FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

**An Old Merchant.**

Concord, N. Y., July 6, 1897.

I am an old merchant and have been in business for 50 years. About 10 years ago I was afflicted with nervous prostration. I consulted doctors, specialists but found no relief until I was advised by a friend to try Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, by the use of which I have been cured. I feel sure the Nerve Tonic will help many who are suffering from nervous troubles.

W. C. HAMM.

**Could Not Remember My Own Name.**

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 3rd, 1897.

I was afflicted for 6 months with nervous prostration to such an extent that I did not remember my own name and did not even recognize my own children. I cannot certainly say enough in its praise to commend it. Not I do not like to think of it. After I had taken the first bottle of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic I began to feel stronger and after I had taken 3 bottles I am entirely cured.

MRS. A. HOTH.

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## Notice to Creditors.

PURSUANT to an order of Hon. Selden S. Rochester, Surrogate of the County of Monroe, notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Mary A. O'Neill, late of the city of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, deceased, to present the same with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned as such administratrix at her residence, 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y., on or before the 19th day of July, 1909.

MARY A. O'NEILL,
Administratrix.

Murphy, Keenan & Keenan, Attorneys for Administratrix, No. 225-226 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y.


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## St. Anthony's Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton,
Fakenham, Norfolk.

THANKS A THOUSAND! GRATEFUL THANKS TO ALL OUR BENEFACTORS.

Through the generosity of the Catholic public we have been enabled to secure a magnificent site for Church, Presbytery and Schools.

We have already built the Presbytery and Sacristy, the latter of which we are using for a Temporary Church until sufficient funds are in hand to build the Church. On no account will our good Bishop allow us to go into debt. Personally, I am glad, because to go into debt would mean ruin to this poor Mission, and would undo all the good that I have been struggling so hard to perform.

I have no diocesan grant, remember, and no endowment except hope.

Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader? But wait and see. I am by no means discouraged. Much has been accomplished in the past, and—much more is about to be accomplished.

I have hope in you, good reader. I greatly hope that you will help me to bring this glorious work, so nobly begun, to a successful and speedy issue; that you, in your zeal for the progress of Our Holy Faith, will extend a helping hand to me.

This Mission is the sole outpost o Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 25 by 20 miles. My people are poor and scattered, consequently the weekly offerings are necessarily very small. We must have outside help for the present. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped, I would say: "For the sake of the cause, give something, if only a little." It is easier and the more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the blessed sacrament.

Address:—Father H. W. Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and our Holy Patron, St. Anthony of Padua.

EPISCOPAL AUTHORITY.

Dear Father Gray:—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.—Yours faithfully in Christ.

F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

### Help Us To Save the Negro.

For twenty-five years the Josephite Fathers have labored among the negroes of the state of Virginia. Already nine Mission Stations have been established. These are supported by Saint Joseph's Mission House. Others are badly needed to reach our unfortunate colored brethren. We appeal to the generosity of the faithful to come to our aid in this glorious apostolate. St. Anthony's Union has been established to support the priests who so generously devote their lives to the salvation of this people. There are 400,000 negroes in the state of Virginia, but only 2,000 of them are Catholics; the others are ignorant of the blessings that Christ bequeathed to mankind through His church. Our desire and efforts are to erect a new mission each year. Each mission station costs $2,500 to erect. Will you join St. Anthony's Union, and help in the salvation of the souls that cost the blood of Jesus Christ to save?

"Of all things the most divine is to co-operate in the salvation of souls."—St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

Send a donation to Rev. Charles Hannigan, St. Joseph's Mission House, Box 342, Richmond, Va.


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## The Red Lamp

When Miss Maria became a tenant of the quaint house it was with full knowledge of its ghostly reputation. The bright rays of her red lamp could be seen from the village centre, for the eccentric lady invariably left the shades raised, also the windows unfastened. It appeared that Miss Maria refused to take ordinary precautions to protect her life and property. She was averse to idle gossip, revealed nothing of her past life and encouraged few acquaintances.

One day great excitement reigned in the village. The bank had been robbed; entrance had been obtained by means of an unfastened window. Notices were posted in prominent places, warning householders to unite in efforts to protect property and foil further attempts at thieving.

Miss Penhallow read the posters and continued in her unguarded habit.

In the early part of a certain evening a week after the robbery Miss Maria lingered in the little parlor her work lying neglected on the table in the full glare of the red lamp while she harked back in memory to the days of her youth. A miniature of a little lad stood on the high shelf above the brass andirons. The childish face seemed to throb and glow as she held the picture at various angles close to the light from the red lamp.

The little serving maid went on her rounds unheeded, barring the rear entrances, winding the clock, and at last creaked her way to the little attic for the night's repose. Still Miss Penhallow sat alone, with the miniature before her, living in retrospect the scenes of her childhood, scenes in which she and the boy whose picture she cherished had been associated.

For an hour or more she lay awake listening to the ticking of the old clock, which sound echoed and re-echoed through the old house.

Suddenly, just as she was sinking into a delicious dream, in which Roger and she were young again playing pranks together, a step aroused her. Instantly she was out of bed, enveloped in dressing gown and noiseless slippers, ready to intercept the prowler.

She poured cautiously into the hall, stories of recent burglaries fresh in her memory. From her window she could see the rays of lamp light shining on the lawn. The thief, if thief he were, must be in the parlor she had lately quitted.

So, boldly advancing, Miss Maria flung open the door and received a shock.

A strange man sat at the table, the miniature in his one hand; the miniature of Roger Penhallow. Could he be a burglar, deterred from robbery by a fancied likeness? Miss Penhallow swallowed a lump of indignation, then exclaimed:

"What do you want?"

The bearded man faced her with equal courage.

"Maria, I don't look much like this picture, yet I'm Roger Penhallow."

Miss Maria clutched the back of a chair. "How can you prove it?"

The stranger pointed to the red lamp, saying, "Father used to read to me every Sunday night under the light of this lamp. It's about the first and only object I remember as a child. There never could be another like it, Maria."

"Then you did try to find me, and are not a burglar by trade?"

"Burglar? What put that notion into your head? I have been searching months for anyone bearing our name. I didn't know who lived here, till I saw the lamp through the window. I was sure I had the right house then; and after I crept in and saw this picture all doubt ended. I'm going to stay if you'll find some work for me, Maria. I'm not coming empty-handed, either."—IDA WARREN GOULD.

### The Japs and Suicide.

The Japanese system of philosophy teaches that death is the easiest means of escaping from the troubles of life, and, from statistics published in a French economic journal, it is seen that suicide is something appalling, as far as numbers are concerned, in the "Land of the Chrysanthemum." From 1890 to 1897 7,000 cases were recorded; from 1898 to 1902 there were 9,000, and in 1904 it was 10,000. Sixty per cent. of the victims were men, and 40 per cent. women. A comparison is made with other countries. From 1887 to 1901 Denmark showed 252 to the million of people, France, 218; Switzerland, 216; Prussia, 197; Japan, 184; Austria, 159; Belgium, 122; Sweden, 119; Bavaria, 113; England, 80; Norway, 80; Holland, 68; Scotland, 56; Italy, 52, and Ireland, 24. In the majorit yof cases in Japan the age of the victim is fifty and over. The principal causes are mental breakdown, difficulties of life and chronic ill health. May and September show the highest number of these deaths.—Dundee Advertiser.

### Takes Pessimistic View.

Dr. J. L. Elliott, associate leader of the Ethical Culture society, is reported to have said recently that "we are getting tired of education as displayed to us by the Yale and Harvard man, Vassar and Bryn Mawr girl. They grate on our nerves and we are beginning to think that it is money not well spent to send our children through college.' With the exception of lawyers and doctors they turn out, it seemed to think the college of little benefit to the man or woman in process.

### GERONIMO IN OLD AGE.

He Is No Longer Looked Upon as a Chief by the Apaches.

Geronimo was at Lawton recently. The health of the old chief is still good, although he is very aged. His home is ten miles from Lawton, yet he usually walks to and from the place to do his trading.

He is quite often asked to give an exhibition of his skill as a marksman with the bow. This he readily consents to do provided a nickel is made the target and it becomes his own in case he hits it.

Geronimo denies the statement of Gen. Miles that the general captured him. The old warrior says that somewhere up on the mountains, when he was on the warpath, two white men came to him and told him that Gen. Miles wanted to see him.

The men accompanied him to the camp of the general and he was made a prisoner. Geronimo says he thinks it was in Arizona, the territory of his birth. Anyway, he says it was up in the mountains.

The tribal relations of the Apaches have been dissolved, and they no longer look upon Geronimo as their chief. They consider him a childish old man, who is too senile to advise them.—Lawton Democrat.

### Japan Looking for War.

When I was in Paris before the war a prominent Japanese remarked to me:

"Before we meet again our countries probably will be at war."

"Why do you say that?" I asked. "Russia's desire has always been for peace, and the war would not be of her making."

"Certainly not," he replied. "It would be what my country has so long been hoping for and expecting. She needs a war to place her in the front rank of nations; and while your diplomacy may stave off hostilities a little while longer, Japan will get a war with you before a year has gone."

I hoped my Japanese friend was wrong; my Government hoped so; and yet even then there were many evidences that he spoke the truth. The correctness of his statement was not fully appreciated, however, until the treacherous midnight attack at Port Arthur by Japanese torpedo boats, while the Japanese Minister at Petersburg was still enjoying the protection and the courtesies of the Russian Government, to whom he had only a short while before expressed the confident hope that war might yet be averted.—Count Cassini in North American Review.

### Russia's Many Holidays.

Russia has over 100 universal holidays in the year, and in addition every village has its holiday of its own saint, so that on the average there are only about 18 working days in a month.

Each village also has certain holidays of its own. Thus the village of Mikhailovo celebrates as a festival the anniversary of:

"The day the village was burnt down in 1897."

"The day of Piotr Moroson tumbled into the ravine and broke his neck."

"The day Piotr was buried."

"The day the Czar Alexander Nikolaivitch, the emancipator, visited Count Zhilinsky's house at Bobr."

"The day the Virgin Mary was seen bringing food to the famine-stricken in 1891."

All these festivals are celebrated by the consumption of "gorki" (another pet name for vodka). The drink is not paid for by private individuals, but out of the communal revenue, the amount to be expended being fixed at a special meeting of the "mir," or village parliament.—Stray Stories.

### Shakspere Shown Up.

The following is a criticism of "Hamlet" by a genius in New South Wales:

"There is too much chinning in the piece. The author is behind the times, and appears to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives.

"In the hands of a skillful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have excited the audience out of their No. 11s.

"The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet checks his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation and it is not improved when the dreary old ghost comes in and blows him up.

"Our advice to the author is a little more action a little more fine sentiment and a fair share of variety business in his next piece. In the specialty arts of the play-scene he has entirely missed his opportunities."—Stray Stories.

### An Early Athletic Conscience.

A small Brookline maid, aged five, developed a propensity for climbing a tree near her home, the ascent being accomplished successfully; but up there she stuck, shouting lustily for help until rescued by one of her big brothers. Two or three times this experience was repeated, until the patience of her rescuers was exhausted, and her mother was obliged to threaten punishment if the feat was not discontinued. "But mamma," remonstrated the child earnestly, "I really have to do it!" "You have to do it?" reiterated her mother in surprise. "Why do you have to do it?" "Because," was the answer, delivered with much dignity, "I belong to an athletic association, and I do that to develop my muscles!"—Boston Transcript.

### GERMAN WORTH SAVING.

Had Been Burned and Shot by Mines, But Wanted More Fight.

I have been following with great interest the checkered career of one of the Russian cruisers.

When the war started it caught fire, was beached, and burned to the waterline, with much loss of gallant lives.

A week or so later, it went cruising again, struck a submerged mine, and was blown up with loss of all on board; but the survivors managed to steer it to Dalny, where it lay for a long time, a compound wreck.

Nothing daunted, it put to sea again and led the attack on Admiral Togo's squadron. Seventy-four shells struck the devoted vessel in parts that were unarmored, but, her captains would not be gainsaid, and pursued the Japanese fleet, until he was recalled.—London Sketch.

### Pacific Coast Shipbuilding.

The California is the nineteen war vessel launched in these waters since 1898. All of them, except the harbor defence monitor Monadnock, were were built on the ways of the Union Iron Works. The Monadnock was constructed at Mare Island Navy Yard. This formidable fleet comprises three armored battleships, one armored cruiser, four protected cruisers, three armored monitors, two gunboats, three torpedo boat destroyers, one torpedo boat and two submarine boats.

It is a matter of some State pride that in all cases these vessels have come up to the government requirements on their trial trips. Some have distinguished themselves by earning bonuses for their builders for exceeding speed demands of the contracts. Some have earned fame in actual war, and proved by the trying tests to which they were put by the call of duty the superior workmanship of their hulls and machinery and the mountings of their armament.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### A Lesson from the Woodcock.

The woodcock chose as place of chocolate-colored, rich-looking soil. With his bill he dug some fifteen or twenty holes in this soil an inch or two apart. Then he began a queer dance, a kind of cake-walk. He beat the earth with his wings; he tapped it with his bill sharply; leaping into the air, he alighted, still and heavy, on his feet.

Was the woodcock insane? Evidently not. For now the worms and many sensitive earthworms began to protrude from the holes the bird had drilled. The earthworms had heard the noise, and they visited in vain what the trouble was. They turned their heads slowly from side to side. The woodcock devoured them one by one.

And that is the way woodcocks get earthworms to eat, and fishermen may learn a lesson from the bird. If a fisherman will make a number of holes in the soil and then beat upon the earth with his knuckles the worms underneath will come up through the holes to find out what is going on, and their capture will be easy.

### A Vision of Vacillating Conscience.

In an Indianapolis family, in which thirteen at the table is not allowed, an informal dinner of relatives recently was found to present the alarming number. Big Robert said he would stand up and dine from the sideboard to quiet the nervous women of the family, but a side table was specially arranged for little Robert, who seemed thoroughly mystified and impatient with the entire disturbance. Matters were going on nicely, when an unexpected uncle arrived, and again put the agitating thirteen superstitious in operation. To balance the matter, little Robert was recalled from the side table and again seated in a rather tight place at the large table. As the now thoroughly irritated and puzzled 6-year-old boy resumed his dinner, he offered a remark:

"Well, if I was as grown up as these people are I'd try to know my own mind."—Indianapolis Journal.

### A Minneapolis Breakfast.

The report of the mysterious illness of twenty-seven members of a boys' choir in Minneapolis adds that they had been served with breakfast by the Women's Guild of the church. "The breakfast," we are further told, "was a simple one, including pork tenderloin, potatoes stewed in milk, doughnuts and coffee." O Minneapolis! simplicity! Without inquiring which of the "simple" meals that "included" pork tenderloin, doughnuts and coffee included other such simple dishes, it would seem to be in order to suggest that the doctors, instead of making an analysis of the pork to see if it contained trichinae, might better analyzed the boys' stomachs to see if they were made of wrought iron.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Refreshing Tips.

An inn may be famous without being infamous.

We can all be farmers when it comes to scattering seeds of discontent.

Some women aren't "dressed to kill" unless they have dead birds on their hats.

The Daughter of the Regiment likes to command an army of admirers.

"Filled to the brim" describes the hat of a man with a big head.

Novel features—a [illegible] and an attractive binding.

A roll-top desk is a roll-bottom one at times.

"Throw dull care [illegible]" [illegible] follow.

## Always A[illegible]

When Frank [illegible] school he [illegible] town. Fairfield was a small place far from a large city. [illegible] it out that he could live [illegible] certain income in Fairfield [illegible] doubtful prosperity in a [illegible] There was something about [illegible] lawyer lived in Fairfield.

But the lion John Sawyer [illegible] magnate, could not appreciate [illegible] sentiment between his daughter [illegible] poor young lawyer. So the poor young lawyer studied and struggled along.

He had been struck by a peculiar phase of a great case that was being tried in a nearby city. The law journal which printed his article on the subject commented on his views [illegible] or enthusiastically, and sent him a number of free copies. He sent them to his friends, including the Hon. John Sawyer, whose interests were deeply touched by the case in question.

Urged by his confidence that he had done a worthy thing, he set off for the Sawyer home, determined to interview Mr. Sawyer. He was very civilly received.

"Quite an interesting article you wrote," said the millionaire. "I thank you for the copy."

Frank bowed, then plunged. "Mr. Sawyer, you must have seen how I love your daughter, but I've kept nothing until I felt assured of your consent."

"Oh, of course," interrupted Mr. Sawyer. "How much did you get for that article?"

"A few free copies," said Frank, blushing.

"About what I thought," said Mr. Sawyer. "Now, Sheldon, I like you, but liking doesn't count when a business contract is involved. You've given your time and trouble for nothing. The only things that count are results." He paused, then added, "I don't think I need say any more."

"I thank you for your candor," said Frank. Rising, "Good night." He crushed out of the house, and almost almost ran into a stout gentleman who was hurrying up the steps.

"There!" said the man. "This is John Sawyer's house?"

"The Sawyers live in the [illegible]" the stout man pulled himself out and said, "Man, [illegible] that John Sawyer wanted to see me."

Mr. Sawyer stared. "Why, this is Mr. [illegible] wanted you here."

"You're not [illegible] village [illegible]"

"Yes, he [illegible]"

"But about this [illegible] that were. He has [illegible] that one [illegible] right, honest, [illegible]"

"I think he is," said [illegible] slowly.

"Then send a note to [illegible] asking him to come."

After the note was sent, [illegible] explained that the [illegible] young man, if known, [illegible] would have [illegible] "If in his power to do so, [illegible] the other [illegible] must have him in my [illegible] good dollars will probably [illegible] for him."

With Sawyer had heard the [illegible] gation. She was standing on [illegible] enjoying the moonlight when [illegible] arrived. She put her [illegible] and told him of [illegible] Frank smiled. "I suppose [illegible] Sheldon, Mr. Hunter?"

"Why, certainly, now [illegible]"

"[illegible] you will [illegible] Frank. "[illegible] Mr. Hunter?"

"Why, this is