

Geneva.
The entertainments Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, June 25th and 26th, by the pupils of St. Francis de Sales' School, at the new church, corner Main and William streets, were well attended and nothing can be said too high in praise of the Sisters who instructed the children in their different parts. The programme consisted of songs, choruses, recitations, etc., including a beautiful cantata in four acts entitled "A Dream of Fairy Land," in which 79 pupils took part. At the close eight prize medals were awarded those of the highest standing as follows: For Regents examination, Wm. F. Groden and Hannah E. Cahill; for regular attendance at Sunday School, Chas. Guard and Mary Coursey; for Christian Doctrine, John Charters and Alice Murphy; for deportment, Hugh McGuire and Margaret M. Desmond. The generous donors of these beautiful medals are Messrs. Danl. E. Moore, Chas. D. McCarthy, Abraham Hawkins, Timothy F. O'Brien, Stephen Coursey, Thos. H. Sweeney, Thos. A. Kane and Bernard Borgman. The class of '94 numbers 12 as follows: Jas. F. Carroll, Thos. H. Carroll, Pierce F. Charters, Thos. J. Coursey, Wm. F. Groden, Jno. A. Hennessey, Edward S. Kelley, Edward P. McDonald, Hannah E. Cahill, Margaret M. Desmond, Joseph E. McCarthy, Margaret Desmond, Josephine E. McCarthy, Margaret O'Neill.

Miss Clara Hickey gave a lawn party Thursday evening at the home of her parents on John street, the night was a perfect one for the affair and all present were nicely entertained.

The A. O. H. Branch No. 1 of Geneva, N. Y., attended the State Convention at Rochester Monday. Sutton's Band accompanied them to the train. It was a very creditable showing for their first appearance, and all were well pleased with their reception in the city.

Canandaigua.
On Tuesday afternoon June 26th, occurred the death of Mrs. John Gardland, after a short and painful illness. Mrs. Gardland was much beloved by all who knew her, and her death has cast a shadow over her large circle of friends. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn her loss.

Mr. Dennis McCormick of St. Andrew's Seminary, Rochester, is home for the summer vacation.

Mr. Golden also of St. Andrew's seminary is here as Mr. McCormick's guest.

The following are the Catholic students spending their vacation at Canandaigua.

Misses Catherine Donnelly of Sacred Heart Rochester, Catherine Clancy of Nazareth Convent Rochester, Messrs. Charles Burke of Georgetown, William Smith of Alleghany college, and William and John O'Leary of Georgetown.

Tuesday morning June 26th, was celebrated at nine o'clock the anniversary of Rev. Father English 86th year of priesthood; he had presided over St. Mary's church this village for 25 years last April. The church was decorated very prettily for the occasion by the sisters, and children also the choir, solos were rendered by Mr. Will O'Brien, Miss Katharine Moran and others.

Sunday, June 24th the diplomas and certificates of honor and promotions were distributed to the children of St. Mary's school. Among those who received diplomas are: Misses Anna McPhillips, Anna McCormack, May Egan, Agnes Farrell, Messrs. Martin Clancy, Thomas Martin, William Turner and James McPhillips.

Miss Nellie Lynch of Rochester is visiting Mrs. J. Mary, Miss Lynch has come to this village in hopes of recovering her health; her Canandaigua friends wish her a speedy recovery.

St. Mary's choir attend the Nazareth convent graduations in Rochester.

Wedd'd at Palmyra.
A very quiet marriage was that of Bernard Maxwell and Miss Anna Haberin, of Palmyra, on Saturday, June 23d. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. Hartley, of St. Ann's. The bride, a very estimable young lady, was formerly preceptress in a Sunday school at Westfield, N. Y. Both bride and groom are well known and highly esteemed and the wishes of their many friends are a long and happy wedded life.

To Subscribers.
We desire a correspondent in all parishes in the diocese. If you do not see any news from your parish and would like to act as a special correspondent, write us and make the necessary arrangements. We want all the interesting Catholic news, up to the time of going to press.

This applies to city parishes as well as to those outside.

The "D. M. A." butter crackers are made superior to any other in the market. Our Graham Flakes are a Made by home labor.

Ithaca.
Mr. and Mrs. James Leary, of Fort Wayne, Ind., are visiting Mr. L's father on E. Albany street.

At the musicale given by St. M. Joseph's pupils, on Tuesday evening, the elevated stage was draped in blue and white, and caught up in places with bunches of roses and ferns.

The programme will be given in the Journal next week.

The Journal on Wheels.
Our traveling agent, Mr. A. Herman and his bicycle will visit Fleming, Owasco, Scipio, Moravia, Groton, Preville and Ithaca next week.

We trust that our subscribers in those towns will be ready to pay their subscriptions and hope that all who can will give them the names of their neighbors who are not now taking THE JOURNAL.

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IN THE LANE.
Limb linked with limb old elms o'erspan the lane
A dim, sweet spot where one would surely rest
To hear the wind among the leaves like rain
And gaze awhile upon the dappled light
With gentle sadness, yet no touch of pain.
As I do now, while with warm odorous wings
The evening lovers down, and gleam by gleam
The cloud glow darters and familiar things
Grow beautifully strange, as in a dream,
Amid the glamour that the twilight brings.
And silence, like a presence whose soft pain
Rests in light benediction on the brow,
Soothing the spirit and serene the brain,
Stands in the porch of night, the world below.
And all the starry splendour of the firmament
Youth's Companion.

AN AUCTION SALE.
There were stir and excitement in the village of Two Hills. Granny Lemon's note of possession was to be put up at auction.

Granny Lemon's daughter had died owing money and owning furniture. It was only right to the dead woman that the stir of debts should be removed from her name.

Justice was bound to be hard on (Granny and the baby. There was not a doubt in the mind of the villagers that (Granny and the baby would have to be dispatched to the county poorhouse.

One by one the effects of the late Mary Ann were knocked down to the neighbors. The last article sold was a broom which was nearly all handle. It was knocked down to a broad shouldered man, who had put upon it the tremendous bid of 20 cents.

"Mary Ann Lemon was his gal once," said an old inhabitant of Two Hills.
"She'd best heap 'o' look him," said some one else. "He'd 'a' kept her comfortable behind the blacksmith shop."
The auctioneer had entered the cottage to make sure that all the furniture had been put up at the sale. Everything was gone. Only for granny and the baby the little room was empty.

"The old woman sat upon the steps leading to the door above. She was holding the baby in her arms.
The auctioneer was not considered an old man, but he was a man of impulse, big and bold when the impulse took hold of him. He hesitated a moment, looking at the old woman and the baby. Then he went forward suddenly and picked the baby out of the old woman's arms.
"I've got an idea, granny," he called out loudly. "This baby's a-gonna save it old granny from the poor's house, that's what it's a-gonna do. Who'll put a big bid on a rowy cheeked, hearty baby? Say, what'll you bid?" The people did not comprehend. There was silence in the crowd.

"I'm not in fer acceptin a little bid," roared the auctioneer. "I don't want no offer of dollars or cents, I want hundreds o' dollars. Some people would hand out a power o' money for a baby like this. Ain't there nobody in Two Hills who's hungerin fer a baby?"
"Five hundred dollars!" called a voice in the crowd.
The villagers turned with one accord and stared at the blacksmith. What did Sam Winters want with a baby? He hadn't any wife to look after it.
The crowd's wife pulled her husband by the arm and whispered, "What'd we give for a baby like that, John?"
"Make it \$700!" said the grower.
"Seven hundred dollars!" shouted the auctioneer. "Seven hundred dollars for to provide for old mammy all her life. No wonder she's a-laughin at you. The Lemons, as a rule, is long lived. Make it a thousand. Come, who'll make it a thousand?"
"One thousand dollars!" said the blacksmith.
"One thousand dollars! Go in, go in, go in for \$1,000. She's worth more'n \$1,000. She'll give a body more'n \$1,000 worth of satisfaction. Look at her now. You've asked her. She's as purty when she cries as when she laughs."

The little maid was puckering up her face; the tears were filling her great dark eyes. She put up her little fat fists and hid her eyes as the auctioneer again turned her to the crowd.
At this moment a carriage that was about to pass came to a standstill, a liveried footman sprang to the door, and the great people of Two Hills came piling out.
"Yes, it is true," cried the young lady, with a pretty, excited face. "They are actually selling a baby! Tom, look at the baby!"
"Go in, go in, go in, for \$1,000, the prettiest baby in Two Hills, the money to keep it old grandmother from the poorhouse!"
"Eleven hundred," cried the young lady, waving her black gloved hand frantically.
The blacksmith bid as high as \$1,500, the rich lady made it \$1,600, and the man turned and walked away.
"Come to Mrs. Eunice at \$1,600," said the auctioneer, making a fine bow, but looking as if he didn't know what to do with the baby.
But the great lady ran up to the auctioneer and received her property in her arms.
Granny's baby went through a wonderful transformation during the following week, and the people in Two Hills talked about the "luck" that had befallen both Mary Ann's offspring and Granny Lemon.
But Granny Lemon's spirits had not risen with the knowledge that she was not to go to the poorhouse. Indeed it was suspected that Granny Lemon hardly realized the blessing that had befallen her. Since the day of the sale she had been growing apathetic and feeble.
"One day when g'anny's baby pointed at him from the carriage window the blacksmith left his job of shoeing and retired to the interior of the shop."
"You couldn't 'a' done fer her as she'll be done fer, Sam," said the old man whose horse he had left half shod. "You couldn't 'a' made a fine lady out of her."
"No, I couldn't 'a' done that," said Sam.
During the summer the news spread through the village that g'anny's baby was getting kind of cross and peevish, and that the great lady had said to the nurse that it was a mistake for a person to adopt a child.
Two months later it was declared positively that Mrs. Eunice was going to Europe with her husband and her great aunt, that g'anny's baby lay ill in the big house, that Mrs. Eunice had told the doctor she never could forgive herself for adopting the child.
The sun was about three feet from the top of the second hill when the bit of flying gossip reached the blacksmith's shop and was just sinking behind the hill when a broad shouldered man walked hastily across the grounds and entered the big house by the rear way.
While the man sat waiting in the library he took from his pocket a greasy pocketbook, and opening it laid the contents on his knee. His hand trembled as he counted the notes over to make sure they were all right—\$1,600.
There was a sweep of dainty garments along the hall, and Mrs. Eunice came into the library. She gave a slight start upon recognizing her visitor, regarding him not so much as the blacksmith, whom she knew by sight at the shop, but as the man who had hid against her for g'anny's baby.
"I hear," said the man slowly, "that you're goin off to Europe."
"Yes," said the lady.
"And they say that the baby ain't so well."
"Yes, that's true too. It's been ailing all summer. What did you wish?"
"I was thinkin'," he said, "that as the whole transaction was a business one—that, now being as you're going away, and the baby's sick, maybe as you might be willin to sell. I'm ready to give you yer price."
Mrs. Eunice was startled. She had lamented that reckless squandering of her money at the village auction more than once; but, according to herself, she was honest.
"You ought to see the poor little thing," she said. "Come, I'll show her to you."
Silently Sam Winters followed the great lady to the nursery, where the baby tossed in its little crib. "She's had the best of doctors," said Mrs. Eunice, "but I don't believe anybody knows what's the matter with her."
"I'll give you \$1,600," said the man huskily.
"Oh, dear no!" cried the lady; "that wouldn't be fair. Why, I doubt if she lives till we return. I tell you what, I'll take \$500 if you are willing to run the risk. It's outlandish, selling a baby; but, then, you know, I bought her."
Winters counted out the money and handed it over. He had not dared to touch the baby that belonged to the great lady, but after paying the \$500 he stooped and patted the little flaming face.
Down the richly carpeted steps, through the broad hall, out into the park and on along the pike hastened the man with his precious bundle, his \$500 baby.
He did not go to the blacksmith shop or the bachelor quarters behind it, but directly to that little whitewashed cottage where lived the old woman who had been rescued from the poorhouse. He went into the house and laid the baby on the bed.
"Granny," he called softly, "Granny!"
She came in slowly from the kitchen, shading her old eyes.
"Don't you think you kin nurse a little baby till she's well?"
The old woman fell on her knees beside the bed, she gathered the baby close in her arms, she swayed to and fro as if she were rocking it. The apathy had vanished from her face; it was as glad as sunshine.
"I'll nurse her till she gits well," she sobbed, "or we'll die together."
Six months had passed away. It was on a beautiful afternoon in the spring-time. All the roses in Two Hills were a-bloom. A carriage drawn by two splendid bays came clattering up the village street. The great people had returned.
Sitting in the doorway of a little whitewashed cottage was a small yellow haired girl. She was swinging her feet and singing at the top of her voice. Above her the red roses trailed themselves luxuriously.
The lady looked out and waved her hand and smiled. The child stopped singing and stared.
"She doesn't know me," said the great lady, with a half sigh and a laugh.
But the yellow haired girl rose from the doorstep with alacrity, ran into the cottage and laid her head in the old grandmother's lap, hiding her face.
"I'm g'anny's baby," she sobbed.
The old woman heard the carriage wheels and the clattering horses. She passed her hand tenderly over the ruffled yellow head.
"Yes, dear," she said fondly, "and her ain't never goin to be sol' no more."
—Washington Star.

LIGHT AND AIRY.
Beloved's Yearnings.
Oh, for a wild, weird narration
To make our blood run cold!
And oh, for a nice cool million
Of dollars all in gold!
And oh, for a cow that will give ice cream,
And oh, for a dish and spoon,
And oh, for the time when the frost is white
On the whiskers of the moon.
Oh, for an icebox cold and deep
Wherein to crawl and hide,
And oh, for a glacier high and steep
On which to take a ride.
And oh, for the sound of the sister's steel
As it rings in merry rhyme,
And oh and oh for a woman who
Will sell us ice on time.
—Arkansas Traveler.

Didn't Want Much.
Her Father—You could not give my daughter the surroundings she is accustomed to.
Her Lover—But she and I both clearly understand that love in a cottage is all we shall want.
Her Father—And you will expect nothing from me?
Her Lover—No—er that is, nothing but the cottage. —Exchange.

A Great Idea.
"Scribble has a grand scheme on hand."
"What is it?"
"He's getting up a book that is bound to sell well and be popular with the ladies."
"How's that?"
"It's the last chapter of 20 different novels. No matter where it is opened, it will be the last of the book.—Tit-Bits.

A Timely Hint.
In a moment of affection
Filled with joy she could not speak,
Leaning on his arm, she clasped it,
While he gave one piercing shriek.
"Tell me, dearest," she besought him,
"Has your fond love turned to hate?"
"No," he gasped in mortal anguish,
"But you grasped my vaccine!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Signs of It.
Robbie Ring—You are coming down to visit us at the seashore, aren't you?
Mrs. Hoarder (who weighs over 200)—How did you know, Robbie?
Robbie—Martha says she is going to have the bathing house enlarged.—New York Herald.

Domestic.
As day by day doth follow his
Democrat grows less free,
His cause much to us effect,
"Fate, what will it be?"
But when at last the hour arrives
He scarcely waits to see
But hastens forth with joy and care,
"Boys, what will it be?"
—Detroit Tribune.

He Hit It.
Visiting Clergyman (anxious to compliment his host at a Sunday school celebration)—My dear children, to what one man are we most indebted for the great crowd of happy faces seen here today?
Bright Boy—Adam.—Good News.

Recompense.
I cast a pebble in the sea,
Thinking that bereft
As long as life is mystery
I would come back to the shore.
'Twas thus the throw my heart away,
It sank into the sea,
But Time is good, and yesterday
I was given back to me.
—New York Sun.

Generous.
Purcell—Do you always agree with your wife when she makes an assertion?
Jefferson—Why, of course I don't. You don't think I would deprive her of every amusement, do you?—Brooklyn Life.

He Won't Marry Her.
She is beautiful of person and of manner very gracious,
And she never that I've heard of was the slightest bit flirtatious,
But I've come to the conclusion that I will wed some other
Because she has informed me—hm! well, that she loves another.
—Washington Star.

After Her Own Heart.
Coburn—I hear Winthrop is building a house for his bride and allows her to superintend things.
Merritt—He did until he saw she was making it nothing but closets.—Truth.

The Wall of a Sufferer.
"Daily, Daily," "After the Ball"
And "Two Little Girls in Blue."
And "Sweet Marie," we have heard you all,
Till the honey of life has turned to gall,
And now we imagine it's time to call.
If you please, for something new,
—Boston Courier.

A Practical Dramatist.
Friend—Why do you kill off so many people in every act?
Dramatist—The company is small, and that is the only way I can work in all the characters.—New York Weekly.

A Hopeless Case.
He failed in society, truth we must tell,
He didn't quite meet the demands,
He had wealth and refinement, he danced very well,
But he couldn't learn how to shake hands.
—Washington Star.

A Good Start.
Deathway—I have been taking horseback lessons for the past week.
Cleaver—How are you getting on?
Deathway—I've got so I can sit down.—Brooklyn Life.

Hot Weather Courtship.
"With thou be mine, angelic girl!"
He asked in melting tones.
"I feel so warmly toward you, George,
I will," said Miss Kjosson.
—Chicago Tribune.

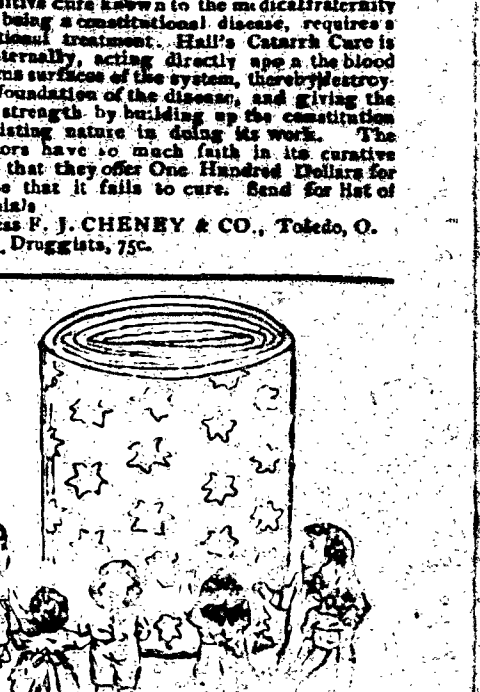
Every Time.
Sunday School Teacher—Now, Sammie, you may tell us where all the little Sunday school boys want to go.
Billy—I know; in a swimmin.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Must Have Been an Officer.
Woodman, spare that tree.
Touch not a single bough.
In time of war it saved my life,
And I'll protect it now.
—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Choice.
Donald—Your eyes sparkle like gems.
They would do to set in a ring.
Beatrice—I would rather set them on a ring.—Brooklyn Life.

His Sorstices.
"I kissed the cool," her hab allowed
In accents mild and meek.
"But I did the cool, my crown
Should stay another week."
—New York Sun.

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