The Catholic Journal

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SATURDAY MARCH 19, 1892

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sun. Mar. 20—Third Sunday in Lent. Epistle Ephes. v. 1-9. Gospel Luke xi. 14-28.

Mon. 21—St. Benedict, Abbot.

Tues. 22—Most Holy Lance and Nails.

Wed. 23—St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.

Thurs. 24—Feria.

Fri. 25—Annunciation of the B. V.M.

Sat. 26—The Five Wounds of Our Lord.

THE JUSTICE OF COLUMBUS.

Appropriate to the anniversary of the landing of Columbus, some of our contemporaries are publishing the first letter written by the great navigator to his sovereign, Ferdinand, after the discovery of America. The letter is interesting because of its portrayal of the islands and their inhabitants. It is valuable, as showing the sweetness, the sense of justice, and zeal for spreading the light of the Gospel among the natives which animated this thoroughly Catholic man at a period which the enemies of the church are wont to style the "Dark Ages." It shows that even before the so-called Reformation there existed men quite as gentle and lovable as any of the modern "Apostles of Sweetness and of Light."

The justice of Columbus in his dealings with the simple natives and his solicitude lest they be defrauded through their ignorance is shown by the following extract:

I forbade giving them bits of broken crockery or glass, and the ends of old straps, though when they did get such things it seemed as if they had the finest jewels in the world, but it was ascertained that a sailor got for a strap gold weighing two castellanos and a half. For new blankets they would give all they had, two or three castellanos of gold or an arobba or two of spun cotton. They accepted bits of broken hoops of wine casks, and gave for them all they had, like fools, so that it seemed wrong, and I forbade it, and gave them a thousand good and pretty things I had brought on purpose to gain their affection, to lead them to become Christians and incline to love and serve their highness and the whole Spanish nation; also to induce them to help us by giving us what we need, and they possess in abundance.

Have Catholics not reason to be proud of one of their number whose actions and principles were so praiseworthy?

The simple piety of Columbus, his disposition to give to God the honor for what he had been the instrument in accomplishing, and his desire for the salvation of souls may be gleaned from the conclusion of the letter referred to:

Praised be our Lord the Eternal God who grants to all who walk in His way the victory over apparently impossible things, of which this has been a singular instance, for though others have written or spoken of these countries, it was all guess work, not having seen them, while it was understood listeners thought they were hearing fiction rather than fact. But now that our Savior has given the victory to our illustrious king and queen and to their kingdoms, which have acquired great renown through such an important event all Christendom should rejoice and keep high holi day, giving solemn thanks to the Holy Trinity, with many serious prayers, for the great honor which will accrue from converting so many people to our holy faith, as well as for the temporal benefits which will bring refreshment and profit not only to Spain but to all Christians.

When our readers hear Spain spoken of as "ignorant," "benighted" and "priest-ridden," let them think of this letter, written when the Church held sway over the minds of men and Spain was a powerful kingdom on the earth.

CONTEMPORARY'S COMMENT.

Quoting the last paragraph of [illegible] editorial on St. Patrick which appeared in the JOURNAL last week, the *Post-Express* of last Saturday observes:

This is a beautiful doctrine; but rather rough on the Irish. They certainly have had the sacrificial aspect of life turned to them pretty steadily for some ages. They have denied themselves a great deal and other people have denied them a great deal more. We should think it would become a bore after a while. The French, Italians, Spaniards, and South Germans hold the same creed and seem to get a great deal of fun out of life, nevertheless—besides most of the church preferments.

The meaning intended to be conveyed in the paragraph quoted by our contemporary was not that the Church required greater sacrifices from the Irish people than from her children of other nationalities. Their sufferings were caused by a foreign power and by a people who professed a different religion. Through penal laws aimed at Catholics, they suffered and lost much that might have been spared them had they chosen to accept the form of worship of their oppressors. These acts of sacrifice made when necessary, for faith's sake, redound to their glory.

Where, as in this country, the Irish people have had an equal chance, they have become as prosperous as their co-religionists from other countries and the church has smiled on their good fortune.

As for getting fun out of life, we think our contemporary will agree with us when we say that unless Irishmen secure a good amount of that commodity the rest of humanity stands a very poor show. It is said "The Lord fits the back to the burden," and the fund of humor and good nature possessed by the Irish people seems to have been given that they might bear the countless sufferings they have been called upon to endure. That humor is apparent even in hours of sorrow; in brighter moments it breaks out in flashes of wit and rollicking, but innocent fun.

In the matter of Church preferments the Irish do not fare so badly. Two of the present members of the Sacred College are of Irish lineage. The hierarchy of this country is largely made up of Irishmen or men of Irish descent. In fact, it is intimated in some quarters that the latter have more than their share of episcopal and archepiscopal honors.

GREAT MUZZARELLI.

An individual named Muzzleorni discourses at length on the Papacy in Wednesday's issue of the *Democrat and Chronicle*. He is kind enough to inform his readers that all things have their uses, ever reptiles, wild beasts and monsters of various kinds. The natural deduction to be drawn is that the Papacy may be classed in the same category. Although this seems harsh, Mr. Muzzarelli is no vulgar bigot. He admits that many of the Popes have been lovable, intelligent and scholarly men, and praises the present pontiff as being particularly so. He gives the church due credit for converting and civilizing the barbarian hordes of Europe. Having thus, as he supposes, shown his ability to rise above the vulgar abuse which so many opponents heap upon the church, Mr. Muzzarelli goes about his task of settling the case of the Papacy in a manner that is truly admirable. Questions that have puzzled the keenest intellects are disposed of in a single sentence. The church has outlived her usefulness. So Mr. Muzzarelli states, and no one would dare deny the assertion of one who can handle long words with such ease as Mr. Muzzarelli.

Great Muzzarelli! Scientific Muzzarelli! Great, thou art, and we bow down before thee, humbly confessing the weakness of our intellect as compared with thine. But thou must be lonely on thy pinnacle of greatness; so few approach thee; in intellectual gifts and freedom from religious slavery thou art without a peer. Even Fenelon, Boussuet, Chauteaubriand whom thou dost deign to praise, had not reached that stage of evolution where the shackles of belief are laid aside. How sad it is to think that in a few short years so much brain and intelligence will be laid away and lost to the world. Learned man! thou art several hundred thousand years ahead of thy time. Subside until the earth is peopled by a race worthy of so grand a being.

Dr. Nelson A. Millard delivered a sermon in the First Presbyterian church last Sunday on religious teaching in public schools. The reverend gentleman takes the ground that the state has no right to teach religion. He should have gone further and stated that the state had no right to teach at all where parents are able and willing to pay for the education of their children. In speaking of the relation of church and state, Dr. Millard quotes from scripture 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's;" and, again, "My kingdom is not of this world," a declaration which, says Dr. Millard, would to God, the Papacy, so avid for temporal power would hear and heed.

According to Dr. Millard's interpretation of this text, the man who is turned out of a house, to which he has a clear title, by unscrupulous robbers, would be doing something contrary to scriptural teaching in insisting that his rights be restored to him.

The first number of the *Catholic Observer*, a neat and attractive monthly magazine devoted to the interests of Catholicity, has appeared. The subject of Catholic education is given particular attention. Willard A. Marakle is the editor and proprietor. In his introduction, he has the following kind words for the JOURNAL:

Before closing, we would call attention to the very good Catholic *newspaper* already published in Rochester, the CATHOLIC JOURNAL. The editor of the *Observer* was one of the first editors of the JOURNAL and takes a warm interest in its welfare. Its province and ours is distincly different. If a person feels he cannot afford to take both the *Observer* and the JOURNAL, by all means let him take the JOURNAL.

We appreciate the spirit of magnanimity which prompted the above, and cordially wish the *Observer* a prosperous future.

Jay Gould has given $10,000 to aid certain missions, and great is the commotion caused thereby. Let's see: Mr. Gould is reported to be worth at least $60,000,000; $10,000 is one-six-thousandth part of that sum. At the same rate his gift is equivalent to that of a man worth $6,000 who gives one dollar. Surely the merit due of sacrifice is lacking in such a gift. Mr. Gould is simply giving what he has no need of.

Will some of our Catholic contemporaries who last week published the story entitled "Ned Lehane's Bride" kindly inform us in what parts of Ireland it is customary for priests to marry Catholics at the home of the bride? We always supposed marriages where the contracting parties were both Catholics were performed at the church.

By the appointment of Mgr. McDonnell as bishop of Brooklyn all the sees in the Empire state are once more filled. The new bishop-elect is highly spoken of by all who know him. The interests of the great Brooklyn diocese will no doubt be carefully guarded while in his charge.

The Freedom of Worship bill has finally passed the legislature. The bill guarantees religious freedom to all the penal institutions in the state. The efforts of a few bigoted men to prevent its passage were unavailing.

Grover Cleveland has finally intimated his intention of accepting the Democratic nomination for president, if tendered him. Grover's always willing.

To-day is the feast of St. Joseph. In purity and all other virtues the foster-father of Jesus is an excellent model for Catholic men to pattern after.

The *Times* thanks us for half a column of gratuitous advertising. That's right, neighbor. Look cheerful, even though your fingers are burned somewhat.

Penn Yan.

The services of forty hours' devotion will commence at St. Michael's church, Penn Yan, next Sunday morning and close the following Wednesday morning. There will be a sermon and benediction each evening, and a number of visiting priests will be present.

GRAY DAWN.

Gray dawn peeps in and sweetly smiles;
A light breeze, sweeping down the stream,
Lifts high the fog in snowy piles;
The sun's first burning lances gleam
Along the pebbled river banks,
And misty hosts in mad retreat
Withdraw their broken, scattered ranks.
The bold sun marks their sad defeat
And dissipates their struggling flanks.

Gray dawn gives place to ruddy day;
The great sun swings through azure skies,
And skimming where the ripples play,
The screaming fishhawks fall and rise.
The glassy water, cool and clear,
Reflects one solitary cloud,
And morning song birds, far and near,
Repeat their matins shrill and loud.
"The night is done and day is here."

—Exchange.

"GO TO THE MILLS."

Eight years ago I was foreman in the Guilford powder works.

It was a dangerous situation, and not altogether as pleasant as it might have been. But the salary was larger than I could obtain in any other place just then, and this, to a man with an invalid mother and a little sister to support, was no mean object. Besides I hoped at no very distant day to have a home of my own, presided over by the girl of my choice—beautiful Marion Ware. This dream of happiness in the future made me better contented with my life. I was willing to work for a competence that she would share with me.

We were to be married in November, and as the time drew near an intense desire seized me to escape from the momentous, dangerous existence I led in the mills. A few weeks would make no difference to my employers, I thought, and so when I gave my notice to leave I gave it for the 14th of September instead of November, as I had first intended.

My employers were very sorry to part with me, and they offered to raise my salary, but I had decided and was not to be turned from my decision. The last day of my stay passed quietly enough, and at night I left the dark buildings behind me with a thrill of relief.

That was a happy evening. Marion had been spending the afternoon with my mother, and I had walked home with her, and it was near midnight when I got home. Soon after I fell asleep, but my rest was troubled. I supposed I must have been dreaming, but it seemed a vivid reality to me then.

I was standing in the thick forest which surrounded the works, at the very point where the path to the village diverged and led it over the hill and through the field to the mills. It was in a wild, dreary path, for it was necessary that the mills should be removed as far from any human habitation as possible, and there was no more fitting spot than the "valley of despair" for miles around. There was a struggle in my mind; I thought I could not decide which path to take—the one leading into the distant village or the old accustomed one to the mills. While I was sitting I heard a voice, clear, solemn and strong, that seemed to come from the ends of the earth, and it said:

"Go to the mills! Your work is not yet finished."

I awoke. The moon was shining coldly in at the window, the great arms of the elms moved slowly to and fro in the night wind, and a lonely cricket chirped in the wainscot. I lay down again, thinking of little but my dream, save to rejoice it was only a dream, and shortly after fell asleep.

Again was that vision repeated with singular minuteness, circumstance for circumstance, and again I awoke. I thought it extremely remarkable that I should dream twice on the same matter, but explained it to myself that I had been thinking so much of my departure from the mills. It was a coincidence, nothing more, I said, and turning over I soon lost my consciousness.

For the third time that haunted dream visited me, and this repetition was almost frightfully vivid. Everything about it bore so strongly the semblance of reality that I started up covered with cold perspiration.

The moon had gone down, the dawn was breaking in the east cold and gray. I am not superstitious, and I will confess that an involuntary shudder swept over me when I recollected what I had passed. I tried to shake off the spell that was on my spirit, but in vain; it was as if I had walked world lost to all humanity forever.

I rose, and dressing myself went down to work in the garden. I was restless and uneasy, laboring under a consciousness of some duty unfulfilled.

At last I put down my hoe and went into the house. I put on my mill clothes and sought my mother. She looked up in surprise as I said:

"Mother, I am going to the mills."

"Indeed! I had hoped you were done going there, Edward. Yesterday was the 14th, was it not?"

"Yes; but I feel obliged to go today. My work is not yet done; it will be finished soon, I think."

I kissed her and went out. At the door of the grinding mill I met Mr. Morton, the senior proprietor. He grasped my hand eagerly.

"Ah, Green, glad to see you! What's this I hear about your leaving us? Lincoln was speaking about it last night. Why, we couldn't part with you at all."

"I did give notice to leave last night, and intended yesterday for my last day in the mill; but circumstances have decided me to remain some time longer—a month, perhaps."

"Right; only you must set no time."

"Thank you; I will think of it," I said, and went on with my duties as usual.

Everything went quietly on in its accustomed routine. I began to smile at the absurdity of my last night's vision. "I had eaten too much supper; staid out too long whispering soft nothings to Marion," I said to myself.

Toward night a party of visitors arrived. Such things were frequent; Newark was somewhat of a summer resort for city people, and a sojourn there was not complete without a visit to the powder mills.

I [illegible]

[illegible] assist them in changing their shoes and garments that might have buttons of any metallic substance, for it was one of the cardinal regulations that no person should be allowed in the interior mills who had a particle of metal about them, or nails in their shoes, for the fear of combustion by friction.

Our visitors were two gentlemen and three ladies. The two elder ladies I did not notice particularly, but the younger one attracted me in spite of myself. Why, I didn't know. She was not really beautiful—my marion was much more brilliant—but there was something about her better than beauty.

The gay company, laughing and joking, and bantering each other in regard to their fear, followed me in. The lady in blue walked quietly by my side, saying very little, barely replying to the lively sallies of her companions—perhaps she thought it ill timed mirth; I don't know.

We had been all the rounds and had returned to the reception room, next to the drying room, at one end of the main building. This apartment overhung the pond, from whence came our supply of water, the basin of which was formed of a large dark gorge in the hollow of the wooded hills. There was a large swinging door opening from the room directly over the pond for the convenience of casting out rubbish, and this door I threw open for the visitors to obtain a view of the prospect beyond. They soon tired of this, all but the lady in blue, who still stood looking out over the dreary scene, lighted by the departing rays of the lurid sun.

Suddenly I heard a low, ominous hiss from the adjoining apartment, a sound which once heard is always remembered; my blood turned to ice in my veins.

I recognized my fate—in another second's time we should be in eternity.

I snatched the woman by my side and plunged through the gaping doorway. Simultaneously a deafening roar burst upon my head—a crash, as if the globe was rent—ten thousand cannons were discharged in my ears—the blood flowed from my eyes and nose—the air was black with missiles, which reached the water only a little later than we did. Down, down we went, it seemed, to an interminable depth, but that plunge saved us.

When we came up everything was still. A deathly silence had fallen on all nature—the place reeked with a suffocating smoke, rolling up from the ruins, dumb as the vapor of death.

I swam to the shore with my companion and supported her up the bank. She was not unconscious. Her dress was drenched with blood. I lifted my arm to seek the wound, and saw that the crimson tide flowed not from her viens, but from the mutilated stump where once belonged my own right hand. It had been blown off.

I went home as one in a walking dream. I remember very little of it except that the lady in blue was with me, that she talked soothingly to me in a sweet voice, and that afterward, when I suffered untold agonies from some sharp instrument, she stood by me with words of gentle rest and peace; after that, all was blank.

There was a little snow on the hills that I could see from the window. When I awoke to consciousness I spoke my first thought, "Where is Marion?" Mother tried to put me off with an evasive answer, but I would know the whole truth. She told it to me with great reluctance. Marion had not been to see me since the day of the accident, and then at the sight of me she uttered a shriek of horror and fled from the room.

"But has she sent no message?"

"There is a note, but you must not read it till you are better. You have been eight weeks delirious, and the excitement may be fatal."

"Give me the letter," I said, with all my stern self will in my voice. "If not, I will get up and seek it myself."

She brought it to me, the delicate, rose perfumed thing, no more heartless than she who dictated it. It was elegantly got up altogether.

Miss Ware sympathized with me deeply—hoped and trusted I would be restored to health, etc., and ended in releasing me from my engagement. She prayed I might be granted resignation, and closed in saying she was my most sincere and attached friend.

I crushed this scroll in my hand. I would have ground it to powder—annihilated its very dust from the face of the earth if I could. I didn't mean to curse Marion Ware, but I am not sure that I did. It would not be strange.

Every day there was a fresh bouquet of hothouse flowers on the little stand by the bedside. After awhile I began to feel curious about them. I asked my mother where they came from.

"Miss Gaylord sent them."

"Miss Gaylord? I know no such person."

"The young lady you saved from the explosion with you. She is a Miss Adele Gaylord, of Trenton, and to her you owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, Edward. I often think she saved your life, for when you raved in delirium and would have torn off the bandages from your head when the surgeon had trepanned your wound, she alone had the power to quiet you. Why, when you were at the worst she stood over you three days and nights without sleeping, never complaining, never getting out of patience with your moods. She is an angel!"

Miss Gaylord called in several times during the next three weeks. How beautiful she was to me now.

By the 1st of December I was able to sit up most of the time and go out some.

One clear starlight night my mother left me alone for the first time during my illness; she and my little sister Effie went to a Sabbath school concert in the village. I brightened the fire on the hearth, drew up a great armchair and sat down to a quiet hour of dreaming. The music of sleigh bells aroused me. The music ceased for a moment, then passed down the road. The door opened softly and Adele Gaylord came in. [illegible]

[illegible] hood, she paused on the threshold. I rose up to meet her.

"Come in, Miss Gaylord; I am glad to welcome you."

"Where is your mother?"

"Gone to the village with Effie. Let me take off your wraps, will you?"

I drew up a chair for her and took off her outside garments. She was hardly at her ease.

"Indeed, I ought not to stay, Mr. Greene; papa was going to the Ride, and will be back at 8, and will take me home then."

"You are not afraid of me, Miss Gaylord. I am not an ogre, if I have but one hand. I think you will stay. I should have been very lonesome."

"I called to say goodby, Mr. Greene," said she in a subdued voice. "I am going away tomorrow."

"Yes; you go to Trenton, do you not?"

"For a few weeks only. We sail for Europe the first of February. Papa has business there which will detain him some years and he wishes me to go with him."

"Bon voyage. May heaven prosper you."

I gave her my one hand. She laid hers in it, cold and trembling, and our eyes met. There were tears on her cheeks. They dropped down and fell on our clasped hands. A wild, beautiful hope sprung up in my heart, and yet hardly a proper move of a revelation.

"Oh, Adele, have I found life's sweetness to lose it forever? Would to heaven I were well and strong once more!"

"And what then?" she said softly, her face hidden from my view beneath the folds of crimson worsted.

The next moment I held her in my arms.

"Adele, can it be? Shall it be? Remember, I am but the mutilated wreck of a man, but my heart is strong and true and tender."

"I remember everything," she said, "and I should be unworthy of a love like yours did I care the less for you because of this sad misfortune. For your sake, I wish it had never happened to you. For my own, I have not a single regret."

The sleigh whose bells we had heard had long ago passed by; it was not her father; and we sat down together to enjoy the most nearly perfect happiness I had ever known.

Col. Gaylord came at last, to find his daughter encircled by my arm, her blushes and my presumption making the condition of things pretty evident to a man of sense. We went up to him together. Adele spoke then softly to him:

"Papa, this is Mr. Greene, who saved me when the powder mill blew up. I love him and he loves me. Will you give us your blessing?"

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Greene," he said, cordially. "I suppose I owe my daughter to you, but really I had no idea to give her up to you in this unceremonious fashion. However, if you love her and she loves you, and you are the honest man that people say you are, take her and may God deal with you as you deal with her."

The Guilford powder works were never rebuilt, but I purchased their site, and on their ruins I have erected a fantastic tower to mark the spot where I first met her who has made my life beautiful.—New York News.

Jewelry in History.

Jewelry is as ancient as the existence of the precious metals and the precious stones. In no age of barbarism or of puritanical simplicity has the jewel been entirely discarded. The ages of barbarism were those of unexampled splendor and decoration. Conquering hosts rifled the treasure chests of their victims and carried home in triumph their jewels and jewelry. The ancient Greeks, Persians, Egyptians and Romans were adepts in decorating their persons, and their men were no less demonstrative than their women. Masses of gold chains sparkling with jewels, earrings and finger rings adorned the person of the Roman dandy, while the warrior studded his breastplate, helmet, sword and shield with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and diamonds.

The jewels of the crown are great show pieces in every kingdom in the world, while family diamonds or pearls, as the case may be, are just as jealously guarded and handed down from generation to generation, priceless heirlooms, souvenirs of the past. In the jeweler's art of today two widely different nations probably excel all others in the originality of their designs—France and Russia. The former not only originates designs of her own, but calls upon her varied art imagination to adapt all the fancies and crudities of the ancients, until her jewelry sets the patterns from which all others save Russia copy.—H. P. Mawson in Harper's Weekly.

Rapid Digging.

The new Australian mole, Notoryctes, is prodigiously agile and swift, a property on which Mr. Benham, who lived for some time at Idracowra, says: "Everybody here can tell you how soon one of these animals will get away by digging in the sand. I had brought a live one to the house and we were talking of its agility in digging. Mr. Stokes desired to see it at work. After spading and turning over the ground near the house we set the animal down; I held it in my hands till it was nearly hidden, and then tried to overtake it by scratching the ground behind it, but it was quicker than I. I took a shovel and tried to find it, but without success. Another man came to my help with a second shovel, and also a native woman used to digging in the ground with her hands. But all three of us could not find it."—Popular Science Monthly.

Sensitive.

There was but one man on the car and he was seated. The aisle was crowded with women standing. The conductor rang the bell.

"Get up!" cried the driver, addressing the horses.

"I won't do it!" yelled the man. "I've paid my fare and I'm going to keep my [illegible]

Business Directory.

[illegible]
CATHOLIC JOURNAL CO., 327 E. main.

Bakers.
CULROSS BAKERIES, 30 and 499 State.
OSBURN BAKERY, 205 E. Main.
FLECKENSTEIN BROS., 88 W. main.

Banks.
MERCHANTS BANK, 125 E. main.
BANK OF MONROE, 21 Exchange st.
THE POWERS BANK, cor. Main and State.
ROCHESTER TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT CO., 25 Exchange st.

Baths.
TURKISH and RUSSIAN BATHS, 14 N. Fitzhugh.
PETZ BROS., 272 N. St. Paul.

Bicycle Repairing.
E. SCHIRCK, 191 W. Main.

Boots and Shoes.
JULIUS WURTZ, 334 State.
GEO. LEAT, 220 Plymouth ave.
ONE-PRICE BECK, 196 E. main.

Bottlers.
ROCHESTER BREWING CO., 38 Cliff.

Brewers.
ROCHESTER BREWING CO., 38 Cliff.

Builder's and Contractors.
I. CHRISTIAANSEN, 20 State.

Carriages and Wagons.
FARRY M'F'G. CO., 63 State.

Cash Register.
NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO., 127 Main.

Caterers.
HARNED'S, 30-32 West Main.

Confectionery.
LOVEJOY'S, 71 E. Main and Powers Hotel.
ZIMMERMAN, 86 E. Main.
WILLIAMS & WERNER CO., (Wholesale) 106 Mill.

Corset Manufacturers.
VERMILYEA'S Corset Parlor, 273 E. main Room 2.
MRS. H. SMALING, Custom Corset Parlor, 142 E. main.

Cigars and Tobacco.
D. J. McLENNAN & CO., 276 E. main.
MONROE CIGAR CO., 18 State.

Clothing.
STAR CLOTHING CO., 46-48 State.

Carpets and Draperies.
HOWE & ROGERS, 80 State.
H. B. GRAVES, 262 State.

China, Silver, Lamps, etc.
GORMLY BROS., 67 State.

Dentists.
WALTER & BEEBEE, 912-91 Wilder Bld'g.

Dining and Lunch Rooms.
J. J. ELLIOTT, 95 E. main.
POPULAR DINING HALL, 152 State.

Dressmakers.
MADAME LANG, 447 E. Main.
MISS KNORR, 39 State, room 713.
MISS SEXTON, 273 E. main, Room 6.

Druggists.
G. H. HAASS, 105 E. Main.
A. C. DEMPSEY, 167 East ave.
GEO. HAHN, 558 State.

Electro-Thermal Baths.
DR. O. CLARK SPRAGUE, 816-917 Wilder Bld.

Furniture.
H. B. GRAVE, 262 State.
L. DeYOUNG, 95 State.
C. A. ROCKWELL, 108 State.
H. LESTER, 22 So. St. Paul.
JOHN C. KING, 111 East main.
LOMBARD FURNITURE CO., 182-186 W main.

Furs.
SHALE & MILOW, 78-80 E. main.

Fruit and Commission Merchants.
FRANK ALDRICH & CO., 205 State.
C. A. DEAVENPORT, 183 E. main.
J. ELMER POST, 144 W. main.

Groceries.
CHRIS. MERLAU, 231 N. Clinton.
K. P. SHEDD, 17 N. Fitzhugh.
PITKIN & STEVENSON, 161 East ave.
C. ECKHARDT, 21 South & 10 Mt. Hope aves.
E. W. BUDD, 420 State, 4th door from R. W. & O. R.
W. H. HASTINGS, 402 State.

Harness and Horse Furnishing Goods.
A. V. SMITH & CO., 128 State.

Hair Work.
MISS S. C. MINGES, 82 Osburn House Blk.

Hotels.
NATIONAL HOTEL, cor. W. main and Plymouth ave.
THE POWERS HOTEL, 36 West main.
CITY HOTEL, cor. E. main and Franklin.
NEW OSBURN HOUSE, 104 So. St. Paul.
CLINTON HOTEL, cor. Court & St. Paul.

Jewelers.
JAMES M. NOLAN, 146 E. Main.

Installment Clothing House.
JUDSON & WOOD, 5 and 7 Mumford.

Insurance.
PHŒNIX MUTUAL LIFE, 406 Powers Block.

Lime and Cement.
J. C. COPELAND, 162 South St. Paul.

Lumber.
HARDWOOD LUMBER CO., 133 West Ave.
G. W. & F. P. CROUCH, 321 So. St. Paul.
HOLLISTER LUMBER CO., Lim. 106 North Goodman.
L. M. OTIS & CO., 742 E. main.

Meat Markets.
JAS. G. AUSTIN, 52 W. Main.
GUSTAVE ALBERT, 53 Front.
G. H. DAGGS, 535 State.
HEWER & CO., 244 Lake ave., and 151 Rowe.
GEO. BAKER, 342 State.

Medical Electricians.
DR. O. CLARK SPRAGUE, 915-916 Wilder Bld.
DR. HELEN H. LANDIS, 904-905 Wilder Bldg.

Merchant Tailors.
STREET BROS, 515-517 State.
W. O. RAYMOND, 59 State street, room 2.

Millinery.
OAKS & CALHOUN, 42 State.

Music Stores.
C. DENNEBECQ, 23 North ave.

Nurses.
ROCHESTER DIRECTORY FOR NURSES, 39 State st. Mary Z. Sherman, Registrar.

Physicians.
DR. H. B. GEE, 285 Lake ave.
DR. JAS. F. CROWLEY, cor. State & Brown.

Pianos and Organs.
MILLERS' PIANO STORE, 63 State.

Pneumatic Treatment.
DR. HELEN H. LANDIS, 904-905 Wilder Bldg.

Pocket Books and Dressing Cases.
HENRY LIKLY & CO., 96 State.

Printers.
CATHOLIC JOURNAL CO. Main cor. East av.

Roofing.
WM ROBINSON, 75 Exchange.

Sausage Manufacturers.
CASPAR WEHLE'S SON, 50 Mumford.

Sewing Machines.
SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., 14 E. main.
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., 182 E. main.

Steam and Hot Water Heating.
HAYS & FALLS, 290 State.

Stamps and Stencils.
G. P. BAILEY WORKS, 197 State.

Stoves and Furnaces.
LEVI HEY & CO., 311-313 State.
H. LESTER, 150-152 W. Main.
KENNEDY & CO., 14 So. St. Paul.

[illegible]
I. CHRISTIAANSEN, 30 State.

Teas and Coffees.
GRAND UNION TEA CO., [illegible] State.

Trunks and Traveling Bags.
HENRY LIKLY & CO., [illegible]

[illegible]