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HIS MOTHER'S HIS SWEETHEART.

"His mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best!" So say the white roses he brings to my breast. The roses that bloom when life's summers depart; But his love is the sweetest rose over my heart!

The love that hath crowned me— A necklace around me, That closer to God and to Heaven hath bound me!

"His mother's his sweetheart!" Through all the sad years His love is the rainbow that shines through my tears: My light in God's darkness, when with my dim eyes I see not the stars in the storm of his skies.

When I bow 'neath the rod And no rose decks the sod, His love lights the pathway that leads me to God!

"His mother's his sweetheart." Shine bright for his feet, O lamps on life's high way! and roses, lean sweet To the lips of my darling! and God grant his sun And his stars to my dutiful, beautiful one!

For his love it hath crowned me— A necklace around me, And closer to God and to heaven hath bound me!

—Frank L. Stanton in the Ladies' Home Journal.

HOLLAND.

Its Peculiarities and Things for Which It is Noted.

Holland is a very peculiar country. If it were not for the dikes, dams and windmills that are scattered throughout the country the ocean would flood the country, and there would be nothing left of it.

The windmills help to keep the water out of the ground. There is very little dry land in Holland. It is estimated that there are ninety-nine hundred windmills in this little country, used for many different purposes. Of course, Holland is noted for many other things besides having so many windmills, dikes and dams. It is noted for its diamond cutting. It is at Amsterdam, Holland, that the largest diamonds are cut and polished.

The tulip is the favorite flower of Holland. Some of the bulbs of the tulip are very expensive. The Dutch are noted as being very skilled skaters. People go to their places of business on skates. Everybody in Holland skates. One thing the Dutch children can do that the children of any other country can not do, and that is run or play, and at the same time knit. They can run as fast in their wooden shoes as we can, or any other children can who wear leather shoes.

City Days as Days.

(By Henry Geiser, Age 18.)
A city boy is apt to think himself wise in the presence of his country brothers, when the latter are visiting the city, but when he visits the farm he feels rather different about it. In the city the city fellow thinks he could lick the farmer boy with ease, but out on the farm the farmer boy can jolly him around as he pleases. You see, it's every one to his own domain. The country lad might ask if there were horses under ground pulling the cable cars, but the city fellow is equally as bad in inquiring which cow gives buttermilk.

We heard a good one recently on a city boy. His party on going through a pasture passed a cow and her calf near by. "Look," said he, "how friendly that dog is to the cow."

Peanut Candy in Rhyme.

A friend of the boys and girls has made a peanut candy recipe in verse. No doubt you'll appreciate it:

Some gloomy day when young folk yawn
And wish the weary hours were gone,
Go to your storehouse and there get
Brown sugar, heavy, almost wet;
Send some one to a peanut stand,
A quart, fresh-roasted, you'll demand;
Set all the children shelling these,
And make them whistle, if you please.
When these are shelled, chop, not too fine;

Butter some piepan, set in line;
Then take a pound of sugar, turn
Into a pan, and melt, not burn;
But add no water. When 'tis done
And like thick sirup, quickly run;
Your chopped-up peanuts lightly salt
And turn them in. If there's no fault,
Stir just a minute, pour in tin,
And cool, and then the fun begins.

A Boy Can Make This.

Dissolve in seven different tumblers containing warm water half ounces of sulphate of iron, copper, zinc, soda, alumina, magnesia and potash. Pour them all, when completely dissolved, into a large flat dish and stir the whole with a glass rod or bit of broken glass for a while. Place the dish in a warm place where it will be free from dust and will not be shaken. After due evaporation has taken place the whole will begin to shoot out into crystals. These will be of various colors and forms, some little ones being gathered together in small groups and larger ones scattered throughout the whole fluid.

This makes a very pretty ornament for your room. Be sure and preserve it carefully from the dust.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

Thrilling Experience With the Feroceous Animals Near Hawk's Landing.

It was in the latter part of January years ago that I found myself at Hawk's Landing, on the Minnesota side of the Mississippi river just below the foot of the lake, whither I had gone with an uncle. He found that his business would detain him longer than he expected and he decided to send me back alone on the stage. It should have left the landing at 1 o'clock, but it was delayed somewhere down the river and did not arrive till nearly 3. It was a full afternoon's drive to Lake City. The driver was a rough and dissipated man, but he had the reputation of always keeping sober till after the day's trip had been completed. But the delay may have upset him, and I think he began drinking before we started, although no one then noticed it. He certainly had provided himself with a large bottle of liquor, as I soon had occasion to know. I suppose I could not have been more than 12 or 13 years old, although life in a new country and on a farm had given me ability to take care of myself beyond my years.

We were not yet half way when the sun was only a little above the Minnesota bluffs, with big orange sun dogs standing up each side of it. Just as it disappeared below the bluffs the driver slid out of his seat into a drunken sleep in the bottom of the sleigh. I climbed over into the front seat and took the reins myself.

"You seem to know how to drive; do you think we can get there tonight?" asked the other passenger.

"I can drive four horses," I answered very proudly. "We can get through, I guess, if it doesn't storm so that we can't follow the trees."

I had for some time been looking anxiously for the lights of the town, although there was no hope of seeing them yet, when my attention was attracted by a dark object on the snow far to the right toward the Wisconsin shore.

The man saw it and said: "What's coming over there—some other team?"

"They wouldn't be going so fast," I answered, picking up the whip from the bottom of the sleigh. The shadow was now directly to the right.

"It's some sort of an animal," went on the man. He paused for a moment and added: "They look like big dogs."

At that moment there came the cry I had so often heard at home, only much deeper, harsher and louder.

"They're wolves!" I said, and I cracked the whip at the horses, although that was hardly necessary, as they heard the savage howl as well as we did and knew it meant danger.

The second time I looked back I saw that the pack was much nearer. I saw that the leaders and see that there must be 20 or 30 of the animals, all told. My fellow passenger was clinging to the seat and crying to me to drive faster, although the horses were fairly running away and I had practically no control over them one way or the other.

"Can't you throw out the trunk and back seat?" I shouted to him.

I heard the man throwing out the small sacks and the buffalo robes. The robes seemed to delay the wolves longer than anything else. They stopped and tore them to shreds. We got a quarter of a mile start. All this time the drunken driver was sleeping like a log in the bottom of the sleigh.

The horses were becoming exhausted, and I could feel that they were going slower. Right ahead I could see a high ridge in the ice where it had cracked and shoved up. A notch had been cut in it just wide enough for a sleigh to pass through. I held the reins steady and tried to slow up a little, in the hope of steering safely through the narrow crack. As we came up to it I saw a dark streak between the rough cones at either side; the crack had opened two or three feet during the day and new ice had formed. We struck the opening in the ridge squarely; the high horses reared up and jumped over the new ice, but the other stepped on it and broke through with one forward leg. He fell, but the other horse dragged him and the sleigh beyond the crack, where we stopped all in a heap.

I jumped over the dashboard and fell in the snow beside the horse. He was struggling to rise, but I guessed what had happened and threw my body across his neck and felt of his leg. It was crushed and broken. I got out my knife, cut the breast strap which held the neck yoke and called to the man to unhook the traces, which he managed to do at last.

The wounded horse was again struggling to rise, and had sprawled himself out of the way. I shouted at the other horse; he started with a bound, and the man and I threw ourselves into the sleigh, half knocking out our brains as our heads struck together. We looked back and saw the whole hungry pack fall upon the abandoned horse and bear him down just as the poor animal had succeeded in getting upon his three sound legs.

The horse that was still attached to the sleigh plunged on bravely for some distance, with the sleigh-tongue almost plunging in the snow, but he soon threw out and dragged himself along in a startled sort of way. But it made no difference, as the wolves never pursued us again.

We got out and walked beside the sleigh to keep warm, and as the crack was only two miles from town, it was not long before we reached our destination.

Head of Her Class.

"What an aristocratic air Mrs. Highroller assumes!"

"Yes; she reminds me of the best milliner in a small town."

A MAGIC PERFORMANCE.

How a Coin Placed in a Handkerchief May be Made to Disappear.

You take any handkerchief and put a quarter or a dime into it. You fold it up, laying the four corners over it so that it is entirely hidden by the last one. You ask the audience to touch and feel the coin inside. You then unfold it, and the coin has disappeared without anybody seeing it removed. The method is as follows:

Take a dime, and privately put a piece of wax on one side of it; place it in the center of the handkerchief, with the waxed side up; at the same time bring the corner of the handkerchief marked A (as represented in Fig. 1), and completely hide the coin; this must be carefully done, or the company will discover the wax on the coin.

Now press the coin very hard, so that by means of the wax it sticks to the handkerchief; then fold the corners, B, C, and D, (see Fig. 1), and it will resemble Fig. 2.

Then fold the corners, B, C, and D (see Fig. 2), leaving A open. Having done this, take hold of the handkerchief with both hands, as represented in Fig. 3 at the opening, A.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

THE MAGIC HANDKERCHIEF.

and sliding along your fingers at the edge of the same, the handkerchief becomes unfolded, the coin adheres to it coming into your right hand. Detach it, shake the handkerchief out, and the coin will have disappeared. To convince the audience the coin is in the handkerchief, drop it on the table, and it will sound against the wood. This is an easy trick.

Chemical Experiments.

"It is a great wonder to me," said an old chemist in his laboratory the other day, to a Denver Republican reporter, "why more boys do not take up chemical experiments as an amusement. Why, I can do things with the common materials of ordinary life which really seem to be more magical to the uninitiated than any of the wonders performed by magicians on the public stage."

"Now, there are those curious little bubbles of glass, known variously as 'Prince Rupert's drops' and as 'Dutch tears.' Apparently they are merely little globules of glass, with elongated tails, made by heating a small glass rod in a flame and allowing the molten drops to fall into water."

"After they have cooled you may pound the thick part with a hammer or mallet, yet you cannot break them. On the other hand, if you break a little piece off their tails, or touch any part of them with a quartz crystal, they will disappear into the surrounding atmosphere quicker than snow will melt on a hot fire. To the person who does not know the reason the performance is most astonishing."

"And yet it is all very simple. It is due to what is known as surface cohesion. Glass, when heated to a molten state, has naturally reached a very high temperature, and when the drops of molten glass are allowed to fall into cold water the sudden change produces a stress all over the surface of the drop which is really terrific. This stress, however, must be considered as a whole. It is very strong when taken all together, but it is exactly as though a piece of very thin rubber was stretched over the surface of the glass. If you puncture the rubber, its haste to resume its normal condition would pull it off the glass."

"So when you break off the tail of the drop or cut through the film of very hard glass with a crystal, its endeavor to suddenly resume its normal condition results in its own destruction, and it breaks up into particles, which are really finer than the finest sand. It seems like a wonderful performance, but it is no more wonderful than many another which any youngster could perform if he would study even the simplest forms of chemical action."

A Lullaby.

(By Anna R. Brady, Age 15.)
Crooning a song so soft and low,
Little Lou sits in her easy chair,
Bathed in the sunset's parting glow,
With its mellow light on her golden hair.

"Hushaby! Lullaby! Sleep, then, my pretty one."
And over the dolly she tenderly stoops—
"The birds are sleeping, the long day is done,
While lower and lower the golden head droops."

"In yonder west the sun is descending;
May angels safe watch o'er my little one keep."
In a soft, sleepy sigh she the little song ending,
For baby and dolly are both fast asleep!

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Genesee.

The annual entertainment given by the pupils of St. Francis de Sales school, was given on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the new Catholic church. A drama in two acts, entitled "Dolores" was given by the following: Mrs. Norton, Anna Bradley; Augusta her daughter, Alice Silvey; Pauline, afterward Dolores, Alice Murphy; niece of Mrs. Norton, Nellie Clagborn, Mary Burke; Grace Clagborn, Julia Carroll; Isabel Clagborn; Margaret Tyndall; Constance, Katie Thornton; Mrs. Worthington, Katie Sullivan; Franchette, her maid, Florence Downes; Tom Finney, Wm. Hickey; Aunt Betty, Josephine Murphy; Sally Ann Tompkins, Mary Finn.

The class of '08 is a very large one. The following have passed the preliminary subjects, graduates this year: Dennis Creedon, Michael O'Malley, Stephen Sweeney, Elizabeth Brown, Ellen Hiskins, Katherine Carney, Martha Karr, Mary Creedon, Rose Dowd, Ida Greenwood, Ellen Hogan, Anna Kenny, Katherine McCarthy, Mary McNamara, Ellen O'Malley, Anna Rowe, Pauline Silvey, Anna Toole, Mary Welch.

Miss Anna Kenny received the gold medal for the highest standing in regents examination.

William Murphy died suddenly on Friday. Mr. Murphy had been a trusted employee of the Highland Drug Co. for twelve years. A host of friends extend their sympathy toward his young wife in her sad bereavement. The funeral was held Monday morning from St. Francis de Sales church. The local branch of the C. M. H. A. of which the deceased was a member, attended in a body.

The steamer "Onondaga," which for many years has carried passengers from Geneva to all points on the lake and vice versa, will be blown up by a mine placed beneath her bow. No doubt the Spaniards will send the noble steamer to the regions where there are no gales nor wars; but nevertheless the explosion will be an exact reproduction of the blowing up of the "Malta." The Independent Battery will pour shot and shell into her as vigorously as if she were Admiral Cervera's flagship, and then we Generals will see how our noble boat was blown up in the harbor of Havana; but we will all be happy in the thought that no war will follow the blowing up of the "Onondaga."

Twenty-six young men left Wednesday evening for Camp Alger to swell the ranks of Company B, 3rd Regiment of its quota.

Penn Yan.

Mrs. Agnes McDanna of Syracuse is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Miss Ella Fallon of the New Paltz Normal school has returned home for the summer vacation.

Misses Blanche and Berie Kelly spent Saturday in Dundee.

M. J. Crotcher was in Elmira Wednesday, acting as usher at the wedding of Daniel O'Neill, formerly of Penn Yan.

Mrs. L. Bates has returned from a visit with friends in Sodas.

Thomas Carmody, Esq., delivered the oration at the annual reunion of the supervisors and ex-supervisors held June 24th.

The entertainment given on Tuesday evening at Sheppard Opera House by the pupils of St. Michael's school was a very enjoyable one, and reflected great credit on the pupils as well as the Sisters in charge. A large audience was in attendance, and altogether the entertainment was a great success.

The Fourth of July will be appropriately celebrated in Penn Yan this year. Thomas Carmody, Esq., will be the orator of the day.

Miss Mame Caviston has returned from a visit with friends in Branchport.

Palmyra.

Miss Mary Sullivan of Rochester spent Sunday here, the guest of relatives.

Mrs. Patrick Goggins and son Edward spent Friday at Rochester.

Miss Mayme Sullivan, after a three weeks' visit at Canandaigua lake, has returned home.

Miss Mame Welch is spending the week at Rochester.

Mrs. John Ennis and Mrs. Fred Pluckney spent Thursday and Friday at the city.

Frank Dougherty is in town.

Misses Nellie Feltow and Mayme Sullivan visited at Fairport Saturday.

Patrick McDonough and family have moved to the city.

Misses Julia Riley and Catherine Sullivan spent Monday at Rochester.

Rochester.

Miss Ella McSweeney, who has been engaged as milliner at the Case Oak store, returned to her home in LeRoy Monday.

Michael Quirk spent a few days last week out of town.

Miss Katherine Hurley and Mr. John O'Brien spent Sunday at Penn Yan.

Miss Anna Johnson of Geneva visited her mother, Mrs. Mary Collins, last week.

William Merriman and Edward Hurley visited at Canandaigua Sunday.

Danville.

Miss Marie Rice of Rochester, was the guest of Miss Carrie Eddy last week.

Miss Margaret Quigley, visiting friends in Avon, and Genesee.

Miss Margaret Griffin is in LeRoy for a few weeks.

Miss Helen Scherer is in Rochester, visiting relatives.

Rev. Michael Rhineland of Mt. Vernon, Colo., who is guest at the Jacksonatorium, said the early mass in St. Mary's church last Sunday.

Father Dougherty went to Avon last Wednesday to take part in Father Hendrick's 25th anniversary celebration.

Miss Katherine Carey of Buffalo has been in Danville for two weeks, visiting friends.

Miss Mame O'Hara of Rochester is home for a short stay.

On Tuesday morning in St. Patrick's church there was a solemn high mass for the repose of the soul of Wm. Bradley, who died a few weeks ago in Bermuda. Mr. Bradley was formerly of Danville and a valued member of St. Patrick's parish. Rev. Father Fitzsimmons of Lima, was celebrant of the mass. Father Day of St. Morris, deacon, and Father Kirsch of St. Mary's church, sub-deacon.

St. Patrick's school closed this week with an entertainment for the children, Thursday evening. There were nine graduates.

[Diocesan News continued on 2nd page.]

A Trainee.

Tells How He Learned to Do His Work.

This Father's Story.

Do not allow yourself to be misled by the false promises of the "get rich quick" schemes. The only way to success is by the old-fashioned method of hard work and honesty.

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