DIOCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondents.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

Auburn.

The ball given by the Central Council of the C. R. & B. A. Thursday evening was a grand success. A large crowd attended and everyone reported having had an enjoyable time. Stapleton and Tucker's orchestra furnished music for a program of twenty numbers.

Feb. 22, the memorial day of the Knights of Columbus, was observed by the local council with a solemn requiem mass celebrated at St. Mary's church, Rev. J. J. Gibbons, chaplain of Auburn council was celebrant, Rev. Jas. Keenan, deacon; Rev Heabert Regenbogen, sub deacon; and Rev. Wm. Mulheron, master of ceremonies. The mass was largely attended by Knights and their friends.

Past Grand Knight Dr. M. P. Conway, Grand Knight Thos. H. O'Neill, Warden P. H. Dunn, F. M. Hersou, D. F. Sheehan, Edw. Carnes, Wm. X. Kent and Thos Heffernan, of Auburn Council K. of C attended the fourth exemplification of the fourth degree at New Yorson Washington's birthday. At the last meeting of the Knights of Columbus the first degree was conferred on eleven candidates.

John Moranan aged and respected resident of this city, died suddenly Sunday of heart disease, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Herman Ackerman. The funeral was held at St. Mary's church Wednesday morning at 9.30.

Prof. Dousek of Geneva has accepted the position of director of St. Mary's church. He will enter upon his duties, Mar. 1.

Council 207, Knights of Columbus held an enjoyable smoker in their rooms Monday evening. Feb 26

Rev. Andrew McGuire, D. D., of St. Bernard's seminary, Rochester, lectured in St. Mary's church Sunday evening on "The Fundamental Principles of Christianity" The lecture was the first of a series of entertainments to be given for the new circulating library.

The concert and ball given in Music hall, Friday evening for the benefit of the Holy Family school, was a pronounced success, both financially and socially. A short, up-to-date musical program was given During the evening a dainty lunch was served by the ladies of the parish.

The Augustinian Fathers of Philadelphia, will open a two week's mission at the Holy Family church, Sunday March 4. The first week will be for women, the second week for men.

It is reported that quite a number of our cultured friends are brushing up their French preparatory to a trip to Paris, the coming summer.

Corning.

Among those who attended the Owl Club dance on Monday evening at Howell hall, from Elmira were noticed: Misses Rose Cronin, Sarah Wilmot, Mame Leary and Sadie Hollerhan.

James Danaher and sister, Miss Mame Danaher, who have been visiting friends in this city returned to their home in Elmira, Sunday.

Miss Mame Donovan of Elmira, visited friends in town early in the week.

Lent is upon us and after a series of plays, comic operas and comedies of questionable excellence, we deny ourselves the pleasure (?) of attending any performance at the opera house during the the next six weeks, with fewer pangs than would assail us, were we accustomed to seeing real plays and real actors occupy our stage.

The Lenten lectures, than which there is nothing more enjoyable during the season of prayer and fasting, will begin next week, the first one Wednesday evening. It is unnecessary to advise our readers to attend these sermons of the Rev. J. M. Bustin. That they will be inspiring, uplifting, and thoroughly convincing and full of helpfulness it is also unnecessary to state.

The registration on Saturday last for the coming city election, was the brightest on record and shows of what great importance this public lighting question is and how deeply the people are interested in it. There seems to be a general feeling of discontent with the way affairs have been and are being run and an almost universal desire for a change, even if the change means muncipal ownership. We believe the democrats are going to win out this time, strange, though it may seem.

The Carpe Diem Reading Club were entertained on Thursday evening at the residence of Miss Margaret Dean, First street.

The young men who comprise the Owl Club are young men of much determination and strength of character as well as strength of arm; and this enables them to deal summarily and in a proper manner with young disturbance-seeking rowdies whom chance brings in their way. It pays sometimes to try and act like a gentleman, even when nature has not built one that way.

Seneca Falls.

The Crescent Social Club gave a pleasant dance Monday evening in the Odd Fellows' hall.

The annual banquet of Division No. 1, A. O. H., will be held in the C. M. B. A. hall on Saturday evening, March 17.

St. Patrick's school was closed Feb. 22nd, it being Washington's birthday.

Mrs. Frank Christ died Wednesday of last week at her home in Barker street, aged 40 years.

Patrick J. Ryan, Thomas J. Clary and John H. O'Brien were in New York this week attending the annual State convention of the Knights of Columbus, being delegates from the local council.

Mrs. Frank McCoy of Haigh street, is recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

William Hurley of Albany Law school, is home for a few days.

The L. C. B. A. Society held a progressive euchre party Friday evening in Johnson's opera house. One hundred tables provided for the affair which was most successful. Much credit is due to the ladies of this organization for the great amount of good they have done with the proceeds of the euchre parties during the past winter. The proceeds of the euchre party will be for a charitable purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cushman are rejoicing over a young daughter.

Peter B. Crelly spent Saturday and Sunday with his brother, James A. Crelly, at Batavia.

The holy season of Lent began Wednesday, Feb. 26. Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's church at 9 a. m. On every Wednesday evening during Lent there will be a [illegible] Sacrament and on Friday Stations of the Cross in St. Patrick's church.

Miss Frances Murphy has returned to Rochester after spending a few week's vacation with her parents, on Bridge street.

Mr. Bernard Murphy has returned home after spending a four week's visit with friends in Rochester.

Miss Emma Greer of Rochester, is spending a few weeks at her home on Chapan street.

Caledonia

Mr. Patrick Coffey, a highly respected resident of this town died at his home on Main St. Wednesday evening Feb 21 aged 61 years Deceased was born in Ireland and came to this village with his parents when a boy 12 years of age, since which time he has resided in this community. Some 30 years ago he met with a painful accident while feeding a thrashing machine and lost his right forearm. For a year past he has been in poor health but for the last two months failed rapidly He is survived by his wife, son John D., and daughter, Anna. The funeral was held on Saturday morning, when solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Eisler, Father Lynch of LeRoy, deacon Father Cluney of Honeoye Falls sub deacon and Father Curran of Avon, Master of ceremonies. Interment in St. Columbas cemetery.

The Stations of the Cross and Benediction will be held every Wednesday evening during lent

Mrs John Fitzgerald is spending some time with her mother Mrs Brendon of Rochester.

The Misses Dailey of LeRoy were the guests of their brother at the "Iroquois" over Sunday.

Miss Mary Kinsler of Java is the guest of her aunt Mrs P. C. Graney.

Mr. Thomas Graney of Butler Pa., was the guest of his parents here several days last week.

Over a hundred couple attended the K. O. T. M. ball on Friday evening.

Shortsville

Our fair which was held last week was a grand success The first night being the opening night there was no entertainment but dancing was indulged in for a few hours. The entertainments given each evening were very pleasing to all, and the solos rendered by Mrs. Geo. Thompson of Canandaigua and Mrs. J. P Hill of this place were highly appreciated. Each evening a number of articles were awarded to the persons possessing the lucky number. Thursday evening the fair closed with a grand ball in which nearly two hundred couples participated. Among the prizes that were awarded out of town were, Rev O'Loughlin, of Phelps, a lamb; Mrs. Fletcher of Geneva, barrel of flour. Mrs Murphy of Canandaigua, rug; C. Gilgan, of Bolivar, Pa., five bushels of potatoes; Miss Catherine Dunn of Rochester, barrel of flour Anna Dunn was the winner of the silver cake basket, Mamie Burns the silk parasol and Mrs. Chas. Broomfield, Father O'Hanlon's picture. The exact sum realized is not yet known, but in the neighborhood of $800. Canandaigua and Clifton Springs were well represented.

Misses Sadie Hennessey and Agnes Toomey spent the latter part of last week at Victor.

Mr. Mark McQuillian of Dundee, is visiting his parents.

Misses Carroll and McPhillips of Canandaigua, were the guests of Mrs. C. Gilgan last week.

Elmira.

Miss Susie Donley of Binghamton, who has been the guest of Miss Helen Ryan, has returned home.

Misses Hortense Coyne of Scranton, and Mary Lee of Binghamton, have returned home, after visiting friends in town.

Messrs. Daniel Sheehan, Edward Horgan, John M. Connelly, M. M. Shannon, Daniel Richardson, Jr., M. H. Murphy, John Callahan, J. John Hassett, D P. Lynch and T. B. Fitzgerald, members of Elmira Council, Knights of Columbus went to New York, to attend Degree Works, Washington's Birthday.

Mrs. John F. Campbell and children of St. Mary's, O., are spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John O'Day of West Fonrth street.

Elmira Council, Knights of Columbus will confer the Second Degree upon several candidates next Wednesday evening.

T. J. Houlihan has been appointed coal agent for the Lackawana Company to succeed the late W. H. Peters. Mr. Houlihan will assume his new duties the 15th inst.

Elmira Council Knights of Columbus will hold their first memorial service in the Council Chambers Sunday evening, March 11th. The Council was recently bereaved in the death of Brother William Sheehan.

The last of Miss Sarsfield's receptions was held at Industrial hall, Tuesday evening.

The Father Mathew Society's pre-Lenten reception at Bundy hall, Monday evening, was attended by nearly four hundred young people. Dancing was enjoyed to the music of Flahive's full orchestra.

Ash Wednesday services were held in the churches, and throughout Lent evening devotions will be held on Wednesdays and Fridays, with a short instruction on Wednesday evening, in nearly all the churches.

The congregation of St. John's church are already at work, in preparation for a fair next fall. Committees have been appointed, and active work will be commenced shortly.

Elmira amateurs once more scored a triumph in comic opera, at the Lyceum Theatre last week, Gilbert & Sullivan's charming "Princess Ida" being the work chosen. Four delighted audiences filled the Lake Street playhouse to the doors, and all are a unit in pronouncing the performance, superior to anything yet given by local singers, which is saying much. The production gave evidence of many week's training, and hard work, but the grand success achieved surely must have repaid the participants for their labors. The cast was excellent in all respects, each one winning laurels, while the magnificent chorus was a source of constant admiration and delight to its auditors. Mr. Joseph S. Welsh, came back from his studies in the metropolis to sing the leading tenor role, and although, handicapped by a very severe cold, charmed everybody by his beautiful singing and finished acting. His solo in the Prologue "Twenty Years Ago," will long linger in the minds of his hearers.

No one worked harder for the success of the big undertaking than George Morgan McKnight, who occupied the conductor's chair and to whom congratulations are due for the grand results obtained after the long and exacting weeks of preparation The celebrated Bostieman orchestra lent valuable assistance, while Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Dixie, sustained their enviable reputation as [illegible]

A CENTURY FROM NOW.

If you and I should wake from sleep
A century from now,
Back to the grave we'd want to creep,
A century from now.
We'd witness such a startling change,
Find everything so wondrous strange
We'd hurry back across the range,
A century from now.

A woman forty, fat, and fair,
A century from now.
May warm with grace the Speaker's chair,
A century from now.
The Cabinet may be a flock
Of girlies, gay of hat and frock,
Who talk, but who won't mend a sock,
A century from now.

The people all will fly on wings
A century from now.
(Not heavenly, but patent things),
A century from now.
They'll soar aloft devoid of fear
On pinions of a chainless gear
And change their "fliers" every year
A century from now.

There'll be no restaurants at all
A century from now
The home will have no dining hall
A century from now
The enemies all our wants will fill
With food in tablets and to still
Our thirst we'll simply take a pill
A century from now.—Pearson's Weekly

A SKATING TRIP.

As they approached the park she said "I'm afraid you'll find it rather tiresome teaching me."

And he replied "I've got a pretty lively imagination, but it isn't equal to imagining you tiresome.

"I always wanted to skate," she said, ignoring his impressive manner "There always seems to me something so free and birdlike about the motion. Is it really as easy as it looks?"

"Well, it is easy enough if a person has a little confidence and doesn't mind a tumble or two."

"That's just it. I haven't got the tiniest mite of confidence in myself."

"Do you think you could feel just a tiny mite of confidence in me?"

"Perhaps; I'm an awful coward, though."

"I won't let you fall," he said, reassuringly, and protectingly.

"It's very kind of you to offer to teach me, anyway," she remarked presently.

"You told me that before, but you know better. I know one or two other boys who would be kind enough to do it if you would give them a chance."

"You do? Tell me who they are, quick. Mr Parminteer?"

"Miss Bowman."

"I think you are kind of absurd. I was going to ask you—"

"Go on. I'll tell you if I know."

"Did you ever * * * teach anybody else to skate—any other young lady?"

"I never met one I'd care to teach until I met you."

"Of course you'd say that."

"Not unless I meant it—and a whole lot more

"Doesn't the park look bare and bleak now? There's always something so mournful and forlorn about leafless trees. I feel sorry for them."

"Me too."

"I believe you are laughing at me. I was going to tell you something, but I won't do it now, so there."

"I can guess what it was"

"No, you can't. There's only one other person in the whole world besides me * * * and I know he wouldn't tell"

"He!"

"Oh, I didn't mean to let you know that!"

"I suppose not."

"Mr. Parminteer."

"Well?"

"Would you like to know who that was? It was Mr. Nyeswanger. What makes you look so awful cross?"

"I'm not looking cross'

"You are, too. I don't like to look at you when you frown like that. You'll make me wish I had—there! I came very near telling you."

"Telling me what?"

"That would be telling. Tell me what makes you look so cross. You needn't say it's your natural expression because I know better."

"You'd be mad if I told you."

"No, I wouldn't; tell me"

"I didn't think you'd have secrets with a fellow like Nyeswanger. Of course, it isn't any of my business. I know that."

"Well, I don't think it is either."

"There! I said you'd be mad."

"No, I'm not mad I'm just amused. So that was it' Well, I'll tell you the secret, too. Mr. Nyeswanger asked me to go skating with him and offered to teach me. Now are you satisfied?"

"Why didn't you let him?"

"Well, I prefer—I beat you to the pond. One, two, three, off!"

She was first at the pond for the distance had not been more than about a hundred yards and the young man was taken by surprise. She was laughing triumphantly when he came up, and looked prettier than ever.

There was still frost on the bench and the young man carefully spread his handkerchief so that the girl would not run any danger of catching cold by getting her skirts damp when she sat down. Then he knelt and reverentially taking the shapely foot she extended to him began to buckle on her skates. As soon as he had got them securely fastened, which took some little time, he put on his own, and, holding out his hand, invited her to "come along."

"Oh, you go first," she said, "just show me a little. Let me see how you do it."

It was most unfortunate that the piece of twig should have been lying directly in his path, but so it was. If he had been looking where he was going he might have avoided it. As it was he happened to be looking at the girl. He struck the twig squarely, plunged forward and then in a desperate effort to regain his equilibrium his skates clashed four or five times on the ice; a second later they flashed above his head and he experinced a shock that almost loosened his teeth in their sockets. The girl screamed.

"Did you hurt yourself?" she called to him, as he slowly raised himself to his feet.

"Not at all," he answered bravely as he looked around for his hat. "It was a little sudden, that's all."

"How did you manage to fall?"

"There wasn't any management about it. It was just like rolling off a log. Anybody could do it with a litle practice. Come on!

"I think," said the girl as she took his hand and started for the ice, "that you made a mistake trying to skate with your arms folded. I may not be a judge, but it seems—oh!"

"Steady! Don't get excited. I've got you."

"What makes it so slippery? Oh! I can't stand up!"

"Yes, you can, you'll be all right when you get used—Here! You mustn't go down to me like that. Let go! There!"

They went down very easily, considering.

"I thought you said you had got me" she said accusingly

"I had got you," he answered, with some indignation. "If you had kept still when I told you, you would have been all right What did you get scared for?"

"I got scared because I knew you were going to let me fall. Are you going to help me up? I suppose I am safer sitting here, but I don't like to have everybody staring at me this way"

"I beg your pardon. Now! There we are! I hope you weren't hurt It was all my fault, I know. Now see here don't you try to do anything this time Just put your feet together and let me push you along. That will give you confidence."

"I doubt it. Don't push me fast, though, will you?"

They got along splendidly this time The young man was rather stiff from the two falls, but that did not interfere with such work as pushing the girl about. He got her safely back to the starting point, and then she said she would rest for a few minutes and watch. He struck out by himself to make the circuit of the pond, but his damaged hip hurt him to such an extent that it was as much as he could do to accomplish the Dutch roll When he came back she pointed out a young man who was gliding about with his body at an angle of about forty-five degrees, executing all manner of intricate figures She said it must be perfectly lovely to be able to skate like that

The young man controlled his emotion and invited her to take another excursion.

"I don't see how I am going to learn that way," she said. "I might just as well be in a sleigh and have you push me. Show me how to strike out."

"Well, do you think you can stand alone?"

"Mercy, no! Don't you dare let go of me. Can't you tell me?"

"I'll try. Now, then, push the blade of your left skate against the ice and throw your weight forward on the right foot at the same time. Don't bend, but just sway, so as to balance back when you are ready to make the stroke to the left in the same way. Are you ready? Now!"

She took a stroke and then began to grappling with her instructor.

They both recovered about the same time. He scrambled to his feet and she began to unbuckle her skates.

"You're not going to quit?" he said

"Indeed I am," she replied, with cold dignity. "I can go home in a street car now. I don't want to wait until I have to go home in an ambulance. I think you need somebody to teach you to skate. No, you needn't trouble. I can take them off I hate to be made ridiculous. Why don't you say something?"

"Just because you fell a couple of times!"

"You said you wouldn't let me fall. You don't have to take your skates off just because I do. Stay and enjoy yourself. I can get home all right by myself—in fact, I prefer to."

"I couldn't help it, Miss Bowman."

"I noticed that."

"Didn't you see those boys?"

"Really, I don't see that there's any necessity of discussing this."

"Oh, Pshaw!"

"And I don't think you ought to lose your temper. I don't see that you have any cause for complaint. If you insist on walking with me to the car I suppose we might as well go."

"If you hadn't started by clutching me round the neck—"

"Mr. Parminteer!"

"Well, I haven't got another word to say I suppose you are sorry you didn't go with Nyeswanger."

"Well, he talked as if he knew how to skate; but then one can't always tell."

They walked to the Centre street entrance, he looking supremely indifferent, she humming a tune under her breath. They stood at the street corner in silence and waited until a Clark street car came along. Then he helped her aboard with state and ceremony and lifted his hat as the car moved on and left him.

She did not go into the car, however but stood on the platform, looking back. The young man was still standing at the corner. She waved her handkerchief and beckoned, and on the instant he raced down the street after her. For a minute or two it looked as if he would overtake the car easily, but he suddenly slackened his pace and began to limp It would have been quite hopeless after all if the girl had not got off at the next corner.—K. E. H. in the Chicago Record.

Noting the fact that Germany imports three and a half time as much meat from America now as she did in 1894, the American consul general at Hanover suggests that the sausage manufacturers of the United States pay more attention to exportation. He thinks that this country might easily control the sausage business of the world.

When one girl accuses another of thinking herself smart it's a sure sign she is angry.

Do you know why the thistle is the national flower in Scotland. The story is a pretty one, and very characteristic of the Scotch. It is said that Centuries ago the Danes were making an inroad into Scotland. They were advancing cautiously at night. But, unfortunately, they were barefooted. They had got close to the Scotch camp, when one of the men at the head of their column stepped on a thistle. Did you ever put down your foot squarely upon a real Scotch thistle? If you have, you will not be surprised to hear that that man gave a scream of pain. His scream awakened the Scotch. They sprang up, perceived their enemies fell upon them and defeated them. And the brave little thistle was made the Scotch flower.

LIMITS OF FRIENDSHIPS

Friendship, at its very best and purest, has limits. At its beginning it seems to have no conditions and to be capable of endless development. In the first flush of newborn love it seems almost an insult to question its absolute power to meet every demand made upon it. The exquisite joy of understanding, and being understood, is such as to let us believe that there may be a terminal line beyond which we can not pass.

Friendship comes as a mystery, formless, unfettered, without set bounds, and it is often a sore experience to discover that it is circumscribed and limited like everything human. At first, to speak of it as having qualifications was a profanation and to find them out came as a disillusionment.

Yet the discovery is not all a loss. The limitless is also the vague, and it is well to know the exact term implied in a relationship. Of course we learn through experience the restrictions on all intimacy, and if we are wise we learn to keep well within the margin but many a disappointment might have been saved if we had understood the inherent limitations of the subject.

Human friendship has limits because of the real greatness of man We are too big to be quite comprehended by another. There is always something in us left unexplained and unexplored. We do not even know ourselves, much less can another hope to probe into the recesses of our being.

Friendship has a limit because of the infinite element in the soul It is hard to be brought up by a limit along any line of life, but it is designed to send us to a deeper and richer development of our life Man's limitation is God's occasion. Only God can fully satisfy the hungry heart of man.—From "Essays on Friendship," by Hugh Black

WHY IS IT?

Why is it that a girl or boy will get sleepy sooner studying their lessons than they will reading a novel?

Why is it that a man will bend all his energies and work almost night and day and sacrifice his health to get more than he can make use of?

Why is it that some fathers and mothers will make slaves of themselves and fill an early grave that their children may live a life of polished, educated uselessness?

Why is it that some people take a fiendish delight in accomplishing their downfall of our brightest and best young men and girls?

Why is it that some people are always complaining, but never too sick to go visiting?

BATCHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.

A man can treat his wife a lot too well for his own good.

No woman can ever be jealous of her husband unless she distrusts him.

A man may hit another man when he's down, but a woman will generally kick him.

A woman can be happy with less to spend than a man, as long as she has more things to spend it for.

It is probable that very few women could love their husbands long if they had to look over their shoulders in the looking glass while they are shaving themselves.—New York Press.

LITTLE CLASSICS

With none who bless us, none whom
we can bless—
This to be alone; this, this, is solitude! —Byron.

Love is rarely a hypocrite; but hate—how detect and how to guard against it! It lurks where you least expect it; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and civilization multiplies its varieties, whilst it favors its disguise.—Bulwer Lyton.

Fortune, to show us her power in all things, and to abate our presumption, seeing she could not make fools wise, has made them fortunate.—Montaigne.

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good, for the good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with.—Froude.

The Roman builders were perfectly acquainted with one of the most modern wrinkles of fireproof construction—the use of porous or hollow bricks in flat arches for the sake of lightness.

The principle is now well established that a city has no legal right to pollute the water of a river which flows thence past other towns.

IN A DREAM.

It is said that on the night before the death of young John W. Mackay his friend and companion, Mr. Digby, dreamed that he witnessed precisely such an accident as on the day following he witnessed.

It was a man in Saco, Me., whose sleep, usually sound and dreamless, was so disturbed the other night that he awoke and arose to find his barn floor on fire. He was just in time to put out the flames.

Mrs. John Reid, of Point Lick, Ky., went visiting recently and dreamed that some one had entered her cellar at home and stolen some of her preserves. And they had! When she went home thirty-two quarts of stuff were missing, or, rather, missed.

Dreams quite often work by contraries, though, as in the case of a little girl who took her small brother on a Kentucky railroad train, fell asleep and dreamed her brother had fallen off. Still in her sleep, she dragged him to a window, raised it, and would have jumped out had not the other passengers interfered.

Anaesthetics were known in the days of the ancient Greeks, and the Chinese two thousand years ago had a preparation of hemp to deaden pain—something similar to our modern cocaine.

Of a thousand persons only one reaches the age of a hundred years.

Owing to the difference in the average death rate, it may be said that three Englishmen live as long as five Russians