

Our traveling agent, Mr. A. Herman and his bicycle will be in Ithaca all 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.

Savannah.

About eighty-five were present at the barn dance given by W. S. Lawler, Tuesday evening, June 28. They had a very enjoyable time.

Misses Mary and Rose Conroy, Lizzie Lawler, and Will Lawler spent Sunday in Port Byron.

Mr. John Farrell, of Clyde, was in town Wednesday.

Misses Nellie Costello and Anna Kavanagh, of Clyde, visited friends in town Wednesday.

Shortsville.

Mr. Dolcy and family spent the Fourth of July at Avon Springs.

Miss Bertha Klunk is visiting friends in Rochester.

Miss Mary Dunn is visiting relatives at Geneva.

Miss Jane McCarthy, who has been a sufferer from rheumatism, is much better.

Mrs. D. Costea and children spent the Fourth in Rochester.

Moravia.

Our sympathy is extended to our Rev. pastor in his sad bereavement—the loss of his father.

Miss Ella Harrington is visiting her cousin, the Misses Morrison, of Syracuse.

Miss Franck Clark has gone to Richfield Springs for the summer vacation.

W. J. Keefe has sold his grocery to J. P. Noonan.

Miss Hannah Measer, of King Ferry, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. David Lagging, in Grove Street.

This week closes the school event for this year. Friday is Autumn day and Saturday is Field day.

Miss Bessie Ryan and Mr. Daniel Murphy, two well known young people of this town, were united in marriage at St. Patrick's church, by Rev. Father Hickey, Wednesday morning. The happy couple took the morning train south.

A large number of Moravians attended the picnic of Niles and Oswego counties held last Saturday.

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.

WORKS OF ART.

Every one pronounces the JOURNAL portfolio gems of artistic beauty. The demand has been large since they were put before the public, and there is nothing but praise for these works of art.

The "Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States" is a magnificently illustrated history of the Church in this country, such as no Catholic family should be without. The portraits of the great American prelates are superb, taken from photographs and are all superb examples of the best steel engravers of this country, England, Germany, and France; most unique representation of the art of portraiture of this the close of the 19th century. They are all faithful copies of the originals and every portrait bears the autograph of the prelate showing his approval.

Truly this is an age when rare and valuable things may be had cheaply. A dozen years ago works of art, such as the JOURNAL portfolios, would have cost not less than a dollar a number. Now we sell them at 10 cents and a coupon. By mail 8 cents additional for postage. Try one number.

Buffet Sleeping Cars on the Nickel Plate Road.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, Ireland, Williams, Elder, Janssens and others, a beautiful steel engraved portrait. Ten cents with JOURNAL coupon. Three cents extra for mailing.

Take the Nickel Plate Road to Chicago.

Typographic engravings of the interior and exterior of the most prominent Catholic Churches in the United States in the CATHOLIC JOURNAL Portfolio. Ten cents with JOURNAL coupon. Three cents extra for mailing.

Get one of the steel engraved portraits of the American Catholic prelates and you will send for its series. The most beautiful souvenir ever given away by a newspaper. Ten cents with coupon. Three cents extra for postage.

Party and Weddings invitations a specialty at this office.

Loyalty of the Catholic Church to the Republic.

The following very pertinent address in refutation of the malicious and slanderous charges that are being circulated against Catholic citizens was delivered in the city of New York, by Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann. It points out facts that should be kept in memory for information and reference when Irish American and Catholic patriotism is called in question. A very vulnerable point in A. P. Aism is touched in adducing facts that emphasize the difference between Catholic fealty in the Revolutionary and Civil wars and the action of non-Catholic sects who displayed the same rabid hostility to the patriots of 1776 and 1862 that their descendants exhibit to-day towards the sons of Irish-American soldiers whose patriotism was never found wanting in the hour of trial.

Dr. Brann said:—You come of a loyal race, loyal because you are Catholics. You belong to a church which in every land is loyal to the powers that be, whether they be Pagan, Protestant or Catholic. Your holy religion teaches that rebellion is a mortal sin, that respect to legitimate authority and the laws of your country is incumbent on you as Christians and as citizens; that you cannot be the judge of the law of the land any more than you can be the interpreter of the articles of your creed, that there are superiors above you, whom, in both the spiritual and civil order, you must obey. From your earliest years you have been trained to obedience to law, and taught to preserve and defend order, not merely for fear of human penalties, but because God wills it and imposes an obligation on your consciences. You have been taught that immorality and infidelity sap the foundations of the State.

You have read in history that every nation that deserted God and religion finally decayed and disappeared from the stage of history. Because your minds have been imbued with Christian principles, you know and feel that you are devoted sons of the land you live in—determined by pure morals and honest toil to make your country honored abroad, and to defend her flag, on sea or land, from the assaults of foreign aggression.

Sons, relatives and friends of American Catholic soldiers, you have a right to be proud of your Church in this land of liberty and law. She is a Church with a stainless record—the only one with such a record in this country. From the very beginning she loved this home of freedom. Her early missionaries, many of them spiritual sons of the great Spanish soldier who infused his own noble spirit and sublime aspirations into the society which he founded, gave names to our lakes and rivers, explored our trackless forests, and prepared the way for succeeding progress and civilization. When the tocsin sounded the call of liberty, the sons of that Church were among the first to answer its summons. The great Catholic nation, with its Catholic king, sent his Catholic soldiers and Catholic sailors to help the cause of American Independence. Every Catholic in the land, lay or cleric, from the rich and powerful Carrolls of the South to the hardy Sullivans of New England, lent their aid.

The armies of liberty were filled with Catholics, while the gallant son of the ever-loyal Church, John Barry, founded our navy and won its first victories. Who that knows the history of our Republic but is fully aware of these facts? While those who side of the Catholic Church were divided in sentiment and action, and while some of them, even in New York—the Episcopalian, for instance—were notoriously hostile to the American cause—betraying the patriots, and furnishing funds to help put them down, the Catholics to a man were loyal to the cause of Washington and independence.

Again, in our second war with the foe that has, until very recently, persecuted Catholics with a hatred second only to that which she has shown to American institutions, our Church was the most loyal in the country. Catholics were numbered in the armies of 1812 from the borders of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. The hero of New Orleans knew their value and admitted their devotion.

Even when we made war on our neighboring Catholic republic, the loyalty of our Church to the starry flag remained unswayed, and among the bravest and best soldiers of the Mexican war were Catholics like Shields, who knelt for the priest's blessing before drawing the sword that conquered. And is the history of our civil war so soon forgotten that Catholic loyalty to the Union should be called in question? What battlefield was not stained with the blood of Catholic soldiers? Ye heroes who sleep beneath the white crosses in every cemetery in the Union, attest that ye fought better because of the Catholic faith and the Catholic principles inculcated into your hearts by the ever-loyal and immortal Church.

What Church can show such a record of loyalty as our Church did in the war of the Union? Before that war, were not the preachers of the sects habitually stimulating the passions of their congregations, preaching the gospel of hate, and helping to arm section against section? Did not the fanaticism of non-Catholic preachers of every pulpit in the North provoke the secession of the South, and cause the bloody war which cost the nation hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars? Slavery could and would have gone down without a war.

It was not the Catholic Church which provoked the war. The Catholic clergy were conservative and law-abiding. But when the war came, and it was necessary to save the Union, when the conquering armies of Secession thundered almost at the very gates of the capital, who were prompter, who were braver in the fight to preserve our beloved Republic than the Catholic soldiers of the North? This war divided the Protestant sects.

The Southern Protestants in many instances would have no communion with the Northern churches. Catholics were very few in the South. The armies of the rebellion were commanded and filled with Protestants. A Protestant Episcopalian, Bishop Polk, gave up his clerical gown and donned the sword to destroy the union of our States, and when those rebels, chiefly Episcopallians, Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists, came conquering up the Shenandoah Valley, who was it that met them and turned the tide of battle? Who was it that rode the gallant horse on the famous ride from Winchester, turning defeat into victory, and driving these men back into their own territory? It was the Catholic General Phil Sheridan, afterward commander of our whole army.

Do our citizens so soon forget that the great Archbishop Hughes, the friend of Lincoln and of Seward, did more than any one else by his influence at home and abroad to save the Union? Our Church gave the first lesson in religious liberty to the American Colonies. That Church blessed Mary and with religious toleration, unknown to the other colonies, where persecution for conscience sake was the law. A son of that Church, Gov. Dongan, gave the first charter of civil liberty to the State of New York.

Jealousy, bigotry and fanatical hate, which disgrace a portion of our American fellow-citizens, are responsible for the refuted charge that our Church is opposed to Republican liberty. If legal conspiracy and secret plotting are used to injure American citizens because they are Catholics. Again and again have plots been hatched and conspiracies formed to injure Catholics, to abridge their liberty, and impede the progress of their conservative and saving creed. Judge us by the record which our Church has made in this Republic. We never persecuted or tried to persecute any one, even when we had the power to do so. American Catholics never burned witches or exiled Quakers, nor hanged men for not believing as they did. It is remarkable that the leaders in the anti-Catholic conspiracy which is disgracing the fair fame of Americans, are chiefly the children and the grand-children of the men who did burn innocent men and children at the stake.

Take care, gentlemen, of what you are doing. If you love the Constitution and its liberty, do not try by your penal laws to force 15,000,000 of your fellow-countrymen into the ranks of the discontented. We Catholics cannot use vile or unlawful weapons. We shall not belie you. We shall not slander you. Our Church forbids no conspiracy. We shall not make war on you by secret societies. The Catholic Church despises cowardly methods. If we are unit to be citizens exempt us from the burdens of citizenship. If we are not to be citizens let us pay no taxes. We Catholics are now paying double taxes in nearly every town in the Union. We pay a double tax for education and for charitable institutions. If we had as little charity and as little religion as your ancestors, we know how we could punish them. We could close all our schools and public institutions, and force the state to support their imbeciles. What would be the consequence? Our enemies would then find their taxes for education and for charitable institutions doubled. But, while we thus express the natural feelings of insulted men and the righteous indignation of loyal citizens, we must not forget the charity of the Christian. It is not by the sword that we are to conquer in the present warfare, but by justice, truth and honesty. We are taught by our holy Church to forgive our enemies and pray for them. This we shall continue to do, and faithful to the letter and the spirit of the religion of Christ, no insults or false charges can make us disloyal to our beloved country. We shall continue to be as we have always been, the most devoted patriots in the grand Republic of the West.

LIFE'S BITTER SWEET.

Tell me one thing, I say, that I can do, to relieve the gloom of your own mind. To change a heavy, gloomy state of mind into a bright one, to get rid of the painful shadow of my night, to lighten your own radiance of delight. Tell me one thing that I may disdain. Mirth and merriment, banish all relief. Save the sad and weary, the cruel pain. Of being one to you, dear heart, in grief. You did deny me love. Have you no word to speak to me with you, as you were?—London World.

GAME.

"Speaking about stubborn people always reminds me of poor Seth Cox of Indian Gulch," said an old pioneer from Mariposa county as he leaned against the bar of a down town hotel last evening and toyed with a tumbler. "Praps, though," he added, glancing around inquiringly, "you fellows never heard of him?"

A withered old miner from Nevada county hinted that "mebbe he was related to the Bill Cox who was hunged at Red Dog in 1861?"

This the Mariposa man disputed on the ground that Seth during his lifetime was too square a man to have even been a thirty eighth cousin to the chap who had come to such a ignominious end at Red Dog.

"Why, sho!" he went on, turning from the Nevada man to the four other bystanders. "Seth was as square a man as I ever met in California. He would fight, if necessary, and would drink as much as the next man, and what more was wanted in these days?"

"But that ain't what I was going to tell you about. You see Seth had our fault, and that was stubbornness of the cruelest kind. All he had to do was to take a stand on anything, and Seth would as naturally take a hitch on the contrary side and out-hold you hard somehow, even if you had all traps."

"Seth was married to Indian Gulch, being way as far back as 1862, and being so southern he learned things pretty much his own way. If they didn't go his way, they was not likely to go any way."

The man from the Butte county passed to gaze through the bottom of the tin snuff from his pocket and back to the bar.

"Now, sho! Just to give you an idea of how stubborn Seth was, I'll tell you of a little incident." He had no objection with a miter about turkey buzzards, and just because the miner said that they were so good things, he announced that they were second to nothing as his poultry lines. Well, the miner thought he'd take a fall out of Seth, and the next day brought him a turkey buzzard and told him to eat it. Yes, wagnered him \$20 on it. Did he want? Why, sho! "Seth ate the buzzard, and as he was picking the bones he said there was anybody else, and who was axed to pay him for eating one of the most delicious morsels in the world. That was Seth all over. He'd never give in on anything he undertook, sho!" and the Mariposa man nudged his glass.

"One day," he resumed briskly, just as the Nevada man was about to say something, "a new miner, who said he had been from Chinese Camp, ambled into the gulch and made himself quite popular before night, treating everybody time and again at Red Ryan's saloon. As Marshal Seth thought it his duty to make the acquaintance of the strange pilgrim who was so well heeled apparently with dust, it wasn't long before Seth and the new miner, who said his name was Dan Flanigan, was in a tangle against each other at poker."

"Now, sho, that was all right, but Dan, while they were playing, began to tell how he had made the pilgrimage all the way from Poor Shoat to Angels and cleaned out every poker sharp on the road. Seth, in his bulldogged way, said he reckoned if he had met Dan on that journey, Dan would have had to take to the wilderness for want of clothes, he would have been so cleaned out."

"When there was a hurricane of an argument, and finally Seth boasted that he'd put everything he had up against all Dan had and play poker until one of 'em was busted. Dan jumped at the offer, and arrangements were made. "The game was to be played in a room at John Hanson's hotel, and each man's wealth was represented by 22 \$20 pieces, which they used as chips. Seth, as marshal, proclaimed a holiday in town until he had cleaned Dan out, then he promised a big hurrah. The whole town was gathered around Hanson's place, and at intervals of an hour signs were hung out as to the game. One time it would be "Seth is a hundred ahead," and at another "Even game, with Dan's ante up." There was lots of betting on the result. Red Ryan wagnered his saloon against a claim that Seth would win. And, sho, all the time Seth and Dan sat there flipping their cards like machines and not noticing anything outside of the game!"

After stopping to drink glasses with his interested audience the man from Mariposa took a fresh twist in his reminiscences.

"About 10 o'clock that night Dan was out \$300, and when some of the boys took up supper for the players, for they hadn't eaten anything, you know, he growled out to take it away, as no man could play cards and eat and drink too. Seth was so stubborn that he wouldn't stop either, for fear Dan would think he was weakening. The boys set down the supper and left 'em. In the morning breakfast was put down alongside the untouched supper. All they wanted was half a dozen new decks of cards. They had worn out four packs. Sho! no mistake."

"Well, now, there's no use drawing out the agony on a thing that turned out so serious as that game. As anybody at Indian Gulch can tell you to this day, Seth and Dan played there for five days and for five nights, a-reassuring and a-reassuring, but such as stubborn as the other and determined not to give in. They hadn't touched the meals

we took up to 'em, and they hadn't slept either. You may say it's impossible, but just go to Indian Gulch, and you can prove it. The two men were like skeletons, and Seth was so weak that he could not clear the cards and swear at the same time.

"On the evening of the fifth day some of us boys met at Ryan's and decided in the interest of humanity to interfere and make Seth and Dan quit until they got into condition. But, sho, when we went up in the morning they were both stretched out on the floor dead. Yes, three dead. Each had five cards in his hand, and Seth was clutching his last \$20 as if he had just been calling Dan when he rolled over.

"And he'd a' won, too," howled Ryan as he looked at the hands. Then Ryan wanted the match declared in favor of Seth, but the boys wouldn't have it. Beta were declared off and the game called a draw. Seth and Dan had used up 67 packs of cards, and their golden chips were worn as smooth as glass.

"We buried 'em side by side that day, but now comes the strangest part of the whole thing, and to show you what stubborn critters they were—that night there was a light in the room where they had been playing, and as sure as I'm here there sat Dan and Seth as natural as life, a-flipping their cards and tossing their chips by the light of the ghostly candle. Maybe they didn't have that whole hotel to themselves. Sho! I guess they did. Nobody'd go night it. Hanson went around crying almost and saying he didn't see why two stubborn galoots couldn't stay where they were planted instead of coming to haunt an honest man's house and ruin his business. But nothing seemed to interfere with the game. Every night for a week Seth and Dan sat up playing, while the whole Gulch gazed at the light in the window and shivered and swapped pillow-top stories. At last Ryan one night said he'd go in to see how the game was getting on, and he was in the way when the light went out, and so we saw a flash of light shoot across the room, and three minutes afterwards Hanson's place was in a blaze.

"I've said that as he looked in the window, Seth had caught Dan cheating, and that the light was the light of the fire. I should say so," gasped one of the auditors.

"But sho, as I'm here, gentlemen, those was a dead man, and when the ashes of the candle had melted, the very next night, and there Seth and Dan, I-king as if they were made of chalk, were observed sitting on a pile of rocks that had been Hanson's chimney, flipping their cards as lively as ever."

"This was too much and Indian Gulch was scared in good earnest. But some of us put together and decided that Seth and Dan must go. We dug 'em up, and buried 'em five miles up a canyon, and then buried 'em. We never saw them again in Indian Gulch, but soon afterward some prospectors came down from the hills and said that they had seen two ghosts sitting under a tree and playing. But, sho, gentlemen, where are you going?"

The shriveled old miner from Nevada turned as he followed the others in their hasty exit.

"I did think," he said, "you'd have the decency to let them two cusses rest in their graves, but if you're going to rank 'em all over the country, why, go left alone," and the Mariposa man was left with the backbeaver.

"Well, sho, I'm durned," muttered the narrator of Seth Cox's adventures. "I reckon I'll go back to the Gulch tomorrow, where the folks are soable and mainly fry."—San Francisco Call.

Won't He Cabin Boy at a Raffle.

Captain Barratt of the American bark Carrie Winslow has on board one of the strangest prizes ever captured in a raffle. It is nothing less than a boy, a swarthy young Argentine, Juan Baptiste by name, whom the captain won in a raffle at Buenos Ayres.

Juan is only 7 years old and was an inmate of a Spanish orphan asylum at Buenos Ayres when the Winslow reached there on her last voyage. Juan desired his liberty, but under the laws of the Argentine Republic that could only be secured by the payment of a cash sum that would go to a fund for the prosecution of persons taking out the orphans and then treating them badly. In Juan's case the amount required was \$40, and in order to secure this the enterprising boy decided to put himself up in a raffle and sell the tickets himself. Captain Barratt became interested in the boy to the extent of \$5 spent for tickets, and when the drawing was announced was somewhat surprised to find himself the winner.

The youthful prize has been installed on the Winslow as cabin boy, and though he has now been away from his native land several months shows no desire to return to it. He is bright and intelligent, and as he evinces a decided disinclination to associate with the crew Captain Barratt treats him as one of his own family.—Philadelphia Record.

How to Cure a Felon.

If you have the appearance of a felon coming, put some hard wood ashes in an old tin cup, pour over them warm water. Immerse the end of the sore finger in the ashes, set the dish on some live coals or on the top of the stove, keeping the finger in as long as you can, and soak it several times a day. If taken in time, it generally cures a felon coming, if the finger is wet with it often.—Good Housekeeping.

New Theory of Auroral Light.

The latest theory concerning the cause of the aurora borealis has been deduced from a careful analysis of that light thrown through a spectroscope. This unique experiment clearly establishes the fact that it is caused by an electrical discharge among the particles of meteoric iron dust contained in the atmosphere.—St. Louis Republic.

How's This?

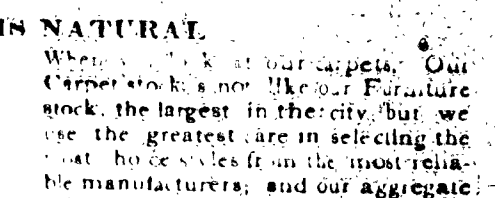
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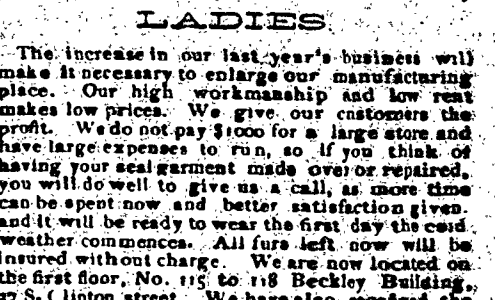
Having had a successful large spring trade in Carpets, our stock was in condition to allow us to place early orders for fall patterns, many of which are already in. We wish to extend an urgent invitation for you to come and look at them.

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