

Correspondence

OUR AGENT
Our agent Mr. A. Herman, will visit Auburn, Syracuse, Rochester, Ithaca and Geneva.

Honeoye Falls.

Last Monday evening at the church there was tendered a reception to the pastor, Rev. Father Clancy, the occasion being the tenth anniversary of his appointment to the parish of Honeoye Falls. Priests from Rochester, Victor and Livonia were present, besides the pastor of the several different churches of Honeoye Falls and a large number of townspeople. The early part of the evening was spent in congratulating Father Clancy and extending wishes for his continuance as pastor of our church. Then, on behalf of the people, Alex. T. Clancy presented Father Clancy with a beautiful fur coat as a reminder of the occasion, and in a few well-chosen words thanked him for his labors with us. Father Clancy responded, thanking all for their kind and generous gifts. After this light refreshments were served and the good night said. All were pleased to see a former pastor, Rev. J. J. Leary, present.

Genesee

One of the saddest and most pathetic deaths which has occurred in this village since time was the sudden demise of Mrs. Mahoney, who died Saturday, Nov. 3d. Mrs. Mahoney had just given birth to a beautiful baby when the hand of death was laid upon them. A Christian and devoted soul has gone to her maker, beloved and esteemed for her sterling qualities. A Catholic in spirit as well as name, a woman whose hand was always extended to those in adversity and need, such is the remembrance of a host of friends who mourn her sad loss. Mrs. Mahoney was born in this village March 10, 1855, and lived here ever since. Her funeral was one of the largest ever held in Genesee. Her many Protestant as well as Catholic friends extend their heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved husband, who has lost a kind, loving wife and helpmate. The bereaved were Messrs. P. Carragher, P. Delehanty, Fred Thompson, M. Cahill, T. Costello and T. Ragan. May her soul rest in peace.

The new sheds lately erected on the Jones property, which was recently purchased by Mrs. Mary's church society, is a great improvement, and those who drive to church can have a place for their horses. They were occupied last Sunday, and all seemed pleased with them.

John Kealey, who has been seriously ill with a relapse, is convalescing.

Leo Ryan has been appointed page of the Board of Supervisors of Livingston county.

Rev. A. A. Hughes had a very busy day last Sunday. In the morning he had a couple at 8:30; said mass at 9; married a couple at 10; drove to Fowlerville (nine miles) and had mass at 11; in the afternoon had services at the County Home at 2:30; Sunday school at 3:45; Christian Doctrine at 4:30; Rosary Society at 5; vespers and benediction at 7:30 and attended a sick call at 8 o'clock.

Died—Sunday, Nov. 12th inst., Katherine, wife of John O'Connor of this village, aged 56 years. The funeral services took place from St. Mary's church on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. A. A. Hughes officiating. Deceased leaves beside her husband, three daughters, three sons and one brother, who have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in this, their sad bereavement.

Seneca Falls.

Mrs. Catherine White, widow of Michael White, died on Friday, the 9th inst., aged 70 years. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock from St. Patrick's church, the Rev. Father Dwyer officiating. The members of the L. C. B. A. will give a series of progressive euchre parties in their rooms this winter, the first of which was given Friday evening. The proceeds of these parties will go for charity.

Rev. Father Faron of Rochester was in town this week visiting friends and relatives.

Last Thursday, at his home on Aurora street, occurred the death of David McGough, aged 41 years. The funeral was held Monday morning at 9 o'clock from the Immaculate Conception church. Rev. J. W. E. Kelly celebrated the high mass. The funeral speakers were B. J. Kelly, Peter McAllister, James Burns, J. B. Kelly, Martin Cleary and Geo. Borica. As the body was being borne from the altar Miss Brinsell sang "Lead, Kindly Light." Mr. McGough is survived by his widow and two children, aged 11 and 7, his father and mother, three sisters and three brothers.

Last Monday evening occurred the death of Mrs. Michael Maloney. The funeral was held Thursday morning from the Immaculate Conception church. She is survived by her husband, five daughters and three sons, besides many grandchildren.

Last Monday afternoon the marriage of Anthony Collins of Waverly and Miss Mary Cahill of this city took place at the Immaculate Conception church. They left on the 2 o'clock train for the south.

Lima.

The Rotary society will give a social in Brendan hall on Thanksgiving evening. Valentine's orchestra will furnish the music. Supper served from 10 to 12 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to out of town friends.

On Sunday evening, 12th inst., our people turned out in large numbers to attend the closing of the mission given by the Fathers Father Kennedy at Honeoye Falls. All the cars on the trolley were got out for use, and standing room was at a premium.

Our town democracy worked hard for Bryan and gave him a majority of 178. If democrats were as loyal in every place we should have a story different to "McKinley's prosperity."

Avon.

A fair for the benefit of St. Agnes' church will open on Monday evening, Nov. 19th, and close the 21st.

"Pink" tea will be given on Thursday evening by the young ladies of the choir.

The Marriage orchestra of Rochester will play at the 11th night of the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. O'Connor of Bronson avenue have gone to Jordan. They were called there by the death of Mrs. O'Connor's mother, which occurred on Wednesday.

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Rev. John Colgan was a Franciscan friar in the Irish convent at Louvain and was born in the County Donegal, says The Irish World. He was a laborious and voluminous writer on the ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland, his best known works being "Acta Sanctorum Hibernie," Louvain, 1845, and "Triades Thaumaturge," Louvain, 1847. John Lanigan, D. D., author of the "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," was born at Cashel, County Tipperary, in 1758. Sir James Ware, an eminent Irish antiquary, was born in Dublin in 1594. Martin Haverty's "History of Ireland" first appeared about 40 years ago. Roderic O'Flaherty, historian and antiquary, was born at Moyculleen castle, County Galway, in 1829. His great work is the "Ogygia," a history of ancient Ireland.

VI.

Notwithstanding that much was done to make life at the Oaks pleasant for the little girl who had been installed as a member of the family, still the first few weeks were not altogether happy ones for her. This was not surprising, for Melissa, having been with the wandering band so long, found it very difficult to accommodate herself to the strict rules of decorum which Mrs. Tone felt it her duty to impose upon her. She wanted continual changes of scene, such as she had been accustomed to having; and she wanted to be free to run and play in the fields and forests; but she was kept in the house most of the time. If permitted to go out it was generally for a ride in the family carriage, where she was obliged to sit up straight, hardly daring to look to the right or left, for Mrs. Tone said that it was not lady like for her to be continually gazing about as if she were only half civilized.

Like an imprisoned bird, she often beat her wings against the gilded wires of her cage, longing to get away, and sometimes even flying into a violent passion, which so shocked the woman whom she had been prevailed upon to call mamma that she deeply regretted having brought the wild creature to her home.

Once or twice she complained to her husband, but he told her that Melissa gave promise of becoming a most noble woman, and the safest way was to leave her alone, as being too severe with her might leave an indelible mark on her character which in after years would be apt to cause her trouble.

"She is a brilliant, noble child, and I firmly believe that to convince her of a gentle, unassuming way of the great difference between right and wrong, can do far more to train her as she should be than all of your rules of etiquette, which are apt to frighten her and make her despise the ways of polite society. You should consider her past surroundings, which were so different from the present, and endeavor very gently to lure her from the old ways."

This was part of what Frank said, and his wife listened in sullen silence, then left him, declaring to herself that it would not be long ere, under his lax judgment, her little daughter would be spoiled as well as the slaves had well nigh been before she came there to teach them their duty.

Had she admitted the truth in regard to the latter she would have been obliged to confess that in the whole state of Kentucky, I might say in the whole south, there was not to be found a more faithful or industrious lot of slaves than those belonging to her husband; and if there had been any change since she became mistress of the Oaks, it certainly had not been for the better.

Melissa would not have been true to her sex had she not been delighted when Mrs. Tone, on her return from the village, two days after she was brought to the Oaks, sent for her to come to her room, as she had something to show her. Her eyes fairly sparkled with delight as she saw parcel after parcel opened and the contents, which consisted of many yards of laces and embroideries, muslins in plain white, delicate shades of blue and pink, others with bright flowers on white ground, and ribbons of all widths to match, to say nothing of the many other articles which go to make up a child's wardrobe. She stood, gazing with wide open eyes and a smiling face, upon the array of bright colors, wishing that some of them were for her, but not daring to hope that she was to have them all until assured of it by the lady who had so generously spent her money in the purchase of them.

Nothing could have pleased Mrs. Tone any more than to see anything she had selected admired, and the appreciation pictured on the child's face

which she hoped to cultivate. "Do you like them?" she asked. "Yes, they are very beautiful." "I am glad you are pleased with them, and I know you will look very pretty in those dresses, and with your hair tied back with some of these pretty ribbons."

Had she been allowed to remain where she was, the little girl would have been content to spend the remainder of the day looking over the finery, the like of which she had never before seen; but each piece was carefully folded and laid away until tomorrow, when the Chariton seamstress was expected to come to make them. Only one thing happened on this day to cause her to feel that her freedom had been lost. Accustomed to go about in her bare feet, she did not relish being told that she must hereafter wear shoes and stockings all the time, it mattered not how warm the weather might be; but this would not have been so had it not that the little garters into which her feet had been thrust were too small for her. She told the woman who dressed her that they hurt her feet and begged her to take them off, but only received the reply that new shoes always hurt, and she must wear them so as to get used to them; and she was told, too, that it did not look well for ladies to make their feet look big by wearing large shoes.

"I do not want to be a lady if I must always have my feet hurt like this," whined the child, kicking vigorously, as if to ease the pained member.

"Yes, you must; and don't let misny hear you talk like that."

The next morning the seamstress commenced the dainty wardrobe, and all that day Melissa was content to sit and watch her as she cut and sewed the bright fabrics; even the process of trying on and fitting was a novelty which she quite enjoyed; and when in the evening, after being looked over by Mrs. Tone, who had been in the room many times during the day—just long enough to give hurried orders, she was allowed to stand before the large oval mirror and admire herself as she gazed in a gown of spotless white trimmed with fillets of lace and dainty ribbons, she was happy. Her happiness was like a passing ray of summer sunshine, for in the evening, when she wanted to romping on the lawn with Bessie's pet spaniel, which had taken kindly to her, she was told to be careful not to soil her dress. In a sullen mood she sat down on the steps, wondering if it were to continue, and if it were the way children who had homes were all treated. It is not surprising that in her doleful meditation it suddenly occurred to her that her feet were very sore, and she wished to take off the shoes and throw them away, but dare not. On the second day the novelty of having dresses made was beginning to wear off, the bright colors, however, still held Melissa's attention, but on the third she was tired of remaining in and wanted to get out to go to the woods that she had been watching from the window. She was held captive until all was complete and then, like a bird who had been set free, she flew away to the forest, and after a long search which some fishermen had tied near the woods. Her shoes and stockings could not be found, for she had taken them off two hours before and wandered away from the place where she had left them. The new pink dress which she had worn for the first time that day was spotted with mud and water; one of her hair ribbons was gone, and one shining braid which had been so carefully combed was a mass of tangled hair.

Mrs. Levimore and Jamie were on the veranda listening to Mrs. Tone's praises of her little daughter, whom she described as perfectly beautiful, now that she was cleaned up and decently dressed. She had allowed no one, not even her nearest neighbors, to see her, for she had intended to surprise her friends by showing her off in some of the fine clothes which had been so tastefully made. She had expected Mrs. Levimore that afternoon and had taken particular pains to have her dressed in one of her daintiest gowns, but when she wanted her she was nowhere to be found. "You would not believe her to be the same child," she was saying just as one of the men who had been engaged in the search for the little runaway into their presence looking almost worse, if possible, than she had when first brought there in her ragged, gypsy attire.

Jamie, who had been listening with deep interest, was the first to see the apparition, and the dirty, bare feet, face and hands, to say nothing of the dress, the skirts of which had been torn in two long rents on her way through the woods coming home, together with Mrs. Tone's remark, caused him to laugh outright; but he regretted his rudeness a moment later.

Bessie looked at him in amazement; but he hung his head to hide the suppressed mirth lingering in his eyes, then turning quickly he saw the cause. Her face glowed with angry mortification and she would have reproached the man and demanded him to take

the child away at once, but was unable to speak. "Can it be possible," she thought, "that this is the same beautiful little lady who looked so pretty only a few hours ago?" Then it occurred to her that the task she had undertaken was no less useless than it would have been to have spent hours in cleaning a dirty young pig only to set the animal free to look for a mud hole. The mortification was so great that she could have burst into tears, but with a great effort she controlled herself.

Melissa hung her head in shame, looking first at her feet, then at the dress, for seeing the anger on one face and the mirth on the other, she fully realized the wrong she had done in running away, and she would have flown back to the woods, or anywhere, to get out of sight, but, like Bessie, she was spell-bound.

Mrs. Levimore alone retained her composure, for being herself the mother of little girls, over whom she watched as a mother who has no other thought excepting the rearing of her children, she understood childish nature perfectly. She knew, too, how proud and exacting Mrs. Tone was, and remembering the life to which Melissa had been accustomed, she deeply sympathized with her. Without seeming to notice her appearance she said, kindly, "Come here, dear."

Hesitatingly Melissa mounted the steps, leaving the print of her dirty feet on the spotless marble, and casting a timid glance at her foster mother, as if fearing punishment, she went to the lady's side.

Mrs. Levimore put her arm around her, kissed the face which would have soiled Bessie's lips, and said, "I am glad to see you, darling, and hope you are happy in your new home."

The kind words brought a smile to her face, which did not escape the notice of the boy, who was watching her with a feeling that he would like to have her for a sister, for he rather admired her wild nature. As the child did not speak, Mrs. one said, "She ought to be happy, for we are doing all that we can for her."

"I know it," said Mrs. Levimore, gently, "and she will appreciate it." "I hope so," was the cold, incredulous reply, which stung the kind-hearted lady and did not escape her for whom it was intended.

"You may go now, dear," gently withdrawing her arm, "and you must have mamma bring you over to-morrow to get acquainted with my little girls. They are all much younger than you, except Gertie, who is about your age, but I know you will like them."

Melissa was gone, and turning to her friend Mrs. Tone, who wished for sympathy but was too proud to seek it, said, "I am very sorry that this has happened, after I had spent so much time trying to make that child respectable. If you could only have seen her this afternoon—but I suppose it is her wild gypsy nature, and I fear it will be a difficult task to civilize her."

"Do not let it trouble you, for children will be children, and we should not blame the little dear, even if she has had the misfortune of spoiling her dress."

"But it is so provoking, when I wish her to look well." "She will outgrow her wildness when she gets a little older, and perhaps will make as fine a lady as you will find anywhere."

"I hope so, but the outlook is so discouraging." "My only advice is to have patience with her, and you will be well rewarded; but I must be going now, and shall expect you to bring Melissa over to-morrow afternoon to get acquainted with the girls."

"Thank you; we shall be there."

Mrs. Levimore and her son walked home in silence, for both were thinking about one subject on which neither cared to speak. The lady felt that although Melissa had found a beautiful home and would enjoy every blessing which money could purchase, she had been left in the care of a woman whose chief ambition would be to dress her and show her off as she would a wax doll, regardless of the seeds of bitter selfishness and pride which she was apt to sow in her tender soul. With Frank she knew it would be different, for he, being the embodiment of honor and kindness, would be all that a true father could be to the child. But Melissa needed a woman's tender, watchful care, such as the proud Mrs. Tone was incapable of giving, and she resolved to do what she could without appearing to take any more interest than was due to the child of friend Jamie, too, had noticed far more than any one would have suspected. He felt a strange interest in the little waif, and his boyish heart went out to her in a firm but secret determination to be her faithful friend, no matter what might happen.

The next day Melissa stood like a patient martyr for a whole hour while her hair was being combed and pulled to get the snarls out and to curl it. Then came the tiresome process of trying on one dress after another to see the effect, until nearly a dozen different ones had been put on.

(To be continued)

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