A MOTHER'S CURSE.

It Drove a Locomotive Fireman to an Awful Death.

Joseph Williams, fireman on the Northern Pacific coast passenger train, in a moment of insanity threw himself into the firebox of his locomotive and was instantly burned to death.

The frightful manner in which Williams ended his life brings to light the fact that he was the victim of a woman's curse. It is stated by railroad men that the fireman was running the switch engine in the Mandan yards at the time a young girl was run down and crippled for life. She subsequently came into prominence through the appeals of her friends for postage stamps with which to enable her to procure artificial limbs. The mother of the girl, who appeared in the yard very shortly after the accident, assailed the young fireman with all the language at her command, and finally wound up with:

"May the God above you, that loves my girl, end your days in the firebox of your own engine!"

This was several years ago, but the words rang in the ears of the man who recently leaped into the furnace to his death. He could not forget the words; they were with him constantly. He seemed to hear them repeated every moment, and it was the mother's curse that finally drove him to take his life. It was an irresistible impulse that came over him on that fatal morning when he was on duty in the engineer's cab; the fire charmed him. [illegible] in the blaze a fascination [illegible] him to make his dying [illegible]

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing..

From Our Special Correspondents.

(Continued from 7th page.)

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

We wish to impress upon our correspondents the necessity of sending in their communications not later than Tuesday, as delay will result in their non-appearance. Be prompt with your communications.

Palmyra.

Mary Gorman and Ella Curran attended a party at Shortsville Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brick gave a progressive pedro to a number of their friends last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Michael Griffin, Jr., was called to Victor last Monday on account of the severe illness of her mother, Mrs. Andrew Ryan.

Frank Swelling of Lyons, was in town Monday.

Miss Minnie Hickey is spending a few days in Rochester.

Mr. Patrick and William Hughes of Syracuse, has been spending a few days in town.

Miss Cora Eloise McGee of Rochester, is spending the week with her cousin, Anna L. Ryan.

The young people of St. Ann's church gave a pleasant dancing party Wednesday evening in Davis Hall.

Spencerport.

Mrs. James Morgan and daughter Agnes, returned from the west, where they have spent the past five months with relatives.

Miss M. B. Meskell of Rochester, visited her parents on Sunday.

Mr. Frank Roach and Miss Sadie Curran were married Monday night by Rev Dr. Breen.

Miss Maggie Nibloch of Rochester, spent Sunday in town with her parents.

Misses Cloonan and Cahill, of Rochester, spent Sunday in town the guest of Miss Katie Cashman.

Mrs. William Ryan, of Brockport, spent Wednesday in town the guest of her mother.

Miss Mamie Leonard visited friends in Rochester, on Wednesday.

Miss Gleason of Brockport, spent Sunday in town with friends.

Mrs. John Riley, who has been quite ill is improving.

Mr. P. J. Keegan of Rochester, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. M. Dunn of Rochester, spent last Sunday in town with relatives

Rev. Father Brophey was called on Saturday to attend Mrs. John Connelly, of Hilton, who is dangerously ill.

Miss Lillian Malone spent a few days in Rochester the past week.

Miss Jennie Clinton, has been suffering from a hard cold the past two weeks.

Auburn.

The funeral of the late Wm. H. Leddy, Sr., who died Wednesday evening Feb. 9th, at the residence of his sister, 84 Perine street, was held Saturday morning at 9 30 a. m. Rev. J. J. Gibbons read a requiem mass after which the remains were borne to their last resting place beside those of his wife in Joseph's cemetery. The bearers were J. W. Long, Wm. Holihan, James Rogers, M. A. Kierst, John Nugent and W. M. Bennett. Deceased leaves besides two sisters Mary and Kate one brother John and two children, Minnie and William to mourn his loss

Victor

The total receipts of the fair held under the auspices of St. Patrick's society were $1124.18, thereby defeating East Bloomfield in the contest for the vestments in nearly the same ratio of two to one. The first evening an entertainment was given by the Mendon talent which included singing by members of the company. Recitation by Madge Hutchinson, a very well rendered drama entitled "Our Awful Aunt", and singing by Mr. F. A. Ely, soloist. The second evening a similar entertainment was given by people in the vicinity of Victor. Considering the price both entertainments were very good. The third night a grand ball was given at which nearby neighboring towns were well represented by young people. The watch which was offered as a prize to the one who collected the most money was won by Mrs. Tracy, she having collected $43.65.

Dansville.

Miss Elizabeth Earls went to Elmira last Wednesday to attend the wedding of Miss Mayme Madden and Mr. James Fitzgerald. Miss Earls and Miss Madden are cousins.

Miss Alice Rowan is in Cincinnati, the guest of Mrs. Thomas E. Gallagher.

Miss Rose Rowan is visiting in Buffalo, where she went to attend the wedding of her cousin, Miss Burriss, and Mr. Bannan

At the meeting of the Alumni association of Troy Seminary held in Syracuse last week, Rev. James T. Dougherty was elected president. The next meeting will be held in New York five years hence.

The Children of Mary of St. Patrick's will serve supper in O'Connell hall Monday evening for the members of the Hook and Ladder company, who hold their annual ball on that evening.

Fred Johantgen went to Towanda last Wednesday to act as best man at the wedding of Miss Alice Callagan and Philip E. Blum.

Miss Mary Steffler and Will Christian were married in St. Mary's church Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, by Rev M. Krishel. Miss Ida Shafer was bridesmaid, and John Christian of Rochester groomsman. A wedding breakfast followed at the bride's home on Franklin street.

Penn Yan.

F. M. McNiff has purchased the residence formerly occupied by J. M. Seligman on East Main street.

Miss Lilly M. Earles is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Byrne of Buffalo.

Mrs. Patrick Burns recently suffered a dislocation of her hip, which was caused by a fall.

The funeral of Martin Flynn of Milo was held on Friday morning from St. Michael's church. Deceased leaves a widow and several sons and daughters.

Miss Nellie Gulick of Geneva spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Mrs. Richard Mahar, who has been seriously ill, is now recovering.

The Kirmess for the benefit of the Penn Public Library, to be held Feb. 21st and 22d, promises to be a most enjoyable and successful affair.

A very pleasant social, literary and musical entertainment was given by the L. C. B. A. on Thursday evening last.

Lady Hill

James Neary and Miss Katherine Fleming were united in marriage Wednesday morning in the Church of Our Mother of Sorrows. Nuptial mass was celebrated on the occasion, Rev. J. P. Quinn officiating. The bride is a prominent young lady, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Fleming. The young couple have been residents of this parish from their infancy, and are highly esteemed for their many social and Christian qualities, and have the best wishes of the community for their future happiness and prosperity.

Prayers were offered up last Sunday for Miss Marie Cox, whose sad death occurred at her home in Rochester last week.

Mrs. William Curtis is said to be fast declining from that dreadful malady, consumption, and her death may be looked for at any time.

A very successful rat hunt was made by James Conners of Barnard's Crossing. Having properly equipped himself, with the aid of his well trained dog, one morning last week he captured nineteen out of the twenty one rodents. This mischievous family had been in possession of the premises for some time, and only two of the family were successful in making their escape to safer quarters.

Steven Bartholf of Barnard's Crossing, who strayed away from the democratic ranks a few years ago has returned to his old fold again. Mr. Bartholf is at present receiving many congratulations, and also enjoys the honor of being again chosen as a candidate for office by his old party. We hope he will not suffer defeat.

Both the republicans and democrats, who held their caucuses Saturday afternoon at Greece and North Greece, have nominated good men on both tickets, and no doubt there will be a lively contest between the two parties on election day. The republicans have again placed James B Castle at the head of their ticket for supervisor, and the democrats have placed in nomination for the same office Edward C Frisbee. Mr. Frisbee is a man of fine qualities, having a wide reputation among his townspeople

Ovid

Last week there was a high mass for Rev W. J Seymour, late of Auburn, Rev M. Higgins and Rev P. M. McManus.

There are many sick people in Holy Cross parish, this place

Nellie Lyman of Romulus is getting better.

Two funerals took place last week—Mrs. Nicholas Savage and Mrs John Helfpenny.

Campbell.

A very successful festival for the benefit of the Campbelltown church was held at that place last Wednesday evening. The weather being intensely cold a great many people were unable to be present. Nevertheless those who did brave the elements were well repaid for the trouble. The music was in charge of Prof. Welch of Corning. The general committee who had charge of the festival were Wm. Stenson, Ed Walsh, Mr H. Flynn, Miss J. Stenson, Kate Foley and Lizzie McCabe. Fish Pond committee—Misses May Foley, Annie Auch, Mary Donovan. Supper committee—Miss J. Stenson and Miss Foley of Campbell, and Mrs. Mulvihill of Curtiss. Prizes were won as follows Mr. W. Kirkendall of Curtiss, 1 barrel flour, donated by Mr. T. Flynn, Wm. Walsh of Curtiss, 1 rocking chair, Miss Foster of Savona, 1 parlor lamp, subscription to CATHOLIC JOURNAL for one year and bishop's picture, Miss A Mulvihill, Coopers N. Y., Ed Halpin of Campbell, 1 bag flour, donated by Cambell Roller Mills, O. B, Mrs. Hanley of Curtis, a picture of Rev. Baxter.

OUR AGENTS.

Our traveling agent, Mr. A. Herman, will call on all subscribers in Bath, Corning, Elmira, Hornellsville, Waverly and Owego to collect and solicit subscriptions for the CATHOLIC JOURNAL. Each old subscriber who pays one year's subscription in advance and 50 cents to pay part cost of frame is entitled to the picture of the bishop, as well as new ones.

The Modern Jerusalem.

A young woman visiting abroad writes of her gayeties: "Two picnics, three teas, a luncheon and an 'at home' is the record for last week," she says in her letter. "The conundrum is, where am I visiting? In Paris, London, Vienna or St. Petersburg? Not at all. I am spending a fortnight in Jerusalem. With a trolley line out to the pyramids and 5 o'clock tea at Jerusalem, the world may be said to have advanced, indeed."

TWILIGHT.

Low, sing low, true heart, sing low,
The song that long ago we knew;
Sing it softly, sweet and low,
As long ago you used to do.

Now, though evening shadows fall,
True hearts need not droop or sigh;
Love and faith can lighten all—
Twilight gray or midnight sky.

Clear, sing clear, dear heart, sing clear
The song we loved at morning tide!
Though our morn has faded, dear,
Yet still does morning love abide.

W. V. B.

THE RUBY HEART.

Aunt Jessica had been round the world more than once. She had been what is vulgarly called a "globe-trotter." In her day she had collected many rare and curious and beautiful things, but now she was an old woman and her time was come to die in the great, silent house, filled with the furniture that had belonged to Aunt Jessica's forbears many score years ago, and enriched by the spoils of many lands, brought home by the energetic hands of Aunt Jessica herself.

There was one treasure above all that I coveted, and that I would have sold my soul to have had for my own—my Cousin Edith.

As for the money, well, I am not more disinterested than most people; but I would rather have had Edith without a penny than all Aunt Jessica's money without Edith.

William and Bertram and I were sitting in the dining-room. Edith was above, helping poor aunt in the hard work of dying. Three raps came on the floor. We knew they were a signal that we were to go up, and that aunt had asked for us, and up we went.

"I have left everything divided among you four," she said, "and the ruby heart is to go to whichever of you three boys can find it." She spoke slowly and with difficulty.

I remembered the jolly old days when she used to come and see us at school and tip us, and I wished that death and time could have been more merciful. She went on

"You know it has a charm to make you happy in your love. It would have made me happy, but he died, and it hadn't a chance to do its work, and now my time's come—it has been weary waiting."

And with that the first and last hint we ever had of a romance in my aunt's life—she turned her wrinkled old face to the pillow with a sigh like a tired child's, and there were only four of us left in the room

After the funeral and the reading of the will we three men set to work to find the charm.

"I shall take the library and aunt's bedroom first," said Bertram. As these were the rooms she had most used, I imagine he thought he had made the best choice. "You other fellows can arrange as you like!"

William chose the drawing-room and the guest chamber, and they took the whole day searching systematically inch by inch for the ruby heart. I began to look in the dining-room, but Edith came in.

"Do you care so very much for the ruby heart?" said she.

"I confess I should like to find it," I answered.

"Shan I help you to look?"

She pulled out a book or two from the shelves in an aimless, desultory way, and then said

"It's very sunshiny out of doors, don't you think?"

So we went on the river.

The next day I began to look for the heart again. Edith sent her duenna-companion (who had once been her governess) to ask me if I did not think it would be nice to drive. Of course, I said I thought it would, and off we went.

That evening she asked Bertram and William if they would like to come out next day to see some ruins.

"Thanks," said Bertram, "but I think my first duty to my poor aunt's memory is to find that heart"

"Besides," said William, who never had much sentiment, like Bertram, "It's worth thousands of pounds, I believe."

"But you'll come, Wilfred?" she said, looking at me with her soft gray eyes.

"Of course," I answered.

Bertram and William scowled at me. They would have given their ears, their lives, anything, in short, but their chances of a ruby heart worth thousands of pounds, for the privilege that was to be mine to-morrow.

To be in love with Cousin Edith was a mode, a fashion among us. Besides, Edith was now an heiress.

"As soon as I have fulfilled dear aunt's last wishes," said Bertram—he talked, the silly fool, as if aunt had wished him to find the heart—"I shall be only too glad to accompany my Cousin Edith on any excursion she may propose."

"So shall I," said William.

So Edith and I went to the ruins alone together.

"I hope it does not seem like disrespect to poor aunt's memory," she said, as we drove snugly back in the dogcart that evening, "our going out like this. But I couldn't bear to stay in the old house alone where she was so kind to me. It's better to go out, and I'm sure she would have wished it."

I felt that it was foolish of me not to make an effort to find the ruby heart. So next morning I got up very early and came down before the servants were about. I had pulled out half the drawers of the Chinese cabinet and looked into them, when my heart leaped into my mouth at the touch of a hand on my shoulder Edith's!

"Still after that wretched ruby!" she said. "How you waste your time!"

"Why? Don't you think I shall find it?"

"I don't know," she said, looking at me with her eyes wide open; "but I don't think you will find it there, because Bertram has been through that three times already. Did you ever eat strawberries before breakfast and gather them yourself?"

So we went into the kitchen garden and ate strawberries till the gong rang for breakfast. Bertram and William were getting quite sulky and savage from the non-success of their search, and the little time I had devoted to it annoyed them.

"I believe," said Bertram, with an air of gayety, a little overdone, "that Wilfrid thinks he knows where the heart is, and that he can put his hand on it at any moment"

"I wish I could," I said.

"So do I," said Edith, almost in the same breath.

"You wish Wilfrid to find the heart!" said William. "Why?"

"Oh, no. I don't mean Wilfrid; I meant at least Well, we shall all be glad when it's settled one way or the other, shan't we?"

I had never told Edith I loved her, because I didn't know how my aunt intended to leave her money, and if Edith were to be the heiress of the whole—but any one will understand my reasons.

It was a week after my aunt's funeral that I went into the rose garden, where Edith was snipping roses into a basket.

"I've been looking for the heart again," I said, "but I haven't found it."

"No," she answered, "and I don't suppose you will. Would a Glorie de Dijon be any compensation?"

She began to stick one in my coat as she spoke Her slender waist, in its black gown was very near my left arm where she stood

"I will take the bud," I said, "but not as compensation for the heart"

"Don't you think," she asked me, "that it might be possible to live happily without a charm to help you?"

"No," I said, "not without a charm to help me But ruby hearts are not the only charms in the world"

My arm fell on her waist

"Let them find their ruby heart! Let them chop it in pieces and divide it between them and sell the bits," said I.

"And you are content with what you have?" she asked.

"I am content with what I have," I answered and my other arm went round her

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They never found that ruby heart, though the poor old house was tapped and tested from top to bottom At last, wearied out, they took the portion of goods that fell unto them and went, fortunately for us, into a far country. And Edith and I were married

We didn't go on a wedding tour, but came straight back to the dear old house.

On the evening of our wedding day we walked in the moonlight through the rose garden to listen to the nightingales I stopped to hold her in my arms on the very spot where I had first kissed her, and the light shawl she wore round her head and shoulders fell back

"What's that you have round your neck?" I said, for something darkened amid the white laces on her breast.

She did not answer I put up my hand touched with a thrill the whiteness of her neck, and found in my fingers the ruby heart!

"Then she gave it to you," I said; "it is yours?"

"She gave it into my keeping," answered Edith, dropping her chin till her lips rested on my hand, "but she left it to the man who should find it."

"And I have found it here!"