

Correspondence

ELMIRA.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. J. Donohue of Harmon St., very pleasantly entertained a company of ladies at a thimble party in honor of Miss Margaret O'Brien. The prizes were awarded to Mrs. Wm. Davey and Mrs. P. Kingston for best work on gifts.

The death of P. J. Hurley occurred at 11:30 o'clock Tuesday morning at his home, 207 Connelly Ave. He is survived by his mother and two brothers, John and Michael, and four sisters, Mrs. J. Miller, Mrs. J. Dolan, Misses Catherine and Anna. The funeral was largely attended from St. Mary's church on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. Father O'Dwyer officiating.

The funeral of Mrs. Kate O'Brien, who died Monday morning at the Ogden Hospital, was held from her home, corner Oak and Harper Sts., Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock and 8 o'clock from St. Peter and Paul's church. The remains were taken to Bloomsburg, Pa. for interment.

At St. Mary's hall Tuesday afternoon from 8 to 6, the pupils of Sister M. Emeline's music class held a reception and musical which was much enjoyed by teachers and pastor, Rev. Father O'Dwyer. Refreshments were served.

AUBURN.

Miss Mary E. Butler of Fulton St., is visiting her uncle, City Treasurer Flynn in Geneva.

The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Sullivan of South Division St., took place from St. Mary's church, last Friday morning and was largely attended. Rev. John B. Doran was the celebrant of the solemn requiem high mass, Rev. C.A. Silke deacon and Rev. Father Mulhern sub-deacon. The choir rendered appropriate music during the mass. The services at the grave were conducted by Rev. Father Mulhern.

The congregation of St. Alphonsus church are making extensive preparations for their fall to be held this month.

The eulogies for the benefit of St. Aloysius church are well attended and a good sum will be realized by the end of the year.

The Holy Name society of St. Mary's church held a smoker in their rooms last Tuesday night.

The marriage of Miss Mary Louise Day to Joseph M. Swick of New York, took place last week Tuesday in St. Patrick's church, Aurora. The ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, Rev. James H. Day of Mt. Morris, assisted by Rev. Fathers Nelligan, Hughes and Rafferty. The bride was attired in white silk and wore white taffeta and wore a large picture hat. She was attended by her sister Miss Eessie Day. The groomman was Mr. T. C. Mullaly.

Dr. and Mrs. John D. Sullivan of Little Falls, who were called here by the death of their relative, Mrs. Mary Purdy, have returned home.

Miss Ella L. Hickey has returned home from a month's visit with her sister in New York.

Mrs. Patrick Byrne of Washington, is visiting relatives in town.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Purdy took place from Holy Family church last week Monday. Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by her nephew Rev. John J. Hickey assisted by Rev. Fathers Silke and McArdle.

Our city collectors will call on subscribers next week. Please have money ready when becall.

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Scientific American

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE.

She Was a Graceful Baltimorean and He Was Washful

A lot of sailors who go down to the sea in ships of the kind in which the systemer navigate the raging Potomac were sitting on the deck of the Mary Jane at the foot of Seventh street two or three days ago, talking between job and smoking a pipe apiece. The subject of the conversation was love and romance, and each man was taking his turn telling where he had first met his wife and how, or if he had not met her, then telling how he would like to. At last they came to the homeliest man in the lot, and it seemed hardly necessary to ask him for a story, because by common acceptance only the beautiful move in the charmed circle of romance. However, he did not wait to be asked.

"I guess I was the bashfullest man on the earth's surface," he said with a slight hitch in his speech, "and not much prettier than I was nerry, and a man like that has got up hill fast" all the way when he tackles anything in petticoats. Well, there was a girl in Baltimore that I set a lot by, but somehow I got worse every time I saw her, more particular if I tried to talk business to her. One day I pearted up and told her she ought to get married. It was the truth, too, for she was gittin' older every minute, and was already past thirty, and I was two years older.

"She wasn't pretty enough neither to fade a carpet, but she had good health and good sense, and I'd been glad enough to have her if I'd had the nerve to ask her. Well when I told her she ought to get married she told me she would if I would find a man for her. Wanting to let her see that I had her best interest at heart I got to work and in a month I had a right nice widower with three children settin' up for her for all he was worth. Then he asked her, and she was the gratefullest woman I ever see. Said she couldn't tell me how grateful she was, said it hadn't been for me she never would have found a man to marry, said there wasn't words enough, said she was so grateful that she would be willing to marry me instead of the widower; said—but she didn't say any more. It was my turn then, and somehow the idee that some body else was going to git her give me the sand I needed in my craw and I just reached out and took her in. That was ten years ago and all I'm sorry for now is that I lost so much fine foolin' around before I got her."

Washington Star.

All Wrong in the House.

They had been to the new house only three days when Rogers came home to find his wife in a troubled mood.

"I'm afraid to stay here, dear," she said hesitatingly.

"Why, what's the matter, duckie? I'm sure this is a good neighborhood. As quiet and safe as any in town."

"Well, it's that house across the street," persisted Mrs. Rogers. "I see all kinds of hard looking characters going in and coming out there. Some of them act as though they were drunk, and this morning one fellow stood on the walk and swore terribly, and told the man of the house he'd put the knife into him; good and deep before this thing was over. Oh, it's just terrible! I can't live here. Then some horrid looking women drove up in an open carriage this afternoon, and the man came out and stood on the curb and talked and joked with them. His wife didn't like it either, for she was peeping out of the window all the while. Last night when you were downtown somebody came there in a hack with the horses on the run and took the man away. There's something awful going on over there, I just know."

Rogers had been trying to look appropriately serious through all this, but his eyes would twinkle, and there was a suspicious twitching in the corner of his mouth.

"Proximity to true greatness is something you aren't accustomed to, my dear," he said, when she had halted on the edge of a sob. "You'll get to appreciate it after a while. That house is where Alderman Clench lives, and since he retired from the saloon business, he receives his constituents there. Now, don't read any more detectives' stories, and I guess you'll get along all right."

Detroit News.

Settled at Last.

"Ha, ha! We are alone at last!" In the great solitude of the northern hillside stood two men.

They gazed at each other with glances of concentrated rivalry. Looking cautiously about him, the one who had spoken the words which open this story continued:

"It is five years since we first met, and never until to-day have we had the chance to settle, once for all, to our own satisfaction, who is the better man. None is near to spy upon our actions. The gage of battle is flung at your feet. Dare you accept?"

"I do," answered the man addressed, who up to this time had remained silent.

"Step off your distance."

In grim silence the distance was measured, and then ensued, not a fight, but a foot race. They were two sprinters who had been running 100-yard dashes in various small towns, but never before had they had a chance to run an "unfixed" race.—Tit-Bits.

He "Coppers" the Game.

H. Want to consult your broker? There's no dependence to be placed upon the advice of a broker.

W. Not with some brokers, perhaps; but I have every confidence in Pottsnap. I've consulted him a hundred times, and I never regretted it.

H. And you always follow his advice?

W. On the contrary; when he says "Buy," I sell, and when he says "Sell," I buy.—Tit-Bits.

He Said Yes, Poor Man.

Little Katie Papa, what did you say to mamma when she said up your mind you wanted to marry her?

Mr. Meeker (tridly reluctant) said "Yes," dear.—Chicago Tribune.

Wallace—You are positively the most impudent and greatest beggar I ever met.

Wayworn Watson—Well, that's to be worth a nickel, say that.—Chicago Journal.

OF REAL INTEREST.

It is not generally known that clippings from masculine heads of hair are used for making steamers through which syrups are clarified.

The fastest cruiser in the world has recently been completed for China. The new cruiser is to be known as the Hai Men, of 4,300 tons, and under natural draught, will have a speed of 23.6 knots per hour. At this rate she could cross the Atlantic in about four and one-half days.

Just when the day became divided into hours is not known; nor is the process explained. The Greeks and Romans measured time by the water glass and the sun dials. The hour glass, filled with sand, was the outgrowth of these vessels, from which the water dripped through tiny openings.

Drinking glasses called tumblers owe their name to the fact that they are the successors of the little round silver bowls, so perfectly balanced that, whichever way they were tipped about on the table, they tumbled into position again, and there remained with the rim upward.

Anaesthetics were known in the days of the ancient Greeks, and the Chinese two thousand years ago had a preparation of hemp to deaden pain—something similar to our modern cocaine.

Of a thousand persons only one reaches the age of a hundred years.

Owing to the difference in the average death rate, it may be said that three Englishmen live as long as five Russians.

The London Lancet declares that, while Scotland carries religious conscientiousness to such lengths that remote parishes may have three churches practically identical in doctrine and worship, there are, on the other hand, hundreds of parishes in which no medical men or nurses are provided, and where even the religious sentiments of the people will not lead them to risk the giving of a cup of water to a patient ill with a contagious fever.

At a recent meeting of the Russian Academy of Science Professor Dills advocated the use of English as a universal language for men of science.

Three-tenths of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they ever saved before.

One of the employments of Japanese women is to pick worms from the leaves of growing tobacco. They are put in bottles, which have to be shown in proof that the picker has earned her wages.

The lead pencil originated with the discovery of the graphite mines in England in 1664, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"The most wonderful bridge in the world," says Daboli's Almanac. It is a petrified tree from three to four feet in diameter, spanning a chasm forty feet wide. More than 100 feet of its length is in sight, both ends being embedded in the sandstone of the canon.

Aluminum gives highly colored compounds with several other metals, even when the second metal is clearly white.

Toronto has, according to the assessors' returns, 192,207 of a population.

The official figure as to the consumption of coal in Great Britain last year is 157,000,000 tons.

THE MASAL DRAMA.

The drama's evolutions
Are winding to behold;
And stirring changes
We've seen since days of old;
The bus-saw was a Beauty,
And shatters with the blows;
The fire engine had the day,
And now we have the nosel

What tender, touching story
Around it we observe;
Ahi, who to tweak that organ
Would ever find the nerve!
It takes the stage's center,
And shines wherever it goes;
A burning bridge is nothing to
This grand, effective nosel

Farewell to locomotives
And passenger trains,
To dynamic and slates,
Here's something which outranks
The whole of their togethe,
And matters with the blows
All smaller, meiner properties—
This fine, obtrusive nosel!

Then live the nasal drama!
Who knows but lapse of years
May build an acting classic
Around a pair of nosel
Success of evolution
Whate'er may be its throes;
Long may the nasal drama wave,
Oh, doughty Cyranoise!

—Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

A CHASE ON THE ICE.

In the winter of 1876 Mr. Herbert sold his farm in New York State, and, taking his family with him, settled in the small town of Douglas, Minn.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Hattie, a pretty ten-year-old girl, and Dick, a bright-eyed, good-natured lad of fifteen years of age.

Dick's eyes opened wide when they gazed for the first time upon the far-stretching snowfields of Minnesota. He thought that he knew all about the vastness of snow, in the Empire State; but he soon found out that this State, the great grain producer of the Northwest, was away ahead of his furthest anticipations concerning quantities of snow. And the air was so much colder, though dry and crisp, that it cut to one's bones like the keenest blade.

"Well, Dick," said his father, after all was finally settled in the new home, "what do you think of the prospects?"

"Lots of snow, father; plenty of good skating, too; I think I shall like it. One thing, however, does not please me."

"And what may that be, Dick?"

"There are no nice, steep hills for coasting," returned the boy, as he gazed out of the window. The aspect did look "flat," so far as coasting places were concerned. As far as the eye could reach there was one level, unbroken plain of snow. Dick knew that he would miss the steep hills which surrounded his former home in the East; but, as he was a lad not given to trouble-borrowing, he felt that he could pass the hours out of school agreeably.

"I guess you can manage to get along, my son; you have your skates."

"Yes, and next Saturday the boys are going to skate out to Otley's camp; they are a jolly lot of fellows; they have asked me to go along. I know we shall have lots of fun there."

"Otley's camp? What sort of a place is that, Dick?"

"It's a small settlement up in the woods. There are a lot of lumbermen there; the boys say it's great fun to see them 'skid logs'."

"How far is it?"

"Ten miles or so," replied Dick.

"Ten miles or so? That is quite a distance."

"Pshaw! That's nothing for skaters to do. It'll be such fine sport to skate out and back; and the boy's fine black eyes fairly danced with pleasure as he anticipated the jolly excursion.

"You must return before nightfall, Dick; you are in a country strange to you, recollect; and besides, boy, I have heard some wonderful stories about the wolves of Minnesota."

"Wolves! are there any wolves about here?" quickly asked Dick, glancing out of the window as though he expected to see one of the giant, ugly creatures trotting along over the glistening crust.

"I have heard so; but if you come back by daylight, and together, I guess you will not be bothered," said Mr. Herbert.

After the latter had gone away Dick found his thoughts busy at work concerning wolves. He had read of hair-breadth escapes from the terrible beasts. His blood had fairly curdled in his veins, when seated by the warm fire, with book in hand, he had read of such awful adventures with wolves.

"Suppose I should have such an adventure! What a thrilling time the boys down in New York would have reading my letter." Thus he mused as he sat there by the window.

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear. A small party of boys, whose ages ranged from fourteen to eighteen, gathered on the river near the town. Each one had his dinner compactly arranged, with extra straps and buckles to use in case of accidents. Then, with a grand hurrah, the little party struck off up stream. Ere they had gone very far, the boys saw that Dick Herbert was the finest skater among them. When he spun along over the smooth surface his sharp blades hummed musically as they chipped little clouds of icy particles to right and left. Dick's cheeks were aglow with the heat of vigorous exercise, while his eyes were busy taking in every new feature of landscape that glided swiftly by.

Their laughter rang out merrily as they rapidly neared Otley's Camp. In front of them, at the right, curled up a thin line of smoke from the heavy forest. As the boys saw it, a shout burst from their lips; like an echo, there came back to their ears a cry of welcome from the lumbering camp. Visitors to Otley's Camp were not frequent, and the lads with their rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes were welcomed indeed by the big, stout fellows who lived nearly the entire year among the silent trees of the forest. The boys

RULES FOR THE HOME

Put self last.
Be prompt at every meal.
Take little annoyances out of the way.
Always speak politely and kindly to servants.
Tell neither of your faults nor those of others.
Have a place for everything and everything in its place.
Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.
Never interrupt any conversation, but watch patiently your turn to speak.
Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.
Carefully clean the snow and mud from your feet on entering the house.
When good comes to anyone, rejoice. When anyone suffers, speak a word of sympathy.
When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet.
When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself: "Have I never done an ill and desired forgiveness?"—Soldier and Servant.

TEACH THE LITTLE ONES

That teasing is a positive crime.
That bedtime is not a "mofable" hour.
That they must speak respectfully to the servants.
That bawling over bruises is unworthy sturdy beings.
That they should not appeal from the decision of one parent to the other. That punishment follows in the wake of prevarication and of hiding more swiftly than it follows active mischief.
That it is bad taste for them to tell all that they learn of their neighbor's domestic arrangements through playing with the neighbor's children.

SECRET OF HAPPINESS

Happiness is the best of all cosmetics.
No life can be lived free from sorrow, from sickness.
Then what might be done?
Try to be as light-hearted as possible under all circumstances.
For a tear substitute a laugh.
Keep intellect, heart and spirit young.
The trifles lost in content and coloring will be forgotten in an increased charm of manner.

THE DOCTOR'S VISITOR.

It pleased to be a Young and Pretty Woman Who Came to Admire His Skill

The struggling young doctor was seated in his study vainly endeavoring to resign himself to the depression in trade caused by the bracing cold weather when the welcome sound of his electric bell broke in upon the stillness of his thoughts. Hastily concealing the bottle and glass, he arose from his chair to receive the visitor.

It proved to be a woman, young, slender and so pretty that the susceptible young medico was immediately seized with an alarming palpitation in the cardiac region. It was the first time in his brief career that he had been consulted by an attractive member of the other sex, so it was not natural that his pulse should be affected.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired after the customary formal salutations. "Nothing," she answered, with a ravishing smile. "I have merely come to express to you my unbounded admiration for your wondrous professional skill and to present to you this slight token of my esteem."

As she spoke she produced from her handbag a small, morocco-bound case, which she handed to the doctor. Opening it he beheld in a bed of purple velvet a magnificent gold watch.

"Is this for me?" he stammered hardly able to believe his eyes.

"Yes," she answered. "And you must accept it, as I said before, as a very slight mark of my esteem and gratitude."

"But, madam," protested the doctor, "I am afraid there must be some mistake. I cannot recall that you were ever a patient of mine. Had you been," he continued gallantly, "I should most certainly have remembered it."

"You are right," said his visitor. "I have never had occasion to consult you. But—her voice trembled with emotion—"my husband was one of your patients, and had it not been for your unremitting care I should be to-day the most unhappy woman in the world."

"You do me too much honor, madam," replied the doctor, completely overwhelmed. "Your husband would probably have recovered without my assistance. Is he quite well now?"

"No," she answered gratefully, "he is dead!"

Extenuating Circumstances.

Attorney—Let's see? Weren't you a witness in this court in 1889?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Attorney—Called by the defense weren't you?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Attorney—Murder case, wasn't it?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Attorney—And your testimony was impeached?

Witness—Well—er—

Attorney—No evidence, now! Is it or is it not true that your testimony was impeached?

Witness—Yes, it was, but I was called only as an expert.—Chicago Journal.

THE DOCTOR'S VISITOR.

Nero's Violin Solo.

"Professor," said a pupil, "is it really true that Nero added while Rome burned?"

"It is so reported," responded the professor, "and, though not substantiated by direct evidence, it seems consistent with his character. It does, however, behoove me to admit that the fiddle might not be the instru—"

"But, professor, is there no record of the time he played?"

"I do not recollect ever having heard the name of the tune. It is possible that there is no data upon the subject owing to the—"

"Beg pardon, professor, but I think I know the tune to a certainty."

"Indeed! That shows commendable research, James. And the tune is, in your opinion—"

"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."—Chicago Chronicle.

THE DOCTOR'S VISITOR.

Artistic Signs.

Ochre—But what makes you think he has no money?

Chrome—Why, didn't you hear his praise my painting?—Boston Transcript.

THE DOCTOR'S VISITOR.

Regard for the Flag.

Once when General Sherman had been under the care of a physician for some time, he said, "Doctor, I don't seem to be getting any better, for all your medicine." "Well, general," replied the doctor, jocosely, "perhaps you had better take Shakespeare's advice, and 'throw physic to the dogs.'"

"I would, doctor," replied the sick man, as he turned his head on the pillow—"I would, but there are a number of valuable dogs in this neighborhood."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Nebuchadnezzar, warmly, "she looks nice enough to eat."

"Perhaps she's a grass widow," suggested a learned man of the court who was inclined to be exgetical, no to say apocryphal.

As for his majesty, he fell into melancholy thought, and shivered when the asparagus was passed to him.—Detroit Journal.

THE DOCTOR'S VISITOR.

The Prospects.

Property Owner—I don't think you will find a better place as janitor in the city.

Applicant—Well, I wouldn't care to take it unless I knew what the prospects were. "Prospects? Why the good man, twenty years ago I was janitor of that building myself." "If that so? What induced you to give up the job?"

Did Not Tempt Him.

Mamma—Why did you strike little Blissie, you naughty boy, you? Dick—Well, what did she want to cheat for then? "How did she cheat?" "Why we were playing Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me—but was and ate it all up herself."

THE DOCTOR'S VISITOR.

Miss Winkler.

"I want to see the lady of the house," I am she. "A thousand pardons, you look so happy and so independent, I felt sure you were the servant."

Uragony has determined to deepen the harbor at New York.

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