

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondent.

OUR AGENT

Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Aurora, Union Springs, Merrifield, Aurora, Sherwood, Scipio, Poplar Ridge, Ledyard, Kings Ferry, Genoa, Five Corners, Groton and Moravia.

ELIMIA.

Miss Franco Roman of East Water street is spending some time in Buffalo.

Mrs. C. Charles Sullivan has been visiting Corning relatives during the week.

Miss Elizabeth Gartland of Buffalo, is visiting at her mother's home on Madison avenue.

Miss Letitia Hogan sang in Addison Sunday evening, on the occasion of the bi-centennial sermon to the high school graduates, preached by Rev. Father Darcy.

In respect to the memory of Miss Rosemarie Sullivan, no public commemorative exercises will be held at the Academy of Our Lady of Angels this year.

Commencing next Sunday high mass will be discontinued at St. Peter and Paul's church until cooler weather. The low masses will be at 8, 9.15 (children's) and 10.30 o'clock.

The lawn festival given Monday and Tuesday evenings, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Society of St. Peter and Paul's church was a gratifying success. The spacious grounds of the parochial school were gaily illuminated with brightly colored lanterns, and laces and cooling drinks were served by the young ladies. Music was present and furnished inspiring music. A nice sum was realized by the society.

Miss Helen Ryan of Maple Avenue, attended the Galway-Sudley wedding in Cleveland, O., last week, and the newspapers of that city speak in flattering terms of Miss Ryan's splendid contralto voice, which was heard on that occasion.

Mrs. Joseph Schnell and Mrs. A. E. Robbins of Binghamton, were entertained by Mrs. and Mrs. E. M. Tierney at the Hotel Mathison last Sunday.

Henry, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Reidy of Roe Avenue, who died last Friday, was buried in St. Peter and Paul's cemetery Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The annual commencement exercises of St. Patrick's school occurred at St. James Hall Tuesday evening, and the spacious auditorium was filled to overflowing by hundreds of the laity. The exercises were in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, who of great merit and the students enjoyed the result of weeks of careful training. The graduating class was made up of the following: John Ervin, (Salutatorian); James Hennessy, Clarence Daley, Charles Murphy, James Sullivan, John J. Manly, Charles Geary, John Herschickel, Thomas Holleran, Helen R. Flanagan (valedictorian); Anna Danaher, Margaret Brown, Alice Shanahan, Helen Leyden, M. Florence Harriet, Katherine Mary, E. J. Sullivan, Mary Murphy, Irene Feen, Emma V. Purcell, Cecelia McMahon, Anna M. Gibbons and Margaret Walsh. The pastor of St. Patrick's, Rev. J. J. Bloomer, presented the graduates their diplomas in a few timely words, and after the class of '99 had rendered the class song, the audience dispersed.

Dr. S. French returned from a trip to the metropolis.

Mr. James Loewig, John F. Loewig and Miss Katherine Loewig of this city were in Binghamton Tuesday, attending the Clark-Coyle supper.

St. Peter and Paul's parochial school will hold no commencement exercises this year, owing to no suitable place to accommodate the large crowd usually attendant upon such occasions. The class of '99 numbers seven pupils.

Charles A. Lundy the well known house painter is suffering from a sprained wrist.

Elmira Council Knights of Columbus are arranging for their annual summer outing, which will occur in the near future.

This has been a big week for Edridge Park, nearly every day being given up to large parties from Waverly, Corning, Sayre, Athens, Blossburg, Mansfield. The Alliance band accompanied the Corning excursionists Wednesday, and gave two of their splendid concerts to the delight of thousands who gathered to hear them.

Mrs. Michael Kelly died Wednesday morning at the family home on Washington street, after a illness of two weeks duration. She is survived by her husband, four daughters, Margaret, Mary, Catherine and Elizabeth and four sons, Michael, Daniel and Thomas of this city and William of Chicago.

Mrs. Kelly was a noble Christian woman, and esteemed by a large circle of friends throughout the city. She was a devoted wife and mother, and a devout Catholic being a communicant at St. Peter and Paul's church, and one of the original members of that, the mother parish of Elmira. At this writing the funeral arrangements have not been announced.

GENESSEE.

Dr. F. V. Collins and wife of Denver, Col., visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. George Lutz and three sons left Monday for Olean, for a month's visit.

Frank Conner of Rochester, was the guest of T. G. Ragan last week.

William D. O'Connor is clerking in Riley's grocery store.

The services at the County Home on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, during this month is conducted by Rev. J. A. Miley.

John O'Leary and family of Springwater, spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mrs. G. Davis of Avon, has been spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. M. Collins.

Mrs. Wm. A. Miley left Friday for Hudson, N. Y. for a month's visit with her mother.

Miss Elizabeth Dwyer, who has been teaching at Akron, Ohio, is home.

Miss Nellie Kingston of Canastota, was the guest of relative here this week.

Miss Elizabeth M. Conroy, who graduated last Tuesday last, has accepted a position as teacher at Henry, N. Y.

Edward Clark, was principal of one of the schools at Millbury, Mass., is home on a vacation.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Daniel Dolan, who has a position in the Collegiate Military school, Philadelphia, is spending a part of his vacation here with his parents.

George Cullinan and William Quirk of William's college are home.

Mrs. E. M. Conroy of Skaneateles, was the guest of relatives here this week, and attended the graduating exercises of the class of '99, of which her daughter Eleanor, was a member.

On the 15th last, the Normal base ball team went to Danville, and met their first defeat by a score of 8 to 5. Saturday last the Normals closed the season here by winning from the Danville by a score of 8 to 3.

Concert to-night by the Genesee cornet band.

On Tuesday last closed the 23rd annual exercises of the Genesee State Normal school. There were 200 graduates, and among those were the following Catholic students of the class '99: Normal graduates: Elizabeth Lawlor, Weedsport; Florence M. O'Dell, Webster; Elizabeth Murphy, Bolivar; Theresa M. Redmond, Mt. Morris; Mary H. Cullinan, Mellicent; Green, Josephine O'Meara, and Mary N. Toland, Genesee; Samuel F. Moran, Honeyoye Falls, Scientific; K. B. Ryan, H. Jefferson, Fairport; Christopher H. Maher, Stone Church; James E. Fitzgerald, Baker, English; Agnes J. Cowley, Weston's Mills; Isabel A. Doolan, West Bloomsfield; Marie C. Joyce, Andover; Sara L. Riley, Covert; Mary E. Nolan, Allegany; Elizabeth F. Moore, Weedsport; and Grace Flynn, Katherine V. Mulyan, and Grace M. Hughes, Rochester; Elia R. Quinn, Lima, Mary K. Kingston, Mt. Morris; Margaret, Bryan Genesee. Intervall: Marie-Lise Leonard, Mary Young, Frances Schuchter, James McGraw, Priscilla John Kingston, Harry McGuire, John Marion, Marie Schueler, George Thompson. Victor.

Misses Minnie Griffin and Ella Neville visited the latter sister, Mrs. Chas. Dane, this week.

Rev. Edward Keeffe will say his last mass here Sunday, when he will go to his new field of labor in Little Rock, Ark.

The ball game played at Canandaigua between the Victor and Fairley teams resulted in a defeat for the Victor team.

Extensive preparations are being made for the 4th of July. It will exceed anything attempted here in former years.

Mr. and Mrs. John Driscoll of Shortsville, were the guests of Nellie Driscoll over Sunday.

Miss Katherine Mulhern and Mr. David Keeffe, both of this place, were married by Rev. J. J. Connelly, June 13.

Mr. Charles McCarthy spent a few days at Geneva, the guest of his son, Dr. Chas. McCarthy.

Mr. Daniel Cullane of Rochester, made his friends a short visit the early part of this week.

Lima. Mr. Daniel Sheehan and Miss Anna Leary, both of this place will be married in St. Rose's church Wednesday, by Rev. S. FitzSimons.

The commencement exercises at Lima Seminary this week was as follows: Monday, Class Day Exercises and Elocutionary Entertainment; Tuesday, Annual Concert; Wednesday, Commencement Day program and reception.

Caledonia. The members of the Sodality of the B. V. M. will serve ice cream and cake on the church lawn (Saturday) evening. The young ladies are making an effort to raise enough money for the purchase of a handsome banner.

Mr. Nathan Martin is still in a precarious condition.

Mrs. Clancy of Hornellville arrived in town on Tuesday evening, called here by the serious illness of her brother, Mr. Matthew Martin.

Dr. Patrick Griffin and wife of Denver, Col., visited friends in town this week.

East Bloomsfield. Last week occurred the death of Miss Lillian Toomey, eldest daughter of Jeremiah Toomey. Miss Toomey has been a sufferer of a lingering illness for some time. She was young, fair, and respected and loved by her many friends. She leaves a father, two brothers and one sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Duffy of Syracuse, formerly of this place, were in town last week attending the funeral of their cousin, Mrs. Toomey.

Miss Mary Toomey spent a few days in Rochester, last week.

Miss Helen Murray visited friends in Canandaigua last week.

Miss Maggie Neville visited in Canandaigua last week the guest of the Misses Casey.

The organist and members of St. Bridget's choir accompanied by Father N. Miley of this place, Father O'Brien Mt. Cayah and the Misses Casey and Miss Murphy of Canandaigua, took a trip up Canandaigua lake last week Thursday, and despite the rain in the afternoon all report a fine time.

Mrs. Conroy and Mr. Waring of Rochester, were in town last week visiting friends.

Several of the Victor people who attended church here last Sunday made considerable comment on our choir. They certainly did very well and show great improvement for the past six months.

Father Neville presented the confirmation class who were confirmed on Corpus Christi, with their confirmation and pledge cards.

The out of town teachers of the union school, left here last week for their homes. Miss Lizzie O'Neill, who has been teaching in the Canandaigua union school, has returned to her home here.

Master Edward McGreevey left here recently for Rochester, his former home, where he expects to be employed as check boy in a store.

Corning. The Misses Scully of West Erie Avenue were delightfully surprised by a number of their young friends on Monday evening. A large crowd visited Brown Park during the week. The park was formally opened

to the public on Monday and the Alliance Band furnished sweet music for the occasion. There is an abundance of delightful fresh air between here and the Post on summer evenings and on the street cars one does not miss a particle of it.

The Iskenculn tribe of Red Men held their annual excursion to Watkins on Saturday and it was very successful and pleasurable. Large crowds departed in the morning laden with lunch baskets and full of the spirit of gaiety proper to the occasion and the weather was as genial and kindly as the committee in charge. An orchestra made dancing delightful at the pavilion and down in the city there was the lake with its pleasure boats large and small while all over the town were to be seen notices of the ball game between Corning and Watkins which took place at the fair grounds in the afternoon. After Corning's team (our old friends the Spauldings) had defeated the clever Watkins' team by a score of 16 to 11, everybody journeyed to the pavilion where under the soft glare of colored lanterns music and dancing made the time fly till the home bound train carried the merry-makers back to the Crayal city. The affair was well conducted throughout and the committee in charge are to be congratulated as they were untiring in their efforts to make the day a memorable one for everybody.

Great preparations are being made for the Children's festival which will occur July 4th and 5th on the lawn of St. Mary's church. A program of unusual interest is being arranged and while it is impossible to go into particulars, very particular mention may be made of a drill by the boys which will be unique. It is in charge and under the management of Sergeant Joseph McGovern and will be a sort of miniature San Juan exhibition. Another interesting event will be an elaborate cake-walk which will no doubt be a source of much rivalry and competition.

Seneca Falls. All the children of St. Patrick's school will have a picnic next Monday at Cayuga Lake Park.

Miss Catherine Rafferty of Romulus, is home spending her vacation.

Miss Margaret McGuire of this place, graduated Wednesday, from Nazareth Academy of Rochester.

James Sullivan is home from Chicago.

Rev. James Mangan of New York, celebrated the 8 o'clock mass in St. Patrick's church and delivered the sermon at the 10 o'clock mass.

Miss Emma Woods and Mr. Andrew Clark were united in marriage last Wednesday in St. Patrick's church. Rev. Michael Dwyer officiating.

Rev. Dr. Father McGuire of Rochester, was in town last week.

Rev. Father O'Connor is having his barn remodeled over.

Aburn. A grand union picnic will be held at the Island park foot of Oswego lake on July 4 for the benefit of the Auburn orphan asylum. For some time past committees have been working hard for the benefit of the event, and all are taking a deep interest in the affair. Tickets are selling rapidly, and no doubt a goodly sum will be realized for the orphans. The members of the three Catholic churches have united in a general committee of the picnic.

During the heated term most all of the shops in the city will give their employees a half holiday on Saturdays. This will be appreciated as the men are confined in warm and saltry rooms in many of the shops, and a breath of fresh air for even half a day will be beneficial.

Hornellville. Mr. John Cullen, formerly of this city, died at the Buffalo general hospital, Tuesday. The remains brought to this city on train ten and taken to the home of his mother on River street, and the funeral held from St. Ann's church Thursday morning. Mr. Cullen underwent a surgical operation about two weeks ago from which he never recovered. Deceased leaves a widow, a wife, a mother and one brother in this city, one brother in Buffalo, and two sisters in Corry, Pa.

Died, at the home of his father, James Monaghan, Canisteo street, Wednesday morning, N. A. Monaghan, aged 31 years. Deceased is survived by a wife and four children. The funeral was held from St. Ann's church, Friday morning, and was largely attended.

Thomas Curry, M. J. Markham, William Kiley, Steven Carey, and Dr. J. G. Kelly of this city, attended the Knights of Columbus meeting in Rochester Wednesday evening.

Albert Buell, formerly of this city, now of Fulton, N. Y., is visiting friends in this place.

Among the graduates from the Hornell High School this year, we notice the names of a number of St. Ann's school scholars, of whom we find, Cora B. Broderick, Joseph S. Colbert, Catherine V. Creagh, John G. Killen, Henry F. Leahy, Maurice J. Moore and Mrs. F. Tracy.

James Houlihan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Mary O'Neil, of Buffalo, were in attendance at the funeral of John Cullen, in this city Thursday morning.

Examinations were held at St. Ann's school Monday and Tuesday, after which school closed for the summer vacation. The result of the examinations will not be announced until the reopening of school in September.

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SUSPENDER SOULS.

He sold suspenders at the fair, And loud he shouted, loud and well, That none might pass him unaware, That he had "galluses" to sell. If would-be purchasers were coy, 'Twas thus his loud oration ran: "They're short enough for any boy. And long enough for any man." And thus we saw this vendor's "brace" Was suited to the human race.

Send us strong souls that find it joy To live on this "suspenders" plan; Souls meek enough for any boy, And proud enough for any man; Souls that can stand up unafraid, Ere't before the highest throne, And own the lowest soul that's made A twin-born brother of their own. Send this "suspenders" type of men Through every mart and field and Glen.

Send souls on this "suspenders" plan Whose "stretch" no caste can e'er destroy; Souls that stretch up to any man, Souls that reach down to any boy; Souls that can say, "I'm good as you, I'm good as you, however high; And you, and you, however low, However low, are good as I." Souls that both high and low can own As twin-born brothers of their own.

THE LOTTERY TICKET

"Caramba! no, he had never despaired of winning in the lottery, though he had never possessed a ticket. His luck was so great, you see, for Jose Bomba was a member of that large and flourishing family of cheerful optimists. Assistant in the barber shop of Don Simon Peetero, in the good city of Talavera, he passed his life careening dreams of improbable fortune and allowing himself to drift indifferently in the train of existence, but nevertheless in the firm conviction that he would one day be happy, rich in the company of his beloved Frasquita.

It is useless to add that neither he nor Frasquita had a single maravedi between them to swell the common fund. Both were simple employees in the house of Don Simon, who was the greatest miser that the earth ever carried, and whilst Jose assisted in the extraction of teeth and attended the patron when he went into the city to bleed a patient, Frasquita shaved and scented the clients and curled them with her little hot tongs.

Each received two hundred francs a year, were cherished besides, and daily sustained themselves by a square of white bread, two sardines, and a half a dozen tomatoes, washed down with water at discretion.

The day, even, when Jose was forced to depart as a soldier—conscribed, unfortunately—his tranquil mind was still unaltered. Frasquita wept like a thunder shower, but he consoled her after his fashion.

"Let come what may, Frasquita mal," said he, "I have the certainty that we shall one day enjoy happiness together. True, I do not know how, but what matters that? Do not yield to chagrin, but leave thyself to be borne by events. There is certainly someone in the heavens more powerful than we. Of what use is it, then, to give ourselves worry? If our efforts correspond with His views, our assistance will simply quicken success. If, on the contrary, they are in opposition to His projects, be certain that they will serve us nothing. Leave all then, to the good God, have confidence and keep thy heart."

And still with a smile, Jose embraced Frasquita warmly and departed or four years' service in the carabins of the Third. The young girl luckily profited by her comfortable philosophy. I repeat luckily, because that old skinflint, her patron, seemed to make it his special business to render her life as hard as possible.

At first, through avarice, he did not replace Jose, but sought to make Frasquita pull the teeth of her sex and to practice bleeding on the arms of her unfortunaries. But she was really so unskilled and awkward that Don Simon, for the sake of his pocket, was forced to do it himself. Then, in revenge, he heaped her with insults, reproaches and cavillings. Frasquita armed herself with patience, and only when his back was turned "wagged her thumbs" over her rosy little ears.

Well, it went on in this way for a long, long while, till one morning Frasquita came running in great haste to find the Don and to ask an advance on her wages.

"Twenty francs, if you please, monsieur," said she; "I have urgent need of it."

"Twenty francs, thou little spend-thrift—thou idle bag of bones! And, pray, what for?"

"Because, monsieur, because—of a dream I've had."

"What? A dream? Madre de Dios! And what in common has thy dream with a sixty-real piece?"

"This, monsieur; I dreamt that the winning number in the coming lottery, a week from Shrove Tuesday, was 5,655, and I want to purchase it."

The old scamp shrugged his shoulders. But as he owed her a full ten months' wages, he grumblingly yielded, and Frasquita bore away her shining flous as joyously as if she had pocketed 200,000 francs all in a lump.

She was gayer still next morning; and when the annual Talavera fete arrived—for which, though, she had but a single day's leave of absence—she amused herself like a mad thing, danced like a dervish, gorged herself with bunneless fried oil, roasted chestnuts and Valencia aliberts, and positively burned three candles before the statue of St. Roque—the most il-

lustrous saint in the country—in order to obtain the boon of Jose's prompt return and the accomplishment of her own secret hopes.

Shortly after this—it had been three years now that Jose Bomba had guarded the frontier of the North—the rumor suddenly spread through the burg that Simon Peetero was going mad—a statement, as you will see, that did not rest upon a solid basis. At Talavera they concerned themselves only with politics. Don Simon and two or three other stubborn heads like himself were no exceptions to the fiery stay-at-homes.

Well, one night the barber, who squared back in his armchair, his spectacles on his nose and legs extended communicated to his audience the details of the last pronouncement, stopped suddenly and became very pale.

"Eb? What's up, Simon? What's the matter now?" demanded his astonished colleagues.

Simon recovered himself quickly. "Nothing, nothing," said he; "I'm only tired reading. Besides, there's nothing else interesting."

He got up, stretched himself lazily took a turn or two in the shop; then, perceiving Frasquita, as usual, taking the air on the outer step, he went to the door and said to her in the soft tones of his wheezy voice:

"My little Frasquita, thou shouldst come in and go to bed. The air is fresh and I fear that thou shalt take cold."

Everyone was open-mouthed. In the memory of man no one had ever heard of Peetero speak thus to an inferior. Frasquita herself was so thunderstruck so scared, that she believed he mocked her, and she started hastily to her chamber. She had scarcely reached the stairs, however, when again Don Simon called to her:

"And I've been thinking Frasquita ma," said he, "at thy age one had need of plenty of good sleep. Henceforth, little one, do not get up till five o'clock. It will suffice if thou art below here by six."

Whereupon Frasquita fled and Don Simon carefully folded and put in his pocket the paper he had kept in his hand, signifying thus to the guitar player and his friends that he preferred to be alone. They took the hint and departed, looking blankly at each other. To them nothing could possibly have been plainer. Don Simon Peetero was suddenly touched in the head.

A conviction that would have grown had they seen him, when alone, with the paper again and quickly approach the light.

"No," said he, "I was not mistaken. It really is the number—5,655—thats has won the capital prize. Frasquita has now two hundred thousand francs Two hundred thousand francs! Think of it!"

And he promenade feverishly back and forth, reflecting upon the means of appropriating this fortune without danger to himself. He found but one, but that seemed to him good and he descended next morning to the shop, still cheerfully smiling and rubbing his hands.

Frasquita, all alone, was polishing the razors.

"My child," said Don Simon sweetly "sit thee beside me here and let us talk a little. It is now six years that thou hast served me faithfully, with zeal and fidelity. I have doubtless at times appeared to you a little harsh, a little brusque, but it was only to try thee. To-day it is over, the time of experiments ended—"

"It has been a little long, I think," hazarded Frasquita.

"Perhaps; but as it is over, we'll talk of it no more. As thou seest, then I have been able during all these six years to fully appreciate thy excellent qualities. Thou art young; I, on my side, am sixty-five, possess eight thousand francs in solid money, a sunny well situated and well-established shop, as thou knowest thyself, Frasquita, and I wish thee for a wife."

"Will you give me a week to reflect?" said she.

"Eight days? So be it. But on one condition; during this week thou wilt speak of it to no one. I am afraid to have thee influenced, and I wish thee to take counsel only of thyself."

"Agreed," said Frasquita.

The young girl had promised to see no one for a week, but she had no promised not to write. She wrote therefore, to Jose, who responded simply, true to his principles:

"Let thyself be borne by events Frasquita."

Then my faith, she said "yes." In a few days, by force of gold judiciously expended, all the formalities were completed with and the marriage took place.

"By the way, my dear," said he carelessly to his new-made bride, "thou'rticket of mine, No. 5,655, I believe. What hast thou done with it?"

"Done with it?" returned Frasquita. "Nothing. I didn't buy it, and never intended to; it was only a pretext."

"Wanted the twenty francs to spend at the Talavera fete."

"What? Thou didst not buy it? Thou little liar! Thou little thief! Cheat! Trickster!"

But really the details of that horrible scene had best be passed in silence.

Don Simon raved, stormed, and swore and finally fell in a fit of apoplexy, from which, as he was the only barber in Talavera, and unable to bleed himself, he was a corpse in less time than we can tell it.

Jose, informed of the tragedy, quietly returned from the front as soon as Frasquita's mourning was finished, and with equal tranquillity and freedom from astonishment, and still "borne by events," entered into possession of Don Simon's wife, shop and fortune.

What proteth it if a man Jose his money and gain wisdom, just as some one invents a machine to do the work to which he is accustomed?

THE EDITOR'S GOOD LUCK

The Ounce Boy Pays Him a Unique Compliment.

"We received a unique compliment yesterday," said the able editor of the Ruralville Bazaar, addressing the editor of the Pettyville Plain Dealer, also able, who had dropped in for a journalistic chat. "We were telling at our multifarious tasks with our usual avidity, when a lady entered and inquired of the office boy if she might see the 'Christian at Work' meaning, of course, the religious publication of that name."

"Yes, ma'am, we heard the lady reply, 'There he is at his desk over there. He has lost seven subscribers this week, the press has broken down twice, a constant reader mauld him Wednesday, his side in politics has lost out, the last load of wood he took on subscription was so crooked it couldn't lie still and thrashed most of the boards off from the end of the wood-house, he has got the rheumatism to endure, and a wife, mother in law and six always hungry children to support, and yet he hasn't sworn to amount to anything since I joined the force. By George! Pansmith, that boy will become a successful diplomat if he lives."

"Yes," returned the visiting scribe "or a great humorist."—Puck.

Literature in Georgia.

"They tell me," said the old friend of the family, "that Billy is going to be a writer—like them what prints pieces in the papers?"

"He wuz," replied Billy's father, "but I've don steering him in another direction. I don't think the writin' business is good for his health."

"That's funny!"

"No, it ain't. Leastways, it wasn't funny to Billy. You know, he lined the literary society, an' he come to grief at the first meeting. Whilst they wuz discussin' literary matters the president drew a razor an' slashed him on the neck an' the secretary an' treasurer hit him over the head with a heavy copy of Shakespeare, whilst the sergeant-at-arms knocked him senseless with the 'History of Georgia.' He wuz laid up fer three weeks, an' he jest crawled out yesterday. I don't think the literary business agrees with him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Young Not Awful Happy.

They sat just in front of me at a musicale one evening last week, he and she. She was beamingly coy. He was impressively devoted. I had had ears, could not choose but hear what they said, for they spoke as if they were alone in an assemblage of clothing store dummers.

"Oh, there's Jennie!" she said. "Don't you like her awfully well?"

"Not particularly," said he. "But she's a perfect beauty. Don't you think so?" she went on.

"Oh, yes, she's pretty," he assented. "And she's so clever," she said. "I don't see why you aren't just dead in love with her."

It was his opportunity, and grandly he rose to the occasion. He looked deep into her eyes.

"I don't care for pretty girls, nor for clever girls," he said, oh, so impressively. "I'd much rather be with you."

And, oh, how delighted she looked. —Washington Post.

The Same Idea.

The same idea may be expressed in many different ways, according as the speaker's mode of thought is influenced by his surroundings.

Take, for example, a well known adage and notice how the residents of several cities would put it.

"A bird