$25,000 to be Given Away

Are You Interested in the Greatest Country on the Globe?

If so, send your guess and subscription to

The Catholic Journal

and receive a certificate which will entitle you to participate in the distribution of $25,000.00 to be distributed in 1,000 Cash Prizes by the Press Publishing Association of Detroit, Mich., among those making the nearest guess or estimate of the population of the United States and Territories, as shown by the official census of 1900.

We have made arrangements with the Press Publishing Association to enable our subscribers to participate in the distribution of the prizes, amounting to $25,000.

OUR OFFER:

Until further notice every one who sends to this office either by mail or express order, or brings in person, $1.00 for one year's advance subscription to THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL will be entitled to one guess. If you are a subscriber and in arrears they must be also paid. Subscribers who have paid for this year may take advantage of this offer and their subscription will be extended one year from date of expiration. No advance is made in the price of our paper; you get the guess absolutely free on condition that you pay in advance and send money to this office. Money paid collectors does not entitle any one to guess.

YOUR GUESS

When you send in your subscription you make your guess. Be sure and write your name, address and guess plainly as possible. As soon as we receive your subscription we will fill out and send you a certificate corresponding to guess made by you, which will entitle you to any prize you may draw. Be sure and keep your certificate. We will file the duplicate with The Press Publishing Association. Every subscriber will receive as many certificates, and have as many guesses as he sends yearly subscriptions to The Catholic Journal. If you want more than one guess get your friends and neighbors to subscribe. They will also be entitled to one guess

Valuable Information

To aid subscribers in forming their estimate, we furnish the following data:

Year	Total Population	Increase	Per Cent.
1790....	3,929,214....	929,214....	31
1800....	5,308,483.....	1,379,269....	35
1810.....	7,320,881....	2,012,398....	37
1820.....	9,638,453....	2,317,572....	32
1830....	12,860,020....	3,221,567....	33
1840....	17,069,453....	4,209,433....	33
1850....	23,191,876....	6,122,423....	35
1860....	31,443,321....	8,251,445.....	35
1870....	38,558,371....	7,115,050....	22
1880....	50,155,783....	11,597,412....	30
1890....	62,622,250....	12,466,467....	25

The population of 1900 at an increase of 21 per cent over the population would be.....75,972,922
(An increase of 13,150,672)
At an increase of 22 per cent it would be.....76,399,144
(An increase 13,776,864.)
At an increase of 23 per cent it would be.....77,025,366
(An increase of 14,403,116.)
At an increase of 24 per cent it would be.....77,651,588
(An increase of 15,029,338.)
At an increase of 25 per cent it would be.....78,277,812
(An increase of 15,655,562.)

Prizes To Be Awarded as Follows;

To the nearest correct guess....	$15,000
To the 2nd.....	5,000.00
To the 3rd.....	1,000.00
To the 4th.....	500.00
To the 5th.....	300.00
To the 6th.....	200.00
To the 7th.....	100.00
To the 8th.....	90.00
To the 9th.....	80.00
To the 10th.....	75.00
To the 11th.....	60.00
To the 12th.....	50 00
To the 13th.....	40.00
To the 14th.....	35.00
To the 15th.....	30.00
To the 16th.....	25.00
To the 17th.....	20.00
To the 18th.....	15 00
To the 19th.....	15 00
To the 20th.....	15.00
To the next 180 nearest correct guesses, $5.00 each, amounting to.....	0.00
To the next 100 nearest correct guesses, $4 00 each, amounting to.....	400 00
To the next 100 nearest correct guesses, $2.50 each, amounting to.....	250.00
To the next 200 nearest correct guesses, $2.00 each, amounting to.....	400.00
To the next 400 nearest correct guesses, $1.00 each, amounting to.....	400.00
Total, 1,000 prizes, amounting to...	$25,000

This Is One of the Greatest Offers Ever Made:

In case of a tie, or that two or more estimators are equally correct, prizes will be divided equally between them.

This contest will close one month before the population has been officially announced by the Director of the United States Census at Washington, D. C., and THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL will announce the date when the guessing will close.

Subscription Blank.

Name.....

Town.....

My Guess.....

REMEMBER That The First Prize is $15,000

The Press Publishing Association has deposited $25,000 in the Central Savings Bank of Detroit, Mich., for the express purpose of paying the prizes as the following letter shows:

CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK,
Detroit, Mich., August 14, 1900.

Catholic Journal, Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen;—By the request of the Press Publishing Co. we write to assure you that the cash prizes offered by that Company will be paid promptly as advertised. The 25,000 is with us.

Very truly yours,
W. A. PUNGS, President.

The Cash Must Accompany Your Order. The Catholic Journal costs you only $1·00 per year. You get the guess absolutely free.

AMERICA'S GEORGES

Great Dewey with immortal George
The hero of our Valley Forge,
Shall rank to-day.
Deeds of valor 'neath any sun,
Stamps the hero, and he hath won,
For Liberty—and equal rights,
The grandest of all naval fights—
Manila Bay.

Our first great George is always dear,
No other name could grow more dear,
To honest hearts.
But who to Freedom adds a mite
Must stand forever in the light
That glorifies our Washington.
And now George Dewey—noble son—
Hath done his part.
—S. E. Hampton.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

My old Aunt Jemima was a good soul, but had very odd ways. She was naturally eccentric and became quite deaf in her latter days, which added very much to her peculiarity. The real business of her life was to attend funerals, and as she had a large family connection she was quite busy without going outside of her relatives; with her large circle of acquaintance added she had plenty to do.

One morning Aunt Jemima was looking over the current of news—that is to say, she was engaged in reading her favorite department, viz., the marriages and deaths—when she suddenly put down the paper in her lap and taking out her handkerchief, commenced wiping her spectacles. The earnest expression of her face indicated that something unusual had transpired. Having completed her work, she placed the spectacles carefully astride her fine aquiline nose, then turning round so that the bright sunlight that streamed through the window might fall on the paper with all its force, she read a paragraph in her peculiar whisper, and turning to me, said: "Cynthia Jones is dead; she was Deacon Blasdell's step-daughter; here's the announcement: 'Funeral this afternoon at 4 o'clock.' We must go, child."

Now, I was a young girl not 15 years old and I didn't know any of Aunt Jemima's old acquaintances, and I innocently asked: "Who is Cynthia Jones, Aunty?"

"Why, bless you, child," said Aunt Jemima, looking at me with an expression of mingled sorrow and regret, "don't you remember Cynthia Jones, the girl whose father was killed with a bone sticking in his throat while eating a roast turkey on Christmas day? It was very affecting. I attended the funeral and sat at the head of the coffin while the service was being read, and everybody said I would be married before the end of the year, but I wasn't because the funeral was on December 27, only four days before New Year's, and, of course, there was not time enough to court and get engaged in, to say anything of being married."

"And how long ago was that, Aunty?" I asked, putting my mouth to her speaking trumpet.

"It might be 30 years, and Cynthia then was grown up, and now she's dead," said Aunt Jemima, with a sad expression on her fine old face. "Dead, and dead, too, when only 56 years of age or thereabouts," and having thus given vent to her feelings she cut the announcement of the death from the paper and carefully pinned it to the bosom of her dress. This done, she placed her hand upon her knees, and, looking at me with a sort of resigned expression, said very emphatically, "We must go to the funeral."

The sad event was announced to take place at 4 p. m. from the late residence of the deceased, which was a long way from where I and Aunt Jemima lived. There was scarcely time to get ready and reach the house before the funeral, but Aunt Jemima proceeded with great perseverance to put on her best black dress and, while engaged in the work, commenced making up what we young folk called "Aunt Jemima's funeral face."

It was a curious transformation that open blessed face of Aunt Jemima's underwent when she got ready to go to funerals. Her fine laughing blue eyes grew gray and forbidding, her smooth forehead became wrinkled and serene, and her mouth, which was all sweetness and laughter, turned down at the corners and was fairly grim—a terrible old aunty when she was ready to attend a funeral.

In due time we left home and under Aunt Jemima's lead started for the "late residence of Cynthia Jones." As we proceeded on foot Aunt Jemima gave me many reminiscences of the deceased. She told me how one night at singing school Cynthia enticed away her sweetheart, who was the handsomest young man in the village, and how her sweetheart got the impression that one of his fellow clerk's pocketbook was property, left the village in consequence, and how Cynthia and she made up and cried on each other's neck, and afterward became better friends than ever. And Cynthia did not carry her age well, but failed terribly the latter years of her life and became very wrinkled and old.

And with this and more we finally reached the house, which fact was announced by a long row of carriages, the particular house being designated by a piece of crepe hanging from the bell-pull and by very solemn looking men and very unhappy looking women pacing up the steps and disappearing within the doorway. Aunt Jemima and I followed the crowd and entered the front parlor. It was already filled, every chair being occupied. The moment Aunt Jemima was within the sad circle her face grew longer and more distressed than ever, and when she finally got seated she was the most unhappy and miserable looking individual in the crowd. Her "funeral face" was now complete.

The body lay in the back parlor. I had a dread that I could not express of death, and as I saw in the distance the black-draped coffin covered with flowers, I shuddered.

"Death is a sad thing," said an old lady sitting next to Aunt Jemima.

"It is," said Aunty, with great difficulty, relaxing the severity of her face to assent to a remark she could not hear but guessed at by the movement of the speaker's lips.

"And to die so young," continued the old lady.

"What?" said aunty, with the uncommon earnestness, putting her hand behind her ear.

"To die so young," repeated the old lady.

"Young, young," repeated aunty, a sort of bewildered look taking the place of her previous mournful expression. "Young," and with this last expression, I saw aunty's eyes wandering around the room.

She eyed with anxiety the furniture and scanned with singular earnestness the faces of the persons who stood in respectful silence about her. Even when the sonorous voice of the clergyman rose, giving utterance to the beautiful service of the church for the burial of the dead, aunty, to my surprise, grew more and more restless. At last, the ceremonies being ended, aunty and myself, following the train of mourners, proceeded to take a "last view" of the body.

There lay all that remained of Cynthia Jones, but there was no indication of age on that sweet face. Instead of a half century of care wrinkling the brow, only 15 summers had been permitted to adorn a face that even in death was uncommonly beautiful.

Aunt Jemima's eyes as she looked, opened to their fullest extent, and the official funeral expression passed entirely away. It was only a moment that she gazed, and then, turning to me, she seized my hand, and, hurrying me almost rudely away, whispered, as was her wont, so loudly that all present could hear:

"Why, child, this is the wrong funeral."

Worth Two and a Half Million Dollars.

There are six men in Nome and the Klondike whose total wealth two years ago was less than $500, but who today are worth from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000.

George Commack is the richest and the least pretentious man in the Klondike. He admits that he is worth $1,750,000, most of which is on deposit in the States; but those who have followed Commack's Klondike career think he is worth $2,500,000. He was in the gold fields early and gained large holdings. The rentals of his properties at Dyea, Dawson and Skagway alone bring him $19,000 a year. He owns three rich placer mines, and has interests in valuable claims.

Commack was born in California, drifted into salmon fishing at Baker's Bay, and migrated up the Alaskan coast when a young man and led the life of a fisherman. Until he was forty-one he had probably never seen $200 that he could call his own. He married a Stick Indian girl and lived in log cabins. The desire for wealth seized him, so he moved into the Yukon region, dividing his time between fishing and hunting for gold.

At last one July day in 1896 he was panning the sand in a creek that flows into the Klondike and found the yellow metal. In a week he had washed out more than 160 ounces of gold.

The news spread and in less than eighteen months 17,000 fortune seekers were swarming around Commack's cabin, frightening his Indian wife half to death—she had never seen so many people before.

Commack followed up his find by filing on claims that were likely to prove valuable, and in less than a year was worth more than half a million. Before the Canadian government discovered the richness of the Klondike Commack filed on a large tract of swamp land near Dawson, and in less than two years had sold it off at $4,000 and $5,000 an acre.

Commack is still a plain man. He, his squaw wife and large family of children still live in a little log cabin at Dawson, a three-roomed, mud-chinked cabin, with earth piled nearly to the eaves. Its two small windows are the only means of light. The plank door creaks on its hinges as it is swung open. The floor is of earth, packed hard. On the walls are bunk beds made of boards and arranged one above the other. A blinking candle at night throws a few faint rays on the three or four shelves of the family plate and "china."

When Commack began laying up wealth money was insecure at Dawson. He kept his gold in tin cans and old sacks buried in the floor of his cabin. Commack can read and write, but his wife is ignorant of these arts. Several of their children were well advanced in years before Commack could think of giving them an education, but now he has employed a teacher for them.

The Rev. Matthew Anderson is the richest man at Cape Nome, and though he has nearly $2,000,000 in San Francisco banks and owns some of the best claims on the beach, he is still the plain, devout Matthew Anderson that he was a few years ago when he lived in Minnesota, too poor to pay for an education to enter the Lutheran ministry. For eleven years Anderson was a missionary among the Innuits, and for tramping through snow and ice to minister to them he received $400 a year.

"It is a wonder that I survived," said Mr. Anderson, "the hardships of those years of missionary work. Every winter I was isolated from all the world except a half dozen fishermen."

It was in the fall of 1898 that he heard a native telling that the Esquimaux had found gold at Cape Nome. He organized a party and sailed for Cape Nome; they were the first white miners at the Cape. Before the season closed the party had prospected the beach and had located some of the best creek and lundra. In the fall of 1899 the steamer Bertha took seventy pounds of gold from the missionary's mines to the mint. Last month he sent down another seventy or eighty pounds.

One of the first men one hears about in Dawson is the millionaire railroad laborer, hostler, tramp, bank president, capitalist, cook and gold-seeker, Jake Halsey.

A few years ago Halsey was working in a livery in Pittsburg. In 1894 he was a tramp. In the same year he beat his way across the continent to Los Angeles. Four years ago he was a track laborer on the Southern Pacific. Halsey is now one of the principal owners of the Alaskan Transportation Company.

He went to Alaska in 1895 to cook in a camp at Circle City, and reached the city just in time to go into winter quarters with 400 or 500 miners after a season of no gold strikes. Halsey was in Circle City when the news of the Klondike discoveries was brought there. He joined the first rush, stumbled upon the richest claim on Eldorado Creek and got over $70,000 in gold before June, 1897. He sold the claim for $50,000, bought two more for $8,000 each and sold them for about $25,000 each. He put $55,000 in a steamboat on the Yukon, and in two weeks sold it at a profit of $30,000. He squatted on land close to the river at Dawson, and six months later gave the lease for three years at $2,000 a month.

RAILROADS.

NEW YORK CENTRAL
& HUDSON RIVER R. R.
THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:00, *3:18, *3:44, 6:48, 8:15 ac., *9:05, *9:38, *10:05, 10:40 ac. P. M.—3:24, *5:00 ac., *5:05, 5:18 ac., *7:30 ac., *8:[illegible], *9:50, *10:30, *11:15 ac.

Trains arrive from the East.

A. M.—*1:15, *3:17, *4:00, *5:38, *6:48, 8:10 ac., 9:25 ac., *9:48, *10:00 ac.

P. M.—*12:50 noon ac., *3:10, 3:35, 5:05 ac., *5:30, *9:00 ac., 9:20, *9:45, *10:00, *11:55.

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD.

A. M.—5:25, 6:44, *7:45, 9:45, 11:45. P. M.—*2:40, 5:10, *6:30, *7:45, *10:15.

Trains arrive from Auburn Road.

A. M.—8:17, 9:00, *9:40, 10:50. P. M. *1:50, *4:20, 5.10, 8:40, *9:00, 11:50.

WEST BY MAIN LINE.

A. M.—*1:20, *4:20, *4:05, *5:35, *6:55, *7:50, ac., *9:58, 10:55. P. M.—*2:25, †3:40, ac., 3:25, *5:15 ac., *5:35, †7:20 ac., 9:27, *9:50, *10:05, *11:40.

Trains Arrive from the West.

A. M.—*12:55, *3:13, *5:40, 6:37, †8:10 ac., *9:00, *9:35, *10:00, †10:35 ac., †11:20. P.M.—*2:10 ac., 2:20, *5:00, *†7:35 ac., *8.40, *9 45, *10:55.

WEST BY FALLS ROAD.

A. M.—*†6 10, *8:30, †10:30. P. M.—†2:30, *†5:40, *11:00.

Trains Arrive From Falls Road

A. M.—†7:40, †*9:30. P. M.—†*2.00, †4:15; *†7:45 *9.30.

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH

Leave Rochester Daily.

A. M.—*†8:35, *†9:55. P. M. *†3:40, *†5:30, *†7:00

Arrive from Charlotte Daily.

A. M.—*†9:25, *†10:55.—P. M. *†4:40, *†6:30, *†8:00.

R. W. & O. DIVISON.

Trains arrive and depart from State street station:

East Bound—A. M. —*9:00, 9:05. P. M.—3:20, 6:45.

West Bound—A. M. 8.10 P. M.—4.30.

Arrive from East—A. M.—8:20, 9:00. P. M.—3:45, 7:20.

Arrive from West—A. M.—*9:30, 10:35. P. M.—7:35.

* Denotes daily. † Sundays only. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Trains marked † stop at Centre park.

ac. denotes accommodation train.

For rail or ocean steamship tickets and reservations or information regarding Thos. Cook & Son's tours, apply at City Ticket Office, 20 State Street, corner Corinthian, (Telephone 359-A), and Central Avenue Station. Baggage called for and checked through to destination.

Geo. H. Daniels, Gen'l. Pass. Agt., New York.
J. C. Kalbfleisch, Dist. Pass. Agt., Rochester, N.Y.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD

IN EFFECT JUNE 3, 1900.

All trains and depart from N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Station. Trains for Syracuse, Utica, Albany, Boston, New York, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, and all points east, west, north and south, as follows:

LEAVE GOING EAST.

*6:05 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*9:10 A. M.—Local Express.
*10:18 A. M.—Boston and New York Express.
*3:58 P. M.—Newark Local.
6:05 P. M.—National Express.
*9:25 P. M.—Atlantic Express.

LEAVE GOING WEST.

*12:07 A. M.—Continental Limited.
*4:38 A. M.—St. Louis and Chicago Limited.
*8:05 A. M.—National Express.
*9:13 A. M.—Buffalo Local.
*10:15 A. M. Pacific Express.
*4:23 P. M.—Buffalo.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

From the East A. M.—*10:00, *4:35, *5:10, *7:10, *10:10. P. M.—*4:15.
From the West A. M.—*9:00, 9:07, *10:05. P. M.—*5:20, 5:15, *9:00.

* Denotes daily.
† Denotes Daily except Monday. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Tickets sold, sleeping car berths reserved and baggage checked to destination at City office, Telephone 359-A, 20 State street, corner Corinthian, or at Auerbach's under Power's bank, also at New York Central Station. Agents of Westcott Express company are on all through trains to check baggage and engage cab or carriage, etc.

C. E. Lambert, Gen. Pass. Agt., New York.
J. C. Kalbfleisch, Dist. Pass. Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg.

Trains leave West Ave. station as follows:

7.00 A. M. Week days for LeRoy, Warsaw, Perry, Hornellsville, Salamanca, Bradford, and Jamestown.

9.00 A. M. Daily, Fast Vestibuled Express for Pittsburg, and daily except Sunday for Salamanca, Jamestown, Corbridge, Springs, Cincinnati, Chicago and points west. Has cafe car and elegant day coaches.

4.15 P. M. Week days for LeRoy, Warsaw, Perry and Hornellsville.

8.40 P. M. Daily, Pittsburg night express for LeRoy, Warsaw, Bradford and Pittsburg. Pullman sleeper Rochester to Pittsburgh.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

8.20 A. M. Daily from Pittsburg.
11.30 A. M. Week days from Perry.
6.30 P. M. Daily from Pittsburg.
8.35 P. M. Week days from Hornellsville.

EDWARD C. LAPEY, General Passenger Agent.

Fire, Employer's Liability, Plate glass, Burglary, etc.

J. H. ASHLEY,
General Insurance,
101 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA LINES.
THE GREAT PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Rochester as follows:

[illegible]

Washington 4.[illegible] A. M. Parlor car Rochester to Harrisburg. Pullman sleeper Harrisburg to New York.

[illegible] P. M. except Sunday, [illegible] for Elmira, arrive Elmira [illegible]

7.00 P. M. [illegible] arrive Elmira [illegible]

[illegible] A. M. Washington [illegible] New York [illegible] parlor buffet smoking car Rochester to Washington only. Pullman [illegible] Williamsport to Philadelphia [illegible]

For information relative to rates, etc., address T. Palmieri, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, No. [illegible] corner Corinthian. Telephone [illegible] tickets and sleeping car berths can be secured also at New York Central [illegible]

J. B. Hutchinson, Gen'l Manager. James E. Wood, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

ERIE RAILROAD
PICTURESQUE TRUNK LINE OF AMERICA

8:00 A. M. except Sunday, accommodation to Elmira, connecting for Binghamton and New York.

[illegible] A. M. except Sunday for Avoca, Morris, Buffalo and Hornellsville.

[illegible] A. M. Sunday only, accommodation to Elmira, connecting for Binghamton and New York.

2:00 A. M. except Sunday, accommodation to Elmira, Danville and Sunbury, connecting for Chicago, Cincinnati and West.

4:00 P. M. except Sunday, for Avoca, Morris, connecting for Danville, Sunbury and Hornellsville.

5:00 P. M. daily, accommodation Elmira, connecting for Binghamton, New York, Baltimore, Washington and South.

Trains arrive: 7:00 A. M. except Sunday and Monday; 10 A. M. except Sunday; 1:15 P. M. except Sunday; 7:15 P. M. daily.

Station, Court Street. City office, 2 Exchange street, Widner building.

C. J. Ostrom, Passenger and Ticket Agent.
M. L. Jacobs, Div. Pass. Agent.
[illegible], Gen'l Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

WESTERN NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains will leave West Avenue station (Eastern time), daily except Sunday, as follows:

8:30 A. M. for Hornellsville, Avoca, Corning, Nunda, Hornellsville, Buffalo and intermediate points.

4:35 P. M. [illegible]

4:00 P. M. [illegible]

Trains arrive 8 A. M. and [illegible] P. M.

J. A. Fullerton, General Passenger Agent.
T. H. Rogers, General Manager.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

[illegible]

C&B LINE

PATENTS

Scientific American