Geneseo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Archibald was the guest of relatives here this week.

Thomas O'Meara of Niagara Falls, and son George of Dansville, were home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Haley, returned home on Monday evening from their wedding trip.

William Quirk of this village, who is attending William's college, was awarded second money prize, offered in the Freshmen's class to the student delivering the best oration.

Miss Mary Toole was appointed principal of the union free school, district No. 5, for the next term by the board of trustees on Monday.

Miss Katherine Ragan was on the sick list this this week.

Edward J. Finnegan left on Monday for his home in Gloversville, N. Y., for a week's rest. On Monday next he goes to Buffalo, where he has accepted a position as cutter in a large manufacturing establishment of gloves and mittens.

Mrs. Thomas Skidmore of Buffalo, is visiting relatives here this week.

Miss Louise Peley, who has been trimmer at Miss Biggins' millinery parlors, returned to her home in New York city on Thursday.

Dr. William H. Mountain, formerly of this village and a graduate of the Genesee State Normal School, and recently a graduate from the University of Buffalo, has been appointed house surgeon at the Emergency Hospital in the city of Buffalo.

Timothy Donohue, who was injured in a race at Toronto recently, came home last week.

The anniversary exercises of the different societies of the Normal school were held this week. The commencement exercises will take place on Tuesday morning, June [illegible]

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

(Continued from 7th page.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are reminded to send in their letters earlier in the week. We have had to hold over several letters on different occasions on account of their not being received at this office in due time.

Penn Yan.

Miss Anna Ryan of Canandaigua recently visited friends in town.

Michael Downs, who for many years has been connected with the Benham House in this village, has accepted a position as porter at the Knapp House.

Owen Hoban is now running the Knapp House meat market.

Miss Kitty Killigrew of Dundee recently visited friends in this place.

Michael and William Boland of Dundee were in town recently.

Thomas Carmody will be the orator here on July 4th, which will be our first celebration in several years.

The marriage of James Corcoran and Miss Sarah Tunney took place at St. Michael's church on Wednesday afternoon. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents on Walnut street from 4 to 7 o'clock

Mrs. Andrew Geoghan recently visited friends in Geneva.

Mrs. H. J. McAdams has returned from a four weeks' visit with friends and relatives in Rochester and LeRoy.

Mrs. A. J. McMahon has returned home after an absence of several weeks.

Mrs. A. Middleton has returned from Buffalo, where she has been spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Cramer.

Palmyra.

Miss Mayme Sullivan is spending a few days at the lake.

Palmyra played a good ball Tuesday.

Misses Lillian Jeffrey and Katherine Sullivan, spent Thursday in Rochester.

Rev. Thomas Moore will say his first mass at St. Ann's church Sunday.

Miss Nellie Gorman spent Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs S. G. Cashman of Rochester, spent the past week with her parents on Johnson street.

Mr. Charles Casey attended the wedding of his sister in Macedon, Tuesday

Ithaca.

Born, June 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Powers, a daughter, and June 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. James Farrell, a son.

Wednesday afternoon last, at the rectory, Miss Kittie McCormick and George Gordon were married by Rev. A. J. Evans.

Wednesday at 4 p. m., at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Miss Nora LaFrance and Mr. Terrence Cummings were married by Rev. A. J. Evans. After the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home, Washington street, which was attended by a large number of friends.

Sunday the banns of marriage were announced between William Sweeney and Miss Keefe, and Joseph Hickey and Miss Margaret Quinn.

June seems very propitious for brides for the wedding of Michael Driscoll of this city to Miss Mary Hehir of Elmira, is announced for next week and also that of Winnie Monagan of Ithaca and James Cook of Elmira, formerly of this city.

This is commencement week at Cornell and next week the graduating exercises of the High School and the Conservatory of Music are held.

Thursday June 9, after a long and painful illness, the death of John Quinn of West Hill occurred. Mr. Quinn is survived by a wife, four daughters, Mrs. Howard Marsh, and the Misses Mary, Kittie and Agnes, Quinn, and one son, Walter. The funeral was held at 9 a. m Saturday, Father McGrath of Moravia, officiating.

Savannah.

Peter Corcoran of Seneca Falls, spent the week in town, visiting M. McGinnis.

John Lawler of Rochester is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lawler.

Mr. McCleod, Miss Anna Murray and Miss Nellie Fitzgerald of Syracuse, spent Sunday here, the guests of M. McGinnis.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Gregg, spent the week in Rochester.

Several attended mass in Clyde, Monday in honor of St. Anthony.

Monday, June 20th, the ladies of St. John's church gives a lawn social at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Tobin, for the benefit of the church. All are cordially invited.

Miss Anna Conroy is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Quinn, of Lyons.

Michael Hayes called in town Sunday.

Rushville.

The mission which was held in St. Mary's church last week was conducted by Fathers Clark and McCoy of New York city and was largely attended.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Corcoran and two children of Fairport, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Michael Quirk.

Avon.

A lady and two gentlemen belonging to the Faust Company, sang in St. Agnes' church last Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Carragher of Geneseo, and Mr. Edward J. Finnegan of Gloversville, spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Archibald of this village.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dockery of Mt. Morris was in town Sunday.

OUR AGENT.

Our traveling agent, Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Macedon, Fairport, Palmyra, Clyde, Lyons, Weedsport, Auburn and Port Byron, Newark to collect and likewise solicit subscriptions for THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL. Each old subscriber who pays one year's subscription in advance and 50 cents to pay part cost of frame is entitled to the picture of the bishop, as well as new ones.

Auburn.

Rev Father Long of Elmira, visited Rev. L. J. Hickey a few days of last week

Miss Neville of Rochester, who was called here two weeks ago on account of the illness of her brother, Rev. P. A. Neville, has returned home

Sisters Genevieve and Malonum of St Joseph's hospital Syracuse, were guests at the Holy Family rectory last Saturday

A large class of children will make their first holy communion at Holy Family church tomorrow.

James A. Hennessey our general stamp clerk attended the ordinations at Rochester, last Saturday

Rev Father Wall of the Holy Family church visited Rochester Friday

Cards are out announcing the approaching marriage of Miss Mary E Lawler to Thos J Gallagher the ceremony to take place at St Mary's church on Wednesday morning June 29th.

James Winters, William Cowan, Patrick Smyth, Andrew Byrne Edward Dwyer and Alexander McCabe students at St Andrew's and St Bernard's seminaries, Rochester, are home for the summer

Hornellsville

Invitations have been received in this city to attend the ceremony of ordination of C. F. Killeen, at St Bonaventure's church Allegany, N Y, Wednesday June 22nd 1898, at 7 o'clock a m. Rt Rev James E. Quigley D D, officiating. Also the first solemn mass at St. Ann's church, Sunday June 26th, at 10 30 o'clock a m

Among those present at the Morrissey—Clancy wedding from out of the city were, Mr and Mrs Higgins, John Higgins, Mr. and Mrs Slowey, Miss Margaret Welch, Miss Nora Gibson, Miss Mayme Roach, Mr. Dan Lynch of Waverly, N. Y., Miss Susie Powers, Cuba, Margaret Moore, New York, Margaret Morrissey, Rochester, George Wagner, Mt Morris, Miss Joe Martin and Mr. Emmett Martin, Dunkirk

Mr. York and Mr Fitzgerald of Olean visited this city during the week.

Miss Hattie T. Dean attended the Garvin—Taffe wedding at Andover, Wednesday

Elmira.

M. B Madigan and Miss Anna Madigan of Carbondale were guests of Mr. and Mrs John Horgan during the week.

A council of the Knights of Columbus will be instituted at Great Bend on Sunday next. Elmira brothers will attend. Williamsport will follow shortly.

At St. Patrick's church, Wednesday morning, Rev Father Bloomer united in marriage Miss Nellie Slattery and William MacNevin. The maid of honor was Miss Josephine Sullivan, and the best man John J. Dowling. Miss Murphy rendered the wedding music The happy couple left, after a wedding breakfast, for a ten days' western trip

Mrs James Clark and Miss Grace Clark of Binghamton attended the Horgan-McGraw wedding Wednesday

At high noon Wednesday, in the church of SS. Peter and Paul's, was celebrated the marriage of Nellie Teresa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D Horgan, and Dr. William Henry McGraw of Carbondale, Pa. The spacious edifice was thronged with friends of the young couple. The altars were banked with palms and woodland flowers Stretched across the aisles were broad white satin ribbons, enclosing the invited guests.

While the ushers were seating the guests a selected programme of wedding music was performed at the organ by Miss M. Agnes Murphy of St. Patrick's.

Promptly at noon the arrival of the bride was heralded by the singing of the bridal chorus from Lohengrin, "Faithful and True We Lead Ye Forth," rendered with beautifully solemn effect by the full choir of SS. Peter and Paul's.

The groom, accompanied by his brother, Dr. Frank L. McGraw, entered from the sacristy and met the bride at the altar. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father John C. Long.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents on John street.

Russia a Blind Nation.

There are more than twice as many blind persons in Russia as in the whole of the rest of Europe. They number 19,000, which is equivalent to two in every 1,000 of the population. It is believed that blindness in Russia is so prevalent because of the length of time which snow lies on the ground, and also owing to the uncleanly habits of the people. Among all this number only 200 or 300 are able to read, and only about 2,500 are cared for in institutions for the blind.

Two Natural Foes.

Water will extinguish a fire because the water forms a coating over the fuel, which keeps it from the air, and the conversion of water into steam draws off the heat from the burning fuel. A little water makes a fire fiercer, while a larger quantity of water puts it out. The explanation is that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. When, therefore, the fire can decompose the water into its simple elements it serves as fuel to the flame.

Popular in Drawing Rooms.

In drawing rooms, handsome silk damask curtains, made up with plain linings to match the predominant color in the damask, are most popular, although one often sees severe contrasts between curtains and lining, where bold effects are desired.

A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

Almost the last words father said
To me before he fell asleep
Were:—"William, keep this in your head—
The crop you sow you'll have to reap!
Don't envy others what they've got,
But you just do the best you can
For all the world, and you cannot
But grow to be a worthy man."

I've had to work since father died—
I've learned a lot I never knew
Before he went; but still I've tried
To do the things he told me to.
I've never cheated any one,
I've always tried to shun the wrong;
If he can see, he knows I've done
My level best to help along.

But every day or two I meet
Some one that father used to know,
Who says:—"My gracious! It does beat
Creation how these boys do grow!"
And so he stops and looks at me,
And I could knife him then, because
He's sure to say I'll never be
Quite such a man as father was.

A week ago my Uncle John
Came on a visit from the West;
"Gosh! how you've grown since I've been gone!"
He said and then I guessed the rest.
He grabbed me by the muscle gee!
What an awful grip he had!
"But o' course," said he, "you'll never be
Quite such a feller as your dad!"

Still, mother tells me not to care
What such unthinking people say;
She says she knows I'll make them stare
If God but lets me live some day;
"For even Washington," says she,
"No doubt was often sad because
Folks told him he would never be
The man his humble father was"

—E. S. Kiser in Cleveland Leader

Miss Tailormade's Receipt.

"Fluffy Frivols, you do look a sight!" and Miss Tailormade sat up as straight as possible in the straightest chair in the room and tried to look severe.

If her name was not Miss Tailormade, and if Fluffy Frivols's name was not Fluffy Frivols, they were appropriate names, and every up-town girl who knows them will recognize them at once.

It was at Fluffy Frivols's house the other day, in the apartments devoted to that pretty young woman, and very pretty rooms usually, though on this particular day they were close and warm and dark. Fluffy Frivols herself was buried in the pillows of a big couch, a round, shiny little red nose showing and a pair of drenched red eyes, such eyes as might belong to a modern Dolores, who can't look pretty when she cries, rather than to the ordinary pink-and-white, violet-eyed, light-hearted Fluffy Frivols.

"Yes," Miss Tailormade remarked again, with even more severity and displeasure in her tones, "you do look a sight, Fluffy Frivols, and that is just the way I expected you to look and just the reason I came around here."

Miss Tailormade herself looked like a particularly fresh damask rose. Her very best efforts could not bring anything which was an approach to an expression of severity to her face, and even her gown forgot to be severe, as it found itself trying to follow pretty curves in and out, and had an air of its own quite unlike that of the ordinary tailormade gowns, and which was infinitely becoming. Miss Tailormade's friends say that she knows very well there is nothing she looks so well in, which may be true. Hasn't Carroll Beckwith himself said that the highest form of art was the decoration of the human form? If he didn't, that is what a pretty pupil understood him to say, which is the same thing, to all intents and purposes.

And meantime Fluffy Frivols drew a long, weak sigh, and in a weak, fading-away little voice murmured.

"You are very cruel."

"Yes, I intend to be," replied Miss Tailormade. "Still," with an attempt at great severity, "I'm like a surgeon and I do it for your welfare. I'm—I'm—oh, dear—what do they call it when the doctor digs down after a bullet or whatever it is? Oh, yes, I know, I'm probing the wound to make it well. I knew you'd be all in a mess this morning and I've come to get you out of it."

"I shall never feel any better," said Fluffy Frivols in the same weak voice and with a world of untold grief in her tones while the pretty French maid bathed her temples sympathetically with violet water.

"Oh, yes, you will," answered Miss Tailormade cheerfully. "You will feel much better after I have taken you out walking."

"Felice, you may open one of the windows and lay out Miss Fluff's walking gown and then you may go. I will do everything else that is necessary."

"You know I have broken my engagement with Jack?" said Fluffy Frivols in faint, heart-broken tones.

"Well, of course, I didn't know it, but I suspected you would do some such foolish thing after last night. I suppose he came around to talk it over this morning?"

"Yes."

"And you have been crying almost all night?"

"Yes."

"And you went down to see him all teary and red-eyed?"

"Y-yes, I suppose so."

"Well, I don't wonder. I shouldn't have blamed him if he had broken the engagement himself. Fluffy Frivols, you are a regular little goose. That is just what I came to tell you. I learned a lesson when I was quite a little girl, years before I came out, and I have never forgotten it. I never cry if I can possibly help it, and I wouldn't lose a minute's sleep for ten of the best men in New York—or one—that's more important.

"I learned that from a Southern girl who was a friend of sister's. She was such a pretty girl, and she just tried to make herself as pretty as ever she could, and to keep herself pretty.

"I suppose all girls try to be pretty, for that matter, or think they do, but it was really almost a religion with her, and she was an awfully nice girl, too, as sweet as could be, always ready to do nice things for other girls, and she had the loveliest mother.

"It was when we were living in Philadelphia. I was only about sixteen, and I thought everything sister did was great fun, and I liked to be around with her and her friends as much as I could.

"Well, Millicent—wasn't that a pretty, old-fashioned name?—was engaged to a Southern man, and she had some trouble something such as you have had with Jack, while she was visiting us. He thought she had been receiving too much attention from other men while she was with us. He was a hot headed fellow, and he wrote her a very sharp letter which was equivalent to breaking the engagement.

"Now, most girls would have been so angry they would simply have said that if he couldn't trust them he needn't, and let him go and just break their hearts about it. But that wasn't the way Millicent did, not a bit. I think she felt pretty badly about it, too, for she was very fond of him. The letter came one afternoon just before a big ball she and sister were going to. Sister said afterward that perhaps Millicent was a little bit more quiet than usual that night, but that only made her prettier than ever, and every one was wild about her.

"I waked up when they got home, and crept into their room to ask them all about everything, and poor Millicent looked like an angel, but she was thinking more of that horrid man in the South than of anything else. She cried just a wee little bit then, but that was the only time I ever saw her cry.

"Sister hugged her, and told her not to mind, that she would just let him go, and never have anything more to do with him. 'You won't sleep a wink to-night thinking about it, Millicent,' she said.

"'Oh, yes, I shall,' said Millicent, winking back the tears and trying to smile. 'If I didn't, I should be putting aside one of the most important rules of life mother has taken great pains to teach her children.'

"You may imagine I listened then with all my ears.

"'I have been taught ever since I was a baby,' Millicent went on, 'that it was one of a woman's duties to be as attractive as possible. It would have been simply impossible for one of my mother's children not to have been to a certain extent pretty. And to be pretty and to have the best use of our faculties mamma has always taught us that we must have plenty of sleep. If there comes a trying time in mamma's life, she prepares for it by sleeping.

"'This may seem very foolish to you girls, but you know that mamma is a truly lovely woman, and I don't think any one does more good than she, in her own family and outside of it. And she considers it really a duty to be beautiful, or to try to be, and sleep is her great beauty receipt. She says it makes sweet tempers and everything else that is good and true. So, to-night I am going to sleep.

"'Dick is coming to-morrow, and I don't intend to quarrel with him. Perhaps you think that is not independent, but I really love Dick'—then her lips quivered again and sister hugged her some more, and I squeezed her hand and kissed it. She did look so sweet, and you can imagine I was interested.

"'And Dick is very fond of me, too, I know, and I don't intend to have both our lives ruined simply because he is foolish. I know mamma would tell me to do just as I shall do. I shall get just as much rest as I can and look as well as I can to-morrow night, and I think everything will be all right,' and she looked like an angel smiling through the tears.

"'But,' said sister, indignantly, 'I don't think you ought to apologize to him. You haven't done a single thing that he ought to complain of.'

"'I shan't apologize,' said Millicent, with an arch little laugh, 'he will apologize to me.'

"And, do you know that girl simply went to sleep and slept like a baby until late the next morning. She had a long nap in the afternoon, and I never saw any one look as lovely as she did when she was dressed for dinner and the evening.

"And I didn't blame her for being in love with her Dick when he came. He was the handsomest man I ever saw. But he did look savage at first. There were a number of people in, so there was no chance for him to have anything to say to Millicent until quite late in the evening. And do you know, I could actually see him thawing as the time went on. It was as good as a novel. I just hung on the outskirts where I could see it all.

"Millicent was so lovely to every one, and just a little subdued. At first he would hardly look at her, and talked to sister all the time; then I could see his eyes following her, and by the time people had begun to go he was looking so desperately in love that I almost loved him myself. And Millicent had not had anything to say to him, except incidentally, though she hadn't avoided him.

"Then—I always thought it was accidental on purpose that Mildred just happened to be standing near the entrance to the conservatory—I saw him cross the room quite casually and speak to her. Millicent's cheeks grew a little deeper pink, and they stepped inside.

"I had to go up stairs then, but in the morning when I saw Millicent she was the happiest-looking girl you ever saw. Everything was all right again, though she wouldn't tell me what he said in the conservatory.

"And now, Fluffy Frivols, I have followed Millicent's rule of life ever since. I didn't shed a tear when I had something spilled on my prettiest party gown this Winter, and I slept so well that I dreamed of a lovely way to embroider over the stains, and it is now as good as new.

"Now you are coming out to walk with me, and this afternoon you are going to take a nap. You are coming to take dinner with me and wear one of your prettiest gowns, and I expect some people in this evening, and if your Jack should happen to be there and doesn't say nice things to you then I am not the girl I think I am."

Out of the Odd.

Charles E. Ashe, of Cardville, Me., is posing as a second Noah in Penobscot county. Having predicted a flood, which he says will inundate the entire northeastern section of the county, he is now engaged in the construction of an ark, in which to escape with his family and his household goods.

The hottest region on the earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days in July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 10 degrees, night or day, and often to run up as high as 128 degrees.

The smallest perfect watch ever made is owned by a Russian Princess. It was first placed in an exquisite gold case, covered with the most minute but literally perfect Watteau scenes in enamel; then, at the Princess' desire, the works were removed and placed inside a splendid diamond scarcely two-fifths of an inch in diameter.

Until very recently the school children of Berlin have been conducted to and from their schools in special omnibuses, lest their manners and morals should suffer if they rode in the public tramcars. They have been indulging in so many fights and otherwise misconducting themselves that the special omnibus service has now been discontinued.

A bridge across the Little Belt connecting the island of Funen with the continental part of Denmark is proposed in a bill before the Danish Legislature. The span to be bridged is 4,500 feet long; the plan is to support it on groups of iron columns 1,000 feet apart, so that the roadway shall be 130 feet above high water level. The cost is estimated at $3,250,000.

In the year 1800 the Emperor Paul of Russia, a little before his assassination, published a manifesto in which he deliberately invited the sovereigns of Europe to meet at Petersburg and settle their international differences in personal combat. Pitt, Bernstoff and Talleyrand were suggested as referees. The invitation was quite seriously meant, but, of course, no notice was taken of it.

The number of periodicals dealing exclusively or largely with electricity amounts to sixty-six. Of these eighteen are published in France, fourteen in the United States, twelve in German, six in England, three in Switzerland, two in Austria, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Spain, and one in Canada, Japan and Russia. The oldest electrical paper now in existence is the Annales Telegraphiques, published since 1855 in Paris, France.

Yaos and Mangan'ja.

Both are interesting types of African primitive races. The Yao, mostly men of splendid physique, are a strong and war-like race, in past times a standing terror to their weaker neighbors. Their original home was in the mountains east of Lake Nyassa, whence, in 1861, they poured down like locusts and "ate up" the country now known as the Shire Highlands. They now dwell peaceably side by side with the Mang'anja, though looking down on the latter in something of the spirit with which Rob Roy regarded the Glasgow burgesses. "We do not know Mang'anja," said a boy at the Blantyre Mission to me one day, when I had been questioning him about some words in that language, "we are Yaos!"

A good many years ago the first manager of the African Lakes Company was giving a magic lantern address to a mixed audience of both races, and took occasion, while explaining a picture of angels, to dilate on the prospect of heaven. The Yao part of the audience listened to the description, and then inquired whether there would be any Mang'anja there too. "Certainly," was the reply, "if they love God and obey His laws." "Then," said these aristocrats with one voice, "we do not wish to go there."

Premature.

"That young Ridgeford hasn't a bit of business sense."

"How do you know?"

"Why, he tried to borrow money of papa before he proposed to me."

Busy Days Ahead.

We have the men, we have the ships,
We've got the money, too,
And the man who makes the maps will have
A job when we get through.