

WONDERLAND MUSEE THEATRE
J. H. MOORE, Proprietor.
L. F. McFADDEN, Manager.
ALL WEEK COMMENCING MON. MAY 21.
A Big Vaudeville Show,
Mlle. CAROLINE—The Alsatian
Gymnastic Marvel.
GEORGE AUSTIN—Comedy, Slack
Wire Artist of the Pastor Show.
THE EDISON—Refined Musical
Artists.
HANDIN BARRA—The Mysterious
WILL HOWLAND—Cowboy Pianist
LEAH SHERMAN—Lady Whistler.
Other Grand Features.
Friday Afternoon, May 25th, Ladies' Souvenir Day.
4 PERFORMANCES DAILY.
Afternoon, 2:15 and 4:00. Evening, 8:00 and 9:15.
10c. Admit Always. 10c.
Theater Seats, 10c.

Cook Opera House.
Jess Burns, Manager.
Week of May 21.
Mattinee, Monday, Wed. and Sat.
The Natural Comedies,
TONY FARRELL.
In Jas. A. Herne's Irish Play,
MY COLLEEN.
Mutinee—Best Seats, 25 cents.
Popular Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.
Week of May 28—Agnes Herndon.
Academy of Music.
L. C. COOK, Manager.
WEEK COMMENCING MAY 21.
Extraordinary Special Attraction.
Mattinee Every Afternoon at 2:15—13 & 25c.
The World Renowned Original and Only
Mrs. General Tom Thumb,
(Countess Magri)
And her Great Company of Lilliputians
Augmented by the best European and American Celebrities, in a Grand Novelty Entertainment.

HE LOOKED SHABBY.
And Monte Carlo Shut Its Doors Against Lord Salisbury.
Although Lord and Lady Salisbury make a point of spending the major part of every winter and spring at their chateau of Beaulieu, which is close to Monte Carlo, yet both of them carefully avoid setting foot on the property controlled by the managers of the casino, and, indeed, refrain from holding any kind of intercourse with the prince and princess of Monaco.
This is due to the treatment to which they were subjected by the management of the public gambling establishment a few years ago. Walking over the steps of the casino with his wife, with the object of visiting the gambling rooms and of inspecting the gardens, Lord Salisbury was directed, as is always the case with strangers, to apply at the office for a ticket of admission.
Unfortunately Lord Salisbury is exceedingly careless in his attire, wears shocking hats and ill-fitting, slouchy-looking clothes, while the marchioness, equally dowdy-looking in her dress and utterly indifferent to the requirements of fashion. The consequence was that neither of them created a very favorable impression upon the people at the office, and when, in reply to the usual request to state his occupation, Lord Salisbury replied that he was prime minister of England, which he was at the time, he was greeted with a shout of laughter and an invitation to "get out" on the ground that "cranks and wags and people like you" were not admitted.
No explanations would satisfy the officials, and so the premier of Great Britain and his marchioness, who is one of the most arrogant and haughty of English peeresses, were compelled to leave without obtaining permission to enter, literally driven away from the gates of the casino in the most discourteous manner possible.
Curiously enough, when the incident was reported to the casino authorities and the indignation of Lord Salisbury made known regarding the treatment of himself and his wife, but scant apology was made, and instead of sending him a perpetual pass to the grounds and premises, the management merely offered him a badly situated "loge" for a performance at the theater.

A DOCTOR'S NERVE.
He Had Been Called In to Cure a Dead Man.
"I was employed to cure a dead man," said Dr. C. E. Gregg, of St. Paul, to the reporter. "I was awakened during one night and found a lady awaiting me. She told me that her husband was very ill, and for me to bring my medicine case and some surgical instruments, as I might have to perform an operation to assist him to breathe. It was but two blocks from my office to the house of my patient, and as we entered the room where the man lay no one else was visible. At a glance I saw that he was dead. I told the wife that her husband was beyond the reach of mortal aid. He is not dead, and you must cure him," she said, and locked the door. Then going to a dressing case she procured a revolver. I saw that she had become crazed, and was at the time a dangerous lunatic.
"Making the best of the situation, I began a surgical operation on the windpipe, the woman watching me closely. I worked with the corpse and prepared medicines for three or four hours, assuring the woman that I would save him if possible. Succeeding in disarming her fears, she began to have entire confidence in me, and when I fixed a potion and gave it to the corpse, seemingly taking a similar one myself, I induced her to take one in order to quiet her nerves, as it might be sometime before any change took place in the condition of the patient. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing the woman fall upon the floor in an insensible condition, and I made my escape from the house calling sufficient assistance to attend to the wants of the wife and prepare the husband for burial. But I don't want any more calls to resurrect the dead under the superintendence of a dangerous lunatic."

ABOUT SLEEP.
Nerve Tissues Are Best Repaired by Short Naps and Plenty of Food.
If I mistake not, Sir James Crofton Browne, in the course of a recent address, remarked upon the curious elasticity of our brains as regards sleep. He cited the case of people who rarely slept well or much, and who, nevertheless, are able to carry on intellectual work with ease and ability. I suppose there is a "habit" of brain in the matter of sleep as in other respects. This subject was lately recalled to mind when I happened to be dining alone with a well-known surgeon in busy practice.
My friend is a man who, like myself, journeys over the length and breadth of the land. He has just returned from a long and tedious journey, tired and fagged. He sat down to dinner. Between the courses he fell sound asleep, let us say, for three minutes—not more, certainly. After each nap he woke up, ate his quantum, and went off again into slumber. I said nothing, but watched him closely. I observed that after each awakening he grew brighter, the tired look disappeared, and by the time that dinner was at an end, Richard was himself again. I joked him on his installations of sleep. His reply was characteristic.
"Don't you know," said he, "that it isn't a long sleep which is needed to refresh an active brain? Nerve tissue is repaired easily with very little sleep if you also take food."
Of my own experience the remark holds good; and it reveals a very curious and in some respects anomalous condition of the brain and its ways.

AMUSEMENTS.
COOK OPERA HOUSE.
At the Cook Opera House Mr. Tony Farrell appears in a production of James A. Herne's popular comedy drama, "My Colleen." Mr. Farrell is a rising young comedian, who is looked upon by many as the successor of the lamed-up Scamian. During the Hearn stock season at McVick's theatre last year "My Colleen" was first seen in Chicago, with Mr. Farrell in the star character of Jerry Doyle, and both play and actor made an unmistakable hit. For an Irish play it is somewhat remarkable in omission, there being neither soldier, landlord, evictions or shellfish in it and its plan of construction is much better than that of average road pieces.
THE WONDERLAND MUSEE THEATRE.
The house will be filled at every performance of the coming week, because it deserves to be, considering the character of the entertainment which has been planned for the coming days. The theatre program will be made up of contributions by the following well-known entertainers: Geo. Austin formerly of the Teoy Pastorech, is his usual slack wire act. Mlle. Caroline, the Alsatian gymnastic marvel, the accomplished champion of all lady club manipulators on the American stage.
Then there will be the Edison's, the neat and refined musical teams from the European band, playing as they alone can, silver band bells, flagelons, and other novel musical instruments. There will be other artists of equal worth, and those with only the best acts to complete the programme in the theatre. In the Curio hall nothing has been spared to make the features unusually attractive and interesting. One of the principal cards will undoubtedly be Handin Barra, in his mysterious act, of which he is the originator and not the imitator.
On another stage will be the startling and stirring act of Will Harland, the cowboy pianist, and Leah Sherman, the only lady penknife artist on wood, and the only lady doing an act of this kind. An orchestra of music will lead to the occasion, and on Friday afternoon, at both matinees, every lady and little girl will receive a handsome souvenir of more value than twice the admission price. Four performances are given daily at this magnificent house.
ACADEMY.
The attraction at the Academy the coming week is extraordinary in its way, being Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb and her company of Lilliputians.
She will appear in a novelty entertainment augmented by the addition of some clever specialties by celebrated European and American stars.
Every afternoon at the conclusion of the performance Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb will hold a grand reception on the stage, at which every lady will be presented with a fine souvenir.
Y. P. S. C. E. Souvenir.
An edition of the Souvenir Maps of the Y. P. S. C. E. Convention, to be held July 11th to 15th, at Cleveland, Ohio, has been issued to the Nickel Plate Road, the shortest through passenger line between Buffalo and Chicago. Any person who expects to attend this Convention and desiring one of these maps can have same forwarded to his address by addressing F. J. Moore, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
Take the Nickel Plate Road to the Christian Endeavor Convention at Cleveland in July.
A Purely Domestic Bread.
Anthony's Cream Bread made from highest grade Patent flour. Purest and best flavored made by Rochester mechanics. Get of your grocer.
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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Cough that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
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Flowers of Mary—A Tribute in honor of the Blessed Virgin, by Rev. Louis Gomanster. A new devotion for the month of May. 15 Mo. Cloth, 50c net.
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H. B. GRAVES
All Aboard.
The train is now going to start and you will be left if you dally. Our special sale started with an immense stock, and several carloads to come. These carloads have been coming in, and some of them have gone out almost as rapidly as they were unloaded. For several days we have been out of those popular sellers in the 95c. and \$1.50 diners, and the \$1.25 rockers; they were such surprising bargains that but few could resist the temptation of buying, but our contract called for still more of these goods and on Saturday there was unloaded at the New York Central freight house one of the largest furniture cars ever opened up at Rochester, 43 feet in length. The regular freight car is 30 feet, and the usual furniture car is 40 feet. Chairs are not as heavy as most kinds of furniture, but this car contained 16,000 lbs. of dining chairs, and it is the fifth full carload of dining chairs received by us this season.
HOME FURNISHING HOUSE

HE PLAYED GHOST.
But He Did Not Sustain the Part for a Very Long Time.
"I had an experience playing ghost when I was a boy," remarked Colonel R. C. West of Louisville the other evening, "that completely cured me of that sort of thing. It happened in this way: I was about 14 years old at the time, and was on a visit to my uncle, who resided in a little town in the mining regions of Pennsylvania. One night two of my cousins and myself conceived the idea that it would be great sport to dress ourselves like ghosts and scare some miners who had to pass by the graveyard about midnight on their way to work. We accordingly procured some sheets, etc., and about 11 o'clock started forth. There was a big arched gateway at the entrance to the graveyard, and on the top of this we took our position.
"We wound the sheets around us, tied white cloths over our faces and endeavored to make ourselves appear as ghostly as possible. Our intended victims appeared on the scene shortly after we had taken up our position. When they were directly abreast of us, I, in a sepulchral tone, as I could muster, cried, 'I cannot rest in my grave.' The men stopped at once and looked around, seeming at a loss to know where the voice came from. I again repeated the words, when suddenly one of the miners looked up and saw us. He immediately whipped out a pistol, and saying 'I'll be d—d if you rest there, either,' fired point-blank at us. The bullet flew wide of its mark, but it served to make us tumble off that gate in a hurry and never stop running until we reached home. A good deal more frightened ourselves than we had ever dared to hope we would scare the miners."

BIGGER THAN SOME STATES.
English Syndicate Owns 5,000,000 Acres of Pasture Land in Texas.
Very few people at a distance, in thinking of Western Texas, understand that nearly the whole of it is present fenced up in mammoth pastures, yet such is the case. Many of them are larger than ordinary counties, and some of them embrace large parts of three or four counties. Just west of Belcher, Texas, come the Silverstein, the Heard and the Worsham pastures. This latter contains 50,000 acres and has one line of fence twenty-three miles long.
Pastures of about this size continue in almost unbroken succession until Armstrong county is reached. There is found what is known as the Goodnight ranch, the southern boundary of which is a little string of fence eighty-three miles long. Charley Goodnight, as the owner is familiarly known, is considered one of the richest men in the Panhandle. Mr. Goodnight lives in almost baronial style. His park contains deer, a drove of elk, and one of the few herds of buffalo to be found in the United States. Another fair sized holding of land is that of the Espinosa cattle company.
This contains over 1,500,000 acres, and takes in parts of Dickens, Crosby and Emma counties. If the land were in the form of a square it would be about fifty miles each way. The matter is smaller, but still includes rather more than 1,000,000 acres. These are both owned by syndicates, with headquarters in London, and they are only two selected at random out of a large number.

Love and Horse Trading.
There was a marriage booked less than twenty miles from Harmony Grove, Ga. On the day before the would-be groom sent the following message to his fiancée, "I am on a horse trade. How would it suit you to put the marriage off until I can make the trade?" Sadly disappointed, but not hopeless, she sent him the following message, "If you are certain the horse you are trying to trade for is not moon eyed, or swine eyed, or got the lampus, or a stump-sucker, and will work well to a road cart and single foot under the saddle, of course I will wait; but, oh, dearest, don't waste a moment; I am dying for the happy time when I can call you mine to have and keep."
She Had a Vivid Imagination.
Robert Collyer tells the story of a little girl with a vivid imagination which constantly led her into amazing extravagances regarding things which she claimed to have seen. One day, after an extraordinary exhibition of her inventive powers, her mother exclaimed in despair, "Oh, my dear, my dear! Don't you know that Ananias and Sapphira fell down dead on account of the lies they told? Don't you remember that terrible story?" "Oh, yes," responded the child, unabashed, "I saw them carried in after they fell down dead!"
Teeth for the Army.
In examining men desirous of joining the Royal Marines of the English army, recruiting officers are directed to pay special attention to the condition of the teeth of a candidate. Seven defective teeth, or even less if they impair the biting or grinding capacity, will render a candidate ineligible, and the examining medical officer is directed to take into special consideration the probability of the teeth lasting.

WOES OF A SUBURBANITE.
The Doeful Tale of a Telegram He Did Not Get.
A New York City broker, whose home is in New Jersey, obliged to lose a day from his business, so he sent word to his clerk at the office to let him know by cipher telegram something of the day's transactions. The hours wore on, but no telegram appeared, and the broker began to be mystified at the unaccountable negligence of his faithful clerk. The telegraph office was a mile from his home, and there was nothing to be done but to wait for the messenger, who did not come. Next morning, the unhappy suburbanite stopped on his way to the station to make inquiries at the telegraph office for his missing telegram. The operator was an old town gossip, with an interest in everybody's affairs, and greeted his visitor in neighborly fashion. "Good morning, sir; all well, I hope?" "Yes, all right. I say, didn't you get a telegram for me yesterday?" "Telegram for you? Well, let me see. Why, yes, I believe I did; but I couldn't make nothing out of it, so I didn't think 'twas worth while to send it up!"
Great Men Are Often Disagreeable.
There is a story of Carlyle, in his old age having taken the following farewell, in his broadest Scotch, of a young friend who had had him in charge for weeks, and who, while almost always adapting himself to Carlyle's mood, had on a single occasion ventured to disagree with him. "I would have you to know, young man, that you have the capacity of being the greatest bore in Christendom." The boredom had consisted solely in the rather negative sin of not having been convinced of the truth of one of Carlyle's dogmas.
The Sickle of the Sphinx.
The oldest piece of wrought-iron in existence is believed to be a roughly fashioned sickle blade found by Belzoni in Karnak, near Thebes. It was imbedded in the mortar under the base of the Sphinx, and on that account is known as the "Sickle of the Sphinx." It is now in the British museum, and is believed to be nearly 4,000 years old.

A QUEER VERDICT.
One Instance When the Lawyer's Good Reputation Went Against Him.
I once had a case, said a member of the bar, against a man in the country, which was as clear as daylight in my favor, but by the cunning of his lawyer he had continued to avoid coming to trial for about two years. At last the case was called, late in the term and late in a hot day, the court and jury tired and impatient. I stated the facts, produced the evidence, which was all on my side; the judge asked the counsel whether they wished to argue the case, stating that he hardly thought it necessary in so plain a matter. The lawyers agreed to submit it without argument; the jury went out and immediately returned with a verdict for the defendant. As soon as the court adjourned, I sought the foreman of the jury, and asked him how, in the name of common sense, they came to render such a verdict. "Why, you see," said he, "we didn't think much of the lawyer against you, and it wasn't strange he didn't have nothing to say; but, squire, the fact is we thought you was about one of the smartest lawyers in the country, and if you couldn't find nothing to say on your side, it must be a pretty hard case, so we had to go against you!"
An Experienced Salesman.
"It's strange I can't find something to suit you," said the dog store manager after he had displayed twenty varieties of handsome collies, poodles, Newfoundland, Siberians and spaniels to his customer. "Can't you give me some idea of your personal preference?"
"Oh," said the customer, who didn't seem to be able to make up his mind, the dog isn't for me; it's for my wife."
"Humph! Why didn't you say so?" said the dog store man. "Here's what you want."
Then he brought forward a shapeless yellow pug, with a face like a Chinese idol, a smashed-in nose and bow legs.
Russian Hotels.
Accommodation is meagre in the small hotels of Russia. The rooms contain two broad benches or sofas, on which there is a covering of straw, held in place by coarse cotton cloth nailed along the edges of the board. These benches serve as beds, and each patron is expected to provide his own bed-clothing from the rugs and wraps carried in his tarantass (Russian carriage). This is the custom through the interior of Russia. It is only in the cities that one can find beds in conformity with Western ideas.

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