

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Catholic Notes Gathered by Our Special Correspondents.

Miss Mary Ritzenthaler of Honeoye Falls, was in Rochester last week.

Saturday morning Bishop McQuaid administered the Holy Sacrament of confirmation to a class of 40 adults.

Revs. F. X. Muller and Edward M. Weigel, Redemptorist Fathers of Buffalo, conducted a very successful mission at St. Columba's church, Caledonia last week.

St. with curvature of the spine, is recovering slowly. Jack is very popular and his many friends will be pleased to see his smiling countenance among them once more.

Mr. M. Kenheady and Miss Anna Smith were united in marriage on Wednesday last by Rev. Father English. Mr. Thos. Kenheady acted as groomsmen and Miss M. J. Smith as bridesmaid.

W. T. Rochford, of Burke, Fitz-Simons, Hone & Co., spent Sunday with his family in this village.

Arbor day was appropriately observed by the pupils of the Union School on Friday.

A special school meeting was called on Tuesday evening by the Board of Education of Union School and was largely attended by the citizens.

Master Jack Rochford, who has been seriously ill at his home on Pleasant

Canandaigua.

Rev. John McGrath who has been assisting Father English here for the past three weeks returned to the Cathedral on Thursday.

Master Jack Rochford, who has been seriously ill at his home on Pleasant

JOHN A. DONNER,

Physician and Surgeon, Office, 185 Smith St., Rochester, N.Y.

OFFICE HOURS—7 to 9 a. m. 1 to 3 p. m. 7 to 9 p. m. Night calls attended to.

BUY COAL NOW

PRICES MAY ADVANCE. J. A. Van Ingen, 91 Smith St. Telephone, 245 D.

RE-OPENING OF South St. Paul St. Coffee House,

Meals served at all hours on the European plan. Also Table Board at \$2.50 per week. Furnished Rooms at Reasonable Rates. OPEN SUNDAYS.

Reading for the Million.

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

"DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE continues to be one of the marvels of American journalism for the richness of its contents and the cheapness of its price. It has in every issue a hundred pages of original and select articles, yet it costs only two dollars a year, and not satisfied with its profusion of reading matter, it occasionally embellishes its pages with timely illustrations.

The Catholic Journal, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

For Sale.

- \$9,000—House on East ave. \$8,500—House on Lake ave. \$7,500—House on Selye tract. \$8,000—House on Vick park. \$5,500—House on Bay street. \$5,500—House on S. Goodman st. \$4,500—House on Fulton ave. \$3,600—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. \$1,800—House on N. Joiner street. \$1,800—House on Third street.

Jas. H. Wilson, 811 Ellwanger & Barry Building.

Geneseo. Miss Anna O'Leary, of this village held the lucky number that drew the gold watch at the Big Tree Hook and Ladder Co.'s entertainment.

Rev. Father O'Neil, formerly of Scottsville, and who is now filling the place of Rev. J. A. Hickey, preached one of the finest sermons ever delivered in this village, on Sunday last.

LAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps And nigh to the tower of the king, Close, close to the cradle where infancy sleeps, And joy loves to linger and sing, Lies a garden of light full of heaven's perfume, Where never a tear drop is shed, And the rose and the lily are ever in bloom— 'Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

Each moment of life a messenger comes And beckons man over the way; Through the heart sobs of woman and rolling of drums The army of mortals obey.

Few lips that have kissed not a motionless brow, A face from each freckle has fled, But we know that our loved ones are watching us now In the land of the beautiful dead.

Not a charm that we know are the bound'ry was crossed, And we stood in the valley alone; Not a trait that we prized in our darlings is lost— They have faded and lovelier grown. As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of night

Into bondage at dawn break are led, So they bask in the glow by the pillar of light, In the land of the beautiful dead.

O! the dead, our dead, our beautiful dead, Are close to the heart of eternity wed. When the last deed is done and the last word is said We will meet in the land of the beautiful dead.

MISS M. M. HUNT, Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors and Hair Goods, 138 E. Main St., Room 15. Ladies & Children's Hair Cut and Curled.

SMOKE THE White Dove Cigar, Manufactured by GUINAN & BROWN, 11 Bartlett Street. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

RESIDENCE 128 BROADWAY T. B. MOONEY, UNDERTAKER and manager of Joyce Undertaking Rooms 196 West Main Street. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LOUIS ERNST & SON, DEALERS IN Mechanics' Tools, Builders' Hardware, Manufacturers' Supplies, 129 AND 131 EAST MAIN ST. Two Doors East of So. St. Paul St.

The Rochester Sanitary Excavating Co. —CLEANS— Vaults, Cesspools, Cellars And removes all offensive matter with neatness and dispatch. Prompt Service and Reasonable Rates. Office, 115 Hudson St. P. O. Box 472.

AMAN'S SODA 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 clinical surgery. Special shoeing to remedy defects in horses. 5 Caledonia Avenue, cor. West Ave. Residence, Boulevard 4th. house from city line.

ADOLPH BEQUE, Caterer, Specialty of Ice Cream and Fancy Cakes. Caterer for Weddings and Parties.

AN UNCLE VANISHED.

An elderly gentleman, whose chief idiosyncrasias are a rooted aversion to death and a fervent hatred for his heir and successor, is not exactly a novel character either in real life or on the stage. But there is a material difference in his behavior in the two situations, for whereas on the stage he almost invariably turned to repentance by the beaux yeux of the young lady whom his heir has married, or by the maddening prattle of her tiresome child, and dies in the odor of sanctity distributing indiscriminate blessings, in real life he more often than not carries his spite with him to the grave and leaves his posterity good reason to execrate his memory in the shape of an outrageously malicious will.

Sir Toby Bunskin, of Bunskin Hall, Fallowland, and No. 250 Grosvenor square, London, was not at all like the traditional old gentleman of the stage. His hatred for his heir, Capt. Jack Bunskin, of the Fifth Lancers, was not exaggerated, and did not betray him into foolish excesses, but it was sincere—the more, perhaps, because it was absolutely unreasonableness.

And Jack had long ago reconciled himself to a precarious existence on his pay, his wits and the money he could raise by mortgaging his reversion to certain family estates which Sir Toby had not the power of willing away from him.

Now, although Sir Toby hated Jack so heartily, it must not be imagined that he was sufficiently lost to the decencies of society as to ignore his existence, to insult him in public, or even to be pointed rudely to him in private. Jack was always asked down to Bunskin Hall for the cover shooting, he was expected to assist at the annual rent dinner of Sir Toby's tenants, and at certain fixed seasons he was formally invited to Grosvenor square. But there Sir Toby's recognition of his relative began and ended. He would not allow Jack a sixpence, nor would he have lent him £20 to save him from the bankruptcy court, or even from suicide.

The baronet was not very old—he was barely sixty—and for bodily vigor many a man of five-and-forty might have envied him. He rode regularly to hounds, was an experienced and successful deer stalker and could cast a salmon-fly with the best fishermen in Scotland; and he was addicted to none of the excesses which sometimes shorten the lives of men who indulge in hard exercise, for he neither ate too much nor drank too freely. In fact, he took excellent care of himself, and was on very good terms with his doctor. His friends said that he delighted in the idea of keeping Jack out of his inheritance as long as he possibly could.

Now, all men have their small weaknesses, and one of the most pronounced of Sir Toby's was a passion for literature and for plays of a sensational and blood curdling description. He revelled in penny-dreadfuls and in equal moving melodrama; he delighted in complicated plots of missing heirs, forged wills, mysterious murders and buried treasure. There was reason to suppose that many of his strong boxes, which presumably contained title deeds and ancient leases, were in reality stuffed with rejected manuscripts and stillborn dramas, declined with thanks.

Sir Toby was firmly impressed with the idea that had his station and duties been otherwise he would have made his fortune as a detective, and nothing pleased him so much as endeavoring to discover the identity of an undetected murderer or the motive for a mysterious disappearance. Whenever such an event occurred, which was pretty often, Sir Toby used to indite long epistles to The Times, setting forth his theories.

It was one day in early spring that a great idea occurred to Sir Toby Bunskin. He felt in a peculiarly misanthropic humor, for Jack had been staying with him, and uncle and nephew had contrived to quarrel even more seriously than usual. Moreover, there had been published certain damaging facts in connection with one or two charitable institutions to which Sir Toby had intended to leave the greater part of his fortune, and he began to think that even Jack might not put his money to a much worse use than a pack of overpaid, greedy officials. It was in this humor that he had taken up a newspaper and studied the strange disappearance of Mr. Jabez Brown, an eminent Mudford merchant and millionaire, who had vanished from mortal ken in the most unexpected manner and without the slightest apparent reason.

The amateur detective was strong in Sir Toby, as usual, and he fell to musing over the fate of Mr. Brown, and to evolving all manner of theories which might account for his singular absence. He was rich, eminently respectable, and universally looked up to in the commercial world. An examination of his affairs had proved beyond doubt that no financial embarrassment existed. Then he

else's wife, or, indeed, that a lady in any way connected with the case, was perfectly sane and in good health and no conceivable reason could be assigned for suicide.

"He may have been murdered," thought Sir Toby; but this notion seemed commonplace—"there must be a woman in the case. Begad, I believe he is alive, at any rate. He may have disappeared out of pure caprice, and his responsibilities too troublesome; or perhaps he wanted to get somebody." This last notion seemed to interest Sir Toby—it was really original that a man should disappear for such a motive. He pondered deeply for several minutes, and then he said to himself quite slowly:

"He may have bolted to spite his heir—And then Sir Toby chuckled. "A lovely idea!" he continued. "Old Brown must have an heir—everybody has a nearly everybody. Brown disappeared in delight of his—long search after Brown—body found in the Thames—much decomposed—but easily identified as the of Brown by servants in pay of his heir takes possession of property—has splendid time for a few weeks—when he held Brown redivivus Brown alive as well—promptly kicks out the heir and declines all responsibility for his debt. What a splendid situation! Wonder how my dear nephew would like it? To give five thousand pounds to see him. And Sir Toby burst into harsh, unpleasant laughter, and positively rolled about in his chair with ghoulish merriment. The idea pleased him so much that he sat up a good two hours later than usual, and when at last he went to bed it was with a firm determination to carry out his scheme.

Upon Sir Toby's preparations it is unnecessary to dwell. He contrived to possess himself without suspicion of several thousand pounds in ready money, for he had no intention of being left penniless during an absence that might be prolonged. He had to make up his mind as to what country he should select for the scene of his adventures, and, after much deliberation, he fixed upon America, with a view of enjoying some wild sport in the Rocky mountains and elsewhere.

Now, Sir Toby was a smart, dapper man who dyed his hair black and shaved clean his face, so he argued that if he bought a red wig and beard they would effectually disguise him until his own beard and moustache had had time to grow. When this happened he would exhibit his undyed hair to the public and with a white head, a grizzly beard and moustache, and a pair of spectacles instead of his eyeglass, he felt sure that he could defy recognition. The main question of getting away was simple, the main difficulty, of course, being how to furnish Jack with proofs of his death strong enough to enable him to take possession of his inheritance.

But Sir Toby knew that queer things could be done in America, and once there he thought he could easily arrange by bribery that the body of some unknown traveler should be identified as that of Sir Toby Bunskin, Bart. Mindful of this necessity he armed himself with a pocket book containing papers calculated to place the identity of the person carrying them beyond reasonable doubt. He also carefully destroyed every will that he had ever made, for he wished his nephew to inherit as much as possible. "The greater the rise," he chuckled, "the greater the fall. Up like a rocket, Jack, my boy, and down like a stick!"

When all these preparations were made Sir Toby quietly left his home in Fallowland one day and did not return to it. His ostensible destination was the house in Grosvenor square, but he passed the night at a hotel and started the next morning for Liverpool. In his red wig and queerly cut clothes his own wife would not have recognized him. At Liverpool he took a steamer passage for New York, for he was a man who rather liked "roughing it" than otherwise, and once on the voyage, he began to feel that his plan was accomplished. But the question as to how he was to prove his own death bothered him considerably. The ship had not, however, been a day at sea before a most remarkable and fortunate circumstance occurred.

Sir Toby was a light sleeper and was not very much at home in his uncomfortable quarters, so the first night after leaving Queenstown he paced the deck for several hours. In the course of his nocturnal ramble he kept meeting a man whom he could not help noticing, from the fact that he seemed desperately anxious to avoid his, Sir Toby's, observation. "Some thief or forger bolting," thought Sir Toby, and he kept his eyes on the man from idle curiosity, and gradually fell to judging about the deed and watching him closely. Presently the man, when he thought himself unobserved, did a very strange thing, he took off his coat and laid it carelessly on the deck. Then he glanced hurriedly around the deck and

serious illness, died at Kalamazoo, Michigan, born at village near...

MAGAZINE for reply to... by the Priest in Literature in uses of Irish politics. Citizens. Marshal McSt. Patrick Memorial he above are in the AZINE. The please the INE. \$2 a dress, DONA...

Enright, Sunday, person is to

make its Saturday

2nd. at Mart Mc

passed the y...

will give esbyterian ing.

f the late winter at ed to her

aura Basue of the lay mornnehl was a college it man.

S.

inary Sale

Co's clearance Monday le, one of tive stock Western specialty goods, cloaks, draper, hosiery, ladies' fine linings, millinery, goods will cond...

friends to 6 day be. This week to odds, car...

stlemen's is every evening, a special

& Co's.

t several interest of rized to give pay