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"But who will be brave enough to accompany him?" Laila exclaimed. "We shall see," said Don Pedro. "It is a rash business. I fear."

Then suddenly the young girl felt a deep satisfaction—It was almost joy at the thought that Roderigo had gone back to Castile.

The spring had melted into summer, and Andalusia was a garden of ripe beauty; yet gloom hung over the little port of Palos that the charm of summer could not dispel. The royal mandate to raise ships and men for Colon's expedition had been read on May 23; yet no one had come forward. A court official was sent to enforce the order, and the town was in a panic of wild excitement. Never before had Isabella taken such a position toward her subjects; she, who had always seemed to them gentle and lovely, now appeared before them in the guise of a heartless tyrant.

The tribute exacted from the town was looked upon as an unheard-of de-

One evening Julita appeared before her mistress bathed in tears.

"Senorita, Senorita," she exclaimed "the Pinta has been seized and Juan, my poor brother is one of the crew! He never was afraid of anything in his life. He would be willing to fight as well as anybody if they sent him to war: but he would rather die than sail on the "Mare Tenebrosum," as they call

it. There are dark monsters out there, Senorita. They flap their black wings in the air, and seize men and ships. They drag them high up in the air and throw them off the earth into the fearful dark caverns, where they are buried

Laila shuddered; not so much at the thought of those monsters whose reality she doubted, but the vague uncertainty of the unknown seas filled her with terror. She tried to comfort the poor girl, but the task seemed impossible. Did not a fate worse than death await her beloved brother?

Seeing in Julita's grief that of hundreds of the townspeople, Laila felt a growing indignation for the authors of so much misery.

his friend; who knew what influence he might have brought to bear on that brave, impulsive spirit? "Was it wicked and selfish?" Laila asked herself—this tremulous gladness in the midst of the town's distress.

She wept and sorrowed with those soon to be bereaved, but through all was that indescribable feeling of joy at Roderigo's absence from Palos.

girl made no mention of Cristobal Colon. Soon, seeing that the voyage was inevitable, she began to wish intensely for the ship's speedy departure. Everything tended to make the desire stronger. The Pinzons, Roderigo's and ships; they had offered their beau-

tiful little Nina for the enterprise. Alas! that the Genoese adventurer had found refuge in the town. How the time dragged, and how slow were

the preparations! At last all arrangements were complete, in spite of a thousand obstacles that had barred their progress.

The officers were arriving, the grand alguazil of the armament was in town, MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS and Cristobal Colon only awaited an

east wind to send him westward. Laila's spirits rose again; she saw the dark foreboding in her heart about to vanish in air. She had sent Julita home to stay with her brother and to

comfort her poor mother, and, singing a snatch of song from a Mcorish ballad, she caught up her embroidery and tripped out to the cooler patio to ply her needle by the fountain-side. Suddenly, unannounced, Roderigo stood

Involuntarily she gave an exclamation of despair. At this moment no being or object could have filled her heart with greater terror. "Tell me that I am wrong; that my

fears have been foolish fancies!" she exclaimed, looking wistfully in Roderigo's face with a last effort to hope against an overwhelming certainty; but his eyes were full of a pitying tenderness that answered her only too plainly. She covered her face with her hands, giving utterance to a low, moaning cry. Then raising her eyes, she asked beseechingly; "Have you | already repented of a fleeting fancy of courageous self-acrifice. for a daughter of the Moorish race? Then, indeed, will my prayers be of no avail; but if you love me, you will not let me ask in vain. You will renounce this mad voyage; you will go back to Castile? This is the proof of your affection that I ask."

ance of my unchanging and unchange- found. able love for you. You have reproached me for the motto on my shield. The words "Sanguine Arabum" ring unpleasantly in your ears, as in mine since I have known you. You would not have me bear arms M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey. Give hood by dallying in the perfumed or guitar? No: that would be unworthy

of me and of you." "Alas!" Laira exclaimed, "have I been the cause of this madness? Have I urged you to this folly by standing in the way of your vows against my people? Then think of me no more. Let it be as though we had never met. release you from your vows to me. Go wheresoever you will, but do not rush to this unknown and terrible

fate." "Laila," he said, taking her hand gently, "do you not know that I would not be released: that what I am doing I do because it seems to me the with your gentle words of hope and path, but for you will be the glory of allers words.

rupted him.

age," she exclaimed. 'Is it brave to make | winds and the waves." her suffer most who loves you best? Then the friar's voice grew meltingly You do not fear death; you have learned low and tender, and Laila could but hear to face it easily; but I shall tremble for the words: "Mary, Star of the Sea." you at countless tortures you may never He paused a moment, then clear have to endure; death would be better and full his voice arose, intonthan these terrors. Pity me, Roderigo, ing the sailors' hymn, if you have no pity for yourself."

both!" he said simply, and bending low out over the waters with thrilling over her hand, he kissed it reverently power.

From her lattice Laila saw horse and rider disappearing beyond the tall cypress-trees and palms. Thinking of her sorrow, would he not

taking the fatal step? No; she knew too well he had meas-

ured the sacrifice, that it had included her sorrow, but that, painful as was her grief to his chivalrous spirit, it would be an obstacle to the step he was about to take. He had burnt his ships behind him: he would never willingly turn back. Yet she could not let him go. Prayer and entreaty had failed. She would have recourse to subterfuge. Rapidly a scheme matured in her mind, emboldened to desperation by her beloved one's danger.

She would write him a letter telling tranquil sleep. him that she was ill, and wished to speak with him before he embarked, praying him to return to the castle with the messenger. She would keep informed of the preparations for departure, and the evening before the ship's sailing, disguising herself as a page, would herself bear the message, conduct Roderigo back to the castle to the inner room of the tower. Strong, impervious to; sound, and never visited by any inmates of the castle, there he would be her prisoner until the ships were far out on the waters. With Julita in her confidence she feared no dif-With feverish impatience Laila had of humanity to swell the crowd, all waited for Julita's return. The girl speeding on the same mission, tremuparture. Every soul but the admiral dear one. The sobs and wailings grew would sleep on board that night, and louder as the crowd drew closer by the the first breeze would send them out water-side. Then there was a breathmaid entered heartily into her mistress's scheme. In a short time Laila, back as he approached, came the equipped as a page, was riding boldly man who had caused this rending down the hill-side to the town. Going of hearts, Cristobal Colon-his friend, Yes, she was glad Roderigo was away first to the house of Senor Pin- Friar Perez, following close behind from the town. The Padre Perez was zon-Roderigo's host—she was told him. zon-Roderigo's host-she was told him that he had gone to the shore, where Padre Perez was to address the crowd

Still Laila rode on through the tortuous streets of the old Moorish town, past the white-washed houses, quaint towers, and blooming gardens.

Near the shore the houses grew taller ings devoted to commerce; yet among | Padre Perez's path. them a rounded tower frequently re-In her letters to Roderigo the young lieved the stern outlines, one caught but the good friar had heard her suppliglimpses also on the straight balconies of roses blooming and green foliage and drooping vines, with here and there a garden spot

A crowd had assembled about the waiting below. dock

Laila shuddered at the sight of the caravels, looming up like huge monsters waiting for their prey.

The setting sun touched earth and sea with glowing color, outlining the caravels in gold, and the sea, calm and unruffled in the soft Andalusian twilight, caressed the smiling earth. Laila heeded not the splendor of the scene, yet, without conscious perception of its beauty in detail, the calm of earth and air and sky soothed her troubled spirit.

On a platform in the midst of the crowd stood the friar Juan Perez, and close beside him Roderigo.

Laila had left her horse at the 'posada," intending to push her way through the crowd, but she soon found that to reach Roderigo would be an impossible undertaking. The crowd grew denser as she advanced, until it completely obstructed her progress; there was nothing to be done but to wait until it should disperse.

Meanwhile the central figure in the assembly, Father Perez, drew her curious and earnest attention. His head was massive, his jaw so firm that one might fear his sternness were it not for the mobile, intellectual mouth and the kindly smiling eyes.

The friar's words came forth clear and melodious. His eloquence held Laila in spell-bound interest. It was a lightning stroke in the darkness revealing the Christian idea of God's love, reaching out in its sublime charity to a broad love of humanity, and urging the heart of man to superhuman efforts

After showing this Christian love was the motive power of the great undertaking, the friar spoke of Cristobal Colon, whom you have called "the Italian," he said.

"But he is neither an Italian, nor Spaniard, nor a Frenchman; neither is "Laila," he said pityingly yet with he an European more than an Asiatic: a firmness that left her no hope, "be- he is a native of the world, working hold in this undertaking the best assur- | for humanity wherever it may be

> "To the mind and heart of this man God gave light that he might pierce the mists flung by centuries of ignorance and cowardie across the seas, making impassable the gulf that separates the Christian world from the idolatrous nations of the East.

"The light alone would never have given courage to tear away the phantoms, but love has emioldened him with a determination and bravery that for eighteen years have made him tremble at no obstace, shrink from no privation, in seeing the means to fur-

ther his precious coject. "He has staked the weight of his gerius against the world, too indolent and ignorant to appreciate it, and at last the opportunit; that he has strurgled for is in his grasp. You, my friends, are the privileged ones whom God has chosen as his companions. You are selected as heralds to open the path through the waters, that the ministers of the gospel may carry afar the light of faith. In future ages the world will deed most worthy a soldier of the ring with the story of the men who she flew first to her mother, flinging Cross? Would that I could make you dared do what no others had courage her arms about her neck, half sobbing, understand! Then would you help me to attempt. Others will follow in your half laughing, as she repeated the cav-

kindness. Then-" but faila inter- bravely leading the way, and your courage and confidence will be a monument "Oh! how cruel you are in your cour to your faith in Him who rules the

Maris Stella;" the men's rough "May God be merciful and help us voices took up the notes that floated

Laila wept silently. Henceforth her tears might flow, her heart might break, but she would not hold Roderigo back by one word or prayer, far less by an unworthy subterfuge. In this new relent, would he not hesitate before light she felt how base her part had been. She beheld herself, a creature of earth, striving to drag down a noble crowd. spirit that would soar heavenwards!

Teaning in tatters the false message, she hastened homewards, eager now to make amends for her error, to let Roderigo know the change in her feeiings, and to send her hero forth with the words of encouragement he had

She feared almost to close her eyes lest she should not waken with the breeze that might rise in the night; yet tired nature soon enveloped her in

Was it a footstep on the floor of her chamber or the rustle of a leaf that wakened her so suddenly. Yes, the magnolia leaves outside were whispering with a gentle tremor. The day had not yet dawned, but Laila sprang from her bed with a cry. Swiftly summoning Julita, mistress and maid, accompanied by a page, emerged in the gloom preceding daylight from the grim old castle walls. Down the wooded hill-side they sped to the town, now throbbing with the hurrying hu-

man footsteps. The dark streets were filling rapidly. ficulty in accomplishing her object. each house was sending out its stream brought startling news. All prepara- lous, heavy-eved, grief-stricken, hastions had been made for immediate de- tening to take a last farewell of some towards the "Mare Tenebrosum." The less waiting for the Admiral's coming. At last, the people shrinking

> Laila paused at sight of the bravest | Fatima's voice answered devoutly, of heroes, but her thoughts flew quickly | "Amen." back to her own urgent necessity.

"I pray you." she cried, holding out a scrap of paper and leaning towards the boatman, 'hand this to 'Don Roderigo de Veredas,' on the Santa Maria." and more rigid. They were the build- She had thrown herself directly in

"Take the lady away," said some one; cation "Give your message to me, senorita," said the kind padre, taking the pa-

years of struggling, yet lighted by the lous questions. among the nobles Laila saw Roderigo, a little fluttering paper in his hand and quiet rapture in his face. Seeing her. he held the paper towards her, then kissed it tenderly. She understood. The sting of parting for both had been removed. Through all his perilous with him, a blessed talisman of hope

the royal ensign bearing the cross of | the work now being done by the other Christ crucified waved over the waters, | religious societies of the university, the little vessels spread out their white and further to be a means of accomwings for flight, while hearts were plishing any purpose which may be of breaking on the shores of Andalusia.

there remained a flattering doubt that | for good will result." the unusually severe winter, with its storms and winds, had not destroyed, it must have blossomed out in radiant

hope with the return of spring. tender, gay season in the South appropriately called spring. We misapply the sprightly name when we give it to Ford, '94; J. F. McGrath, '95; T. our bleak transition period between Manahan, '96; J. J. Shea, '96; M. T. H winter and summer. In the South the O'Connor, W. H. Shea, George F. Mc light, free, sparkling, overflowing with and F. L. Stanton. delights.

But the other day the snow was on the ground, and now the gardens are blooming, the air is balmy and fragrant, the earth is decked with tender, dewy, flowering beauty. What wonder that through the charmed senses joy and hope should spring into being? Yet Laila had ever been hopeful. Through all the gloom and darkness she kept her eyes fixed on the star. The "Ave Maris Stella" had been her daily prayer; its comforting words had so

penetrated her spirit that it had be-

come the natural expression of her

fath, hope and love. The spring had come, Laila stood at her lattice from which she had watched Roderigo depart. A man riding on a mule cried out to the group of peasants going to the morning work: "There is news of the ships! The town is all astir. Let them know at the castle.

"News of the ships!" Lainz echoed. Was it joy or fear or hope exultant that took possession of her, or was it all three struggling in a painful, joyful uncertainty? With a young girl's natural impulse,

"They are here!" shouted a man ahead of the rest, turning back to the "The caravels are coming into crowd. Women fainted, men cheered, many loudly thanked God. Laila wept silentiv-with earnest thanksgiving in ner heart. Soon the church-bells, joining their glad peals to the happy voices of the multitude, a inounced that the

But a few minutes more and she was

speeding again on her Arab horse to

the town. 'Fly, Zoraga! Fly, my pretty mare! Why, how slow you are, my

Could that be the same crowd that

seven months ago passed down, leaden-

eyed, grief-stricken, to the shore? There

were the woman in mantillas, men in

brown cloaks and sombreros, knights in

and there a turbaned head and white

cloak-the same crowd, only bright,

Little, ragged urchins with their

bare, brown feet almost rolled under

"News! Good news!" was all that could

the horse's hoofs in their gambols.

beautiful one!"

eager, and alert.

tidings were true.

be learned.

We all know the sequel of this story. The return of Columbus to Palos is a picture that since our school-days has Leen vividly painted in our imagination. What American heart has not throbbed at the thought of the great Admiral's triumph as he stepped again on the shore of Spain. His fairest dreams had become a reality—the Star of the Sea guided him faithfully through his perilous journey. had brought Roderigo, too, his fellow-heroes, back to their loved ones; and the same holy light had led Laila safely through the waters of unbelief to the haven of

When the balmy April air was redoent with blossoms and the Easter bells rang out in joyous music, Roderigo and Luna knelt side by side at the altar. Not far away knelt Fatima; the

light of faith had begun to shine upon her heart. One evening, when Roderigo and

Laila knelt as usual to say their beloved prayer, the "Ave Maris Stella," as they ended their favorite verse, "Vitam præsta puram,"

"Keep our life all spotiess, Make our way secure,

HARVARD'S CATHOLIC CLUB. One Organized There to Increase Friend-

ship Between the Students. The Catholic students of Harvard University have followed the example of Yale by organizing a distinctly Catholic club. President Eliot has cordially approved the project.

According to a circular sent out by the committee having the matter in per from her hand, and he walked on charge, the purpose of the club is to indown beside his friend to the little boat | crease the friendship between the Catholics and Protestants which now exists On board the ship the officers and | in the University and to make the Cathmen pressed on deck for a last look at olic faith better known outside of it. their dear ones. It was a picture | Through the club eminent laymen and never to be forgetten. The Admiral clergymen will go to Cambridge and in his scarlet robes, his face worn by lecture on important moral and relig-

majesty of those starry eyes; the "For a number of years," says the nobles grouped about him with their circular, "the desirability of such a plumed hats, gorgeous costumes of silk club has been discussed, but without and velvet gleaming with gold em- resulting in any action. About the bebroidery, the flower of Spanish chivalry | ginning of this year this discussion asin glittering mail with Flemish buck- sumed a more definite shape. A meetlers and flashing Damascus blades; ing was held by those interested and a the very sailors, cravens though they | practically unanimous decision to form were, forming a background at once a club was arrived at. A committee picturesque and pathetic. Foremost was appointed to write a constitution. to arrange all preliminary matters and to call a general meeting.

"The committee called in President Eliot, who immediately approved of the plan and gave it warm encouragement. It is hardly necessary to name all the reasons for the existence of voyage the little missive would remain such a club, they must be obvious to every Catholic Briefly, however, it is intended to serve the religious interests And now the hour had come indeed; of Catholics at Harvard and to help in benefit to Catholics. There are be tween two hundred and seventy-five Seven months had passed since the and two hundred and fifty Catholics in ships had gone out on the trackless the university and it is clear that if ocean. Despair had taken possession of that number or a majority of them the bereaved ones; yet if in any bosom unite an organization most powerful

These officers have been elected. President, R.G. Emmet, '93, New York; Vice-President, M. H. Guerin, '93,' Chicago; Secretary, J. E. Malloy, '95, Bos We of the North do not know the ton; Treasurer, George Crompton, 95 Worcester; Governing Board-J. Hickey, '93; J. M. Minton, '94; J. D. M earth arises from winter's bondage Kelleget, J. Courtney, J. E. Rourke

The Control of Anger.

Socrates meeting a gentleman of rank in the street saluted him, but the gentleman took no notice of it. His friends, in company, observing what passed, told the philosopher "they publishers, 361 Broadway, New York City. were so exasperated at the man's incivility that they had a good mind to resent it." But he very calmly made answer: "If you meet any person in the road in a worse habit of body than yourself, would you think you had reason to be enraged with him an that account? Pray, then, what greater reason can you have for being incensed at a man for a worse habit of mind than any of yourselves?"-Life of Soc-

Cast your cares earnestly upon the shoulders of the Saviour, and He will support and strengthen you. When He calls you to a kind of service which is contrary to your taste, your courage should not be less, but rather more, than if your taste concurred with His pleasure, for where there is least of pleasure, for where there is least of the course of the same and some state of the service which is are doing it, and you, reader, can do the same. This is the best paying business that you have ever had the chance to secure. You will make a grave mistake if you fail to give it a trial at once. If you grasp the situation, and act quickly, you will directly find yourself in a most prosperous business, at which you can surely make and save large sums of money. The results of only a few hours' work will often equal a week's wages. self the work goes best. Do not permit your mind to consider itself, its powers, its inclinations. You must keen your eves fixed upon the good pleasure of God and the accomplishment of His holy will.



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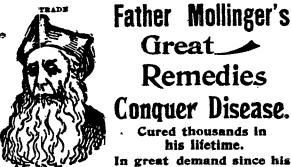
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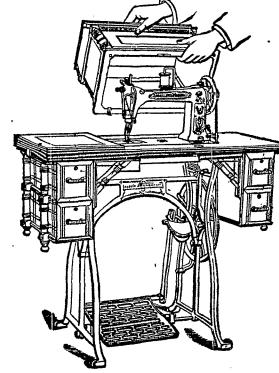
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