

# Correspondence

OUR AGENT  
Our agent Mr. A. Herman, will visit Elmira, Corning, Addison and Hornellsville.

### IN MEMORIAM.

It was with the deepest sorrow and sympathy that the members of the League of the Sacred Heart, received the sad news of the death of our beloved pastor, Reverend William A. Morrison, A. M., rector of St. Ann's church, he, for the past year, been our spiritual adviser. His prudent and fatherly counsel, his eloquent words of encouragement and his zeal in the cause of the propagation of the devotion of the Sacred Heart, shall ever be gratefully remembered. The recollection of his firm stand against everything wrong and ignominious, his kind and gentle manner, also his deep interest in all that tended to the uplifting of his people, makes us feel that, by his death, we have lost a true friend and a wise and prudent counselor. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we have offered up for the eternal repose of his soul, a mass of requiem, and be it

Resolved, That a notice of his death be published in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our next meeting and be published in THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL, of Rochester, and the Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo.

Committee, Anna G. Coburn, Katherine G. Kieley, Mary G. Callahan, Hornellsville, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1900.

### Limu.

The funeral of John Cummings, who died at his home south of the village, aged 52 years, occurred on Monday, Oct. 1st, at St. Rose's church. Mr. Cummings was well known in the village, a business man of Avon. The friends of that place, of which he was a member as well as the A. O. U. W., attended in a body, as well as many others who showed by their presence the high esteem in which he was held.

The burial of Miss Maria Kinney who died in New York, occurred the same day. The requiem was sung by Father Garvey of Livonia, after which she was laid to rest in St. Rose's cemetery beside her father and mother. She leaves three brothers, John, James and Martin, all of Livonia Station.

Sisters Prudentia and Lidora of our school, attended the teachers' institute at Genesee last week.

The crops here are abundant this season. Two apple evaporators are run by a large number of workers and are kept well supplied with fruit which is of good quality and very plentiful this year.

The friends of Henry Law of Canadaville, who reside here, have been notified of his death at that place after a long illness. Mr. Law spent his early days here and many will regret to hear of his death.

### Ovid.

Father Kennedy attended the funeral of his cousin, Miss Lizzie Fitz Patrick in Auburn, last Monday.

Seward Bodine leaves this week for a winter in California, for his health. His brother George accompanies him.

The "Rough Rider Club" was organized in Ovid with fifty members last week. The uniforms is Roosevelt hat and leggings.

Inside of two weeks there has been eleven deaths of which ten occurred in the family of Peter Flynn.

J. B. H. Mongin of Waterloo, was in town Saturday. Mr. Mongin is Deputy Secretary of State.

Next month another order for new books will be sent for the Ovid Free Library.

Miss Rose Hackett has returned after a two months' vacation in Ireland.

### Caledonia.

The annual retreat for the young people of the parish occurred on Tuesday evening. The retreat will be given by Rev. Father Fitzpatrick, with sermons and benediction every evening and will close on Friday morning.

Rosary devotions will be held every Wednesday evening during October.

The young ladies' Sodality are perfecting arrangements for a social and card party on Halloween.

Mr. L. J. Campbell and Mr. John Campbell expect soon to move their families to Manchester.

### Seneca Falls.

Miss Francis Murphy has returned to Rochester, after spending her summer vacation at her home 83 Bridge street.

To-morrow, Sunday, a two week's mission will commence in St. Patrick's church by the Paulist Fathers. One week will be for the women and one for the men.

The announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Miss Margaret Mulligan of this place and Frederick Hartman of Waterloo.

Rev. Father McKerney of New York, celebrated the 80th mass Sunday in St. Patrick's church.

Sunday at the 10.30 mass in St. Patrick's church a sermon will be given by one of the Paulist Fathers.

New pews have been put in St. Patrick's church during the past week. The church now presents a fine appearance and is a credit to the parish.

### Ithaca.

Among the weddings which have been announced, are those of Joseph Meyers and Martha Fay; Jack Fawley and Anna Kane; Samuel Kingston and Miss McNemie.

Miss Anna LeVigne of Rochester, who has been visiting Miss May Hughes at Sage College for the past two weeks, returned home Monday.

Mr. George Boyler, who has been ill for the past few days is rapidly improving.

Mrs. Peter McAllister died at her residence on Eddy street last Wednesday morning aged 45 years. She has been an invalid for some years and was stricken with typhoid fever a short time before her death. Mrs. McAllister was formerly Miss Nellie Hassett of Elmira, where she leaves a large number of friends and relatives. She is survived by her husband and six children. The funeral occurred Friday morning from the Immaculate Conception church. Rev. J. W. E. Kelly officiating.

The wedding announced to take place next week of Henry Corcoran of Cortland, to Miss Mary Curry of this city. For several years Miss Curry has been a teacher in No. 26 school in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Reynolds, who for some months have been visiting Mrs. Reynolds' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Granville on

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S. Cayuga street, returned to their home in Tiaquiltenago, Mexico, this week. They were accompanied by Miss Anna Granville.

### A BIGOT APPREHENDED.

Cursed a Priest on His Way to a Dying Parishioner.

Summoned to the bedside of a dying parishioner, Rev. John F. Kolberle, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Lindenhurst, L. I., was speeding along on his bicycle carrying with him the Blessed Sacrament when two men blocked his way, one of them carrying a scythe.

The priest rang his bell and one of the men stepped aside, but the scythe-bearer, Joseph Zellner, an old fellow without reverence for religion, refused to budge.

To save himself from the blade of the scythe, Father Kolberle reached out and grabbed Zellner and there was a sad mix-up at once.

"Hush, man," said the priest, a furious stream of blasphemy falling from the lips of Zellner. "I mean no harm. I am in haste to reach the bed of a dying person. Let me pass, please."

"Never!" cried the other, letting loose a string of oaths. "Never will I get out of the way of a dirty old priest. I've a good mind to cut you in two," he said, brandishing the scythe.

Father Kolberle prayed that Zellner's blasphemy might be forgiven, but this only inflamed the old man the more, and he renewed his cursing. The priest finally mounted his wheel and rode away, followed by curses as long as he could hear them.

Father Kolberle afterward went before Justice Parthe and swore out a warrant against Zellner.

"It is not for the affront done to the Blessed Sacrament and to me," he said, "but in order to protect other wheelmen from this man's uncalled for violence that I take this course."

"You are quite right, father," said Justice Parthe, holding Zellner in \$500 bail to await the action of the grand jury. Zellner did not have any cash left in his cartridge-box when this unexpected culmination of his violence was reached.

In the Pekin district the Catholic priests last year received \$506 converts.

### ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ON THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

One year ago this week Archbishop Ireland told his people that the "Catholic school—the future will prove it beyond a doubt—is the most fruitful of all institutions for the preservation and perpetuation of the faith in this country, and the Catholic who takes a deep and abiding interest in his religion will love the Catholic school and prove his love for it by his generosity toward it." These are words well worth remembering, says a Catholic exchange, not so much for any prophecy they contain as for the truth they teach and the recommendations they make. The charity which aids a child to a Catholic education is better than the charity which puts a coat on its back; blessed though that is. The man who chooses to write the songs of a people and leave the laws to any body, is ridiculous for his choice nowadays. The man who rules in the schoolroom, more than the "hand that rocks the cradle," rules the world today. Where the schools are without religious training and without godly teaching, the devil may safely say that he cares not who make the laws for such people.

3109 Howard \$100.

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## PEARL OF THE OAKS.

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BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

### PART SECOND.

[Continued from last week.]

### III.

The story of her brave deed had been told by Dora, who greatly exaggerated every detail and even the Carltons could not help applauding her bravery when they were told, how, on hearing that Mr. Brown had gone for the negro hunter she hastened away to give the warning. When after many days suffering she was able to tell it herself, she had become the heroine of the whole neighborhood. She was dearer than ever to her fond parents now and no one could do too much for the little Miss. The roses had all faded from her once blooming cheeks, and though it was hoped that she might live for many years, true to the prophesy of old Dora, who declared that she belonged to heaven, her merry childish laugh never again resounded through the Oaks.

Hoping that a change of climate might benefit her child, Lucy took her to her old home in the North and for some time she seemed to be improving. But as summer passed and the cold October winds began to blow she said, "Please, take me home, mamma, I am tired of staying here. I want to see papa and Father Levimore and all our dear old friends."

Back to the Oaks they went and the hearts of both her father and their aged priest were filled with sad misgivings as they saw how their darling had failed. She never left the house now excepting when she was helped out on the lawn or carried to the little chapel where she insisted on hearing mass every day. On Christmas eve when the others were preparing to receive their Lord into their hearts on the morrow, she knelt beside Father Levimore, and after his simple confession said, "Father I wish you would let me receive holy communion to-morrow."

"You are too young, child, you could not understand what you were doing," but the priest's heart was deeply touched by the earnestness of her strange appeal.

"Yes, father, I do know it is the body and blood of Jesus, who was born on Christmas, and I wish so much to receive Him on his birthday."

"Not this year, dear, perhaps next Christmas when you know more about it."

"Next Christmas I may be dead like little Alice and then I cannot receive Him."

"You will not wish to, for you will be with him in heaven. But go away now, dear child, and I will think of it."

Marie arose and went to her own room to ask the Blessed Virgin to intercede for her that her request might be granted, for something in the words, "I will think of it," had given her hope.

Father Levimore, in the meantime was thinking of it, and he felt that none more worthy than this spotless child had ever received the Bread of Life from his hands; he felt too, that as she had said, it might be her last Christmas and he did not like to refuse her the heavenly blessing which he had hoped to be able to bestow upon her when the end was at hand; but she was so young and he had thought there would be time enough until she asked it. That evening he questioned her closely and finding her far better prepared than he had hoped she ever could be, he told her that she might receive in the morning.

Marie's childish heart was filled, not so much with the strange and beautiful fancies which are found in many brilliant children, but with sacred truths which were remarkable in one so young. It almost seemed that the angels, themselves, had taught this child of earth who was soon to be in their company and this was what the priest discovered. As she knelt between her parents at the altar, railing next morning and received her Creator her face shone with a heavenly light. On her return from the altar she knelt in prayer about five minutes, then fell into a swoon and had to be carried home. Before the sun had set the spotless soul of the angel child had gone to meet the infant Jesus in heaven.

The day of the funeral was one never to be forgotten at the Oaks. Tears and sobs of strangers were mingled with the bitter wailings and lamentations of the heart broken slaves while Father Levimore with dimmed eyes told again the oft repeated story of how Marie's life had been sacrificed to free a poor slave. The parents alone bore their grief in silence which was far more bitter than tears could have been. When at last the little coffin was lowered into the grave which had been lined with flowers from the hot-house the mother fell fainting in the arms of her husband and it was many weeks ere she realized anything.

It was a beautiful morning in early spring when Lucy Tone regained consciousness. She awoke as from a short slumber and her first question was "Where is Marie?" She was looking into the sad face of her husband, and as he did not answer it all came back to her and she said, "Yes Frank, I remember it, but we shall not be separated long."

"Do not say so, Lucy dear, for you are all that I have to love now," and he imprinted a loving kiss upon her marble brow.

Had Mrs. Levimore been at home to return the sympathy, which a year ago Lucy had bestowed upon her, she might have found her cross lighter, but the only white woman friend in whom she felt that she could trust was far away across the ocean. Finding Glendale, too lonely, after the departure of their neighbor for the North, the summer before, the Levimores had gone to France where Alice would not be missed so much, and now the same sun which shone so brightly on the wasted face of one afflicted mother, had rested upon the brow of a lovely infant who lay in the arms of her from whose brow the shadows caused by death were already passing away. They named the baby, Gertrude, and ere they returned to America two more little girls, the eldest of whom they called Marie, had come to bless the once more happy lives of Mr. and Mrs. Levimore.

Bessie Carlton, who was now Mrs. Folsom, persevering in her deceitfulness called on Lucy very often, and pretending to wipe tears from her dry eyes with a black bordered handkerchief, would try to sympathize with her by speaking first of the virtues of her own dear husband, who had been dead six months, and then of sweet little Marie whom she said was too good for this wicked world. But Lucy shrank from her as Marie had done during her illness, for she had too often heard the child tell of the heartlessness she had shown in speaking of the runaway slave; and she knew too, that Bessie's five years of married life with the old man who married her for her beauty, while she thought only of his wealth, had been anything but happy, and it was no secret that the deep mourning his money had bought her, had been put on only for effect.

Like her child, Lucy's strength failed rather than increased and though she knew from the first that she would ere long be with her darling, she did not again refer to her fears, or rather hopes, of the meeting until the day before her death. Father Levimore had heard her last confession, which she had murmured with hardly less simplicity than her little Marie had done a few months before, and after he had pronounced the consoling words of absolution, she said, "Please send Frank to me and have everyone of our poor people sent in too. I want to see them all; but my husband first."

The request was obeyed and their was a short conversation between husband and wife, in which among other things there was reference made to the care of the slaves, every one of whom she wished to be freed at his death; and she also won from him a promise never under any condition to allow her little chapel to be closed. "Father Levimore is old and may not remain with you much longer, so you may be left without a priest, but keep the chapel open for those who wish to go there to pray and have mass celebrated as often as possible after he is gone."

"I promise you, Lucy dear, to do as you wish," he said endeavoring to keep back the tears which would flow in spite of his efforts.

"Thank you, Frank, now let them come in."

The door was open and after the invalid had spoken a few words to her dear people, as she called them, telling them to remember the good taught them by their saintly pastor and begging them wherever they went never to forsake their faith, she asked their prayers. She bade them each good bye, kissing the women and children as tenderly as she would her own equals, and when it was over she sank back exhausted upon her pillow.

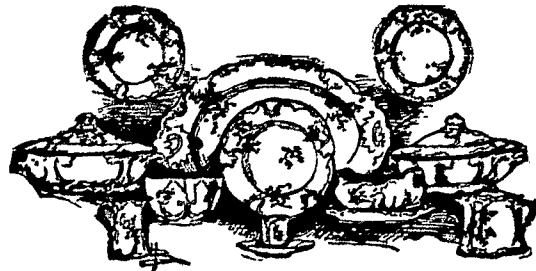
When next they looked upon her sweet face she had closed her blue eyes upon all that was dear to her and her spirit was with her darling child. It would be too painful to describe this second sad funeral, but there was only one who knew and did not mourn her death. When it was over Mrs. Folsom returned home, and when alone in her own luxurious apartment, she said in a scornful whisper, "Frank Tone you are punished now for breaking my heart." Suddenly a look of wild ambition flashed from her bright eyes and going to her mirror she smiled upon the still lovely face there reflected and said, "I am still young and my unhappy life has not robbed me of much of the beauty he once admired. I can soon lay aside these detestable weeds. He will not always mourn her death as he does now and then the Oaks must have another mistress. It is worth waiting for and I may yet be happy."

(To be continued)

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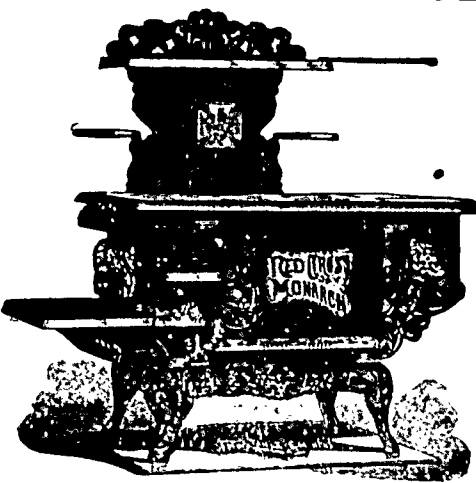
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### A BIGOT.

The Roman Collar Was the Signal of Hate to a Dominie in Atlantic City.

Bigotry manifests itself in many ways, but seldom in so ridiculous a manner as that exhibited by a minister at Atlantic City a week or two ago, says the Philadelphia "Catholic Standard and Times." A well-known notoriety, patronized in the main by Catholics, though its present lessee is a Protestant, was the scene of this incident. A man clothed in the clerical garb affected by the ministry who eschewed the Roman collar, and accompanied by a woman and a child, applied to the hostess for accommodations. After examining a room and expressing satisfaction, he returned to the office to register, when he met a terrible apparition. It was dinner time, and from the dining room came forth a man wearing a Roman collar and without a woman and child. It must be a priest! The man at the register, without a word of explanation to the hostess, grasped the woman's arm and said: "Come, let us get out of here." And they vanished—likewise the child.

The hostess was for a time lost in amazement, but later she recovered, and when Father—was about to depart to celebrate mass the next morning she asked him to pray that she might get more boarders, laughingly remarking that he had driven three away. "That man had a bad conscience," is the explanation she gives of this manifestation of intolerance. He is, no doubt, of the too numerous class who teach their congregations to hate their (Catholic) neighbor, and perhaps some poor fellows believe what they say. He would have formed a different idea of his brother man had he remained and become acquainted with that genial priest. The Protestant hostess, perhaps, would not believe this story had she merely heard it and not taken part in the incident as described.

### THE CHURCH IN THE SOUTH.

As an indication of the growth of the Church in the South, we give the following account of the prosperity that attended Father Lynch's efforts in Roanoke. "In 1832," says an exchange, "Rev. J. W. Lynch went to Roanoke, Va., to establish St. Andrew's parish. In the beginning he had a mere handful of people. Eight benches in a small frame building were sufficient to hold the entire congregation. Now his flock numbers 1,600 and ground has been broken for a beautiful new church to cost \$115,000. To-day there is \$60,000 in cash to pay the cost of the building. Besides this, the altar, organ, gallery, chimes and other fittings will be purchased, making the total cost as above stated. To Father Lynch and his excellent business qualifications, together with the love and confidence in which he is held by his people, are due this accomplishment."

### NEW DENVER CATHEDRAL.

The Catholics of the diocese of Denver are planning to erect a Denver cathedral which will mark in an adequate degree the growing importance of the Church in that State. There is now a fund of \$28,000, which can be applied to the new cathedral, and it is thought that there will be no trouble in securing enough to erect a church which will stand as one of the costliest and most elegant edifices in the mountain States.