

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

(Continued from 7th page.)

OUR AGENTS

Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Seneca Falls, Waterloo, Geneva, Ovid, Trumansburg, Ithaca, Penn Yan, Stanley, Gorham and Rushville.

Elmira.

The following beautiful lines, written on the death of Miss Rose Marie Sullivan, are from the pen of a classmate at the Academy of our Lady of Angels:

In Memoriam.

Fair May! Thon month of birds and flowers. Oft have we sung thy praise, And watched with eager hearts to greet Thy joyous happy days.

Hornellsville.

The Very Rev. J. P. Kierman, Vicar General of the diocese of Rochester, was in the city Tuesday and officiated at the reception of four candidates into the Order of Mercy.

Auburn.

May devotions are well attended at the Holy Family church morning and evening. The Blessed Virgin's altar presents a very beautiful appearance each day.

Geneva.

Rev. Father Wall of Stanley, celebrated high mass at St. Frances de Sales' church on Sunday. He also preached a sermon on "The Sacred Heart of Jesus."

Caladonia.

Misses Jennie Martin and Mary Hayes left last Saturday morning for a short visit with relatives in Dunkirk.

Shoreville.

The Forty Hours devotion will open to-morrow (Sunday) with 11 o'clock mass. Miss Marie O'Neil of Albany, is visiting her parents.

Kings Ferry.

Father Rafferty has a class of boys and girls preparing to receive their first holy communion at the 8.30 mass next Sunday.

Avon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Archibald called on friends in Geneva and Rome last Sunday.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Perley Dunn Aldrich, of Rochester, is forming a class for the study of voice culture in Elmira.

Rehearsals are progressing for the production of "Beauty and the Beast," a fairy opera, to be given at the Lyceum theatre May 23rd and 24th by local talent.

The ladies of St. Mary's church gave an enjoyable social and progressive euchre in the school hall, Thursday evening.

Rev. Father Bloomer and O'Dwyer who have been south for their health, are expected to arrive in this city Saturday evening.

The Father Matthew Society netted \$150 from their recent flag festival. Several new members were admitted at the last meeting of the organization.

Elmira Knights of Columbus are preparing to attend the working of the third degree at Ithaca, May 20th.

A class of children will make their first holy communion at St. Peter and Paul's church Sunday morning, at the 9.15 o'clock mass.

The funeral of young Leo Henry Hanrahan, who met death under such peculiar and circumstances last Saturday, was held from St. Mary's church Monday morning.

The candidates were Miss Mary Curtin of Corning, who will be known in religious life as Sister Mary Rose, Cecelia and Nora McCarriak of Buffalo, religious names, Sister M. Conalia and Sister M. Assumpta, and Mary Tully of Tonawanda, whose religious name will be Sister Mary Modesta.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Bartholomew Flynn died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Edward Tolan on William street, Saturday evening, aged 61 years.

Mr. Edward Harraty of Cleveland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Harraty of this place, has purchased the house now occupied by Charles Cleveland on Center street, for his parents.

Mr. Edward Moran, Sr., who has been seriously ill for some time is said to be a little better, being able to sit up for a few minutes daily.

On May 17th a check for \$1000 was received by the recording secretary of Council 84-C. R. & B. A. from the supreme recorder at Syracuse, to be paid to Mrs. Mary O'Brien, widow of the late Michael O'Brien, who was a member of the above organization, at the time of death Mr. O'Brien had been a member about fifteen months.

The mysterious "Rolf House," is the title of our new story. Read it. Get your friends to subscribe to THE JOURNAL.

Don't borrow your neighbor's paper. The JOURNAL is cheap enough at a dollar a year for you to subscribe yourself. We give you a handsome premium besides.

OUR CITY COLLECTOR.

Mr. C. A. Hudson is making his annual call on Rochester subscribers. Be prepared to pay him.

That distress after eating is prevented by one or two of Hood's Pills. They don't gripe.

You know what that tired feeling is and you may know what will cure it by giving Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial.

Fine Wedding Invitations at this office at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

"Rolf House," a tale of the early days of New York, by G. H. Benedict, begins in this issue. Read it.

STATES OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior proprietor of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, in Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that the said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and sets directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimony free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily.

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and ointment spots.

Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Summer Cushions for Porch or Hammock at 19c, 28c, 43c, 59c COVERS.

Oriental Tapestry Cover, rich descriptive design and Damin Cover 43c.

Other desirable Covers from 23c upwards. Hemingway's Wash Silks 4c a skein, 40c per dozen and a silk holder Free with every dozen.

Magnificent Values in Baby Caps. Baby Lace Caps in pink, blue and white for only 10c.

Better quality from 23c upwards.

THE MUMFORD STORE, 359-361 E. Main Street, Cutler Building. Just above the 7 Corners. A Plain Store for Plain People.

Send your name for a Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field.

FIELD'S FLOWERS The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's "Farm of Love."

Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the monument fund. But for the able contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for 75c.

For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. The love offering to Eugene Field's Monument, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and care for the family of the beloved poet.

Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 359-361 E. Main Street, Chicago, Ill.

PICKANINNY LULLABY.

Down on the cabin floor, Scramblin' lack er gater, Little bit 'er pickaniny, Eatin' sweet pertater.

Sho, sho, don't you cry— Mammy come an' git you; She's er-comin' by an' by— Nuffin' gwine ter hu't you.

I'nin up de whl' folks' close, Fas' es she kin herry— Mammy little cole black rose— Mammy huckleberry.

'Possum gravy by an' by, Cornbread crumbled in bit— Peter—Barny—blas—Paul, Shet yo' mouf dis manit.

Sho, sho, don't you cry— Mammy come an' get you; She's er-comin' by an' by— Nuffin' gwine ter hu't you.

Settin' on de cabin flo', Scramblin' lack er gater— Little bit 'er pickaniny, Eatin' sweet pertater.

—The Bookman.

OUR GRIME—HOW IT ENDED.

"Old man, I want your advice." Debenham broke a piece of silence that had lasted some ten minutes or so.

"It's rather a curious affair," he began, diffidently. "It happened last night. I wanted to go out to Bayswater to see my old nurse, who lives there. I took the 'bus at Oxford circus. As I dare say, you remember it was a nasty night, wet and foggy, and the vehicle was soon full; in fact, by the time we reached Westbourne Grove there was only room for another. Here we picked up our last passenger. She was a young lady."

"And of course you contrived that she should sit by you," I said.

"You would have done the same yourself," Debenham retorted. "Any man would, for she had the sweetest face. It's haunted me all night—it has, really. I dare say she was about eighteen, or perhaps twenty—not more. She had brown eyes, very brown eyes— you know the kind that seem to speak almost—and they were shaded by long lashes. She had brown hair, too—the kind of hair that twists itself into a lot of little curls—natural curls, you know. I wonder why all girls don't wear their hair that way. Then her mouth—her mouth—"

"Never mind her mouth," I interposed, hastily, seeing that he was about to indulge in an extravagant flood of rhapsody. "It was an ideal mouth, I haven't a doubt."

"She sat down next to me," he went on. "There wasn't much room, and she thanked me when I moved. She had the sweetest voice."

"Well, there's nothing curious about that. I believe you said—"

"I'm coming to it if you'll only give me time," he returned, in an aggrieved tone. "You've no patience. It was when the conductor came round for fares. Then she felt for her purse; she found it was missing. At first she thought she must have dropped it, and I searched the floor and under the seat. However, it wasn't there. Poor girl! I never saw any one so distressed in my life. It seemed she had £5 in it, and it was evidently quite a fortune to her. Well, I paid her fare for her, and we got out together."

"I don't think you need tell me any more," I said, drily.

Debenham stared.

"Because I know the rest," "How the—"

"Yes, I do. You lent her the £5, of course. My dear fellow, you've been had."

"I didn't do anything of the kind!" Debenham retorted hotly. "She would not let me. That's what I came to ask your advice about. I thought that as you were a lawyer you might be able to suggest something, but I wish I'd never mentioned it to you."

"Of course I hastened to soothe his ruffled plumes, and in a little while he went on with his tale. It appeared that he had seen her home, and that he had learned her name. It was Charnley—Kate Charnley. She was a dressmaker and lived with her sister. "And you want to help them, eh?" I said, after a time.

"Yes, but it'll be a difficult matter. They're a clergyman's daughters, and very proud. I don't see what I can do. It's awfully riling, you know, Kennion, to have a pile of money and not be able to do a little good with it once in a while. It's a shame that this girl should have to slave at a sewing machine all day while a great strong beggar like me lounges around killing time."

"I suppose you want to refund this £5?"

"Yes; I can't do more, but I don't even see how I can do that."

"Well, you might order a gown of some sort from them."

"Don't be an ass; men don't buy gowns."

"You could say it was for your sister."

"But I haven't got a sister, and if I had she'd never let me choose her gowns for her; besides, she'd have to be fitted on and all that, you know."

"I was obliged to admit the force of these arguments, and a fresh period of silence intervened. Debenham had risen and was pacing the floor in a state of perplexity.

"How would it be if I enclosed the money in an envelope and sent it anonymously?" he said at length.

"You might do that, certainly," I replied, after a little consideration.

"But she'd be sure to know who sent it."

"Well, that don't matter, as you are not likely to see her again."

Debenham stopped and turned his eyes full upon me.

"What's that? Not see her again? But I must see her again. I—I feel that my fate is—er—linked with that girl, Kennion."

"Oh, very well; then that squashes the idea entirely, unless— Look here why not assume the character of the thief yourself, and send her a letter saying you have repented and return the money?"

"But I don't want her to think that I'm a bad lot."

"Well, she needn't know that you sent it. You can pretend to be an ordinary pickpocket."

"So I can. I never thought of that. By jove, it's a capital idea! Where's the pen and ink? What shall I say? Give us a bit of a lift, old chap. You're a dab hand at this sort of thing."

I took up my pen, and after a little thought dashed off the following letter: "Dere miss: This is from me, the bloke wot tuk yer purse I sents the munny bak because yer father was once very kind ter me when I was down on my luck an I noas yer needs it a slight more than I does, yer humble servant BILL NOKES."

"How will that do?" I said, as I tossed it across the table.

"Splendidly—splendidly!" he cried as he ran his eyes over it. "It's worthy of Bill Sykes himself. I'll send it off this very minute." And he thrust it in an envelope with a £5 note.

"You'll let me know how it answers?" I said, as he took his hat.

"Oh, yes." And then, with a hasty good night he went flying down the stairs to catch the post.

The following morning it happened that a matter of business took me in the vicinity of Debenham's chambers and having half an hour to spare I determined to call and see if he had heard anything in connection with his plot.

As I was about to enter his sitting room, however, I heard the sound of voices, and a hasty glance showed me that he was engaged. A young lady was standing by the table, facing Debenham, who looked as guilty as a schoolboy caught in an orchard.

"I got it back this morning," said the girl. "A man who is employed on the railway picked it up as he was on his way to his work."

"I—I am very glad," Debenham murmured, nervously. "He must have been an honest fellow."

"Yes," she said. "But the strange part of it is that by this morning's post there came a letter from a thief, enclosing a £5 note. You can read it if you like."

And she handed him the precious missive I had concocted.

He read it in feigned astonishment. "I never heard of such a curious thing," he murmured. "It's positively— isn't it, you know?"

"Of course this childlike attempt at deception didn't deceive the girl."

"Mr. Debenham," she said, "you wrote this letter—you sent this note."

"I? Really, miss—"

"Oh, yes, you did. It's no use denying it. No one else knew of our loss."

There was a pause. Debenham stood looking very red and foolish.

"Come, you'd better confess," she said, at length.

He rumbled his hair in a reckless fashion.

"It seems impossible for a fellow to do a good action in this world," he cried. "He's sure to be found out."

"Then you did send it?"

"Ye-es. You see, you wouldn't let me help you, and so—so it struck me that it would be a capital idea to pretend that I was a thief! (the humbug! his idea, indeed!) "I never thought for a moment that you'd see your purse again, and if you hadn't done so, my little dodge would never have come to light."

"No, I don't think it would," she answered. "for that was a most realistic letter you wrote."

Debenham groaned.

"You can't think what an effort it cost me," he said.

"What an effort, indeed!"

"I do hope you will let me keep it as a memento?"

"Yes—if you will promise to forgive me."

"Oh, there is nothing to forgive! It was very good of you."

At this very moment I caught a glimpse of her face, and I was forced to admit that Debenham had some reason for his extravagant praise.

"And you will not think the worse of me for— for trying to deceive you?" he went on. Really, he was getting positively absurd; from his voice one would have supposed that he was a prisoner suing for his life.

"Oh, I think better of you!" she cried. "I shall never forget your kindness." And as she gave him her hand she blushed in a ridiculous fashion.

Then Debenham made an ass of himself. Instead of simply shaking hands and saying good morning, he held her fingers and said nothing, but just stared at her in a moonstruck kind of way that was quite idiotic, and she dropped her head like a little silly and went the color of a penny; then— But at this point I could stand it no longer and I quietly withdrew.

Of course I was not in the least astonished when Debenham rushed into my chambers the same afternoon and with a good deal of stammering confessed that he was engaged. He seemed amazed when I betrayed no surprise, but I didn't tell him that I had been a witness of his folly.

I was presented to the future Mrs. Debenham and her sister a few days later. When Debenham asked me what I thought of her, I told him she was one of the nicest girls I had ever met, but, as a matter of fact, she is much inferior to her sister, who, I don't mind admitting, indeed, is the nicest girl I have ever met, and I shouldn't wonder—

But there, that's "another story."— London Answers.

Send Us Your Job Printing.

Figures Low. The Catholic Journal.

First Communicants Attention!

Don't buy until you have seen our beautiful line of White and Colored Prayer Books.

A Handsome Pearl Rosary Given Away with Every Prayer Book Purchased.

YAWMAN & STUPP, TRIANGLE BOOK STORE.

Cor. Main and East Avenue.

Edward O'Grady. John H. McAnarney.

All Losses Promptly and Fairly Adjusted.

O'Grady & McAnarney, (Successors to Edward O'Grady.)

Reliable Fire, Fidelity, Bond, Plate Glass Insurance.

Offices—101 and 102 Ellwanger & Barry Bldg. Entrance 39 State St.

P. J. Joyce & Co., Mfg. Opticians.

Room 49 Exchange Place Bldg. Third Floor. Elevator 16 State St.

AT OUR NEW STORE, 78 STATE ST.

Our Curtain and Drapery Department is in larger quarters, with more complete stocks than ever before.

LACE CURTAINS. NOTTINGHAM—Fine assortment, 43 cts. to \$5.75 a pair.

MULLEN—Plain, ruffled and tambour, in yard goods and made up curtains, 75 cts. to \$4.50 a pair. Yard goods, 10 cts. and upward.

IRISH POINT—Choice variety, rich and beautiful patterns, from \$1.50 to \$12.00 a pair.

BRUSSELS—Latest patterns, dainty effects, \$4.00 and upwards a pair.

FRENCH RENAISSANCE—In stock and made to order, \$3.75 to \$20.00 a pair.

PORTIERS. TURKISH AND ORIENTAL CURTAINS—\$3.00 to \$8.50 per pair.

TAPERED CURTAINS—Fine assortment, \$1.25 to \$9.00 a pair.

SLK CURTAINS—Beautiful colorings and rich patterns, \$5.00 to \$10.00 a pair.