

A MODERN RALEIGH.

His Velvet Cloak Was Only a Bandanna, but His Spirit Was Bright.

It is not true that modern chivalry is being starved out and replaced by mere politeness in these days. Some young men seem to have grown into a recent balance in usefulness and strength to the cigarette that are ever present with them, and many young women are adopting the cowboy coat and the man's necktie, but the spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh has not vanished from the earth, and dainty womanliness doth still inspire chivalry.

She was a fair West Philadelphia who had just returned from a shopping tour in the city. She carried three bundles—too precious to be left for a delivery wagon—and a mackintosh and two boxes of candy also balanced in uncertain equilibrium about her. He was a big, plain, everyday workman, and his weapon was a pick, with which he waged successful war upon the cobblestones and the dirt of a badly mutilated West Philadelphia street. Three little strips of wood were supposed to be enough at the point where she dismounted from the car to enable foot passengers to cross the muddy thoroughfare, but just as she came opposite the man a little tilt of the flimsy pontoon bridge sent one of her daintily shod feet up to the ankle into a fine yellow mudhole, and when she drew it out it was a sight to make one weep. She could not go on without helplessly soiling the city of her skirt. She could not stop for ladies. She stood in petrified perplexity. Then the spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh showed itself. The pick was dropped, and the man grabbed a little stick and said, "Walk, miss, an' I'll clean yer shoe off." There seemed to be nothing else to do, so she waited. The rest of the gang leaned on their picks and shovels and watched the scene out of the corners of their eyes. When he had done all the execution he could with the stick and quite a respectable pile of clay had been scraped from the small shoe, he whisked out a red bandanna handkerchief, a sort of substitute for Raleigh's crimson cloak, and still kneeling before her, notwithstanding her protest that he would get it dirty, proceeded to clean the shoe with that. She thanked him and walked down the street with a little blush on her cheek. He touched his well worn hat and gazed after her for a few moments, then stuffed the bandanna in his overall's pocket, saying, "It wasn't very clean anyhow," and was again a common laboring man.—Philadelphia Press.

The Smith Family Ham.

"The average citizen is fond of a piece of sweet ham, but it is an absolute waste to set before an uneducated palate a slice of a genuine old Smithfield that has been two years in curing," said Colonel Thomas Langley of Virginia. "The fame of the Smithfield ham has been spread to the remotest parts of the land, and I never yet knew a man who was cognizant of the merits of both that didn't prefer the product of old Virginia to the choicest that ever came from Westphalia. I can't describe the process of this former's treatment in detail, but I know it is enveloped in ashes a good while and subsequently buried in mother earth, where it stays for many moons."

"Some high flying epicures aver that a Smithfield should be liberally drizzled with champagne while in process of cooking, but I don't think wine is at all necessary. My mode is to parboil it till the skin comes off easily, then put it in the baking pan and baste judiciously with vinegar and sugar. Then it comes out a dish fit for the Olympian gods. Of course all the hams that bear the name do not come from the little town of Smithfield, for that little hamlet couldn't supply one-hundredth part of the demand."

"A member of the universal Smith family, old Captain Isaac, for whom the town was named, and who was, if I mistake not, a contemporary of General Washington, invented the process of curing that part of the hog in question, and today his imitators are scattered all over Virginia and Maryland."—Washington Post.

An Uneasy Plaster.

"I want an uneasy plaster, sah!" The colored woman, whose head was done up in a bandanna handkerchief, turban fashion, offered a silver quarter of a dollar to the apothecary as she spoke. "I—er—don't think I understand you," replied the man behind the counter.

"It's an uneasy plaster I want," repeated the woman.

"What's that?"

"Uneasy plaster, sah."

"I don't know what you mean."

"The missus said I was for git an uneasy plaster. Here's the money for it."

The apothecary reflected for a moment and scratched his head. Then an idea seemed to break upon him.

"A porous plaster is the most uneasy kind of plaster I know of," he said. "I'll give you one of those. If it's not right, you can bring it back."

The colored woman did bring it back about 15 minutes later. She also had a note from her mistress explaining that adhesive plaster for a cut finger, was the article wanted. This, by the way, is a true story.—Washington Star.

As Good as a Glass Stopper.

If you want a stopper for a bottle of acid or any substance that would naturally call for a glass stopper, because of the danger that the cork would be eaten up by the contents of the bottle, take the cork and steep it in vasoline. It will then be impervious to acids of any kind, and no action of chemicals will decay it. It will, in fact, be as good for all purposes as a glass stopper.

Jewish guides in Rome never pass under the arch of Titus, but walk around it. The reason is it commemorates a victory over their race.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

No wonder the ocean is so bad, Or that the ocean roars; The love to let their hair old and told Must be such a awful bore.

From yacht and boat the story floats, All through the summer weather; From stream and strand, where hand in hand, Walk man and maid together.

The lovers always use damp spots, Whereon their kisses make; They mostly choose some brookside or Malaria giving lake.

The sweet, shy summer budlets come; Till numbers would appal; Perhaps each girl hears one youth rave— The waters hear them all.

Roar on, O sea! Laugh on, O stream! And murmur brooklet bubble; But don't you take to telling tales, Or you'll make lots of trouble.

—New York Recorder.

PERILS OF BULL FIGHTING.

It Is an Easy Matter For Toreros to Meet a Violent Death.

One is accustomed to hear bull fighting denounced as both cruel and cowardly—cruel because of the suffering it inflicts upon animals, cowardly because the risk run by the bullfighter is infinitesimal. The first charge is absolutely true, so far at least as concerns the unfortunate horses. The second is equally false, as the tragic death of Espartaco should serve to teach the amateur critics who for the most part have never seen the spectacle they denounce in such unqualified terms.

If the Spaniards would only revive the original form of the sport they borrowed from the Moors—that is to say, the riding, not of a wretched cab horse, only fit for the knacker and mounted by professional picadores, but of valuable horses, with "owners up," who would, of course, exercise their skill in trying to save their mounts—there would be little to be said against bull fighting on the score of cruelty.

As to the current sneers at the cowardice of the bullfighters, they are the outcome of sheer ignorance. One has but to witness the entry into the ring of a fresh caught Andalusian bull, twice the size and weight of a lion, fully as fierce and almost as active to understand that every man in the ring carries his life in his hand, and that a momentary loss of nerve, or judgment, or of footing will probably mean instant death.

That terrible fighting "apear"—a Spaniard never talks of a bull's "horn" any more than an Englishman of a fox's "tail"—would make short work of any man who had not devoted the flower of his age to the study of the most perilous of all forms of sport. Those who have seen such daring and accomplished toreros as Lagartijo or Frascuelo take the cloak from the hand of a subordinate and play with the infuriated beast as a child might with a kitten, knowing all the time that the slightest mistake would be fatal, cannot, if they speak the truth, refuse to admit that the combination of skill and courage is unparalleled. The perils of the plaza redeem the sport from the charge of cowardice, though not, as it is at present conducted, from that of cruelty.—London Graphic.

Size of a Whale's Throat.

One of the favorite arguments of the skeptic is that the Biblical story of Jonah and the whale cannot be true simply because the books on natural history say that such animals have very small throats. Appleton's American Cyclopaedia says: "The food of whales consists only of the smallest of the marine mollusca, a herring being the largest fish they can swallow." Chambers' Encyclopedia, in the article "Whale," says: "The gullet of whales is very narrow. It is said not to be more than 1½ inches in diameter even in a large whale, so that only very small animals can pass through it." In McMillan's book on the curiosities of the ocean, "The Sea and Its Denizens," chapter 3, page 69, I find the following: "That the story of Jonah and the whale cannot be refuted simply because such animals have, as a rule, very small gullets or throats may be inferred from the fact that there are certain species of the sperm whale now living that can swallow an object 2 feet in diameter. I myself was present at Lamerck when a buoy as large as a 13 gallon water cask, and greater in diameter than the chest and shoulders of a 200 pound man, was taken from the belly of a whale which was not more than two-thirds grown."—St. Louis Republic.

A Dog With Eyeglasses.

Pedestrians on Market street the other morning jostled each other to see a novel sight. A huge dog, with a sleek drab skin and a generally contented look, plodded along the thoroughfare wearing spectacles of large size astride his shapely nose. The dog was not at all inconvenienced seemingly, and apparently was not aware that he was doing anything out of the ordinary, as he critically surveyed the public through the spectacle glasses. The spectacles were much too large for any human being, and probably were made with glasses without magnifying power, at the order of some waggish owner.—San Francisco Bulletin.

The Reverend Jasper.

Rev. John Jasper of Richmond, the most noted of all slave preachers, is now over 80 years old and believes as firmly as he did in 1878, when his famous sermon was preached, that "the sun do move." He recently gave an outline of that celebrated discourse, which, he says, was composed in order to set at rest some doubts which had arisen in the mind of a young member of his flock.—Chicago Herald.

A man may float in salt water without moving his hands or feet if he has the presence of mind to throw his head back and allow the body to sink to the position which it will then naturally take.

In 1887 a teacher in Florence had his house burned and built a new residence by selling two volumes of Cicero.

RIPE AND UNRIPE BANANAS.

Those Allowed to Ripen on Tree Are Not the Best Flavored.

When the shipment or for home consumption the banana is cut as soon as it is "full"—that is, when it has reached its adult form and size, but it is still quite green. The plant is cut off by a single blow of a machete wielded by a powerful arm. As it falls the bunch is caught, lopped off and laid aside, while the harvester goes on to the next bunch. It is a popular supposition that bananas "ripened on the tree" are incomparably superior to those cut green. But as a matter of fact, one never eats them thus ripened in Jamaica. They are said to be not so good. At all events, one finds no better fruit in texture and flavor than the best of our own markets. But every lover of this fruit knows that its quality varies extraordinarily as it is offered to us. This is due partly to the different sources from which it comes.

The best that I brought to us coming from Jamaica. It is also due still more to the condition of the fruit when cut. Bananas which are perfectly full will ripen mellow and delicious, but those cut when immature, as too many are, will turn yellow, yet never truly ripen, retaining always their hard texture and unripe taste. In Jamaica, as elsewhere, the competition of buyers leads the unscrupulous ones to accept fruit of any sort, even when totally unfit, and this sort of competition makes all the more unavailing the efforts of honest buyers to raise the standard and to teach the people to withhold their fruit until it is properly developed. Americans can give more moral support to these efforts by accepting only such fruit as is mature at any price. A little pains will soon enable one to distinguish good from poor fruit, though it is difficult to give a general statement of the distinctive differences. But, as a rule, it will be found that bananas which are large, green, deep yellow and least angular are the most mature and best.—Popular Science Monthly.

AS TO THE FLOOD, DOCTORS DIFFER.

Some Think It Local to the Euphrates, Others the Melting of the Ice Age.

Success in "Das Antlitz der Erde," and Neumayer, in "Erdegeschichte," have attempted to show that the Mosale account of the deluge was copied with little from an original Assyrian version, and that it was a local flood which took place in the plains of the Tigris and Euphrates, not in the valley of the Jordan. In a recent number of Natur Wachenschrift, however, Herr Richard Henrich tries to prove that a general flood took place in the ice age during the quaternary period.

Many facts, such as evidences of glaciation and lowering of temperature, found in the rocks and in sags and myths, as well as the vast extension of a great lake in the far west of America, whose level was 1,000 feet above that of the Salt Lake, go to prove that floods accompanied the retreat of the glaciers. Countries in warmer latitudes—for example, the Balaars—were converted into seas and swamps or were locally flooded. Isolated lands kept clear of the inundation—for instance, Egypt—but we may remind Herr Henrich that according to Herodotus, Egypt was formerly in great part a marsh.

It is curious to note, in connection with the glacial theory, that an old Arabian tradition tells of the "Aryans" having been driven from their original seat by the country becoming colder and the water larger. The German flood saga tells that "the floods of the north came from the north and were turned into ice, and the ice stood still, and the mist which hung over it froze." The sun warmed the drops, however, and Ymir of Hrimthursen, the first giant in the forest of a man, was born. Bors killed the giant, and in his blood drowned the race of Hrimthursen except Bergelmir, who, in a boat, saved himself and a wife, and from them sprang the new race of Hrimthursen.—London Globe.

Queer Guests.

Lady Morgan records in her "Diary" that while dining at the palace of the archbishop of Taranto she met with guests whose presence would have been more becoming to the playroom of a boy than to the dining room of an Italian prelate.

Between the first and second courses the door opened, and several enormous, large and beautiful cats were introduced by the names of Pantaleone, Desdemona, Otello, etc. They took their places on chairs near the table and were as silent, as motionless, as well behaved, as one could desire.

On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to assist Signora Desdemona to something, the butler stepped up to his lordship and observed:

"Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roast."—Youth's Companion.

Hot Water For Cows.

"Hot water for cows" is the maxim of the French dairy farmers in the department of Finistere. They claim to have proved by experiments that when cows drink hot water they yield one-third more milk than when they are refreshed with cold water only. Caution must, of course, be observed in adopting the new system. Arrogant dairymen must beware of scalding the throats of their cows in their haste to avail themselves of this discovery, which is vouchsafed for by our consul at Brest. The proportions, we are told, are half a pail of boiling water and half a pail of cold.—London Globe.

Right In His Line.

A man from the country heard some one talking about the Woman's Exchange. "Woman's Exchange?" he inquired, "what's that for?"

"For the exchange of women," said a wag.

"Golly," said the countryman, who looked as though he was henpecked. "I'll go around and see."—Kingston Freeman.

A remarkable sermon was preached at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Paris, by Pere Monsabre, recently.

Though this ex preacher of Notre Dame, who not long ago could fill the great Cathedral with the sound of his voice, has rapidly become an old man, crowds flocked to hear him no less eagerly than of yore. The sermon was in favor of a work under the patronage of St. Michael, which has for its object—by spreading sound Christian literature among the people—to continue the work begun by the Archangel in Heaven, viz., that of combating the devil. The work needs tending, and on this the preacher waxed eloquent, but more eloquent still on the subject of the devil himself, whose words, non serviam, and their equivalent, "Neither God nor master," formed one of the leading points of his sermon. Commencing with Satan as the dragon of the Revelations, he came to him as the Father of the present anarchy that reigns throughout the world. This anarchy is divided under three heads—viz., intellectual anarchy, moral anarchy, and social and domestic anarchy. He showed this diabolical fraternity gathering to itself myriads of souls by means of the tongue of man and the pen of man, and by the prostitution of artists' powers in the production of lascivious pictures. The picture of evil was powerfully drawn out. Beside it another picture was given—viz., that of the good that might be done in combating Satan by the dissemination of good literature among the people. It was to produce a people's literature and to spread it far and wide that L'Euvre de Saint Michel the work of St. Michael had been founded by an eminent Jesuit. Pere Monsabre pleaded earnestly for funds wherewith to carry it on. He closed with a beautiful peroration on the love of God, touched by something of his old fire. Then, with his monk's owl over his head, and his rugged face marked by a certain humorous smile of his own, he went from seat to seat, collecting.

The pretension of the Protestant Bishop of Cashel, Emly, and Waterford to retain as the ex-officio right to his successors the presidency of the Fanning Institution in Waterford, was on Monday scouted out of the Court of Appeal. The institution was originally founded out of a bequest of a Catholic, James Fanning, who left £80,000 to the poor of Waterford. The present funds of the institution amount to £37,000. Of that sum £33,470 has been contributed by Catholics, and only £3,530 by Protestants. Yet under the scheme of Government 40 of the governors are Protestants and only 21 Catholics. That does not suffice the Protestant Bishop of Cashel, however, who writes to have the presidency attached to his See as a succession. The Catholic governors demanded that the presidency should alternate, the Vice President for the time being always succeeding when the position was vacated. This fair arrangement was resisted by Dr. Day, and was characteristically rejected by the Vice Chancellor. On Monday the decision was reversed, and a proposal to which only intolerance could object, accepted by the Court of Appeal. The Bishop of Cashel will pay the costs of the proceedings.

Centenary of Maynooth College.

The Centenary of Maynooth College, which will occur next year, is to be worthily celebrated if the Bishops and Priests of Ireland can secure such a result. Special consideration, we learn from an announcement published in the last issue of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, was given to the matter at the recent meeting of the Irish Hierarchy, and steps have been taken for the immediate formation of a thoroughly representative committee charged with the duty of making all necessary arrangements. The respected President of the college in the notification which appears in the Record states: "The committee, as at present contemplated, is to consist of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, the Members and Ex-Members of the College Staff, and two Priests nominated from each Diocese of Ireland by its Bishop. The Centenary will occur in June of next year, 1815, and ample notice will be given of the first meeting of the committee. Not the least interesting feature of the celebration will be the production of a History of the College from its foundation to the present time. The Coadjutor-Bishop of Clonfort, Most Rev. Dr. Healy, has been invited, and has most cordially consented to superintend the affair, and we may rest assured that it is in competent hands. His Lordship will gladly receive any suggestions or documents that may be likely to help him in this labor of love for the venerable Alma Mater of himself and so many of his fellow Irish ecclesiastics, and we earnestly bespeak for his Lordship all possible co-operation, and as speedily as possible as the time is comparatively short."

FAT MAN'S DEED.

Story of a Tragic Scene on a Brooklyn Trolley Car Which Might Be True.

A very stout old Brooklyn gentleman squeezed himself past two women on a Putnam avenue car and wedged in between one of them and a man at the other end of the seat. The fit was such a tight one that the women held their breaths and assumed a pancake appearance. At the corner where the car turns into Putnam avenue the fat man turned like a big turret and put up a chubby finger. The car stopped.

"Putnam avenue, Grand avenue and Fulton street," shouted the conductor. The fat man settled back and resumed reading a newspaper, which he had dropped in his lap.

"Want to get out here?" asked the conductor, with his hand on the bell-rope.

The fat man shook his head. There was an angry twang of the cord, and the trolley began to whiz.

"At Nostrand avenue the chubby finger went up again. The car stopped. Nobody moved. Then the man who brings up the fares got angry.

"See here," he exclaimed after he had climbed along the step on the side of the car until he was opposite the fat man, "what do you mean by telling me to stop for when you don't want to get off?"

"Why," responded the mountain of flesh as coolly as such a mass of adipose could be cool, "the car jolts so that I couldn't read this paragraph, which is slightly blurred. I merely wanted to have the car stand still until I had finished it. That's all. Now, if you can go along slowly without jolting, I will be able to get along very nicely, but if I come across another bad line or two I'll put my hand back of my head, and you stop. It's too much trouble for me to turn around."

The conductor's eyes twinkled in the orbits. He placed his hand to his head and uttered a shriek after a shriek. Reason was shattered. He had become cross-eyed and insane.—New York Mail and Express.

ANCIENT LIGHTHOUSES.

Beacon Lights to Guide Mariners Coeval With the Earliest Commerce.

Beacon lights to guide the wayward tossed mariner to a safe harbor must have been almost coeval with the earliest commerce. There is positive record that lighthouses were built in ancient times, though few evidences now remain to us from old writers or in crumbling ruins. This is not strange, for light towers, never the most stable architectural form, were exposed to the storms of sea and war.

The Greeks attributed the first lighthouses to Hercules, and he was considered the protector of voyagers. It is claimed by some that Homer refers to lighthouses in the nineteenth book of the "Iliad."

Virgil mentions a light on a temple to Apollo which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners. The Colossus at Rhodes, erected about 300 B. C., is said to have shown a signal light from its uplifted hand.

The oldest towers known were built by the Libyans in lower Egypt. They were temples also, and the lightkeeper priests taught pilotage, hydrography and navigation. The famous tower of the island of Pharos, at Alexandria, built about 285 B. C., is the first lighthouse of undoubted record. This tower, constructed by Sostratus, the architect, was square in plan, of great height and built in offices. An open brazier at the top of the tower contained the fuel for the light. At Dover and Bonifacio, on either side of the English channel, were ancient lighthouses built by the Romans. But the lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, built in the reign of Trajan and reconstructed in 1684, is believed to be the oldest existing lighthouse.—E. P. Adams in Cassier's Magazine.

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