

Correspondence.

Our Agent.

Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers in Honeyoye Falls, Lima, E. Bloomfield, Canandaigua, Macedon and Auburn next week.

Kindly have amount ready when he calls as we cannot afford to carry subscribers longer than a year.

AUBURN.

On last Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Savage in May St., a enjoyable lawn party was held for the benefit of St. Edward's mission. A large sum was taken in at the gate.

On Thursday evening at the home of Mr. Conkey in Baker St., another lawn social was held. It was the largest event of its kind ever held in this city. A large platform was built for the dancers and supper was served. The receipts were in the hundreds.

Auburn Council K of C held their annual clambake last Tuesday which was attended by 400 knights and friends. A shore dinner was served at 6 o'clock and athletic sports were indulged in during the afternoon.

On Tuesday evening, August 15, will occur the annual lawn social of St. Mary's church at the church lot on State St. It is planned to have some noted Catholic speaker open the festival. There will be the usual mid ways and other attractions.

Rev. James Clark of Canandaigua, was in town and took in the K. of C. outing.

The funeral services over the remains of Mrs. Mary E. McKeith were largely attended at the Holy Family church on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. P. J. McArthur read a requiem mass and also conducted the funeral services at the grave.

On Friday morning last occurred the death of James Mahaney at the family home in Cottage St., aged 31 years. The funeral was held on Monday morning.

On Friday last occurred the death of Gerald Vincent, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Vall, at the family home in Auburn Ave., aged 2 years. Funeral services were held at the home on Sunday afternoon.

GENESE.

Rev. A. A. Hughes pastor of St. Mary's church in this village has been spending a two week vacation at the Summer School at Cliff Haven, N. Y.

Miss Mary E. Toodle of Centre St. has been the guest of friends in Canandaigua the past two weeks.

Rev. Father Crowley of Sonora, celebrated mass at St. Mary's church in this village on the 5th inst., it being the first Friday of the month.

Rev. Father Engelhardt a Redemptorist Father from St. Joseph's church, Rochester, celebrated mass at St. Mary's church in this village on Sunday last, and preached an excellent sermon.

Mrs. B. McGuire of Wadsworth St., who has been seriously ill is convalescent.

Miss Anna Kelly is the guest of relatives at Niagara Falls, this week.

An enjoyable dance was held at St. Mary's hall on the evening of the 3rd inst.

Miss Elizabeth Cahill is spending two weeks at Bath.

Timothy C. Reagan and Wm. A. Dwyer left on Tuesday for a trip on Lake Erie from Buffalo to Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hughes and daughter, Alice, has been guests at St. Mary's paragon this week.

Miss Mary Egan of Victor has been visiting relatives here for the past week.

Miss Johanna Cahill left on the 5th inst. for the Summer School at Cliff Haven to spend two weeks there.

The tenement house on the lot purchased next to St. Mary's church has been torn down.

Miss Julia Cahill, who has been the guest of friends in Rochester for a week, returned home on Saturday.

Daniel Toland of New York city was home on a visit to his family for two weeks.

George Oatman of New York city, is home on a vacation.

Morris Hackett, who has been visiting his parents in this village for some time left for Denver, Col. last week to benefit his health.

Mrs. T. Delehanty and two daughters are guests of relatives in Rochester for two weeks. Mr. Delehanty will take a trip up the St. Lawrence river and on his return will visit in Rochester.

PENN YAN.

Miss Kathryn Guider spent Sunday and the fore part of the week with relatives and friends in Rochester.

There will be only one mass here on Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Miss Theresa Deegan spent the week with friends in Rochester and Brockport.

St. Mary's church at Stanley will hold a picnic on August 17 for the benefit of the church.

John Guider with his wife and mother spent Tuesday in Rushville.

Mrs. Sullivan and daughter, Margaret, are visiting in town.

Lizzie Come spent the past week in Rochester.

QVID.

Patrick Dougherty, one of the oldest and most respected residents of Canandaigua, died at his home in that village on Friday, August 5th. After a short illness, he passed away at the ripe old age of 93 years. He is survived by his wife, one daughter and three sons, one of whom is the Rev. James T. Dougherty of Canandaigua. The funeral services were held from the church of the Holy Cross, Qvid, on Monday morning at ten o'clock. The solemn requiem mass was celebrated by his son, Rev. James T. Dougherty of Canandaigua, assisted by Rev. Felix O'Hanlon of Clifton Springs, as deacon, Rev. Father Mulheon, Assistant, as sub-deacon, and Dr. Hanna of St. Bernard's Seminary, as master of ceremonies. About thirty priests of the diocese testified their friendship and regard for Father Dougherty by being present in the sanctuary. At the close of the mass the final absolution was given by Monsignor Hendrick of Qvid, assisted by Fathers O'Hanlon, Mulheon and Hanna. While the remains were being borne from the church "A Message from the Sacred Heart" was sung by a student of St. Bernard Seminary. The body of Mr. Dougherty was placed in the family plot of Holy Cross cemetery and while the casket was being lowered, a choir of priests directed by Monsignor Hendrick and Dr. Hanna sang the solemn "Office of the Dead." Requiescat in Pace.

Sister M. Cyril, Miss Eula Hogan and Mr. John Sullivan of Canandaigua, attended the funeral of Mr. Dougherty on Monday morning.

SENECA FALLS.

The Rev. Father Fitzsimons of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Rochester, is fulfilling Rev. Father Dwyer's place here in St. Patrick's church. The serious illness of Sister M. Gerald.

St. Patrick's school is receiving its annual cleaning.

Some much needed improvements are being done in St. Columbkille's cemetery. The remains of Thomas Hogan, who died in Rochester Saturday, arrived here Monday for interment in St. Columbkille's cemetery.

Mr. John Sullivan of Canandaigua, and Mr. Thomas Timmoun of Auburn, are visiting friends in town.

Rev. Father Fitzsimons attended the funeral of Mr. James Dougherty at Romulus Monday.

The marriage of Mr. James Carroll of Miller St. and Miss Margaret Colgan was solemnized Wednesday afternoon in St. Patrick's church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father George Jones of Holy Apostles church, Rochester. A number of the groom assisted by Rev. Father Fitzsimons.

Mr. John O'Connor of Rochester was the guest Sunday of his brother Rev. James O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Kelly and son of Batavia are visiting friends in town.

The death of Mr. Arthur McGuire occurred Monday morning at his home on Main street, of heart failure, aged 49 years. He was well known having been born in this place and held the position as clerk in the post office until his death. A true Christian, kind and loving father and husband and highly respected by all who came in contact with him. His death is a sad blow to the surviving ones. He is survived by his wife, one son, John McGuire, and two daughters, Sister M. Severina, of the Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Rochester and Miss Mary McGuire. The funeral was held Thursday at 8:30 from the house and at 9 o'clock from St. Patrick's church of which he was a most devoted member. A requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. John Fitzsimons in the church of St. Columbkille, Rochester. Requiescat in Pace. The Journal extends its sincere sympathy to the surviving family and relatives.

About 25 members of the local lodge of Knights of Columbus attended the picnic of Auburn Council Thursday last which was held at Skaneateles Lake.

A baseball game has been arranged between members of the Knights of Columbus lodges of Auburn and Seneca Falls to be played at Auburn on August 12th.

GENEVA.

Miss Alice Murphy of William St. is spending her vacation in Rochester.

Miss Margaret Kelleher, a student at the Rochester City Hospital, is enjoying her vacation with her parents on William St.

Meessers Murphy and Allison have opened new undertaking parlors in this city.

Patrick Joyce of Boston is visiting his parents in this city.

Miss Anna Dineen of Washington St., has returned from New York city.

Miss Nettie Burns is enjoying a trip to her home in New York.

William R. Way of Columbia, S. C., joined his wife and son at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald on William St. Mr. Way is well known here having once been a resident of the city.

LIMA

The sacred drama entitled "The Last Day of Our Lady" which was presented in Brendon Hall, St. Patrick's day, under the auspices of the Young Ladies Society, will be repeated by special request on August 15th.

An anniversary high mass was sung Thursday morning for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Bridget Nolan.

George Hogan of Canandaigua, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Grace.

At the annual school meeting held in the town hall Tuesday evening, August 2nd Patrick Hendrick was re-elected trustee by a large majority.

The Misses Nellie and Agnes Morrissy of Canandaigua are visiting their brother, Dr. J. A. Morrissy.

RAILROADS OF JAPAN.

Odd Ceremonies of Passengers and Train Crew.

When a native woman enters a Japanese railway carriage she slips her feet from her tiny shoes, stands upon the seat, and then sits demurely with her feet doubled beneath her. A moment later she lights a cigarette, or her little pipe, which holds just tobacco enough to produce two good whiffs of smoke. All Japanese people sit with their feet upon the seat of the car, and not as Europeans do. When the ticket collector—attired in a blue uniform—enters the carriage, he removes his cap and twice bows politely. He repeats the bow as he comes to each passenger to collect the tickets.

First High Pews in Churches.

During the reign of William and Mary in England a worthy Bishop complained to the latter that the ladies of the court were wont to fix their eyes on their neighbors rather than on him during his discourses. It apparently never occurred to the divine that the fault might lie in the sermons themselves.

By consent of the Queen high pews were introduced to prevent wandering eyes. "As for the young ladies for whose spiritual welfare they were devised," says a writer "their indignation was only surpassed by the rage of their admirers." From that time high pews were very commonly placed in churches.—London Daily News.

Antiquity of Glass.

The oldest specimens of glass, says an authority on curious informations are traced back from 1500 to 2300 years before Christ. These are of Egyptian origin. Transparent glass is believed to have been first used about 750 years before the Christian era. It was introduced into Rome in the time of Cicero and reached a remarkable degree of perfection among the Romans, who produced some of the most admirable specimens of glass ever manufactured; an instance is the famous Portland vase in the British Museum. Glass was not used for windows until about A. D. 300.—Harper's Weekly.

Robes in London Courts.

In English courts the solicitors must always appear in their robes. A London newspaper of recent date contains the following: "I can neither see you nor hear you," said Judge Edge to Mr. Turner, a solicitor at Clerkenwell County court, when that gentleman, who was unrobed, rose to oppose a barrister's application to have a case adjourned. Mr. Turner began to put on his robe, but Judge Edge interposed: "Now, that will do," he said. "I will not have this court made a robing room. Next case." Mr. Turner protested that it was an injustice to his client, but the judge ordered him to be silent.

A Man With Two Hearts.

Another interesting discovery has been made in connection with the man Giuseppe de Maggio, of Alessano, whose heart it was announced some time ago, was situated on the right side. The doctors have again examined Maggio and have declared that he possesses two hearts—one which beats on the right, the other insensible and immobile on the left. In addition to his two hearts, the man has two ribs more than normally constituted individuals. He has always enjoyed good health, and was an excellent cavalry soldier.—London Tit-Bits.

Women in Politics.

"What would happen to men if women entered politics?" asked Senator Gorman recently. "They are," he continued, "lesser than we are, even in their Sunday schools, and we wouldn't stand any chance with them. In one of the few Sunday school classes I ever addressed I was nonplused by a miss of six summers. I was telling the girls the story of the seven virgins and seven foolish virgins, and I asked what we might learn from the beautiful story, when a little blossom in blue replied: 'That's easy enough; learn to keep our eyes peeled for a bridegroom!'"

A CLEVER SWINDLER

As you approach the city of Waverly by train the first thing you are likely to see is a high, light-colored stone tower which stands at the top of a hill in the very center of the university campus.

Shortly after it was built a trustee of the university gave a chime of bells, and it has been customary ever since for one of the students to play these. The last to hold this position had been graduated the previous June and, although the first of September was but one week off, no one had been selected to take his place.

Two weeks before the opening of the fall term a young man called on the chairman of the committee in charge of the buildings and asked that he might be considered an applicant for the vacancy. He had such an easy, pleasant manner that he soon won the professor's backing and the appointment.

The committee was somewhat surprised when he asked permission to use one of the tower rooms to live in, but as he offered to accept this as payment for his services, they consented.

The new player proved to be a fine musician. But no one seemed to know much about him except that he was a graduate student who spent most of his time in the chemical and the electrical laboratories.

Every other evening, about 7 o'clock, he would come out of his lonely quarters, walk rapidly downtown to the office of the Adams express company and return with a package about the size of a city directory.

On the last Tuesday in May a man arrived on the late afternoon train and registered at the leading hotel as Mr. Marvin Williams of New York. Mr. Williams at once started in search of the Adams express office. Arriving at the office he asked the man in charge whether he knew the address of a Mr. Williams Scott.

The man knew a Mr. Scott, but not his address. Finding that Scott was a student at the university, Mr. Williams went to the registrar's office. The clerk there did not understand what was meant by the entry on the address book, "Library Tower," so referred to Prof. Ward.

An hour later Johnson, the clerk, looked out the back window of his office and saw the gentleman who had been inquiring for Mr. Scott walking rapidly across the campus in company with Prof. Ward and Mr. Mason, the sheriff. He watched the three until they reached the library tower and entered.

When the party reached the library Prof. Ward called on Thomas, the janitor, who was working in the building for the night to bring him the key to the tower door.

When Thomas had opened the heavy oak door the three started up the iron steps and left him standing inside the door in which he had left the key, expecting to come down very soon.

On reaching the 10th floor, a ray of light was seen shining through the keyhole of the door to the room at the left, and before this the party stopped. The door was locked, as the sheriff found out when he tried to enter without knocking. At the sound of the turning of the knob some one moved in the room and a few seconds later the bolt was drawn.

Scott apologized for having kept them waiting, but, as he explained, he had not expected visitors and was about to retire, having partially undressed.

The sheriff walked in and was clearing his throat to announce his purpose of their visit, when Prof. Ward took matters in charge, and in a kindly way explained that, probably through some mistake, Mr. Scott's name had been confused with some other party's name who had been using the U. S. mails for a fraudulent purpose.

These two gentlemen were investigating, and had asked him to show them where he lived so that they might question him in regard to the matter.

During this Williams stood quietly eyeing the student, who acted as cool and collected as though nothing unexpected were happening.

Apparently perfectly at ease, he offered his two chairs to the sheriff and the professor.

"Oh by the way, professor, now that you're up here, I should like to show you the machine I had reference to in our conversation yesterday. Probably these gentlemen will be interested," turning to the sheriff and Mr. Williams.

As the professor seemed interested, neither of the others objected to the digression, both glad to get a breathing spell after their hard climb.

The room was nearly square. At the side opposite the door was a single, small window. A workbench ran the entire length of the wall, half of it fitted out with tools, the other half with the outfit and the many colored bottles of a chemist.

The one object, however, which attracted the professor's attention was a small, compact, electric motor, which was firmly bolted to the edge of the workbench.

"Professor," Scott continued, wiping the dust off the motor with some waste, "this is the machine I spoke to you about."

The four men gathered around it, the sheriff quite forgetting his mission, while Williams held back a little and seemed to have his eyes on Scott as well as on the machine.

"When I graduated from college I had an idea that if I had the time and the means to follow out certain lines of research I would eventually come upon the discovery of what

many chemists and nearly all electro-tricians have been trying for years to discover. In other words, some means of converting the electricity about us into power without having to resort to the clumsy, heavy primary battery, or to the dynamo, which requires an entire steam or water power plant to produce the current you desire.

"Believing that there must be certain chemical reactions which would give the desired results, I began the study of chemistry, and long worked without the least success. Finally, I came, quite by accident, upon a clew which I believed would lead to the desired results.

"My money had run low by this time and I was unable to continue. For a week I racked my brain to think of some scheme to secure the amount needed to continue and to pay the debts already contracted. I wrote articles for several magazines. They were refused. I tried other means, but they failed.

"At last I decided to advertise with what little cash I had and with what I could borrow. I advertised as a company about to place a new and marvelous invention on the market, promising large dividends, and having spent my last cent, waited in suspense for the results.

"The advertisements were well worded, for I took time to study the matter carefully. They were more than successful, and in a few days money began to come in for stock in the new company.

"I completed my experiments, and to my horror found that the motor would not run. I discovered a fatal flaw in the fundamental principle.

"Gentlemen, my whole nature seemed to change. Why should I return the money which money-grabbing fools had sent me? I had spent much in trying to complete my work.

"I sent for two eminent scientists. They examined the motor. It ran beautifully—while they were here. Poor fools, they never noticed that a large electric light wire passes over the tower. This I had tapped for the occasion.

"They allowed me to use their names. With the publication of these, applications for stock poured in so fast that I had to neglect my college duties to take care of the mail. This I had sent to a lock box at the New York postoffice, and forwarded from there by express so as not to create suspicion.

"In a month I was wealthy, in another I was doubly wealthy.

"But this is not all, Gentlemen. If you will come up into the tower, I will show you the flying machine, which I have perfected and in which I had hoped to use my motor."

The astonishment of the three callers at this candid remark had nearly taken away their reason. Destructive, however, to see how far such an ingenious young man had carried his work, they followed him up another flight, through the heavy steel another flight, and out at the top of the tower. Four corner pillars supported the tiled roof, and under this was the skeleton frame of his machine.

"Gentlemen, just let me get a light," said he, and started down the steps.

"Hold on!" cried Williams, drawing his revolver.

"Oh, don't fear my trying to escape; I recognize that my time has come. Come with me, then, if you will," he continued.

The light shining through the open door of his room lit up the hallway below so that he could be seen until he entered his room.

"Go ahead, I'll wait here," answered Williams.

A few minutes later he returned with his coat on and carrying a lantern. The night was pitch dark, there being no moon.

He handed the lantern to the sheriff, and, climbing on the railing, took hold of one corner of the flying machine. The sheriff held up the lantern, expecting him to explain some detail.

For a second his face turned deadly white, but only for a second. He reached above the machine, caught hold of a long, thin bundle and pulled it down toward him.

"And now, my dear professor, and my kind friends whose names I have not the pleasure of knowing—they looked up, expecting him to explain another feature, but the sentence finished differently, for with a polite "I bid you good night," he sprang backward into the darkness.

"My heavens!" cried the sheriff, rushing to the rail.

"A hundred feet. There won't be a bone left in his body."

"It sounded as though he took the machine with him, but no, it's all here," said the professor, grasping the lantern and holding it up to examine.

The next morning a little girl was walking across the campus on her way to get milk for breakfast. She was astonished to hear some one calling from the top of the library tower.

Looking up, she recognized Prof. Ward, and listened while he delivered the most embarrassing speech of his life, in which he explained that he and some friends had accidently been locked in the tower, and would she please go get Mr. Moore, the janitor's assistant, to unlock the door.

Fifteen minutes later four angry and crestfallen men—Prof. Ward; Thomas the janitor; Mason, the sheriff, and Williams, the detective—filed out of the tower door.

Later in the day Williams found a parachute a short distance down the hill. When Scott had returned to his room to get the lantern, leaving the others at the top of the tower, he had taken the most valuable of his securities, so there are those who still regard the flying departure of this young man—By Beaver Raymond.

Low round trip rate to San Francisco via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale August 15th to September 9th at rate of \$62 Buffalo to San Francisco and return. Liberal arrangements for stop overs. Tickets good returning until October 23, 1904. Get full particulars from local agents or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

It's Always Cool at Manitou. The 16-mile ride along the lake shore is delightful, and Manitou Beach is an ideal resort for a day's outing. Round trip fare via N. Y. C., 30c; half, 20c.

\$62 Buffalo to San Francisco and return via the Nickel Plate Road account Triennial Conclave Knights Templar and Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. Tickets on sale August 15th to September 9th. Good returning until October 23, 1904. This rate, in connection with the excellent service offered, makes the Nickel Plate Road a favorite route. For particulars see local agents, or write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Pink Ticket Route. The Pink Ticket which is sold by all conductors on the Lake and Bay cars, gives you a beautiful ride direct from your house to Glen Haven, where you take the steamer "J. D. Scott" for Summerville or Ontario Beach, returning home by either the Summerville or Lake avenue electric cars with a transfer to your home. Boat leaves Glen Haven 11 a. m., 2:35, 5:15, 7:15 p. m., connecting with steamer at Sea Breeze leaving 11:35 a. m., 2:35, 4:40, 6, and 8 p. m. Returning—leaves Ontario Beach 11 a. m., 2, 3:35, 5:15 and 7:15 p. m. Sundays, every hour.

THE MANTOU BEACH LINE. is the "Fishing Line." Big strips of black bass, pickerel and perch are being caught daily. Round trip fare via N. Y. C., 40 cents, half fare 20 cents. The road has doubled its carrying capacity and all the cars run "on time" and we can take good care of the crowds. No delays.

To meet the popular demand the New York Central passenger department has arranged to run a special train from Rochester to Soling Beach every Saturday afternoon. The train will leave State street station at 1:15 and arrive at the Point at 2:40. Returning train will leave at 3:45 and arrive in Rochester at 7:57 p. m. The rate for round trip tickets good returning same day 50 cents while tickets good returning next day or on Monday following, will be sold for 75 cents. The Central management, in providing this service, have done so with a view of accommodating the working people clerks, book keepers and others who are fortunate enough to enjoy a Saturday half holiday. Soling Bay is a beautiful spot and the afternoon can be spent in a very pleasant manner.

If you contemplate a trip to any part of the West, full information as to rates, service, etc., will be cheerfully furnished on application to R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Electric Express. All passenger trains carry express matter. You can send packages by R. & E. express every hour from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m. and they will be delivered at once.

Prompt collections, fast transportation and immediate delivery are the points that please.

Beautiful, Delightful, Beautiful. these adjectives are used by every one who goes to Manitou Beach to describe the place. Come and bring the children, it will do them good.



A fine Picture of Pope Pius X, 16x20, given free to all subscribers paying one dollar in advance for the Journal.