

Correspondence

OUR ASSIST. Mr. A. Herman will visit subscribers in Ithaca, Elmira, Waverly, Corning and Hornellsville.

NEWARK The ladies of the St. Michael's church bands all united and had charge of the dining hall at the ninth annual fair of Newark Fair Association last week and their efforts were very successful.

Miss Rose McGauley spent part of last week in Rochester visiting friends. In the window of M. Meakill's bakery is seen a very handsome palm which has been donated to one of the church bands.

SHORTSVILLE Mr. and Mrs. John DeBrook are the proud parents of a baby boy which arrived on Friday last.

Miss Margaret Phipps of Rochester, was the guest of her mother the first of week. The Altar and Rosary Society will hold a meeting tomorrow, Sunday, after mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bordman of Manchester, are rejoicing over the advent of a young son. John McLoughlin, of Fairport, spent Sunday here with his parents.

BARNARD'S CROSSING Miss Helen O'Brien of Amsterdam, N. Y., who has been visiting relatives here for several weeks, returned home last Thursday morning. On her journey she will visit friends at Little Falls, N. Y.

SENECA FALLS A memorial meeting was held Monday evening by the Knights of Columbus in memory of the late Wm. J. McMuraw.

Two beautiful angels have been placed on the altar in place of the old ones. One was donated by two gentlemen and the other by twenty-five girls each giving one dollar.

The holy rosary is recited every morning at the 8 o'clock mass during this month.

Miss Alice Rogan, N. Y. ticket agent, spent Sunday and Monday in Rochester with her mother.

Bernard Durin, a well known resident, died Sunday afternoon at his home in Ovid St. He leaves a wife, two brothers, John, of Geneva, William, of Seneca Falls, and three sisters, Mrs. Katherine White, of Rochester, Mrs. Thomas Casey and Mrs. John Halpin, of Seneca Falls.

Mr. Philip Callan, of Rochester, was the guest of his mother Sunday.

Misses Anna M. Curtin, Agnes J. McGraw and Hattie C. Trowbridge left for New York having secured positions in the dressing establishment of Miss Mantell.

The Father Mathew T. A. B. society will have their annual ball Oct. 17th.

GENESEO Frederic Quirke has entered the office of Chas. D. Newton to study law.

John J. O'Brien has secured a position as instructor of commercial branches in Bryant and Stratton's business college in Buffalo. Mr. O'Brien has recently graduated from the R. B. I. and is also a graduate of the Genesee Normal.

Miss Hanna O'Leary has been visiting friends in Rochester for the past week.

The services at St. Mary's church on Friday evenings during the month of October, consists of rosary, litany and benediction.

Miss Cecelia Hughes and Miss Staub, of Rochester, visited relatives and friends here last week.

The number of Catholic students that are attending the Normal school this year is larger than any previous year.

There will be two masses at St. Mary's church tomorrow, Sunday, at 9 and 11 o'clock. After the late mass the Forty Hours Devotion will begin and close Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. There will be a sermon each evening and several masses each morning. The sermon Sunday evening will be delivered by Rev. John H. O'Brien of the Rochester Cathedral.

Miss Johanna Cahill visited friends in Rochester and Canandaigua last week.

The corn ball given by the married men of St. Mary's parish on the evening of Oct. 1st, at St. Mary's hall, was a grand success, both socially and financially. The hall was decorated with corn stalks, pumpkins, wheat, oats and sunflowers and presented a rural scene to which the quaint rustic costumes added picturesque interest. Supper was served in the dining room of the hall by the married ladies and was greatly enjoyed especially the pumpkin pie. Peterson's orchestra furnished the music for dancing. The net proceeds were \$127.00.

OVID The fair of the church of the Holy Cross will begin Thursday Oct. 16 and continue five nights. Rev. Thomas Hendrick, of Rochester, will give the people here, where he has been so long and favorably known, some of the experiences of his trip abroad. Subject, "Glimpses of Europe." It will be illustrated by stereoscopic views of scenes of interest and also accompanied by songs and ballads.

The children of Ovid, Willard and Lord instructed by the Catholic teachers in this vicinity will give entertainments several nights and are thoroughly drilled. The famous Ithaca band, the representative American band so highly spoken of as the best band at the Pan

Some Coffees are Glazed with a cheap coating. If glazing helps coffee why aren't the high-priced Mochas and Javas glazed also?

Lion Coffee is not glazed. It is perfectly pure and has a delicious flavor.



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Obtained Rest and Relief. 10 Cleveland, O., Mar. 3, 1900. Different Sisters of our community, suffering from nervousness and want of sleep, made use of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and all of them obtained by it relief and rest. One of them assured me that it also regulated her stomach and bowels. Sister M. Theresa.

Rev. Wehman writes from Loyalt College: I have procured Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for various people, and always with good results.

Rev. A. von Oppen writes from Meriden, Conn.: I used several bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for one of my parishioners, John Bercler, suffering from falling sickness. The spells have already become much less frequent.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill., 49 S. Franklin Street.

FREE Sold by Druggists at 25¢ per Bottle; 6 for \$2. Large Size, \$1.75; 6 Bottles for \$5.

American, accompanied by a special train of Ithacians, will give a grand band concert on evening of the fair under the direction of P. H. Conway, Miss Lucy Feehan has charge of the Ovid table and Miss M. Merdman of the Willard table. The "Fair Express" in charge of Miss Martha Feehan and others will be a feature of the fair. A grand time is expected.

The old land mark so long known as the home of Thomas McCreghan, late of this place, has been removed and added greatly to the appearance of the church property. Mr. McCreghan left \$100 to the church in his will.

The friends of Mr. F. C. Allen, Esq., are pleased at his appointment to a \$4,000 position at Albany. The promotion is well deserved as Mr. Allen is a popular citizen.

LYONS The Young People's Carnival given last week in Knowles hall was a decided success. The entertainment, opened with a grand march of some 100 children dressed in various costumes.

Frank (Gehan as Uncle Sam) and Lillian McDonald as Columbia led the march. Following this came a fancy dance by Loretta Egan, the rose figure of the outfit by six couple, the Misses Fuller leading and Miss Grace Fuller dancing the solo part. After this were several minor dances and some very fine singing.

Miss Flora Ridgely acquitted herself with honors as did the male quartette. Following the entertainment dancing was in order. Each of the orchestra furnished the music. Considerable credit is due the ladies of band 6 for the mastery way in which they carried everything forward. About sixty dollars were cleared.

On Oct. 15th band 8, Mrs. Daniel Moran, Miss N. Driscoll and Miss Kate Miles will hold a festival in Zimmerman's hall. Preparations are being rushed and everything promises an enjoyable time.

Teams representing Lyons high school and Clyde high school played an exciting game of football on the fair grounds last Saturday. Although Clyde was a great deal heavier than Lyons, our boys were in the game with them from the start. The feature was the all around playing of right half back George Lewis of Lyons. The score resulted in 0-0. Two twenty minute halves were played.

Just a second, please—

To tell YOU that Painkiller (PERRY DAVIS) is an infallible cure for Cramps, Colic and all Stomach Complaints. For 25c.—a large bottle

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CITY NEWS AGENTS. The "Catholic Journal" is sold by the following newsdealers, and can be obtained of them Saturday mornings. Yawman & Stupp, 20 Clinton Ave. N. Vorberg Bros., 126 State St. Mrs. K. L. Wilcox, 1054 Main St. East. Metzger Bros., 706 Clinton Ave. N. Mrs. Peters, 856 North St. W. E. Book, 628 Clinton Ave. N. Geo. F. Book, 376 Main St. East. Leo Spiegel, 871 Hudson Ave. J. Johnson, 193 Lyell Ave. Wm. Gay, 169 Monroe Ave. Mrs. A. E. Danahy, 601 Clinton Ave. N. A. E. Hauser, 830 North St.

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 Hennessy 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 executor at his place for the transaction of business as such at No. 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 15th day of January, 1901. Dated, July 10th, 1900. John C. King, Executor, Thomas Hennessy decd.

MURPHY, KEENAN & KEENAN Attorneys for Successors of 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on January 10, 1901. Get your friends to subscribe for

THE OLD BOOKKEEPER

When I tell you, my only friend, to whom I so rarely write and whom I more rarely see, that my lonely life has not been without love for woman, you will perhaps laugh or doubt.

"What?" you will say. "That quaint old specter in his attic, with his books, his tobacco and his three flowerpots? He would not know that there is such a word as love! He had not encountered it now and then in his reading."

True, I have divided my days between the books in a rich man's counting room and those in my attic. True, again, I have never been more than merely passable to look at even in my best days. Yet I have loved a woman.

During the five years when my elder brother lay in the hospital across the river, where he died, it was my custom to visit him every Sunday. I enjoyed the afternoon walk to the suburbs, where the air has more of nature in it, especially that portion of the walk which lay upon the bridge. More life than was usual upon the bridge moved there on Sunday. Then the cars were crowded with people seeking the parks. Many crossed on foot, stopping to look idly down at the bark and sluggish water.

One afternoon as I stood thus leaning over the parapet the sound of a woman's gentle laugh caused me to turn and curiously inquire its source. The woman and a man were approaching. At the side of the woman walked soberly a handsome dog, a collie. There was that in their appearance and manner which plainly told me that here were husband and wife of the middle class, intelligent, but poor, out for a stroll. That they were quite devoted to each other was easily discernible.

The man looked about thirty years of age, was tall, slender and with neither strong nor handsome, but amiable, face. He was doubtless a clerk fit to be something better. The woman was perhaps twenty-four. She was not quite beautiful, yet she was more than pretty. She was of good size and figure, and the short plush coat that she wore and the manner in which she kept her hands thrust in the pockets thereof gave to her a dauntless air which the quiet and affectionate expression of her face softened.

She was a brunette, her eyes being large and distinctly dark brown, her face having that peculiar complexion which is most quickly affected by any change in health.

The color of her cheeks, the dark ring under her eyes and other indefinable signs indicated some radical ailment. In the quick glance that I had of that pair while the woman was smiling a feeling of pity came over me. I have never detected the exact cause of that emotion. Perhaps in the woman's face I read the trace of past bodily and mental suffering, perhaps a subtle mark that death had already set there.

Neither the woman nor her husband noticed me as they passed. The dog regarded me cautiously with the corner of his eye. I probably would never have thought of the three again had I not seen them upon the bridge under exactly the same circumstances on the next Sunday.

So these young and then happy people walked here every Sunday, I thought. This perhaps was an event looked forward to throughout the week. The husband doubtless was kept a prisoner and slave at his desk from Monday morning until Saturday night, with respite only for eating and sleeping. Such cases are common even with people who can think and who have some taste for luxury and who are not devoid of love for the beautiful.

The sight of happiness which exists despite the cruelty of fate and man and which is temporarily unconscious of its own liability to interruption and extinction invariably fills me with sadness. And the sadness which arose at the contemplation of these two beings begot in me a strange sympathy for and interest in them.

On Sundays thereafter I would go early to the bridge and wait until they passed, for it proved that this was their habitual Sunday walk. Sometimes they would pause and join those who gazed down at the black river. I would now and again resume my journey toward the hospital while they thus stood, and I would look back from a distance. The bridge would then appear to me as a abrupt ascent, rising to the dense city, and their two figures would stand out clearly against the background.

It became a matter of care to me to observe each Sunday whether the health of either had varied during

the previous week. The husband always pale and slight, showed little change, and that infrequently. But the fluctuations of the woman as indicated by complexion, gait, expression and otherwise were numerous and pronounced. Often she looked brighter and more robust than on the preceding Sunday. Her face would be then rounded out, and the dark crescents beneath her eyes would be less marked. Then I found myself elated.

But on the next Sunday the cheeks had receded slightly, the healthy luster of the eyes had given way to an ominous glow; the warning of death had returned. Then my heart would sink, and, sighing, I would murmur inaudibly: "This is one of the bad Sundays."

There came a time when every Sunday was a bad one.

What made me love this woman? Simply the unmistakable completeness and constancy of her devotion to her husband, the absorption of the woman in the wife. Had the strange ways of chance ever made known to her my feeling and had she swerved from that devotion even to render me back love for love, then my own adoration for her would surely have departed.

Yes, I loved her if to fill one's life with thoughts of a woman, if in fancy to see her face by day and night, if to have the will to die for her or to bear pain for her—if these and many more things mean love.

My richest joy was to see her content with her husband, and the darkest woe of my life was to anticipate the termination of their happiness.

So the Sundays passed. One afternoon I waited until almost dusk, yet the couple did not appear.

For seven Sundays in succession I did not meet them upon their wonted walk.

On the eighth Sunday I saw the dog first, then the man. The latter was looking over the railing. The woman was not with him. Apprehensively I sought with my eyes his face. Much grief and loneliness were depicted there.

Was he or I the greater mourner, I wonder?

I suppose two years passed after that day ere I again beheld the widow, whose name I do not and probably never shall know, upon the bridge. The dog was not with him this time. It was a fine, sunny afternoon in May. Grief was no longer in his face. By his side was a very pretty, animated, rosy little woman whom I had never seen before. They walked close to each other, and she looked with the utmost tenderness into his face. She evidently was not yet entirely accustomed to the wedding ring which I observed upon her finger.

I think that tears came to my eyes at this sight. Those great brown eyes, the plush sack, the lovely face that had borne the impress of sorrow and so speedily had felt death—these might never have existed so soon had they been forgotten by the one being in the world for whom that face had worn the aspect of a perfect love.

Yet one upon whom those eyes never rested has remembered, and surely the memory of her is mine to wed, since he whose right it was to cherish it had allowed himself to be divorced from it in so brief a time.

The memory of her is with me always, fills my soul, beautifies my life, makes green and radiant this existence which all who know me think cold, bleak, empty, repellent. You will not laugh, then, my friend, when I tell you that love is not to me a thing unknown.

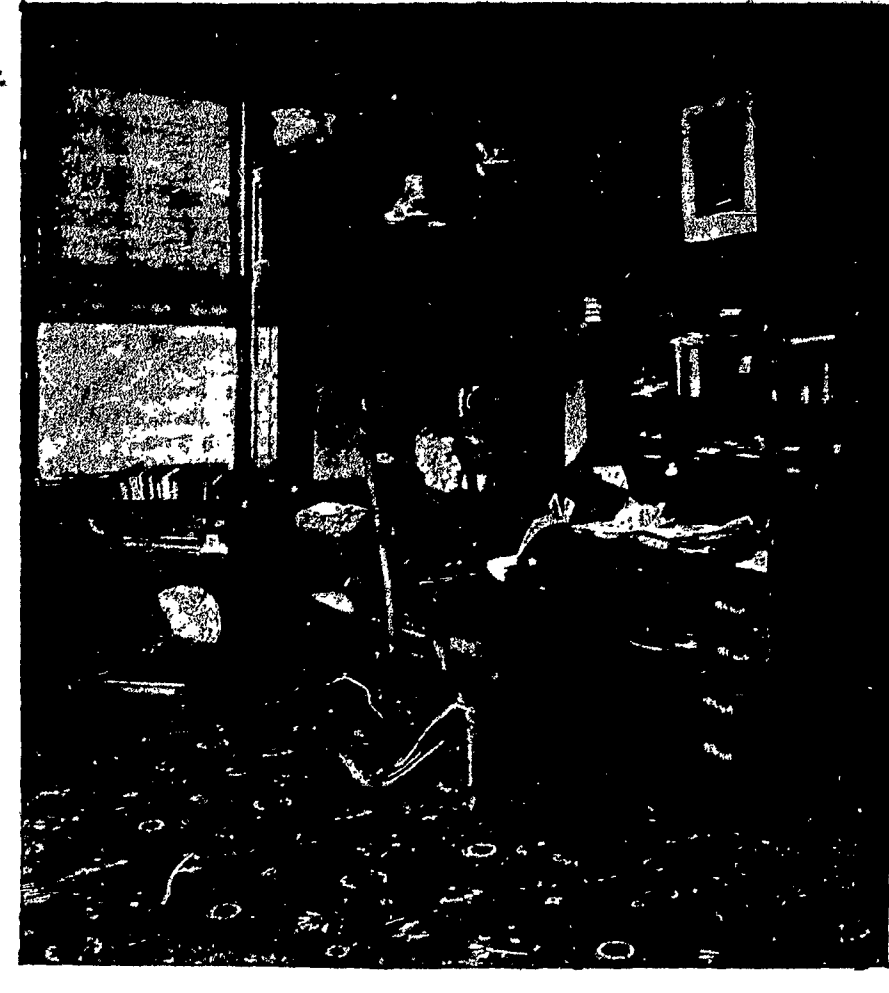
So runs a part of the last letter to my father that the old bookkeeper ever wrote.

Largest and Smallest Book. The British museum owns the largest book in the world and the smallest. The largest is an atlas of the fifteenth century. It is seven feet high. Between its generous leaves a tall man's head is hidden. Its stout binding and ponderous clasps make it seem as substantial as the walls of a room. The smallest is a tiny "Bijou Almanac"—less than an inch square, bound in dainty red morocco and easily to be concealed in the finger of a lady's glove. These two extremes of the printer's art might well stand at the beginning and the end of the amazing thirty-seven miles of shelves filled with books which make up a part of the printed treasures of the great English library.

Wronged Wife. Miss Goldy—I can never marry a man who works for a living. D'Auber—But I am an artist, dearest.

Miss Goldy—Yes; but you sell your pictures.

D'Auber (with a vision of the hard time he has been having ever since he entered the profession)—You wrong me, Miss Goldy; you wrong me. I never sold a picture in my life.



Cardinal Gibbons in his Library.

RICH HARE RUGS

This week's exhibition of our stock of Turkish, Persian and Indian Rugs is one that no housewife should miss. There are several hundred pieces in the collection, each selected for some particular feature of excellence. The scope of the exhibit is no narrow one—you see dainty things at \$5, many beautiful patterns from that price to \$10, and so on up to the superb Persian and Silk Carpets at \$1,500. The carpet sizes in all the weaves are notable for their variety and exquisite colorings.

The exhibition has been pronounced by visitors generally an artistic treat. It is certainly such to every one of cultivated tastes; and when you reflect that age and wear only enhance the beauties of an Oriental Rug, you will understand why a purchase at our moderate prices is to be recommended on the score of economy as well as on behalf of artistic furnishing.

We bid you welcome to our Rug Show without regard to your readiness to buy. If, however, you are contemplating the early selection of new floor coverings, its interest for you will be just so much the greater.

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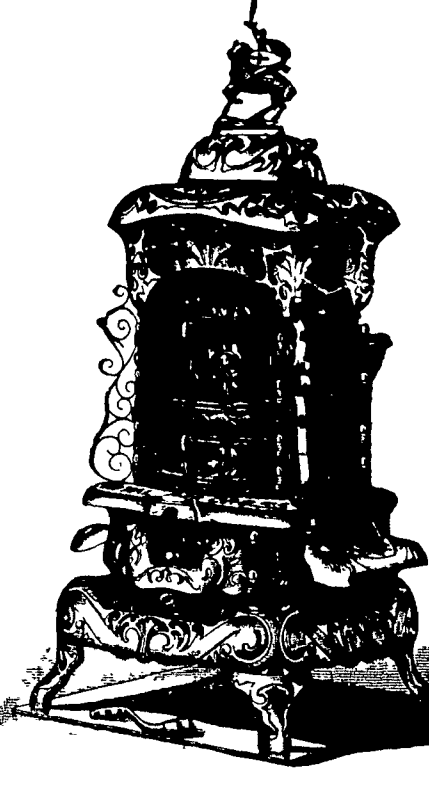
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