

YVES' PENANCE.

THEY LIVE FOR ONE.

EDITED BY LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE FARM OF CADIORNE.

It is a glorious August morning. The sun has risen red and glowing, and as he mounts higher and higher, the rich cornfields shine like a golden sea as the light breezes move the billowy mass.

"Hurry on, my lads," cried cheery Pere Patriarche, the rich farmer of Cadiorne, to his sons and laborers, "we must all get briskly to work. Must have a good lot of corn got in before night, and you know that those who work well are paid well."

Yves and Aubin, the farmer's sons, harnessed the wagon-horses; Robert, the head man, gave out the sharp sickles; and the reapers bound large checked handkerchiefs under their straw hats.

Marthe, the farmer's wife, stood at her door looking on at the bright busy scene, a quiet motherly woman, yet the main-spring of the household as well as its sunshine. She managed everything with the help of one lame servant, who had grown old in her service, and whom every one called Limping Louison.

On reaching the field, Aubin and Yves, like the others, set to work at once, and the ripe corn fell quickly and silently as the reaping-hooks cut their way farther into the field.

And now it is noon; there is no shadow cast by the trees; the chirp of the grasshoppers and cicadas comes short and sharp in the midday heat. A bell rings, every man stops work, and the master uncovering his head, recites the Angelus with all his men, after which all seek the group of oaks and walnuts at the bottom of the field, for the welcome hour of rest and refreshment. For the hundredth time some laborer bids his comrades beware of falling asleep under one of the walnut trees; for there, three feet under ground, according to Breton superstition, lurks a poisonous snake, "le sourd," they call him, whose very presence is fatal to the luckless sleeper. So they all lie down under the oaks, all but Yves, who is afraid of nothing, and takes pride in setting tradition, custom, and unhappily, holier things than these, at defiance.

Jean Patriarche, the father of the two lads whose acquaintance we have made, was a very good specimen of a Breton farmer. He had married young; and Marthe was his own choice as well as that of his parents. Both families were well off, and well thought of in the parish of Saint Aubin du Cormier. Marthe was quite an heiress in her way, with the three splendid cornfields which made her dowry; and Jean's famous speckled cattle grazed in pasture land where the grass grew breast-high. Two years after her marriage Marthe was the mother of two sons. Aubin had his father's black hair, open brow, and honest eyes, and his mother's calm gentle nature. Sincerely religious, he had a great love for the poor, and, when quite a little fellow, delighted in cutting great hunches of bread for them, which he could scarcely carry. One day he met a little barefooted boy, and instantly taking off his sabots gave them to the child, while he bound the straw which lined them on his own feet.

On his return his mother asked what had become of his sabots; she kissed him tenderly when the story was told, and next market-day she bought him a smart pair of buff-leather shoes, while the im promptu slippers were carefully put away in her press. "So," thought Yves, "the way to get easy shoes is to lose one's sabots." And the next day he came barefooted and his face covered with blood.

"Good heavens! what has happened?" said Marthe.

"Fight with little Maclou, the goose-geese were making a horrid row, and to him to keep them quiet; he not to mind-me, I sent at his head."

A little fellow like me, key, all the catch him neck of as soon flew at I had

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more loudly than ever when his dog Finaud, after snuffing about in search of his missing charge, brought the dead goose to his master's feet.

"O my God," wailed the poor child, "how shall I ever go back to Marcotte. The goose would have fetched a couple of crowns, and the mayor's wife would have been sure to buy her for Twelfth-day. I am sure Marcotte will kill me. I had rather run away at once than face him."

strengthened now, and for a good and charitable one. I reward the one, and I punish the other. But, mind, you are not to suppose that I love you less than him, because you force me to treat you differently. O Yves, you are my eldest child, the first who called me mother; and God knows how I thanked Him for you. Let me thank him still more, Yves, as I shall do when you are a better boy; don't go on grieving your father and me. And why are you jealous of your brother? He would give up everything to you. You are a bad boy—cruel and bad."

"So you have said once before; once more, will you buy me a pair of shoes?" "No, I will not. When you deserve favors, you shall have them."

"Very well; I shall bring that bird's neck, and Maclou will get a flogging." "You will never be so wicked."

"I will, as sure as—" Marthe threw her arms around him: "Hush, Yves; don't take a sinful oath. If you don't mind your mother's displeasure, fear God's anger."

"Let me go!" shrieked the boy, beside himself with passion. He tore himself from his mother's arms, and rushed out of the house.

Meanwhile, near little Maclou was sitting under an old willow tree, very sore and very sad. He had pulled a handful of wild mint, dipped it in water, and bathed his bruised head and face. By his side sat Armelle, the straw-cutter's daughter; she had torn up her handkerchief to bind his forehead, and was doing her best to comfort him. Maclou had told her his history, and was extolling the prowess of his beloved goose—the pride of his flock. "I should never have got away from him but for her, Armelle. He did hit hard with his sabots! Ah, he is a bad boy; but you are so good, Armelle, and then you are unhappy too—like me."

"What makes you call me unhappy?" said the little girl.

"Why, because your father drinks so." "I love my father," said Armelle quickly.

"Well, you see I haven't got a father," replied Maclou, after a moment's reflection; "I am just a foundling—something like a duck hatched by a hen, I suppose; the chickens won't have anything to do with it, and drive it away."

By and by Maclou forgot his troubles, and the two children were playing together quite merrily when they were interrupted by a tremendous noise. The geese came waddling to them as fast as they could with their web-feet, flapping their short wings, and screaming with terror. The dog barked furiously, the cows ran wildly about the meadows, and the great black bull, the terror of the country, rushed about with his head down, his nostrils foaming, and his eyes bloodshot. At length, by the combined efforts of Maclou and the dog, the stragglers were got together and counted; but one was missing—the great white goose, the pride of the flock, the valiant champion of her little master. He burst into tears, crying out:

"He has killed her! I know he has." "Oh, no; he never, never could!" said Armelle, "he never could be such a coward."

"Say that again!" cried an angry voice behind the children.

It was Yves, mad with passion, and shouting his threats as he spoke.

"Very well, I will say it again, for you are a coward," said the brave child; "and because you are a coward you might strike me, only you won't, bad as you are, because you know my father would give you a thrashing. And what do you suppose Maclou's master will do to him? If your father had to punish you, he would give you a scolding, I suppose; even if he did more, he would just hit you a very little with a tiny switch. But Maclou is an orphan, with nobody to take his part; and his master will lay a great thick stick across his shoulders, and you know it! If all the boys in the village are afraid of telling the truth to wicked Yves, as they call you, I'm not; so I tell you that you are a bad fellow,—yes, I am here waiting, and you can strike me if you dare!"

The little thing spoke so fearlessly, and looked so calmly at him with her innocent eyes, that Yves slunk away cowed and crestfallen, muttering, "I'll pay you off, too, some day, so—look out."

The straw-cutter's little daughter did not even hear him; she was kneeling by poor Maclou, who had thrown himself sobbing on the ground, and trying all she could to comfort him; but his grief broke out more loudly than ever when his dog Finaud, after snuffing about in search of his missing charge, brought the dead goose to his master's feet.

"O my God," wailed the poor child, "how shall I ever go back to Marcotte. The goose would have fetched a couple of crowns, and the mayor's wife would have been sure to buy her for Twelfth-day. I am sure Marcotte will kill me. I had rather run away at once than face him."

Armelle was terror-stricken. Marcotte was a dreadful man, to be sure, but then there were things as bad or worse; it would soon be dark, and brave as she was when a tangible danger was in question, she was in mortal dread of ghosts and "loups-garous."

"It will be very dark," she said; there's no moon.

"I know there isn't," said the frightened child.

"And isn't there anybody you will be sorry to leave?"

"Oh, yes, Armelle, you; you are so good and kind; and then there is Aubin, that bad boy's brother; he is good too; and so is his father—he often gives me a loaf of bread and a bowl of milk and good advice, too; and his wife knitted me a pair of stockings at Christmas. There are plenty of good people at St. Aubin du Cormier; and besides, when one has always lived in a place one is sorry to leave the trees, and the cows, and—and everything."

"Well, then, don't go."

"But—there's Marcotte!"

"Yes, I know, there is Marcotte."

And the children sat down opposite each other silently with their elbows on their knees, puzzling how to solve the difficulty.

They were roused from their meditations by a sharp shrill cry; and looking up saw Aubin standing before them, holding in his arms a struggling goose nearly as big as himself.

"There," he said, "take her home, with you; I believe she beats the one you lost."

"But," said Maclou wonderingly, "what makes you give her to me?"

"To make up for the one my brother killed; don't you see?"

"But this goose is your father's—what will he say?"

"Why, it happens very luckily that I keep our flock of geese; so when one is found missing, they will just think I have lost it."

"But your father will scold you." "Never mind that."

"Or beat you."

"My father's beating won't be like your master's, Maclou; it's not worth thinking of."

"O, how good you are!" and the little orphan clung round Aubin as if he could never leave him. Presently he said, "But what shall we do with the dead goose?"

"Armelle shall take it home with her, and keep our secret."

(To be continued.)

OFFICIAL ORGAN C. M. B. A.

N. Y. State Grand Council C. B. M. A.

The Reserve Fund of this Association may be loaned on bond and mortgage, on real estate to the amount of fifty per cent. of the estimated value of said real estate, exclusive of buildings.

The Board of Trustees hold regular meetings on the second Wednesday of each month.

Before the next meeting there will be \$7,800 cash on hand to loan.

Applications for loan with description of property offered for security may be made to

JOSEPH AMERON, Grand Secretary, Hornellsville, N. Y.

If the members of the various branches of the C. M. B. A. and of the several Catholic societies, will send to the JOURNAL any items of interest, list of officers elected, etc., they will be cheerfully published.

Sunday last occurred the death of Anthony Angel, an esteemed and beloved member of Branch-81, C. M. B. A., and a promising young business man. He was a member of the firm of Staub & Angel, ale brewers. Besides his father and mother five sisters and seven brothers survive him. Mr. Angel was 25 years of age. The following resolutions have been adopted by Branch 81:

Resolutions by Branch 81.

Branch-81 finds recorded opposite a member's name on their Roll Book that ominous word—dead.

The chain of friendship which bound so closely together the members of this Branch is broken.

Brother Angel is no longer with us; his friendly ways and earnest work will be missed in our meetings.

Brother Angel was an example of perseverance and integrity in a young man; he was a devoted son, a loving brother, and a true member of our association. His death will be a severe loss to his parents—his brothers and sisters, and we extend to them our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad affliction. While expressing our sorrow in the loss of Brother Angel we cannot help but feel that he was but an instrument in the hands of his God, to be used as a warning to his brother members of the fact that "In the midst of life we are in death," and to be a lesson to us to be always ready for we know not the hour nor the moment.

RESOLVED, that this expression of Branch 81 on the death of Anthony Angel be inscribed on our minutes, a copy sent to his sorrowing parents and published in the official organs of the C. M. B. A. FRANK M. HANSS, JACOB J. NUNNOLD, FRED LANG, Committee.

Rochester Council 207, C. B. L., has elected the following officers: Chaplain, Rev. Jas. O'Connor; president, Joseph P. Henry; vice-pres., John C. Hughes; chancellor, Miles T. O'Reilly; orator, A. R. Schell; secretary, Wm. C. Mallon; collector, Edward O'Grady; marshal, Peter Cullen; guard, R. H. Quinn; board of trustees: John H. Lenahan, H. J. Claffey, C. Finnucane; representative to State Council, Miles T. O'Reilly; alternate, Cohn F. Kinney.

The C. R. B. A.—What the Association is Doing.

The Supreme Council of the Catholic Relief and Beneficiary Association is meeting with success far beyond their most sanguine expectations. They began the work of placing the claims of their Association before the people on the first day of December, sending their circulars and letters of explanation everywhere throughout the country. They have already received responses in a number of cases, each one finding some feature of the Association to commend. The Supreme President and Supreme Recorder have received upwards of 300 letters of inquiry, and in no case have the writers found anything in the Association to criticize adversely. The features of the Association most commended are the Reserve Fund and the provision by which it is to be increased and managed, and the provision which guarantees members against suspension or expulsion for non-payment of dues or assessments after ten years membership. As these are the strong features of the association it is not surprising that they should meet with favor, especially as the only guarantee a mutual assessment society can give of its stability is a large and well-managed Reserve Fund. The plan by which the association guarantees its members against suspension or expulsion for non-payment of dues or assessments is perfectly feasible, the amount necessary to pay assessments being advanced to members from the Reserve Fund and charged up against the beneficiary certificates with interest. The Supreme Council feel highly gratified and encouraged with the kind reception which the association receives at the hands of the people.

A large number of persons have applied for membership-at-large in the association. Such applications should be addressed to Thomas H. O'Meal, Supreme President, C. R. B. A., Auburn, N. Y., as the Supreme Recorder has no jurisdiction in such matters. Council No. 1 of Auburn initiated four members last Monday night.

The Supreme Medical Examiner has already commissioned local examiners in several cities and towns where Councils are being organized. His reports from these examiners are very encouraging.

A call has been made for Assessment No. 1, for the Reserve Fund. This is the foundation of the prosperity of the association.

LOCAL.

The fair for the benefit of the new Church of the Holy Rosary, on Rowe street, was held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. We give below a list of donations received, and the names of those forming the various committees:

Crayon picture of Rt. Rev. Bishop, Mrs. J. Tuttle, Rowe St.; picture—"Scene on the Hudson"—Mrs. J. N. Kane, Rowe street; rocking chair, M. F. Bantle; ditto, Edw. Requa; parlor

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COMMITTEES:

ORANGE BOOTH.—Presided over by Misses Lizzie and Agnes Norman, assisted by Misses Julia Wade, Kittie Norman and Mr. E. Dorsey.

BOOTH IN CHARGE OF THE YOUNG LADIES' SODALITY OF CATHEDRAL PARISH.—Manager, Miss Alice Wall.

BASKET TABLE.—In charge of Miss K. Wall, assisted by Misses D. Drum, M. Hudson, J. McDonough.

APRON TABLE.—In charge of Miss B. Redmond, assisted by Misses N. Hagerty, E. Coles, E. Hogan.

BAG TABLE.—In charge of Miss E. Sheridan, assisted by Misses L. McCarthy and Susie Burkett.

D. C. FEELY, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

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STOVE AND GRATE—In yard, per bushel, \$0 06 Delivered, 20 bushels, 1 50

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B. J. BURKE, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE,

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LEGAL NOTICE.

The People of the State of New York, by the Grace of God free and independent: To Michael Larkin, John Larkin, Road Larkin, James Larkin, Michael Larkin and Maggie Larkin, next of kin, heirs at law, creditors and persons interested in the estate of Michael Larkin, late of the City of Rochester, in the County of Monroe, deceased, Greeting:

You are hereby cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of our County of Monroe, in the Surrogate Court, on the 21st day of January, 1891, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Surrogate's office in the City of Rochester, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the accounts of Bernard O'Reilly, as the administrator of the estate of said deceased. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, or if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate, to represent and act for them in the proceedings for the settlement of said estate.

In Testimony Whereof, We have caused the seal of the Surrogate's Court of the county of Monroe, to be hereto affixed. Witness, Hon. J. A. Adlington, Surrogate of said county, at the city of Rochester, this 2nd day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety.

E. A. MARSH, Clerk Surrogate's Court. O'BRIEN & PAINE, Attorneys for Administrator, Rochester, N. Y.

DEFENDS

Rev. Father Position.

Maltreated by the Want to Fight Reports from Exaggerated.

Reports of Indi Northwest are of and almost in eve purely canard ated that people i reliance in them has faithfully to the Northwest fo has done as much civilize the India authority on the be found. He ca to secure the fur in his labors in the days ago expresse siah craze to the Journal.

"I have have be Father Craft, "a Indians of the No Pen d'Orielle, Crows, Dakotas, tres, Mandans an say that, on the selves there is no but the whites i country would li and goad the Ind would seem to v make against the purposes.—The l this, and have s used as catspaws, the army also l allow the Indians persecuted beyon endurance. Unl on the Indians th Speaking direct Father Craft said

"About a year they saw the 'Sor the Pacific coast, their troubles, g and promised tha at the end of the a new heaven would reward th patient under tr their persecutors. what he said re- net to this life— and the Indians excited. The su siah disposed the to war.

"I was among with them abou known if there w They even agree perance of the M evidence, and th who claimed to h before they woul that they had fe forgotten them, by the hope that them in Heaven on earth. But w believe they tho vising them to t their missionarie evidence of the a ing too hastily a put them in the p asts. This was and if let alone b ble that the gre- dians would hav means in the mat believed would selves with no worse than whites who nov vent in the near to the delay of gress and the con supplies, the Ind starvation. They and discontented fighting. If we would be for the pain, they surel Nothing was sai war. But now c the reports we h 'wars and rumor saw a favorable excitement for t dian Agents yan were as wild as e show their abilif their importance the continuance salaries assured. were getting not own efforts as to the transition st it would end the Something had t

The whites Indian country money by gettin ty that they thing-by—froigh and by the diff presence of a har brings. The tov dull and dead