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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday September 7 - (losple St. Luke, xiv, 1-11 -St. Regina, virgin and martyr. Monday 8 - Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Tuesday 9-St. Peter Claver, confessor. Wednesday 10-St. Nicholas of Tolentino, confessor. Thursday 11-SS. Protus and Hyacinth, martyrs. Friday 12-St. Guy, confessor.

Saturday 13-St. Fulogius, confessor.



Christ Heals the Dropsical Man.

The Gospel relates that on this occasion Christ healed a man who had "when there was a lively jump of the dropsy, and He taught those pre- the car, an' I sort of come to life sent as well as us also that it is not with a jerk. At the same time I forbidden to heal the sick on the heerd, as if 'way off, a noise like Sabbath-day. Besides, he showed some one a-talkin'. But I thought that we must avoid pride and culti- 'twas a brakeman outside an' was vate humility.

The man that had the dropsy was at my ear in a thin, sharp voice a figure of the rich miser, who the suthin' said, 'O Lord!' more he has the more he wants, after "I ain't no fool, I ain't," Sandy the manner of dropsical patients, who asserts, throwing back his head dethe fuller they are of water the more fiantly, "an' when that tin whisper

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

One thing encouraged me; he did not appear to see me, but blundered ð þæðarð í tre í frærere i te fræði værer er er on in a clum-y, dazed sort of way.

Between the stories of Conductor There were no streams to cross, nothing that would throw him off Tom Pope and Sandy McTougal the scent. I had no weapon, only a notable figure in French society, backed by Sandy McTougal's small pocketknife, and a fight with have been translated by Mr. W. G. friends, one gets a pretty good idea a mad dog was out of the question. of Sandy's remarkable adventure My strength was giving out, and I with a voice or, as Sandy terms it, felt that the end was not far off.

When I again looked back, the translator Tom Pope is conductor and Medog was not more than 300 yards Tougal is buggage master on the away, and the base of the hill was Air Lue, which runs from the Atstill a mile off

A -pa-m of terror seized me, but lantic occan to "the mildle of next to my surprise the great brute suddenly sat down on his haunches and "Most astomshing thing, that howled plaintively hunt of Sandy's for a voice," said

It was a minute or two before he found the trail again. If his maladv had dommed his sight and confused him, there was still a chance for me, but it was a slim one. ed to him or gave him a quarter for

With a tremendous effort I broky forward on my last run. This time I would reach the hill or turn at the last moment and die, making a vain effort to choke the monster. The blood rushed to my head, and I could hardly see anything as I darted on at the top of my speed. switch off track, and at the junction 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 vards behind.

Everything was in a whirl. Someabout 11 o'clock, I reckon, and as body was riding out from behind there's a part of the run where it's the hill and coming my way. The a good hour between stations he hat, the riding habit -1 could not got ready for a snooze. He picked be mistaken - it was Sallie Bolton. out the softest trunk in the pile on But my race was nearly run. Even which to pillow his head, tilted back with help in sight I could bear up his chair with his feet on the no longer. The girl was riding like rounds, pulled his hat over his face the wind, and I could see that she and went to sleep. How's that, had a lasso in one hand.

> I knew that this cattle queen, as the cowboy- 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

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 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

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 Hutchison and published by a London firm Here are some samples of the ables wit as rendered by the

"Living is a disease from the pains of which sleep eases us every sixteen hours. Sleep is but a palhative, death alone is the cure."

"The worst wasted of all days is that in which one has not laughed." " Tis not generally known how much wit a man requires to avoid being ridiculou-.'

"The best philosophical attitude to adopt toward the world is a union of the sarcasm of gavety 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 Richelieu 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 thinking you a little

deaf " Mile. 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 "Merope" 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 mon-ture 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 marsh- of soft blended browns. es 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



AMELIA SUMMERVILLE AT THE COOK OPERA HOUSE.

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ROCKER PRICE GLIMPSES:

TO SUIT ALL TASTES

97c.-Golden oak, fine cane seat, nurse rocker, neat in design, strong and comfortable. \$1.88-Golden oak, cobbler seat, arm rocker, remark-

- able value.
- \$2.65-Golden oak or mahogany finish, fancy rocker, seat and back upholstered in velour.
- \$2,98-Large reed rocker, full roll arms.
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 - -Large, high back rocker, choice quartered oak, high polish, saddle seat, easy head rest; a model of comfort.

A Mammoth Assortment of Rockers, 98c. to \$55.00.





slat back, saddle seat,

CATHOLIC. JOURNAL. THE

they want to drink.

the more it is gratified the worse it in'. -with dropey.

True humility consists in consider. get out !" or in the order of grace, comes from was a yell soundin' 'way off. God, as also all we do, great or small,

depends on His help and goodness. The degrees of Christian humility fellows who had heerd like sounds are as follows: To know ourselves, our an' were dead in less'n a week. Then insufficiency, our natural misery, and I says to myself, 'Sandy, don't be a hence to have a low opinion of our- fool!' an' jumps to my feet as wide selves. Secondly, to bear patiently awake as I am now.

and with fortitude humiliations, whererejoice in these humiliations and to sung out in tin trumpet style: say with David: It is good, O Lord, that Thou hast humbled me.

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 'Rogues' March' an' a gruff voice archbishop of New York by an al foller it with: most unanimous vote.

John Murphy Farley, was born death.' at Newtown Hamilton, County "I yanked my head round an' Armagh, Ireland, April 20, 1842. He didn't see nuthin' that wasn't there was ordained a priest in Rome, June before. That threw me off my pins. 11, 1870. He was assistant rector of Then a rooster crowed, an' a feller St. Peter's, New Brighton, Staten Isl- with a cold in his nose counted ten



and from 1870 till 1872;was secretary to Archbishop McCloskey from 1872 my car: to 1884, when he was appointed priwate chamberlain to Pope Leo XIII, with the title monsignor. In 1895 Baid. 'What ails you?' he was appointed auxiliary bishop of New York.

Our collectors will call on all subour collectors will call the second the seco

comes into my ear I jes' opened my According to St. Augustine, the eyes, spectin' to see some of the dropsy of this man signified any other boys around. But not a hvin' thing short by the appearance of a light predominating passion of a sinner. was visible. So I said to myself. I Any passion, when it takes possession snored; that's what's the matter.' of the heart, becomes insatiable, and An' off I goes a-noddin' an' dream-

with the devil in a box.

he conductor the other night.

"Well, it was this: Sandy was

onely and miserable. Nobody tark-

not smashing the baggage, so he

took to brown studies and naps be-

tween stations. The night of his

voice business his car was jamful

of luggage. The more trunks Sandy

has on board the crosser he gets.

There was a camp meeting on a

I picked up a lot of nobby passen-

gers who were leaving for other

places of amusement, and there was

"McTougal got things into shape

"Quite keerect," responds the

"Very well; then you tell it for

"It didn't seem's if I'd been asleep

awhile. I wasn't there, you know."

more'n a minute," began Sandy,

jes' a-dozin' off ag'in when right

"What was that?"

no end of trunks.

Mac?"

baggage master.

Hech."

"becomes, like the thirst of one afflicted "Then ag'in I hears that voice. with dropey. It says quite distinctly, 'I want to

ing ourselves as nothing before God "Now, I wasn't a bit mistaken and men; for indeed we are nothing, this time. I heerd it. But 'fore I and all we have, in the order of nature could get my with together there he said. "He unlocked the door and

"'That's my death call,' says I to myself, instantly callin' to mind | disappeared."

"It was a woman's squawk, an' I ever they may come from. Finally, to could have sworn to it. Then it "'Help, help!'

"I hauled over the tool chest an' the water barrel an' the cupboard in the corner an' looked out on the which the sailors call the "laughing platforms an' did everything a man jackass," and he was not a little could do under the circumstances proud of it. As he was carrying it to find out what was a-makin' of home he met a brawny Irish navvy, that fuss. I went to the side door | who stopped him and asked: to cool myself an' was a-fannin' my face when, blame me, if I didn't | sorr?" hear a cornet start off with the

"'In the midst of life we are in

forward an' then backward, an another-cuss with a bullfrog voice ordered me: 'Wake up! 'The devil wants you!' You needn't laugh, gentlemen, when I tell you I run, an' so'd you if you'd been thar. I was certain the devil had come for me, late, but sure, an' I didn't wait for him to ask for my ticket."

Tom Pope at this point broke into a stentorian laugh.

"If, gentlemen, you'd seen Sandy come flying into the car where I was sitting, you would never stop laughing. You may not believe it, but his brown face was as white as your shirt fronts, and his eyes were as big as billiard balls. He dashed down the aisle and whispered in

"'Tom, Tom, come with me!" "'What's the matter, Mac?" I

"'Tom, the devil's in my car. He's been a-cuttin' up for an hour, an' I'm most crazy. If you're my friend, come with me!'

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,' set the dog on your trail-at least I think so. He had a key, and he has

Undoubtedly it was Pedro. He had been trying to pay me back. I have never seen the Boltons since my adventure with the man eater, but I am not likely to forget the little cattle queen while I live.

He Meant the Bird.

Some time ago a man got a curious present from a sea captain. It was a fine specimen of the bird "Phwat kind of burrd is that,

"That's a laughing jackass," ex

plained the owner genially. The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion and responded with a twinkle of the eve :

"It's not yersilf; it's the burrd Oi mane, sorr!"-London Tit-Bits.

A Patron of the Realistic School. "Do you prefer realism or the ideal in art?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as they sat down in a corner of the magnificent library of the new draw on her slate.

neighbors. "Oh," said her hostess, "I would not have anything but realism as long as we can afford it. Of course if people ain't got much money I s'pose that them chromos are better than nothing for the poor things, but I just told Josiah when we commenced building this place that there wouldn't be anything except real paintings in it if I could have my way, and every picture here is realism."--Chicago Record-Herald.

Appropriate Texts.

One of the restaurant men of New York who have popular eating houses all over the city likes to interpolate little literary morsels on his advertisement cards.

Here are three appropriate ones which he printed recently: "Coffee, which makes the politician wise,' Pope. "Dispatch is the soul of business," Chesterfield. "Let good di-gestion wait on appetite," Shakespeare.--New York Tribune.

A Boy Who Did His Duty.

city.

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 No One is Permitted to Kill a Wild with its wing. On examining it she 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.

A Simple Change.

clergyman. "I'm making your picture," said the child.

The minister sat very still, and the child worked away earnestly. work with the original and shook

"I don't like it much," she said. a dog."

A Somewhat Clever Rat.

The Pioneer tells a story of a rat which on one occasion was caught alive on a ship and thrown overboard. A sea gull was floating by the side of the ship. Immediately there ensued a battle royal, and the sea gull, unfurled its left wing to know where to send this letter. catch the wind and, working the right wing as an oar, set sail for the shorel

Illustrative of the Four Senses

Artistic decorations on a ground

IN TWO COLORS..... 500

Plaques to match, 50c.

Table near store entrance.

GLENNY'S

GOOD LUCK BIRDS.

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 addressed to the widow and brought them. It is regarded almost like not only good news to her, but good killing a person. The reason for fortune also to the whole village. this care is found in the following | Word was sent to the emperor, who story:

who had a very bright son. The with a long procession of mandarins brother-in-law, because the widow and their attendants, bearing banrefused to marry him, took away all ners and rich presents to all in the the property and turned the widow and son out to die. The mother mother. He also punished all who The little daughter of the house found some work; but, being afraid watched the minister who was mak- the wicked uncle would kill her son, young men of the village were called ing a visit very closely and finally she sent him far away. But the god to the emperor's court, and the sat down beside him and began to of good luck took the boy for his taxes for that whole province were brother and went with him. He was very, very fortunate and finally cials declared that henceforth the 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 to kill this bird, as they still believe only knew where were the ancestral that it is a good luck bird. Then she stopped and compared her | tablets and graves. Great rewards were offered for her discovery, and all the mandarins put out proclamations to that effect. Finally a make a proposal of marriage, but wise man came to the emperor and think I'll put a tail to it and call it 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 plied: letter written to your mother, and I will send it to her." The emperor to be matried I'm good enough to was very glad to do this, although be axed!" rat strangled the sea gull to death. he greatly wondered how it would He then sat upon the carcass of the be possible for the wise man to

One day the poor widow was washing rice at a pool when a wild Maggie axed ye?"...

duck came fluttering down at her side. But something seemed wrong

found there was a letter attached to it. She thought the letter must surely have come from the gods, so carried it to the villa, e elders. On their examination they found it was first rewarded the wise man, then Long, long ago there was a widow | sent a handsome cart, accompanied village who had been kind to his had been unkind. Many of the lightened, and in gratitude the offiwild duck was to be free from all danger.

To this day no one is permitted

Popping the Question.

A bashful Irish swain wished to 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 re-

"Indade, now, if I'm good enough

Hearing this, the anxious lover thrust his head inside the door and said beseechingly:

.

"Norah, darlin', will ye do mhat

"What are you doing?" asked the

her head. "'Tain't a great deal like you. I

As soon as the shopkeeper re-

didn't steal anything. I watched him."-London Tit-Bits.

turned the child sang out: "Pa, he

