ISN'T IT AWFUL.

There is a little maiden
Who has an awful time;
She has to hurry awfully
To get to school at nine.

She has an awful teacher;
Her tasks are awful hard;
Her playmates are awful rough
When playing in the yard.

She has an awful kitty,
Who often shows her claws;
A dog who jumps upon her dress,
With awful muddy paws.

She has a baby sister
With an awful little nose,
With awful cunning dimples,
And such awful little toes.

She has two little brothers,
And they are awful boys,
With their awful drums and trumpets,
And make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common sense,
Come and this maid defend,
Or else, I fear, her awful life
Will have an awful end.

THE MERCHANT'S LUNCHEON.

The Office Boy's Doughnut Tempted Him.—Showed His Gratitude.

A rich merchant sat at the desk in his office, alone. He leaned back in his chair, and drew a long, hard breath quite like a sigh; for he had been struggling all day with difficult business problems, and he was weary in body and mind. Some people think a rich man never has anything to do; but they little know how hard he often has to work, first to gain and then to keep his riches. It was long past the luncheon hour, and it suddenly occurred to this man that he was faint and hungry; yet he was not ready to leave his work and was about to return to his calculations when he caught sight of a little brown package lying on a shelf near by. It was the package of luncheon which his little office boy brought with him every day, and to-day the boy, having been sent on some distant errand, had not yet had time to partake of it. The merchant arose from his seat, took down the package and looked carefully at it. Just such packages had his own beloved mother tied up for him, when he himself, a poor office boy, first began the career which had brought him to his present splendid position. Slowly he untied the string, and opened the package. Two nice sandwiches of fresh home-made bread, with a little cold meat between, a piece of old-fashioned-looking pie, and oh!—a genuine New England doughnut! Tears rose to the eyes of the rich man as memory carried him back to the days of his boyhood, and to the loving deeds of that dear mother. Here was the very luncheon she had often prepared for him! And after a few moments he ate it up, every crumb, with far more enjoyment than an elaborate dinner would have given him, and then, refreshed and comforted, he returned to his work.

Soon after, the belated boy came in, and after reporting to his master, he was surprised to hear him say: "Have you had any luncheon to-day, my boy?" The boy replied in the negative, with a glance at the shelf, when the gentleman said with a smile: "Yes, it is gone. I have eaten it up." Then, handing the astonished boy a five dollar bill, he said: "Go out now and get some luncheon; but I want to thank you for the best one I have had for many a long year. And don't you forget, my boy, to be thankful that you have something which I lost long ago, and that is, a good mother."

Catching and Killing Man-Eaters.

How would you like to fish for a sea monster large and strong enough to devour a man at a single meal—a creature whose skin is so rough that it is made into files when dry? The man-eating shark is such a creature, and shark-fishing is one of the most exciting sports known to fishermen.

The man who goes shark fishing must provide himself with several feet of stout chain attached to a hook that looks like a small anchor. The fishline is stout rope about as thick as the little finger. The hook is baited with a chunk of meat large enough to feed a small family, and the rope line, chain and hook are then dropped into the sea from the side of a stout rowboat or fishing smack. Sometimes oil is thrown on the water to attract the sharks. When a shark bites and finds that it is hooked it swims away at a fearful speed. Then it is necessary to have many feet of rope to play out till the creature gets tired. When the shark is finally brought to the surface it is killed by a rifle shot. It would be a blessing to ocean bathers if all the sharks could be killed in this way.

He Surprised the Queen.

Sir Walter Raleigh made a wager with the queen that he could weigh the smoke from his tobacco pipe. He weighed the tobacco before smoking and the ashes afterwards. When Elizabeth paid the wager she said: "I have seen many a man turn his gold into smoke, but you are the first who has turned his smoke into gold."

Try, and Prove It.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

A KENNEL FOR YOUR DOG.

Any Boy Who is Handy With Tools Can Make One in Half a Day.

There are undoubtedly any number of boys who have a dog, but no kennel to keep him in. Almost any kind of kennel, people think, will do for a dog, so long as it affords him a place to sleep in and protection from the rain and cold. If he gets a big dry goods box with a hole in one end large enough for him to go through he is better off than the average of his race, but a kennel made especially for his use is much better, and it can easily be made in half a day.

Its size will depend, of course, on the size of your dog, but for a canine of medium size a box 36 inches long, 22 inches wide and 32 inches high from the ground to the roof peak will give ample room. If it is made larger or smaller, the same relative proportions should be maintained.

First make the front and back with peaked tops, then the side and bottom. In the front cut the entrance hole and be sure to have it large enough. Don't force your dog to squeeze and scrape every time he crawls in or out. This opening should be marked with a compass and cut with a keyhole saw to obtain the curved line. Above it, in the peak, bore four holes and with the same saw cut away the wood between them, as shown in the picture, so as to make a ventilator for dogs as well as other animals need pure air. The back can be treated in a similar manner, so that a circulation of air can be had.

Now nail the sides to the bottom, and the front and back to the bottom and sides. Between the two peaks nail a strip of wood to form a ridge pole, against which the upper ends of the board forming the roof are to be nailed. Next put on the top, nailing it securely to the ridgepole, the top edges of the front and back, and also to the upper edge of the sides.

Under the front and back nail a piece of joist to raise the floor of the kennel from the ground. When this is done, look inside and see that there is no nail ends visible to tear the dog's skin or stick into him when he lies down.

A staple with a chain attached, to the end of which may be a snap, can be driven in at one side of the front if it is desired to keep the dog fastened. If necessary a door may be fitted to close the hole in front at night, so as to keep the dog warmer in winter, but you must never forget to open it in the morning, as it would be very disagreeable for a dog to be shut in so small a place when he is awake. If it is thought desirable to paint the kennel the nail holes should be puttied up and the entire outside treated to several successive coats. A light colored paint is best.

Always place plenty of straw on the floor of the kennel to make a soft bed for your dog. He will be more grateful to you in his canine way than you have any idea of.

To Puzzle Your Friends.

Here is a trick that will delight the small boy because by doing it he can astonish an army of friends. They

THE BOTTLE ON THE MATCH.

will not know how in the world it is done and he will be correspondingly happy. To hang a bottle on an ordinary match, as shown in the design, tie a string tightly about the neck of the bottle, lay a match on the cork and holding it, tie the match as shown in the illustration. Then call in your friends and watch their expressions of astonishment.

He Knew How Hay Grew.

Those who have chaperoned a company of city gamins sent into the country by the "Vacation Fund" will perhaps be able to cap this story, told by the London Answers:

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, a Cockney friend was staying at a farmhouse, and soon made himself at home.

Charley was wandering round, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. He started at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking for now, Charles?"

"Where's the doors and windows, uncle?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack."

"No fear, uncle, you don't humbug me! Hay don't grow in lumps like that!"

The Horse Next to Camel.

A horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Elmira.

W. J. Baxter has returned from a trip to the Metropolis.

Miss Margaret Maloney of Owego, was in the city for a brief stay, last week.

Mrs. M. Dalton of Magee street, has fully recovered from her recent illness.

Daniel Sheehan, P. H. Mack, C. R. Maloney and G. V. Horgan, attended the installation of Olean Council Knights of Columbus last Sunday.

On Wednesday, May 4th, at SS. Peter and Paul's rectory, Rev. Father Long united in marriage, Miss Grace Clark of Washington avenue, and Mr. John R. Kean of New Haven, Conn. Miss Bertha Clark, sister of the bride acted as maid of honor, while Mr. J. C. Hough of Bridgeport, Conn., was best man. Mrs. Kean was one of Elmira's fairest daughters and her departure from this city, is to be regretted. The groom, who is a commercial man, enjoys a wide acquaintance in this city, and is to be congratulated on his rare good fortune, on winning so charming a bride.

Miss Margaret Dalton of West First street, is now connected with the dress-making emporium of Mrs. Decker on West Second street, where she will be pleased to greet her friends.

Four "Musical evenings" were thoroughly enjoyed by appreciative audiences at the Auditorium on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of this week. The affair was in charge of J. Moore Delo, the well known director. The chorus of 100 voices which sang at the Grand Sacred Concert, given during the Father Mathew Society Bazaar Carnival, repeated the numbers rendered on that occasion, to the delight of the first-night audience. Others assisting on the different evenings were Roosa's String Quartette, Thomas H. Hogan, Misses Horgan, Donovan and Carroll, soloists, the Mulcaire orchestra, and a male chorus singing Geibel's "March of Our Nation" which was rendered in true patriotic style and caught the audience at once.

Seventy-five Elmirans took in the Erie's popular excursion to Camp Black Sunday, and spent the day with the Elmira soldiers encamped there. They report all the boys in good health and spirits, and getting about all the enjoyment possible out of their sojourn on Long Island. A drenching rain throughout the day marred an otherwise pleasant trip.

Mrs. Thomas B. Fitzgerald went to New York Monday night.

John Moore and John Kelley were in Rochester Monday evening, going there to attend the conference of degrees by Rochester Council Knights of Columbus.

Kennedy & Tierney, the well known hotel men and proprietors of the "Arlington," at Binghamton, are negotiating for a lease of the Rathburn House of this city.

May services at all the churches are being largely attended.

If I were unaware that spring had come, the fact has been communicated to me several times this week, by the annual influxion of street musicians. The man with the big brass drum-cymbal-bell combination, the swarthy Italian with his "monk" and well worn organ, and the sweet voiced foreign maid, with tambourine and bewitching smile all came and went, leaving behind echoes of "Rosie O'Grady," "My Coal Black lady," "Liberty Bell" and numerous other popular airs. Surely life would not be half so sweet were it not for these invasions, which have become a part of the yearly program, taking their place along with spring housecleaning, moving, school commencement, etc.

Wisner Park is again beautiful with artistic flower beds, well cut lawns, etc. The park benches were placed in position the first of this week, a sure sign that real summer is with us.

Mrs. Katherine Kane died at the residence of her son, Daniel Kane, on South Broadway Monday noon, after a week's illness. Mrs. Kane was a lovable Christian woman, and leaves to mourn her demise two daughters, Mrs. Timothy Coakley of this city and Mrs. John McInerney of Massachussetts, also two sons, Daniel and Cornelius. The funeral was held on Wednesday morning from St. Mary's church, Father O'Dwyer officiating. The interment was in SS. Peter and Paul's cemetery.

A monster benefit performance will shortly be given in this city for the families of the soldiers, who left town with the 30th Separate company. The affair has been placed in the hands of a committee, composed of twenty-five prominent citizens. The musical program will be under the direction of George Morgan McKnight, choirmaster of Trinity church, while the Cuban war drama "For Liberty" will be enacted by local players. Professor Krug of the Lyceum orchestra has tendered his services, and will largely augment his orchestra. The wives of members comprising the 30th Separate Company have organized a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary Corps of the National Guard, and are lending valuable aid. The proceeds of the benefit will be used to assist such relatives of the company members as are in need, and the remainder, after this is accomplished, will be forwarded to the Company at Camp Black, for it's needs and comforts, providing permission of state authorities can be obtained.

Miss Frances Daly of this city was recently received into the Order of Mercy at Rochester.

Ira W. Bennett, Elmira's celebrated teacher of the piano, and concert player, tendered the Womans' Musical Club of this city, a recital at Longstreet's music rooms, Monday evening. A choice program was performed by Mr. Bennett, assisted by Miss Johnson, contralto; Miss Hooker, soprano; Miss Dullin, pianist; John K. Roosa, violinist, and Miss Mallette accompanist.

The Spooner Comedy Company are attracting large audiences in repertoire at the Lyceum this week.

The town has gone flag mad, and nearly every building in the city sports at least one edition of the stars and stripes, while patriotic emblems of all kinds are displayed on coat fronts, bicycles, shop windows, hats, and last, but certainly not of the least importance, the gentler sex have taken up the good work, and scarce is she who does not wear "Old Glory" during these days when every citizen is anxious to show his loyalty to this glorious country of ours.

Lima.

Mrs. Johanna Cluney who died in Honeoye Falls last Sunday was buried here on Wednesday. Mrs. Cluney was the mother of Rev. Father Cluney of Honeoye Falls, but had resided in Lima to within a few years before her death.

Mrs. John Murphy is seriously ill with pleurisy.

James Tubbs and family of Rochester, spent Sunday in Lima.

Mrs. James Lavery an old and highly respected resident of Lima, died at her home in this village last Sunday morning, aged 77 years. The cause of her death was heart disease. The funeral was held on Tuesday morning from St. Rose's church and was attended by a very large crowd of people. She is survived by one son, John, of Lima, and one daughter, Mrs. John Whalen also of this place.

Willard.

On Tuesday 26th, ult., occurred the death of Mrs. James Hanlon, at the home of her brother Mr. Patrick Hoey of Willard. Deceased leaves four small children to mourn her loss.

Misses Margaret McCarson and Margaret McClure were at Honeoye Falls in the interest of the institution on Saturday last.

The marriage of Mr. John McCarager to Miss May Mullen, both of the hospital, took place at the Catholic church at Ovid, on Thursday last, Rev. T. J. Kennedy officiating. We extend congratulations.

On Tuesday May 3rd, Mr. Patrick O'Hanlon of Willard, was married to Miss Maggie Linehan of Geneva. They will make their future home in Willard.

Mr. James Carrol and family have returned to their former home in Waterloo.

East Bloomfield.

On Thursday morning of last week occurred the sad death of Mrs. Charles T. McCarthy. The cause of her death was pneumonia and heart trouble, after an illness of about three weeks. Mrs. McCarthy was born in Belleville, Canada, Jan. 19, 1836, and moved to this state with her parents in 1838, residing in Honeoye Falls until her marriage, Dec. 1, 1855. Since then she has resided in East Bloomfield. She was the mother of thirteen children: eight of whom are now living. They are, J. Louis and Frank T., of Chicago, Dr. Charles D. of Geneva, Helen C. of Chicago, Jennie A. of Brooklyn, Fred. T. of Buffalo, William B. and Lucy E., of East Bloomfield. Besides her children she leaves a husband, five sisters, Mrs. T. P. Rich of Paris, France, Mrs. Ralph Sykes of Oxford Mills, Iowa, Mrs. Mary Taylor of Streator, Ill., Mrs. C. B. Fenton and Miss Jennie McKeon of Danville, Ill., and two grandchildren, Charles L. McCarthy of Chicago and M. Genevieve McCarthy of Geneva. The funeral took place at St. Bridget's church in East Bloomfield, May 7, at 10 30 a. m. Rev. M. Garvey celebrated the mass. The pall bearers were J. Louis, Frank T., Charles D., Fred. T., William B. and Charles L. McCarthy. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery in East Bloomfield. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. May her soul rest in peace.

Corning.

The Forty Hours' Devotion was begun at St. Mary's on Sunday and was largely attended. Rev. D. Bustin preached the sermon Sunday morning, and his clear exposition and earnestness much impressed his audience, which was an unusually large one.

Arbor day was observed last Friday by the Free Academy boys and girls with appropriate exercises.

Leo Egginton spent several days visiting friends out of town during the week.

A patriotic meeting was held in the city hall last week at which several local speakers endeavored to twang the patriotic chord within all of us. Lawyer McNamara's speech evoked, perhaps, the most tumultuous applause, and he closed with several lines of poetry, presumably his own, which were clever and stirring. In the interlude between the speaking there was music by the Alliance band, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the large crowd present.

From the windows of the Independent Hose company's rooms in the City Hall the Stars and Stripes float gaily in the breeze, side by side with a beautiful flag of Cuba.

It is refreshing to see the open cars on the street railway again in evidence. It is a hot day indeed when a breeze is not obtainable by riding on these delightful conveyances to Painted Post or to the cemetery.

Mr. Remillard, formerly of Montreal, Canada, was in the city last week for a few days.

Judging by the crowds that have approached the altar to receive Holy Communion during the past few days, it seems as if Father Bustin's wish that every man, woman and child in the congregation should make a good confession during this Forty Hours' Devotion is to be realized. It is a beautiful and almost inspiring sight to see so many making themselves friends of God.

Miss Anna Opelt spent Sunday in Elmira.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius McCarthy returned to their home in Pittsburg, Pa.

[Diocesan News continued on 8th page.]

Removal.

After May 1st the office of the passenger department of the Nickel Plate road at Buffalo will be located at 291 Main street, Ellicott Square Building. The move from Exchange street, where it has been located for the past fifteen years, is in line with the many other recent improvements of the road and its service. The Ellicott Square is already known as being one of the largest and finest office buildings in the world, and the Nickel Plate Road's office will be fitted up to correspond with the building and the progressive spirit of the road.

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