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A JOLLY WIZARD.

Oh, a wizard dwelt in a cave by the sea, And a dreamer of dreams was he, The wild waves' roar as they broke on the shore, Gave him mirth and jollity.

For he'd people the rocks and the sounding deep With phantasies weird as the products of sleep. Oh, he dreamed of a maiden fair as a star, Who came o'er the rolling sea On the snowy crest of the billow's breast;

With airy head walked she, And her face was as white as the driven snow, And her voice was like music sad and low. Oh, she sang of love, and of lovers' pain, And she sang of a dream so sweet That had urged her soul to a desperate goal, For the sake of a wild heart's beat, For the lover she loved in her fondest dream Was false as the glitter of brook and stream.

Oh, the wizard dwelt in a cave by the sea, And a dreamer of dreams was he, Through phantasies sad and phantasies glad, He kept his jollity; "For a dream is a dream, and not life," quoth he, "But love which is life ne'er a dream can be." —Washington Star.

AN ECCENTRIC HEIRESS.

Over the long brown level of the landscape the pink coats made vivid spots. The gray uplaid clouds parted here and there, giving passage to silver-razes of slanting light. There was a sea wind at large, but it was tempered by intermediate spaces of sandbar and of dead stretch of meadow grass, shriveled and dry.

The hunt was over. The wind blew up more keenly. "It's veering to the east," said the young man who rode at Miss Brockton's side, and who had managed to keep near her from start to finish. "Fortunate we had such a capital day. There'll be rain to-morrow."

Nothing original in the remarks. But then why expect originality? Mr. Thomas Ashington Revery was a good looking youth, who sat his mount well and was quite faultless in the matter of coats and collars, nails and hands and boots. What more could one ask?

But Miss Geraldine Brockton appeared to have an attitude of asking the absurd, the impossible. Had she not owned a million in her own right such peculiarities as hers—such marked, curious ways of looking at things and doing things—would really have seemed in questionable form. She was even as unseizable at every point as those long rays of silver white light that filtered through the clouds and melted and was gone again as you looked. Here, a few minutes ago, with the glad blood in her cheeks caused by the rapid motion, she had seemed vivid, animated, pleased with herself, with life, with her companion, perhaps. And now that the latter had simply uttered a word or two in a softer strain she had stiffened and frozen, abruptly, unapproachably.

"The whims of women!" said Thomas Ashington Revery to himself. "How is one to make headway with such a girl as this?"

When Miss Brockton had dismounted at her own door she went straight into the pretty room where sat her chaperone, relative and companion, Mrs. Gwynne, making tea.

This lady glanced up, caught the look in the girl's eye and said:

"What has Mr. Revery been doing?" "Doing?" Miss Brockton's magnificent eyes flashed fire. "Do you suppose I care what that creature does?" "If you don't care for him he cares for you."

"For me!" Geraldine laughed with ineffable scorn. "For my money, you mean!"

So that was the trouble again. Mrs. Gwynne had perceived at once that the girl was in one of her "moods."

"I shall advise you, Geraldine, to rid yourself of that prepossession of yours. You are grown morbid on the subject. You are quite capable of being liked for yourself, even if you are an heiress. Be reasonable. I suppose you are not prepared to be an old maid? Then don't ask too much of men."

Geraldine looked at her. "I hate my money!" she said, with slow, vibrant intensity. "I hate it!" "You would hate more being without it," observed Mrs. Gwynne, sipping her tea.

"You think so?" said the girl coldly. "You are mistaken!"

She paused abruptly. A lad had burst into the room, followed by a young man, tall and dark. This was Eddy, Miss Brockton's brother and pet, and his tutor. The boy began to chatter away to his sister, but the tutor presently said:

"Come, my boy." "Shall I give you a cup of tea, Mr. Severn?" asked Mrs. Gwynne.

"Thank you; no." He was gone with the boy. Geraldine had not spoken. After a little she laughed.

"What a model tutor it is! How well he keeps to his place!"

Mrs. Gwynne flushed angrily. "I wonder at you, Geraldine! There are times when you seem lacking not

only in feeling but in good taste! Mr. Severn is a gentleman—a scholar! More of a gentleman and undoubtedly more of a scholar than any Gwynne of Brockton, perhaps!"

Geraldine turned a little pale.

"How very cutting! How you take Mr. Severn's part! Happy Mr. Severn!" Then, abruptly, without warning of any sort, she bridged the space between herself and the little Moorish stand, and Mrs. Gwynne, in deep surprise, felt the convulsive clasp of two strong young arms about her neck.

"Oh, Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha! Aunt Martha! Don't mind me! Don't scold me! I—I am unhappy! And in doubt! I am so tossed about! So—so!"

"Why—why—Geraldine!" But the storm—or that phase of it, at least—had passed already. Geraldine drew herself up. She set her teeth, her lips.

"But I shall not be any longer. I am resolved! I shall know what to expect!" Her eyes shone, a brilliant smile flashed over the traces of tears. She opened the door and vanished.

When Thomas Ashington Revery called the next day Mrs. Gwynne was constrained to tell him that Miss Brockton had gone to town.

"What! Already? She told me she expected to remain out until after the last meet!"

"Oh, she has only gone in for two or three days," Mrs. Gwynne hastened to explain. "She told me that she wished to see her lawyer and her guardian." Mrs. Gwynne smiled. "You know, she is a creature of moods."

Full well did Tom Revery know it! Did one ever see clearly how one stood with her? He departed crestfallen, inwardly fuming. She had seemed sometimes to like him well—very well, and she was certainly a very handsome girl, and he—well, he was undoubtedly in love with her; and there was the money! It appeared outrageous to the young man, whose own patrimony was less ample than he could have wished it, that a mere girl and a stripling should each have inherited such wealth. That was the stripling riding by now, and the tall, dark fellow with him was his tutor. It occurred to Tom Revery to wonder, in passing, whether the tutor ever saw much of his pupil's sister.

"Must be rather rough on the poor chap if he's susceptible at all!"

It was a week later, and Miss Brockton was not only at home this time, but had been sitting with Mr. Revery for nearly an hour.

There had now fallen over the room a heavy silence. It lasted only a few seconds, but the pause seemed an endless one. Miss Brockton had risen suddenly and was standing with an elbow against the mantel. As her visitor seemed helplessly to fumble for the fitting word she repeated a little nervously:

"I am sorry—very sorry—for this misunderstanding. But—I cannot marry you, Mr. Revery. I shall never marry at all."

At this unlikely statement the suitor regained courage.

"Miss Brockton! Geraldine!" "No; it is improbable that I should ever marry. Of course, many men might be tempted to propose to me, thinking me rich. But my property will soon, by my own desire, be so disposed of that I shall have only a moderate income. Even should I marry, my will is so made that nothing I have, in case of my death, would go to my husband. So you see, such considerations may act as deterrents."

"Miss Brockton, you—you cannot think, it is not possible that you would believe me"—Revery was turning, in rapid succession, from red to white, from white to red. The girl pitied his discomfiture.

"Not at all, Mr. Revery. I suspect you of no interested motives. But I do not care for you—in the way you mean."

Five minutes afterwards she was sitting by the fire alone, a scornful smile on her lips that presently faded away and into a sigh. Some one came in at the door as she sat there, but turned again, retreating. At the sound Geraldine glanced around.

"Don't go, Mr. Severn; let me tell you of an interview I have just had."

She had started to her feet again and stood in the attitude she had assumed a little before, with her arms resting on the chimney top. Dusk was coming on and the room was in a penumbra, save for the firelight. These leaping flames illuminated the face above them. Such a face! Arthur Severn felt dizzy for a moment. He had never seen her look like that. She had never flashed that smile, that eyebeam, upon him. She had never addressed him in that friendly, jesting tone. She was suddenly all life, all softness, all charm. She seemed to wish to atone for her sullenness, her arrogance. What a will-o'-the-wisp she was! Changeful as a witch.

"An interview?" said the young man guardedly. He would not be misled

go. He kept a tight rein on himself.

"With Mr. Revery; yes—fancy! I have all at once come to the conclusion that I wish to be married, if I am married at all, for myself. The heiress, Miss Brockton, will in a short time have practically ceased to exist and there will remain only Geraldine Brockton, with a small income. Well, I told Mr. Revery this. And would you believe it. He did not propose to Geraldine Brockton, though a moment before he had offered his hand and heart to Miss Brockton, the heiress!"

She was laughing now. Her eyes continued to flash upon him with that strange lambent persistence. It was almost like a challenge. What could she mean? Again Severn seemed to turn dizzy. He kept his outward composure by a tremendous effort.

"If what you say is true, Miss Brockton, you will regret it, perhaps."

"Regret giving nearly all my fortune to charitable institutions? Ah, you judge as the world judges, do you? I had thought differently of you, Mr. Severn. Why should I wish to be so rich?" she cried, with a sort of fierceness. "Other women may be able to stand the test. I could not. It was making me hard, suspicious. It was making me doubt the whole world. It was stifling me. I shall have enough left for all the decencies and comforts of life. And I am free! Yes, I am free now. Before I was a slave—a slave to flatterers, to fortune hunters, to every form of human hypocrisy. Other people may feel themselves exalted by such a position. I felt myself degraded!"

She stopped. She almost seemed to pant. The blood rushed to Severn's brain. He took a step forward. What was he about to do—what to say? Whatever it might have been, the portiere was drawn aside and Mrs. Gwynne came in. The words remained unuttered on his lips.

But Miss Brockton spoke. A strange spirit appeared to possess her, urging her on, goading her to abrupt disclosures.

"Ah, Aunt Martha! I wonder if you'll be surprised, too, at my news. I have made an announcement which has stricken two men dumb with astonishment already. And yet it does not seem so strange, does it? Mr. Severn seems scarcely to believe that I have given away nearly all my fortune."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Gwynne. Severn had vanished.

"You do say such extraordinary things at times, declared Mrs. Gwynne. "People will really believe, at length, that you are not quite right, Geraldine."

"Aunt Martha!" Geraldine stood upright before her. "You don't believe me, either? It is true—true! That was why I went to town to see the lawyer and—"

Mrs. Gwynne had fallen into a chair. "What! Then all I have to say, Geraldine, is that you are insane! Absolutely insane! Who ever heard of a girl giving away her fortune before?"

"Perhaps not, but—"

"You will regret this!" Geraldine gave a strange, slightly bitter smile.

"I hope not!"

"Jerry! Jerry!" It was her younger brother's voice and it startled her from a fitful sleep. She started up confusedly. The boy called again. His room was just across the hall. An acrid odor of smoke touched her nostrils. Throwing on her wrapper and weak kneed with fear she threw herself against the door. The hall was dark. She opened the door of the boy's room—a dense cloud rose toward her and smote her in the face.

She cried out aloud—once, twice—for help and then uttered the boy's name. But there was no answer.

The fire, which had smoldered at first, now broke out fiercely.

"Eddy! Eddy!" cried the girl and threw herself into the room. She could see nothing. She was blinded—she could not breathe. She stumbled over a prostrate body.

"Eddy!" she stammered again.

Then she felt herself wrenched away by a strong arm, and some one had seized the boy's inanimate form and dragged it out of the room and her with it.

The next clear thing of which she was conscious was of a tongue of flame running up her pretty dressing gown and of being suddenly enveloped in Arthur Severn's coat, while this covering and his hands and arms stifled the just born blaze. They stood in the hall and the cloak—and the arms—were still around her and she was trembling in their clasp. Lights flashed out at the other end of the hall and people came rushing along it, and Mrs. Gwynne appeared, white and breathless.

"Merciful heaven!"

It was only a little fire, after all, started from the boy's bed-curtain having taken the blaze of a candle which he had left near it as he dropped asleep. It was not long before the lad had been rescued

to consciousness, the tattered curtain torn down, the charred bedding removed.

But Mrs. Gwynne did not regain her color. What was that she had seen! Should she ever forget it? Geraldine—Arthur Severn! Why, he had held her in his arms! He had held her in his arms and she had not seemed to struggle—she had not seemed to move!

All the next day Mrs. Gwynne went about in a sort of a dream. Finally, entering the drawing room at twilight, as she had done the day before, she staggered back. If there had been any doubt in the night there was no doubt now. Geraldine and Severn were there near the fire, very close together, and he was bending, bending down over the uplifted face.

"Aunt Martha!"

Arthur Severn started and stood upright. It is a man's misfortune never to look heroic thus caught in the act. But Geraldine only smiled a divine smile. "Aunt Martha, Mr. Severn and I are to be married next month."

An hour later Mrs. Gwynne said: "And so this was the reason for your giving up your money?"

"Yes. My money kept him away from me. And—I wanted, beside, to make sure that he loved me for myself. And he does! He does!"

Mrs. Gwynne looked at the radiant face for a long, silent minute.

"You are certainly," she observed, with slow deliberation, "the most eccentric girl I ever knew in my life!"

And Geraldine only laughed.—New York Mercury.

Oriental Ideas of Punctuality.

The indifference of time, characteristic of orientals, was illustrated in many amusing ways when first a railway was opened in a new-part of India. Nothing but bitter experience could convince the natives that a train, unlike the bullock wagons they had been accustomed to, would not wait an indefinite time to pick up passengers. The deputy commissioner had on one occasion, shortly after the opening of a new line, sent his servant with his official letter bag to meet the train, and was much annoyed at seeing the man presently returning with it, having missed the train.

"You had not half a mile to go, and you knew that the train left the station at 8 o'clock!"

"Yes, truly, your majesty," replied the man in an aggrieved tone, "but when it strikes three here the train goes from there."

That was sharp practice of which he had no previous experience, and it was evident that he did not think it very creditable to the company.—Temple Bar.

Mr. Smith's Smile.

If a woman does not like a man, she can characterize him as no man ever could. A certain young man, Mr. Smith, was noted for an extraordinary and perennial smile. One of his lady school-mates described a meeting with him thus: "As I was going out of church I saw a smile down by the door. When I came nearer I discovered that Mr. Smith was around it."—Christian Advocate.

Where India Ink Comes From.

India ink is made from burnt camphor and gum. The Chinese and Japanese are the only manufacturers of this ink. The process is a tedious one and requires great skill. The finer grades of India ink are delicately scented with attar of roses, and one stick about three inches long may cost four or five dollars. Age improves the ink.—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

How to See a Bullet's Flight.

By saturating the bullets with vaseline they may be easily seen in their course from the rifle to the target. Their trajectory course is marked by a beautiful ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun, the smoke being suspended for some time in the air if not too windy. Much better scores result when grease of some kind is used. Buffets are not apt to split, the recoil is not so great, and it is believed the course of the missile is more true.—Ohio State Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, are at their seaside home at Elberon. Their country place near Bryn Mawr is open every Thursday for visitors, and often a hundred or more carriages can be seen passing in and out of the gates on a fine Thursday afternoon, giving "Wootton" the appearance of a public park. In addition to the equipages hundreds of persons go on foot.

Hard to Please.

Clara—I don't like Charlie Feather-brayne.

Ethel—Why not?

Clara—He's too extravagant.

Ethel—Then I suppose you like Jack Harding. He's a regular miser.

Clara—No, I don't. He's not rich enough to be extravagant. Mamma's Weekly.