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SONG OF THE JELLYFIER As the waves all over my cattele sleek. They tickle my soul with give, And I shake with a visceral, eaccharin joj In the place where my ribe should be. ' For I'm simply a lumin of limpid lard. With a gluey sort of a wish To pass my time in the cosing slime----In the home of the jellyfish. But I'm happy in having no homes to break In my unctuous, wavering form, And I haven't a trace-nor indeed any place For the dangerous vermiform. For I'm built on the strictest economy pian And the model was made in a rush. While essaying to think almost drives me to drink, For I'm simply a mass of much.

At night when I slide on the sandy beach

And the moonbeams pierce through. The tears arise in my gelatine eyes

And I gurgle a sob or two. For I wonder-sh, me!--in the time to come.

When the days are no longer young.

What fish's digestion will suffer congestion

When the end of my song is sung. -Jarvis Kelley in Life.

# THE ORTIZ JEWELS.

The heart of Porfirio was hot within him. 'Chong-he ground his teeth as he saw her-'Chone was coming down San Juan street from mass. And it was only last night at the cascarone ball, that her perfidy was discovered.

A dog of a barber, and an American! That he was barber out at the grand new Hotel del Monte mattered not to Porfirio. Enough that he was a barber-and an American. Porfirio remembered too well the effect of his remonstrances with 'Chona. ... It was in a moment when she was not dancing like mad-for 'Ghona was a belle, More eggshells than she could count had been broken upon her head and her ink-black braids were fairly crusted with the red and gold and green tingel. But Porfirio had spoken to her kindly. Olga, she must not dance again with that pig and posterity of Digs. And 'Choos had merely smiled and shrugged, lifting to her lap one of her heavy braids from where it trailed foot on the floor. Even as he talked, the band struck up a swinging Merican air, and the barber came up to claim 'Chona for the dance. Porfirio threw his hat on the floor. "I keel him now!" he burst forth in English for the barber's benefit. "Yes, you kill him now, before you forget," mocked 'Chona, who knew her Porfirio well-and off they whirled. Doubtless she had danced with this beast the rest of the evening. At any rate Porfirio had come away; and now, to-day, he saw on the edge of the wharf, looking down at the restful green depths lowed." and then over yonder to that trim

#### vince him that the trastel mail of Semorita Ortiz knew as much shout the house as the lady herself.

But time walts not even to hear of chosts of treasure, and "Choma must be going. Adice! As they came in sight of the long, gray adobe, 'Chona gave a little cry. "She has gone herself to bed!" For not a twinkle of light could be seen. Oh, yos, she could get in-but the

must be soft. Oh, no, the great lady did not live alone. There was Pascural, the gardener-but he is so eld and deaf he can not even hear mane. 'Chons ran her hand along the high. whitewashed adobe wall, which spirrounded the garden. The heavy gate was barred, but there was a little hollow in the adobe. She ran out into the street and picked up a board. It loaned securely against the wall; and with one hand steadied by the barber Chona spring up, and thence went to the top of the wall, lightly as a grasshopper. Then she knelt on the fist adobes, the odor of violets about her, for old Pascural had been watering They both shook their heads them, the little barber looking up at And passed the word around; her. The rebono had alipped back, and | And the bird in the tree, her ruffed hair stood out shout the And the fish and the bee,

round face. "Are they fish? Are they toads, these barbers?" Porfirio, over in the One of them afraid. gulley, could not understand. "Have In the dark! they no blood, these pigs and sons of But the little boy who had gone to pigs? Do they never kiss? But I will taste with my knife, if it is water in

his veins? What do they say?" "Hadn't I better wait and see if you can get into the house, Miss 'Chona?"

"Oh, but I can! I see Pascural's pruning knife-and that will reach through the crack of the door and life the bar. Adios, Meester Bachois!"

She dropped lightly down into the garden, and was gone. Mr. Badgers hid the board and sauntered quietly down the street. In the shadow on the other side a figure came out from bchind the shrubbery and followed noisely.

Dona Maria Evangelista Ortiz, an ancient virgin of stately mien, was less fortunate in her slumbers that night than she was wont. Long after little 'Chons had slipped in unheard the house rang with words, a scuttle, a crash, a scream in 'Chona's voice, a babel of cries in which there were even English. Dona Maria had blood in her veins, and if her hand trembled as she struck a candle, she did not falter, but strode out into the while ZEFUEN.

"Valgame Dios! There was the little waiting maid stretched upon the floor, her long braids twisted about her neck, and the blood trickling from a gash in her forehead. Beside her, holding the poor little head upon his arm and kissing away the blood, was Ho knew that wild beats war



WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARKT

"Dh. not I," said alls owl, And he gave a great secul, And he wiped his are And fuffed his jow! "Too whoo!" Said the dor, "I have the Cout loud in the dark, Hoo-oo!" Said the cars States It scratch anyone who Daras say that I to Feel alraid, Mi-aw!\*\* "Afraid," said the mouse, "Df the dark in the house! Liver me weather was and Whatever's the matter? Squenk!"

Then the toad in his hole And the bug in the ground, They doclare. all three. That you never did see

bed

Just raised the bedclothes and covered his head.

#### VASA AND THE BEAR.

A Child's Adventure in the Days at the Marly Settlers.

Northwestern Pennsylvania was dense forest at the time of which I write, says ida Kaya. There were no railroads, towns, churches, schools or prefty house as there are now, yet there were houses even in those wild woods- house and a stable built of trees which the settler's ax had felled. a little lot fenced by rails from more trees, where among sprouting stimps the first garden was related, and thus a home began, Year by year the clearing was enlarged, and porm, wheat and onts were added to the garden truck. . Roads ware made through the woods to other clearings, and the homes grew into neighborboods.

In one of those early homes lived a little boy with an odd little man that had been borrowed from a royal hero of Swedish history. Vasa's first recollection was the lor house home and the dark woods which surrounded the home clearing. He played about the stumps and plies of brush and by the high rail finos that skirted the

woods, but he never ventured mariher.

# DIUCIESAN NEWS

What Day Friends is the The set of the set of

Tran Der Leenin Cert

Re-Alderman Therman SI the Advection

Mr. and Mrs. Guorge E. Hannany re-burned last week from Lineca-The many friends of Mrs. Patrick W. Quigley of this ply will ngret to bear of ber death, which occurred at her home on Jel-ferson atruct. The deceased and a host of friends. She is survived by her husband and seven children

Bay P. A. Neville of the Holy Family oburch was in Genaucialgue last mode. Rev. Augustics O'Nell of Pacips occu-pled the pulpic at the regular services at the Holy Family church last Wednesday swee-ing. A large congregation strended the devotions and were much impressed with Father O'Nell's sermon on 'Jesus group-ing over Jesusalem.

Rev. J. J. McGrath of Moravia was the guest of friends is this city lass week.

East Sloomfeld. Mite Nellie L. Murray spent a few days last week with relatives and friends in Canandalgus.

Miss Maggie McDonald and her brother of Canandaigus, were at home last week. Rev. J. T. Donnelly of Victor, tori Father Garrey's place here hast Bunday, the latter being at Rockwater in Father Marphy's parises

Mine Kate Mellierary has gone to Rechmontas.

Mr. Thos, Harrington who has been en played in Smith's shoe store in Canandal gun, for the past two years is spending a few weeks at his home bern. Hoseers.

Hanseys. Mr. Thomas McKay, died Marok soth, He has been out of health for the past year, but his death was a serprise to everyable. He was how in county Horre, Irstand, and list fived in this round's for the past differ rears. He hereau will, an one and differ campter to mover his loss. Ages 32 years. Frank Mealium has been very H for the past two days, but now is an the past.

Wm. Smythe and James Mahillen a Buffala, west in town fast weath. Toin Cotter of Bullaid, was Is town

Sanday. Min Mattle Morrison has returned to he home in Rush.

Rey. J. W. Hendrick delivered & fine sermon Sunday on the groupel of the day. Reduce Paints.

Preidling & Non of New York here pented the malt house and will run it for three months.

Arthur Lwing and wife of Holier more Sunday have, the guessis of Mrs. Budger nother.

Mark Bullinde was collied to Models Bit



Do not 

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In the based in Standator Date Tran

Hood's Pills





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figure picking its dainty way along the broken and guilled street. 'Chona had round, elive cheeks, great velvet eyes, a soft red mouth and braids of jet hair that hung below her knees. There were those who said it was coarse. Dice mio! Can one have everything? She was not going back to the house of Senorita Ortiz till evening. Her way led now to her own home, a little old adobe near the beach. There with the mother and the old grandmother she would sit upon the adobe floor all day, chattering in soft Spanish of what had been and what was to be, and she did not even once look toward the wharf.

A February evening in Monterey is usually chilly, though too soon for the fogs; but to-night was soft to the cheek as a bat's wing. "Chone, flitting across the plaza to her employer's house. was startled by a touch upon her shoulder. It was Mr. Badgers, the barber, on noiseless feet-but not less noiseless than Porfirio's, a little way behind.

The barber's little black mustache was waxed, his hair was parted almost between his brows; and about him hung that wonderful perfume which is native to barber shops. On his little white hands were gloves and 'Chona sighed rapturously. Who in Monterey wore gloves? It was true that Vicente Machado had a white colton pair; but they were for funerals. These were beautiful-such as the grand ladies wore who drove over from Det Monte

In the plaza surrounded by heavy syringas and laurestma, was à wellworn bench. There the two found a seat: and not far away Porfirio took shelter behind a flowering shrub.

'Chona was telling "Meester Bachola" of the glories of the Senorita's jewels. "The Senorita Ortiz-rich? Well, do I believe it! A chest so big. full with diamonds and pearls and the lofely red and green stones."

Mr. Badgers could not be impolite if he tried. A little question, at least to show interest. "Isn't she afraid she will be robbed?"

But 'Chona scorned the idea. "None of us would," she said. conclusively. "And as for the Americans, they can not know where she keep thees chestit ees of a smart place she haf it hid," Mr. Badgers amiably ignored the chance to feel hurt; but he doubted if Miss 'Chona knew this "smart place" thy better than the Americana did, It chamisotte neck of lace and velvet, was some time before she dould con-1 belt.

"Dies mie! What is this? What do you in my house?" The Senorits Ortis was terrible now; but Porfirio, seemed to grow cool under her fashing eyes. "Look to your jewel chest," he said calmiy-I came too late to save ittoo late to save this, my soul, my little 'Chona. That barber, the goat, was carrying it away, and she heard him and caught him and struggled to take it from him. And the dog struck her upon the forehead and was gone with it even as I came for seeing him climb the wall of the garden I fol-

The old bronze bell in the garden struck up the liveliest replique that it had over throated; and half Monterey came running. Dona Maria was caim as calm. She had come into her fit habiliments, and 'Chona's wound was dressed, and 'Chon's beamed on Porfirio, with soft eyes that any one might know that he would never have to doubt simin. Of a survey the house had been robbed, and the thief must be caught but it was not Dona Maria Evangelista Ortiz who would be in an unseemly stew about this.

If the Constable's spurs had not been the handsomest in Monterey and therefore not to be left bonind when State occasions came the San Angelmo might not have got clear of the wharf before he came galloping down. But fate is so. Word was sent, however, to San Luis Obispo, and when the boat landed there the officers found a little man who answered the description; but no chest or jewels, though the San Anselmo was searched from end to end.

In Menterey when one makes a hue and cry over may ordinary loss, the rossips shake their heads phylingly. Porque? Now there was Dona Maria. who lost a chest to big (showing with the arms outstretched)-aschest full of diamonds and rubics and pearls without the flicker of an evelash. If others Were as bravel and a same For you see the barber never told

what he found when he pried up the lid; and as for the Senorita Ortis, she will go to the grave with the secret of what was packed in camphor in the old teak chest. . . . . .

Library of Condemned Mooks The Italian Government has resolved to found at Florence at public expense a library of all the books which have incurred the censure of the Sacred Congregation of the Index. The Vat-Ican has protested against the measure, on the ground that the' majority of the books in question are improper to the last degree, and that the establishment of a collection of such a nature is an affront rather against public morality than against the discipline awful beers and Antiof the church.

#### Reburnishing Silk Waints.

A half-worn light silk waist may be very satisfactorily reburnished by striping it crosswise with black velvet ribbon, putting velvet ribbon around the plain collar band and adding every

those trees beasts that killed and ate the pigs and chickens and sheep and calves sometimes. Why not a boy? Once he had seen's bear and thought he should have been soared to death if his father had not been along. As it was, he could not forget his

One day when Vass was just 14 years old his mother wished very much to out a garment, and the shears were at her mother's, nearly & mile away.

"Let me go and get them." said the boy. Thinking no harm could befall him in the now fenced road, the mother zave content.

The little fellow set of prousily on his first errand as happy as the bitda that sing in the trees and fearling us the chipmusk on the fance, with

cracking and eating muta.

How terrible, it did look to the

he never thought of whirking duty and going back. Mr. Satur He did not dars no straight alead.

for surely then that awint beer would see and catch him, but without a bit of noise he climbed the fance where the noise he climbed the fance where the at the age of 18 years - no source, source and stole among the trees. The member of the Children of Mars, where race and stole among the trees. The device all another device all another device all another device and stole the bear, all unconmore Than bruin tex him. The nuts drepped from ale big pawa, and the awkward brute bernin to mather himself up and prepare for action, Our little hero slipped of the fence and flew for grandma's as that he iwo little fat logis could carry film. He nev er screamed or cried. All his breath was needed for the race and he won How far the bear ran or in what direction no one ever knew, whe was gone when Uncle David came back with Vass and the shears, though traces of his visit were plainly visible. 

and the second states 

"Your son," said the professor, "has ways pleases, sing in his usual good a been laboring under, a misapprehen. The entertainment closed with a so

tican Alt. Hoan What?"

The Coale has been worth a

Miss M. Craffs of Sodies Contra list week here, the grapet of Miss. J. J Karr D. W. Kutanaget wee in ter week instructing his asbeddam plan analay, Mass. was settinged

Line Marin fin tert "Mit with ploating at the home of the father.

fright at the great ugly bruits that fright at the great ugly bruits that glared and growled at tham before it walked away. As the clearings grew and neighbors became more plonty the wild animals went farther back into the woods and were but little feared. One day when Vass was just 14 years Mark and the plonty the wild animals were but little feared. One day when Vass was just 14 years fright at the formed for the solution of far. Mark and the formed for the solution of far. Mark and the feared for the solution of far. Mark and two brothers, History Allises of far. Newark and James Allison of Sodna, Interment in Sodus oundtery.

Prank Williams bas båen grantell's pen slow of six dollars a menth. He sho m ceived his back penden. 11

## Libeca.

Horn, Marth &, to Mr. and Mrs. 4. L. Murphy of Syraenia, formerly of Linnes, s 10H.

Mes. Wet. Denis and pour, of Converse villed their volutit. Mer. D. Molina lart work.

ns the chipmusk on the fance, with which he ran a marry race. He was half way to grandma's when a crackling noise on the opposite side of the road startled him. He turned, and his eyes distanded with four as they rested upon the form of a rank bear, sitting under a hickory tree cracking and eating nuts.

Word was related liers Maral Origi frightened child, as he should gaking at it and wondering how he should ever pass that, formideble, obstacle. A hero, like his illustrious namesake, he never thought of whicking duty and Zarta are and was manning have to her Entells Denits of Pitisburg. The Rental were taken to Danwills, for Internet. Danaville

Mary Isa tol. destable rol Mare 1 gan, died last Tuesday after along links at the age of 18 years - She was a faithful States action was The honomy descript when membras of the Children of Mary. . . . 

St. Patrick's day was celebrated in the Amor Banks, ville by a high mass in the morning at a function of a star o'clock, in St. Patrick's church, and in the evening the Hon. Thomas Carmody of Penn Reader & Amor ble. Threescore years and ten have pass ed since those early days of humble homes, wild woods and savage beasts, but Vasa still tells-to his grandchill dren-his adventure with that awith, awful bear. Matte Finn and Bessie Ryan; Messra Mie Good News. [Lyon. Peter Mol. and, whole and whore sion." "Perfess!" erclaimed Farmer Corn- Patrick's church sholt tossel, with joy in his volce; "ye don't beth A. Sohwandler are in Mast Lore 



