

CARPETS

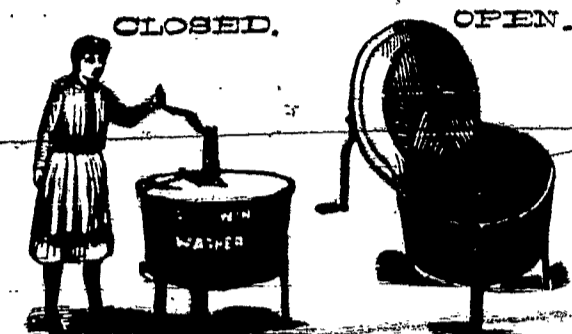
Economical buyers are assured that in the line of Carpets we can please them as our stock is large and well assorted and our prices uniformly reasonable.

DRAPERIES

Our New Department contains Drapery and Furniture Goods in endless variety.

Gorton & McCabe,

43 & 45 State St.



Goodwin Washer.

TWO WEEKS' TRIAL FREE OF CHARGE. CALL ON OR ADDRESS

B. J. BARNES & SON, 48 Genesee Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Or H. F. Seymour & Co., Opp. Arcade.

Established 1862.

F. Turpin,

102 State St, One Flight.

Picture Frames,

AND ALL WORK CONNECTED WITH THE BUSINESS

Atkinson & Sykes, ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS.

Electric Bells, Electric Gas Lighting, Electric Annunciators, Electric Burglar Alarms, Watchmen's Clocks, etc. Estimates furnished on all classes of electrical work. Telephone 672. 30 Front St., Rochester.

SHELDON'S

Cereals and Flour.

Removed from Hickory Street to

NO. 46 HOWELL STREET

Short-Hand.—3 Months Course.

Specimen Copy of "The Modern Reporter" sent on receipt of 10 cents. Regular price 25 cts. Underhill's College of Phonography, 16 State Street.

Charles Abercrombie,

Professor of True Tone Production and ARTISTIC SINGING. 82 STATE ST.

Dr. Edington, Dentist.

(formerly at the cor. Lyell Ave., and State St.) Has opened a newly furnished Dental office at 426 STATE ST., First door south of the R. W. O., Depot. All invited to call. First-Class Work.

Gormly Bros.,

Importers of and Dealers in Crockery, Glassware, Silver Plate, LAMPS, &c. 87 State Street, opp. Market.

Greatest Family Remedy Known

Five yrs. Trial proves its worth. Once tried, always used. Highest Testimonials. It will save you money. 50c. per Bottle. Only will it cost. Money refunded. It will install itself in your heart. A friend in need when Colds, Croup, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, etc., etc. are laid low by the use of it. Sold by Druggists Generally. Mfg. by the Vegetable Compound Co.,

Thus he checked her effusion of thanks, while he noted in his book.

"Kate Reilly, Sr., dr. to Dinny, \$1."

The spring season passed away; dull summer dragged itself into the past. During the heated term there was little doing in the theatricals on the Bowery outside of the variety line. Occasionally a new play was tried on a "paper" horse. Then the services of Dinny were called in to push it through in such a manner that it could be advertised in the provinces as "the recent metropolitan success." Dinny, though, was often "hard put for de expense of an evenin'," as he phrased the oppression due to ennui, but he looked forward hopefully to the opening of the regular season. He had some plans for that season. Mary Reilly, cousin to Kate, Sr., was a blooming young lady of 18. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes bright, her lips red; her form was supple and her carriage graceful.

Dinny had begun to think of her, but he knew that during the summer season he could not court her, except at considerable expense, for she was fond of association picnics and excursions to the sea, where she would not be content to lunch on a Frankfurter sandwich, but would desire at least a plate of clam chowder; so Dinny simply thought of her, chatting with her when they met, and always endeavoring to leave a pleasant impression on her mind.

When the regular season was at hand Dinny called on his friend, the manager, and informed him that a young lady of the East Side would be glad to occasionally see a play, and an extra ticket would be acceptable. The manager objected, but finally yielded when Dinny declared that he would transfer his allegiance to a new theatre then about ready to be opened.

Great was Mary's surprise when Dinny informed her he was desirous of her company on Monday evenings at the theatre.

"Yer see, Mary, I've been a-savin' up dis summer, an' not runnin' ter picnics an' tings, an' I got that cash in a lump, jist fer de teater."

Mary, after the proper amount of expostulation with him for his extravagance, consented to make a regular engagement with him for Monday evenings.

"Yer want ter put on yer pretty tings, fer we'll set in de orchistry cheers."

Which remark caused a thrill of pride in Mary's being.

Looking over the cast of a new play one night, while he was enduring a "wait" between the acts, he saw that Kathryn Eidenger was to take a leading part. He turned to Mary and asked who that person was.

"Shure the woman that chated me Cousin Kate out av her wash bill."

"The divil I wuz tinkin' I had heard av her. Jist wait an' keep a-lookin'."

The rise of the curtain here interrupted further conversation, for in the matter of attention Dinny could have set the boxholders at the Metropolitan Opera House an excellent example, but as soon as the act was ended he asked:

"How much does she owe yer Cousin Kate?"

"Two dollars and sixty-three cents."

"An' intrust," Dinny added, and became immersed in thought, while Mary took advantage of his obliviousness to make eyes at one of her summer beaux.

"That's good!" exclaimed Dinny suddenly, and brought his hands together in a loud clap of approval, and Mary, thinking he had caught her flirting, blushed and looked very guilty. Dinny laughed when he saw the curtain still down, and knew from the many eyes turned on him that he had made himself ridiculous; but, all the same, he was pleased, and smiled broadly on Mary, who asked:

"Wuz ye dramin', Dinny?"

"I wuz, an' I tell it ter yer in de swate by 'n'by?"

In the afternoon of the day on which Kathryn Eidenger was to appear Dinny sent a boy to the theatre to buy two tickets for the orchestra chairs, giving him the money for the purpose. The messenger secured good seats, and when Dinny conducted Mary to them she said she was glad of the change, for it looked as if they had a "mor' gige" on their regular chairs.

Just before the curtain rose, the manager discovered that Dinny was absent from his usual place, and sent to the box office to inquire if he had been seen during the evening. The ticket seller returned word that he had not got his tickets, but the man at the door said he had passed in with his "stiddy." The manager soon saw him seated in full view of the gallery, where his friends could watch him from the front row and respond to his signals.

But all through the first act he gave none—not once did his hands come together in applause. Though the actors seemed to be beating their record, Dinny was motionless, grim, silent, and his followers in the gallery were at first surprised at his omunity to the piece, but faithful to him, they refrained from applause notwithstanding their private

There was applause from the gallery, but it was scattered, and weak and disheartening to the actors, whose Bowery experiences had left upon their memories thunderous volleys of approbation from "nigger heaven." The curtain went down on a scene that the playwright had heretofore considered almost a masterpiece in drama construction, but there was but little enthusiasm in the house, the audience having by this time felt the "cold wave" from the gallery.

The manager sent an usher to Dinny with a request to the leader of the claque to come to the office. Dinny at once excused himself to Mary and in a minute was closeted with the manager, who was apparently very angry.

"You have broken your agreement, Dinny," he exclaimed, "and you get no more free tickets."

"I ain't had none ternoight. I bought dese checks," showing his coupons, "an' I ain't broke no greemint."

"You sat there like a stone all through the act."

"I had a right ter, for I paid me way, an' I won't take back the money Saturday night. I ain't leadin' der boys on ter 'plaud eny actrias what won't pay her washin' bills."

"What's that?" inquired the manager, and Dinny told him Kate Reilly's story. "I'll get that money," said the manager.

"Two dollars an' sixty-three cents an' six months' intrust at 6 per cent."

The manager hastened behind the scenes and had an interview with Kathryn Eidenger. Presently he returned with the money, and Dinny, in consideration of a promise on the manager's part to remit the price of seats he had bought, went back to the orchestra chairs to lead the applause. The boys followed him. The gallery was a unit in the second act and the play went on with a rush.

On the way to Mary's home, Dinny handed her the money he had collected for Kate. Mary was delighted and said he was the best hearted fellow in the world.

"Good enuf hearted, Mary, but better headed, an' don't yer tink I'd make a good husband—an' won't yer hev me, Mary?"

Mary stammered an acceptance and Dinny squeezed her arm and said: "This is what I wuz draming that night in de teater."—Alfred L. King in New York Clipper.

The Navajo Blanket.

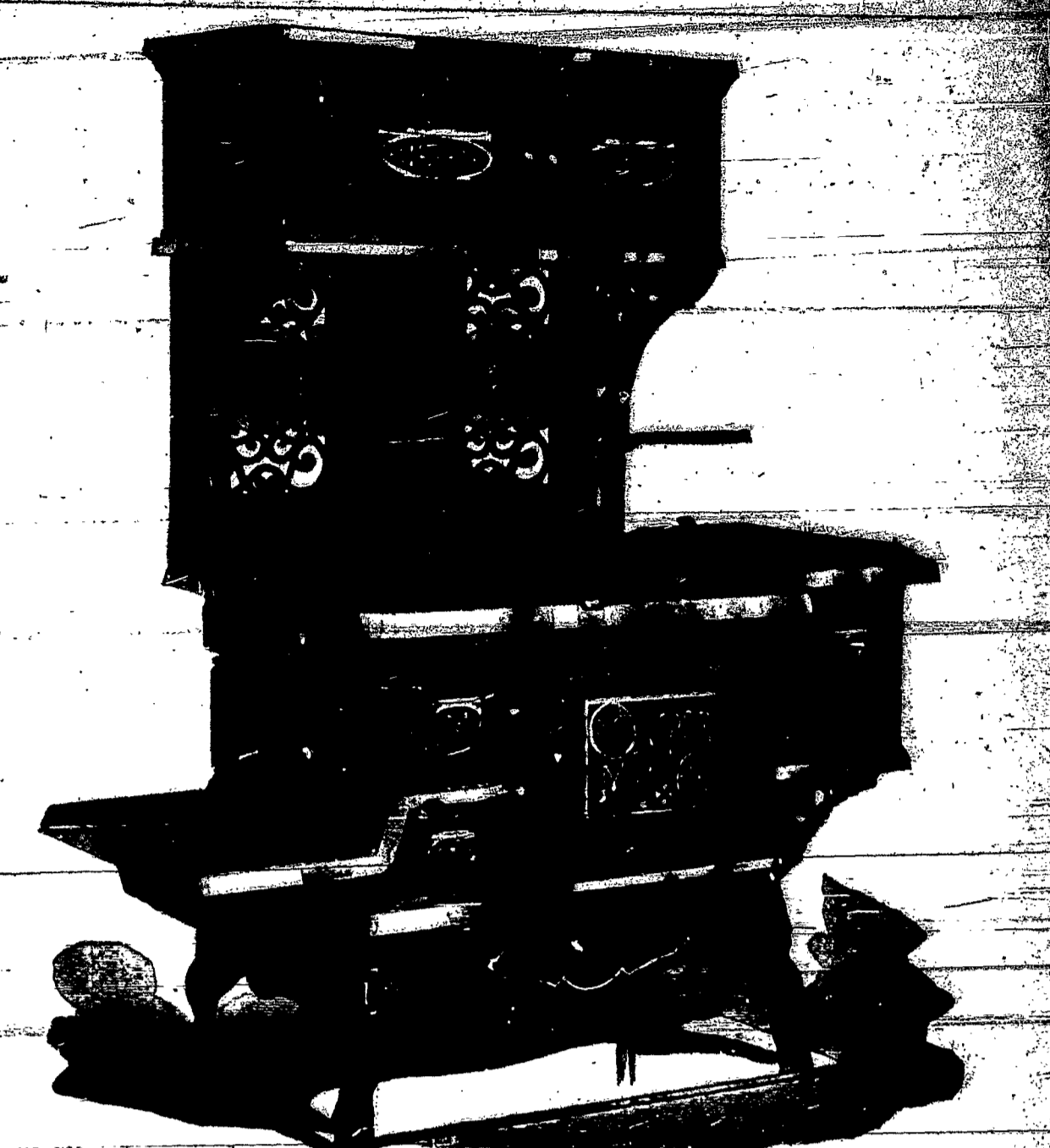
The Navajo Indians are possessors of large flocks of finely bred sheep, the wool from them amounting to over a million pounds annually. A portion of the wool is sold to traders; but the larger part is used in the manufacture of blankets. After the wool is cleaned, carded and dyed—by a process known only to the Indians and by them religiously guarded as a secret—it is ready for the loom, which is built by the squaws. The weavers are personages of such importance that they are not expected to perform any other labor.

The loom, which contains the loom, is made by driving into the ground at regular intervals six roughly hewn poles, from eight to ten feet long, forming a small square. Across the tops of these supports are laid green boughs to shield the weaver from the sun. The center poles form the sides of the loom; and about a foot from the top and bottom are fastened cross poles through which holes are bored for the warp, which is composed of the fibers of the yucca tree. This warp is treated by a process that renders it almost indestructible, the secret of which is known only to the Navajo Indians, who refuse to divulge it. Consequently the work of their looms is not likely soon to become the rival of the more generally used "California blanket."

Before they were subdued by the government the Navajo Indians made these blankets solely for the use of their own tribe, but since they have been thrown almost entirely upon their resources for a livelihood the manufacture of the blanket has become their leading industry, and a source of large profit.—Good Housekeeping.

A Chicago Hoax.

An enterprising man down on Clark street has been attracting attention to his place by a clever illusion. Artistically arranged fragments of glass have been so pasted upon his big-plate glass front as to deceive people into the belief that the plate has been shattered by a bullet. The illusion is almost perfect and can only be seen through by a very close observer. To carry out the scheme there is a bullet pasted up to the glass, and an explanatory line under it to the effect that it is the particular bullet which shattered the glass. There is a group in front of the window all day long. Hank Smith, who is near by, is pointed out as the intended victim of the bullet. His friends have circulated the report that some ambushed enemy of his fired at him from across the street, just after he had closed his place, and people call in every hour to congratulate him



THE MONROE RANGE.

Will pay Ten Dollars to anyone who will inform me of another dealer that is selling them at a price lower than mine.

James H. Brown,

372 North Avenue, Cor. Kirk Street.



Shoes, Shoes, Shoes.

LOOK AT THE BARGAINS At Star Shoe Store.

One thousand pairs of Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Hand Turned Shoes—just the thing for warm weather—light, flexible and pleasant on the feet. A job lot of \$3.50 Shoes—will close out at \$2.25.

to make room for other goods. Call early and be fitted. A full line of Ladies' Fine Oxford Ties, all-styles, widths and sizes, at the lowest possible prices: Mens' Calf Shoes, from \$2 to \$5—Every pair warranted to give satisfaction. Boys' Youth's Misses' and Children's School Shoes a specialty.

STAR SHOE STORE, 68 EAST MAIN ST.

MARTIN HENNESSY.

ESTABLISHED 1676.

WILLIAMSON,

145 West Avenue, ROCHESTER N. Y. DEALER IN

Wall Paper, Window-Curtains, Mixed Paints

Oils, Glass, Artists' Materials, Putty.

"SHOP 11 KENT ST."

HOUSE PAINTERS & DECORATORS,

Whitening and Coloring Neatly Done with Dispatch.

E. T. Peart. C. A. Thiem.

Péart & Thiem's,

New Photograph Gallery,

112 E. Main St. Rochester, N. Y. Best Work at Lowest Prices.

MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS

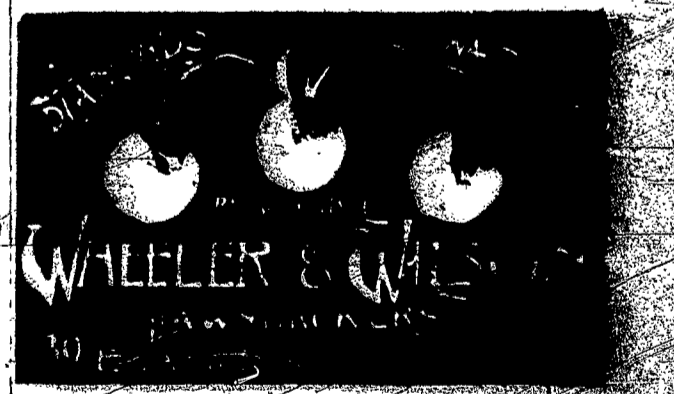
NELL BROS. & KERN,

MANTELS, GRATES and TILES.

IMPORTERS OF SCOTCH GRANITE, 238 & 240 STATE ST. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHARLES J. FABLE,

Marble & Granite Works



B. J. BURKE, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE.

REAR 111 EAST AVENUE, TELEPHONE 587, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Saddle Horses can be Rented by the Hour.

Now is a good time to subscribe! Cut this out and send it to our office with one dollar, and in return you will receive the only Catholic paper published in English in this diocese. Enclosed find \$1.00, for which send THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL for one year.

Commencing with..... number

Name..... Street.....

City or P. O.....