

The Catholic Journal

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SATURDAY AUGUST 13, 1892

Weekly Church Calendar.

SUN. 24—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.
Epi. 1. Cor. xii. 2-11; Gosp. Luke xlii. 9-14.
MON. 15—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Holyday of Obligation. Less Eccl. xlii. 1-14; Gosp. Luke x. 38-42.
TUES. 16—St. Hyacinth, Conf.
WED. 17—Octave of St. Lawrence.
THURS. 18—Octave of the Assumption. St. Agapitus, Martyr.
FRI. 19—Of the Octave.
SAT. 20—St. Bernard, Abbott, Conf. and Doct.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE CHURCH.

The Times of this city is moved to anger at those ministers of the Gospel who believe that secret societies are a menace to Christianity. It is Sunday issue we find the following:

The funniest thing out is an ordinary preacher smitten with a spasm of fear that Christianity is in danger because secret orders feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, bury the dead and care for the wife and orphans.

Speaking of the Church, the Times says:

May it not be that in the anxiety to save the soul, it has neglected the temporal? Salvation is a momentous matter, but so is the bread question and the need of clothes.

Most people would like to go to heaven, but they do not care to freeze or starve on the way. Be this as it may, the carrying critic should remember that the disciples rebuked a man they found casting out devils, because they did not belong to their sect; and Jesus told them to let the fellow alone, that if he was doing good they could not be an enemy to their cause.

With the ministers or practices of the thousand and one non-Catholic sects we have nothing to do. They may fight their own battles. But the grand old Catholic Church, which has covered several continents with orphan asylums, hospitals, and the like, which includes numberless organizations whose members devote their entire lives to the care of the sick, the suffering and the dying; which can point to a Damien and Vincent de Paul, surely she cannot be accused of allowing man to freeze while leading him toward heaven.

Since the Times is fond of pointing to the example of Jesus, it should remember that our Savior never used such methods as the secret societies employ. He performed His good deeds in the sight of all men, and not under the cloak of darkness and secrecy.

As far as the Catholic Church is concerned, she has always encouraged benevolent and charitable associations; but she frowns upon those which are secret and oath-bound because she knows their power for working mischief. Many of them substitute a natural for the revealed religion. This she cannot tolerate.

We do not deny that there are many good and honorable men who are also members of secret societies. For their benevolence they are entitled to due credit. But the principle of secrecy is abominable. We want men whose actions are open and above board; not those who fear to let the light of day upon their doings.

In the works of one of the modern English novelists is depicted a character who had become so accustomed to go about in a sneaking way, that this peculiarity never left him. Even while performing a praiseworthy action he would blink along as though he were about to commit a crime. It is so with many of the members of secret societies. Some men are given to ways that are dark and hidden, even when their consciences prompt them to perform

deeds of benevolence and charity, they must act like the man whom the novelist describes.

AN APOLOGY CALLED FOR.

Two weeks ago the *Post-Express* rashly charged the JOURNAL with being liberal in its teachings on anarchy and assassination. This is certainly a serious accusation, and should not be made unless good reasons for so doing exist. The paragraph quoted by our contemporary contained nothing to substantiate such a charge. Other paragraphs which the *Post-Express* did not quote condemned anarchy and assassination. In our last issue we took occasion to re-state our position, and hoped our contemporary would set us right before its readers. This it has failed to do. We believe that the charge was made hastily, and before reading the entire article, but it was mischievous, none the less, and, having been made without cause, should be apologized for.

Surely our neighbor values its reputation for honesty, truthfulness and fairness more highly than to sacrifice it for the sake of making a point against a paper which it dislikes. It may be somewhat unpleasant for the *Post-Express* to make this apology, but it has been led into the dilemma by its own rashness.

We simply ask for justice, and we are quite sure our contemporary will grant us this; if in no other way than by publishing in full the article which it claimed contained liberal teaching on anarchy and assassination. Its readers will then see that the article was really a plea for the exercise of kindness and love by men in their dealings toward each other; and not a liberal view of lawlessness and murder.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The esteemed Ogdensburg *Courier* will henceforth be published by a stock company, the stockholders of which will be thirty Catholic priests and laymen of the diocese. The officers are Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, president; Rev. J. H. Conroy, vice-president; Rev. J. H. Lyons, secretary; S. P. Gallagher, treasurer. The capital stock is fixed at \$5,000. That this step will mean increased success and a larger field of usefulness for our worthy contemporary, is our sincere wish.

Church Progress has a new head, not in its business or editorial department, but on its first page. Conde B. Pallen's well-disciplined mind still furnishes subjects for the editorial columns.

The *Catholic Sentinel* of Kansas City, Mo., and the *Catholic Herald*, of Fort Smith, Ark. both quote from the JOURNAL, and both are welcome to all they may deem worthy of being re-published.

The *Cleveland Catholic Universe* shows the good work of its new editor, Thomas A. Connelly, and grows better with each issue.

RANK AND WORTH.

There is pathos in the answer made by England's Grand Old Man to those who wished him to accept a seat in the House of Lords under the title of "Lord Liverpool." Mr. Gladstone desires that the tomb before which future generations shall gather to pay homage to the illustrious dead will contain the name William Ewart Gladstone—the name by which men knew him best.

That the great commoner does not place a false value upon high-sounding titles, is evidence of his true nobility and good sense.

The Emperor of France may sound more impressive than plain Napoleon Bonaparte, but the latter name brings before us more vividly the memory of great deeds and we realize truly the glory of Ansterlitz.

In England there are Lords and Sirs without number; Earls and Dukes in abundance; titled upstarts of high and low degree; royal ninnies and "noble" simpletons. There is but one William Ewart Gladstone. God made man; men, foolish men, invented silly nicknames.

Rank and titles add to no man's worth. As Burns says:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
A man's a man for a' that."

THE BISHOP'S VINEYARD.

In this issue we give some extracts from a very interesting article which recently appeared in the *Sun*, describing the farm and vineyard conducted by our Rt. Rev. Bishop near Hemlock lake. It is evident that our ordinary has been very successful as a farmer and grape-grower.

Bishop McQuaid also labors in another vineyard—one committed to his charge by the great Master of all—and one whose welfare is still dearer to his heart than that in which he finds recreation and rest. The spiritual vineyard is also, God be praised, in a flourishing state. There are zealous laborers who plant the seeds of virtue in young hearts and faithfully watch them till they bloom into fair, fragrant flowers; in this garden of souls there is many a thriving plant, warmed by the sunshine of God's love, and kept beautiful by the dew of repentance. Faith, Hope and Charity do not languish in this vineyard of the Lord.

May the weeds of unbelief and heresy be banished from the soil and true religion fill the hearts of all. Then indeed, will this part of the great universe—this diocese of Rochester—be still more acceptable to the Master.

SAYS the Boston *Republic*: "Catholics have based their opposition to the school system largely upon religious grounds. They object to Godless education because it is a menace to society as well as to religion. They have set up schools of their own whenever practicable, and they have succeeded in winning a foremost place in the educational race while conserving the religious instincts of the rising generation. They have been accused of subordinating education to religion by the friends of the Godless schools, and how the highest authorities and the best experts pronounce the public school system as essentially defective.

London *Catholic Record*: "The non-political character of the Catholic Church is well-illustrated by the present position of parties both in the United States and Canada. In the former country the chairman of the two National committees are Catholics of Irish descent, and in Canada the leaders of both parties in the House of commons are also distinguished Catholic statesmen."

Cardinal Rampolla has informed the Archbishop of Rouen that the Congregation of Rites has approved the beatification of Joan of Arc and that the process of canonization will last many years, but it is probable that the virtues of the Maid of Orleans will be worthy of veneration and imitation.

WHEN we look over our Catholic exchanges and observe the conflicts some are waging against Orange bigots, Know-nothing fanatics, anti-Catholic newspapers, etc., we feel thankful that Western New York Catholics are so little annoyed with these undesirable neighbors. Peaceful, happy Rochester, how our co-religionists, east and west, must envy us.

SEÑOR EMILIO CASTELAR is preparing a "History of the Holy Land." Many in Spain believe that he will retire in some convent there to study for the priesthood. He has a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin of "La Atocha," in Madrid, and is very much attached to his sister, who is a devout and pious Catholic.

A vote of no confidence in the Tory government was carried in the English Parliament Thursday, the Gladstonians having a majority of forty. Home Rule is bound to come.

MONDAY is the feast of the Assumption—a holiday of obligation. No Catholic should fail to be present at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. This much, at least, the Church requires of us on such occasions.

MALICE off brings sorrow to those who use it as well as to those against whom it is directed, but none were ever injured by the exercise of charity.

AN ATTIC POET.

He lived in what we call the golden time,
When Athens, violet crowned, was in her
When her slim warships split the sky hue
And wallowing in their wakes huge argosies
Brought from the farthest ends of all the seas
To where the marble city made her feast.
The echoes of bronze Marathon yet rang,
And to their tune great hearted lives still sang.
Around him men were born and lived and
died.
Whose words and gestures Sophokles enwove
For the five flesh wherein his hand arrayed
The gods and heroes whom his soul had made.
He brushed against veiled women on the
streets
Whose secret speech of unmothered grief yet
groined
The world's great souls whenever any lend
A harkening ear to him who was the friend.
Of those same smileless, cowed overseas,
Great hearted, merciless, cowed Euripides.
He ate and drank and slept through the same
days
That saw his city's one still gleaming blaze;
He wrote ditties of his own dry heart,
Of small pettiness and bloodless smart.
With Aristophanes he laughed at the same
things
The great, but in his laughter thought them
small.
The days were gone, he said, when heroes left
For latter generations to achieve.
What bygone peoples had seen fit to leave
Undone might still be done; but was it worth
The effort? What were these matters of post duty
And the great poets long were dead and gone?
It was broad day now, and the fresh, cool dawn
Of human feeling had been left behind.
Long since; a paler laurel leaf entwined
Still on grim favoritess' brows, but this and sera.
Poetry had all been written; and its year
Turned after harvest to its wintry chime.
And thus he wrote and talked. In after time
We do not speak of him to praise or blame.
He is forgotten, even to his name.
—Edward Lucas White in Atlantic.

LIEUTENANT LAKE.

It was known all over the post within half an hour after the occurrence. Officers, soldiers, civilians, servants, troop laundresses, even the Apaches in the camp down the river, if fancy, knew all about it, the general verdict being that it was a shame—that the colonel ought to let him off, and that he was the finest fellow in the world, anyway. It was a singular thing that two such popular men as Jack Lake of dear old—th cavalry and the lieutenant colonel of that same regiment, familiarly known (behind his back) as the "old man" but drawing his pay under the name and title of Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Brown, should not be able to get along together.

Both of them were adored by the officers and men of the regiment, and (shall I say it?) by a good many of the women. The one was a rollicking young lieutenant—tall, handsome, talented and brave to recklessness, just as a cavalry lieutenant should be. The other was one's bean ideal of a field officer of cavalry, still a strong, hearty man, although he had seen much hard service during the war and on the plains; a man who never shirked a duty and, what was more, never permitted any one else to; a hard worker and a just, though severe, post commander. In a word, the kind of a man the authorities usually sent to dangerous posts—and such a post was Apache.

It had all come about some years before at West Point. Lake had been a cadet at the Military academy while Colonel Brown was the commander of cadets, and the elder man had, to use a little West Point slang, "got the equation" of the younger man "down fine." In other words, he had "sized him up" and concluded, rather rashly it must be admitted, that Lake was utterly worthless except for the purpose of raising the duce whenever he so desired. This, it must be admitted, he can do to perfection. It was not Lake's fault, however, that they could not get along together. Oh, no! Lake could get along with any one, and he could not see for the life of him why the colonel did not enjoy his pranks just as much as he and apparently every one else did. But the colonel did not, and the result was that Lake was undergoing punishment most of the time he was a cadet at the academy.

Well, when a superior officer in the army dislikes an inferior officer it is usually very disagreeable for the inferior officer. And it is probable that Lake suffered a good deal more than the commandant, but he never complained and never tried to reform.

Perhaps he relied on entirely different tactics. It was said that Lake was really in love with the colonel's daughter. It was not improbable. Most of the cadets were. Indeed, few who had ever met Miss Hyacinth Brown were not in love with her. But she was a queer girl. (Poor girl she had been a half orphan from her early girlhood—and perhaps she inherited some of the obstinacy of her father.) Strange as it may seem, she loved this same scapegrace, Lake.

It is more than probable that the discovery of this fact, coupled with what he knew of the youngster's character (or thought he knew), was but added fuel to the fire. It was hard to tell, though, for the colonel had always been hard on Lake—and remained so. He did but one thing in regard to it. He forbade Lake's calling on his daughter, and he insisted that she leave him entirely alone. Well, every one knows more or less about human nature. The interference of the father merely made the young man more determined to make love to the daughter and the young lady but the more anxious to receive the young lieutenant made matters all the worse when he graduated and received his commission by voluntarily joining the cavalry regiment of which Hyacinth's father was the lieutenant colonel. Most youngsters would have hesitated at such a step. It is no agreeable thing to have a superior officer of one's own regiment down on one, but it was precisely Lake's style. If he were to join another regiment he might as well say goodbye to the girl, and he hadn't the slightest intention of doing that. He loved her honestly, and that was all there was about it. He intended to marry her if she intended to marry him—and, bless her soul, she did.

A word and Lake had to be removed to a company that was stationed at a post commanded by the father of his sweetheart. Good luck he thought it because it kept him in the power of his unreasoning enemy. Forbidden her father's house, constantly under her father's eyes, what could he see of her, anyway. Did he ever see her, anyway? Well, he was Lake, you know.

And he was put in arrest for what? For a very grave offense. Hyacinth's father was a man who would not have gone out of his way to do Lake an injury. On the contrary, if Lake had not always offered the occasion the colonel would have left him alone. Even the colonel recognized the youngster's good qualities.

There was that time in the Geronimo campaign when he made a ride on duty, unaccompanied, of eighty miles through hostile country in less than twenty hours. And there was the occasion when he risked his own life to save that of a wounded corporal in the night down in the San Samano valley. His general efficiency in the field, his willingness to perform duty no matter how hard it was, were all in his favor. But when there was no serious duty to perform, when it was a mere matter of post duty or company discipline, Lake and the colonel could never agree. He was always breaking regulations and post orders himself, and always trying to shield men in his company from just punishment for doing the same thing. To be sure, there wasn't a man in his company who could not have been trusted, when it was a matter of necessity, around the world if need be, but discipline is discipline—and poor Lake could not get it through his head.

He was put in arrest because, with his usual impudence, he had entered the presence of the colonel one morning as he marched off duty as officer of the day and reported that he had not inspected the guard the preceding night between "midnight and broad daylight." Be it known that every officer of the day is required to perform this duty during these hours, and if he does not he is, as they say in the army, "on honor" to report himself for his failure to do so. So he did nothing more than was required of him; but he offered absolutely no explanation of his conduct, even after he was questioned by the colonel.

Arrested, with the colonel, charges and a court martial. They meant more than that. They meant sure punishment of a severe description. And so every one on the post but the colonel himself was severely grieved—but who knows but that the colonel himself was a trifle sorry?

Hyacinth's love for Lake was the only thing that had ever threatened the perfect love of father and daughter in the colonel's small household. He had never spoken to her about it. He merely guessed it. She had never told him. When he had forbidden Lake's calling on her he had informed his daughter of the fact, that was all. He did not believe she would ever see him again, but he did not warn her not to. How serious it all was to her he did not know. She was not the kind of girl to mope and cry. Indeed, she was too proud a girl to protest. The matter had simply been dropped by them during the remaining years at the academy and the few years at Apache, and whether even Lake himself still held on to the old attachment the colonel did not know. He supposed not. These things are easily forgotten by most men.

The colonel merely considered it unfortunate that Lake had joined his regiment and had been assigned to his post. He never dreamed that Lake had had anything to do with getting there and that the cause was Hyacinth and Lake's unforgetting love for her. The colonel presumed that the young people had often met in the small society of the post. Never had they met in his presence, though, for Lake always carefully avoided the colonel. It was a cut between them. Of course the youngster was too high strung to be refused admittance to a man's house and still keep up a speaking acquaintance with that man, even though he were his commanding officer. There were those in the regiment who said that if Lake would offer the opportunity the colonel would be glad to renew the amicable relations that had once existed between them, always, however, with the understanding that Lake was to consider his suit for Hyacinth's hand a thing of the past. When the matter was broached to Lake he gave a snort of disgust and refused to reply.

On the morning of the arrest Miss Hyacinth had a visitor of a class she did not often meet. He came to the back door and asked permission to see her in the kitchen. It was Sergeant Connor, of Lake's troop. He was one of the bravest and best noncommissioned officers in the regiment and was one of Lake's special favorites. He was a young Irishman, and like almost all Irishmen a splendid soldier in the field and a hard one to handle in the garrison. Lake had pulled him out of the fire many and many a time. He had been sergeant of the guard the previous day and had just had time to "march off," as they say when the old guard is relieved by the new guard, get over to his barracks, change his clothes and fix himself up a bit. He waited at the door of the kitchen for Miss Hyacinth to appear. She knew at once that something was wrong when notified of her unusual visitor. That it was something about Lake she did not doubt. She tried to be calm however. It does not do to let the men know too much about the private affairs of the families of the officers. They usually know it all, however, so it might save a good deal of trouble to notify them at once.

"You wish to see me?" said Hyacinth, trying to look unconcerned.
"Yes, miss," answered the young sergeant, looking painfully embarrassed.
"What is it—you are Sergeant Connor, I think."
"Yes, miss—and it's about Lieutenant Lake."

She blushed—she couldn't help it. She wanted to reproach the man for his intrusion, but she could not. It was no affair of hers. She had to be patient.

trouble again, and she must know what the trouble was.

"Well," she continued, "what is the matter? It seems a little strange to me that you should come to see me about an affair of Lieutenant Lake's."

"I came because I thought you loved him," said the hot blooded young Irishman, unable to appreciate the girl's attempt at unconcern.

She did not answer, and he was about to move away, angry in earnest, when she said almost under her breath:

"What is it, sergeant?"

"He's in arrest, miss."

"In arrest?" she repeated. "What for?"

"And who put him in arrest?"

"The colonel, miss, put him in arrest this morning. He didn't inspect the guard last night, and it was all my fault, miss, and I want to help him out, and the only way I could do it was to come and give you this and ask you to read it and get the colonel to read it. I know it was all my fault, miss, and I supposed you would do everything you could for Lieutenant Lake. Most of us would."

He handed her a paper on which were written a few words in pencil. She recognized the sergeant's handwriting and she read it immediately. There was a little tear in her eye when she looked up to thank the sergeant, but he had gone. No one has a finer appreciation of delicacy than an Irish sergeant.

The colonel knew that the Lake affair had reached his daughter's ears the moment he entered the house that afternoon. He knew her temperament very well, and he did not expect that she would say anything about it. She was a very brave little girl, and she had never protested or complained against anything he had ever done. However, he knew that she had been crying—and her very silence on the subject, accustomed as he was to her nature and her ways, made him all the more uneasy. He had already come to the conclusion that Hyacinth had given Lake up forever. He knew now that he was wrong.

Dinner passed in silence. The colonel grew more uncomfortable every moment. He had done nothing but his duty in it all. He had done nothing but his duty when he told Lake to cease calling at his house. Lake was a young scapegrace and would sooner or later get into serious trouble. He was no man to make his daughter happy as her husband. And yet he was forced to admit that there was something about Lake that he himself was compelled to admire. And he knew that while Lake sometimes failed in his duty as a soldier he had never been known to fail in his duty as a man.

After supper the colonel tried to read his latest Kansas City paper. He found that it was utterly uninteresting. He tried to enjoy his evening cigar. The brand had suddenly become a worthless one. He wished that some of the officers would call on him. It seemed strange that none of them did. He wondered if they were all around at Lieutenant Lake's quarters trying to cheer up that young man, if indeed he needed it. His daughter was in the room. He turned to her almost petulantly and asked her why she was so silent. She rose from her seat and went to him. There is but one thing a daughter does to a father when he wants to get him to do something for her. She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him. This was what she did.

"I was just going to say something, papa. I want you to read this." She held before him a paper—the same that had been given her by Sergeant Connor. The colonel wiped his eyeglasses and read the following:

It is all my fault that Lieutenant Lake didn't inspect the guard last night. I am sure it was. He has helped me out before, and I am sure it was to shield me again that he said away from the guard. I had been drunk and he knew that I was under the influence of liquor when I marched on in charge. I was drinking all day long. He knew that if he inspected the guard he would have to put me in arrest and court martial me. That would mean dismissal and prison for me, while if he didn't inspect the guard the punishment would be a good deal lighter for him. I feel sure that this was the reason he didn't inspect the guard, for my sentiment on it. I told me that he was awake and watching the guard from his window all night. I want to stand the punishment myself, and I want to put Lieutenant Lake right with the colonel.

JAMES CONNOR, Sergeant Troop E.—th United States Cavalry.

And Sergeant Connor carried his point, although he was not punished himself (it was said about the post that Sergeant Connor promised all sorts of reforms), and singularly enough a great change took place in the colonel at the same time and even a greater one in Lieutenant Lake himself, for it was not an hour after his release from arrest that Lieutenant Lake was making a long call on the colonel. The wife of the post adjutant happened to be passing the colonel's quarters as the two men were conversing on the piazza at the end of the call, and she was positive, she afterward said, that she heard the following fragment of conversation between them:

The Colonel.—Well, my boy, you have waited a long time, and I suppose that your wishes and Hyacinth's should be respected in the matter. We will set the wedding for month after next.

The Lieutenant.—Thank you, colonel. The Colonel.—And now that I have learned to like you, my boy, you in your turn must learn to like me.

The Lieutenant.—I have always liked you, sir. You are the father of the girl I love, and the characteristic I love in her must also exist in you.—Winthrop Hall in Frank Leslie's.

Not in Harmony.
Little Dot.—Mamma, I must have a new doll right away.
Mamma.—What is the matter with the old one?

Little Dot.—It's got some scratches on its face, an it looks sorter shabby alongside of baby.—Good News.

Superb photographs of the night sky taken at Heidelberg represent a part of the Milky way and show distinctly stars of the fifteenth magnitude. One of them contains the trajectory of a shooting star.

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The Scientist's Debt to Franklin.
Benjamin Franklin was one of the most earnest and tireless of scientists. His discoveries are classed among the most remarkable of the age. They were as extensive and brilliant as they were deep and mysterious. He outran the most celebrated English electricians in the race for new discoveries. He gave form and dignity to the science of electricity, and raised the science to a high rank among the most useful and distinguished, and also gave it a philosophic standing second to none of the discoveries of the Eighteenth century. To Benjamin Franklin are due many of the most useful discoveries in electricity. His clear eyes of prophecy saw the glorious triumph of his favorite science, and somewhere he may be watching the grand illuminations resulting from his successful efforts in bottling a flash of lightning. He was the first man to succeed in imprisoning the mysterious currents of electricity.—New York Telegram.

Why Livery Stable Men Trust.

Sometimes it seems a little strange that the only business in which a dagger seldom asks for a deposit in advance from a customer whom he does not know is the one in which a very valuable article is given confidently into the customer's hands. This is the livery stable business. A stranger appears, asks for a horse and carriage, receives them and nothing is said, except in rare instances, about his responsibility. The reason is that there is very little likelihood in any civilized country that any one will undertake to steal a horse and carriage. Civilization and officers of the law have made it next to impossible to dispose of a stolen horse and escape capture.

The same principle makes certain extremely valuable diamonds almost perfectly safe property.—London Tit-Bits.

Women Who Are Posted.

There are women, and those, too, who do not aspire to public offices, who know as much about the silver question and other subjects of national interest as men. The affairs of the country interest them deeply. If I wanted a question in political economy explained I know of women within a stone's throw who could satisfactorily instruct me. Just men with brains are willing to admit that the old argument of woman's inability to understand national affairs had never a grain of truth in it. That they did not understand was once more or less correct, but that they could not was always a mistake.—Eleanor Kirk in Chicago Citizen.

Going It Too Fast.

Guest.—Now I'll take some ice cream to top off with—three flavors.
Waiter.—Your bill is seventy-five cents already, sir.

Guest.—What of that?
Waiter.—Why, you see, sir, mixed ice cream is twenty cents, and you'll probably give me a dollar to pay the check, and that'll leave only five cents for me.—New York Weekly.

A Nice Neighborhood.

Not long since a family moved into a house on Archer Avenue. After a week or so a friend of the family called on them and asked how they liked the locality.
"Pretty well,"
"Have you called on any of the neighbors yet?"
"No, but I am going to if there's any more of them."