WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again:
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won:
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace;
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say:
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands;
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of her children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by:
"Where's mother?"

FOSTER FATHER ROBIN.

A Story of Which the Best Part Is That It Is True.

"When I was a girl," began grandmother, reflectively polishing her spectacles with a fine cambric handkerchief, deeply edged with old lace; "when I was a girl a high lilac bush grew close to the sunny side of our home in Oxford, and for two seasons a pair of robins and a pair of chippy birds built their nests in the bush and there raised their young. The robins nested in the highest clump of lilac branches, where a great cluster of the delicate purple blossoms burst into bloom each May, just high enough from the ground to be out of reach. The chippies made their summer home in a shady little nook of the bush but on the side opposite to the robins' nest."

Grandmother paused and looked musingly out of the frosty window, beyond which a snowstorm fluttered waywardly.

"It was thirty years ago," she continued, fingering a half-knit mitten that clung to its triangular frame of needles in her lap; "I was in delicate health that spring and often sat basking in the sun that shone through the window by the lilacs. One bright afternoon I was startled from a daydream by a most surprising chattering from the lilac bush. I knew that the chippies had nested and hatched a brood and that the mother robin was setting on five bluish eggs, but the voice was unmistakably that of the father robin. Peering through the green leaves carefully, would you believe it? I saw the father rabin feeding the young chippies, while his mate remained quietly on her nest some five feet away. Well, all that day and all of many days thereafter I watched the foster father robin feed the poor little orphans. Regularly every twenty minutes he would fill their gaping yellow mouths with worms and he kept this up after his own children had hatched and until the chippies were grown enough to fly and forage for themselves. I never saw the parent chippy birds again, but I have a suspicion that our sly old tomcat knew the secret of their disappearance, and I fear that he ate some of the orphaned birds later in the season," and the old lady sighed as in memory of many things.

Perhaps the best part of this story is that it is true.

"Goose-Cutting,"

Another game, that of "goose-cutting," has been added to the long list in vogue at social gatherings. The hostess provides a well-drawn outline of a goose, which is usually of red cloth, or, if made of paper, is colored red or black. This is merely for the purpose of distinctness. Two pairs of scissors are provided and a number of sheets of plain brown paper. Each gentleman invites a lady to cut a goose with him and in turn these couples are seated back to back in two chairs in the centre of the room. When the model goose has been studied, the pair are blindfolded, and proceed to evolve with their scissors and sheet of paper copies of the fowl. Having finished, each paper is duly signed by its creator and laid aside. Great merriment is always aroused by the process of cutting, as the pair work in full view of the rest of the company. When finished, all the results are laid out on the parlor floor, names down, and two judges, who have not been present at the cutting, pass upon the merits of the geese submitted and prizes reward the workers according to their merits.

A Distinguished Guest.

In the zoological garden at Breslau is one of the two shabrack tapirs known to have been born in captivity in Europe. The little animal is only a few days old. It is spotted like a fawn, but otherwise looks much like a baby elephant, excepting that it isn't much larger than a good-sized cat. The mother of the rare infant came from Farther India, where it lived in seclusion near the water. The wild tapir generally sleeps during the day and forages for food at night. It feeds on grass and other vegetable substances, and finds its long proboscis very useful in rooting in the earth for food. A full-grown Indian tapir sometimes measures seven to eight feet in length, and somewhat resembles the hog in its form and habits.

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Read Them Aloud Quickly and They Will Afford Much Fun.

Read the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly half a dozen times in succession:

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying-fish.
The sea seaseth, and it suffiseth us.
High roller, low roller lower roller.

A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.

Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

Swan swam over the sea; swim swan, swim; swan swam back again, well swum swan.

It is a shame Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'T[illegible] a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to [illegible]am so, Sam.

A growing gleam glowing green.

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

Robert Rowley rolled around roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round; where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster, where are the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

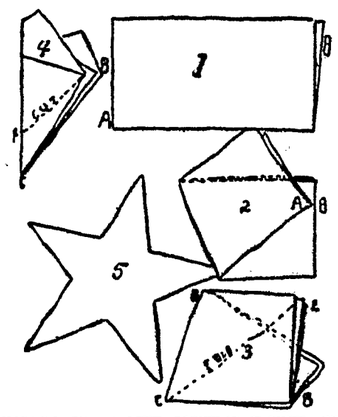
Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Hobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs's fob. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs's jobs," and Snobbs sobs.

Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster. Did Sammy Shoesmith see a shrieking songster? If Sammy Shoesmith saw a shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster Sammy Shoesmith saw?

I went into the garden to gather some blades, and and there I saw two sweet pretty babes. "Ah, babes, is that you babes, brading of blades, babes? If you braid any blades at all, babes, braid broad blades, babes, or braid no blades at all, babes."

To Cut a Five-Pointed Star.

Fold a square piece of paper exactly in the middle, as in Fig. 1, with the two edges at the left. Bring the lower corner A to the upper edge at a point B about one-third of the distance from



HOW TO CUT A FIVE POINT STAR WITH ONE CLIP OF THE SCISSORS.

upper right hand corner, and fold it so that it will correspond in appearance with Fig. 2. Fold back the lower right hand corner, as shown in Fig. 2, even with the edge B C, and it will then correspond with Fig. 3. Bring up and forward the point D to the point B, which will make the fold at dotted line C E, and it will then appear as in Fig. 4. With one clip of the scissors from F to B the triangular piece B C F, when opened, will present a five pointed star.

The more neatly the folding is done the more perfect will be the star.

"Look Indian" For It.

When you drop a small object on the floor "look Indian" and you're sure to find it. Here is the modus operandi:

Somebody dropped a stickpin in the hall the other day and had hard work to find it. She hunted high and low, and on her hands and knees, and with a candle specially procured for the purpose, but it was no use. The pin was very tiny and unperceivable, its value being that of association rather than size or brilliancy. The somebody, after a final shake of the rugs, was just about to give it up forever, when one of the children chanced to come along. "Why don't you look 'Indian' for it?" he asked. Before the somebody realized what was meant down dropped the youngster on the floor, his head and his whole body lying sidewise and just as close to the dead level as possible. In this position his eyes roved rapidly over the floor. "I have it!" he shouted presently, and, sure enough, right in the middle of the floor, in so plain a place that it had escaped notice, was the missing stickpin. The youngster then explained that "looking Indian" meant putting the head to the ground in order to catch sight of the smallest object between one's self and the horizon. "They do it on the plains all the time," he said. "That's why they can always tell who's coming. But it works in houses just as well as on the plains. Why, we never lose anything in the nursery nowadays; we just 'look Indian' and find it right off."

A Dead Leaf Observation.

Next time you are out in the park look closely at the dead leaves blowing about on the ground. You will find that most of them have their lower sides uppermost. Can you think of a reason for this?

When a leaf is mature and almost ready to fall, it curls up just a little at the edges. When it falls, the first breeze catches these margins and turns the leaf lower side uppermost, and there it remains, because in this position the wind has less opportunity to disturb it.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Elmira.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Day and Miss Nellie O'Day of West Fourth street, went to New York Monday, to attend the wedding of Mr. O'Day's niece, Miss Genevieve O'Day to Mr. Morrison, which was celebrated Tuesday morning.

Messrs. W. C. Farley, M. W. Kennedy and Gilbert Higgins of Waverly, were in the city Tuesday.

Edward Horgan visited in Scranton last Sunday.

The preliminary work of breaking ground for the extension of the West Water street railroad has been commenced.

The Telegram of last Sunday published a thrilling war song, dedicated to the 30th Separate Company of this city, entitled "At the Roll of the Drum." The words were composed by George H. Hoskyn, and the music by Albert Krug, leader of the Lyceum Theatre orchestra.

Mrs. Edward H. Fahey and daughter of West Clinton street, are visiting Binghamton and Susquehanna friends.

Among the out of town visitors who were in the city Sunday to wish the Soldier boys Godspeed were noticed, J. S. Kennedy, Albert Cowley, Miss Anna Conlon, Corning; D. T. Hickey, Addison; J. F. Gaudy, J. C. McMahon, Charles Murphy, Waverly, and Richard Maleady, Corning.

The 1st of May, 1898, will not soon be forgotten by the people of this city, or those from surrounding towns, for was it not the day on which our gallant soldier boys, in blue, like their fathers before them, marched forth, eighty-six strong, in response to the "Call to Arms" to battle for the "Honor of our country and our flag." To fittingly describe the events of the day would consume many columns of this Journal, but a brief synopsis is not amiss. The day was truly one of May, too beautiful with sunshine, the air too sweet with spring blossoms, to associate with the cruel grim visage of war, but all sentiment must be laid aside and the stern realities faced, our glorious nation was called upon to right a great wrong, which perhaps could only be accomplished by the sacrifice of human souls, and if need be our hero-soldiers were ready for the sacrifice. All day long, from early dawn, an excited, interested and uneasy throng of people was on the streets, the principal point of interest of course, centering in the Armory on East Church street, where busy preparations for the final moment of departure were being carried on. There were many farewells to be said, tears to be shed and parting advice given, but like all days this first of May, had its end, and when the great red sun had hid it's firey self over the western hilltops, all realized that the critical moment had neared, and soon our gallant sons would have gone forth to battle who knows but for all time. The special train which carried the 30th Separate Company from this city was announced to leave at 9.30, and from 6.30 until that time, a perfect mass of humanity surged before the big Armory and lined the streets through which the parade passed. At 8.45, after appropriate services had been held in the Armory, the parade formed. First came Chief of Police F. J. Cassida with an escort of twenty policemen, in full uniform, next the Continental drum corps, then the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, ex-members of the 30th Separate, Company, complimentary guards (friends of the soldiers) and directly in front of the heroes of the hour, came the celebrated Alliance Band of Corning, playing with all the patriotism of their souls, such inspiring national airs as "While We go Marching Through Georgia," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "America," "The Star Spangled Banner," etc. It was a touching tribute paid to the soldiers by the Corning musicians, who voluntarily offered their valuable services for the occasion. Often had the boys in blue, with their wives and sweethearts whirled through a lively two-step, or an entrancing waltz to the music of this same band, and it was truly fitting, that they march to victory, or to death, to their soulful strains. The procession was one tremendous ovation, from begining to end, one blaze of lights, cheers, tears, and waves of the glorious "Stars and Stripes." The decorations along the line were elaborate in the extreme, the climax being reached at the Erie station, where perhaps the largest flag in the city was flung to the breeze. At the station there was a perfect crush, many women fainted and it was with the greatest difficulty that the soldiers were allowed to board the cars. Here many heartrending scenes were enacted and when one gray haired woman, half fainting, sobbing and forlorn, forced her way through the human blockade, and clutched the hands of a youthful soldier in the ranks, the tears of hundreds in the vicinity were mingled with her own, and many a prayer was wafted up to heaven for the safe return of that hero son, not yet out of his teens. This was one of the many tearful parting seen at the station. Finally, after all farewells had been said, "All aboard" was sung out by the conductor, and promptly at 9.35 the train slowly pulled out or the station, amid the cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and flags, to say nothing of the sobs of hundreds, aye thousands who had loved ones aboard, and knew full well the awful uncertainties of war. The parting cheer put hope and solace in the hearts of the soldiers, and it will spur them on through battle, be it on these or foreign fields.

Among the decorations of Sunday, that arranged by the Father Mathew Society in front of their club rooms, was one of the most beautiful and patriotic. Another touching tribute, was the singing of of national airs by a chorus composed of the club members, while the procession passed the building.

There is considerable talk among our young Catholic Americans of forming a volunteer company in this city, to be in readiness for a second call.

Rev. Dr. Hanna of Rochester, was in the city Tuesday.

Miss Hickey of Little Leadows, is the guest of Nellie Maney of Magee street.

The Misses McArdle of Buffalo, have returned home, after a visit with Miss Helen DeLant of Madison avenue.

Elmira Council, Knights of Columbus, will be well represented at the institution at Olean, Sunday.

That the war craze is having it's effect on things theatrical is proven by the small audiences which are attending the attractions at the theatre, while interested crowds hover about the bulletin boards, eagerly grasping every bit of information, be it true or exaggerated, which is put forth.

Two members of the 30th Separate Company were obliged to lay down their uniforms at the final moment, owing to the critical illness of their mothers. Brave lads, their "duty" was plain, it was mingled with their love at home. In cases like this, it's a question, who is the nobler, the lad who faces battle, or the one who stays at home, when his heart is with his comrades.

Corning.

On Tuesday of last week occurred the marriage of Miss Margaret Kiernan of East Tioga avenue, to Erwin C. English, an employe of the Fall Brook Railroad. The ceremony took place at the parochial residence, Rev Father Lee officiating. The happy couple left for an Eastern trip taking with them the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

Miss Katherine Leonard left last week for Boston, Mass., to visit her sister Winifred.

Willard S. Reed of this city, is the leading spirit in an attempt to form a company of Volunteers in Corning. Several names have been obtained but the number thus far does not amount to fifty by any means. Of course there are many young Irishmen in it.

At Howell Hall on Friday evening of last week, the Iskanculla Tribe of Red Men gave a delightful hop. A large crowd was present and the hall was most tastefully and patriotically decorated. The flag of Cuba was conspicuous with the stars and stripes on both sides of it and everywhere were the national colors. Harry Tyler furnished the music and an enjoyable time was had by all who attended.

Willie Friel, the young base ball pitcher, who has many friends in this city was here during the past week and evidently in excellent condition. "Little Willie," will play with the Cortland State League team, this season.

Mrs. M. Ely of West First street, is visiting friends in Bloomsburg.

M. J. O'Shaughnessy and daughter, Genevieve, were in Buffalo the past week to attend the commencement exercises of the University of Buffalo, of which William J. O'Shaughnessy is a graduate.

I had almost completely thought out a nice inspiring little patriotic speech which might induce the young Irishmen of Corning to fly to the front and show the world what Irish hearts can do (once more), but somehow I find it hard to write on the subject "con amore"—that is, with enthusiasm. Why can we not have a dashing and spirited young Irish captain to lead us on? One whose very personality would inspire us with the courage that faces death gladly. And if his father and great grandfather did not happen to fight under Oliver Cromwell, we would not let that depress us or cast us down—quite the contrary.

The death of Mrs. Cassius Andrews of this city is mourned by a very large number of friends. She was a most popular and lovable young woman and her early death is undoubtedly the saddest event of the past week. The funeral on Thursday was very largely attended.

I have been informed through the kindness of a young fireman of repute and an authority in the matter, that there are three hose companies and two hook and ladder companies in Corning and not five hose companies as I erroniously stated last week. I gladly acknowledge my mistake and stand corrected. What I meant to say is that there are five companies comprising the department. Of course, I should not like to leave anyone under the impression that in Corning we attack burning buildings with nothing but a super-abundance of hose pipes, (though the idea of having a company that runs to put out a fire armed only with a ladder and oh, yes, a hook, seems to me more hideous.) I am glad, however, to correct myself and thankful for the critical interest manifested.

Quite a number of Corninglites went to Elmira on Sunday evening to witness the departure of the Thirtieth Separate Company. Everybody else in the town went to the Erie depot and watched for the trains filled with soldier-boys that passed through here on their way to Hempstead Plains. There was much cheering and manifestations of patriotism, were abundant as the different sections rolled slowly through the town. The crowd gathered on the Erie platform was one of the largest ever seen there.

Miss Jennie Cushing of Tioga, has been spending a few days with friends in this city.

Mrs. T. Burke of West First street, is seriously ill with an attack of the grippe.

A delightful wedding took place on Monday of this week when Mr. Thomas Henry led to the altar of St. Mary's, Miss Elizabeth Welsh, a popular young lady.

John O'Brien, who has been employed at Camden, N. J., is home for a week or two, the factory at that place having shut down.

"Elmira," said a young man who spent Sunday there, "is a pretty nice place and speedier than Corning. There are parks there, for instance, where one can stroll and places to loiter that put Drake's corner in the shade. One has a feeling of freedom and spaciousness there." Here is food for thought.

Penn Yan.

Division 1, A. O. H., of this village, will give a May party Wednesday evening, May 11th. The following are the committees: Arrangements—Patrick J. Culhane, Cornelius O'Connor, George Osborn, Frank Queenan, James Tuney. Reception—E. H. McAdams, James White, John O. Keefe, Martin Crough. Floor—John Whitbeck, John Mulvihill, Francis Reilly, John Corcoran, Frank Manley.

A musical and literary entertainment was given at the rooms of the C. M. B. A. on Thursday evening, April 28, under the auspices of the L. C. B. A.

J. Creary of Rochester spent Sunday with his family in this place.

N. Donnelly of Homellsville recently visited friends in this village.

Many Penn Yan people went to Geneva on Sunday to witness the departure of the militia for Hempstead Plains.

Rushville.

A mission will be held at St. Mary's church in this place during the last week of May.

Miss Mary Dwyer has obtained a position in Rochester.

Mrs. Henry Manrahan of Canandaigua and Miss Margaret Merriman of Geneva visited at their home in this village over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Quirk spent Thursday at Penn Yan.

Mrs. Mary Kelly of Canandaigua is visiting at Mrs. Wm. Howley's.

A number of people went from this place to Geneva last Sunday to witness the departure of the Thirty-eighth Separate Company of that city for Long Island.

[Diocesan News continued on 7th page.]