

The Catholic Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY THE
CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

It is not received Saturday notice the office
without delay any change of address.
Communications solicited from all Catholics.
In every instance by the name of the
writer. Names of contributors will be printed
if desired.
All checks and remittances should be ad-
dressed to J. J. Ryan, Business Manager.
No money to agents unless they have cre-
dentials signed by us.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
\$1.00 Per Year, in Advance.

Entered as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY APRIL 2, 1892

Weekly Church Calendar.

April 3—Passion Sunday. Epistle
Eph. ix. 1-10. Gospel John viii. 46-59.
April 4—St. John the Baptist, Confessor and Do-
ctor of the Church.
April 5—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor.
April 6—St. Francis, Confessor.
April 7—St. Thomas, Confessor.
April 8—Seven Dolours of the B.V.M.
April 9—St. Francis, Confessor.

CATHOLIC CHARITY.

It is sometimes thought that be-
cause Catholics criticize so severely
the vagaries of Protestantism, and
are so unrelenting in their opposi-
tion to the various phases of in-
fidelity and unbelief, they are ac-
tuated by a spirit of bitterness and
unkindness towards those outside
the faith. Nothing could be fur-
ther from the truth. The true
Catholic—he who thoroughly un-
derstands the doctrines of his
church, who has a right concep-
tion of the spirit of her teachings,
and who lives strictly up to them
—can hate no one. On the con-
trary, he must love those who dis-
agree from him in religion even as he
loves himself, and if injured in his
person, property or character, must
not cease to love the offender. It is
true that instances may be cited in
which Catholics have committed
acts not in harmony with these pre-
cepts, but they have committed
them in spite of, and not because
of the teachings of their religion.

The Church, then, in her warfare
against false teachings and wrong
principles is not actuated by un-
kindness toward individuals, but
by hostility to error. She seeks
to bring about the salvation of all
men, is desirous of conferring on
them the greatest happiness that
can be attained by man—the joy
of heaven—and is, consequently,
uncompromisingly opposed to
whatever may cause men to lose
that blessing. In pursuing this
course, she is often obliged to con-
demn illusions and principles to
which men have become attached.
But she is not impelled by a spirit
of cruelty in so doing.

The church warns us against
mixed marriages, and time after
time young men and women are
told that it is better for them to
live and die in a state of single
blessedness than to link their lives
with those of their religion. In
so acting the priest is not actuated
by hatred of the non-Catholic to
whom the affection of the Catholic
maid or youth may be given. The
case is similar to that of the person
suffering from some contagious dis-
ease. The public is warned against
visiting the sick one, not because
the health officials hate the invalid,
but because the visitors may con-
tract the disease and convey it to
others. Mixed marriages are
frowned upon because one of the
contracting parties is suffering from
a moral disease—the plague of her-
esy or unbelief—and there is dan-
ger of that disease being commu-
nicated to the Catholic wife or hus-
band and to the children of such a
union.

No Protestant nor unbeliever
should regard the Church or
any of her children as an enemy,
but rather as a friend who seeks
his highest good and is ever ac-
tuated by the kindest wishes for his
spiritual and temporal welfare. It
is against his principles they war,
and not against himself.

THE BEST ANSWER.

In living up to the sublime and
beautiful teachings of their reli-
gion, that religion which says:
"Love your neighbor as yourself;
Love your enemies; do good to those
who hate you, and pray for those
who persecute you"—Catholics will
give the best answer to those rever-
ent and irreverent fanatics, some
of whom are of the true fold, who go

about misrepresenting the Catholic
church; defaming her priests and
hierarchy; telling monstrous lies
concerning her doctrines and his-
tory, and seeking through secret
organizations like the Patriotic
Sons of America, etc., to deprive
Catholic citizens of the rights
which the constitution and laws of
our country now guarantee us.

Well may such narrow-minded
people have recourse to secrecy.
A comparison of their methods and
principles with those taught by the
Catholic church and practiced by
Catholics would cause them to
shrink still further from public
gaze. A true realization of their
own pettiness, their narrowness,
their cowardice, and on the other
hand, the grandeur of Catholic
charity would cause such fanatics
to hate themselves more than Cath-
olics are allowed to hate.

CHURCH BUILDINGS.

The magnificence of Catholic
church buildings has often been a
subject of criticism. It is asserted
that God could be as well worship-
ped in an humble edifice as in a
grand, imposing one. And He
could. But He can also be as well
worshipped in the grand building
as in the humble one. The ques-
tion, then, remains: Is the money
spent in building grand churches
and adorning them in proportion
to their magnificence, wasted? We
believe it is not, and we further
believe that the building and adorn-
ing of such temples assists the poor
rather than deprives of assistance.

In some instances the contribu-
tors may be obliged to practice a
little self-denial in giving towards
the erection and adornment of a
church, but not such as would
cause poverty or suffering to them-
selves or families. The Church,
instead of insisting that extremely
poor people shall contribute more
than they can afford towards the
maintenance of religion, actually
builds hospitals, asylums, etc., for
their comfort—places in which the
unfortunate can find a home and
still retain their self-respect; not
be looked upon as paupers.

The money, then, spent upon
churches and their adorning comes
from those who can afford to give
it. It goes towards the support
of a thousand industries. It is not
wasted. The mechanic, the la-
borer, the artisan, each gets his
share. The artist is also furnished
with employment, and his genius
stimulated.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

The Dublin Review thus ably
explains the manner in which
Catholics look upon education:

Non-Catholics are often puzzled
by the importance which Catholics
attach to having a Catholic school,
and cannot see why we should not
be satisfied with the public schools.
It is vital to our interests in the
future that they should learn what
we mean by Catholic education.
They imagine it consists in learn-
ing catechism and saying certain
prayers; whereas, it is something
far more than this. Catholic edu-
cation means the regular training
of the will and heart upon the mo-
tives and principles set forth by
the Catholic religion. It means
teaching the young to love and to
give their affections to the Divine
Person, whose presence is to be
brought frequently before their
mind. The catechism is a collec-
tion of axioms or propositions cov-
ering a science. It is the working
them out, the applying them in de-
tail, which constitutes the chief
part of Catholic education. The
mind and characters having to be
formed upon the motives of reli-
gion, the whole life and conduct of
Catholic youth must be moulded
by, colored and seasoned with
Catholic principles. This is no
easy task. It cannot be accom-
plished during an hour's teaching
in a Sunday-school. The wayward
will and heart, the unformed char-
acter, must be the special solicitude
of teachers, day by day, during
the years given to education. If
the mind and memory need con-
stant attention during five days of
the week for eight or nine years,
in order to acquire a modicum of
secular knowledge, it is not sur-
prising that the will, the heart and
the character should also require
constant care and attention.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

A Protestant minister recently
wrote to Bishop Zardetti asking if
it would be allowable for a Catho-
lic priest to explain the doctrines
of the Catholic church from his (the
minister's) pulpit. The reverend
gentleman had had several minis-
ters of other Protestant denomina-
tions argue the claims of their
sects and wished to hear from a re-
presentative of the Catholic church.
He greatly favored unity among
Christians. Bishop Zardetti in his
reply made the following state-
ment:

Outside of the Catholic Church
there is but fragmentary Christi-
anity. In the Church is full-orbed
Christianity. But for the Catholic
church Christianity had long ago
perished. I can understand how
in consequence of the original fall
some practically deny the existence
of God. I can understand that in
virtue of various influences some
can throw Christianity overboard
and become Unitarians and Ration-
alists. I cannot understand, how-
ever, the consistency of preaching
positive Christian unity outside of
the church. I know something of
theology having taken the classical
courses, two years of philosophy,
four years of theology and taught
theology *professor* six years, but
with Cardinals Manning and New-
man, lights, the splendor of which
you will not deny, I must say: "I
could as soon believe that a part is
equal to the whole, as that Protest-
antism, in any shape, from Luther-
anism to Anglicanism, is the revela-
tion of the day of Pentecost."

A COMPARISON
The Catholic Record, of London,
Canada, thus alludes to the spirit
of bigotry still rampant in some
parts of Canada:
A striking instance of the broad-
mindedness of the American people,
as compared with the narrowness of
the majority of the electors of On-
tario, lately occurred in Rochester,
N.Y. William Carroll and Richard
Curran, both Irish Catholics, were
the only candidates for the office of mayor,
the latter being elected by a majority
of 3,000. Were a Catholic to be nomi-
nated for such an office in Toronto,
Kingston, Hamilton or London we
would find the vast majority of our
Protestant fellow citizens swinging
like a ferry-boat to the Protestant
shore, possessed of the childish and
ridiculous idea that our municipal
affairs would be managed by the
bishops and priests, and that the Pope
and the Jesuits had designs on our
liberties.

A CATHOLIC CHAUTAUQUA.

Last week, we gave the sub-
stance of an article which appear-
ed in the *Catholic Reading Circle
Review*, advocating the establish-
ment of an assembly grounds for
Catholics similar to that conducted
by our non-Catholic brethren at
Lake Chautauqua. The Catholic
Educational union is desirous that
the subject should be well agitated.

A CATHOLIC CHAUTAUQUA.

If the stories of abuse and cru-
elty told by the negroes and others
employed on the Adirondack rail-
road be true, the brutal contractors
and bosses should be made such an
example of that cases of a similar
character will not be heard of
again, at least in this section of the
country. It is painful to notice
that some of the men accused of
acting so brutally towards their
fellow-creatures bear good Irish-
Catholic names. Pope Leo's en-
cyclical on the labor question might
be profitably studied by such men.

Every Catholic is expected to
receive Holy Communion before
the expiration of the blessed Easter
time. It is a duty which should
not be shirked—a fitting close to
the holy season which we trust all
our readers have kept in the man-
ner prescribed by the Church.
They can best appreciate the joy of
Easter time who greet their risen
Savior in a state of grace.

A writer in the last number of
the *Ava Maria* discusses the possi-
bility of a Catholic daily, and be-
lieves the Boston Republic would
be a successful paper of that
kind. Our strong, handsome Bos-
ton contemporary deserves all the
warm praise it receives. It is a pa-
per of which Catholics may well be
proud.

The *Harold* made its first ap-
pearance as a Democratic paper,
Friday morning. To say it is a
handsome paper is to express it
mildly. We wish it all success.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

The stars' untarnished gold gleamed in the
midst of thy hair.
The heavenly hue of April's blue lives in thy
wondering eyes.
The lips which kiss to crimson the pale clouds
that flush the skies
Have pressed thine own, and lingered lightly
on thy cheeks so fair;
No wave of passion on thy heart hath sobbed
in sensuous sighs,
Nor hath ambition brought to thy smooth
tongue one touch of care.
The gods, with gifts supernatural and supreme,
Have endowed thee,
With purity and beauty thine, a precious legacy.
—Daniel E. O'Sullivan in Southern Review.

THE GHOST.

My father's farm was fully eleven
miles over a lonely and deserted road,
from the little town of B—, and al-
most midway between the two points
above lay the old Sharp farm, desolate
and run to weeds, simply because
the owner, for reasons heretofore to be given,
was forced to content himself from year
to year with the grazing it afforded his
cattle and the few meager loads of hay
saved from the neglected meadows.

The proprietor, old Jacob
Sharp, or Lame Jake, as he was more fre-
quently called by reason of an unfortu-
nate physical deformity, known to the
doctors, I believe, as equino-varus, and
commonly of a clubfoot, had taken a no-
tion a few years before to hang himself
to a willow in the old barn, and by that
little act had completely ruined the rep-
utation of one of the best and most fer-
tile holdings in the country.

From whatever source originated,
weird and uncanny stories soon began
to circulate respecting the old home-
stead, the purpose of which were that
poor old Lame Jake, who had been so
impatient to get out of the world, was
now equally anxious to get back, but
having foolishly supposed of his carnal
covering to gratify the whim of an idle
moment, he was now compelled in re-
sisting them the glimpses of the moon,
to restrict himself to such hours and
places as the native modesty of any
proper minded ghost would be most apt
to suggest.

Many and marvelous were the legends
which the "auld slashers" of the coun-
try, as the Great Antiquary would call
them, were in the habit of relating to
such juvenile and feminine ears as were
most readily captivated thereby; and
many and many a night have I seen my
sister and younger brothers go to bed
with eyes like saucers after an evening's
seance with one of these raconteurs.

But, as the New Light of Asia has it,
that is another story.

One tenant of the place had fifty bush-
els of wheat carefully winnowed one
night, old Jake being distinctly seen by
a member of the family, whom the noise
of the mill had aroused, standing in the
time honored white nightgown and
surrounded by a bluish halo, industri-
ously turning the crank; but while he
was congratulating himself that these
visitations promised to be of a Browne
rather than of a Goblin character the
next night, outrageous to relate, the
winnowed wheat was just as carefully
mixed with an equal quantity of rye
from another bin, the scandalous pro-
ceedings being celebrated with flashings
of light, the most outlandish racket and
discordant peals of unearthly laughter.

These financial losses and annoyances,
while bad enough in their way, might
still have been struggled against for
some time had not his ghostship taken
it into his pneumatic head to begin a
series of domiciliary visits threatening
more directly the "unfortunate man's"
personal peace and welfare.

A bright glare, emanating from some
particular room, would convey to the
startled inmates the idea that the house
was in flames; and a rush being made
thither the light would disappear in an
instant, to the accompaniment of loud
groans and laughter, rattling of fur-
niture and pattering of ghostly footsteps
down the hallways.

Frequently the farmer during sleep,
usually when most worried, would find
himself suddenly and disgracefully fired
out of bed by some invisible agency;
windows and crockery were smashed,
bells rung at midnight, and on one oc-
casion his wife had the wits nearly
frightened out of her by finding her
lord sleeping one morning by her side,
his hands folded on his breast and two
pennies placed in orthodox fashion over
his eyes.

These happenings, the reader will
easily conceive, had the effect of limit-
ing his occupancy of the Sharp message
strictly to the period of his lease, and
some three or four others who succeeded
him made equally short stays.

Others complained most of the trouble
they had with their cattle. Horses se-
curely stalled began about midnight to
raise a most terrific uproar, and if not
promptly liberated would invariably
break down the stable door and be
found next morning huddled together
in the farthest corner of the pasture.
Frequently one would be found bearing
the marks of the saddle and other evi-
dences of a severe night journey, al-
though in such instances, in justice to
old Jake, the fact that one of the boys
was counting a squire's daughter in a
neighboring county may have borne
some relation to the phenomenon.

Weird lights burning through the
chinks of the barn and about the pre-
mises were so common to the neighbors
that when the boys and girls happened
to be belated at a dance, a knocking or
an apple paring they told their parents
they came home by the light of old
Sharp's lantern.

I am not going in this age of divided
sights and long distance telephones to
put myself on record as the man that
saw Jake Sharp's ghost; but what I did
see and hear the night I slept in that
old barn—well, I'm going to tell you
about it.

I had been to B— and was returning
somewhat late. The night was dark
and stormy, and the faint flashes of
lightning which began in the west kept
flashing in frequency and brilliancy
behind me till just as the old Sharp
gables loomed up from the darkness be-

hind me, the storm I had been ap-
proaching burst upon me like the opening
of a great door.

Never before had I seen such a down-
fall. The rain descended in one solid
sheet, and the earth fairly shook with
the continuous roll of the thunder. The
lightning was fierce and vivid.

Under the circumstances there was
nothing to do but to take shelter, for a
time at least, in the old barn; and you
can easily imagine with what a creepy
sensation I heard the rickety doors creak
on their rusty hinges as I swung them
open and got my team as quickly as
possible under the leaky cover.

Striking a match just to get my bear-
ings, I unlit the horses and supplied
them with hay of which there was a
quantity in one of the mows; and then
lighting my pipe, that incomparable
solace of the solitary, I began to take
stock of my surroundings.

The storm showing no sign of abate-
ment, the thunder crashes following
each other in quick succession, and the
lightning playing vividly through the
chinks and broken shingles, I began
with as much stoicism as I could assume
making preparations for my present
comfort.

Selecting a dry spot in the haymow,
I removed some of my wet outer gar-
ments, and with the aid of some bick-
ets succeeded in improvising a tolerable
bed; but not, I assure you, with the re-
mote idea of sleep.

Nevertheless, in an hour or so, the
thunder and lightning having almost
died away, although the rain still came
down in torrents, worn out with fatigue
and soothed by the odor of the hay, I
fell into a deep and quiet slumber.

How long I slept I know not, but I
was suddenly awakened by the snoring
and stamping of the horses, and starting
up, became immediately conscious of a
faint bluish light floating in the air di-
rectly over the seat I had so lately occu-
pied.

It resembled no other light I had ever
seen, but seemed to be simply a ball of
bluish or amethyst colored fire, which
circled about through the air with a
queer undulating movement. It im-
parted to me as I looked at it a strange
feeling of dizziness and nausea.

While I sat staring, fascinated by the
mysterious light, I was horrified to hear
a long, low groan, coming seemingly
from the body of the wagon, followed
almost instantly by the sound of my own
name, repeated as distinctly as I had
ever heard it in my life—"Joel Joel!"

With the cold perspiration beginning
to break from every pore I sprang to my
feet, and as I did, so the light floated
slowly up to the rafters and disappeared,
while a low, rattling laugh echoed
through the darkness.

All doubts as to the truth of the stories
I had heard about the haunted barn were
now pretty fully dismissed. I felt that
I was fairly in for it.

By the feeble glare of my matches,
which only seemed to intensify the dark-
ness, I strove to penetrate the wall of
blackness about me, but not a thing
could I see.

My heart was chilled, my blood frozen
in my veins, and I was only prevented
from dashing open the doors and escap-
ing into the more friendly darkness
without by the simple fact that terror—
shall I say it?—had rendered me in-
capable of motion.

Do not think it was imagination.
There could be no imagination about a
sound so distinct. The low, wailing
groan, like that of a man in his death
agonies, rose slowly on the stillness again,
followed as before by the harsh, devil-
ish, cackling laugh and the words,
"Joel!" "Joel!" repeated, as I imagined
in my horror, by my own father's voice.

This time the light did not appear, but
a new terror had been added to the
scene. I fancied I heard a creaking
sound, and straining my ear till my
brain seemed to crack made out, as I
imagined, quite distinctly the sound of
footsteps creeping toward me across the
bare planking of the floor.

I am honest enough to confess that in
striking another match my hands shook
like those of a man with the palsy.
Again everything was quiet. Nothing
visible except the horses, with heads
thrown back, cowering against each
other.

I was relieved by the reflection that
no material danger at least threatened
me, but a new trouble now overtook me.
I spilled my matches on the wet hay.

I sat down now in despair, and as I
leaned my face upon my hand, I could
feel the arteries in my temples throbb-
ing like trip hammers. I felt that I
could never live through the remainder
of that awful night and preserve my
reason.

As I pressed my hands upon my throbb-
ing temples and vainly strove to miti-
gate with reason the blind violence of
my terror, I suddenly uttered a wild cry of
horror as a long, wet, clammy arm, or
what I took for one in the darkness, was
thrown tightly around my neck with a
cold clasp that nearly strangled me.

As I struggled desperately, with a
sickening sense of horror, to release my-
self from the slimy coils of what I
thought must be some gigantic reptile,
that same low, mocking, devilish laugh
came cackling through the darkness
again.

The plunging of the horses, the fend-
ing laughter, groans and calling of "Joel
Joel" grew louder and more demoniac,
till, maddened with horror, by a super-
human effort I flung the infernal thing,
whatever it was, from me, heard it
strike with the proverbial thud thud
against the side of the barn, and forget-
ting horses, storm, darkness, distance
and everything else, I rushed from the
infernal place, and with hair erect and
the clamor still ringing in my ears, fled,
nor paused to breathe till I had covered
the entire distance between there and
home, where I arrived, haggard and be-
spattered, as the first streaks of the
gray dawn, the white winged angels of
a glad deliverance, came to meet me
from the east.

Quickly I told my story, with every
detail of touch and coloring possible,
you may be sure, and having succeeded
by the earnestness of my manner in sat-
isfyingly impressing the minds of the entire

family, a circumstance in view of the
character of the place already noted, at
all events, I reached my mother's house
and in company with my father and
younger brothers returned to the scene
of my late horrible experiences, and the
investigations we there made in refer-
ence to the noises and other phenomena
will I am afraid, only disgust those im-
aginative minds which are always on
the alert for startling demonstrations.

The grating sounds we found had
been produced by the chafing of the
wagon hub against a loose board in the
haymow, and every time the animals
reached forward after their fodder the
movement carried a rusty, guttural,
creaking of the turntable, which simul-
taneously sounded, "Joel, Joel," with suf-
ficient nearness to mislead a cooler head
than mine was just at that time.

The demoniac laughter which had so
horrified me was of equally absurd ori-
gin, being simply the rattling and clat-
tering of a thin, loose clapboard high
up in the gable whenever a gust stronger
than usual struck it. For the light I
could find no explanation other than the
only possible fact that it was simply a
phosphorescent exhalation from a little
combustible gas, one of those luminous
methylic vapors, variously known as
will-o'-the-wisp, Jack-o'-lantern, ignis
fatuus, etc.

The place was infested with rats, and
it was doubtless their scurrying back
and forth over the floor which sounded
so much like stealthy footsteps—either
that or the falling of the large rain-
drops which found their way through
the leaky roof.

There too lay the reptile which had so
nearly strangled me—a long, soft strip
of the inner bark of one of the cedar
rafters, which, saturated by the rain,
had fallen across the back of my neck
as I stooped forward, and you can easily
appreciate the sensation such a thing,
unexpected and in total darkness, would
be apt to produce.

While we were making these discov-
eries and searching how a little daylight
and good common sense will knock the
props from under the best ghost story
ever gotten up, we were all startled by
a sudden rat-tat-tat on the barn door.

My father hastily unfashioned it, ex-
pecting of course, to meet one of the
neighbors, or possibly a strolling tramp,
and I noticed a queer expression come
over his face. There was not a soul
there.

He had hardly closed the door, how-
ever, when the sharp rat-tat-tat was re-
peated, this time considerably prolonged.

Again the door was opened quickly,
and again not a soul was in sight.

There was a little door in the rear of
the barn, and leaving my father and
brother looking at one another in some-
what funny manner, I quietly unfast-
ened this, and as the knocking had re-
commenced, slipped quickly around out-
side to the front of the barn, only to see
a large red-headed woodpecker diligent-
ly tapping away on the door in search of
his breakfast.

We got away from that place with all
the expedition possible, and ever since
my skepticism in reference to the vivid
and ornate stories of a similar character,
which we so frequently hear, is pretty
radically confirmed by the simple re-
membrance of my own blood curdling
experience that night—with the ghosts.
—J. E. Parke in Buffalo News.

Miss Fanny Carney and sister re-
turned from New York last Sunday.
E. J. Broderick expects to open his
gent's furnishing store about April 1.
James Gallagher's new grocery
store on Exchange street was opened
Tuesday.

C. F. Leonard goes to South Caro-
lina this week on business. He ex-
pects to be in the south most of the
summer.

Miss Kate Maloney has engaged
with Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, of Roch-
ester, where the family will take up
their residence.

Danville.
Barney Hubertus is clerking for
M. T. Walker.

Will Maloney, of Rochester, visited
his brother, Thomas, last week.

Mrs. Cannon, of Mt. Morris, spent
part of last week with Mrs. Catharine
Finn.

Misses Josie O'Meara and Minnie
Cluney, of Genesee, spent Sunday
with Mrs. Foley.

Michael Burke and daughter have
gone to As. land, Pa., to attend the
funeral of Mr. Burke's sister, Mrs.
Barly.

Mrs. John Hirsch died at her home
on Seminary street, last Friday. Mrs.
Hirsch was a daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. David Swift. She leaves a hus-
band and eight small children to
mourn their loss. The funeral oc-
curred from St. Patrick's church, Mon-
day morning.

Another sad death occurred Sunday
evening—that of Miss Maggie A. Bar-
rett. Miss Barrett has been sick a
long time, though not seriously. She
took to her bed Monday morning and
Sunday evening she died. She was a
bright, intelligent young woman, and
a true friend; her loss will be severe-
ly felt by a large circle outside the
family. The parents, sisters and brother
of the deceased have the heart-
felt sympathy of the community in
the loss of their daughter and sister.
Maggie was a member of the Children
of Mary, of St. Patrick's church. Fun-
eral was held Wednesday morning,
the society attending in a body.

Caledonia.
John Ball has purchased the Mac-
terton houses for \$1,800.

Patrick Graney has rented Charles
McKenzie's farm and will take pos-
session next week.

Business Directory.

CATHOLIC JOURNAL CO., 37 E. Main.
CUTLERS BAKKERS, 22 and 24 West.
OSBURN BAKERY, 205 E. Main.
EISENBERG BROS., 25 W. Main.
Banks.
MERCHANTS BANK, 125 E. Main.
BANK OF MONROE, 25 Exchange.
THE POWERS BANK, cor. Main and State.
ROCHESTER TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT
CO., 25 Exchange.
Raths.
TURKISH AND RUSSIAN BATHS, 14 N. Pine.
Brews.
PETZ BROS., 275 N. St. Paul.
Staple Repairing.
E. SCHIRCK, 191 W. Main.
Boots and Shoes.
JULIUS WURTZ, 35 State.
GEO. LEATT, 22 Plymouth.
ONE-PRICE DECK, 103 E. Main.
Butchers.
ROCHESTER BREWING CO., 30 CHIE.
Brewers.
ROCHESTER BREWING CO., 30 CHIE.
Builders and Contractors.
I. CHRISTIANSEN, 25 State.
Carpets and Draperies.
HOWE & ROGERS CO., 30 State.
H. B. GRAVES, 202 State.
Carriages and Wagons.
PARRY MFG. CO., 52 State.
Cash Registers.
NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO., 125 E.
Main.
Caterers.
BARNES, 30-32 West Main.
China, silver, lamps, etc.
GORMLY BROS., 7 State.
Cigars and Tobacco.
D. I. McLENNAN & CO., 275 E. Main.
MONROE CIGAR CO., 18 State.
Clothing.
STAR CLOTHING CO., 40-42 State.
Confectionery.
LOVEJOY, 71 E. Main and Powers Hotel.
ZIMMERMAN, 36 E. Main.
WILLIAMS & WERNER CO., (Wholesale),
100 Mill.
Chest Manufacturers.
VERMILYEA'S Corset Factory, 213 E. Main.
Room 2.
MRS. H. SMALING, Custom Corset Maker, 124
E. Main.
Dentists.
WALTER A. BEEBE, 912-93 Wilder Mid.
Dining and Lunch Rooms.
J. J. ELLIOTT, 95 E. Main.
POPULAR DINING HALL, 25 State.
Dressmakers.
MADAME LANG, 447 E.