, M. de Beauchamp," she cried,

Suddenly she heard a rustling of shoulders and thick black hair. Her leaves behind her. She looked back and teeth were so white that when she laugh saw two burning eyes in the dusk, ed they glistered like pearls. How well with two short ears standing up straight she carried her widowhood and in a vay to honor herself! The young maid Monstrous and horrible! There he en is generally too timid and bashful. sat on his haunches, glaring at the lit. She blushes and casts down her eyes at tle white goat and licking his chops. As the least word of compliment. The he knew for sure that he would devour | widow, on the other hand, has the right her the wolf was in no hurry, only to hear everything, and when one speaks when she turned her head be laughed to her of love she knows readily what

little goat!" and his long red tongue Louise leaned upon the arm of M. licked along the row of sharp white de Beauchamp, and they went into the parlor, followed by Nito, who threw some jealous glances at him who was ment, as she remembered the story of to be the future husband of his mistress. old Russet, who had fought all night, Of course the poor little animal could to be killed in the morning, she thought | not have known that It must have

wolf-goats don't kill wolves-but "Louise," he said to her, "you will merely to try whether she could not drive me to despair. You say that you love me, but how can I believe it when Then the wolf made a leap, and the I see you smiling at every admirer and giving to every comer so sweet a reception? When I see you in society so full heart into it! More than ten times-I of life and gayety and hear your ringtell the truth, madeap-she made the ing laughter from the midst of a circle wolf fall back and pant for breath, of ardent admirers, it is impossible for During these tests of a minute the me to tell you the tortures and anguish

"And what can I do, dear?" replied

"You are a coquette, and your laugh makes me despair, because if you laugh One after another the stars went out. | thus against my wish it must be only the wolf snapped and bit more savage- well how adorable you are when in laughing with a fixed purpose you throw Far away, among the farms, a rooster back your head and show your pretty white neck."

"But what must I do to prove my love for you? It is becoming desperate. and she lay down in the grass, with Ask of me what you please, but do her silky, white fur all fleeked with not ask me not to laugh any more. I am only happy when I am glad and free to

> M. de Beauchamp assumed a solemn "You said to me one evening that you would make for me the sacrifice of your life. I do not ask so much as that. But listen. Do you wish to make me

the happiest man on earth?" "You have but to speak." "Even at the price of suffering?"

"Yes, at any price." "Well, then, make me the sacrifice of one tooth."

ls barbarous. "Only a tooth. The smallest one in the front. And afterward you may laugh as much as you please.

"But you will think I am ugly and

"What are you demanding of me? It

will not love me any more. "I swear to you there is no other way to assure my happiness. The countess rang the bell. John, her valet, took her orders and came back a

quarter of an hour later with a gentleman carrying in his hand a leather case 'Who is that person?' asked M. de

Beauchamp. The counters answered: "It is Mr. James, the American den-

The little countess entered her bouhis legs, as if he anderstood that some-

thing serious was about to happen. Louise returned shortly afterward. ashamed and bumbled, 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 sonvenir.

From that day the little countess became very sad Only upon rare orcasions was her face lighted up by a smile. She kept alonf 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.

Jacques did not easily recognize her In fact, she was greatly changed.

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

deminish syal eid telt englische And Ja quas felt bis love diminish little by little. He began to understand that what he loved in her was especially her smile, her playfulness, her gayety, and he also became sad. The more he tried to reg an his love, which seemed to be leaving him, the more he realized that he himself had killed his passion. One day he went in despair to Mme.

"Louise," he said, throwing himself at her feet, ''do you love me still?' 'I have sworn to love you always. and the stiller you are the better." she

Will you prove to me the sincerity of your words?" Task nothing clee "

"Well, then if you leve me have the What folly is this?" said Laure. weeping. "I was right when I said that you would not love me any more That is just like you men. And you re-

proach as for being capricious

"Louise, I beg you to forgive me. I ourse my pealer sy-my feelishness! "So you really are regretting the weakness with which I acceded to your 'I am desolate and full of remorse."

"You recognize the cruelty of your unreasonable request?" "I will reproach myself for it all my life."

Would you be harpy if I had dis obeyed ym?" "I would give anything for that " The little countess gave a burst of laughter, which showed all her teeth

complete "What does this mean?" asked M. de Beauchamp, holding in his fingers the medallion in which was incased as a son venir the little pearl of the sacrifice. The countess opened the mouth of Nito, saving:

"Here is the victim." "Ah." oried M. de Beanchamp 'You never loved me." - Waverley

Blunders of Novelista.

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 New come. 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 'Virginians,' makes Mine. Esmond of Castlewood, in Westmoreland county, a neighbor of Washington at Mount Vernou, 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 negrochorus about the house as might be beard across the Potomac.' The nearest bank of the Potomac was 57 miles

"Anthony Trollope was beartily 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 of this sort in comparison with Amelia B. Edwards\* description, in 'Hand and Glove,' of her here 'passing backward and forward like an overseer on a Massachusetts cot-

ton 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."

Geography. "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 Amason east or west of the confluence of the Maranon and Ucayale rivers.

Same Child (years later, husband and

father)-What do you want to know. my son? Son (struggling over a primary geography)-Where is the Amason river,

father? Father (after long reflection)—I think it's somewhere in Africa—or Asia. I forget which. -Pearson's Weekly.

The life of John Howard Payne extended over 60 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

sch bra pati of t hou ord whe will POT

and the prei tim mal out phia last tage hav labo deed

The

fello

ness

for 1

tally

Aest

and

men

later

scho

cited appr The look rule. etc. Oı ofex that woul and

badg

grout

guest

comp

of th

Fath

schoo

gate Club tion 1 light and s On tion filled Mgr. by th G., a Hono

valle.

deaco

Assist

Rev.

Talbo

Josep

Maste

H. 1

Bisho burg tative The Rev. Ohio. of Rel flow o glamo while earnes audier side al

In

presen

formal gate. many the Su great 1 brough of his

velle i after s applau lish, " be at t as repi Leo th interes I am n

Cathol