

The Catholic Journal

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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1931.

Weekly Church Calendar.

May 31—Gospel: St. Luke, xiv, 16-24. St. Angela Merici, Virg.
 June 1—St. Justin, Mar.
 St. Pothinus, Bishop and Mar.
 St. Francis Carracciolo, Con.
 Feast of the Sacred Heart.
 St. Norbert, Archbp. & Conf.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Republican*, has an able article on the independence of the press. The *Republican* says mission of a Catholic paper is that of a religious Mugwump, to criticize the clergy and at the Church and its practices, coming to a criticism of the New *Times* on the same subject, *Republican* continues:

The church authorities, acting in the conviction of divine guidance and inspiration, define all notions of faith and morals. In action in this respect is final and conclusive. The Catholic ed has no right or warrant to be it any more than the *Times* right or warrant to criticize Supreme court upon a question of law. The right of appointment to ecclesiastical position, is vested in the bishops, carried with it the right of supervision and direction of the temporal. If there should be any management in local administration the superior officer may be to correct it promptly. The *Catholic Journal* has no business to set itself up as an authority in matters in which it has no jurisdiction. If its independence is to be construed as a obligation to criticize capably where criticism is not called then the well-conducted Catholic is not independent. If it is construed as it ought the Catholic journal is also unhampered in its labor. Only restriction placed upon the common restriction placed all educational organizations with a recognized and definite of endeavor, to conform to established principles, to do the right and assail the wrong. Catholic journals enjoy an independence as secular journals undertake to support earthly political parties.

UPON WHOSE AUTHORITY?

For the alumni of the Rochester Baptist Theological Seminary, Prof. Geo. M. Forbes recently that in his career as an instructor of theological students of all across some students would reply when asked why he held a certain view. "Upon authority," Prof. Forbes said. Baptist should accept a thing the authority of another, should rather investigate the for himself."

It would be interesting to know whose authority these Baptists relied. Surely not the Bible. The Bible says very contradictory things studied with no other guide private judgments, surely not the teachings of Baptist divines. They all interpret Scripture differently, as their theory is no segment must prevail, no two men's opinions co-in-

Whose authority, then, do Baptist students recognize? According to Prof. Forbes, no it should accept the existence even because he has not investigated the subject, nor had the right to do so. He must believe in the Bible, because he cannot accept it on the authority of his predecessors. In fact, need neither should

According to another Baptist professor, the Baptists must recognize neither sacraments, nor sacramental efficacy in their Church ordinances; these latter must be considered merely symbolic. Why do not the Baptist professors go further and state that their creed is merely symbolic, that it possesses no real efficacy, and that the Baptist denomination has neither warrant for continuance nor excuse for existence?

ROCHESTER'S ADVANTAGES.

Every little while we read in the daily papers or hear private citizens condemning Rochesterians for not offering more liberal inducements to manufacturers to locate in the Flower City. We think this is wholly uncalled for.

Rochester has many advantages to commend it to manufacturers who wish to remove their plants or establish new industries. This is a rapidly growing city; it has a splendid natural location; its railway and canal facilities are unequalled by any interior city in the land and equalled by but few seaport towns. Why, then, should the citizens of Rochester offer manufacturers a bonus, either of land or money, to locate here? If such parties desire to come to Rochester and any of our wealthy men wish to subscribe for stock, or loan money on the property of the projected concern, well and good. It is all very well to give aid of this kind; but that is sufficient. If manufacturers are not content with Rochester's natural inducements, let them locate elsewhere. This is no longer a struggling hamlet, but a well-established, flourishing city.

HONORING BISHOP GILMOUR.

Last week's *Catholic Universe* is largely devoted to an account of the gigantic memorial mass meeting held May 14th by the citizens of Cleveland to show their respect for the late Bishop Gilmour. Appended to the call for the meeting were the names of the leading men of Cleveland, especially non-Catholic gentlemen. The meeting was held in Music Hall, which was packed to the doors, and some two thousand people were unable to gain admittance. Speeches were made by prominent laymen, Jewish rabbis, non-Catholic clergymen of all denominations; letters of regret at non-attendance were received from Senators John Sherman and Calvin S. Brice, Governor Campbell and others. All the addresses were laudatory of the dead Bishop's worth as a prelate, a fellow-citizen and a Christian man. The occasion was a noteworthy one and aptly demonstrates that too often a man's real worth begins but to be appreciated when his spirit has left this world.

MEMORIAL DAY.

To-day is Memorial day—the day on which the patriots honor the memory of their dead heroes. Many of these latter were Catholics and it is but justice to say that among the most noted soldiers of the late Rebellion were members of the Church to which we belong.

Let us all, then, unite in a prayer to-day for the souls of our departed brethren who died that our country might be preserved intact.

ASHAMED TO OWN IT.

Says the St. Louis *Western Watchman* of May 21:

"The *Union and Times* of Buffalo says we have been purloining its editorials. If true, we know of no more contemptible piece of petit larceny. But it is not true. We admit if we copied anything from the *U. and T.* we would be ashamed to own it; but our shame would not silence our sense of justice."

We welcome to the ranks of Catholic journalism, the *Rosary*, a new magazine published under the auspices of the Dominican Fathers and devoted to the propagation of the Rosary. It is approved by his Grace, the Archbishop of New York, by the Vicar-General of the Dominican Order, and by many American prelates. The end for which the magazine is started is a laudable one, and we hope the *Rosary* will have the success it merits. Among its contributors we are glad to notice the names of Katherine E. Conway and Prof. Maurice F. Egan.

We thought the controversy between *Church Progress* and the *American Baptist* would progress but a few numbers before the *Baptist* began to quibble. Week before last the *Baptist*, either through ignorance or perverseness, confounded *Infallibility* and *Impeccability*, and stoutly maintained the Catholic Church holds that the Pope cannot sin, while every Catholic school child knows the doctrine of *Infallibility* only covers the impossibility of the Pope teaching error in faith or morals and that but one man was impeccable Jesus Christ. To what straits are these tempest-tossed non-Catholic theologians driven to bolster up their rapidly declining fortunes!

Did you ever stop to think how many non-Catholic sects there are? In the United States there are fourteen sects, divided again into seventy-eight sects. We have not only Protestant sects, but sects of sects: Eighteen sects of Methodists, fifteen of Baptists, thirteen of Presbyterians, seven of Unitarians, seven of Adventists, four of Mennonites, three of Quakers (Friends), three of Reformed, two Episcopalian, one Lutheran, one congregational, one Universalist, one Moravian, and strangest of all, seven, Unitarian, whose idea of union seems to be to divide. Can these be the *one Church* of whom Christ said: "Upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it?"

The *Post-Press* says, the *JOURNAL* is not concerned with the Pope's encyclical, because it has not published the extracts sent out by the press associations, and which may or may not be true. The *JOURNAL* will publish the encyclical in full, when an official copy is received, and will then make its comments thereon.

In the *Catholic World*, Katherine E. Conway, of the *Pilot*, has a splendid contribution on "John Boyle O'Reilly." Space forbids its reproduction, but we will give our readers a portion of it soon. No one is better qualified to write of the dead editor, patriot and Christian than Miss Conway.

"There is a future left to all men who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone."

We have another edition ready of the new handsome St. Bernard's Seminary picture, printed on heavy cardstock paper, price only 10 cents.

Macedon.

The wedding of Miss Maggie Cotter took place May 28th.

Miss Lizzie Mullane, of Warners, visited Mrs. Edward Connelly the past week.

City Church Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL—Platt street corner Frank. Children's Mass in School Chapel at 8:30 a. m. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Holy Days, Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. J. McQuaid, Vespers, Rev. DeReggie, Chancelor; Rev. J. P. Kieran, Rector.

ST. MARY'S—South street near Court. Masses at 7:30, 8:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. P. Stewart, Rector. Rev. Felix O'Hanlon, Chancelor.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—Plymouth avenue. Masses at 7:30, 8:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. P. Stewart, Rector. Rev. Felix O'Hanlon, Chancelor.

ST. BRIDGET'S—Gorham street, near N. Clinton. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, Rector.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY APOSTLES—Lynn avenue corner of Austin street. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Timothy C. Murphy, Rector.

CORPUS CHRISTI—East Main street. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. James J. Leary, Rector.

OUR LADY OF VICTORY (French)—Pleasant st. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Alphonsus A. Nottelberg, Rector.

ST. JOSEPH'S (German)—Franklin street near N. Clinton. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Joseph Wirth, Rector.

SS. PETER AND PAUL (German)—Maple street corner King. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Francis Sinclair, Rector.

ST. MICHAEL'S (German)—North Clinton street corner Evergreen. Children's Mass at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Fridolin Paschall, Rector.

HOLY FAMILY (German)—Jay street. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Holy Days, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Dietrich Laursen, Rector.

HOLY REDEMPTOR (German)—Hudson street, corner Clifford. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Fidelis C. Oberholzer, Rector.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (Ger.)—Bay st. opp. Third avenue. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Matthias J. St. Boniface (German)—Grand street. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Herman Rector.

ST. STANISLAUS (Polish)—St. Stanislaus avenue. Masses at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30 a. m. Rev. Theophilus Sedulski, Rector.

TRUST.

If thou dost find cold spirits, hearts unkind,
 Let them know when thy spirit is appointed mind
 To think all men alike; it is not so
 For still on earth the warmth of love doth glow.

If thou shalt meet with falsehood, fondly dealt,
 Let this not to thy spirit's depth be dealt.
 For all men are not liars; truth doth still
 Abide on earth and work her righteous will.

If thou shalt trust to friends who treachery plan,
 Fall not thou out of faith with every man;
 For how liveth and thou, who's faithfulness
 The power that lies in a friend's faithfulness.

There is no evil that can thus befall,
 If thou shalt save thy spirit from the thrall
 Of bitterness, suspicion and despair,
 And dwell above in higher, purer air.

Have faith in God; he bids the tempest cease.
 He hushes the rising waves of woe to peace.
 Have faith in him who guides thy life, and then
 Thou shalt both love and trust thy fellow men.

—Elizabeth French in *Portland Transcript*.

MARRIED AT A GALLOP.

"Well!" in a decidedly testy tone, was the greeting old Joel Gringer gave the tall young salesman who stood fumbling the latch of the front door, and opening his throat more for the sake of attracting attention than to remove any obstruction from his windpipe. "Well!"

But it wasn't well. That wasn't the right way to encourage the young man, and shrewd old Joel Gringer knew it. He wanted to make him go through the torture of telling him plainly that he had come to see his father, and that he could put an end to the thing then and there.

"H'm! I—I—just wanted to know if Miss—h'm, h'm—is at home," and the young fellow relieved his nervousness by digging up the gravel walk with his first toe at a rate that threatened to damage it worse than ten years' regular wear and tear.

"I thought your business was to teach the children to speak the English language, and here you can't do anything but hum and hawk. I'm at home, and so is Grounder there. Anything else?" and the steady eyes looked through the young man like a ferret's.

"No, sir," with a loud sigh. "I was just going up the road to Mr. Mason's, and wanted to know if the family were all well—that's all." And the young fellow seemed to have found his wits somewhere, for he turned coolly away, raising his cane as he did so, and striking the maple foliage over his head three sharp clips that made the leaves crack like a pistol.

And the old farmer's eyes were not so sharp as he prided himself they were, or he might have seen the flutter of something white, which, when the young man's narrowest opening in the blinds above, and have guessed why the young man was so easily satisfied.

Maybe love is blind to its own objects; but for dullness of vision give me, all the time, the eyes that are ever so sharp after a bargain, but have not the quickening of the divine passion to make them vigilant guards against the dangers that threaten to chew the life from the soul's long way of spelling Joel Gringer, but a true one.

He watched the straight, lithe young form until it seemed only a shadow against Neighbor Mason's barn, and then began banging to the shutters with a vehemence that said to all, "Joel Gringer can take care of his own every time—leave him alone for that."

"Gone on old Mason's," was his gruff answer to his wife's questioning look. "Only wanted to inquire after the health of the family. 'Spose he thinks the deerskin is assessed to pay him for going round an' doin' that—ha, ha! What would the funerals of two-thirds of this family count with him? Good at fractions, they say. We'll show him his fractions work in this house. Much good will do him to talk it over with John Mason, the old fellow."

"Sb—" hissed cautiously into his ear, and a warning finger told him to leave uncomplimentary references to the neighbor—with whom he had been embroiled in a bitter lawsuit, and between whose farms a "devil's lance" prevented any joining of the fences—unsaid. "There's Mason's hired man again."

"Well!" he muttered to 30 per cent. more peppery than a moment ago.

"The old man sent me over to say them those hogs o' yours been into the back cornfield again, an' he won't turn 'em out till doomsday, nor let me. They're there yet, an' makin' the interest on five thousand dollars fly like sixty—that's what the old man 'lows the field'll fetch him. Bet you'll love that there pup alone, had he? Hi! Wait till I can get out."

The last exclamation was caused by preparations for unchaining the huge bulldog Grounder, and Ben Stone made one leap over the fence and was out of hearing before Joel Gringer could finish something about "going for witnesses."

"Said my say out. He's the dog's witness enough, I reckon, to the contrary," said the old farmer. "That's the long way of spelling Joel Gringer, but a true one. Hogs ain't to my likin', Joel Gringer, though I do know how to drive 'em purty slick. Wouldn't a taken that dog if I hadn't called it a pup an' recommended pot. Laws! but there'll be smash to pay for to-night, sure's my name's Ben Stone."

Mrs. Gringer set her candle in the back kitchen window and her supper in the oven, and watched and waited for the lantern to gleam down the lane leading to the back cornfield.

But it was gleaming in more fantastic forms farther away. It was playing hide and seek up and down dusty rows of corn, just in the milk and toothsome to the hungry swine. Heard Grounder wailing and bawling the rear, with Mrs. Gringer doing her duty for them—but what of the front.

In a little hollow in the road, not twenty rods from Joel Gringer's house, the thick green turf by the wayside served as a cushion for the feet of two restive steeds that would stamp at the troublesome flies. Every nail was fast in their shoes, and every snarl buckled tight, while the nervy fellows—two of the most vicious travelers John Mason's stable could boast—champed their bits restlessly and tossed their heads, throwing now and then a flake of foam that flashed with silvery brightness in the chance rays of moonlight, and—But what is that?

Adown the green, thorny brasswork that decorated Joel Gringer's house, from the wayside grazers flitted a light figure, crouching and halting, and then darting swiftly forward toward the little dell which seemed to be the rendezvous sought.

"Is that you, Nannie?" a hoarse, excited whisper met her a few rods distant from the horses.

"Sb—" Yes; I never saw a man who could help apologetic things by blunders. There, don't take it to heart, Richard. I won't scold you again after all this until we are—"

"Married!"

"Yes; but do not let us hurry! I'm afraid every minute that these hogs have's case

justice to the obstinacy of their nature and father."

"Well, give me your foot and off we go. We'll show Joel Gringer whether I am competent to teach addition to a girl."

"And are you sure the preacher understands?"

"Sure, darling; he's to be at Brother Stillwell's tonight, on his way to the Ki-deer appointment. Now, old fellows, do your best. Mr. Mason told me not to spare my horse."

As the clatter of the hoofs rang down the road past John Mason's two unusual night incidents might have been witnessed—the gleam of a light across the fields, swaying and flickering as though carried by an excited, unsteady hand, and a man leaning against the door of John Mason's stables, whittling a stick and muttering over something that evidently pleased him much.

He had never helped take them out of here. Can't prove it by me who's taking to stealin'; ain't I been behind the hay stack tryin' to hammer the bung in that barrel? Ah! it wouldn't stay, but it made an awful racket. There's one consolation: if them there horses have to go fur, they've been well fed an' every shoe is as sound as a trigger—ha, ha!" And Ben Stone shut up his knife and went in to inform his master that as likely as not some one had stolen something or other about the place, but it couldn't be proved by him.

"Shut up and go to bed with you, and don't answer questions until you asked!" was the curt reply, with this addition in an undertone: "I—I wouldn't begrudge the best span I've got to give even with old Grounder once more."

Poor, patient click, click, neat to neck and nostril to nostril, along ridge and through wadded hollow skinned the two fleet couriers like some well mated birds of flight. But few words were exchanged, but two pairs of human ears, at least, strained, minute by minute, to catch the first sound of expected pursuit.

Out of another valley and up to the top of another ridge they sped, panting and steaming. They pause a second to breathe, and look and listen.

Away back on the last ridge, a mile or more away, the moonlight glimmers on something bright—a silver palmed buckle or saddle decoration—and then there comes a clear, ringing sound, as when steel strikes flint.

"It's coming! Oh, hurry, Dick! We can't reach Mr. Stillwell's in time; it's—" "Three miles yet, and—" "You know Pleasant's place; Mr. Mason never had a horse that could outrun him. What shall we do? Oh, if only we were—"

"Married, and I could call you my own; then I would not need to run to a step, but could defend my right to you in the eyes of the law. Listen! What's that ahead?"

"The Corners are just down there, you know, and some one may be coming on the cross road."

"An idea! That is the direction from which the preacher comes. What if it should be—But, no; he's going straight ahead of us. Yes, there he turns! Whip up, and let's overtake him, whoever the rider be!"

And the two blown and jaded horses were urged afresh.

A quarter of a mile; half a mile; three-quarters. The sound of hoofs in both directions are growing distinct. Oh, so near behind!

"Call him, Richard! He may stop. Oh, if only I could!"

"But your father will hear, too, and—Hello, there! Wait!"

"Who is it?"

"I can't be mistaken in that voice, Dick. He has stopped. Now!"

In a moment the overtaken party was seen, sure enough, to be the very preacher they were riding hard and fast to find. But while the situation was being explained the footsteps of the pursuing horse were close by, and in a minute another "Hello!" rang on their ears, hoarse and infuriated: "Stop! stop, I command you! Nannie, your father tells you to stop! Young man, I'll horsewhip you on the spot if you don't give me my daughter!"

The two looked at each other in despair. There would scarcely be time to begin the ceremony. Must they be torn asunder near the corner of the road? The thought made the girl turn pale, and she almost sank helpless in her lover's arms.

But the preacher, backwoodsman that he was, was a man of wit and resources, and of heart as well. "Keep on," said he quietly, "and ride as fast as you can. I will follow. Join your hands and sit firm in the saddle when I tell you. I have it all the tip of my tongue. The Lord please you, be man and wife before that horse brushes his nose against yours."

Clatter, clatter—click, click! rang the sharp hoof beats! Nearer and nearer they came together; but the words rolled off the preacher's lips, as he rose and sank in his stirrups, faster than the speed of the racers. It was a race of tongue against hoof!

The wild, mad pelting of the iron shoe feet went criss against heart throbs and brain pulses and trembling lips!

The strain upon John Mason's horseflesh and its fleet competitor, whose master spared him neither pain nor life, was telling; but the tension on two hearts that were tortured by suspense was still more terrible.

NEW YORK HAPPENINGS

W. BOWEN MOORE ARRESTED ON CHARGES OF EXTORTION.

The Inquest to Ascertain the Cause of the Tarrytown Disaster Commenced. Death of James Freeman in the Erie County Penitentiary—Mrs. Fred Snell Dies from the Effects of Morphine.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., May 26.—Coroner Mitchell and a jury began an inquest in the cases of the victims of the explosion which occurred at this place last Tuesday. A large number of witnesses testified to seeing the smoke on the flat car, but could not tell what caused the explosion. The coroner adjourned the case until Monday next when it is expected some of the injured will have sufficiently recovered to give their testimony. The body of Angelo Corcoran, one of the victims, was found in the river yesterday.

Charged With Extortion.

BUFFALO, May 26.—W. Bowen Moore, who conducts a pension office at 860 Main street, was arrested by Deputy United States Marshal Watts charged with extorting exorbitant fees. The complaint is from Margaret Ash of Ottumwa, Mo., a soldier in an Illinois regiment. It is claimed that Moore charged Mrs. Ash \$30 in excess of the amount fixed by law for securing pensions. He was arraigned before Commissioner Fitzgerald and gave bail for his appearance.

Died in Prison.

BUFFALO, May 26.—James Freeman, alias James Palmer, died in the penitentiary here of delirium tremens. He was very much intoxicated May 17 and was sent to the workhouse to sober up, but it developed into delirium tremens as stated above. He died in the most excruciating agony. Before his death he told the attendants that he had lived in Toledo and in Cincinnati, at 245 Sixth street in the latter place.

Mother and Babe Drowned.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 27.—A special dispatch to The Herald from Corning says: Mrs. Phillip Lice drowned her baby and herself at Faleton, Pa., near E. W. Clinton & Son's saw mill. The bodies were recovered. The mother had the child clasped in her arms when found. It is supposed the woman's mind was deranged.

Looking Over the Sites.

BUFFALO, May 27.—Gen. A. D. Hazen, Hon. James P. Low, Col. L. Crouse and Inspector Z. Morse, the commissioners appointed by the government to select a suitable site for the new Buffalo post office, are here looking over the different locations proposed for the new structure. The committee will probably decide on a site in the course of a day or two.

Mary Tietzer's Body Found.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 28.—The body of Miss Mary Tietzer, aged 19 years, who mysteriously disappeared from her home at Glasco several days ago, was found floating in the Hudson river near here. It is supposed that the girl committed suicide owing to a disappointment in love.

Tried to Take His Life.

TONAWANDA, N. Y., May 27.—John Baker, a teamster in the employ of J. S. Bliss & Co., of this town, attempted to commit suicide by hanging himself in a barn near the mill. He was discovered and cut down before life was extinct, but will probably die.

Lacerated With a Circular Saw.

FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y., May 27.—A man named Van Norman, who was working on an edging machine at Carpenter's saw mill, north of this place, slipped and fell onto a circular saw and his right arm was badly lacerated, though he fortunately escaped fatal injury.

Died from Effects of Morphine.

MEDINA, N. Y., May 21.—Mrs. Fred Snell of this place died from an overdose of morphine. She was 36 years old. Every effort was made by the physicians to save her life, but without avail. Coroner Munson did not consider an inquest necessary.

Orders from Washington.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 26.—The Chronicle states orders relative to the Behring sealing industry have been received from Washington by Collector Phelps. The orders are to be delivered to the commander of the revenue cutter Rush and are not to be opened until that vessel is at sea. It is not yet known by the North American Commercial company how many seals there will be allowed to kill, but the Chronicle states that it has learned from reliable sources that the number has been limited to a thousand, and that the season which begins June 1 has been extended to Sept. 21 instead of Aug. 21 as heretofore.

Dr. Graves Admitted to Bail.

DENVER, Colo., May 26.—Late yesterday afternoon Dr. Graves, who had been confined in the county jail since his arrest, was brought into the criminal division of the district court. It had been agreed by the court and the district attorney to admit Dr. Graves to bail in the sum of \$30,000. The bondsmen were investigated by the district attorney and pronounced satisfactory, and Dr. Graves will be at liberty for a time at least.

Struck by the Car.

LATROBE, Pa., May 26.—Richard Foukes, a miner from Lock Haven, aged 26 years, was killed by a car. He was struck by a car while crossing a street. He was taken to the hospital, but died before he could be removed.

Call Was Elected.

TAILLAHAUSE, Fla., May 27.—At a joint session of the Florida legislature a vote for senator was taken. Call had 51 votes, the anti-Call men didn't vote. The president declared Call elected.

Wouldn't Confirm the Nomination.

HARRISBURG, Pa., May 27.—The Republican senators caucused yesterday and decided not to confirm the governor's nomination of William W. Wright as chief of the treasury of Pennsylvania.