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THE POPE'S LETTER

(Continued from Last Week.)

We do not indeed, hereby pretend to affirm that from the beginning there was a set purpose of destroying the principle of Christianity in the heart of society; but by refusing, on the one hand, to acknowledge the supremacy of the Holy See, the effective cause and bond of unity, and by proclaiming, on the other, the principle of private judgment, the divine structure of faith was shaken to its deepest foundations and the way was opened to infinite variations, to doubts and denials of the most important things, to an extent which the innovators themselves had not foreseen. The way was opened. Then came the contemptuous and mocking philosophy of the eighteenth century, which advanced farther. It turned to ridicule the sacred canon of the Scriptures and rejected the entire system of revealed truths, with the purpose of being able ultimately to root out from the conscience of the people all religious belief and stifling within it the last breath of the spirit of Christianity. It is from this source that has flowed rationalism, pantheism, naturalism and materialism - poisonous and destructive systems which, under different appearances, renew the ancient errors triumphantly refuted by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, so that the pride of modern times, by excessive confidence in its own lights, was stricken with blindness, and like paganism, substituted therefor on the attributes of the human soul and the immortal destinies which constitute our glorious heritage.

The struggle against the Church thus took on a more serious character than in the past, no less because of the vehemence of the assault than because of its universality. Contemporary unbelief does not confine itself to denying or doubting articles of faith. What it combats is the whole body of principles which sacred revelation and sound philosophy maintain, those fundamental and holy principles, which teach man the supreme object of his earthly life, which keep him in the performance of his duty, which inspire his heart with courage and resignation and which in promising him incorruptible justice and perfect happiness beyond the tomb, enable him to subject time to eternity, earth to heaven. But what takes the place of these principles, which form the incomparable strength bestowed by faith? A frightful scepticism which shatters the heart and stifles in the conscience every magnanimous aspiration.

This system of practical atheism must necessarily cause, as in point of fact it does, a profound disorder in the domain of morals for as the greatest philosophers of antiquity have declared, religion is the chief foundation of justice and virtue. When the bonds are broken which unite man to God, Who is the Sovereign Legislator and Universal Judge, a mere phantom of morality remains, a morality which is purely civic and, as it is termed independent, which, abstracting from the Eternal Mind and the laws of God, descends inevitably till it reaches the ultimate conclusion of making man a law unto himself. Incapable, in consequence, of rising on the wings of Christian hope to the goods of the world beyond, man will seek a material satisfaction in the comforts and enjoyments of life. There will be excited in him a thirst for pleasure, a desire of riches and an eager quest of rapid and unlimited wealth, even at the cost of justice. There will be kindled in him every ambition and a feverish and frenzied desire to gratify them even in defiance of law and he will be swayed by a contempt for right and for public authority, as well as by licentiousness of life which, when the condition becomes general, will mark the real decay of society.

Perhaps We may be accused of exaggerating the sad consequences of the disorders of which We speak. No; for the reality is before our eyes and warrants but too truly our forebodings. It is manifest that if there is not some betterment soon, the basis of society will crumble and drag down with them the great and eternal principles of law and morality.

It is in consequence of this condition of things that the social body, beginning with the family, is suffering such serious evils. For the lay State, forgetting its limitations and the essential object of the authority which it wields, has laid its hands on the marriage bond to profane it and has stripped it of its religious character; it has dared as much as it could in the matter of that natural right which parents possess to educate their children, and in many countries it has destroyed the stability of marriage by giving a legal sanction to the licentious institution of divorce. All know the result of these attacks. More than words can tell they have multiplied marriages which are prompted only by shameful passions, which are speedily dissolved and which, at times, bring about bloody tragedies, at others the most shocking infidelities. We say nothing of the innocent offspring of these unions, the children who are abandoned or whose morals are corrupted on one side by the bad example of the parents, on the other by the poison which the official lay State constantly pours into their hearts.

Along with the family, the political and social order is also endangered by doctrines which ascribe a false origin to authority, and which have corrupted the genuine conception of government. For if sovereign authority is derived formally from the consent of the people and not from God who is the supreme and Eternal Principle of all power, it loses in the eyes of the governed its most august character and degenerates into an arbitrary sovereignty which rests on unstable and shifting bases, namely the will of those from whom it is said to be derived. Do we not see the

consequences of this error in the carrying out of our laws? Too often these laws instead of being sound reason formulated in writing are but the expression of the power of the greater number and the will of the predominant political party. It is thus that the mob is cajoled in seeking to satisfy its desires; that a loose rein is given to popular passion, even when it disturbs the laboriously acquired tranquility of the State, when the disorder in the last extremity can only be quelled by violent measures and the shedding of blood.

Consequent upon the repudiation of those Christian principles which had contributed so efficaciously to unite the nations in the bonds of brotherhood, and to bring all humanity into one great family, there has arisen little by little in the international order, a system of jealous egotism, in consequence of which the nations now watch each other, if not with hate, at least with the suspicion of rivals. Hence in their great undertakings they lose sight of the holy principles of morality and justice and forget the protection which the feeble and the oppressed have a right to demand. In the desire by which they are actuated to increase their national riches, they regard only the opportunity which circumstances afford, the advantages of successful enterprises, and the tempting bait of an accomplished fact, sure that no one will trouble them in the name of right or the respect which right can claim. Such are the fatal principles which have consecrated material power as the supreme law of the world and to them is to be imputed the limitless increase of military establishments, and that armed peace, which, in many respects, is equivalent to a disastrous war.

This lamentable confusion in the realm of ideas has produced restlessness among the people, outbreaks and the general spirit of rebellion. From these have sprung the frequent popular agitations and disorders of our times which are only the prelude of much more terrible disorders in the future. The miserable condition also of a large part of the poorer classes who assuredly merit our assistance furnishes an admirable opportunity for the designs of scheming agitators and especially of socialist factions which hold out to the human mind the most extravagant promises and use them to carry out the most dreadful projects.

Those who start on a dangerous ascent are soon hurled down in spite of themselves into the abyss. Prompted by an inexorable logic a society of veritable criminals has been organized, which at its very first appearance, has by its savage character, startled the world. Thanks to the solidarity of its construction and its international ramifications it has already attempted its wicked work for it stands in fear of nothing and recoils before no danger. Repudiating all union with society and cynically scoffing at law, religion and morality, its adepts have adopted the name of Anarchists and propose to utterly subvert the actual conditions of society by making use of every means that a blind and savage passion can suggest. And as society draws its unity and its life from the authority which governs it, so it is against authority that anarchism directs its efforts. Who does not feel a thrill of horror, indignation and pity at the remembrance of the many victims that of late have fallen beneath its blows, emperors, empresses, kings, presidents of powerful republics, whose only crime was the sovereign power with which they were invested?

In presence of the immensity of the evils which overwhelm society and the perils which menace it. Our duty compels us to again warn all men of good will, especially those who occupy exalted positions, and to conjure them as we now do, to devise what remedies the situation calls for and with prudent energy to apply them without delay.

First of all, it behooves them to inquire what remedies are needed and to examine well their potency in the present needs. We have extolled liberty and its advantages to the skies, and have proclaimed it as a sovereign remedy and an incomparable instrument of peace and prosperity which will be most fruitful in good results. But facts have clearly shown us that it does not possess the power which is attributed to it. Economic conditions, struggles of the classes are surging around us like a conflagration on all sides, and there is no promise of the dawn of the day of public tranquility. In point of fact, and there is no one who does not see it, liberty as it is now understood, that is to say, a liberty granted indiscriminately to truth and to error, to good and to evil, ends only in destroying all that is noble, generous and holy, and in opening the gates still wider to crime, to suicide and to a multitude of the most degrading passions.

The doctrine is also taught that the development of public instruction, by making the people more polished and more enlightened, would suffice as a check to unhealthy tendencies and to keep man in the ways of uprightness and probity. But a hard reality has made us feel every day more and more how little avail is instruction without religion and morality. As a necessary consequence of inexperience and of the promptings of bad passion, and of the promptings of the day, it absorbs all the errors which an unbridled press does not hesitate to sow broadcast and which depraves the mind and the will of youth and foments in them that spirit of pride and insubordination which so often troubles the peace of families and cities.

So also was confidence reposed in the progress of science. Indeed the century which has just closed has witnessed progress that was great, unexpected, stupendous.

THE OUTDOOR CHURCH. I

The carved pillars of the trees. The flowered mosaic of the grass, The green transparent traceries Of leaf on leaf that lightly lies And lightly move when breezes pass. The anthem of the waterfall, My chorister the blackbird's lay, And mingling with, suffusing all, Borne by the wind and still let fall, The incense of the new mown hay. This is my church, my altar there: Here earth the kindly mother kneels, Her mighty hand outspread in prayer, While o'er her brow the sunny air, A south wind full of blessing steals. She wraps me in the mantle fold, I kneel and pray beside her there As children do whom mothers hold, And living air, and sunlight-gold, And wood and meadow pray with me. --The Spectator.

OLD BATTERSBY'S FORTUNE

High street of Moxford was interested this June day in the funeral of old Carmel Battersby. He had kept the curiosity shop for about 50 years. The old spinning wheels sparrow legged chairs, carved oak bureaus, china of all sorts, war medals, watches, coins, etc., would no doubt now go to the hammer. Moxford would miss the attractive window of No. 59 almost as much as the quaint form of its owner. Peter Battersby and Mrs. Peter were early on the scene, in decent black. They had extremely comfortable expectations. To be sure, for the last 10 years they had not interchanged many words with the late Carmel, who was Peter's only brother; but as Mrs. Peter remarked, when the news of her brother-in-law's death arrived, "he couldn't for shame leave his money to anyone else."

Young Walter Battersby, Mr. and Mrs. Peter's only son, did not conceal his joy in his uncle's demise. He told his boon companions at the Hen and Chickens that he was in for a good thing. "Nor were the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Peter without discreet maidenly elation. Their uncle, while he lived, was such a figure that they never cared to look at him. Besides, he hadn't a very civil tongue, liked to be caustic about their high-heeled shoes and extensive bonnets and hats, and to be very rude with his inquiries why three Mr. Rights did not press for in honor of their small gloved hands."

Of course, there was his little servant girl, Joan Smith. But she was only a "workhouse hussy," to borrow Mrs. Peter's elegant expression. With his usual eccentricity, old Carmel had taken a girl from the Moxford union after the death of his elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Roberts. Joan was that servant, and she had served him truly for the last six years, being now but 22. Save for Seth Perry, who worked for the Moxford tin plate company, she had no one else to care for. Mr. and Mrs. Peter found No. 59 nicely prepared for the funeral. There was also a rather clumsy wreath of wild hyacinths and buttercups on the coffin.

"The idea of such a thing as that!" exclaimed Mrs. Peter, touching the wreath with the top of her parasol. Joan was near at the time. She burst into tears at these words. "Please, ma'am," she said, "I should so like it to go with him. I picked them all myself. It shall do nothing of the kind, then, and your place is in the kitchen, not in the parlor," retorted Mrs. Peter. Mr. Cameron was the Moxford lawyer who had charge of the old curiosity man's affairs. Two or three others now arrived, including the lawyer, Mr. Hurst, the Methodist New Connection minister, and old Craven, the silversmith. Joan viewed the start from the back entry with tearful eyes. She was periodically convulsed with sobs.

Even the soothing voice of Seth Perry who had come upon her unawares, had no effect on her at first. "Never your mind, lass," said Seth, "things'll all come out right." He took her in his arms in the passage, up which so many antique articles had traveled during the last half century, and kissed her wet cheeks. "And now I must get back to work," he said.

It was a hot day even for June, and when the funeral party re-entered the house, Mrs. Peter's face was extremely red. Here they were met by Walter Battersby and the three girls. This was Mrs. Peter's arrangement. "The more witnesses there are the safer it'll be," she had said, alluding, of course, to the reading of her brother-in-law's will. "Besides," she added, "they may hear something nice for themselves." Joan continued alone in the kitchen. The tramp of strange feet in the room over her did but make fresh tears well up from the bountiful source within her.

The lawyer did not keep them waiting. He smiled rather dryly, took a glass of sherry, and drew forth the paper from its official blue envelope. Never was there in Mrs. Peter Battersby's opinion a more horrid and disagreeable last will and testament. Certainly, her husband was to receive a fourth part of the proceeds of the sale of the deceased's goods; but what was a mere fourth? The other three-fourths were left - of all things - to the Moxford union, "to help them train up more girls like Joan Smith." Those were the very words which Peter the three largest mirrors in the establishment of No. 59 was bequeathed, without comment. Mr. Walter Battersby was not even mentioned; not was Mrs. Peter.

Mr. Cameron received £100, and so did the deceased's old friend, Mr. Craven. Lastly, Joan was mentioned. She was to have a year's wages, all the furniture of her bedroom, and the large scrap book for which she had so often piled scissors and paste, and which contained curious items of newspaper intelligence during the last thirty years. "One moment, sir," interposed Mrs. Peter, to whom his wife had whispered much. "What's become of all his money in the bank? He must have had thousands." "The balance to his credit on May

31," answered Mr. Cameron, referring to a note, "was just \$27.19. After the funeral expenses are paid -" "What's he done with it?" cried Mrs. Peter, redder of face than ever. "I cannot tell you, madam. Good morning," said the lawyer, who then wisely left them to fight the matter out among themselves. But before he went, he, with his own hands, carried to Joan in her kitchen, the unwieldy old scrap book, and told her that it was her property, as well as the furniture of her room.

Mrs. Peter, before she departed, thought well to trespass in the kitchen, and say some cruel things to Joan. Mrs. Peter Battersby did something else before she left No. 59. Together with her disappointed son and darling, Walter, she climbed the stairs to Joan's little attic, and took a hammer with her.

Mrs. Peter studiously searched Joan's attic from wall to wall. She turned out the girl's one tin box, looked in the drawer of the washstand, ripped up the pallasse outrageously and threw the straw all about it, and treated the bolster with equal brutality. There was also a handsome old oak wardrobe that would have graced even a royal bedchamber. This was for Joan's three or four poor frocks. It was quite laughable to see how mother and son tapped and probed this antique piece of furniture. They even knocked off the head of a lion in relief at the top of it, to see if there was a secret cavity behind the head. But the wardrobe taught them no more than the pallasse and the bolster.

The sun was still well above the cemetery hill when Seth called at No. 59, in his workaday grime and his workaday grease. "Art ready, my lass?" he inquired of Joan. Old Mrs. Perry had in her younger days been a servant herself. She had a woman's sympathy for Joan, and discernment enough to know that her son might do far worse than marry such a girl. "The money and the furniture'll be useful enough to you, child," said old Mrs. Perry, "but the idea of leaving you a thing like that!" pointing to the scrap book.

"I used to be fond of it," stammered Joan. "The times we've sat together, him pasting and me cutting what he'd marked!" She rose and lifted the big book on the table and untied its strings, and opened it. "Why, what's this?" exclaimed Seth as a bank note for \$500 appeared. Joan turned pale as she took it up. It was indorsed on the back. "Pay to Joan Smith and no one else." Ernie had finished looking through the book they found twenty-one of exactly the same kind. "They are certainly yours, my girl," said Mr. Cameron, when Joan called on him in the morning, "and I shall have great pleasure in telling Mrs. Peter Battersby what has become of the money to her brother-in-law's credit at the bank." - Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Queen of Greece. The Queen of Greece is looked upon as a mother. Her tastes are simple, and her disposition most kindly. She has never got over her own great sorrow the death of her eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Paul, whose departure from Athens to be married was more like a funeral than a nuptial procession. Next morning she told her dam to the queen, who laughed, but believed her, as her blistered face showed.

The Cigars. "You are discovered," remarked Columbus, coming ashore. "Yes," rejoined the natives, coldly. The intrepid navigator paused in evident embarrassment. "Don't you think you ought to set up the cigars?" he asked, finally. The untutored savages made no reply at the time, but subsequent events went to show that the force of the suggestion was not lost upon them.

His Mother Knew. The Duke of Leeds, when he was in Parliament as the Marquis of Carmarthen, was the youngest member in the Commons and the youngest-looking, until he grew a beard. It is told of him that on the day of his election some one asked him, "Say, boy, does your mother know you're out?" "Yes," promptly replied the youthful politician, "and when the votes are counted to-night, she will know I am in."

Misunderstood. "You," exclaimed Sir Walter Raleigh, tenderly, "are my jewel!" Queen Elizabeth smiled happily as she smoothed out a few feet of her neck ruffling. "That is to say," added the knight, "you are my jewel in the ruff." It must be remembered, however, that it was rather the unholy laughter of the courtiers that was responsible for the favorite's disgrace.

She Knew. "What did Noah live on when the flood subsided and his provisions were exhausted?" asked a Sunday School teacher of her class. "I know," squeaked a little girl, after the others had given up. "Well, what?" inquired the teacher. "Dry land."

Detestable Trickery. "How did they stop the elopement?" asked Maud. "By a detestable piece of trickery," replied Mamma. "Her father put his head out of the window, and shouted that her hat was on crooked, and when she grabbed for it she upset the tandem."