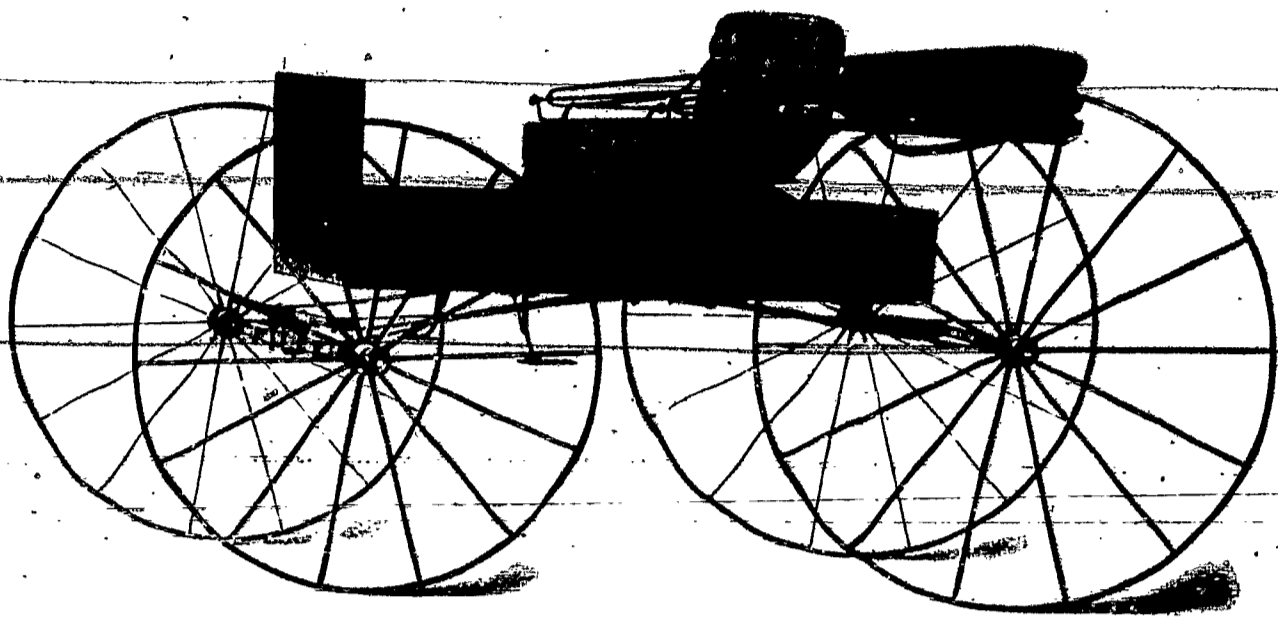


CARRIAGE and HARNESS.

We handle a full line of all kinds and invite you to call on us and examine our stock and see for yourselves if what we tell you is not true.

We also ask you to examine our stock of Fine Hand-made Harness suitable for any style of carriage.



C. D. COVER

432, 434, 436, 438 EAST MAIN STREET,

Mt. Morris.

St. Patrick's Church of this village received last week a beautiful present in the form of an altar, shrine and statue of the Sacred Heart...

Reading for the Million.

We have made arrangements with the proprietors of DONAHUE'S MAGAZINE, so that the CATHOLIC JOURNAL and the Magazine will be furnished for \$2.50 a year for both, in advance.

"DONAHUE'S MAGAZINE continues to be one of the marvels of American journalism for the richness of its contents and the cheapness of its price."

The Catholic Journal, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

For Sale.

- \$9,000 - House on East ave.
\$8,500 - House on Lake ave.
\$7,500 - House on Sylvia tract.
\$7,000 - House on York park.
\$6,500 - House on Bay street.
\$6,000 - House on S Goodman st.
\$5,500 - House on Fulton ave.
\$5,000 - House on Fulton ave.
\$4,200 - House on Glenwood park.
\$4,000 - House on Merriman street.
\$3,500 - House on Kay place.
\$3,100 - House on Cameron street.
\$2,500 - House on Otis street.
\$2,500 - House on Glenwood park.
\$1,500 - House on N. Joiner street.
\$1,500 - House on Third street.

Jas. H. Wilson, 411 Broadway & Barry Building.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT has been made in the payment of four hundred and fifty dollars due at the date of this notice on a mortgage executed by Michael Donovan...

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT has been made in the payment of seven hundred and eighty dollars purchase money due at the date of this notice on a mortgage executed by Mary Dolan...

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT has been made in the payment of six hundred and forty dollars purchase money due at the date of this notice on a mortgage bearing date the ninth day of October 1875...

Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT has been made in the payment of four hundred and thirty-eight dollars purchase money due at the date of this notice on a mortgage given for \$329.50 with interest...

ERIE FLYER!

LEAVES ROCHESTER AT 8:15 P. M.

REACHES NEW YORK 4:20

The Next Morning, Landing passengers at town or down town, convenient to the principal hotels...

MISS M. M. HUNT, Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors and Hair Goods, 138 E. Main St., Room 15.

SMOKE THE White Dove Cigar, Manufactured by GUINAN & BROWN, 11 Bartlett Street.

T. B. Mooney, UNDERTAKER and manager of Joyce Undertaking Rooms, 106 West Main Street.

Louis Ernst & Son, DEALERS IN Mechanics' Tools, Builders' Hardware, Manufacturers' Supplies, 129 AND 131 EAST MAIN ST.

The Rochester Sanitary Excavating Co., -CLEANS- Vaults, Cesspools, Cellars. And removes all offensive matter with neatness and dispatch.

AMAN'S SOLE MINT ALTERNATIVE FOR DYSPEPSIA AMAN'S COUGH SYRUP Aman's Worm Powders.

HENRY AMAN, DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY, 167 North Clinton Street.

LEWIS FRENCH, Veterinary Surgeon, Treats all Diseases of Horses, and practices in all departments of Medical Surgery.

ADOLPH BEQUE, Caterer, Speciality of Ice Cream and Fancy Cakes.

SLEEP.

While children sleep They know not that their father toils; They know not that their mother prays— Bending in blessing o'er their beds, Imploping grace for after days.

While children sleep They never dream that others work That they may have their daily bread; When morning comes they rise and eat, And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep They do not see the shining sun— They do not see the gracious dew, In daily miracle of love, Is ever making all things new.

Do we not sleep, And know not that our Father works, With watchful care about our way? He bends in blessing from above— His love broods o'er us day by day.

Do we not sleep, And never dream that others work, Reaping the sheaves that might be ours? We see not how the shadows fall, Which mark the swift departing hours.

Ah, still we sleep! Our drowsy eyes see not the light, See not the hands stretched out to bless, See not that waiting for us stands God's kingdom and his righteousness.

A REPENTED HEROISM.

It was not poor Ethel's fault in the least. She could not prevent Tom Kendall loving her any more than she could help being the dimpled, merry little body that she was.

Only a low garden wall separated the two houses, and it was quite natural that Tom should come over it every day. It was a little shorter way than around through the gate, he would say, and Ethel gazed admiringly at him as he cleared the wall at a bound.

Ethel's mother was a widow and wealthy. Besides being the only daughter, Ethel was an heiress in her own right, and would be mistress of a large fortune as soon as she reached the age of 23.

As they both grew older, however, and Ethel was almost 18, the unpleasant fact became evident to Tom that Mrs. Van Zandt disliked him.

And now, unknown to Tom, the worst had happened. Mrs. Van Zandt had forbidden Ethel to have anything further to do with him, and Ethel had heard the edict in silence.

one solution of the mystery... one which he did not like to do with himself.

One moonlit evening Ethel went down to the garden, and there on the little wall, was Tom. She was back, but he called her so loudly that she half hesitated and then for in another moment she too was laughing on the garden fence.

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she whined, "I must go back—I must."

"Now, see here, Ethel," he said in command, half entreaty, "it is no matter with you, anyhow! I refuse to see me; you run away if I'm in sight, and now you are unwilling to speak to me. No, I shall not go till you tell me. Out with it!"

"Do not be angry, Ethel," he said. "Of course, it is rather serious, you think it will stop my love. Why, Ethel, dear, nothing of the sort do that. I wish, though, that this sooner, although I have stopped much from the first. I shall not go to work at once, and—well, we'll see! So don't cry. Certainly must obey your mother as well as I can; but I have not made any promise, nor do I intend to give you any more."

The day was glorious; the sea of the sea swept over the yacht, the dipped and rose; the little craft along—yes, it was a glorious day, gay party on deck were enjoying the utmost, and the laughter mingled with the plash of the capped waves.

Ethel leaned against the railing, watched the ripples gliding by, lovely she was looking in the folds of her yachting costume, her hair of gold across it, and the wings in the little sailor hat. Love at her side gazed at her in approval, considered her an awfully pretty girl. He had met her that day for the first time, and had immediately loved her.

Already, in her mind's eye, she herself installed as mother-in-law. Lord Fenyll's magnificent yacht, she saw herself seated in his carriage, smiling and bowing to her admiring friends; she beheld in her famous town-house filled with her saw—and the rose-colored floated quite plainly before her blotting out the sea and the ship and the scenes on deck. Mr. Zandt had dozed off very comfortably.

It is possible that her slumber was not have been so peaceful had she not the next act of the drama. His eagerness to fetch Mrs. Van Zandt's cup of chocolate, as he returned, he had his usual caution in holding that the unlucky man, ere he reached her, has succeeded in distributing the contents of the cup over her yachting suit. The deck was wet, and even politeness could not restrain audible smiles. His retreat was precipitate as his entrance.

Here was Tom's chance. He hovered in the distance like a prey, and now he swooped at Ethel with alacrity. His face wreathed in smiles as he half-compelled her to follow him to the corner, where for the present they were comparatively alone.

"But, Tom," she pleaded, "she is watching me. I can't stay here. Just wait a minute," he replied. "I have been waiting for you all day, and that glass of chocolate would not give any one else an idea, a thought. There is a plan which is really serious. And then, abruptly, "Ethel, mother-fond of you?"

"Why, yes, of course," she said. "But I mean very fond. You are do if she were to lose you, she were drowned, for instance?"

"Tom," she said suddenly, "I have an idea, a thought. There is a plan which is really serious. And then, abruptly, "Ethel, mother-fond of you?"

"Ethel, do you love me?" he asked irrelevantly. "All the laughter had left his face, she saw only the passionate look, the blue in his blue eyes. The blue they were now, almost turned a little pale. "Come yet more quickly," he said, "very near here, so near that I can breathe like a star over your cheek."

"You know," he said, "I have been waiting for you all day, and that glass of chocolate would not give any one else an idea, a thought. There is a plan which is really serious. And then, abruptly, "Ethel, mother-fond of you?"