

Correspondence

OUR AGENT.

Mr. A. Herman will visit subscribers in Auburn next week.

CANANDAIGUA.

The Misses Dougherty and Miss Maloney, of Danville, are spending the week at Cook's Point on Canandaigua Lake.

The Holy Name Society will meet next Sunday.

Thos. H. O'Brien's band realized \$62.05 from their entertainment and ball.

Miss Nora Doyle and Miss Mary McKenna of Rome spent Sunday with the Misses O'Neill, Main St.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Canaan, of Elmira, were the guests of Miss Anna Dugan on Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Smith is ill at her home on Bristol St.

WATERLOO.

It is stated that the Rev. Father Wm. H. Harrington has purchased the Harmon property adjoining St. Mary's church, which will be the home of the Sisters of St. Joseph Convent, of the parochial school, when completed.

The purchase of this property is a pretty certain indication of the intention to build a parochial school. The congregation of St. Mary's is proverbial for its generosity and when the time comes liberal contributions will be forthcoming for this enterprise.

The marriage of Michael Dolan and Miss Jennie Redmond was celebrated at St. Mary's church Tuesday morning. Rev. Father Harrington officiating.

DANVILLE.

Mr. John Sullivan, of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, has been the guest of Rev. M. Krieschel for the past week.

The Rosary, Scapular and Altar society, of St. Patrick's church had a picnic at the Glen Tuesday.

Rev. W. T. Dunn has gone to the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven. His brother, Mr. Edward J. Dunn, of Elmira, accompanied him.

Rev. I. I. McIntee, of St. Joseph's church, Toronto, is a guest at the Jackson Sanatorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blum, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Blum and Mrs. Daniel Blum and a party of young lady relatives spent Sunday at Ligon Lake.

Mr. John Blum has returned from a visit to his son Anthony in Boston.

Mrs. Mary J. Mannin returned from her winter's sojourn at Wellboro, Pa. and has gone to Cooness Lake.

Miss Mary O'Meara, of Niagara Falls, is visiting her aunts, M. D. Foley and Mrs. F. A. Buxton.

Rev. Father Dunn has issued handsome confirmation and pledge cards for the last class in St. Patrick's parish confirmed. He has also ready for distribution leaflets containing the standing of pupils of the school at the June examinations.

SHORTSVILLE.

Miss Minnie McIntyre, of Geneva, is visiting friends here.

Misses Margaret and Anna Dunn have returned home after a week's visit with friends at Lyons.

The Altar and Rosary Society will hold a meeting to-morrow (Sunday) after mass.

Mrs. Bavis, of Palmyra, is the guest of her daughter Mrs. D. Shaw.

Mr. Thos. Kearns, of Sheron, Pa., is spending a two weeks vacation with his aunt, Mrs. John Henry.

Miss Kate Farrell, of Rochester, is the guest of her sister.

SENECA FALLS.

A large number of people attended Rev. Father Joseph Hendrick's silver jubilee at Ovid, Wednesday. Ad Multos Annos.

Rev. P. C. Gilmore, of Buffalo, was in town recently visiting friends.

St. Patrick's church society will hold a lawn festival on Friday evening, August 18th at Mrs. Owen Smith's, on East Bayard St.

A new hot water furnace is being placed in St. Patrick's school.

The Rev. Daniel Curran, of Indianapolis, a former resident of Seneca Falls, was in town last week visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Anna Norton has been visiting friends in Auburn.

Miss Nora O'Neill, of Buffalo, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Casey.

Miss Ida Doran, of Rochester, is visiting at her home on Toledo street.

Misses Libbie Gregory and Margaret McGuire left last week for a two month's visit with relatives in Providence, R. I.

Miss Mary A. Flanagan is visiting friends in Saltville, Va.

Miss Mary E. Rogers, of Rochester, is visiting friends in town.

Seneca Falls is to have a new fire alarm system.

It is stated by good authority that the Lehigh Valley R. R. will complete its road through to Syracuse.

Miss Mae B. Norton is visiting with friends in Clarkson.

A severe rain storm visited this place Sunday doing much damage.

Word was received here Sunday announcing the death of Mrs. Mary Coleman, of Hammonds, N. Y. She is survived by two sons and one daughter, also by three sisters of this place, Mrs. Alice Calkins, Mrs. John McKoon and Mrs. Felix McKoon. The funeral was held Thursday from the Catholic church at Dundee.



Suffered from Sleepless Nights. I had been suffering from sleepless nights, but after taking only a few doses of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I was able to sleep well, and if I learn of anyone needing a nerve tonic I shall recommend it.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. For patients also get the medicine free.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 47 S. Franklin Street.

Remember the lawn party next Friday evening.

The Rev. Father Harrington, of Waterloo, was in town Tuesday.

Rev. Michael U. Dwyer was at Ovid Wednesday attending Father Hendrick's silver jubilee.

NEWARK. The Blessed Virgin's band held a social dancing party in Ellithorpe hall Tuesday, Aug. 5th, for the benefit of the new church.

Mr. James Downs is spending his vacation in St. Marys, Ohio.

Mrs. Magee, of Buffalo, and Miss Julia McTurn, of Rochester, are visiting at S. L. McAnuleys.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Heffron are spending a few weeks at Solus Point.

Miss Addie O'Brien, who went to St. Mary's hospital a week ago, to undergo an operation, is getting along nicely.

Miss Wignifred Farrell, of Buffalo, has been visiting her sisters in town.

LIMA. The annual school meeting of District No. 9 was held in Town Hall, Aug. 5th.

The whole number of votes cast were thirty-seven of which James T. Gordon received eighteen for trustee.

Patrick Guinan was elected clerk. One thousand dollars was voted for teachers wages besides a large contingent fund.

An appeal was sent to Albany to the educational department last April signed by Rev. A. R. Bates, presbyterian minister here, Rev. H. A. Crane, Methodist minister and two other citizens, who afterwards withdrew their names from appeal.

This paper asked for a retention of public money from teachers wearing a religious garb and addressed by their pupils as Sister. This blow was aimed at our parish school taught by three Sisters of St. Joseph's Order, two of whom have been paid from public funds for twenty-seven years.

This move will throw our fine new school into disuse, finished only a few years ago and completed in all its appointments, or compel us to maintain a parochial school or the other alternative build a union school for all. Much ill feeling is brought about through the disturbance of the old system which was satisfactory to all. No cause but religious bigotry.

AVON. Miss Alice Greene is the guest of Miss Maude Griffin, of Danville.

Miss Kittie Aspenleiter, of Rochester, is visiting at the home of her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, of East Avon.

Sunday occurred the funeral of Mr. Fred Burgett, one of Avon's popular young men, whose remains were brought here from Colorado Saturday.

Several weeks ago Fred's health began to fail and his parents sent him to Denver hoping that the change would prove beneficial, but as the time passed his friends showed that the improvement was not for the best so he decided to return home, but he was never again to see the ones to whom he was so dear as he slowly began to fail with the dread disease consumption until death finally released him of his sufferings, which was a sad loss to his parents, sister Ella, and brothers, Thomas, Frank, John and Edward who survive.

He was a general favorite with all his friends and a brilliant scholar with a bright future. He was president of the class of 1900, of the A. H. S., a great athlete having won renowned fame as a football and baseball player and a famous writer of orations having won several prizes in the contests held in this village.

The floral tributes were many and beautiful among them was a cross from the class of 1900 of the A. H. S., a wreath from the boys and a pillow from the members of the A. H. S.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rogers and daughter Lulu, are guests at the home of her father Mr. Wm. Carroll.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Wallace, of Cattaraugus, have been visiting at the home of her father, Mr. John Connors, who is seriously ill.

Miss Lena Schantz is visiting friends in Ellenville, N. Y., for a few weeks.

GENEVA. Miss Mary McNeerney of Union Springs formerly of Geneva, is spending her vacation in town calling on her numerous friends.

Geneva's were pained on Tuesday to learn of the death of Mrs. Byron Moylan of Elmira, formerly Miss Sweeney of this city. Her death was entirely unexpected, and was a great shock to all. She was a woman highly esteemed and respected by all who had the pleasure of knowing her. She leaves a husband and two sons, James and William Moylan, to mourn the loss of a kind and loving wife and mother. She is also survived by three sisters, Mrs. Richard McHale and Miss Sarah Sweeney, of this city, and Mrs. William Crowe of Phelps, and two brothers, James Sweeney, of this city, and John Sweeney of Philadelphia. The remains arrived in Geneva on Wednesday and the funeral was held from St. Francis de Sales church on Friday at 3 o'clock. Interment was made in St. Patrick's cemetery.

Ground is being broken for the handsome new residence of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Mulcahy on North Main street and work will commence on its erection immediately.

Mr. Timothy Nilan, who was so seriously injured at the Canal street fire on Tuesday last is somewhat improved, and his many friends are anxious for his recovery.

Mess Anna Schutt, of Corning and Miss McHowan, of Penn Yan are guests of relatives and friends in town.

Wednesday morning at 9:30 o'clock, occurred one of the most beautiful wedding which has taken place in St. Francis de Sales church in some time, when Miss Louise G. Biseop, eldest daughter of Francis A. Bishop of the American Express company, was united in marriage to William Quinn. The bride couple entered the church to the strains of Loehengrin's wedding march played by Prof. Heuter, and proceeded to the altar where the nuptial mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. William A. McDonald, Peter Fran acted as bestman and Miss Sarah Quinn, sister of the groom as bridesmaid. The bride was beautifully attired in a gown of white mouline de soie, trimmed with lace and ribbon and carried a bouquet of carnations. The bridesmaid was also attired in white Swiss tulle and carried a bouquet. After the ceremony the happy young couple proceeded to the home of the groom's parents on Lake street where an elaborate wedding breakfast was served. They left in the evening for an extended western tour including Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Cleveland and other points west after which they will reside in Geneva in a beautiful home erected by the groom on Lake street. Mr. and Mrs. Quinn were the recipients of many beautiful and useful gifts from their numerous friends. The young couple are well and favorably known in Geneva the bride being one of Geneva's most prominent and highly respected young ladies, and the groom is one of Geneva's prominent young business men.

REWARD. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreadful disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces, by the system, thereby destroying the foundations of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and restoring nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Spring Suits. Assemblyman Gardiner of 232 State street, has one of the most complete stocks of cloths for the spring trade in the city. All the new shades in Scotch and English suiting and the new weaves for spring overcoatings are on his counters. Mr. Chris. Kerrigan who has charge of the cutting is turning out work that gives complete satisfaction. The prices are the lowest in the city for the class of work.

For 39 Cents. You can secure an elegant cloth bound, handsomely illustrated book, memorial edition, containing the "Life and Distinguished Services of the late President McKinley"; his assassination and burial, and a sketch of the life of President Theodore Roosevelt. We have only a few left and if you want one you will have to secure it at once as no more will be sold at this extremely low price.

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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 Thomas Hennessey 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 as executor at his place for the transaction of business as such No. 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of January, 1903. Dated, July 10th, 1902.

John C. King, Executor. Thomas Hennessey decd. MURPHY, KEENE & KEENE, Attorneys for Executor 226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 6th January 1903.

CLEVELAND AND... BUFFALO... "WHILE YOU SLEEP" UNPARALLELED NIGHT SERVICE. NEW STEAMERS "CITY OF BUFFALO" AND "CITY OF ERIE"

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A BALLADE OF LOST GIRLS.

There are Gladys and Mae and Lenore And Katharyn (Kathlyn, of late). But what under heaven's blue floor Is the name of the names out of date?

There may be a Mattie or Mabel— But these one regards with disdain— What has become of brave Kate? And where in the wide world is Jane?

At the tea parties Melitas "pour" And finger the teapots and plate, You meet Melissas all the score; With Maries you go out to skate; In vain do you linger and wait— For a girl with a name short and plain, Where is Lily or Rose the sedate— And where in the wide world is Jane?

Yessit Smith! O, let me implore Will Guinevere Boggs be my fate? Or Thais, Maizie or Honore— Some unpronounceable wife for a mate? There are Ellyze, Fanchon and Nonnette And Zoe and Fantine and Elaine— And where in the wide world is Jane?

Princess! In this tete-a-tete You'll like to refuse to explain— But where the (pardon me) dickens is Kate— And where in the wide world is Jane?

Have Cora and Nell quit the state? And where in the wide world is Jane? —Chicago Record.

LOSE OR WIN.

The Rajah was extremely Western in his ideas. On the occasion, therefore, of the keeping of his birthday the Rajah wished for some entertainment which should forcibly demonstrate his Western predilections and win favor from the ruling social power.

He applied to the resident and the conference ended in an invitation to every regiment in the district to send to the great race meeting a champion horse and a champion jockey to compete for the Rajah's gold cup, which should become the property of the regiment, the gentleman jockey receiving the valuable money stakes, and the good horse the reward of virtue.

For a whole week the hall of pleasure was to be kept ceaselessly rolling, but the central point of interest was the great race, fixed for the Thursday afternoon.

"They say Daylight's chance is not worth a rush now that poor Vesey is sick. There's not another in the regiment knows how to handle him."

"Sorry for the Blazers they made so sure of it. Graceless is the horse for me; with 'crazy' Wharton on his back we are sure of a good race. Well, Tony, what's up? You look as if you were bursting with latest intelligence."

"You'll say so. Here have I been laying off all I could, thinking Daylight's chance good for nothing, but now—"

"Well!" "What has happened?" "Macdonald's here, that's all, and is going to ride Daylight to-morrow in Vesey's place. He arrived at Bombay two days ago, and he's been in the palace exactly ten minutes."

"What difference will it make to Daylight?" asked a young sub, anxiously.

"Difference? Why, man, he broke him in himself—knows him better than poor Vesey. The horse is a lamb in his hands. Don't look so glum," added the speaker, kindly enough. "I don't suppose you intend to lose much either way, do you?"

"O, nothing much—nothing," stammered the boy, and strolled away, soon losing himself in the crowd.

Mark Macdonald was the hero of the hour. His brother officers hailed him with joy. He was their savior, their deliverer. The race was safe, enough now.

It was some hours later that Mark himself stood leaning against a pillar in the veranda, looking with grave interest at the girl who was beside him. They were old friends, and more than that, perhaps, but to-night her manner was constrained, nervous excitement had been her guest, and beyond questions but he could scarcely have told what urged him to tell her so just at that moment.

"You think you do, Capt. Macdonald, but you do not know me," said Constance, in a strained voice.

"Think it? Not know you? Have you changed so very much?"

"Yes, I think I have changed."

"I will not believe it. I know I'm not good enough," he urged. "You are like a saint, and I'm not good for much but things used to give one a sort of hope—"

"Good enough?" she broke in with a sob in her throat; "it is I who am not good enough. I tell you, you do not know me."

"Try me," he said again. "You have learned to doubt me."

"Capt. Macdonald," she answered, "suppose I were to ask you to give the lie to your whole life—to do that which no honorable man would take into consideration for a moment—would you do it? You, of all men?"

"The thing is impossible," she asked.

"But I, of all women do ask it," she cried. "It is I who give you this test. No one will know it but you and I. The shame of it will only be mine. Of course you could ask it."

"I love you," he said. "I shall love you always. Tell me this thing."

"You ride Daylight to-morrow?"

"You know I do," was the wondering reply. "But why change the subject like this. Give me my test, Constance."

"I give it," said Constance, breathlessly. "It is—I—Capt. Macdonald, Daylight must not win the cup!"

"Not win?"

"Only you can manage it. You have been so long away, they would say he had forgotten you—that his temper had grown worse. They would never suspect you."

"It does not go on," said Mark. "It does not much matter what people think. Have you thought what it means? And afterward?"

"Afterward you will loathe the sight of me. We need never meet. I will go quite away."

"Stop!" he cried. "Tell me first, who is it you are doing this for?"

"So he trusted her after all. She could have borne his hate, but this confidence broke her down. Nevertheless he could not guess at her secret. She would not betray it even to him.

Thursday came, and in due course the start for the great race. Eagerly was each spectator scanned by the anxious spectators. Though it was

unanimously decided that it was Daylight's race, there was a lingering hope in many breasts that some mischance might befall the favorite and give one of the others a look-in.

At last they got away. But the favorite was favorite no longer. Now that the moment of trial had come, the strain on Mark's nerves communicated itself to his touch, and Daylight felt it as the touch of a stranger. Mark saw one after another pass him, The Champion leading with an easy swing, and little Graceless waiting behind.

His love for Constance rose to torture him. How could she? How could she? He looked up. There she stood, so white and still, with her eyes straining to meet his.

"Stop! Should he save her in spite of herself? Such thoughts chased each other through his mind in the interval of a few breathless seconds.

Then he turned his whole attention to Daylight, who was now struggling to get away with him.

One hasty glance—was it fancy that Constance pointed to the winning post?

"Hold on there! Colonel, I say, Mark's got hold of him at last!"

All eyes turned. It was true. Daylight was skimming the ground as though he could not feel it. A second more he was alongside Pastime, who was already laboring sadly.

Daylight had recognized the once well known hand, and there was no temper now.

A thanksgiving rose to the lips of Constance Vane. Better anything than that she should have done the thing she had asked.

"Graceless! Graceless!" "Don't punish him, Jim."

"Champion's giving way. Come on, Mark!"

"Daylight for ever!" And with a grand spurt the favorite forged ahead gayly, and all was over.

"I couldn't do it, Constance," said Mark, searching her face anxiously when at length they were left together.

"Thank God for it!" was her reply. On the impulse of the moment she held out both her hands to him—London World.

Kipling in Another Light. A gentleman who saw Rudyard Kipling at a little hotel in Gloucester, Mass. last summer, says that the distinguished young writer is not disagreeable in his manners, as has been asserted. He read some unpublished jungle stories to the guests, and not only entertained but gave himself up agreeably to entertainment. He is said to have been especially pleased by the southern performances in negro dialect of a southern girl. One song, an almost incommunicable jargon, he got her to repeat, and the next day, when every one else had quite forgotten the episode, he surprised the company by singing the ditty from beginning to end with a twinkle of the eyes and the drollest imitation. "The Bookman" is responsible for the publication of this story, as told by Mr. Kipling himself. "One day I was sitting in my bachelor study in London, when suddenly a gentleman appeared at the door unannounced, followed by two young ladies. 'Is this Rudyard Kipling?' inquired the gentleman. 'Yes,' I answered. I turned around. 'Girls, this is Rudyard Kipling. And is this where you write?' he continued. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Girls, this is where he writes.' And before I had time to offer them tea," said Mr. Kipling, "they were gone, girls and all. I suppose they had all literary London to do in the same way."

Ten Cents Weekly for Pleasure. Thrift is not an extinct trait in the original home of the thrifty, New England. A young woman writes to tell her family of three can live on \$10 a week. "My mother," she says, "is an invalid. My father is foreman in a factory and earns \$21 a week, and I stay at home and do the work. Every week we put \$11 away. I dress well and play the piano. I attend the theatre twice a week, but the twenty-five cent seats are good enough for me. Saturday I cook a quart of beans and buy a loaf of bread and one-half pound of salmon, and that does us until Tuesday. Tuesday a pint of oysters is sufficient for dinner. Wednesday I buy a chicken or a small piece of lamb, which does until Saturday with a small piece of fish. We use a small quantity of peas and bread and cake and vegetables. We run two fires, burn gas; we use matches and pepper. My father only spends ten cents a week for pleasure. When my company stays to tea Sunday we have a few extras. I do all my dressmaking and average four dresses a year."—Boston Transcript.

Unlike All Others. Several men were talking about how they happened to marry.

"I married my wife," said one after the others had all had their say, because she was different from any woman I had ever met."

"How was that?" chorused the others.

"She was the only woman I ever met who would have me," and there was a burst of applause.

Obligated to Forfeit. One evening, Colley Cibber, by missing his cue and giving a message at the wrong moment, spoiled one of Betterton's best scenes. So soon as he passed the wings, Betterton, in a rage, said to the prompter: "Forfeit Master Colley."

"Can't be done," replied the prompter. "Master Colley has no shortage before him, he put him down for ten shillings a week," cried the enraged manager, "and forfeit him five!"

Advertising Creates Demand. You create the demand and the trade will take care of itself. It is the front rank advertiser who says advertising pays.—Agricultural Advertising.

Lamp Wicks. To make the wick of a lamp burn clear, steep it in strong vinegar and dry thoroughly before immersing in the oil.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Our years, our debts, and our enemies are always greater in number than we believe them to be.

Justice to one is mercy to thousands.

Be frank and manly, honest and upright.

WITHOUT A VOTE

IT HAS EXISTED IN A MAINE VILLAGE FOR YEARS.

Its Three Hundred Inhabitants Pay No Taxes—Here Live Gray-haired American Citizens Who Have Never Cast a Ballot For Anyone.

Hastings is a little village seated amid the White Mountains on the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire, and is the most unique in New England, perhaps in the civilized world.

It contains 300 inhabitants within the village proper, with as many more at work cutting and hauling lumber to the village from the slopes of the surrounding mountains. It has two large manufacturing industries, large store and boarding houses, 26 residences, post office, electric plant, lighting streets, store, etc., railroad, telephone, school, religious societies and services, excellent water system and sewerage—in short, as many modern conveniences as any village of its size in New England. Yet it is neither city, town, plantation or even an incorporated place. It is nothing.

Its inhabitants pay no taxes of any sort. Babies have been born here, have grown to manhood and become heads of families and never known what it was to pay one cent for taxes.

There is, of course, a wild land tax and a State tax on the mill property, but these are paid by non-residents and are something with which the inhabitants have nothing to do. On the other hand no inhabitant can vote. They are, as a rule, well educated, the lady papers have a large circulation here, the people are well posted in current events.

Yet here, in the very heart of New England, is a community who have no more voice or influence in National, State, County or town affairs than though they lived in the heart of Russia.

Here are gray-haired American citizens who have never cast a ballot, and cannot so long as they live here.

It is the most cosmopolitan village in New England. Every nation on earth is or has been represented here.

The most remarkable thing about this most remarkable place is the entire absence of crime. Notwithstanding this heterogeneous population here are no police, not even a constable. There was a sort of constable here, but his commission expired about a year ago, and his duties