

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.

OUR AGENT

Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Auburn, Union Springs and Aurora.

King's Ferry.

Prayers were requested last Sunday for the recovery of Kate Dempsey.

There will be a picnic for the benefit of the church next week, day not decided on as yet.

School opened here Tuesday, September 5th, with Mr. Shaw principal and Miss Murray primary teacher.

Waverly.

Miss Nellie McMahon and James Henderson, of Hornellsville, were united in marriage at St. John's Church, by Rev. Father McGoldrick, Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kennick, of Sayre, died on Tuesday, aged 23 months. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon, the interment being in St. James' cemetery.

Charles Masters, of Cincinnati, Ohio is visiting friends and relatives in this place.

Many members of Waverly Council, Knights of Columbus, were in Corning on Labor Day at the exemplification of the third degree given by the Knights of that place.

Auburn.

The Misses Rutigan, of Logan street, have returned from the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Thomas Burk and sister, Miss Gleason, have returned from Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Miss Kittie Quinan and Miss Etta Hennessey spent their vacation at Atlantic City.

Mrs. James Griffin, of Wall street, is seriously ill with nervous prostration.

The interior of the Holy Family school, which has been in the hands of carpenters and painters the last two months, presents a thoroughly renovated appearance.

The schools opened Tuesday morning with a gratifyingly large attendance. In nearly every instance the children assembled in the parish churches to assist at Holy Mass and directly afterward school convened.

Mrs. John Moriarty and Miss Laura Moriarty of Albany, who have been spending the summer with Elmira relatives, left for their home last Sunday morning.

The Chemung County Fair, which has been in progress all the week, was a huge success, the attendance each day exceeding its predecessor.

Caledonia.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Leary died Thursday afternoon.

Miss Katherine Leonard, of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. C. Charles Sullivan, of West Second street.

Martin L. Milan and George Brickwedde leave this week for Niagara, where they will receive the university for a course of study.

Charles Sullivan and Florence Sullivan, Jr., have returned from New York and adjacent resorts.

The Elmira mail carriers went to Scranton Labor Day, via special train, to participate in the annual parade held in connection with the National Letter Carriers' Association.

A pretty morning wedding was solemnized at St. Mary's Monday last, when Rev. Father O'Dwyer united in marriage Miss Elizabeth Conlon and Thomas F. Carmody.

The nuptial hour was 11:30 o'clock, and for some time previous the ushers were kept busy seating the many friends of the young people.

The High school opened last Tuesday morning, it is expected that the new annex will be completed and ready for use by the first of January.

Mrs. Wm. Hawley and daughter, Lucy, and Miss Helen Sullivan, of Auburn, visited friends in Ithaca this week.

Mrs. K. M. Rhines left last week for her home in Rochester after an extended visit with relatives here.

Mr. Peter Doran, of Willard, was in town this week visiting friends and relatives.

William Muldoon, of Utica, was in town Sunday.

St. Patrick's school will reopen next week for the fall and winter terms.

Labor Day was spent very quietly in Seneca Falls.

Rev. Patrick Gilmore, of Buffalo, was in town last week.

High Mass will be celebrated Sunday in St. Patrick's Church.

Rev. M. V. Dwyer was on retreat last week with the Synagogue priests.

Miss Anna Crosby died at the home of Robert Bailey, on Toledo street, Sunday at 5 a. m., aged 72 years.

Leo Lawler has received the appointment of assistant electrician at the Elmira Reformatory.

George V. Horgan is spending his vacation in New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

High Mass will be resumed in all the churches next Sunday morning. The week has been given up to the annual retreat for priests, and nearly all the Elmira clergy went to Rochester Monday to participate in the same.

Holcomb, George Reeves, of Rochester, spent Sunday here.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

Mrs. Annie Costello has returned home from Buffalo.

Miss Mary Wilson and her brother, Frank, have returned to their home in Buffalo.

Mrs. Harney, of New York, was the guest of Miss Mary Leahy last week.

Miss Fannie Leahy, of Buffalo, is in town.

Mrs. Jane Coyne died at her home at Richmond Mills on the 30th of August.

The funeral was held in Lima. Requiem Solemn High Mass was said by Rev. Fathers Garvey, Hendrick and Fitzsimmons.

Mrs. Coyne has been ill for a long time and her death, while not unexpected, is sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends.

Edward Smyth was in Rochester last week.

Mr. Morris.

The Union school opened Tuesday with Mary R. Kingston as one of its teachers.

Miss Kingston was one of the large list of graduates from the State Normal school at Genesee in '99.

Fred Rlyance, who has been ill for some time with typhoid fever, is again well.

Father Rawlinson, who left here last spring on account of ill health, has returned much improved.

Edward Cullen was with a very painful accident last Wednesday. While riding a spirited horse he was thrown to the ground.

His left leg became the knee and spraining the ankle of the same foot.

The lawn party given at Groveland by Rev. Father Dougherty, of Dansville, was a grand success.

Maurice Kingston, of Craig Colony, who has been under the care of Drs. Brown and Sharp for the last three weeks with a very severe case of appendicitis, is improving slowly.

The lawn festival given by Father Day and his congregation for the benefit of St. Patrick's Church was a grand success.

All worked diligently and the net proceeds were \$50.

Elmira.

At all the churches last Sunday the pastors delivered telling remarks upon the necessity of sending children to the Parochial schools, and we hope that every Catholic parent in our city will heed them.

Every facility has been provided for the proper training of these children in our schools, and the sooner parents realize the wisdom of schooling their offspring in a Catholic atmosphere the sooner the world will contain more men and women who will be a credit to the faith they proclaim.

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There have been some changes in the corps of teachers at St. Patrick's, but at St. Mary's and St. Peter's and Paul's practically the same sisters will teach as last year.

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PROPER PRIDE.

"It will not be yours," the maiden said; "I'm a poor girl, but I won't be wed. You're all that, but I won't marry you."

The youth in sadness turned away, and from over the street he watched that sweet little girl turn another way.

Hard-hearted maiden she: First came a nobleman with a famous name; And he courted that girl, and left her; And the maiden rewarded him, all the same.

Then came a man with a hoard of gold, So that his wealth could not be told, And he wooed the maid as a matter of trade, And went out wondering into the cold.

Then came a poet with raven hair, And a most interesting and beautiful air, And he wooed in verse, and left her, and she said to her possessors—and she didn't care.

And a long string of suitors came to woo her, And the very same answer she gave to them all, And the young man thought, "Why, the girl was about a hundred miles out of my reach."

And at last, when the maid grew to be a young widow, and he had grown to be an old man, And he was so glad as he could be, And he said to himself, "I'm a lucky man, I'm a lucky man, I'm a lucky man."

But he crossed the highway here one day, And he saw a girl, and he said to her, "A few more years I'd marry you, but she has been."

"But now—"

"She's still right under my nose, and she's still here."

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eastward to the temple, where Nigel awaits them, with some impatience.

A few minutes later she and Nigel and her aunt are being whirled towards Liverpool street station, on their way to their Essex home.

To-day she notices that he is strangely silent. For a second she is puzzled to know what makes him so quiet and speechless.

Then she suddenly remembers that this is the day on which most of the leading papers issue their Christmas numbers.

Instinctively the two of them wind their way to the book stall, and the vivid green covers of a special number of the Ladies' Budget seems to beckon at and dance madly before Dora's eyes.

"Oh, come away, Nigel," she cries, impulsively, seizing her cousin's arm and trying to draw him towards a platform, "never mind about that stupid plan of ours, it was wrong, it was foolish, let it pass."

But Nigel does not move. Bending down, he looks at her with grave and reproachful eyes.

"Dollie," he says with a strange tenderness that draws her closer to him all in spite of herself, "have you forgotten Ethel Cheveloy's grievance?"

"No, not that," gasps Dora, crying at last, but tears rolling down her cheeks, "but you know you can't let her go, and it will hurt you."

"Dollie!"

It is such a small word, but spoken as it was with such a depth of passion, it reveals to the trembling girl that the months that have passed since they met have not only taught Nigel the secret of her heart, but the secret of his own also.

The Christmas number of the Ladies' Budget has this year been a great success. The place of honor is filled at least so far as the weekly Bulletin by an exceedingly clever story by the cultured editor, Miss Margaret Delbos, entitled, "A Drama in Colors."

Rumor has it that this exceedingly popular author is so pleased with the popularity of that work that she has resolved to reproduce it at an early date in book form.

Nigel, happy though he is in Dora's great-hearted love, does not permit this.

A curt letter from him, returning the check for fifteen dollars she sent to her laundress, and warning her that her frauds were known, cut short the literary career of Miss Margaret Delbos; and the Ladies' Budget is left out an editor.

How Dollie wants to go up to London and to help, if possible, her old rival, and he will let her. But not until she has become his wife, Boston Globe.

Was There a Flood?

One of the largest meetings ever held by the Victoria Institute of London, England, took place in the third week of March last.

Prof. Prestwich, F.R.S., read a paper on "A Possible Cause for the Origin of the Tradition of the Flood," in which he treated the subject "from a purely scientific standpoint." In it the author described at considerable length the various phenomena which had come under his observation during the long years of geological research in Europe and the coast of the Mediterranean. Among these he especially referred to having found the flints of the drift to be of two classes, one with bones of animals, carved and interspersed with the remains of man, and the other, which he termed the Rubbidgeff, containing bones of animals of all ages and kinds in vast heaps.

He cited the contradictory opinions of the high priests of geology, the Southern Rocks, and the Ossiferous Regions in various localities. From the circumstances attending these and their surroundings, he said he had been forced to the conclusion that all their phenomena were "only explicable upon the hypothesis of a wide spread and short submergence, followed by early re-elevation, and this hypothesis satisfied all the important conditions of the problem," which he found to be recognized there had been a submergence of continental dimensions. The Age of Man was held to be divided into Palaeolithic and Neolithic, and he considered rightly the visitor, out-poor Ethel, who is quite blind.

"Still, I shall not give up faith," returns Nigel, coming to a standstill. "I will tell you what I will do to prove you are quite wrong about Margaret Delbos. I will send her a long story I have just written at my chambers, entitled 'A Drama in Colors.' I will persuade my laundress to copy it out and send it to the Ladies' Budget in her own name and from her own quarters. If Margaret Delbos is as dishonest, inefficient as you suggest, she will probably buy it and publish it under her own signature, in her Christmas number."

Seated alone in his chambers in Pump Court Temple a few days later, however, Nigel Forester is not so sure that the trap he has so carefully prepared is either manly or honorable.

Now, as he thinks of a woman's loneliness and temptations in these lonely compartments, against the whole world of literary jealousy, a great pity for her—what is it love?—seems to come upon him.

But as he muses there arises in the mist before him the sweet, trustful face of his cousin Dollie—Dollie, who is ever ready to champion the weak against the strong and sinful—the Dollie his mother longs and prays some day he may take to wife.

"And I have promised her that I will do this thing," he groans. "I will say word, however bitter may be the cost. If Margaret Delbos be this living fraud, it will be well for her to know that nothing, no, not even a lither fame, built on lies, can endure."

December has come at length. Dora Martin and her aunt have hurried up from their cozy old Theydon and camped all over Oxford street and Bond street and Burlington gardens in search of Christmas presents for their kin.

At last, tired and breathless, they halt one of the crawling hounds that move perpetually through London's gutter thoroughfares, and see what

THE THIEF.

I found a thief to-day within my soul, Who framed a corner and then stole the whole. The form, adoptive soul, the thief to hide, Swore often he had gone, and swearing so but lied.

"Fill it, as saying, had him on a part— The thief, the boy and with his flaming dart. Half child, half man, a man in childlike play, A child in thought of aught beyond to-day. A child in sportiveness and hopes and amiles, A man in teaching and snarls and wiles. Alack! for spying after thieves and spies, I caught the thief—he straightway stole to me his eyes."

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