

A STRANGE BURIAL PLACE.

Founder of Naples and His Dog Buried in a Church.

In the small town of Naples, situated on the coast near Santa Barbara, is a substantially built stone church that has never been used for any other purpose than as a sepulchre for a man and a dog.

This Church is Erected to the Glory of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, and in Memory of the Founder of Naples, John H. Williams.

Naples had been without a church ever since it was founded and the lack was a source of considerable regret to a number of its citizens.

Williams did not leave any directions regarding the furtherance of his plans nor state what disposition should be made of his remains, so the widow took the reins in her own hands.

This church, she said, shall never be used as a place of worship. It shall stand just as it is—a monument to my dead husband.

And she caused the dog to be buried with him, for his love for the animal had amounted almost to a passion.

There is no sexton or keeper in charge of the church, and it has consequently a neglected, forlorn appearance, although it has been standing only since 1877.

The mausoleum is kept in better shape. Festoons of fresh flowers are frequently hung over the grating, on one side of which is a carved head of the honored dog.

Following the example of Mrs. Stanford Mrs. Williams has reserved for herself a place beside her husband.

Rumor has it that Mrs. Williams is on the point of changing her plan in regard to keeping the church closed, for she has stated that after the first couple have been married there she will throw open the doors and allow it to become a place of worship.

Chinese newspapers have published a report that Chinese capitalists have subscribed the capital for building a railroad from Peking northwest to Kalgan.

The money for the railroad is to be raised by the Russians for that purpose. Also it is reported that 200 Russian pioneer troops have arrived at Kalgan.

Chloe's teeth have been gold-plated now with the 14-karat metal, and only the dentist's flat refusal has prevented them from being engraved.

Word from Br'er Williams. "Some folks sez de devil is a gentleman," said Brother Williams.

"I know for sartain, ep dat he is sho' is hot stuff!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"I know you," cried the angry parent; "I shall cut you off with a shilling!"

"Yes, sir," replied the erring son meekly, "and might I have that shilling now?"—Life.

When Chloe Was Crowned

BY STEPHEN COLEMAN

It was all owing to the fact that Chloe (real name Matilda Washington) had yielded to the Afro-American yearning for a gold-capped tooth, that Bert Clarges became Billy Matthews' "servant girl."

Chloe, having struck a bargain with her dentist, found it dear when the brass alloy poisoned her mouth, and she had to be taken to the hospital, leaving the Matthews-Clarges household servantless at a crisis.

The day following Billy was to entertain Mabel Worden and her mother at dinner, and it was upon the effect of this dinner that Billy and Mabel depended to remove the slight prejudice Mrs. Worden felt against men who painted instead of earning what to her was an honest living.

Charges was as good a cook as he was an architect, and the dinner he prepared was a triumph. Billy, taking advantage of a bull in the kitchen, slipped out into the tiny kitchen to congratulate him upon it.

"That's all right, old man," Bert answered, "but do you happen to know that the guest they brought with them is an old schoolmate of mine? I should hate to have her think that I had fallen to this."

Billy gave a grin that was more gratitude than sympathy. "I'm fixed," he announced importantly. "Mrs. Worden whispered to me after the salad that she thought I was a Bohemian, but after such a demonstration of my love of home life she was perfectly willing to trust her daughter to my care."

Billy, all unknowing had given rein to fancy and told wild tales of unfortunate club men he had known who had turned their culinary skill to good use. Now he saw the mistake he had made.

He smoked his after-dinner cigar in the parlor, with Mabel sitting happily on one side and Mrs. Worden on the other, engrossed with their talk of the future. They did not notice that Marlon had slipped away.

She went straight back to the dining room; Bert was just clearing up the table; there would be a light supper, perhaps, if they could be induced to stay late enough for chafing dishes, and he wanted to leave things in good shape.

"I knew you the moment I saw you," said Marlon simply, as she held out her hand. "She gave a little cry. 'Don't!' she said, in a voice wrung with anguish. 'Don't tell me that I brought you to this through my selfishness and pride!'"

"Your pride!" he said quickly, "what had your pride to do with it?" "Couldn't you guess," she wailed. "Don't you know how they talk in a small town? They said I was trying to marry you for your money. That was why I told you 'No' twice."

"I can tell you now," she said proudly. "Father was not ruined. Most of the money the lawyers got back for us. Now that I am rich and you are—"

"And you can't be accused of marrying me for my money?" he helped her out.

"That's it," she said eagerly. "Now that you have been brought to this, I can say fearlessly that I love you and ask you to marry me."

"I may as well tell you," he said seriously, "that it was another woman who brought me to this."

She drew herself up, tall and straight. "Come, I will show you her picture." With a compelling arm on her shoulders he led her into the stuffy kitchen and up to a cheap type in its primrose colored mat. "There she is," he said simply.

Marlon gave a horrified cry. "It's a darkey," she gasped.

"It's our cook," he explained solemly. "They took her to the hospital yesterday. Forgive me, dear, only meant to tease."

Mrs. Worden gasped when they found her with the cook's arm about her neck and her fluffy head upon his breast, but she did not withdraw her consent to Billy's engagement because he had sought to deceive her.

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Reddy Mahoney's Romance

By Grace Mac Gowán Cooke

Reddy Mahoney's face was a lugubrious sight to look up; and that countenance was made for smiles, not for woe. He dusted the pew with an inept, clumsy hand.

"You've been quarreling with your wife again," said Father MacNeill's accusing voice from the vestry door. "Nawthin' much, your reverence," said Reddy sulkily. "What did a boy like that know about women, even if he was a priest?"

The reverend father came down the aisle. He might know little about women but he knew much about just and his caretaker's brush flourished with renewed energy. A thin, otherworldly looking young fellow, with rather MacNeill, with a pair of soft, misty, dark eyes, and a voice to wilt a bird from a bush—a voice that did not seem to be made entirely for the setting of Latin services.

"Mahoney," he began in those winning tones which Reddy had learned could convey as sound a reproof as the bishop's rasping bass. "Reddy, your wife is a good woman. Your wife is a disgrace to you and an insult to her. The whole parish is talking of it."

The priest had been gone for a few minutes. Mahoney was behind the altar, a small, confidential, which the priest contained rubbing some traces about a picture, when he saw the priest's footfall. Peering cautiously round the corner of the wardrobe like structure, he saw his wife approaching. He would have gone on sulkily with his work; but the sight of Kate's beaming face checked him with jealous rage.

For what was she grinning like that? She tossed her graceful head and set her hat in place with a gesture so familiar to the watching man that he choked again with something that was not all rage. For whom had she put on her gay clothes? Not to harm the eye of her lawful spouse.

That Reddy was sure, for she well knew that he could not be off duty until late that night. Well, she had come to confess perhaps she would tell the priest what it was that she had been doing which had set a barrier between her and her husband for six months.

The girl had stepped lightly inside the catwalk of the confessional. "I'm waiting, my daughter," he murmured in a voice sufficiently unlike his own.

Katy evidently recognized that it was not the voice of Father MacNeill. "I have committed sin," she murmured, running through the opening phrases of her confession, and trying to catch a glimpse of her confessor.

For the life of him the injured husband could not get together the questions which were to satisfy his burning curiosity. His mind was in a whirl. Suddenly he became aware that the girl had dropped her formal speech and was addressing Father MacNeill evidently with the belief that he had been mistaken in supposing that the voice was not his.

"Oh, your reverence," she cried, in tones bubbling with joy. "I've seen the man again—and it's all right! Now, if you'll absolve me for telling my husband an untruth, and say what penance I should do for deceiving him, why, I'll be the happiest woman in the town 'till 'sight."

"Deceivin' your husband?" gasped Reddy. "Another man—what other man?"

"Yes, your reverence," Katy rippled on sweetly. "I felt my heart in my bosom like lead to deceive poor Reddy; but I couldn't tell him of the man—now could I?"

"What man, you shameless woman," came from behind the little wicket.

"Oh, your reverence, you know the man that says my poor Reddy took something that didn't belong to him—a ring to give me when I was his sweetheart. Maybe my poor boy did that same, being tempted. But could I be the one to tell him that 'twas brought to my knowledge? I've paid the last cent on it this day, your reverence, and no Reddy need never know. The man has been coming to the house regular to get the money; and I was that 'frad Reddy would see him and ask questions; and twice I've had to lie to him, Father MacNeill—don't forget that. Give me a penance I'm that happy that I need a penance to keep my feet on the earth."

The soft voice ceased. The little man crouched behind the window. Oh, how well he remembered the day! He wanted the ring for Katy that was soon to be his wife. He hadn't quite enough to buy it. They had put on him, a porter in the big department store.

His eyes roved like a creature at bay, seeking some exit from this torture chamber, when abruptly a black curtain descended before them. It was the skirt of Father MacNeill's cassock, and Father MacNeill's quiet voice said to the wondering girl outside.

"The priest to whom you were confessing is suddenly ill, my daughter," and he swept the little man, shaking and mutely convulsed, behind his own tall figure.

Father MacNeill's reproofs always hit to the bone, and now he was white with righteous wrath. But despite the enormity of his present offense, Reddy was far past dread of his priest, or even of his Bishop. Something of this came home to the reverend father as he looked at that blanched, convulsed face.

Misses Louise F. Harrington and Anna Conlin, and Mrs. B. Leary of this village left on Friday for New York City, where they will spend fifteen days in sightseeing.

Wm. A. Quirk of New York City was home on a visit this week. The many friends of Martin Schenler are sorrow to learn that he is ill.

The L. C. B. A. hold afternoon socials every two weeks at some one of the member's home, and are enjoyed by all who have the pleasure of attending them. Light refreshments are served.

Mrs. D. J. Dolan of Philadelphia is visiting at the home of James Dolan in this village.

On Aug 8th last, Rev. A. A. Hughes has been pastor of St. Mary's Church in this village eight years during that time a good many improvements have been made, and St. Mary's Society is now in a flourishing condition.

The following ladies went to Le Roy on Thursday last to visit Miss Mary A. Conron and Mrs. M. Davis. Mrs. M. J. Ryan, Mrs. Parmelee, Mrs. W. D. O'Connor, Mrs. Wm. Gallagher, Mrs. Geo. Lahr and Miss Mary J. Biggins. This is an annual visit and is enjoyed by all. Mrs. Davis and Miss Conron were formerly residents of this village.

Edward J. Fagan, who has been at his home in Gloversville for the past six weeks, returned to Genesee on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Walter Smith of Buffalo, and Miss Ellen Coleman of Erie, Pa., visited friends here this week.

Isidor Hughes and John O'Neill of Rochester, were guests of Rev. A. A. Hughes, the latter part of last week.

The picnic under the auspices of the C. M. B. A., to which the L. C. B. A. and the congregation and Sunday School of St. Mary's Church joined, was held at Long Point, Conesus Lake, on Tuesday of this week. All had an enjoyable time, but several showers during the day made it unpleasant at times.

Wm. Gallagher and Timothy DeLanty are spending a week in New York City.

Miss Ella Fitzgerald of Rochester is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. C. Piper. Married at St. Rose's Church, Lima, Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, Aug 12th, Fred A. Quirk of Genesee, and Miss Evelyn E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Walsh of Lima.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Thos. E. Walsh, a Paulist Father of New York City, and a brother of the bride. The bride's maid was Miss Monica Walsh, a sister of the bride, and Wm. A. Quirk of New York City, a brother of the groom, acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride, where a large number of relatives and friends extended congratulations to the newly wedded couple. The bride and groom are graduates of the Genesee Normal School and are held in the highest esteem in their respective towns. They received many costly and useful gifts. After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Quirk will occupy the Quirk homestead on Crosssett Street in this village.

Auburn, N. Y. The funeral of the late James Purdy took place from the Holy Family Church on Monday morning. The church was well filled with friends of the deceased. Mr. Purdy was a well known young man of this city and his sudden death was a shock to his friends. The deceased was a member of the Auburn Council, Knights of Columbus, the C. M. B. A. and the Machinists' Union of this city. Each of these orders were represented at the funeral by a delegation. Burial was in St. Joseph's Cemetery.

Many Auburnians attended the first annual outing of the Northville parish, which is under the direction of Rev. J. B. Doran, formerly of this city. This parish is a very promising one, and under the direction of Father Doran will be brought up among the prominent country parishes of the diocese. The congregation at Scipio, which is also under Father Doran's charge, will have their outing on next Monday on the church lawn in that village.

Auburn Council, Knights of Columbus, held their annual outing on Wednesday at Ten Mile Point on Skaneateles Lake. A large crowd of Auburnians were present to enjoy the day's sport. The proceeds from the affair will be turned over to the building fund of the Auburn Asylum.

The congregation of St. Mary's Church will hold a lawn fête on the church lawn. The proceeds from this will be turned into the building fund of the Auburn Asylum, which the church is raising. Everyone should turn out to make this event a success.

The work on the St. Francis Church is progressing rapidly, and from indications will be ready for the congregation by the first of October. The schools of the city will present a fine appearance at the opening of school the first week in September. Each of the schools have been painted in and outside. The parochial

schools rank high above the common schools of the city in appearance.



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