

"NOT INTO TEMPTATION"

Thou great, unchanged, eternal One
Thou God of Nations, filled with awe,
We thank Thee for the course we run
'Neath Thy unalterable law.

We feel that so far on our way
Thy guiding care had but to bless
A life which ever forward lay
And ever looked to righteousness.

We give Thee songs of praise that
Thou,
Hath so disposed us for our weal,
And all thanksgiving even now
For our unconquerable zeal.

But from this zeal has grown such
might,
With no grave errors to retrieve,
That time may come, may be in sight,
When we the old-time way would
leave,

And reaching out our cleanly hands
Across the seas, across the zones,
Follow the lead of other lands
To spoil the weak, outwit the drones.

And strong, resourceful, fearing naught
From shore to shore our way extend,
Till o'ergrown empire, weak, dis-
traught,
Has but disunion for an end.

Show Thou the fathers' path and lead
Where no world-circling ill beset!
Stay us in every outward greed.
Stay us, great God, ere we regret!
—Chalmers Roberts.

ONLY A DOG.

There are dogs and dogs, and there
exists among these noble animals as
many types and characteristics as
among men.

Every variety of dog has his in-
dividual traits—the bull his gameness,
the greyhound his swiftness, the shep-
herd his watchfulness, the beagle his
scent, the setter, the noblest of all, his
fidelity, loyalty, and keen instinct; as
for the coon dog, let his name be in-
scribed on the roll of fame, for he
can out bark all creation, scratch more,
gulp more, live longer, and die harder,
than any quadruped on this green
earth.

I have, in my time, owned many set-
ters. They were "cracks" in their line,
and were my constant companions.
But the best beloved of them all, Jes-
sie, died in the last hunting season. She
was of a loving nature, and such a
sublimely devoted and household pet that
I shall never forget her to my dying day.
And when the life sands are nearly run
out I shall wish that her shadow ac-
company me in that long journey from
whose "bourne no traveler ever re-
turns."

When Jessie was a little puppy her
education began. When I made my
daily julep, punch, or cocktail, as the
case might be, I would pour a little in
a saucer for Miss Jessie; and by the
time she was full grown she learned
several things. In the evening she
would take her station on the porch,
and when she saw me coming she
would fly to the kitchen and take the
tin bucket by the handle, run to the
cook, who would go to the ice-chest,
put a chunk in the bucket, Miss Jessie
would then carry it up the steps, in a
series of frenzied bounds, and when
she reached the sideboard, would watch
the decoction of the beverage with
shining eyes, and wag her tail for all
she was worth. When she finished her
drink and wanted more, she would
take the saucer between her teeth and
bring it to me.

She knew to the minute the coming
of the postman and newsboys; all
knew her and her ways were a source
of daily amusement to them. Jessie
would meet them and get the docu-
ments and com- flying into the room.
She would never yield the paper to
anybody but myself. The ordinary
mail she gave to any of the household,
and she knew every one by name as
well as I did.

"Take this letter," I would say, "to
Miss Sally," and Jessie was up the
steps in the twinkling of an eye, and
her peculiar scratching on the door
was always an open sesame. On her
return she would distribute the whole
batch of letters, and when there were
none she seemed really put out. She
acted as general messenger, would shut
the door, bring small articles by name
and was so well trained that she never
could be induced to take a mouthful
from any one but myself at meal times.
As the soul of some great artist de-
scended into the idiotic negro, Blind
Tom, so the spirit of some singer must
have entered Jessie's body, for she
tried often to give vent to her feelings
in song—and such singing. To see her
sitting on the top of the piano her
eyes fixed sentimentally upon the cel-
ling, giving vent to the most lugubrious
howls and barks, was a never-to-be-
forgotten sight.

But it was as a field dog that Jessie
shone at her brightest. She knew more
about the ways of the quail than I did.
I soon learned to let her have her own
way. She was the only setter I ever
saw who, when she found a covey in a
dense covert, would back out, and the
sportsman, and by her creeping, stealthy
step let him know that the game was
found, and then slowly but surely lead
him to the right spot. In retrieving
she was perfect, and a winged bird was
her delight. She never let up until she
had it in her mouth. I have seen a
rabbit dart beneath her nose while she
was trailing a crippled quail, but she
never turned her eyes upon him.

One evening I started out for a brief
hunt. It had been raining heavily for
two days and a half. The ground was
spongy, and grass and verdure sur-
charged with moisture. I was walking
along the edge of a corn-field which at
this Christmas-time was nothing but
a mass of bare stalks, with deep gullies

between the rows. Jessie started
through the corn-field and suddenly
came to a dead stand. I was so aston-
ished that I could only stare at her in
amazement, for there was not a vestige
of cover in the corn field. It was as
bare as a billiard-table. As I looked
I saw her sink, lower and lower, to the
ground, and flatten herself until she
looked like a spread-out skin. Not
content with this effort to make herself
small, she crawled along to where there
was a puddle of water, and crouched
down until only her nose and eyes
were visible. Looking up the ridge I
saw a large covey of quail running
down the furrow right into Jessie's
mouth. She was trembling with excite-
ment, but did not move. I stood about
ten yards behind her, as motionless as
a statue. On came the birds until the
foremost one seemed to me to step
on her head; then with a loud whirr
they flushed and made off to the woods,
leaving two of their number, which I
shot, as a tribute to the wisdom or in-
stinct of this matchless dog.

Another time I was hunting on the
same plantation, and was within fifty
yards of the Nottaway River, which at
this point had a steep bluff about sixty
feet high. Jessie was trotting along
a few steps in front, when she stumbled
over an old red fox who was lying low
in the heather. In a second the fox was
flying to the bluff, and at my shout of
"Catch him, Jessie!" she bounded af-
ter him and crowded him so closely
that he could not double, but took a
flying leap over the cliff, and straight
into the air Jessie followed him.

There was a simultaneous splash,
and when I reached the bank and looked
over, I beheld as pretty a combat as
I ever witnessed. The fox fought for
his life, but water was not his element,
and he was soon killed, and Jessie
dragged him ashore. I examined her
carefully, but, beyond a split lip she
was none the worse, while the fox was
badly torn in several places.

Another time I put her to a severe
test. I took her with me to hunt in
Northampton County, North Carolina,
where I had never been before. On the
first day a friend and myself left home
after an early breakfast and rode five
miles, most of the distance through by-
paths in a great swamp. After reach-
ing the hunting-grounds, I wished to
light my pipe, and to my disgust found
that I had left my tobacco-bag at home.
At first I determined to ride back af-
ter it; then a happy thought struck
me, and I wrote a note asking for the
pouch, and that it be sent back by Jes-
sie. Wrapping the note up, I gave it to
Jessie, and told her to carry it back
home. At first she did understand, but
at last by leading her back a hundred
yards or so and waving her in the di-
rection, she caught the cue and went
off on a headlong run.

"You don't expect to see her again,
do you?" inquired my companion.

"I most certainly do," I answered.
We hunted along the field slowly.
About an hour after, Jessie, covered
with mud, dashed up, and in her mouth
was a small bundle, which proved to be
the tobacco-pouch and a note from
Miss U., saying:

"Received your note brought by your
wonderful dog, and send the bag by
the same route."

"Well," said my friend, drawing a
long breath, "I never would have be-
lieved it if I had not seen it with my
own eyes. Jessie may not be as fast
as the telegraph, but she can beat the
railroad out of sight."

Last fall, I went to North Carolina
to shoot, taking Jessie and two other
dogs. After the first day out, which
proved to be a very exhausting day's
work, both for myself and the setters,
Jessie showed signs of dulness, and
seemed to lose, all at once, her dash
and spirit. The next day I chained her
in the stable. On my return, I hur-
ried to let her loose and examine into
her condition. I found to my dismay
that she was a very sick dog; her eyes
were "way back into her head," her
breathing quick, and she would eat
nothing, though I forced some extract
of beef down her throat.

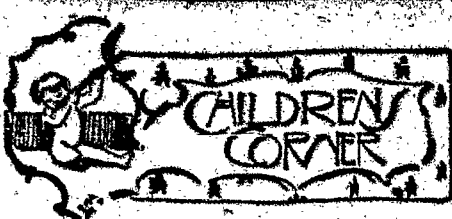
When I mounted my horse the next
morning, Jessie staggered down the
steps, and I got down, petted her, and
told her to lie down on the mat on the
porch. She looked at me with a wis-
tful, longing gaze, that puzzled me, then,
but was made clear afterwards. I
thought she would be all right in a few
days, for she had been seriously sick
several times, and I rode gayly off.
After a splendid day's hunt, my friend
and myself returned home. On reach-
ing the gate, which was an unwieldy
affair, I got down to open it. I had led
the horses through, when to my amaze-
ment I saw a dog crawling towards me.
"Jessie!" I exclaimed. "Can that be
Jessie?"

As I spoke she gave a whine of joy,
and made a staggering run, and fairly
leaped into my outstretched arms.
It was her last effort. She licked my
hand, and with a whimper of content,
her faithful eyes glazed, and I felt her
form shiver, and then she stiffen
in death. With her keen instinct she
knew that death was near, and, nurs-
ing her strength, dragged her dying
form for nearly a mile, to see her mas-
ter before she died.

Is there a man on earth who would
not have dropped a tear over the dead
body of such a faithful love?—Field
and Stream.

Young American, (who has been
hearing to his father about trusts—Pa,
is Santa Claus a millionaire? Father—
No, I guess not. Why do you ask?
Y. A.—Well, I was just thinking he
must either be a millionaire or a trust

Tommy—Am I descended from a
monkey, ma? Mother—I dare say, but
I'm not sure, for I never met any of
your father's people.—(Truth.)



BAMBOOZLING GRANDMA.

"There never was a grandma half so
good!"
He whispered while beside her chair he
stood,
And laid his rosy cheek
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving
mood.

There never was a nicer grandma
born;
I know some little boys must be for-
lorn,
Because they've none like you.
I wonder what I'd do
Without a grandma's kisses night and
morn?"

"There never was a dearer grandma,
there!"
He kissed her and he smoothed her
snow-white hair;
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap,
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old
arm chair.

"When I'm a man what things to you
I'll bring;
A horse and carriage and a watch and
ring.
All grandmas are so nice
(Just here he kissed her twice),
And grandmas give a good boy every-
thing."

Before his dear old grandma could
reply
This boy looked up, and with a roguish
eye,
Then whispered in her ear:
"Say, grandma, have you any more
mince pie?"

THE BOY AND HIS CAP.

Being a Brief Account of a Familiar
Household Incident.

"I can't find my cap anywhere," is a
sentence more or less familiar in the
household, that being what the boy
says, looking for his cap, when he
wants to go out to play. Early in the
search he enlists his mother, and that
may make a serious business of it. She
has to drop her dusting or whatever
household work she may be engaged
in, and the search may take a long
time.

"Where did you put it when you
came in?" is a question sure to be ask-
ed, sooner or later, but all the boy can
answer is:

"I don't know."
And then the search goes on. Every-
where, over and under, in all sorts of
places, all at a great loss of time, if not
of temper. It is found at last, as most
things are, in time, and in some simple
place, which makes the finding of
it all the more exasperating.

The boy takes it and goes out to play
and straightway forgets all about it;
but it may take quite a little time to
restore the normal calm in the house.
It is a mystery how the boy manages
to lose his cap as often as he does, but
it appears to be a boy's way, and com-
mon to almost all.

The Story of a Duck.

Once upon a time there was a little
luck. He did not know much about
the tricks of the world, and he was
very saucy.

His mother wanted him to learn to
say "Quack," but he thought that word
of little account.

One day he said to his mother in a
very saucy tone:

"What is the use to learn to say,
Quack, quack?"

So his mother began to tell him a
story:

"In this very barn was a duck. He
learned to say 'Quack,' and one morn-
ing the fox came peeping around the
farm yard and caught sight of the duck.

He caught it and was about to carry it
away when it cried, as loud as it could,
'Quack, quack!' and Ben, the farm boy,
heard it and saved it."

The little duck ever afterward said
"Quack!"

An Honest King.

King Frederick VI. of Denmark,
while traveling through Jutland, one
day entered a village school and found
the children lively and intelligent and
quite ready to answer his questions.

"Well, youngsters," he said, "what
are the names of the greatest Kings of
Denmark?"

With one accord they cried out: "Ca-
nut the Great, Waldemar and Chris-
tian V."

Just then a little girl, to whom the
schoolmaster had whispered something,
stood up and raised her hand.

"Do you know another?" asked the
King.

"Yes—Frederick VI!"
"What great act did he perform?"
The girl hung her head and stam-
mered out: "I don't know."

"Be comforted, my child," said the
King: "I don't know either."

The Street Cars of Manila.

All the street cars in the city of Ma-
nila were made in America. The open
cars are 13 feet 6 inches long over
dashers and have a seating capacity of
twenty passengers. These cars are
drawn by Philippine horses, which are
about the size of a Newfoundland dog,
and it was, therefore, necessary to
make them extremely light and at the
same time of the required strength.
The street railway company is known
as the Transvia de Filipinas.

Don't forget that an ounce of silence
is better than a pound of explanation.

MAKING A LAZY FISH WORK.

Manner in Which the Chinese Make Use
of the Remora.

Most voyagers in tropical seas are
acquainted with the remora, which is
known generally by the trivial name of
the sucker. The distinguishing char-
acteristic of this fish is laziness. Un-
willing to exert itself overmuch in the
pursuit of food, it has developed an ar-
rangement on the back of its head ex-
actly like the corrugated sole of a ten-
nis shoe, and as artificial in appearance
as if made and fitted by the hand of
man.

When the sucker finds itself in the vi-
cinity of any large floating body, such
as a ship, a shark or a piece of drift-
wood, whose neighborhood seems to promise
an abundance of food, it attaches itself
thereto by means of this curious con-
trivance, which permits it to eat,
breathe and perform all necessary func-
tions while being carried about without
any exertion on its part. It can attach
and detach itself instantaneously, and
holds so firmly that a direct backward
pull cannot dislodge it without injury
to the fish.

Several good sized specimens of the
fish having been caught, the Chinese
fishermen fit small iron rings to their
tails, to which he attaches long, slen-
der, but very stout lines. Thus equip-
ped the fisherman sets out, and when
a basking turtle is seen two or three
of the suckers are put aboard. Should
they turn and stick to the bot-
tom of the raft they are carefully de-
tached and by being pushed forward
with the inevitable bamboo, are start-
ed on the search again. At last they
attach themselves to the upine turtle.
Then the fisherman hauls in the lines,
against which gentle evasion the hap-
less Chelon struggles in vain. Once
on board the raft the useful remora is
detached and is at once ready for use
again.

Origin of Blind Man's Buff.

This favorite sport of childhood and
youth is of French origin and very high
antiquity, having been introduced into
England in the train of the Norman
conquerors. Its French name, "Colin
Maillard," was that of a brave warrior
the memory of whose exploits still live
in the chronicles of the middle ages.

In the year 999, Liege reckoned
among its valiant chiefs, one Jean
Colin. He acquired the name Maillard
from his chosen weapons being a mallet,
wherein in fight he used literally
to crush his opponents. In one of the
fouls which were of perpetual recur-
rence in those times he, encountered
the Count de Louvain in a pitched bat-
tle, and so runs the story, in the first
onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes.
He ordered his esquire to take him in-
to the thickest of the fight, and, fur-
iously brandishing his mallet, did such
fearful execution that victory soon de-
clared itself for him.

When Robert of France, heard of
these feats of arms he lavished favors
and honors upon Colin, and so great
was the fame of the exploit that it was
commemorated in the pantomimic
representations that formed part of the
rude dramatic performances of the age.
By degrees the children learned to ac-
t for themselves, and it took the form
of the familiar sport.

The blindfolded pursuer, as with
bandaged eyes and extended hands, he
grope for a victim to pounce upon,
seems in some degree to repeat the ac-
tion of Colin Maillard, the tradition of
which is also traceable in the name—
blind man's buff.

To Hypnotize a Chicken.

There are many interesting tricks
children can do with little trouble and
expense. They are really applications
of scientific principles; but when prop-
erly done look like magic.

For the first thing they might hypo-
tize a chicken. To do this have a dark
table and draw a white chalk line
across it, beginning from directly un-



HYPNOTIZING A CHICKEN.

Under the bill of the chicken, whose beak
should be held down to the table so
that it must look at the line. A rooster
will become senseless and nerveless by
the time the line is two feet long, and
remain with his beak glued to the line
sometimes over a minute—and that
seems long.

Excuses for Baby.

Teasing Friend—What makes that
new baby at your house cry so much?

Tommy (indignantly)—It don't cry
so very much, and anyway, if all you
teeth were out, and your hair off, and
your legs so weak you couldn't stand
on them, I fancy you'd feel like crying
yourself!

Where Babies Can Swim.

The Sandwich Islanders are so fond
of the sea that they actually teach their
children to swim long before they are
able to walk.

The thickest miles play games in wa-
ter well out of their depth.

Crown Prince of Spain.

The Crown Prince of Spain is among
the boy authors of the world. He has
written several stories for English chil-
dren's magazines, and can write fluently
in three European languages.

Ants That Commit Suicide.

Fire will frighten almost any crea-
ture, but it has no terror for the drive-
ant, which will dash at a glowing coal
as its jaws in the burning mass and
shrivel up in the heat.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding
Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Fairport.
Last Friday evening the newly elected al-
ficers of the L. C. M. A. were installed,
after which supper was served to the mem-
bers and their invited friends. The evening
was spent in dancing and card playing, and
all report a pleasant time.

Mrs. O'Neil, who has been quite ill at her
home on John street, is improving.
The Misses Whalen of Rochester spent
Sunday with their mother, the Misses
Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell are both quite
ill.

Harry Miller left Friday night for Bal-
timore. He has enlisted in the Sixth Battery,
Heavy Artillery, and will be stationed at
Fort McHenry.

Four deaths have occurred in Fairport
within the last two days.
Thomas McCarthy left Sunday for Bos-
ton.

Ovid.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Hanlon of Ovid
are visiting at the home of Mr. Margaret
Wood.

Barnard McGeehan is confined to the house
by sickness.

Mrs. Katherine Boyle has been the guest
of her daughter, Mrs. Michael Casey, in
Ithaca.

Preparation for a five days' bazaar to be
opened in Columbus hall Wednesday even-
ing, Feb. 8, are in progress. A committee
composed of Ovid and William people has
been detailed to look after all the features,
which will make the fair a success. A play
by local talent will be given each evening of
the fair. The services of Miss Katherine
Burns, the noted elocutionist of Rochester,
have also been secured for two evenings. At
the two year place the parishioners of Holy
Cross church have been called upon to sup-
port a play of this kind it is hoped that
they will make their effort in understanding
to make this fair a most successful and
pleasant one. The decorations will be in
good taste, and a large attendance is looked
for.

Brookport.

Mrs. L. P. Pease has been visiting her sis-
ter in Rochester the past week.

Garrett Burns of Charlotte, who has been
visiting his sister, Mrs. Lockwood, has re-
turned home.

A. C. Madden, who has been confined to
the house for four weeks, is able to be
among us again.

James McGeehan of Spencerport called on
Brookport friends Monday.

Mrs. Doyle of Macedon street is very ill
with typhoid pneumonia.

Grp is very prevalent here; many suffer-
ing from it severely.

Dr. Davis was called to Macedon, N. Y.,
by the serious illness of his mother.

Miss Hattie Leary is quite recovered from
her illness.

Miss Margaret Harrison is suffering with
fever at present.

Richard Farmer of Holley was here Sat-
urday.

Edward Raleigh, corporal of Company J,
U. S. regulars of Rochester, who is to
go to Manila, is home on a ten day
leave. His many friends were very glad to
see him.

Samuel Falls.

T. B. Ryan left Tuesday for an eastern
business trip.

Mrs. John J. McKenna of Garden street
is recovering from a serious attack of pneu-
monia.

Miss Mary E. Crelly left last week for
an extended visit with relatives in Bloom-
field, N. Y.

Edward P. Mackin, who has been im-
ployed in New York city, has returned home.

The officers of the C. M. & M. A. were in-
stalled Friday evening by Supreme Master
John M. Mackin.

Miss Jessie Nugent left Sunday evening
for Chilton Springs, where she has secured
a position.

Miss Smith visited Auburn friends Sat-
urday.

James Sullivan spent Sunday in Auburn.

The announcement of the marriage of
Miss Margaret Dolan and Thomas Dolan
was made Sunday in St. Patrick's church.

The Crescent Social club held the series
of card parties Thursday evening.

Geneva.

Thomas Conhouse died at the City Hospital
at 7:30 o'clock on Friday morning aged 25
years. Some eight years ago the boy who
lived with his parents on a farm near
Geneva, was stricken with a hip disease.
Medical treatment failed to relieve him, and
it was thought that he would be a cripple
for life. An operation by Dr. Conhouse
proved entirely successful, however, and he
had apparently recovered. A short time
after the disease returned. At the Geneva
Hospital, Dr. Jones of Rochester, operated upon the boy
Wednesday. The operation was successful,
but on Thursday he began to fail and
rapidly until death came to his relief Friday
day. The funeral was held from St. Patrick's
Church at 9 o'clock Monday morning.

The new addition to the St. Francis
School is rapidly nearing completion,
and will be ready for the children before the
spring. Four large rooms have been ad-
ded which will allow each grade to have a
room. The addition is much needed, as
the pupils have been crowded for several
years.

The Imperial club gave a reception and
dinner at the Knights of Columbus hall
Tuesday evening. The club is composed of
young men who are graduates of the
Imperial College, and who are now at the
Imperial Temple Block, and who are now
test runners in the town.

(Continued on its page.)

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Will cure a Cough or Cold in
the Throat. It positively relieves all
Small Coughs. Price 25 cents per bottle.