

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC



Kill or Cure.

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 hopes when a friend gave me a bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. Although I had not the least faith in it, I thought "Kill or Cure" and I am sure now that it did it. It is a quick cure, for after using it only 5 days I was a great deal better and after using it 6 months I am well. A. Viorst.

Worth its Weight in Gold.
Woolster, O. June 26.

I was completely worn out with nervousness. I tried all sorts of doctors and medicines without any benefit. But the effect of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic was marvelous. It restored my health. The Tonic is worth its weight in gold.
G. W. North St. Dr. F. J. Smith.
Ordered by G. J. Kriger, Dragist.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address on request also get the medicine free.
This remedy has been prepared by Reverend R. Koenig of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1874, and is now made in the direction of the
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
40 S. Franklin Street.
Sold by Drugists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large size, \$1.75. 4 bottles for \$6.
For Sale at 125 North Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding 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 preparing plans whereby the intended improvements may be carried out. It is intended to erect a new sacristy building and adorn the upper portion of the edifice with handsome spirals.

Edward Lunn, who resided with his son, Edward Lunn, jr., of Cottage street, suffered a severe sunstroke Friday afternoon, from the effects of which he died a few hours later. Mr. Lunn was working on a farm in Scipio 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 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. The two teams played a short game last Saturday, the second of the season, and to the joy of Father Gibbons' temperance aggregation the Emmets were defeated for the second time. Hard luck for "Robert's" friends, but they say they will defeat that temperance crowd if it takes all summer.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Mary's church Tuesday morning, when Miss Lena Seeley became the bride of Michael H. Cline. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Mulron, pastor of the church, in the presence of a large number of friends of the young couple. Both bride and groom are well known and popular young Auburndales, and their many friends will wish them a life of unalloyed happiness.

Lyons.
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.

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 Mrs. Daniel McCarthy.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds of Oneida are the guests of Mr. Reynolds' parents.

William Denning and a friend from New York 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.

Michael Kane and family of Rochester, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Robinson on Geneva street.

Miss Rosie Knittle of Rochester, who has been the guest of her uncle, Peter Knittle, has returned to her home.

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

Palmira.
Miss Bulger of Albany spent the past week in town, the guest of Mrs. Cornelius Murphy.

Miss Julia Fennell and Mrs. Cornelius Murphy spent Saturday and Sunday in Rochester.

Miss Lizzie Farrell and James Harrigan spent Sunday at Charlotte.

Miss Belle Shevin left on Saturday for a visit with friends in Pennsylvania.

James Murphy of Buffalo spent Sunday in town.

Pittsford.
The young ladies of St. Louis' church will hold a lawn festival and dance on the 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 Carroll and family of Rochester spent Sunday with W. Mullan.

Miss Ella Farrell has accepted a position in the Willard state hospital.

The rain on Sunday last was welcomed by many, as it subdued the terrible heat which reigned last week.

Mrs. J. Sullivan has been spending a few days of the past week in Rochester.

Miss Essie Mullan is visiting with friends in Egypt.

Miss Kittie Mansion of Rochester is the guest of Miss Mamie King this week.

Honeoye.
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 past year.

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. Hendrick is also a guest here.

Lima.
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 swim, remained near the shore. While supporting himself by clinging to a boat, near by he suddenly threw up his hands without any warning and sank to the bottom. The body was recovered about three hours after, by Cyrus Watkins, in 12 feet 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 sorrowing 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 Haggarty, Eugene Carroll, Frank Connors, William Griffin, James Courteen and wife, and Mrs. Hayes and daughter.

Slater M. Rose of Nazareth Convent, Rochester, is in town.

Mrs. Thomas Boyle is in Lima, visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Mary Grace, of Rochester, was in town Saturday and Sunday.

A FRENCHMAN'S GOAT.

The Frenchman had never been lucky with his goat.

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. 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 Frenchman, 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. I can't keep any more."

All the same I do not get discouraged, for after losing six goats, one after the other, he bought a seventh, only that he was careful to take it while it was still young, so that it might get used to the better to staying with him.

Ah, madcap! She was a dear creature, that little goat of the Frenchman! How pretty she was, with her soft eyes, her 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 madcap, as the little white goat of Esmeralda, and, with all that, good and affectionate, allowing herself to be milked without stirring, without ever putting her foot into the bucket. A darling little goat!

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 little goat was very happy and cropped the grass so demurely that the Frenchman was delighted. "At last," thought the poor man, "at last there is one who won't grow tired here!"

The Frenchman was mistaken. The goat found it tiresome.

One day she said, looking up at the mountains:

"How happy one must be up there! What fun to frisk over the rocks with 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, bleating pitiously all the while.

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

"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?"

"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 right long with the wolf, then in the morning the wolf killed her."

"That doesn't make any difference, master. Let me go 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, I will save you in spite of yourself, naughty thing, and let 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 locked and bolted the door behind him. Unluckily he had forgotten the window, and his back was so sorely 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. The golden jennets opened to make a passage for her and smelled as sweet as they could. All the mountain side bade her welcome.

You can fancy, madcap mine, how happy our little goat 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 horns 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 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. You would have thought that there were a dozen goats on the mountain. Ah, no! Daisy wasn't afraid of anything. In a single bound she jumped over torrents where her fur was splashed with spray and white foam. Dripping and out 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 ached.

"How small it is!" she cried. "How could it ever have held me?"

Poor little thing! Finding herself 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 evening. "Already!" said the little goat 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 only the roof and a thin wreath of smoke could be seen. She listened to the bells of the cattle going home and felt sick at heart. A hawk that was flying back to his nest touched her with his wings as he shot by. She shivered. Then there came a deep, long howl from the mountain side.

"Hoo! hoo!"

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.

"Hoo! hoo!" howled the wolf.

"Come home! Come home!" blew the horn.

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, who 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 in 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.

Then the wolf made a leap, and the little horns came into play.

Brave little goat! How she threw her heart into it! More than ten times I tell the truth, madcap—she made the wolf fall back and pant for breath. During these tests of a minute the greedy little thing would quickly crop one more tuft of her dear grass and come back to the fight with her mouth full. It lasted all night. From time to time the Frenchman's goat glanced up at the stars, shining through the clear night overhead, and said to herself, "Oh, if I can only hold out till dawn!"

One after another the stars went out. Daisy's horns butted faster and harder, the wolf snatched and bit more savagely. A faint light appeared in the east.

Far away, among the farms, a rooster crowed hoarsely.

"At last," said the poor animal, who only wished for the day so as to die, and she lay down in the grass, with her silky white fur all flecked with blood.

Then the wolf fell upon the little goat and devoured her.

Goodby, my madcap.

The story you have heard is not a tale of my making. If ever you go to France, the Frenchman will often speak to you of "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, madcap?

"And then, in the morning, the wolf ate her up." — From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

BIMILIA GIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

This little "joke" is writ for fun (Leastways, it's not for money). And when you're reading it you've done it all in a minute. It's very funny. Besides, what's more, it's very clear. As usual, it's a parable for the times. There's a thought for giving health that's near As good as killing laughter.

At just read on, and when you're done You'll find yourself much better. My muse will make you die with fun If it will only let her.

Leastways, you'll have a perfect fit (Laugh here, as said the tailor, If her stitches will of wit Don't dry up and fall her.

My jokes can't fail to make you well, For they are surely killing (Laugh here, as said the tailor, For heart's distempers' stilling. Don't see the point? Laugh all the same—The joke's on you. (Now snicker!) If you'll just follow up the game, You'll die with mirth the quicker.

Some say this life's but one huge joke, If people only knew it. (Now here just double up and choke And you'll never rue it.) Now, don't take time to catch your breath, But roar and scream with laughter, And howl and holler to the death. Tunes you'll never hear her.

—Emile Pichard in Boston Globe.

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 23. 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 Moroccan 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.

It was 4 o'clock. Louise was running along the pebbly paths of her garden, flitting among the rosbushes like a butterfly.

Nito playfully pursued his mistress with barks of delight, at times seizing with his teeth the ruffle 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 coquette.

"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."

"And what can I do, dear?" replied Louise. "I am gay, it is true, but is that a crime? And why should I be cold to those who approach me only to say pleasant and agreeable things?"

"You are a coquette, and your laugh makes me despair, because if you laugh thus against my wish it must be only to show your teeth. You know very well how adorable you are when in laughing with a fixed purpose you throw back your head and show your 'pretty white neck.'"

"But what must I do to prove my love for you? It is becoming desperate. Ask me what you please, but do not ask me to laugh any more. I am only happy when I am glad and free to be light hearted."

M. de Beauchamp assumed a solemn air.

"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."

"What are you demanding of me? It is 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 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 such as is used by surgeons.

"Who is that person?" asked M. de Beauchamp.

The countess answered: "It is Mr. James, the American dentist."

The little countess entered her boudoir, followed by Nito, his tail between his legs, as if he understood that some-

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.

Jacques did not easily recognize her. In fact, he 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."

And Jacques felt his love diminish little by little. He began to understand that what he loved in her was especially her smile, her playfulness, her gaiety, and he also became sad. The more he tried to regain 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. de Viry.

"Louise," he said, throwing himself at her feet, "do you love me still?"

"I have sworn to love you always, and the stiffer you are the better," she answered.

"Will you prove to me the sincerity of your words?"

"I ask nothing of you."

"Well, then if you love me have the dentist put in a new tooth."

"What folly is that?" said Louise, weeping. "I was right when I said that you would not love me any more. That is just like you men. And you reproach me for being capricious."

"Louise, I beg you to forgive me. I curse my jealousy—my foolishness."

"So you really are regretting the weakness with which I accepted your caprice?"

"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 happy if I had disobeyed you?"

"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, which was increased as a souvenir the little pearl of the sacrifice.

The countess opened the mouth of Nito, saying:

"Here is the victim."

"Ah," cried M. de Beauchamp. "You never loved me." — Waverley Magazine.

Blunders of Novelists.

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 Pirmin, 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 'Virginia,' makes Miss Edmond 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 120 miles from Mount Vernon. In the same book occurs the following: 'There was such a negro chorist 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."

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 Putnamajo joined the Amazon 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 Amazon river, father?

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

John Howard Payne.
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 1823.

A. O. H. Secretaries.

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Danville

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

Mrs. McElighe, of Binghamton, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. H. Hubert. The newly elected officers of the Children of Mary of St. Patrick's church are: President, Miss Alice Rowan; vice-president, Miss Cecelia Dougherty; secretary, Miss Elizabeth Welch; Treasurer, Miss Lena Egan.

Fifteen fresh air children arrived in Danville on Thursday. They will be cared for by various members of St. Patrick's congregation.

John Nolan of Rochester, was home last Sunday.

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

The friends of Mrs. Tunis Nares, of Corning, were shocked to hear of her sudden death from heart disease on Monday last. Mrs. Nares was formerly Miss Matie Quigley, of Danville and was married but two months ago. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's church (Danville) Thursday morning at 9 o'clock, Rev. J. T. Dougherty officiating.

Clyde.

Mrs. John Myron, 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. Joyce's grandsons, Walter Moriarty.

Messrs. John O'Neill and M. E. Welch, of East Syracuse, were entertained by their lady friends several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Green, 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. He was 55 years of age and is survived by a father, mother and one sister.

Miss Maria Welch left Monday for East Syracuse where she will remain for several weeks.

Jerry Collins, of Lyons, called on Clyde friends Monday.

Miss Mary Connors has returned from Syracuse.

Misses Maria Walsh and Catherine Moriarty and Messrs. John O'Neill and M. E. Welch, of East Syracuse, spent Saturday and Sunday here. 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, Watkins, Willard, Ovid and Romulus.

AGENTS WANTED.

If you do not see any news from your parish in THE JOURNAL write us. We desire an agent and correspondent in every parish in the diocese.

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

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 40,000 people."

Procellous.

A little girl in town said the other day: "Oh, grandmother, don't make me two dresses just alike. I'm afraid people will think I'm twins." — Roanoke (N. C.) News.

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 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. You would have thought that there were a dozen goats on the mountain. Ah, no! Daisy wasn't afraid of anything. In a single bound she jumped over torrents where her fur was splashed with spray and white foam. Dripping and out 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 ached.

"How small it is!" she cried. "How could it ever have held me?"

Poor little thing! Finding herself 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 evening. "Already!" said the little goat 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 only the roof and a thin wreath of smoke could be seen. She listened to the bells of the cattle going home and felt sick at heart. A hawk that was flying back to his nest touched her with his wings as he shot by. She shivered. Then there came a deep, long howl from the mountain side.

"Hoo! hoo!"

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.

"Hoo! hoo!" howled the wolf.

"Come home! Come home!" blew the horn.

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, who 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 in 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.

Then the wolf made a leap, and the little horns came into play.

Brave little goat! How she threw her heart into it! More than ten times I tell the truth, madcap—she made the wolf fall back and pant for breath. During these tests of a minute the greedy little thing would quickly crop one more tuft of her dear grass and come back to the fight with her mouth full. It lasted all night. From time to time the Frenchman's goat glanced up at the stars, shining through the clear night overhead, and said to herself, "Oh, if I can only hold out till dawn!"

One after another the stars went out. Daisy's horns butted faster and harder, the wolf snatched and bit more savagely. A faint light appeared in the east.

Far away, among the farms, a rooster crowed hoarsely.

"At last," said the poor animal, who only wished for the day so as to die, and she lay down in the grass, with her silky white fur all flecked with blood.

Then the wolf fell upon the little goat and devoured her.

Goodby, my madcap.

The story you have heard is not a tale of my making. If ever you go to France, the Frenchman will often speak to you of "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, madcap?

"And then, in the morning, the wolf ate her up." — From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

Blunders of Novelists.

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 Pirmin, 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 'Virginia,' makes Miss Edmond 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 120 miles from Mount Vernon. In the same book occurs the following: 'There was such a negro chorist 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."

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 Putnamajo joined the Amazon 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 Amazon river, father?

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

John Howard Payne.
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 1823.