DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

(Continued from 7thpage.)

OUR AGENT

Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Auburn, Seneca Falls, Waterloo, Geneva and Ovid.

Hornellsville.

Died, at her home on Elizabeth street Saturday morning after a long illness, Mrs. H. Haggerty. The funeral was held from St. Ann's church Monday morning and was largely attended.

Married, at the Immaculate Conception church, Wellsville, N. Y., Wednesday morning, Mr. William Tolan of this city and Miss Kathryn Lenihan of Wellsville. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents from 6 to 11 p. m., a large number attending from this city.

Married, at St. Ann's church Monday, a. m., at 9 o'clock. Miss Mary Catherine Carey of this city, and Mr. John Walsh of Seattle, Washington. The bride was attended by Miss Catherine Lanning of Salamanca, Mr. Steven Carey, a brother of the bride acted as groomsman.

Mrs. James M. Welsh, visited Miss Harden, of Rexville during the week.

Married, at St. Ann's church Wednesday morning, Miss Nellie Giles and Patrick J. Mahoney. Also Miss Mary Quain and Joseph Coons all of this city

Mr. John Harden of Rexville, spent the past week in this city.

Elmira.

Attorney John J. Hassett returned Saturday evening from a business trip to Rochester.

The annual commencement exercises of St. Patrick's school will occur at St. James' hall, Thursday evening, June 20th. The class of '99 number twenty-five. Admission will be by card.

The annual commencement exercises of St. Joseph's school, are announced to take place Wednesday evening, June 21st, in the auditorium of the school.

Miss Rosella Doherty of this city, will graduate from the Philadelphia Training school for Nurses, in that city, June 20th.

Mr. Florence Sullivan, Sr., who sailed for Europe last week, to meet his daughter Bessie, has cabled his safe arrival.

Announcement was made Sunday last, of the engagement of Miss Mame Reidy and Mr. Albert Brown. The wedding will occur at St. John's church late this month.

Announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Miss Josephine Foley of Corning, and Mr. Thomas F. Birmingham of this city. The nuptials will occur at St. Mary's church, Corning, Wednesday, June 28th.

The Young Ladies' Sodality of SS. Peter and Paul's church, will hold a lawn festival Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 19th and 20th. An orchestra will be in attendance.

At the 44th annual commencement of Elmira College last week, Misses Katherine Mary Sullivan and Amelia Grace Gartland, of this city, were members of the class of '99. Both young ladies graduated with honors, and Miss Sullivan was president of the class.

On Thursday morning, June 22nd, at 10 o'clock, occurs the annual commencement exercises of the Elmira Free Academy, at the Lyceum Theatre

Mrs. Charles W. Geer, of Philadelphia, visited friends in Elmira during the past week.

The choir of St. John's church enjoyed a trolley party over the West Side and E. & H. lines Friday evening. Two beautifully illuminated cars carried the party.

Dr. Walter C. Byrne who has been critically ill, is now reported as out of danger.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McCarthy have returned from their wedding tour, and are pleasantly located in their new home on Dewitt Avenue.

Miss Katherine Lonergan of Lake street, will be one of the bridesmaids at the Clark-Coyle wedding in Binghamton next Tuesday.

Mrs. Catherine Barry, widow of the late Robert Barry, died at the family residence on East Church street, Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Two children, Catherine and Robert, both of Elmira, survive. The funeral was held Wednesday morning, from SS. Peter and Paul's cemetery.

The justly celebrated Alliance Band of Corning, gave two delightful concerts at Eldridge Park last Saturday afternoon and evening. On Sunday this popular resort was thronged with people, the park superintendent estimating the crowd at 20,000 people. The formal opening occurred Monday, and a splendid vaudeville programme was the attraction. It is the intention of the managers to present nothing but high-class attractions at the park this season. Elmira has cause to rejoice in her possession of one of the finest parks in the state, and judging from the enormous crowds which gather there daily, our people are not slow to appreciate this fact.

Invitations have been received in Elmira, for the wedding of Miss Helena Belle Clark and Mr. Edward Coyle, the ceremony to occur in St. Mary's church Binghamton, Tuesday morning June 20th, at 10:30 o'clock. Both people enjoy an extended acquaintance in this city, where they have frequently visited.

Mrs. John F. Campbell and children, who have been spending the past two months at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Day, of West Fourth street, returned to their home in Ohio Monday evening. Mr. O'Day accompanied his daughter home.

Last Thursday, week, Rev. Father Long of SS. Peter and Paul's was the celebrant of a quiet wedding, the interested ones being Miss Mary Fitzgerald, of this city, and William J. Ryan of Canton, Pa.

Ithaca.

Last Sunday at the 9.15 mass a class of about sixty children received their first holy communion, in order not to keep them fasting too long. Rev. Father Kelly addressed only a few words of advice to them. After vespers in the afternoon they renewed their baptismal vows.

The banns of marriage were announced last Sunday between Joseph Stoddard and Miss Ella Meade.

Thursday morning at 11 o'clock the Immaculate Conception church was the scene of a pretty wedding, when Frank Higgins and Miss Mary Fallon were married. Both are popular young people of this parish and have a large number of warm friends.

Thursday afternoon at the rectory, George Pickering and Miss Minnie Stevens were joined in matrimony. They received the congratulations of their friends afterwards at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Emil Kohm.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Milmoe of Canastota, N. Y., on June 6th, a daughter Mrs. Milmoe was formerly Miss Margaret Mooney of this city.

Dr. O'Brien of Auburn, was visiting friends here last week.

John Herson, one of New York's "finest," is the guest of Philip Ford.

Shortsville

Miss Kate Russell of New York city, is visiting her parents.

Mrs Kinsella who has been quite ill is able to be around again.

Mrs. M. McMahon of Clifton Springs, was the guest of friends here the latter part of last week.

The C. M. B. A. Society will hold a party at the Harlow opera house next Thursday evening, June 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Carney Mr. Hamilton and Mr. P. O'Brien attended the ordination of Father McCrone at Rochester last week.

Lima.

F. J. Bullock and Ada Stangland of this place, were married here recently.

Lawrence Walsh of Fairport, is spending a few weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Silas Sylvester.

The children of St. Rose's school are trying Regent's examination at the Seminary this week.

Dennis O'Meara of this place will be ordained a priest at Cincinnati, Ohio, Saturday, June 17.

When you are in need of job printing of any description, kindly leave your order at the CATHOLIC JOURNAL office, 324½ East Main street.

Tame Butterflies for Pets.

Women have had all kinds of pets from time immemorial, but perhaps the strangest of all fancies in this direction is the latest news which comes to us from Paris, that two ladies have succeeded in taming dozens of butterflies. These little insects eat from their mistresses' hands, alight on them and show no fear of any kind. They are certainly pretty pets, and well become the airy, fluttering sweetness of the typical woman's nature. The summer girl, during the dull days of the week, from Monday morning until Saturday noon, may in this new fad find a means of diversion, taming her butterflies in preparation to a series of fetching poses, with which to captivate susceptible man upon his arrival at the summer hotel for Sunday.

Merry Little Maidens.

The small boy has luxuriated for several seasons in tiny overalls made out of jeans and has been allowed to get just as dirty as he pleased, until play time was over and he must return to his good clothes. But until this season his small sister has retained her frills, and consequently has been warned to keep clean. Now a change has come for her, and when she emerges in her jeans nobody can tell if it is she or her brother, for they are to be in dac-simile of his. She has also adopted his pajamas, and in the shops fully as many of the over-alls and the pajamas are sold for the wee lassies as for the lads. They are quaint figures in overalls, these small people and they do enjoy the pleasure of getting soiled. And after a bath they look wholesome and dainty as ever, and come back to us little men and maidens once more.

THOUGHT HE WAS MEANT.

But His Insulter Was Only Talking Through a Telephone.

The train was late that night, and Atlanta seemed a long way from the south Georgia town in which I was to catch the early train and so I curled up on the bench in the little waiting room and went to sleep. Voices awakened me after a while. Then I found that some of the men form the village had come in to spend a sociable evening around the stove. A big, broad, red haired young man had the floor, and was giving his experience which, as I judged, had recently befallen him.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "when I was in Atlanty t'other week I jest thought I'd take in the town, so I went into one of them big, tall buildings that reaches most to the sky to get a good sight of the whole thing at once. Jest as I walked into an office to look out of the window I heerd a bell go ting-a-ling-ling and a man's voice say, "Hullo."

"I looked all around, but didn't see anybody, so I ain't saying nothing. The voice again say 'Hullo!' This time I answers 'Hullo!"

"'Who is it?' the voice say. 'Abe Turnispeed,' I says. Then he tells me, 'Speak a little louder, I can't hear.' I noticed the voice seemed to come from a little closet in one corner of the room. I yelled out loud, 'Abe Turnispeed!'

"It was quiet a few seconds then, 'Yes, you owe me five dollars.'

"I was surprised but I only yelled back; 'I don't no sich thing.'

"'No!' said I, as loud as I could holler.

"'You don't say!'

"'Yes, I do say, and what's more I'll pay it, if you don't shet up,' I yelled.

"'I would like to see you,' the voice answered.

"By that time I was mad, so I called at the top of my voice, 'Well, jest walk out and take a look at me, you idiot!'

"'So you will settle with me, will you?' he asked.

"My, I was mad! 'Yes, I'll settle with you!' I says. And with that I jerked that door open, and there stood a man with something up to his ear, an ear trumpet, I reckon. I jest grabbed that man out there and kicked him clean to the other side of the room. You oughter heard him! 'P'lice! Murder, Murder!' he howls. A lot of men rushed in and grabbed me.

"Turn me loose,' I says. 'There's your crazy man.' But they 'peared to be friends of his'n, and hustled me out into that alligator thing that runs up and down the buildin', and 'fore I knowed it I was at the bottom, and a policeman took me off before I could say a word.

"They kept me locked up all night. Next day that man come, with his head all tied up, and told the jedge that he was jest a-talking to a friend (blamed if I could see any friend), and that jedge made me plank down I kinder felt the town did me."

An Anti-Expansionist.

The Doctor—Let the little fellow yell if he wants to. Crying causes a baby's lungs to expand.

The Father—Then, by gum, I'm an anti-expansionist.—Chicago News.

It Reconciled Him.

He had been goaded to an act of madness. He had killed a neighbor who sat on the fence and jeered at him.

Now he must die.

As they hurried him to the scaffold he suddenly paused.

"Hark!" he whispered.

They all listened.

"Is it the tune your mother sang to you when a prattling babe?" murmured the tender hearted warden.

"No," replied the condemned man harshly. "Listen again."

Then they all heard it.

It was the mournful creak of an unoiled lawn mower!

A look of resignation rested on the face of the doomed man.

"Now I'm ready to die," he said. "Lead on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wonderful Invention.

Inventor—I've hit a money-making thing at last. The preachers will go wild over it, and it will sell like hot cakes. It's a church contribution box.

Friend—What good is that?

Inventor—It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and half crowns, shillings and sixpences land on velvet; but the pennies and halfpennies drop on to a Chinese gong.—Tit Bits.

THE MOB OF BLOTS.

"I wish you'd be more careful, dear,"
Euphemia heard her mother say;
"I put a nice clean blotter here
Day before yesterday."

Euphemia was a naughty child;
She saw the blots, she tossed her head;
And then she actually smiled,
And this is what she said:

"The blotter's there for folks to blot;
I haven't stained the desk at all!
And each one's such a little spot—
You see they're very small!"

That night Eupemia dreamed a dream;
She wandered through secluded spots,
And there her mother heard her scream),
She met a Mob of Blots.

They grinned, they leered, they winked
[illegible] smiled.
The tallest of them wagged his ears,
And said "Just look at that small child!
She made you all, my dears!"

This was too much, and with a scream
she woke. For days she never smiled.
[illegible] the dreaming of that dream,
[illegible] is the neatest child.

—Margaret Vandegrift in St. Nicholas.

THE DOCTOR'S LANCET.

Ten years ago I was practicing as a doctor in one of our principal cities, if I may call it practicing when I virtually had no practice, for the few patients I had managed to obtain during the twelve months I had lived there were mostly of the non paying kind, and had it not been for a certain property with pen and pencil, whereby I was enabled to make enough to keep myself, I am afraid that on the extremely small and precarious income which the exercise of my profession brought me in I should long ago have gone down to the proverbial straw.

For a moderate sum I had been able to rent two rooms in an old tumbledown mansion, for the very good reason that half the rooms in the house were invariably empty from some cause or other, and the landlord was glad to let any of them for almost any sum. The house was built with two wings, in one of which were my rooms, to which there was a corresponding set in the other, with the porter's lodge between. It is necessary to state this on account of what afterward happened.

The end of the summer had seen me prostrated with a severe illness, from which I had only recently begun to recover, and even now, in the chill October days, I was still feeling the effects of it. One evening—shall I forget it, I wonder? I was sitting in my room, which was a large one, thinking gloomily of the past, of the little success I had achieved, and of the still gloomier prospect of but scant pleasure to follow

Thus reviewing past events, it was a curious coincidence which led me to dwell longer than usual on one which had taken place some months before; one trivial in itself for it was only a quarrel with a neighbor; disagreeable, no doubt, but not worthy of much consideration, and yet to-night I could not get it out of my head Plunged in these melancholy thoughts, I was suddenly aroused by a tapping at the door. Wondering who it could be, I made haste to light my lamp, but while groping for the matches the tapping was repeated more loudly, and I hastened to open the door in the dark.

"Who's there?" I asked, seeing no one in the darkness.

"It is I," said a voice. "You will be surprised to see me"

I started back "Mr. Gerarde!" I exclaimed for I recognized his voice.

Here was the very man I had just been thinking of There was something uncanny in his appearance just now, whence I knew not, and I confess it startled me; nor was I at all pleased by it. Though at one time I had seen a good deal of him, I had never liked him, and I could not imagine his object in coming to me now.

"You want to see me, Mr Gerarde" I said.

"Let us have a light," he said, "and I will explain"

I asked him to come in, and, shutting the door, struck a light and lit my lamp Gerarde flung himself into a chair, and threw off his cloak, which was saturated with the rain The man's appearance gave me a shock, it was so altered from when I had last seen him. He was thinner and paler, his eyes were rimmed and sunken, and a slight baldness had increased so much that his forehead seemed to have doubled in height. The little hair he had was cropped close to his head, and his beard and mustache were shaved off.

"You would hardly have known me if you had met me anywhere?" he said, seeing that I was observing him. He passed his hand over his forehead and added, abruptly, "We parted on bad terms the last time I saw you."

"Yes," I answered.

"You must not think anything more of that. I have no heart left to rake old quarrels now. I come to you to ask a shelter for the night, because I have not a friend left to go to. I am very different from the man you knew once, Maitland. I have had a run of bad luck for a long time; not only in play—for I never was a thorough gambler—but in everything. I am a ruined man; ruined in purse and ruined in health and spirit, or I should not have come to ask shelter of you. You remember Lucie?"

"Your dear wife?"

"Aye, you might call her so," he continued. "Never did man love a wife more tenderly, or treat one with more kindness, while he had the means."

He paused for a moment; then, as if he had forgotten what he was about to say, applied his hand to his forehead again, and sat thus for a few seconds looking down.

"You seem in trouble?" I said, as soothingly as I could.

"Yes," he answered; "things were desperate enough before the crowning misfortune came. People will say it is my own fault. Perhaps it is. Ah, well!"

His tone and manner were so utterly abject that I could not help pitying him. "Come," I said, "let us not look at troubles till we are half blinded. Put them away to-night, and to-morrow you will see your way the clearer. Let us make a fire and be cheerful this stormy weather."

"I am as wet and cold as a dog's nose," said he, spreading his hands over the fire.

"You have been in the country?" I remarked, seeing some clay upon his boots.

"I arrived here this afternoon from ——, and have been walking about the muddy streets ever since, but to no purpose. I thought I had a friend or two here, but I find I have not. It is my own fault. I chose my own acquaintances, and might have known what they would be to me when such a crisis as this should arrive."

Several times I tried to divert our conversation into more cheerful channels, but he invariably returned to the same subject, and at length I let him speak on without interrupting him. After a while his anger seemed to have spent itself, and he lapsed into a moody silence.

"I am poor, Gerarde," said I, pulling out my purse; "but——"

"No," said he, stopping me; "it is not money I want. Only give me shelter for to-night, and I will never trouble you any more. That is all you or any man can do for me now."

His head sank on his breast, and he seemed lost in thought. As I watched him, the light from the lamp playing on his features, a strange feeling of dread came over me. I began to repent ever having admitted him, and again the recollection of our last meeting came to me; the words he had used, and how I had, in my passion, threatened him in a public room. Wilder thoughts than any I had had before followed each other swiftly through my mind like the blood globules in my veins. Gradually I began to feel drowsy, but I resisted the feeling as long as I could, for I had a kind of fear of falling asleep while he sat there. But insensibly, against my will, sleep seized upon me, and I sank into unconsciousness.

I must have slept for several hours, for I awoke with a start, and with a sensation of chillness, to find the fire out and the lamp extinguished. By the faint light from the window I could see the face of Gerarde staring intently at me from the opposite side of the table. His arms were lying on the table, and his chin resting upon them; his eyes were almost on a level with mine as I sat in the low chair. I startled up.

"What!" I exclaimed, "sitting awake without any fire or light?"

He did not answer, but kept the same position, his eyes staring into mine.

Striking a match, I endeavored to relight the lamp, but want of oil had caused it to go out, and it would not ignite. Again I called to Gerarde, but got no answer. With a dread of going nearer to him, I stood undecided. "He is in a fit, perhaps; I may have to bleed him," and I began to grope for my lancets. Then suddenly I remembered I had left them on the table before Gerarde's arrival.

Then at Gerarde's continued silence there came a conviction that he had destroyed himself. I hastened to arouse the porter, but suddenly the idea that I might be accused of murder occurred to me, and I hesitated. Weakened by illness and depressed by previous excitement, the idea recurred to me again and again, and I could not shake it off Too well I now remembered the unlucky circumstance of my having threatened him with vengeance in the presence of others, and I knew how such a piece of evidence could be used against me.

I approached the table again. There was just sufficient light to distinguish an object, and I immediately saw that my suspicions were correct. Gerarde had used one of my lancets to inflict a deep wound in the side of his neck, and his arms sinking on the table, his chin had dropped upon them in the attitude in which I had seen him when I awoke. He was quite dead; in fact, by feeling his hands and face, I concluded he had been lifeless at least two hours.

In this terrible situation, the danger which threatened me presented itself so vividly that I became half paralyzed. The previous quarrel—the instrument being mine the wound being of an unusual kind, and such a one as would be likely to be inflicted by one acquainted with surgery—all this seemed to me in my excited state to be evidence enough to hang me. More than that, I felt blood on me from the wound, and found my cuffs wet with it, and traces of it on other parts of my clothes

In the state of almost frenzy which possessed me, I determined to fly at once, and to get out of the country as quickly as possible. Perhaps I could manage to get to England, where, under an assumed name, I might be safe.

But just at that moment, to my horror, I saw a figure at the window which opened on to the leads of the porter's roof. I looked again, but could not be mistaken; the outline of a man was clearly visible against the sky. To my trembling fancy, he seemed to be looking in to see what I was doing, and every now and then moved from one side to another, as if to see what I was trying to conceal. I suspected it was Mr. Taine, my neighbor, from the opposite wing, but could not imagine what he could want with me at that hour, nor could I tell how long he had been there, or what he might have seen.

I was the more resolved to fly now, and soon, to my relief, I saw the figure vanish, after tapping at the pane several times. But he might have gone to give an alarm, and I hesitated no longer. Pulling down the blind, I changed my coat, and, carefully collecting my scanty stock of money, I closed and locked the door, and went down stairs, calling out as I did so, in an assumed voice, to the porter, to pull the string of the gate, which was the usual method adopted by any of us, who wished to go out late. The clocks were striking three as I passed swiftly down the streets. To an officer who asked me where I was going, I answered that I was a surgeon, and had been summoned to attend a patient.

For two days and nights I tramped along, avoiding the high roads, and sheltering only at the most out-of-the-way villages. It was not until the third evening that I ventured to rest in a small hotel. Timidly I asked for the latest paper, and one of the first things that caught my eye was a paragraph headed:

Suicide and Mysterious Disappearance.—On Friday last the porter of No. 7 Blank street knocked as usual at the door of a lodger, Mr. Maitland, but was surprised to find that he had not yet risen, though it was midday Becoming alarmed, the door was forced open, and the dead body of a stranger was discovered. Death was evidently caused by a wound in the neck, and a lancet, covered with blood, was found on the table. An examination was at once made by the police, and it was discovered that the deceased's name was Gerarde. There were no traces of a struggle, but suspicion was at once directed to Mr. Maitland, who had disappeared. The porter remembered the deceased's inquiry for Mr. Maitland on the preceding evening, and, at a late hour, letting out some one whom he supposed to be the same person, but who is now imagined to have been Mr. Maitland. Mr. Taine, a lodger in the opposite wing of the house, stated that after midnight he crossed the leads to Mr. Maitland's room for the purpose of asking his assistance for his daughter, who was ill, but that the room was in darkness, and he could see no one. After tapping at the window and receiving no answer, he returned to his own room, thinking that Mr. Maitland was away. This was at half past two in the morning.

And further down:

At the moment of going to press we learn that the apparent mystery has been solved by the discovery that Mr. Gerarde committed suicide. He had previously written to a friend informing him of this intention to do so, and it is supposed that losses at the gaming table, and the dread of apprehension by the police for a forgery, led him to commit the deed. The reason of Mr. Maitland's disappearance, is, however, still a mystery.

Thank Heaven, it was not enveloped in mystery long; for, with my heart lightened of its awful burden, I returned at once and made my statement. But as soon as possible I found new quarters, for I felt I could never again eat, drink or sleep in that terrible room.

Oil in Warfare.

In an article in the Atlantic, Joseph A. Brent points out the great advantages with which oil might be used in warfare. He says:

Let us consider, for example, a plan for the defense of the Mississippi river. The Eads jetties have for a considerable distance narrowed the width of the channel at its mouth to abut 400 feet, and inflammable oil, pumped or discharged from remote points, could easily be made available, even at the moment of attack, to sheet with oil the surface of the narrow channel, ready to be ignited when desirable, and to be carried forward by the current against any approaching hostile ship. From New Orleans to its mouth the river varies in width 1,000 yards, more or less. At selected points remote from attack, when a hostile fleet would seek to ascend the river, from either bank could be discharged inflammable oil in ample quantity, ready, at the touch of an electric button, to burst into flames and be carried by the current against the enemy.

It would be impossible to ascend the river under these circumstances. What width of channel could be protected by fire defense cannot be stated with accuracy, as no exact data are available; but the capability of pumps is great and the oil supply ample, so that many points beside the Mississippi river could be barred by flames against ships. Most rivers could be, and also those ports where narrow and winding channels are the only means of entrance. Numerous ports and rivers, at home and abroad, could be indicated. The approaches to Constantinople and the Suez canal might, amongst others, be barred by flames. It is probable that, at the trifling cost of a connection with the oil pipe lines, many of the channels leading into New York could be so barred, especially those entering by East river. There is now a width of only 1,000 feet at low water below the Narrows to deep water beyond the bars. The winding channels at Galveston and in Detroit river possibly could be thus defended, and many others beside.

Running and Hurdling.

When you read about the "track athletic teams" of the different colleges, you know that the runners, hurdlers, jumpers, bicycle riders and shot and hammer throwers are all included under this general head. As the running is really the most important part of the sports, the track, or cinderpath, has given the name to the lot. "Track athletics" should be most interesting to boys, more so than rowing or football. There is no such special build or strength required to become prominent in these contests as in oar or football, and any boy with average health and strength has a good chance of winning medals, if he is willing to work and keep at it.

The greatest runners have been of all shapes and sizes, and there is no rule whatever about height or weight. As a rule, small men without much muscle, have proved the fastest runners for what are called middle and long distances, and among the champion sprinters you can find every weight and degree of strength. The qualities needed are a good sound heart and lungs, a fairly strong body without much extra flesh, and plenty of endurance and patience. Of course, in sprinting, quickness and nervous force are needed as well. Running is growing more popular among schoolboys all the time, because only these average qualities are demanded, and the Interscholastic League in New York makes records which many college teams would consider creditable. —Ralph D. Paine in Godey's.

London's Latest Magazine.

"Miranda" writes in the Ladies' Pictorial: I had fondly hoped that the feminine mind of to-day was equal to any tax upon it; but I confess that I am brought to a mental standstill by a contemplation of the newest thing in periodicals—the wonderful Yellow Book—a veritable "yellow aster" of literature. The cover alone, with its horrible grinning woman and sadly cynical man in masks, and its unearthly candle, with weirdly gyrating flame, made me gasp, and by the time I had reached Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's "L'Education Sentimentale" I was choking. My brain reels; my hair is impaled in Ophelian fashion with three quill pens, and I feel that I dare not attempt to criticise this marvellous production. Blind with excess of light, I humbly bow my head and admit that no woman could have produced the Yellow Book. It must have demanded a courage which none but men could display, and I trust that such hardihood will meet with the amount of success which it deserves.

Paper Yarn.

Paper yarn is now being substituted for other cheap stock in carpets, and is said to be superior to the shoddy and mungo, both in cost and strength. Of course the paper is used only in the body and on the under side of the texture and not on the upper surface. It is said that 50 per cent. of a carpet may be made of paper. About a one dollar carpeting it.—Lowell Times.