

# UNCLE BILLY'S BEQUEST

By CLARENCE HAYDEN

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Uncle Billy Watkins was a well-to-do, well-bred farmer living at Bebe's Corners, and for fifteen years he had driven five miles to town every Sunday to attend church. For the first time since his goodwife accompanied him, and after her death he took the drive alone. He was often heard to say that he wished there was a meeting house at the Corners and that he would contribute liberally toward building one, and at length the day came when he was asked to make good his word. A newly ordained preacher sought out the Corners as his field and as a beginning gathered his flock in an old blacksmith shop. It was with the greatest confidence that he went to Uncle Billy for a subscription of a couple hundred dollars, and at first he seemed likely to get it.

"I am glad to hear the news—mighty glad," said the farmer in his hearty way. "Yes, we need a meeting house here, and I hope you will get together a large congregation. I shall be with you heart and soul."

That sounded encouraging, and the two hundred seemed assured, when Uncle Billy continued:

"I've been expecting this for years and sort of been ready for it. More than ten years ago I made my will, and in that will I left \$1,500 to build a meeting house. I'm liable to drop off any day, and as soon as I go the money will be ready."

The preacher intimated that a building in hand was worth two in the bush, but Uncle Billy refused to discuss his last will and testament. The meet would do was to offer to die as soon as possible, and with that they had to be content. There were some people mean enough to insinuate that a man of forty-five who had never been ill a day and who could truck away food enough for an ox at each meal had forty years more before him. They were covered with confusion, however, and that within less than six months. One day word went forth that Uncle Billy's heart had gone back on him and that he had only a few hours to live. The preacher was among the first callers, and lying on his dying bed was the farmer, who said to him:

"Yes, I've got to go, but I'm consoled to know that you will get your meeting house. There's money enough to provide for a steeple and a bell, and I hope you'll see to it that the seats are comfortable and the stoves big enough to warm things up in winter. It's a heap better way than going around for subscriptions."

There were many callers for the next two days, and each one had words of sympathy and consolation, and it was after the last individual had gone out of the house, with tears in his eyes, that Uncle Billy's heart resumed business on the old lines and he began to improve. A week later he was out hoeing potatoes, and as the preacher came along the highway the farmer called to him over the fence:

"I'm sorry for you, but it ain't my fault. Just hang right on, and you'll get that meeting house as sure as soon."

It was a year before anything else happened, and the preacher had become discouraged and sought another

were disappointed. He had made a gain during the night, and to the astonishment of everybody, the doctor included, the gain continued, and in a month he was back at his work. He could not fail to note, however, that there was no warmth in his neighbors' greetings, and he felt called upon to explain.

"If it was my fault, you might lay it up ag'in me, but it ain't. I was all ready to die and let you have that fifteen hundred for the meeting house, but death wouldn't come. It will, though. I've been spared to carry out some mission, and as soon as that's accomplished I shall keel over for good."

If there was a mission, he was a long time in working it out, for seven long years went by before death stared him in the face again. Meanwhile a stone quarry taking in three of the farms had been opened, and a railroad had spoiled two more. There was no longer any congregation, and it was at rare intervals that a circuit rider came along and held Sunday services in house or barn.

People had not forgotten Uncle Billy for not dying years before, but the idea of a meeting house had almost been forgotten when he got tangled up with a thrashing machine one day and came out hush. The remains were gathered up and placed in a wagon and taken home, but while the funeral was being arranged for the said remains returned to life and began to wonder where they were at. It was emphatically asserted on all sides that an old man with a dozen broken bones couldn't possibly recover, but after hanging between life and death for a week Uncle Billy struck the right road. It was six or eight months before he got out, and he was humped back and bowlegged and full of lumps, but he still lived. No one congratulated him. He had swindled his neighbors out of that meeting house again, and he had humiliated the doctors by refusing to die.

"I'm sorry, of course," he explained to all who would listen. "When I gave fifteen hundred dollars for a new meeting house, I expected to die within a year or two, but something has seemed to prevent it right along. I've been ready and willing to go, but it don't happen. They shouldn't lose hope, however. That fifteen hundred is bound to come. It'll only hang on long enough. I can't live forever, you know."

Another five years went by. Bebe's Corners had now become a huge stone quarry, crisscrossed by railroad tracks, and one after another the farmers had sold out and moved away. The only land left not belonging to the stone company consisted of two acres on a hill to which Uncle Billy held the title and on which his will directed that the meeting house should be built after his death.

Old and battered though he was, he was looking good for another five years when the end came at last. He was milking a cow one evening when he fell over dead. The doctor didn't send out the news for twenty-four hours, but when he did it was authentic and there was no going back on the returns. Uncle Billy was dead for a fact, and it was another fact that he had left land and money for a meeting house. His executors had no choice but to go ahead, and today there stands on the rocky hill overlooking the great stone quarry a church edifice which has never been blessed nor dedicated nor echoed the voice of prayer. There are half a thousand workmen in the quarry, but if they worship at all it is at another shrine.

**An Opportune Gift.**  
A good natured, easy going German living in Chicago asked his American wife to pick out some little present for his sister in the old country. He had squandered his fortune, says The Record-Herald, but his sister still had hers and with careful Teutonic management had swelled it to a comfortable sum.

The American wife knew nothing of her sister-in-law, and she appreciated the limitations of her own finances as well as the difficulty of choosing a gift for a stranger. But she went to a repository for woman's work and discovered there a dainty bag of chamomile leather embroidered with wreaths of forgetmenots and emblazoned with the one word "Money," to indicate its use as a secret purse to be worn about the neck in traveling.

It seemed an innocent little gift, but Fritz danced with delight when he saw it. "Ach, the very thing!" he cried. "I would not write and ask her—no! But 'Money' and 'forgetmenot,' ach, it is the most beautiful reminder."  
His wife, who had not thought of the matter in that light, protested and would fain have withheld the present, but Fritz was firm. It was sent to Germany at Christmas.

A few weeks later a substantial check came in acknowledgment. The sister had indeed appreciated the situation.

**Origin of the Sandwich.**  
During the administration of Lord Sandwich that nobleman was at a gambling house (a very usual thing with him), and in the fascination of play had forgotten fatigue and hunger for more than five-and-twenty hours. Suddenly feeling faint, though still riveted to the table, he called for anything that was to be had to eat. The only available food proved to be a piece of beef and two slices of bread. Clapping them together for the sake of expediency he devoured them ravenously. The news of his discovery soon spread, and waggish papers, giving the newly invented morsel his name, bequeathed it to his country as one of the most important acts of his administration.—Washington Times.

**General Surprise.**  
Bestie—I was surprised when Mr. Dealeigh asked me to marry him.  
Tessie—Everybody else was.—Ohio State Journal.

## FIVE MINUTE SERMON.

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE GOSPEL BY A REVEREND FATHER.

### THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.

In to-day's Gospel the lesson taught was when at a wedding Jesus took occasion to manifest His divine power by which those present were led to recognize in Him the expected Messiah. Besides, He prepared a condemnation to those heretics who taught that matrimony was the work of the devil. And He wished to teach us that we should not refuse to contribute, when we are able, to the innocent enjoyment of our friends, for in this way the bond of peace and Christian friendship is preserved.

St. Bernard tells us Mary is truly the Mother of mercy. She foresaw and felt the shame and confusion of the poor husband and wife when the wine would give out long before the feast was over. In her goodness, tenderness and charity she begged Jesus to provide it and relieve them from humiliation by a miracle. Oh, if all Christians had equal solicitude to spare their neighbors shame and confusion! But too frequently the confusion of others is a triumph and a joy to many egotists who are always talking about charity without knowing what it is.

Up to this time says St. John Chrysostom, only the Blessed Virgin had noticed the failure of the wine, and if He immediately worked the miracle requested of Him, she alone and no others would have known and attested it. It was not yet time for such a great work. It was necessary to wait till all were aware that the wine had given out, so that all would be witnesses of the miracle and recognize the omnipotence and divinity of Jesus Christ. It was perhaps for this same reason that Mary said to the servants: Do whatsoever He commands you.

Jesus could have produced the wine in some other manner but it pleased Him, says St. Chrysostom, to make use of the work of the servants that they might see the prodigy wrought and testify to the truth of the miracle by which the divinity of our Redeemer was made manifest.

Jesus Christ by this miracle prepared the way for that still greater miracle which He was to work in the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament, by showing that He was able to convert insipid water into generous wine He could also convert bread and wine into His own body and blood. He wished to teach us that as water serves in the order of nature to purify the body, so His precious blood, symbolized by the wine, sanctifies the soul in the order of grace.

### COOK OPERA HOUSE.

The Cook Opera House will offer to its patrons next week a judiciously varied vaudeville bill. One of the prominent features will be the Nelson family, a troupe of wonderful acrobats and gymnasts. The three Dumonds offer a musical turn so meritorious and enjoyable that in Detroit at the Temple Theatre the orchestra stood up and applauded one of the performers. Mr. and Mrs. Robyns two of the best known performers in vaudeville, will give two sketches, "The Counsel for Defense" the first three days and "The Morning After" the last half of the week. Genaro and Bailey are in a sketch that makes barrels of laughter. Dave Genaro does some wonderful acrobatic work and dancing, while Miss Bailey has a rich contralto voice, as deep as an English basement. John Healy is a monologist. Dorothy Neville, R. Pierce and Egbert and Amelia Stone fill out the bill.

How do you spend your afternoons? Matinee theatre patron parties at the Cook Opera House are daily becoming more and more popular. Why should you not give one? A matinee is given at the Cook every day in the year except on the Sabbath.

### BAKER THEATRE.

"The Night Before Christmas," comes to the Baker Theatre for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and including the usual matinees on Tuesday and Wednesday. It has been said of this pretty production that "no man or woman can see it without being made better for it." A fine company and immense amount of beautiful scenery is announced and the management of the Baker Theatre is confident that patrons of this popular play will unanimously endorse the favorable verdict from "The Night Before Christmas."

For the last three days of next week the Baker Theatre will offer as its attraction "The Country Fair" which tells a simple story of New England home life. Mr. Neil Burgess, who has made the character of the New England Spinster in the "Country Fair" one of the continental renown will appear personally.

We keep a supply of A. O. H. and A. O. H. Auxiliary blanks. Call and get our prices. They are as low as any. All kinds of printing done at reasonable rates. THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL office is at 324 1/2 Main Street East. Telephone 2853.

## Correspondence.

OUR AGENT, Mr. A. Herman will visit subscribers in Auburn, N. Y., next week.

### MANCHESTER.

The Branch 194, C. M. B. A. held their election of officers at the residence of Mr. William Delaunty, Shortsville. The following officers were elected:— Pres. Frank O'Brien; 1st vice pres. Mr. James McLoughlin; 2nd vice pres. Mr. Thomas Burke; treas. Mr. John McEehan; marshal, Mr. Daniel Gylfoll; trustees, Messrs John McNally and Timothy Daler. A banquet was enjoyed after the meeting, all enjoyed a very pleasant time.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Harrigan entertained about forty of their friends at their home on State Street, Thursday evening, Jan. 9th. Cards were indulged in. Mr. Edward Murray and Miss Jennie Cummings were the winners of the booby prize, while Mrs. John Downey and Mr. Thomas O'Brien, triumphantly carried off the first prize. Dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. O'Harrigan. All report a very pleasant evening.

**LYONS.**  
Miss Margaret Murphy pleasantly entertained a number of her friends last Thursday evening, at her home, on Pearl St.

**LIMA.**  
The contest for the gold scarf pin by the altar boys closed on last Friday evening. Henry Cummings won the pin, having over two hundred votes, Willie Carroll came next and George Riley third.

The funeral of Roderick Malone, who died in Rochester, was held on Monday, 13th inst. The body came on the Lehigh road and was met at the station by many friends who showed by their presence a last act of respect. Interment in St. Rose's cemetery in the family lot. Mr. Malone was for many years a resident of this place.

**OVING.**  
The funeral of Mrs. Geo. Crafts, who died in her home in MacDougall, on Sunday last, was held from the church of the Holy Cross, in this village, on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Thomas Keedy, of Rochester, has leased the Seneca House, now occupied by Dennis Loughlin, and will take possession of the same, March 1st.

Mrs. Margaret Rafferty of Poughkeepsie, and little son, of Auburn, have been visiting relatives in town. They left Monday for Auburn, where Mrs. Rafferty will spend a week with her son who attends school in that place.

Quite a number received Holy Communion at early mass last Sunday.

Little Marie Woods visited her aunt Miss Mary Farrell, in Lodi the first of the week.

Through the kindness of Father Hendricks, the Sunday school children will enjoy a sleigh ride some day next week.

Thomas E. Quenan, of Penn Yan, at present employed at Willard State Hospital, has leased the Ovid laundry, and will open the same in about two weeks. Mr. Quenan is a Catholic young man and deserves the patronage of the community.

About 900 tons of ice have already been harvested from state ponds west of this village.

County Clerk Savage was in Waterloo on business, Tuesday.

Father Hendrick will give a lecture on "Samuel J. Tilden" before Hayt's Corners School, next Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Sloan are the happy parents of a baby boy, which came to their home on Monday last week.

F. E. Fitzpatrick of Geneva, was in town Sunday.

### WEEKLY OBITUARY CALENDAR.

Sunday—January 19—Gospel, St. John ii, 1-11—Feast of the Holy Name.  
Monday 20—St. Fabian and Sebastian, martyrs.  
Tuesday 21—St. Agnes, virgin and martyr  
Wednesday 22—St. Vincent and Anastasius, martyrs.  
Thursday 23—St. Emerentia, virgin and martyr.  
Friday 24—St. Timothy, bishop and martyr.  
Saturday 25—Conversion of St. Paul.

At a special meeting of Hieronymo Council 161, of the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion, held to take action on the death of Father Leary, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, has been pleased to call to His eternal reward our beloved friend and former pastor and spiritual adviser, whom we all loved so tenderly and whose death we deeply mourn, be it resolved

That our members have a High Mass of Requiem offered for the repose of his soul and also that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and published in the Catholic Journal. Signed Kate Lennon, Pres.; Mary Roche, Sec.; Favorite H. Van Epps, Coll.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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## FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Busy Clergyman. 3

Clarksville, Tex., Feb. 23, '92.  
Irregularity of meals, exposure to the sun and attending to a mission containing 25 stations for four years, reduced my general system and made me a sufferer from nervous prostration and general debility. For four months I slept badly and nothing did my nervous system any good save I got Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. I have given it to others and it did them good. No man or woman who suffers from nervousness should fail to use this Tonic. Rev. J. E. Lehara.

Rev. Jas. M. Dunning of Marquette, Iowa, writes: I have recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to many people here, and all have been greatly benefited. This Tonic has done much good here and is growing in popularity.

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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**—Pursuant to an order of Hon. Geo. A. Benton, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law to all persons having claims or demands against Ellen White, late of the City of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers therefor, to the undersigned, Joseph A. Erdle, at his place for the transaction of business as such executor at 256 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 12th day of July, 1902. Dated, January 8th, 1902. Joseph A. Erdle, Executor.

MURPHY, KEENAN & KEENAN Attorneys for Executors 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 6m July 5

## COOK OPERA HOUSE

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## THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS

NOTE.—COMMENCING WITH JANUARY, 1902, THIS POPULAR PUBLICATION WILL BE ENLARGED TO THE SIZE OF PAGE OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE. IT WILL CONTAIN 24 PAGES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED AND FILLED WITH VALUABLE INFORMATION REGARDING TRAVEL, THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES, OUR GROWING COMMERCE AND THE INCREASING ATTRACTIVENESS OF AMERICA'S HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS.

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WALKED TO HIM OVER THE FENCE.

field. Then Uncle Billy was kicked in the breast by a horse, and the hired man and the country doctor and a tin peddler scattered the news abroad that he would never live to see another sunrise. The neighbors quickly gathered, and one look at the victim satisfied them that his hours were numbered.

"Yes, the sorrel horse kicked me with both feet to once," whispered the victim, "and all the doctors in the state couldn't save me. You'll get that money in time to begin building the meeting house this fall, and by spring it will be all ready. I hope you'll see to that front door open easily, and don't have too many steps to climb. If I ever wronged any of you, I hope you'll forgive me."

One after another the men and women came and went with serious faces, no matter what they thought as they walked homeward they did not let the comfort they hoped to receive in the meeting house. All were anxious to hear the news.

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