

For Sale.

- \$3,800—House on Lake ave.
 - \$3,500—House on S. Goodman st.
 - \$3,000—House on Phelps ave.
 - \$3,000—House on Grove st.
 - \$2,500—House on Fulton ave.
 - \$2,500—House on Glenwood park.
 - \$2,500—House on Rowe st.
 - \$2,500—House on Second st.
 - \$2,000—House on Fourth st.
 - \$2,000—House on Broesel park.
 - \$2,000—House on Rowe st.
 - \$2,000—House on Ravine ave.
 - \$2,000—House on Rowe st.
 - \$2,000—House on Costar st.
 - \$2,000—House on Glenwood ave.
 - \$2,000—House on Avenue C.
 - \$2,000—House on Oriole st.
- Jas. H. Wilson,
311 Ellwanger & Barry Building.

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. An exchange says of the Magazine: "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 selected 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 veteran editor, Patrick Donahoe, founder of the 'Boston Pilot,' gives the assurance that his periodical is making steady advance, and because of its progress all his friends rejoice with him in its success."

MISS S. C. MINGES,

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CUTTING AND CURLING BANGS
LADIES' WHOLE WIGS MADE TO ORDER.
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Cath. N. St. Paul Take Elevator

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CORP. OPERA HOUSE.
The most complete establishment in the European plan.
The board at \$2.50 per week. Furnished
at reasonable rates.
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Albums, Spring Beds, Rings, Lace Goods,
164 East 3rd St. Over Tea Store

DIOCESAN NEWS.

Seneca Falls.

About 48 children made their first communion at St. Patrick's church last Sunday. In the afternoon they renewed their baptismal vows.

A class of twelve students of the parochial school tried the Regent examination at the High school last week and all were successful in passing, and will enter the High school with the commencement of the fall term. Their high standing reflects great credit upon the care and thoroughness of the Sisters in charge of the parochial school.

Mrs. Daniel Ryan, of Elmira, was in town on Wednesday, in attendance at commencement exercises of Mynderse Academy, her daughter Kittie, being one of the graduating class.

Miss Lizzie Rafferty and Kittie Ryan, were members of the graduating class of Mynderse Academy and acquitted themselves with honor. Miss Anna Kirk was one of the speakers at the High school commencement Wednesday evening, and acquitted herself with great credit.

Miss Nellie and Kittie Ryan leave next week for Elmira, to take up their residence with their parents who now reside there. Miss Kittie has been one of the solo sopranos in St. Patrick's choir, and her sweet voice will be missed by the members of the congregation.

Edward P. Mackin has taken the agency for the CATHOLIC JOURNAL, and will receive subscriptions at the store of Finnegan & Co, 70 Fall street, terms, \$1 per year, in advance.

Geneseo.

Miss Mary O'Meara is spending her vacation at home here after closing a very successful term teaching school in Olean. Miss Annie Haberlin, who has been teaching school at Belfast, N. Y., spent a few days here with friends last week. John Stapleton, of Rochester, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. T. Costello, last week. Mr. McDonald of Canandaigua, visited with his sister, Mrs. Wm. Crystal, this week. Rev. Dr. Hanna of Rochester, will officiate at St. Mary's church tomorrow. Miss Bessie Delaney, who was stricken with paralysis a few weeks ago, died Sunday morning last at the age of 33 years, it being her birthday. Funeral was held from St. Mary's church on Tuesday last at 10 a. m. Edward O'Brien of this village and Elizabeth Martin of New York were united in marriage at the latter place on Wednesday last. On Thursday evening they were tendered a reception at the home of the groom's father, where a large number of invited guests had assembled to extend congratulations and good wishes. The happy couple were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents.

Phelps.

John Garden and daughter are renewing old acquaintances in town. Miss Kittie Savannah of Palmyra is the guest of Edward Shelling.

Mrs. James McMullen died suddenly on Wednesday from the effects of measles. Her funeral was held on Friday from St. Francis' church.

A bed in correspondence. A bed in writing paper is what is called lover's stationery. It is fine notes paper delicately tinted, the most fashionable shade being light pink. The watermark, to be detected by holding the sheet up to the light, is a blending of two hearts, pierced by an arrow. In the lower corner of each fourth page (or reverse of each second half sheet) appears what at first sight looks like a blotch. But this is the charming feature of the novelty; it is the kissing spot, for here the correspondent presses his or her lips, and thus a salute is wadded to the absent lover. The kissing spot is about the size of a shilling (twenty-five cent piece) and is covered with a thin aromatic gum that imparts to the lips a pleasing odor and taste. A more ingenious bit of maudlin sentimentality could hardly be devised, yet we must all confess that it is of just such innocent and sane follies that the joy of human life largely consists.—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

Neglecting Her Privileges. Mr. Fangle (admirably).—What an exquisite carriage Mrs. Simcoe has! Mrs. Fangle—Has she? Why, she's always walking when I see her.—Speech.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS.

A SECTION OF THE COUNTRY DEVOTED TO NOTHING ELSE.

The Basin of the Caspian Sea Rests on a Subterranean Sea of Naphtha—Discovery, Appearance and Large Output of the Beds—A Town of Fire.

Tiflis is midway on the railway that cuts the Caucasus in its whole width and puts the two seas in communication—the port of Batoum on the Black sea with that of Bakou on the Caspian. As we leave the capital in the latter direction the eye is at first ravished and then desolated by the changing aspects of the land. The track follows the Kour, which rolls its broad sheet of water majestically through wild forests and rich tilled soil, while two chains of snowy ridges stretch away out of sight in the distance—the Caucasus to the left, the mountains of Armenia to the right.

Soon we leave the river, which goes to join the Araxes toward the south; the plain gets broader and barer; tall cages built of planks perched on four tree trunks rise in the midst of the rice fields like watchtowers. The inhabitants of the villages, who are all Tartars in this region, take refuge at night in these aerial nests; the marshy land is so unhealthy that it is dangerous to sleep there. In spite of these precautions the peasants whom we see are devoured by fever; their emaciated visages remind us of those of the inhabitants of the Roman campagna. After leaving Hadji-Caboul, the station in Moorish style where a new line branches off—the "Peherran line," I am told by the engineers who are building it, and who hope to carry it into the very heart of Persia—we enter an African landscape, sad and luminous.

REMARKABLE SCENERY.

The mountain chains become lower; they are now simply cliffs of gilded sandstone festooning against a crude blue sky. At their feet the desert, a sandy expanse, covered here and there with a rose carpet of flowering tamarisks. Herds of camels browse on these shrubs under the guard of a half naked shepherd, motionless as a bronze statue. The fantastic silhouettes of these animals are increased in size and changed in form by the effect of the mirage, which displays before our eyes in the ardent haze of the horizon lakes and forests. From time to time we meet a petroleum train, composed of cistern trucks in the form of cylinders, surmounted by a funnel with a short, thick neck.

When you see them approaching from a distance you might mistake them for a procession of mastodons, vying in shapelessness with the trains of camels which they pass. The sun burns in space. Yonder a green band glitters beneath its rays; it is the Caspian. We turn around a hill and behold! on this western shore, in this primitive landscape, which seems like a corner of Arabia Petraea, a monstrous city rises before our eyes. Is it once more the effect of mirage, this town of diabolical aspect, enveloped in a cloud of smoke traversed by running tongues of flame, as it were Sodom fortified by the demons in its girde of cast iron towers?

I can find but one word to depict exactly the first impression that it gives: It is a town of gasometers. There are no houses—the houses are relegated further away on the right, in the old Persian city—nothing but iron cylinders and pipes and chimneys, scattered in disorder from the hills down to the beach. This is doubtless the fearful model of what manufacturing towns will all be in the Twentieth century. Meanwhile, for the moment, this one is unique in the world; it is Bakou—the "town of fire," as the natives call it; the petroleum town, where everything is devoted and subordinated to the worship of the local god.

OIL IN REMOTE AGES.

The bed of the Caspian sea rests upon a second subterranean sea, which spreads its floods of naphtha under the whole basin. On the eastern shore the building of the Samarcand railway led to the discovery of immense beds of mineral oil. On the western shore, from the most remote ages, the magi used to adore the fire springing from the earth at the very spot where its last worshippers prostrate themselves at the present day. But after having long adored it impious men began to make profit by it commercially. In the thirteenth century the famous traveler, Marco Polo, mentions "on the northern side a great spring whence flows a liquid like oil." It is no good for eating, but is useful for burning and all other purposes; and so the neighboring nations came to get their provision of it and fill many vessels without the ever flowing spring appearing to be diminished in any manner. The real practical working of these oil springs dates back only a dozen years.

At the present day it yields 2,000,000 kilograms of kerosene per annum, and disposes the markets of Europe

Pennsylvania. The yield might be increased tenfold, for the existing wells give on an average 40,000 kilograms a day, and in order to find new ones it suffices to bore the ground, so saturated is the whole soil with petroleum. C. Marvill, "The Petroleum Industry in Southern Russia," compares the aspheroch peninsula to a sponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil is continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments its entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or of natural springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundant that it is hopeless to store their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks; the air, impregnated with naphtha vapors, is then aglow all round Bakou.—Harper's.

After the Rain.

Clara—I have just had a delightful walk. How deliciously fresh and pure and clear the landscape looks this evening!

Flora—Ya-as. I just read in the papers that some detectives are scouring this part of the country.—Pittsburg Post.

Chicago Growing to Be Like New York. In many things does Chicago day by day grow more like New York. In past years one of the most noticeable differences between the dwellers by the lake and the dwellers by the sea was the difference in their style of dress. New York business men have long been punctilious in regard to their dress. It was a common thing to see not only the young men but the older men going to business in the morning with a flower in the buttonhole and dressed as a "westerner" would have dressed for some social event. In Chicago it was entirely different. Our best and wealthiest citizens dressed in a manner that would have caused them to have been noticeable upon Broadway.

They were too busy to care about or even think about their clothes. Between the fire and the panic and the big interest they had to pay it took all their energies, both physical and mental, to contrive means to pay their eastern creditors. But times have changed since then. Then were the days of hustle and anticipation. Now, while it is still the day of hustle, anticipation has graduated into enjoyment. Then nothing was too good for our creditors, now nothing is too good for ourselves. Then the business man wore clothing simply for protection from the weather. Now he has time for the amenities and pleasures of life and the money to gratify his tastes.—Chicago Herald.

A Matter of Fact Auditor.

"Fellow citizens," thundered the impassioned orator, bringing his fist down hard on the table, "what, I ask again, is our country coming to? And echo answers 'what?'" "Pardon me, sir," interposed a mild looking man in the audience, rising to his feet, "did I understand your question to be, 'What is our country coming to?'" "Yes, sir." "And you say echo answers 'what?'" "That is what I said, sir." "Then there's something wrong with the acoustics of this building," said the milk looking man, shaking his head in a perplexed way and sitting down again.—Chicago Tribune.

Prescriptions in English.

It is rather a serious piece of professional conventionalism which compels a parent to stand beside the thin veil that separates his child from eternity with medicines in his hand the character of which he knows nothing, except that they were called for in Latin and Greek hieroglyphics and furnished by some druggist of whose competency he may also know nothing. A drop too much, an innocent oversight in the method of application, or any other mistake growing out of what he is handling, may be sufficient to decide the chances of life. People have the right to know what they are administering to their loved ones.—Boston Globe.

The Quaker in War.

Many amusing stories were told illustrative of the trying position of sea going Quakers. One of them narrates that a friend, on board of a ship, retired to the cabin on seeing that a conflict was inevitable, that he might not by his presence on deck appear to sanction war. From the cabin window he saw that the helmsman was about to put his helm the wrong way. Seamanship mastered Quakerism, for he called out, "I'll have nothing to do with it, but if thou dost mean to hit her then starboard, John!"—Youth's Companion.

The growing value of a good picture is illustrated by the price paid for the "Little Players," by Jan Steen, now owned by Lord Ashburton. In 1709 it was knocked down for 58 florins; 1768, 160 florins; 1777, 470 florins; 1780, 1,250 florins; 1784, 1,640 florins; 1784, 1,250 florins; 1797, 1,450 florins; 1802, 1,400 florins; 1811, 2,400 florins; 1817, 2,600 florins.

From experiments made at Glasgow and Edinburgh, it was found that while the force of the breakers on the side of the German ocean may be taken at about a ton and a half to every square foot of exposed surface, the Atlantic side throws breakers with double that force, or three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to fifty-four tons. In March, 1890, a heavy gale blew for three days and nights at Skerryvore, washing out blocks of lime stone and granite of three and five tons weight as easily as if they had been empty egg shells, in some cases throwing them entirely over the breakwater at Plymouth.

Over 800 tons of such blocks were washed 800 feet up the inclined beach after being thrown over the breakwater and scattered about in various directions. One block of limestone, estimated to be of 15 tons weight, was moved over 150 feet from a place in the surf where it had been firmly grounded since 1897, it having been rolled in sight by the awful gale of the "Windy Christmases" of that year. This is quite a high sea record for 1890, showing that the gale of March 3 was the worst known on the Scottish coast for 193 years.—St. Louis Republic.

Humor of the Census.

The census taking reminds me of an old story that is forgotten by people now. On the printed blanks were the words: Age of father (if living). Age of mother (if living). One of the papers was returned with the startling information that the father was 120 years old and the mother 113. The city fathers hastened down to see this ancient pair, and were much surprised to hear that they died long ago. "Then what do you mean by this?" said the angry official, pointing to the ages. "Why, that's straight enough. It says 'Age if living,' and that would 'a' been their ages if living now."—Boston Transcript.

Be Careful in Speech.

Carefulness and exactitude in speech are sometimes characterized as affectation and mere pedantry, but, say what some people may, it is unquestionably the unfailing mark of culture. No one thoroughly and lovingly acquainted with the literature of his language can regard propriety in its use with contempt. The purity and harmony and rhythm of his native tongue are as precious to him as the perfect rendering and interpretation of music are to the musician; and to the preservation of the English language in its integrity it should be the duty and pleasure of every individual lover of it to contribute.—New York Ledger.

Lions with Spiked Backbones.

In front of an ugly but fashionable house in Second avenue, above Fourteenth street, are two very unreliable cast iron lions, which have just been painted a pinkish brown to match the newly chiseled brown stone copings of the doorway. The lions, in form and color, were sufficiently unlike anything in nature, but just by way of preventing the casual small boy from taking imaginary excursions astride their backs, a strip of spiked iron has been extended from mane to tail of each lion. The effect of these greswome but impossible beasts is startling on a stranger.—New York Sun.

When You Call Upon Your Doctor.

When consulting a medical man in his own house do so in his office hours. Do not go just at the time when he takes his meals "because I am sure to catch him then." So far as possible he certainly should be allowed to take his food in comfort at proper hours. Finish the professional interview with him in his consulting room and do not continue detailing symptoms in the hall when being shown out.—Good House-keeping.

A Handy Thing.

An enterprising chap in Connecticut has patented a tonic which he advertises in the spring as "the great spring tonic." In the summer he calls it "the great summer tonic," and in the fall and winter the term is changed to meet the season. A patent medicine man with a "great tonic" for only one season of the year can't expect to do much business.—Detroit Free Press.

Art of Damascening.

Damascening is producing upon steel a blue tinge and ornamental figures, sometimes inlaid with gold and silver, as in Damascus blades. It is so called from Damascus, which was celebrated in the Middle Ages for this class of ornamental art.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

The Duke of Westminster each year takes in about 50,000 in expenses and shillings paid by sightseers for admission to his country seat at Eaton Hall. The duke has a land rental amounting to 200,000 a year.