SAVE YOUR EYES.

Remember they are your best friends. Do not allow them to be trifled with.

We Guarantee Satisfaction

Eyes Examined Free for Glasses.
Special Lenses Ground to Fit the Eye.
Oculists Prescriptions Filled.

F. E. SPOONER,
MANUFACTURING OPTICIAN,
335 NORTH ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Open all the time. First Class Service.
Telephone 279.

PAYNE'S Coach Stables
FRANK W. PAYNE, Prop.
Coaches, Coupes, Livery & Boarding,
Office and Stables.
136 and 138 Jefferson Avenue,

Vay & Goodspeed.

Insure in the Deleware, United States, Broadway, Manufacturers and Merchants Insurance Companies

Notary Public, Foreign Exchange, Steamship Agency.

All losses will be adjusted by Rudolph Vay, no outside interference.

Telephone 1032. 114 Powers Block.

J. H. REDFERN,
MACHINIST.
Bicycles Manufactured and Repaired.
Bicycle Frames a Specialty
Punches, Dies, Pattern and Model Making. Engines, Boilers and General Repairing. Lawn Mowers Sharpened.
199 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Flowers for Funerals,
Floral Designs on Short Notice.
PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST.
J. O. PRIDMORE, FLORIST.
356 to 360 Lyell Avenue.

E. H. BACON,
TUNER.
Piano Forte. Church Organ.
Residence, University Ave. 174.
Office, State St., 63. Rochester, N. Y.

We Guarantee You a Cure in the Following Diseases:

Rheumatism, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Ulcers, Epilepsy (fits), and all Blood, Skin and Nervous Diseases.

The names and addresses of those whom we have cured will be given for investigation if you question our ability.

The Monroe Dispensary,
138 EAST MAIN ST.
Over Kenyons.
DR. C. M. FREEMAN, Consulting Physician.

G. R. DONOVAN,
COAL,
HARD AND SLAB WOOD.
Office and yard 90 Avenue E.

Barr, Reynolds & Co.,
Hot Water and Steam Warming and Ventilating. Plumbing and Gas Fitting. Jobbers in engineers supplies. Special attention paid to all kinds of job work.
Phone 1016. 33-35 Mill Street.

A. O. H.
Secretaries.
ATTENTION!

We supply all the Divisions in this vicinity with our Blanks, Books, Tickets, Invitations, Badges, and in fact everything in the printing line, and why?

Because first of all they are neatly printed, low in price and are delivered promptly.

Can we not supply you?

Please examine the following list, all of which are kept on hand ready for our shipment.

	Per 100
App'n Blanks (new form	75
Notification of Arrears	50
Sick Committee Reports	75
Notice of Absentees	50
Due Cards (best yet)	1 50
Notice to Applicants	50
Investigation Notices	50
Letter Heads (new design)	1 00
Envelopes	75
Cloth Cover Due Books good for five years	5 00
Fin. Sec. Quar. Reports	2 00
Treas. Quar. Reports	2 00
	Each
Order Books	50
Receipt Books	50
Fin. Secy's Ledger	2 00
Day Book	1 00
Record Book	2 00
Treasurer's Book	1 50

All kinds of Society printing. Estimate furnished. Samples sent on application.

Send for Order Blank.

All orders receive prompt attention. Address communications and make drafts payable to

The Catholic Journal
PUB. CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HE KILLED AN ORACLE

A TEXAS COWBOY REGARDED AS A HERO IN SOUTH AFRICA.

He Murdered a Famous Matabele Witch Doctor—How the Deed Was Done—Almost Killed When Escaping From the Cave of the Miracle Worker.

A Texas cowboy named Burnham is the hero of the Matabele war just now on account of his exploit in invading the natives' stronghold and killing the mlimo, religious prophet or oracle, who was directing the war against the whites. The mlimo lived in a wonderful cave in the Matoppo hills. He is practically the god of the natives, and his miracles and prophecies enabled him to keep control of the superstitious people for many years. The English officers decided that it was necessary for the suppression of the rebellion to capture or kill this negro. Burnham and an Englishman named Armstrong undertook the task.

They had many adventures and narrow escapes. Reaching the mlimo's cave, they finally found him outside of it, and for a moment alone. He was a tall, well built man, about 60 years old, light red in color, rather than black. Burnham thus describes what happened:

"Armstrong went straight at him and said, 'You are the mlimo man?' He seemed staggered for a moment, but said, 'What then?' So Armstrong told him we were white men, and we found we were no good against the Matabeles. We wanted some of his witchcraft to make their bullets turn to water when they struck us, just as he had turned white men's bullets into water. We said we had come to pay our respects to him and give the presents that the Kaffirs gave, but we wanted a blessing in the proper way, with all ceremony.

"After a little hesitation he led the way and we followed toward the cave. We pretended to be mightily in awe of him, but I was noting all the signs to see whether he was the right man. I had little doubt after I first accosted him and none when we began to ascend the rock. As we got near the cave all kinds of ceremony began. At every corner he would stop and swag his hands around, singing a low kind of church chant. He had a nice voice for a nigger, and he kept bowing and crooning while we came slowly along behind him.

"All the rocks at the mouth of the cave were polished with the wear of ages of feet and hands passing over them. At last we stopped. He had begun his ceremonies just within the cave, and went through all manner of attitudes and noises. There was no mistake about him now. I would have liked to carry through the ceremony, but glancing out into the valley I suddenly saw the niggers on the move. We were trapped. There was no good trying to arrest him with that crowd there. All we could do was to look out for ourselves, and yet we could not leave the director of the rebellion to order further murders of whites with women and children.

"I just drew a bead on him and shot him there. Then we turned and got away. As we went down we set fire to all the huts at the foot of the hill. In a moment cries resounded all over the place. The niggers were rushing out from back of the hill. Two outfits of them came streaking down two different trails to cut us off, and they nearly did it. We just reached the horses and slipped away, struggling over bowlders and jumping off rocks as high as the horses themselves."

Warfare by assassination may or may not be justifiable under the circumstances. The point does not seem to have been raised either in Africa or this country, where Burnham's action is received as the deed of a brave man.—New York Sun Cable Letter.

The Youth of the Land.

The coinage of over 4,000,000,000 cigarettes last year has done more than any other thing to bring the youth of the land down to the 50 cent dude basis.—Detroit Free Press.

General Walker Made LL. D.

The University of Edinburgh has conferred the degree of doctor of laws upon Professor Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

When the Bloom Is on the Swelter.

Oh, the hot wave is a melter,
And it makes us frown and swelter
While we hustle helter skelter
Through the city's rat tat fat.
And the cambric handkerchiefs
Won't assuage our greasy griefs,
Though assisted by the leaflet
Of the cabbage in the hat.

Oh, the hot wave's how is booming,
And the atmosphere's simooming,
While old Sirius is looming
And the ice man is on top.
While the perspiration's dropping
From the brows we're madly mopping,
On the ear the corn is popping
With a Populistic pop.

Oh, the poodle's melancholic,
And he cannot frisk and frolic,
For upon the parabolic
Now the lasso wildly tears.
And the vender's shirt front sunders
While he eloquently thunders
Of the marvels and the wonders
Of his meretricious wares.

Now the vitreous mosquito,
With the bill no man can veto—
Yes, from Dan to Sausalito,
On our nasal's rapture pent—
Oh, this diabolic hummer
Of a rumpty tumpty summer
Simply means this is the summer
Of our disconcirculatent.

Oh, we're yearning for the beaches,
Where the sea gull wildly screeches
And no bloated curbstone peaches
Full of typhoid wake our wrath;
Where the beaker, ripe and rosy,
Makes each fancy like a posy,
And we make the waiter "mosy"
For a blooming aftermath.

Oh, it's while we thus are dreaming
Of the siren on us beaming
And her golden ringlets gleaming
On the billow rolling high
That beneath the incandescent
We perform the grind incessant
For the shekels evanescent
To assure our daily pie.

—R. K. Munkittrick in New York Journal.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

How the Rival Presidential Candidates Shake Hands.

An incidental feature of the presidential campaign will be the handshake of the four leading candidates. The other day Mr. Bryan shook the good right hands of 4,000 men, women and children at Lincoln, and it is a common occurence for Major McKinley to shake hands with 5,000 persons in an afternoon. Mr. Hobart has extended a hearty grip to pretty nearly every one in Jersey, while Arthur Sewall has made the good people of Maine swell with pride by his cordial generosity in the handshaking line.

Grasping the hands of such vast multitudes was a new thing for Bryan, Hobart and Sewall, but they have all now settled into their respective strides, and each has a handshake of his own. Major McKinley has been shaking hands with the nation for some years past, and it was an easy matter for him to meet the great tidal wave of outstretched palms.

The political handshake, particularly the national political handshake, is a very different thing from the ordinary business or social greeting. Most people don't know this. If McKinley, Bryan, Sewall or Hobart shook hands like ordinary people, their fists would be a shapeless mass inside of a week. Imagine what it is to shake hands with 50 people a minute for two hours at a time, grasping the dainty fingers of a society belle one second; falling into the iron-clad clutch of a horny handed son of toil the next second; shaking the mushy paw of a bargain counter lady the third second; catching the diplomatic hand of a millionaire the fourth second; fondling the podgy palm of an influential dowager the fifth second; pressing the oily hand of a fat politician the sixth second, and so on through every grade of the human family, tickling the pet emotions and flattering the respective vanities of each. Handshaking is indeed to be a simple thing by the unthinking, but when it is elevated to a high place among the arts it becomes an intricate science.

Mr. Bryan's shake is a device tingling with emotion, bubbling with enthusiasm, singing with vigor, bursting with confidence and volcanic in its heartiness, cordiality and good will. But it is artful, like the hand grasp of every schooled statesman. Mr. Bryan never allows the visitor to do the shaking or the squeezing. He does that, and so do McKinley, Hobart and Sewall. It's a matter of self preservation, and after a little practice the habit becomes instinctive. The art lies in grasping the extended fingers of the visitor and holding them in such a position that the visitor cannot get a good grip on the candidate's palm. The caller may try to slide his palm farther along, but the fingers of the candidate hold him firmly. This gives the candidate a distinct advantage, and the practical joker, who has a grip like a steel vise, is balked in his endeavor to crush the bones of the smiling candidate. This brand of the practical joker seems to make it a business to shake the hands of great men, just for the pleasure of seeing them wince under mighty pressure. But the up to date statesmen have foiled them by adopting the candidates' grip.

Mr. Bryan is the only one of the four who uses his two hands when he wishes to impart a double amount of emotion in his greeting. This double shake is used only on particular people, and its effectiveness cannot be magnified. When a visitor approaches, Mr. Bryan throws back his broad shoulders, takes a step forward, and before the caller knows it his hand is being vigorously shaken by the candidate. If the visitor happens to be of unusual note or an old friend, Mr. Bryan places his left hand on top of the visitor's right, or if the caller be a person of exceptional prominence the candidate reaches out his left hand and catches the left hand of the other, and then works both arms like the piston rods of a twin screw steamship.

Major McKinley is less enthusiastic, but his handshake is a surprise to most people. It begins in a passive, lifeless sort of a way, but it ends like a climax in an old fashioned melodrama. The major is sternly opposed to the new style of handshake which requires the lifting of the hand as high as the head. He always extends his hand on a straight line from the fourth button of his waistcoat and is quick to grasp the visitor's fingers. He raises his arm slowly about half a foot, and then, when the caller thinks it is time to break loose, the major pumps up and down with surprising energy, accompanying the final pump with a squeeze of the fingers which makes the arm tingle up to the elbow. Then the major bows gently and is ready for the next comer. If the visitor happens to be a lady, the process is the same, except that the squeeze is modified to a gentle pressure. Ladies who have just passed under the benign influence of a handshake with the major have been heard to remark, "Isn't he just awfully deferential?"

Arthur Sewall of Maine has much to learn in the political handshaking line. He is naturally abrupt and terse, avoiding the delivery and reception of cheap platitudes as much as possible. He has not yet rid himself of the business idea that when some one comes to see him it is for some purpose other than the mere formality of shaking hands with him. But he is able to identify members of this class at a glance, and he passes them along quickly with a powerful grasp of the hand and a "How do? How are you?"

Mr. Hobart is less abrupt. He shakes hands in a way so much like Major McKinley that some people say he either took lessons from the Ohio statesman or that he spent many hours in studying the latter's system. The slow beginning and the exciting finish are the same, and even the gender graded pressure is met with.—Boston Journal.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

The Midsummer Styles—New Designs For Cotillion Favors—Improvement Among Cyclists.

Muslin gowns of every description are enjoying their short lived reign. At the moment all sorts of translucent fabrics are in evidence. This season's gowns are remarkable for the incredulous number of yards of lace used in their garniture. A pretty fashion is this, with its breezy effects of ruffles, frills and ribbons flying with every chance wind that blows. All sorts and kinds of embroid-

SUMMER EVENING GOWN.

eries are seen on the fashionable summer gowns, and ruffles of every imaginable variety is a distinctive feature of dress trimming.

Parisians are wearing the short white piqué jacket, cut at the seams and falling a frills below the waist, over any skirt, gray, blue or ecru, opening over a white chemisette accented with a white leather belt; a white straw flat brimmed hat trimmed with feathers, a white veil, white parasol and white gloves. Odd waists of every grade of material continue to be worn, but rumor has it that the latest Parisian creations are against a waist which is in distinct contrast to the skirt. The correct style is to have waist and skirt bear some relationship.

A new departure in evening gowns is the waved decolletage. Other gowns show a tendency to Renaissance bodices. Very charming is a summer evening gown in white mousseline de soie over maize colored glace silk with lace ruffle and frill.

With evening gowns are worn white satin petticoats and white satin slays and chiffon bouillonnes may bend the top of the slays, and a bouillonne and frill of the chiffon may border the hem of the petticoat, this to rest on double

DIAMOND WING ORNAMENT.

flounces of white glace silk and to be trimmed on the bias with narrow rows of white satin baby ribbon. It is quite indispensable to the wardrobe of every woman of fashion worthy of the name that her corsets should match her petticoats.

The hair is being dressed more compactly. At the back the hair is usually attached by a fancy pin or comb. For evening wear these hair ornaments are in gold and precious stones. A very popular and effective ornament is a pair of diamond wings mounted on springs.

Cotillion Favors.

An original design for a cotillion favor has come to us from France. It is a gauze butterfly of lifelike appearance and is to be thrown at the fair one chosen as a partner. It adheres to whatever part of one's toilet it chooses to touch, there being a bar attached underneath the head. Another to enthusiasm to the already long list of favors mentioned by Vogue are wings. These are two feet long, and are made on wire of crepe paper in all colors; it is intended they should match the silk of the gown of each dancer. A hook is fastened where the two wings join, so that they may be attached to the back of the decolletage of the back of the bodice of each Terpsichorean follower, thus prematurely precipitating these maidens possessors into their angel (so called) possessions.

Silver and gold pencil holders are also used for this purpose, making a present to the women as well as to the men. Some of these pencils are made with distinctive features of Harvard, Yale and Princeton, Harvard having a white enamelled flag bearing the letter X in white as its decoration; those of Yale have its flag in blue and white, while Princeton's black and orange colors are also procurable.

Improvement Among Cyclists.

Style is improving wonderfully among lady cyclists throughout the country. A little while ago it was certainly the exception to see a woman who rode and looked so well that there was no loophole of criticism attached to her. If her carriage was good, her ankle action was generally bad, and if she steered well and went at a good pace she not infrequently sat with her handle bar under her chin and her knees rising and falling like flails. One of her most common faults was to keep the knees wide apart in riding—about as ungraceful a habit as any woman can indulge in—and this is not entirely absent, even now, from the style of many women who ought long ago to have learned better. Holding the elbows wide apart is a fault which many riders have never cured themselves of. The effect from the rear is grotesque and unlovely in the extreme.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondents.

Auburn.

Rev. Father J. J. Hickey has purchased the property on the northwest corner of Chapel and North streets, owned for a long time by the heirs of the General John N. Knapp estate. He will have the house and barn removed soon and the lawn will be added to the church yard and make a handsome property for the church edifice to stand upon. Consideration is said to have been $5,000.

Father Hickey intends to complete both towers of the church at once. The exterior will then be stained and pencilled in imitation of Philadelphia pressed brick. Statues of the holy family will be placed in niches in front of the church and will be made abroad.

A new sacristy will be erected in the rear of the church and the old sacristy will be remodeled into a chapel of St. Joseph. The interior of the church will be frescoed by New York artists and the furnishings of the pulpit, the sanctuary and the sacristy will come from Europe and be of the most elaborate ecclesiastical workmanship.

The worshippers at the Holy Family will then have one of the finest church properties in the state and the city will be greatly enriched in church architecture.

Father Hickey is energetic and successful in this parish as he always has been in others and his influence in church work is widely recognized.

Willard.

On Friday night last the trained nurses of the hospital, each accompanied by an invited guest were through the kindness of Dr Mabee treated to a very pleasant ride on the steamer Nautilus, stopping on land at Watkins and a short time at North Hector. The event was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Miss Helena Meath is visiting relatives at Canandaigua and Buffalo.

Two large parties from the hospital drove to Cayuga Lake picnic on Sunday last.

Miss Lauretta Fechan of the Rochester State hospital is spending her vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Fechan.

Mrs. David Martin and [illegible] are spending a few days visiting at the home of Mr. William Martin.

Mrs. Edward Furey and children of Seneca Falls, Mrs. John Kavanagh and Miss Mame Fury of Lockport, who have been visiting with Mrs. Patrick Lynch, have returned home.

The new laundry is finished and will begin operations this week.

Very pretty little stations are being built along the line of the Midland railroad. They look very attractive in their new coat of red paint.

Miss May Tonge of Philadelphia is spending the summer months at the home of her parents, north of Willard.

Mr. Murphy [illegible]

Miss Mayme Dougherty of Auburn has been the guest of Miss Mary McKeon.

Miss Blanche Lay of Rochester is the guest of Mrs. D. Sullivan.

Miss Maine Mahler of Auburn is visiting Miss Belle McGuire.

Miss Mary McKeon is visiting [illegible] Hanks.

Quite a number of our [illegible] attended the Fireman's picnic at Geneva last Tuesday. [illegible] were there attended, and it is [illegible] that the Mt. Morris team won the honors for that [illegible]

On Tuesday of last week [illegible] Sunday school of this place [illegible] St. Patrick's church of Dundee [illegible] picnic at Greenhead. The day [illegible] one for picnics, and the [illegible] tiful and convenient [illegible] pleased to find so beautiful a place [illegible] woods and all to have [illegible] and pleasant games were indulged in such as peanuts and all-day suckers furnished by the thoughtful Dansville people. At noon time all sat down to a bountiful dinner. It was a day long to be remembered, and the participating think the union should become annual, as they had an opportunity of making new acquaintances and renewing old ones. When they separated [illegible] much good feeling toward [illegible] to their pastor, Rev. [illegible] Dougherty, who has been [illegible] the occasion an enjoyable one [illegible] that next year they will [illegible] other Irish [illegible]

Miss Julia [illegible] of this place, is visiting [illegible]

Miss Julia [illegible] is visiting friends in Dansville [illegible] pic nic spending their [illegible] here.

Regina Carroll has [illegible] in our town.

There is some talk of [illegible] in our town.

Postmaster John [illegible] who died last week, was [illegible] Wednesday.

[illegible] the school [illegible] where known.

Truancy [illegible] schools last week. [illegible] uncommon.

The republicans [illegible] reading the news, in the [illegible] and Sewall.

Mt. Morris.

A [illegible] Shire Hundred [illegible] out for a few weeks [illegible] Hickey, [illegible] thunder and lightning, passed over this city, doing much damage to growing crops. The lightning [illegible] roof of the tower above the belfry of the church.

A large number of our young people from this parish boarded a special train to Niagara Falls [illegible] ting to view the great spectacle. They reached home at a late hour, entitled with the trip.

Miss Mary I. Dolan of Hyde Park, Mass., has arrived home for a visit with her mother and family. Miss Dolan graduated from one of the Boston schools and will be the guest of her sister [illegible] the most of her visit. She will return to Boston about the first of September.

Rev. Father Hickey preached a very instructive sermon at the last mass last Sunday.

Very many are pleased to learn that Arthur Martin is fast improving from his attack.

Mrs. M. Costello, who has been [illegible] having a vacation during the past week [illegible] at the old family home of her parents, Barnard's Crossing.