

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Kill or Cure.
 At 80 years of age I had the first attack of Epilepsy, after trying of the best doctors I grew worse and gave up all hopes, when a friend gave me a bottle of Father Koening's Nerve Tonic. Although I had not the least faith in it, I thought "Well or Dure" and I am sure now that it did it all but it is a quick cure, for after using it only 3 days I was a great deal better and after using it 23 months I am well.
Worth its Weight in Gold.
 I was completely worn out with nervous exhaustion, tried all sorts of doctors and medicines without any benefit, but the effect of Father Koening's Nerve Tonic was marvelous, it restored my health. The Tonic is worth its weight in gold.
FREE
 A valuable book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to try it free. Four patients also got the medicine. This remedy has been prepared by Reverend E. Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1874, and is now made in accordance with his directions by
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
 49 S. Frank Street.
 Sold by Druggists and all Retailers. 60c per bottle. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 bottles for \$9.00.
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 All kinds of Society printing. Estimates furnished. Samples sent on application. Send for Order Blank.
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CATHOLIC JOURNAL CO., Rochester, N. Y.
 Auburn.

Rev. John J. Bresnahan, of St. Bridget's church, Rochester, a former Auburn boy, is visiting his parents in this city.
 A number of Auburnians located in the Alaska gold fields have been heard from for the first time since leaving Auburn in the spring. Patrick Stafford, one of the number, writes his brother Charles that all are doing well. Stafford himself had been working as laborer with wages at \$10 per day, but at the time the letter was written June 16, he stated his intention of locating a claim of his own. Auburn people are deeply interested in the outcome of the local gold seeker's venture.
 Forty Hours devotion opened at St. Alphonsus church Sunday morning with High Mass. Services were held morning and evening and on Wednesday morning the exercises closed with solemn High Mass. The devotions were very successful, large numbers attended and received the benefits of the occasion.
 William H. Moffitt and wife, of Brooklyn are visiting in town.
 Mrs. Edward Doyle, children and maid of New York, are the guests of her mother, Mrs. Hickey on Franklin street.
 Through the kindness of the pastor, Rev. J. J. Hickey, the Holy Family church choir enjoyed a most delightful outing at Glen Haven, Skeneateles Lake, last Wednesday.

Lima.
 John O'Connor, of Lima, is spending a couple of weeks in Brooklyn.
 Preparations are rapidly being made for the Livingston county Firemen's convention to be held here in August. New uniforms have been furnished and the machines repaired.
 Daniel Kinney and wife, of Rochester, have been spending a few days in town.
 Henry and Johnny Bryant, of Chicago, are spending the summer with their uncle, James E. Lockington, of Lima.
 Miss Mary Quinn has accepted a position as clerk in Downey's store at Honeyock Falls, Wednesday.
 Miss Mattie Murphy, of Auburn, spent Sunday last in town the guest of Miss Kate Kane.
 Misses Amelia Pease and Nellie Barts of Auburn, were guests of Wednesday friends over Sunday.
 Miss Julia Kanaley spent Sunday last at Plainville.
 Mrs. Mary Kane, on old resident of this village died on Friday last. Her funeral took place at St. Joseph's church on Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.
 Messrs. H. J. Burns and W. Welsh of Jordan, were in town Sunday.
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Scullan of Auburn, spent Wednesday last in town visiting relatives.
 Mr. Edward Murphy of Syracuse was the guest of his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kanaley the past week.

AGENTS WANTED.
 If you do not see any news from your parish in this JOURNAL write to the editor at the home of the editor, Mrs. Katherine Mayhan, of Johnson street, for a few weeks.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

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

Ovid.
 James Anderson, a daughter of Ware, Mass., are visiting relatives in this village.
 Miss Maggie Cassidy, of Saranac, O., Canada, is a guest at the home of T. H. Mackin.
 Thomas O'Hanlon and two children, of Utica, are spending a few days with friends.
 Mrs. Hans and daughter Katie attended the funeral of John Woods.
 The remains of Owen O'Hare, of Albany, were brought to Ovid Wednesday. Deceased was a resident of this town many years ago and was 50 years of age. A wife and four children survive him.
 Mary MacDonald, of Ithaca, spent a few days at her home.
 Miss Lizzie Hanratty has returned home after a week's visit with friends in Geneva.
 Maurice Quinn, of Willard, spent a week with relatives.
 Daniel Farrow and Lawrence Doren of Seneca Falls, spent Saturday in town.

After a lingering illness of nearly five weeks duration, occurred the death last Wednesday morning of John Woods, at his home in this village. Mr. Woods was a sufferer from a complication of diseases, and for more than a week prior to his death the end was hourly expected. Deceased was born in this village March 12, 1854, therefore being 43 years of age. When 15 years of age he entered the shoe shop of J. J. Hanlon, of this village, now of Geneva, where he worked at the bench as an apprentice. But his health failing him, he gave up his place for a short time, only to return later as a clerk in Mr. Thomas store. This position he held five years and then started in business for himself conducting a general store in this village with considerable success. His business he sold out and later started a store, devoted principally to boots and shoes, continuing until September 1893, when he sold to L. C. Pitcher. In the meantime Mr. Woods had become interested in politics. In 1886 he was a prominent candidate for county clerk on the Democratic ticket and in 1888 again came forward for sheriff, receiving the nomination and being elected. He served three years as sheriff and three years as under-sheriff, retiring from the latter office January 1, 1895. He then purchased the Seneca House in this village and to the time of his death was its proprietor. In January, 1889, Mr. Woods married Miss Margaret Farrell, of Lodi, who with two children, Anna, aged six years, and Mary, aged sixteen months, survive him. A sister, Mrs. Anna O'Hanlon, of Utica, and a brother Peter Woods, of this village, also survive. Deceased was a member of the C. M. B. A. and A. O. H., having secured \$2,000 insurance on his life in the former organization. The deceased had a wide acquaintance throughout the county, and was very popular among his large circle of friends, who extend sympathy to the family and relatives. The funeral services Saturday morning were largely attended, the A. O. H., and C. M. B. A. being out in a body. Delegations from Seneca Falls were present, and large numbers of friends from surrounding towns attended. The floral tributes were magnificent. The services were conducted by Rev. Father O'Connell, at Holy Cross church, after which the remains were laid to rest in the Roman Catholic cemetery—Independent.

Geneva.
 Mr. R. T. Hyde, of Boston, Mass., was in town on Tuesday last, in order to make arrangements with Prof. W. J. Douck to represent the Norris & Hyde pianos. On Friday evening a concert was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, at which time the new features of this piano, and its movable transportation key board was explained.
 On Saturday last, while at work Thomas Hamilton, employed on the Lehigh Valley railroad, accidentally ran a nail through his foot injuring it quite badly. He was working on the platform of the Lehigh depot, helping repair it, when a heavy plank in which was a large spike fell on his right foot.
 The Misses Marie and Anna Vatter, of Auburn, who have been guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Douck, on Castle street, for over a week, returned to their home on Sunday evening.
 Mr. and Mrs. John J. Kane are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter at their home.
 Our fire department was called out on Saturday night, by an alarm of fire, turned in from box 63. The fire companies quickly responded, and it was found that the wood work in the cupola of the Phillips & Clark's stove works was on fire. Owing to the quick work of the Andes fire company the assistance of the fire department was not needed.
 Mr. Alva Haver, of Syracuse, spent Thursday in Geneva, the guest of friends.
 On Thursday last, Messrs. James Hayden, Walter Van Kleck, Messrs. Harry Donovan, and Misses Katherine Schell, Anna Byrne, Beatrice Murphy and Margaret Donovan, dined with friends in Geneva. Misses Donovan and Byrne remaining over Sunday.
 Mrs. L. R. Tyndall who has been the guest of her sister in Seneca Falls, has returned home.
 During warm weather the first Mass on Sunday morning will be at 7 o'clock instead of 7:30, as heretofore.

A large number of people from here attended the excursion to Niagara Falls on Wednesday last.
 William Heffernan, the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Heffernan, who reside on a farm five miles west of this city, met with a terrible accident Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The lad was playing in a field of grain, on his father's farm, which was being cut. The reaper ran into the lad, and the rapidly moving knives cut both of his feet in a horrible manner. The injured boy was brought to Geneva as soon as possible, and taken to the office of Dr. McCarthy, who assisted by Dr. Delaney, dressed the wounds. The doctors found the flesh had been badly lacerated. They found it necessary to remove a few of the bones of the feet. It was thought at first that one of the feet would have to be amputated, but it was not found necessary. After the wounds had been carefully dressed the boy was taken to the Church Home hospital.—Times.

P. R. Ragan, Peoria, Ill., formerly of Geneva, who has been the guest of his parents, has returned home.
 John McDonald, of Birmingham, nephew of Rev. William A. McDonald, is spending his vacation with his uncle in this city.
 Miss Katherine Guider, of Peas Yan, is a guest at the home of her cousin, Mrs. Katherine Mayhan, of Johnson street, for a few weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Buckley, of Canandaigua, who has been the guest of her cousins on Lafayette avenue, has returned home.
 Rev. Daniel H. Green, of Ashley, Pa., who has been visiting his aunt Miss Hines, on Geneva street, left on Monday evening for Far Rockaway to spend the remainder of his vacation.
 Miss Mary Quinn, of Seneca Falls, visited friends in Geneva on Thursday last.

The death of James Howe occurred at the home of his wife's mother, Mrs. James Sparrow, North avenue, on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, after an illness of 11 weeks, of pneumonia, aged 39 years. Mr. Howe bore his sufferings with patience and fortitude until death came to relieve him. He was well known and highly respected, and leaves besides a wife, five children—two sons and three daughters, Thomas and Edward Besse, Mary and Rosie, two brothers, William and John, and six sisters, Mrs. Thomas Dwyer, Mrs. George Long and Mrs. Wm Long of this city, Mrs. Thomas Dillon of Farmington, Mrs. Koach and Mrs. Smith of Rochester, and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. The funeral was held from St. Francis de Sales church on Saturday morning. Rev. Father McFadden officiating. The following men, intimate friends of the deceased, acted as pall bearers: Michael Dougherty, John Kenney, Michael Heffernan, Charles McGinnis, Wm. Mahan and Thomas Toole, and the honorary bearers were Patrick Burke, Cornelius Sullivan, Humphrey Sullivan, Patrick McNearney, Thomas McNearney and Frank McGinnis. A large concourse of sorrowing friends of the deceased and family followed the remains to St. Patrick's cemetery, where they were laid in their resting place. The floral contributions consisted of choice pieces, which expressed the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him. May he rest in peace. Amen.

The wife and family of the deceased wish to express their thanks and appreciation to those who so kindly assisted them during the illness and death of their father and husband, also Messrs. Kenney and Dougherty, Miss Webb and the Smiths, through whose untiring zeal nothing was left undone or his comfort.

OUR AGENT
 Mr. A. J. ... our traveling agent, will call on subscribers in Canandaigua, East and West Bloomfield, Miller's Corners, Honeyock Falls, East Rush, Mendon, Lima, Scottsville, LeRoy, Caledonia, Munford, Batavia, Avon, Genesee, Piffard, Mt. Morris, Moscow, Dansville and Nunda.

ROYALTY IN EXILE.
 King of the Mosquito Coast Forced to Flee to Jamaica.
 Until quite recently there was but one king on the two American continents. Now he is suspended from his job. He is King of the Mosquito Coast, an unpleasant country lying between Nicaragua and British Honduras. The Mosquito Coast is under an English protectorate, the king's salary being guaranteed by Nicaragua.
 When in full enjoyment of his regal dignity, he had a salary of \$3,000 a year.
 The king's name is Clarence. The Nicaraguans covet his dominions. His majesty and his chief advisers have been at a considerable disadvantage in all diplomatic negotiations owing to the fact that it is part of their court etiquette to be drunk on all public occasions.
 The king's state costume consists of an old but imposing full dress uniform which formerly belonged to a captain in the British navy.
 The republic has now refused to pay his pension, and he has fled to Jamaica. There an allowance of \$7,500 a day was given to him pending the settlement of the question. On this sum he is living in luxury, surrounded by a few devoted courtiers.—Exchange.

Be Reckoned Without the Law.
 Some years ago William L. Everett, a resident of Hempstead, N. Y., who loved money better than he did any thing else, induced his wife to separate from him and support herself in consideration of a payment to her of \$700 in cash.
 From that day until he died, recently, Everett considered that deal the best bargain he ever made during his lifetime. He, however, counted without the law, for now that it has been discovered that he leaves about \$16,000 in cash his wife will come in for her dower share.
 Everett was so close that he would not even have a fire in winter and seldom ate anything but raw potatoes, turnips and bread. The baker's wagon was the only one that stopped at his miserable home. He lived alone and kept his neighbors away from his house. He was found suffering by Anthony Wheatley and removed to the latter's home, where he died.—New York Telegram.

The Latest Snake Story.
 Mrs. R. P. Cowell of Walnut Valley, Warren county, has been missing the children's playthings of late. She could not account for the frequent losses until she entered the playroom of the children the other day and saw a large rattlesnake sucking the baby's bottle. The snake escaped, but was discovered later swallowing a mouse about the room. After swallowing the mouse a blow with a broomstick laid it low.
 Mr. Cowell dissected the snake and found all the children's playthings in its stomach. The snake had seven rattles. The region about Walnut Valley is alive with snakes this season.—New York Times.

Princess Adelaide of Braganza, widow of Dom Miguel, the pretender, has taken the black veil in the Benedictine convent of Soleiras, near Angers. She was a princess of Lowenstein-Wertheim.
 The Fathers of the Holy Ghost, ordered out of Germany 28 years ago, have been permitted to return. They have already opened a house in the archdiocese of Cologne.



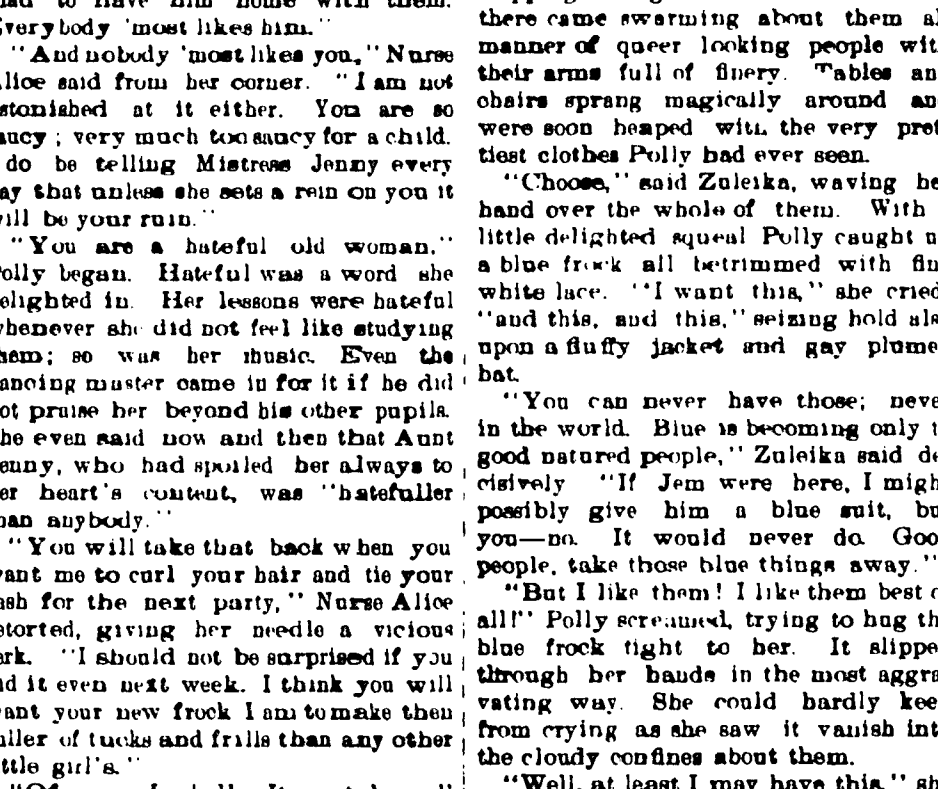
SAUCY POLLY.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS
 (Copyright, 1897, by the Author.)
 "I hate boys. I don't see what they were ever made for," Polly said, sticking out her chin and scowling at her brother Jem. Jem only laughed. He was used to Polly's tantrums, and if the truth must be told sometimes delighted to provoke them.
 "You don't hate boys when there are cows about or dogs or snakes, eh, Polly?" he said, tweaking her ear gently. Polly flung out of his hands and gave herself a vicious bounce.
 "You are the nastiest of them all," she said, setting her head very high.
 "I am glad I found that out in time. I meant to ask if you would go with us fishing this afternoon," Jem said, turning away. "Now, of course, I know better. You would not like."
 "Yes, yes, I would. You know it," Polly said eagerly. "No, I don't want to carry a pole and sit dragging a book about to catch the pretty little fish, but I do want to see the water and the ferns on the rocks and all the beautiful flowers. Take me, Jem. You must. I shall cry myself ill if you do not."
 "Oh, ho! That is how you hate boys! Want to go about with a half dozen of them?" Jem retorted teasingly. Polly made a dart at him and gave him a sharp twist. He caught her hands and held them hard, saying:
 "I have a great mind to give you a shaking. You deserve it. You hurt me. I don't mind that so much, but I do mind seeing my sister such a scrawny cat. Now you cannot go with us. Not for anything. If you get Aunt Jenny to say we must take you, why, I shall stay at home, and then I know she will not let you go."
 "You are the meanest boy," Polly repeated, beginning to cry. Jem walked away whistling, never once turning his head. Polly knew by that he was very angry with her. She was a spoiled girl, and always felt herself very ill used when other people resented the ill treatment she gave them.
 "What shall I do?" she asked herself as Jem went through the gate. "He will not come back. He would rather miss his dinner than let Aunt Jenny tell him to take me along. Besides he need not miss his dinner. Tomny Pender or Will Barton will be only too glad to have him home with them. Everybody 'most likes him."
 "And nobody 'most likes you," Nurse Alice said from her corner. "I am not astonished at it either. You are so saucy, very much too saucy for a child. I do be telling Mistress Jenny every day that unless she sets a rein on you it will be your ruin."
 "You are a hateful old woman," Polly began. Hateful was a word she delighted in. Her lessons were hateful whenever she did not feel like studying them; so was her music. Even the dancing master came in for it if he did not praise her beyond his other pupils. She even said now and then that Aunt Jenny, who had spoiled her always to her heart's content, was "hatefoller than anybody."
 "You will take that back when you want me to curl your hair and tie your sash for the next party," Nurse Alice retorted, giving her needle a vicious jerk. "I should not be surprised if you did it even next week. I think you will want your new frock I am to make them fuller of tucks and frills than any other little girl's."
 "Of course I shall. It must be so," Polly said, shrugging her shoulders and

feeling very grown up. Was she not going on eleven and already dreaming of the time when she would wear beautiful long petticoats and have a feather in her bonnet?
 "We shall see about that," Nurse Alice said sourly. Polly made a face at her and ran away to tell Zuleika, her biggest doll, what a load of grievances she was suffering. Polly cared for none of the dolls but Zuleika now. She was the newest as well as the biggest and was dressed like a fashion plate.
 "I almost wish I were a doll myself. I am sure I would wish it if there was any chance of my being dressed like you, you dear thing," she said, winding up all about the table top. Zuleika was truly magnificent. She had on a purple silk frock all bedizened with yellow lace and wore violets on her frizzy yellow hair, to say nothing of having satin shoes and a sunshade that exactly matched her bonnet. She had beside her a green gown as fine. Polly's father had sent her from the city where

he lived to delight his motherless girl, whom his sister had kept and cared for ever since she was born. He had sent, too, complete furnishings for the doll's house. Polly got out a chair now, set Zuleika in it, bowed to her gravely and said:
 "It is very stupid, this playing all alone, but I must make believe we are two fine ladies, talking over what new clothes we want."
 "I shall like that, oh, ever so much!" a little, squeaky voice replied. Polly

was not startled. Somehow it seemed the most natural thing in the world. She was not astonished either when Zuleika came mirling across and sat down beside her upon a new striped sofa that she ought to have wondered at, but did not.
 "Yes, I shall like that, oh, immensely!" the doll said with a stiff, waxen smile. "I like dressing things and people. Ever since I saw you, Polly, I have been aching to fix you as I choose. You are really beautiful, if only you had the right sort of clothes. It will give me the greatest pleasure to choose those that are fit for you."
 "Thank you, but I can choose my own self. Aunt Jenny will never let me, but you—you are just a doll."
 "This is a doll's world, dear, remember that," Zuleika returned, her smile still stiffly amiable, though Polly saw a glitter behind the glass eyes. She was not daunted by it, but held up her head and answered loftily:
 "That is the very reason I must choose myself. A Paris doll even cannot know things as well as a live girl."
 "We shall see," Zuleika answered, clapping her gloved hands. Instantly there came swarming about them all manner of queer looking people with their arms full of finery. "ables and chairs sprang magically around and were soon heaped with the very prettiest clothes Polly had ever seen.
 "Choose," said Zuleika, waving her hand over the whole of them. With a little delighted squeal Polly caught up a blue frock all bedizened with blue white lace. "I want this," she cried, "and this, and this," setting hold also upon a fluffy jacket and gay plumed hat.
 "You can never have those, never in the world. Blue is becoming only to good natured people," Zuleika said decisively. "If Jem were here, I might possibly give him a blue suit, but you—no. It would never do. Good people, take those blue things away."
 "But I like them! I like them best of all!" Polly screamed, trying to hug the blue frock tight to her. It slipped through her hands in the most aggravating way. She could hardly keep from crying as she saw it vanish into the cloudy confines about them.
 "Well, at least I may have this," she said, pecking at a pink gown with crisp rustling ruffles all over it. Zuleika shook her head. "Pink will not answer for the jealous," she said. "It contrasts so ill with what is inside them. You know jealousy is the ugliest dirty yellow. Those who cherish it are only allowed to wear sad colors."
 "I am not jealous. I only do not want anybody to have more and better things than I do," Polly cried angrily. "I believe you are trying to cheat me. But, oh, I am mistaken, dearest Zuleika! I see you are only forcing me to love my choice for this rich green satin. I love satin. I simply adore green. And it has pink linings and lace all about it. Do believe me. I would like that better than any of the rest."
 "I am sorry, truly sorry," Zuleika said, "but it is too dangerous. I really cannot risk putting green upon a girl who is saucy. She might be rude to the fairy queen, who would certainly change her into a big green grasshopper, and then the turkey gobbler would eat her up in a minute."
 "Oh! Oh-oo! You hateful, hateful Zuleika! You are making sport of me. I know you are. I felt it all the time," Polly said, dropping her head upon her arms and sobbing aloud.
 Next minute somebody shook her, not harshly nor yet too gently. "Wake up, said Nurse Alice. "Why, you are crying in your sleep. Why don't you take a lesson from your beautiful doll who sits smiling at you from morning till night?"
 Polly rubbed her eyes. "Was it all really a dream?" she said. "Do forgive me, nurse. I have been so very rude to you. I have taken a lesson from my dear doll—one that will last me all my life."
 Perhaps it did. Anyway a year later nurse said to Jem that she made ready for Polly's birthday. "Dear child! She is the very sunshine of the house, now that she is not snatched and away any more."



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THE DE GONCOURT WILL CARE IT TO BE DECIDED THIS WEEK AT PARIS. The claims of the nearest relative of the testator are founded upon the fact that a bequest to a nonexistent foundation like the De Goncourt academy is null and void. But even if this pretension is admitted, it is unlikely that they will derive any benefit therefrom, as there is a clause which sets forth that if this disposition of the property be not aside by the courts the fortune is to go to a charitable institution for young girls afflicted with incurable maladies, founded by De Goncourt's old friend, the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, cousin of Napoleon III.—New York Tribune.

Growing Potatoes Without Vines.
 Robert Cornwell, a Barton county (Mo.) farmer, living near Golden City, after numerous experiments, thinks he has succeeded in developing a potato that will grow without vines. He says his potatoes grow entirely under ground out of the reach of potato bugs, which cost so much to destroy each season, not to mention the damage they do. He also says a field planted with the vineless potato may be worked with the ordinary harrow.—New York Times.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Recent Facts Reflecting the Political and Social Life of Europe.

The rinderpest having destroyed cattle as a factor in the important question of transport in Africa, attention is now being devoted to the jackasses, which, being proof against climate, plague and the terrible insect fly, seems destined to become the beast of burden of the future for the Dark Continent. Consequently the demand for donkeys—as assumed such proportions that English and Dutch dealers have been buying them by the thousands for shipment to South Africa, phenomenal and altogether unprecedented prices being realized. Inasmuch as, according to the ponderous London Spectator, which has never been known to perpetrate a joke, "Ireland is at present the main home and breeding place of the English donkey," the Emerald Isle is deriving considerable pecuniary benefit from the boom in ass flesh, and the lowly and patient "moke" seems destined to supersede the pig as a source of profit to the Irishman peasant.

That time and distance are insufficient to obliterate sentiments of affection and regard for the mother country has just been shown by the fact that a number of families of Spanish descent in Rio de la Plata have recently subscribed a sum of \$200,000 for the purpose of presenting a small cruiser to the government of Spain.

In view of the abuse that is being leveled by certain American magazines and newspapers against the English people for having spent so much money in celebrating the jubilee of the queen while so many of their fellow subjects in India were starving, it may be as well to call attention to the fact that a fund of nearly \$10,000,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the Indian famine has been raised by popular subscription in the British dominions. Of this sum \$3,000,000 was raised in London alone. The government itself has devoted an immense sum toward the same purpose by means of so called relief public works, and in connection with the distribution of food, over 4,000,000 natives being at the present moment supported and maintained without any return by the British administration.

Russia's government has decided to take no further steps in connection with the trial of Theodore Kovaleff, the Tiraspol fanatic, who, in obedience to the commands of his fellow sectarians, immured and buried 16 of them alive. The authorities feel that the punishing of a man such as this by the ordinary legal methods would merely have the effect of endowing him with the halo of a martyr. Consequently, instead of either being condemned to penal servitude or to death as a murderer, he will be kept for the remainder of his days in a monastery in a remote part of the empire.

After an agitation which began more than 100 years ago, and which has been carried on vigorously ever since, in Norway, the national legislature has at length, by an overwhelming majority, abrogated the law which exiled the Roman Catholic religious orders and congregations from this formerly ultra-Protestant country. Only the Jesuits are to be still kept out. But, with this exception, the emancipation of the Norwegian Catholics is complete. The fact that a number of Lutheran pastors who occupy seats in parliament should have voted with the majority speaks well for the spirit of religious toleration that prevails in Norway.

To what extent flogging is still tolerated by English law is shown by certain prison returns just presented to parliament, from which it would appear that no less than 1,600 floggings per annum take place in the local and convict prisons of the United Kingdom. Besides these there are 670 floggings a year in the military prisons, which means that the floggings of soldiers belonging to the British army average nearly two a day.

La Scala at Milan, which is probably the most famous opera house and home of the lyric drama in the world, is threatened with disappearance. A succession of disastrous seasons has tired the pockets of the association of box owners, who lease the house from the municipality, to such a degree that they have taken legal action against the city, with the object of securing an annulment of the lease and liberation from their responsibilities in connection therewith. They are assured of a verdict in their favor, and it is in cognizance of this fact that the municipal council has already passed by a large majority a vote in favor of demolishing the huge house and selling the site, which is exceedingly valuable.

The De Goncourt will care it to be decided this week at Paris. The claims of the nearest relative of the testator are founded upon the fact that a bequest to a nonexistent foundation like the De Goncourt academy is null and void. But even if this pretension is admitted, it is unlikely that they will derive any benefit therefrom, as there is a clause which sets forth that if this disposition of the property be not aside by the courts the fortune is to go to a charitable institution for young girls afflicted with incurable maladies, founded by De Goncourt's old friend, the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, cousin of Napoleon III.—New York Tribune.

Growing Potatoes Without Vines.
 Robert Cornwell, a Barton county (Mo.) farmer, living near Golden City, after numerous experiments, thinks he has succeeded in developing a potato that will grow without vines. He says his potatoes grow entirely under ground out of the reach of potato bugs, which cost so much to destroy each season, not to mention the damage they do. He also says a field planted with the vineless potato may be worked with the ordinary harrow.—New York Times.

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