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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday September 7 - Gospel St. Luke, xiv, 1-11 - St. Regina, virgin and martyr. Monday 8 - Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Five Minute Sermon.

Christ Heals the Dropsical Man. The Gospel relates that on this occasion Christ healed a man who had the dropsy, and He taught those present as well as us also that it is not forbidden to heal the sick on the Sabbath-day.

The man that had the dropsy was a figure of the rich miser, who the more he has the more he wants, after the manner of dropsical patients, who the fuller they are of water the more they want to drink.

According to St. Augustine, the dropsy of this man signified any other predominating passion of a sinner. Any passion, when it takes possession of the heart, becomes insatiable, and the more it is gratified the worse it becomes, like the thirst of one afflicted with dropsy.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S SUCCESSOR.

Right Rev. John M. Farley Selected at Rome by an Almost Unanimous Vote.

Rome, Sept. 1 - The Right Rev. John M. Farley has been selected archbishop of New York by an almost unanimous vote.

John Murphy Farley, was born at Newtown Hamilton, County Armagh, Ireland, April 20, 1842. He was ordained a priest in Rome, June 11, 1870. He was assistant rector of St. Peter's, New Brighton, Staten Isl.

and from 1870 till 1872; was secretary to Archbishop McCloskey from 1872 to 1884, when he was appointed private chamberlain to Pope Leo XIII, with the title monsignor. In 1895 he was appointed auxiliary bishop of New York.

Our collectors will call on all subscribers who are in arrears for the Journal next week. Kindly have the money ready when he calls.

THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE

Between the stories of Conductor Tom Pope and Sandy McTougal, backed by Sandy McTougal's friends, one gets a pretty good idea of Sandy's remarkable adventure with a voice or, as Sandy terms it, with the devil in a box.

Tom Pope is conductor and McTougal is baggage-master on the Air Line, which runs from the Atlantic ocean to "the middle of next week."

"Most astonishing thing, that hunt of Sandy's for a voice," said the conductor the other night. "What was that?"

"Well, it was this: Sandy was lonely and miserable. Nobody talked to him or gave him a quarter for not smushing the baggage, so he took to brown studies and naps between stations. The night of his voice business his car was jammed with luggage. The more trunks Sandy has on board the crosser he gets.

There was a camp meeting on a switch off track, and at the junction I picked up a lot of nobby passengers who were leaving for other places of amusement, and there was no end of trunks.

"McTougal got things into shape about 11 o'clock, I reckon, and as there's a part of the run where it's a good hour between stations he got ready for a snooze. He picked out the softest trunk in the pile on which to pillow his head, tilted back his chair with his feet on the rounds, pulled his hat over his face and went to sleep. How's that, Mac?"

"Quite keereet," responds the baggage master. "Very well; then you tell it for awhile. I wasn't there, you know."

"It didn't seem 'f I'd been asleep more'n a minute," began Sandy, "when there was a lively jump of the car, an' I sort of come to life with a jerk. At the same time I heard, as if 'way off, a noise like some one a-talkin'. But I thought 'twas a brakeman outside an' was jes' a-dozin' off ag'in when right at my ear in a thin, sharp voice suthin' said, 'O Lord!'"

"I ain't no fool, I ain't," Sandy asserts, throwing back his head defiantly, "an' when that tin whisp'er comes into my ear I jes' opened my eyes, spectin' to see some of the boys around. But not a livin' thing was visible. So I said to myself, 'I snored; that's what's the matter.' An' off I goes a-noddin' an' dreamin'."

"Then ag'in I hears that voice. It says quite distinctly, 'I want to get out!'"

"Now, I wasn't a bit mistaken this time. I heard it. But 'fore I could get my wits together there was a yell soundin' 'way off."

"That's my death call," says I to myself, instantly callin' to mind fellows who had heard like sounds an' were dead in less'n a week. Then I says to myself, 'Sandy, don't be a fool! an' jumps to my feet as wide awake as I am now."

"It was a woman's squawk, an' I could have sworn to it. Then it sung out in tin trumpet style: "Help, help!"

"I hauled over the tool chest an' the water barrel an' the cupboard in the corner an' looked out on the platforms an' did everything a man could do under the circumstances to find out what was a-makin' of that fuss. I went to the side door to cool myself an' was a-fannin' my face when, blame me, if I didn't hear a cornet start off with the 'Rogues' March' an' a gruff voice foller it with: "In the midst of life we are in death."

turned to cast a backward glance I could see the dog more plainly than ever.

One thing encouraged me; he did not appear to see me, but blundered on in a clumsy, dazed sort of way.

There were no streams to cross, nothing that would throw him off the scent. I had no weapon, only a small pocketknife, and a fight with a mad dog was out of the question. My strength was giving out, and I felt that the end was not far off.

When I again looked back, the dog was not more than 300 yards away, and the base of the hill was still a mile off.

A spasm of terror seized me, but to my surprise the great brute suddenly sat down on his haunches and howled plaintively.

It was a minute or two before he found the trail again. If his malady had dimmed his sight and confused him, there was still a chance for me, but it was a slim one.

With a tremendous effort I broke forward on my last run. This time I would reach the hill or turn at the last moment and the making a vain effort to check the monster.

The blood rushed to my head, and I could hardly see anything as I darted on at the top of my speed.

The hound was rapidly making headway and at last seemed to have me in view. A glance over my shoulder showed him not a hundred yards behind.

Everything was in a whirl. Somebody was riding out from behind the hill and coming my way. The hat, the riding habit - I could not be mistaken - it was Sallie Bolton.

But my race was nearly run. Even with help in sight I could hear up no longer. The girl was riding like the wind, and I could see that she had a lasso in one hand.

I knew that this cattle queen, as the cowboys called her, could do anything almost with a lasso, but would she get there in time?

The man eater came bounding on, and Sallie rode straight at him like a little thunderbolt. She whirled the lasso over and over around her head, and but it was too late. I could hear the dog panting behind me!

A wave of darkness rolled over me as I fell to the ground just as I heard something swish through the air.

But I was up in a minute - just in time to see my rescuer give a pull that tightened the lasso around the dog's neck. A few convulsions, and the dog was strangled - dead within six feet of me. My thanks were cut short by the appearance of a light wagon driven by one of Bolton's neighbors, who offered to take me back to the ranch, an invitation not to be declined under the circumstances.

Sallie Bolton rode on ahead, and when I reached the house her father was waiting to congratulate me upon my escape. "It was Pedro's work," he said. "He unlocked the door and set the dog on your trail - at least I think so. He had a key, and he has disappeared."

MAXIMS OF A WITTY ABBE.

A Notable Eighteenth Century Figure in French Society. Some of the maxims and anecdotes of Nicholas de Chamfort, the witty abbe, who during the latter half of the eighteenth century was such a notable figure in French society, have been translated by Mr. W. G. Hutchinson and published by a London firm. Here are some samples of the abbe's wit as rendered by the translator.

"Laying is a disease from the pains of which sleep ceases us every sixteen hours. Sleep is but a palliative, death alone is the cure."

"The worst wasted of all days is that in which one has not laughed."

"It is not generally known how much wit a man requires to avoid being ridiculous."

"The best philosophical attitude to adopt toward the world is a union of the sarcasm of gravity with the indulgence of contempt."

"Society would be a charming affair if we were only interested in one another."

"There is no history worthy of attention save that of free nations. The history of nations under the sway of despotism is no more than a collection of anecdotes."

Some of his anecdotes are good. Mme. de Talmont, seeing M. de Recheu neglecting her to pay attentions to Mme. de Brionne, a very beautiful woman, but said to be rather stupid, remarked to him, "You are not blind, mar-hal, but I cannot help thanking you a little deaf."

Mlle. Duthe having lost a lover and the affair causing some talk, a man who called to see her found her playing the harp and said with surprise: "Good heavens! I was expecting to find you desolated with grief." "Ah," she exclaimed in a pathetic tone, "you ought to have seen me yesterday!"

A woman was at a performance of the tragedy of "Medea" and did not weep. Surprise was expressed. "I could cry my eyes out," she said, "but I have to go out to supper to-night."

What Causes Fogs. Fogs are, generally speaking, caused by the precipitation of the moisture of the atmosphere. They are formed when a warm stratum of atmosphere comes in contact with a cold stratum or with a portion of the earth's surface, as a hill, by which it is cooled so that it can no longer hold as much moisture in solution as before. This causes the frequent fogs in mountain regions.

When a cold stratum of air comes over a moist, warm part of the earth's surface, a fog is also formed. This is the cause of the mists that appear over lakes, rivers and marshes in the evening, since the water is then warmer than the atmosphere above it. The blackness and density of London fogs are caused by the simple fact that the mist formed in the upper air mingles with the ascending clouds of smoke from hundreds of thousands of chimneys and, descending, brings the smoke with it and settles like a pall above the buildings and in the streets of the city.

A Boy Who Did His Duty. A gentleman went into a fancy shop one day to buy something. It was early, and the shopkeeper's little boy and he were alone in the house. The shopkeeper had to go upstairs to get his cash box in order to procure some change, but before doing so he went into the little room next to the shop and whispered to the boy:

"Watch the gentleman that he doesn't steal anything," and, bringing him out, sat him on the counter.

As soon as the shopkeeper returned the child sang out: "Pa, he didn't steal anything. I watched him." - London Tit-Bits.



AMELIA SUMMERVILLE AT THE COOK OPERA HOUSE.

ROCKERS TO SUIT ALL TASTES AND ALL PURSES. ROCKER PRICE GLIMPSES: 97c. - Golden oak, fine cane seat, nurse rocker, neat in design, strong and comfortable. \$1.88 - Golden oak, cobbler seat, arm rocker, remarkable value.

BEER MUGS

Illustrative of the Four Senses. Artistic decorations on a ground of soft blended browns.

IN TWO COLORS..... 50c. IN THREE COLORS..... 75c. Plaques to match, 50c. Table near store entrance.

GLENNY'S

GOOD LUCK BIRDS.

No One is Permitted to Kill a Wild Duck in Honan. The people in Honan, says Alice Hamilton Rich in Leslie's Weekly, do not eat ducks, especially wild ducks. No one is allowed to kill them. It is regarded almost like killing a person. The reason for this care is found in the following story:

Long, long ago there was a widow who had a very bright son. The brother-in-law, because the widow refused to marry him, took away all the property and turned the widow and son out to die. The mother found some work; but, being afraid the wicked uncle would kill her son, she sent him far away. But the god of good luck took the boy for his brother and went with him. He was very, very fortunate and finally became an emperor. It then became his duty to find his mother, not only because he was anxious to care for her, but also because she only knew where were the ancestral tablets and graves. Great rewards were offered for her discovery, and all the mandarins put out proclamations to that effect. Finally a wise man came to the emperor and asked him what kind of birds lived in his province. The king did not even know in what province he was born. The emperor replied that he remembered as a child seeing in spring great numbers of wild ducks. The wise man then said, "Give me a letter written to your mother, and I will send it to her." The emperor was very glad to do this, although he greatly wondered how it would be possible for the wise man to know where to send this letter.

One day the poor widow was washing rice at a pool when a wild duck came fluttering down at her side. But something seemed wrong with its wing. On examining it she found there was a letter attached to it. She thought the letter must surely have come from the gods, so carried it to the village elders. On their examination they found it was addressed to the widow and brought not only good news to her, but good fortune also to the whole village. Word was sent to the emperor, who first rewarded the wise man, then sent a handsome cart, accompanied with a long procession of mandarins and their attendants, bearing banners and rich presents to all in the village who had been kind to his mother. He also punished all who had been unkind. Many of the young men of the village were called to the emperor's court, and the taxes for that whole province were lightened, and in gratitude the officials declared that henceforth the wild duck was to be free from all danger.

To this day no one is permitted to kill this bird, as they still believe that it is a good luck bird.

Popping the Question. A bashful Irish swain wished to make a proposal of marriage, but his courage failed him, and he induced his sister to become an intermediary, he remaining outside the half closed door, hidden, but within earshot, to hear the result. It was not favorable. The fair one saucily tossed her head and replied: "Indade, now, if I'm good enough to be married I'm good enough to be axed!" Hearing this, the anxious lover thrust his head inside the door and said beseechingly: "Norah, darlin', will ye do what Maggie axed ye?"