

DIOCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondents.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

Elmira.

The Sociality of the Immaculate Conception received holy communion in a body at St. Peter and Paul's church last Sunday. Next Sunday at the children's mass, the St. Aloys Society will receive.

A subscription dance is being arranged by several gentlemen for Tuesday evening the 28th inst., at Industrial hall.

Father Dunn's annual festival will occur next Wednesday evening at Pritchard hall, Horseheads, and a large crowd of Elmira will attend.

News has been received in this city of the death of John Powers, aged 24 years, at Milwaukee, Wis. The unfortunate young man was killed by the cars although details of the accident are meagre.

The remains arrived in Elmira Thursday evening, and taken to the residence of his parents on South Division street. The funeral services will take place this morning from St. Mary's church.

St. Patrick's fair is now a memory, having been brought to a successful close last Saturday evening, when almost everything on the booths were disposed of. Sunday evening saw another large audience in attendance at the second sacred concert, which in merit fully equaled its predecessor of last Sunday. Monday evening the ladies and gentlemen who had labored for the success of the fair tripped the lights and music of the orchestra, and a delectable supper was served under the direction of caterer Mackham. The amount realized from the fair had not been given out at this writing, but it is estimated at about \$3,500.

Tuesday was election day, and never in its history has this city and the county of Chemung, seen a more quiet contest for political honors. The republicans elected their ticket by a good majority.

The foot ball game at Maple Avenue Park election day between the Elmira Free Academy and Father Mathew Society eleven was witnessed by a large crowd, who saw the "F. M.'s." come out at last at the hands of their opponents. Score 15 to 5. Much interest is being manifested in the big game to be played Thanksgiving day between the Father Mathew and Kanawha club eleven.

Misses Mary F. Carroll and Letha Horgan were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Kennedy of Corning, at a theatre party Saturday evening, witnessing the Juvenile Minstrel show, given by youthful Crystal Cityansians.

Hornellsville.

Mr. John Haverland died at Willard State Hospital Saturday morning Nov. 4th after a brief illness, aged 77 years. The remains were brought to this city Sunday, a. m., and the funeral held from St. Ann's church Tuesday morning. Deceased is survived by one brother, two nephews and three nieces all residents of this city.

Mrs. J. B. Curry, died at the residence of her son, Mr. Theo. Curry, on Grand street, Monday, a. m., after a brief illness. Deceased leaves two sons and one daughter. Thomas and Mrs. T. Hogan of this city, and John, yardmaster for the R. & P. at Rochester. The funeral held from St. Ann's church Wednesday morning was a very large one.

The laws of marriage of Mr. James Ferriss and Miss Margaret Aitken were announced at St. Ann's church on Sunday last, the wedding to take place the latter part of November.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Blauvelt are the happy parents of a young son, which arrived at their home on 18 Albion street, Tuesday.

Atco.

Mrs. N. H. O'Connor spent Wednesday in Rochester.

The sacrament of confirmation will be administered to a class of fifty-three children in St. Agnes' church Sunday at 9:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ryan of Nebraska, who have been visiting friends here for the past month left for home last Monday.

Mr. Hugh McLaughlin employed by the Erie Railroad as master mechanic in this place, has resigned his position.

Rushville.

The Forty House devotion commenced in St. Mary's Sunday, Nov. 5th. Rev. Father Wall was assisted by Father O'Brien of Canandaigua, and Father Kennedy of Ovid. On Sunday evening the congregation listened to a very eloquent sermon by the reading and singing of the Mass, reading a beautiful and instructive sermon was delivered by Father O'Brien. The services was concluded Tuesday morning with a mass celebrated by Father Kennedy ending with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and singing "Holy God we Praise Thy Name" by the congregation forming a most impressive ceremony.

Miss Agnes Mooney of Canandaigua, was in town over Sunday.

Miss Sarah Mooney is staying in Rushville during the serious illness of her sister.

Mrs. Margaret Hogan has been sick the past week and Miss Mary Ryan is confined to the house with boils.

The festival held in Memorial hall for the Benefit of St. Mary's was largely attended and everything passed off very enjoyably. Supper was served in the dining room of the Girard House. About \$75 remained after the expenses were paid which goes toward paying for the furniture of the new church.

Lima.

Mrs. Michael Boyle, an old-time resident of our village, died last Saturday after a long illness aged 80 years. Mrs. Boyle leaves three sons and two daughters, all of whom were at her bedside except John, who resides in Michigan.

Mrs. Greenhalgh, the splendid vocalist of Rochester, visited friends here last week. She sang a beautiful "Ave Maria" at high mass Sunday. Mrs. Greenhalgh has a voice of great range, highly cultivated and under perfect control. We hope to hear her again in the future.

The bans of matrimony were proclaimed on Sunday between Albert Cunningham of Rush and Florence Chapel of this place.

Miss Anna Sullivan of Marshall street, spent Sunday with her cousin in this place.

Misses Phillip and Lillian of the Deaf Misses of Buffalo, visited at the convent here last week.

Victor.

Misses McElroy spent Sunday with friends in Rochester.

Misses of the Board of Charitable street, have received a large amount of material clothing on

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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OF REAL INTEREST.

Misses Lizzie Keating and Hannah Tobin and Messrs John Brady and Will Keating spent Sunday in town.

Willie Hilliard of this place spent Sunday in Victor.

Tom Harrington of East Bloomfield, visited friends here Sunday.

The Macabee party held here last Tuesday evening was a success.

Election was a republican victory here.

Milton O'Neill of Main street, spent the latter part of the week in Victor.

Corning.

If, perchance, some gentle readers have noted, not without regret, the absence of any Corning news lately. I thank them for their interest and take the liberty to state that, hereafter I shall endeavor to make the Corning column so absorbing that its absence from any issue of the paper will be in the nature of a calamity. This is undertaken a good deal but he who aims at the moon is apt to get a little higher than the earth.

Christmas is quite a long way off yet, but already the singers of St. Mary's choir are considering appropriate masses for the occasion and we may expect to hear something unusually fine in church music when the great glad day arrives.

I should like to remark a few regarding the Juvenile Minstrel; the great prize fight and on some other matters but as these affairs are all past and gone, have decided to let bygones be bygones.

"Corningites as Golfers" sounds attractive as a theme upon which to write and my readers may expect to be wearied by some remarks in the near future. Golf is an interesting game which has been played by some interesting and distinguished people in this country and on the other side of "the pond" and a description of the game in actual progress (in Corning) ought to be worth while.

What all our football team? This is not intended for a condemner and it is we could not answer it ourselves; but we use the question to give expression to the mental attitude of wondering interrogatives with which we view the liability seemingly of our grid-iron heroes to stir up to a pitch of enthusiasm which would preclude the possibility of their playing a game to empty benches should they venture to charge a quarter, the general populace of the Crystal City.

"Some euchre clubs and their social significance in Corning," is one of the topics which will be discussed, with more or less apprehension, in our next issue.

OUR AGENT

Our agent will deliver the pictures of Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid and St. Anthony to new subscribers next week and will collect from old ones.

We want a correspondent in every parish in the diocese. If you do not see any news from your parish write us and we will send you full particulars.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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THE ROCK-A-BYE BOAT.

There's a boat that leaves at half-past six.

From the busy port of Play, And it reaches the haven of Slumberland before the close of day.

It carries the tinkest passengers, And it rocks so gently, oh! When the wee ones nestle in their berths, And the boat man begins to row!

The whistle sounds so low and sweet (Like a mother's lullaby), That the travelers smile and close their eyes, To dream of angels nigh.

Sometimes the travelers tarry too long In the busy port of Play, And the anxious boatman coaxes and calls, And grieves at their delay.

But at last they come to the rocking boat, Which bears them down the stream, And drifts them to the Slumberland, To rest and sleep, and dream.

The name of the boat is Rock-a-Bye, And it's guided by mother's hand, For she is the patient boatman, dear, Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now what is the fare a traveler pays (On a Rock-a-Bye boat like this)? Why the poorest child can afford the ticket, For it's only a goodnight kiss.

For it's only a goodnight kiss. —Emeline Goodnow.

MARTHA'S JOY TEARS.

"John," said Mrs. Esmond, as she passed her husband his second cup of coffee, "I need the dress badly, and I don't see how I can get along without it."

"But, Martha, money's so awfully tight now I don't like to spare any till I pay off the men. If there's any left I'll guess you can have ten dollars or so, if that'll do you!"

"I know that's just how 't would be," said Mrs. Esmond bitterly to herself. "It's been so for years, and the unbidden tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on the toll-worn hands."

"I must have the dress, for Tom's coming home Christmas, and he must see his mother dressed up a bit. It's been five years since he went to Australia."

"Women are queer creatures," soliloquized John Esmond, as he lifted his hat to his shoulder and started for the potato field. "They're so unreasonable, and if they want a thing they want it awful—there's nothing but they must have it. Maybe I had ought to spare enough for the dress, seeing her heart's so set on it, but I can't do it."

Meantime the tired housewife went about her work with a burden not only on her shoulders but a heavier one on her heart.

"I wasn't so when we were first married," she thought, "but I'll have the dress somehow; I must have it for Tom's sake."

That afternoon she visited the hotel on the hill and for weeks after her work seemed never done.

"Pears to me you're always to work lately," said John curiously one night.

"Have I ever been idle?" replied Martha quietly.

"No; but you never used to work so stiddy before as I know of and you're getting real peaked. And by the way, Martha, I paid the men to-day, and it took all the spare cash I had. Sorry but I guess you'll have to wait for the dress till I sell the wood."

"You might give me a check," said Mrs. Esmond, evasively.

Her husband looked horrified. "That would never do, Martha. We must save something for a rainy day."

"Your bank account is not small, John, and we'll never live to spend it all."

"Nobody 'n tell what'll happen, Martha, so 't ain't best to be too extravagant. Seems to me your dresses are good 'nough—and rainy days are sure to come to all, sooner or later."

"It seems to me all my days are rainy," and Mrs. Esmond began to knit more vigorously than ever.

"Why, what do you mean, Martha; you ain't complaining, are you?"

"No; John, why should I?"

"Martha ain't feelin' well, I guess," said her husband to himself, as Mrs. Esmond left the room. "She ain't been feelin' just right for a long spell. But I guess 't will pass off now the men's gone," and picking up the weekly paper, wife and trouble were soon forgotten.

It was the first week of October and the dainty new dress, earned by working for the hotel people, lay on the bed in the spare room.

"I'll not tell him," thought Mrs. Esmond. "He won't like it because I've done this extra work; but I had to have the dress, and it's so pretty," and with loving hands she smoothed the shining folds. "Had John given it to me, how much more I should enjoy it," she thought.

"I'm glad Martha's coming home next week. I'm so tired. Seems as if I can never get rested. She'll find poor old mother all tired out and not much company."

A few mornings later when Mr. Esmond came in to breakfast, he found his wife lying on the dining-room lounge.

"Why, Martha, what's the matter; ain't breakfast ready?"

"Not quite, John. I felt so dizzy I had to lie down. I think I'll feel better soon, but you'll have to dish up the breakfast. You'll find the potatoes on the back of the stove."

"Isn't there anything I can do, Martha. Can't I get you a little toast and go and eat your breakfast?"

"Hour by hour Martha grew steadily worse, until her husband in his slowness sent for a neighbor and the doctor.

"She's a sick woman," said the doctor forlornly, and he followed the chambermaid.

husband to the kitchen. "She will need the best of care."

"Mary is coming to-morrow," faltered Mr. Esmond, as he sat down heavily in a straight-back chair, "and she'll be the best medicine mother can have."

"We'll have courage," said the doctor, kindly, seeing the dazed look on the farmer's face. "Get Mrs. Hobart to remain with you till your daughter comes—she's an excellent nurse," and the busy doctor hurriedly left the room.

"Father," said Mary one day, "why does mother in her delirium continually talk of her pretty new dress?"

Clumsily, but honestly, Mr. Esmond told of his wife's desire for the new dress, and his refusal to get it for her.

"Oh, father, how could you! Poor, dear mother!"

"Mary, don't! I can't stand it. I didn't know how she really felt about it, and I thought her dresses were good 'nough—I was only for Tom. And 't wasn't because I'm really mean, Mary; don't think that. I didn't understand! I guess men never understand these things. But—but—daughter, if mother'll only get well, she'll find I've turned over a new leaf. She'll never again have to ask twice for what she needs, and she'll have something to enjoy before one of us is dead," and the strong man bowed his head in his hands and his frame shook.

"There, there, father, no one is perfect, and we must often learn by experience," and tenderly kissing his gray hair Mary returned to her mother's room.

The long days slipped away, though slowly, and 't was a happy morning for Mary and her father when Mrs. Esmond awoke and sat weakly. "How long I've slept! Isn't it long past breakfast time?"

"Never mind, mother dear, I'll see to that. Just go to sleep again," said Mary, gently. And with a sigh of contentment the mother obeyed like a little child.

"She's out of danger," said the doctor, an hour later, "but you must keep her quiet and free from worry. She'll be about by Christmas time, but she must be kept from doing any hard work for months to come."

Christmas morning, which was also mother's birthday, dawned on a happy family at the Esmond homestead.

For the first time since that day in September, Mrs. Esmond was seated in her accustomed place in the cozy sitting-room with her husband and children about her.

"I have much to be thankful for to-day," she said, "and—"

"Not so much as I have, Martha," and tears stood in her husband's eyes. "I never realized how mean I was getting, but I've turned over a new leaf. What pleasure would my money've given me had you—"

Awkwardly he took his wife's frail hand in both his own. Then kissing her abruptly, he left the room.

"Why, children, see what your father has given me!" exclaimed Mrs. Esmond, holding a check before them. "Father put this into my hand just now."

"Poor, dear father," murmured Mary, tenderly.

"Dear old dad!" cried Tom, as he used to do when a boy.

"Come, Tom, mother needs some one to brush away her joy tears. We'll send father to her," and the children quietly left the room.—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

Army Officers at Fifteen.

"From the American point of view the insurgent leaders over in the Philippines are all a pack of boys," said Louis Rodriguez, the Filipino, now residing in New Orleans, who has applied for the position of stenographer on Gen. Oka's staff. "It may surprise you to know that their average age is between fifteen and eighteen. I know nearly all of them personally, and many of them are the sons of our old friends and neighbors, so I am not at all likely to be mistaken. There is hardly a native officer in Aguinaldo's whole command who has reached thirty, very few who are over twenty-five. I know positively that some of the colonels and minor officers are boys between fifteen and sixteen."

"It should be borne in mind, however, that young people mature much more rapidly in that tropical climate than they do in this country. There fifteen is regarded as an age of discretion and responsibility, and not a few marry even younger. Severe, long-continued exertion is impossible in the latitude of Manila, and a man of thirty-five ought to be provided against future want. To that end he has to begin early. Aguinaldo chose boys for his officers because he was shrewd enough to appreciate the military value of the enthusiasm of youth."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Burglary With Sponge and Water.

When a burglar wants to break into a Peruvian house he takes a sponge and a bucket of water and moistens the walls, which are covered with only a thin coating of mud and easily dissolve upon the application of moisture. Then when the mud is removed he takes a sharp knife and cuts the strips of split bamboo which serve as a substitute for laths. That easy little operation produces a hole in the wall large enough for a man to crawl through, and can be performed so silently that people sleeping in the house will not be awakened. Not long ago the residence of the cable manager at Barraco was entered in this way. The thieves frightened the family, but were discovered before they had stolen much booty.—Chicago Star.

YOUNG WRITERS.

Hints Regarding Punctuation and Paragraphing.

The following sign hangs in front of a big building on Broadway:—"This hall will, during the summer months, be entirely renovated." How many of the readers of this page know what is wrong with that sentence? To put it into good English does not require the taking out or the adding of a single word, simply a better arrangement is necessary.

A great many of the contributions with which your young people have favored us have been rather weak as regards punctuation and paragraphing. This is due, I think, more to haste and carelessness than to ignorance. Those who aim to be writers should remember that a good story badly told is like a good picture badly framed—it is half spoiled.

To write a story you should follow about the same plan as a painter adopts. He sketches in the picture roughly at first, then he applies the colors. In writing a tale one should first make a rough draught of the plot or the main incident, and then set to work to polish it up by correcting bad English and improving the phrasing.



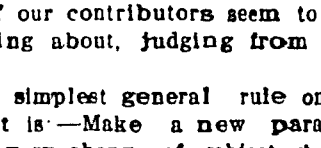
MARY WALKED ON HER HEAD A LITTLE HIGHER THAN USUAL.

Grey was many years in writing the one poem called "Grey's Elegy in a Country Churchyard." A novel which has attracted much attention in the last twelve months was the fruit of thirteen years' hard work on the part of its author.

Before you can write a good article you must be able to write a good paragraph, and before you can write a good paragraph you must learn to write a good sentence, and before you can write a good sentence, you must learn to know exactly what words mean and how to distinguish between words which on the surface apparently are and for the same thing. In that example of bad English cited above the word "entirely" appears. If, instead, the word "completely" had been employed the meaning of the sentence would have been altered just a shade.

Paragraphing is something which few of our contributors seem to know anything about, judging from their work.

The simplest general rule on the subject is—Make a new paragraph with every change of subject or every new branch of a subject. Of course, in writing dialogue you should paragraph each time a person starts to speak, even though his talk has been interrupted only by a single word from some one else.



WANTED, A BOY TO OPEN OYSTERS CAPABLE OF RIDING A BICYCLE.

Most of you are apt to make a sentence too involved. Oftentimes it is really a lot of independent sentences strung together with the conjunctions "but" and "and." Too often, also, "which," "that" and "what" are employed where a fresh sentence should start in. Don't be afraid of short sentences though, of course, you should not have too many of them in one paragraph.

Another failing of young writers is a too great love for alteration, that is to say, a fancy for using a lot of words in one sentence which begin with the same letter. In the opening paragraph of a story sent me occurs the following sentence:—"In their airy little room under the gray gable roof, the Carroll boys plotted and planned."

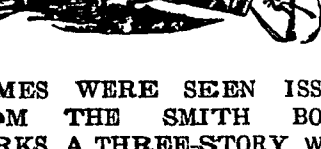
Once in a while a bit of alteration is effective, but more often it cheapens and mars one's work. Country newspapers and some of our city ones, too are very fond of this sort of thing. In a Western paper recently appeared the following heading to an obituary notice:—"Beautiful blooms on his bier."

That writer very likely thought that caption both elegant and poetical. It is neither. It is positively grotesque.

In the three examples of bad English illustrated in this article the first is remedied simply by punctuation, the second by changing the order of the words and the third by rewriting.

All boys and girls who are interested in the subject are asked to take the examples of bad English cited in this column and put them into good English, sending the results to the editor of this page, together with your name and age.

Be sure to go to the root of the matter in each case. Find out what is wrong before you do any altering.



FLAMES WERE SEEN ISSUING FROM THE SMITH BOILER WORKS, A THREE-STORY WOODEN BUILDING, WHICH QUICKLY JUMPED ACROSS HARVARD STREET.

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